

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Chicago gamblers carry faro-layouts around in their hats. Chicago's motto is: "I will."

The bicycle craze has added the past year \$5,000,000 to the bank accounts of rubber dealers.

About the time Japan grabs Hawaii she will tumble in the soup tureen. It is not a Chinese fort.

Now it is claimed that bloomers are better for winter than for summer wear. How about bathing suits?

If there is anything to the London market at present besides Barney Barnato it must be too unimportant to be noticed.

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a check than it does to get lynched.

By the time congress meets public opinion in the United States will force it to make some expression in favor of the oppressed Cubans.

Miss Dressler, who has left Manager Rice to be married, evidently prefers to be Queen Marie in 1895 rather than Queen Isabella in "1492."

Gen. Campos has resolved to hereafter "treat Cuban prisoners with kindness." He would do the greatest "kindness" by vacating the green island.

The women of Moline are said to be remarkably successful as streetcar conductors. It seems natural to a man to have a woman demand his small change.

Because some American politician made a monkey of Lord Sackville seven years ago he is not particularly excusable for making a monkey of himself at this late date.

Campos is beginning to complain that there are too many insurgents and not enough Spaniards. It looks as if anyone who wished to assist in freeing Cuba would have to be quick about it.

Chicago is to have a tower 1,100 feet high. By ascending to the top of this structure it may be possible for the Chicago citizen to get a glimpse of the sun and catch a breath of smokeless air.

The work on the grand canal and tunnel, the most important parts of the project for draining the city and valley of Mexico, is practically completed and attention is being turned to plans for reconstructing an entire sewerage system for the city. The total cost will be about \$10,000,000.

Of late we have heard and read a great deal about the importance of teaching the school children to be good American citizens. The truth is that the schools have always taught patriotism and have given a skeleton of history. There is no need of any new departure. We do not want the schools disturbed with conflicting interpretations of the constitution. Their purpose is to impart instruction in a few important subjects, and furnish a framework to which the items of an education may be attached as they may be gathered after leaving school. In only a very few things is there time for broad or thorough work.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, American delegate to the British Workingmen's Congress, just returned, is quoted as saying: "There's no question but that the labor movement in Europe is further advanced than the movement in America. In Europe, especially in England, there exists a better appreciation of the part of the public as to the purposes and achievements of labor organizations. The fact is that England was an industrial country when the United States was wholly undeveloped industrially. There they have men in the labor movement whose grandfathers were agitators and walking delegates. The labor organizations of England have overcome a great deal of the prejudice against them which formerly existed."

In the country around Richland, Mich., according to a veracious correspondent, the breaking of the long drought has caused some strange phenomena. "Wild flowers," he says, "that should have blossomed in May and June are now in full bloom, and apple and plum trees are bearing ripe fruit and blossoms on the same branch. Fields of beans that were planted late have the ripened pods, green beans, and beans in blossom in the same hill. Garden seeds which were planted last spring and did not sprout are growing now, and farmers are having their second growth of early vegetables." This man is waiting his talents in Richland, Chicago's chief of police is yearning for just such geniuses to revive interest in the Holmes case.

Pollack lake, in South Dakota, is reported dry, and Lake Kampeka, near Washington, lower than ever before. As it is the source of water supply to this flourishing town, some anxiety is felt for the future. Heavy winter snows will most likely correct the difficulty.

Several farmers figured it out one day that they had walked 300 miles around the world in 1895. He

SPURRED ON BY A VISION.

The Dream Which Led a Cyclist to Join the L. A. W. at Once.

The admission of one of a party of cyclists that he did not belong to the League of American Wheelmen called forth a shower of surprised comment. He had no excuse to make for his remissness save procrastination. He believed it his duty to join, so as to aid in the cause of wheeling, but had neglected to sign an application simply because there was no immediate hurry about it. A blank was secured for him and he at once took the necessary steps to gain membership in the L. A. W.

"That reminds me of my experience," said one of the party. "Only it took a vision in the night to bring me to the point of joining. Like our friend here, I delayed about it for no particular reason save that it could be attended to at one time just as well as another. One evening I started for New-England on the Fall River boat, bent on a vacation trip. A friend and I had planned to take our wheels and had talked about riding on them part of the way to the resort for which we were bound. At almost the last moment, however, we had decided not to bring our machines, because the roads which we would have to travel were extremely bad.

"Well, we started on the boat and in due time went to our stateroom. My sleep was a bit troubled and toward morning I had a dream which was so lifelike that it was really a vision. My dream was that I had brought my wheel, having checked it through to Fall River. On arriving there I handed in my check and received a bicycle which somehow I did not notice closely. I mounted, but had not ridden more than a third of a mile when the wheel collapsed completely. I cannot imagine a worse smashup. It was the case of the one-hoss shay over again; frame, rims, spokes, pedal cranks, handle-bar, saddle, everything simply melted apart, as if they had been glued with muckilage.

"It struck me that I must have some other wheel than my beautiful '95 model, so I bent over to see if the bicycle really bore the number of my own. Then I discovered that the pieces lying on the ground were those of a rusty, clumsy old machine of antiquated make. I became indignant at this. 'I'll go right to the consul of the L. A. W.,' I said to myself, 'and have him go with me to the railway station where I received that wheel. If I, a stranger, went alone I might get scant satisfaction.'

"Then it struck me that I had never joined the L. A. W., although I had months ago decided to do so. So I would have to fight my own battle, and perhaps, so it seemed to me, lost my \$100 wheel simply because I had neglected to pay \$2 to belong to the L. A. W. I went to the baggage-room—and there my dream ended. Of course, it didn't matter what happened after that, the object of the vision being to convince me of the need of my joining the L. A. W. speedily. On returning to New York I did so, and, of course, am extremely glad I did."

Cigars had been finished by this time and so a start was made on the return trip.

BOOKS READ BY NEW WOMAN.

Consensus of Reports Shows a Change in Taste.

Does the "new woman" read a different class of books from her predecessor, the old-fashioned woman?

This is the query I gave some librarians to answer, and I learned in return that the new woman does. "I don't mean to say," one replied, "that every woman who comes in to get a book eschews the romantic and new, but the surprising fact is that so many actually ask for the deepest works on political subjects. My assistant and myself were at first amused, now we regard it as a significant movement.

The change began, I gathered from a consensus of reports, about three years ago; since then it has rapidly broadened and deepened. All works on sociology and political science are called for as eagerly by one sex as the other. The favorites seem to be Prof. Ely's series on political science. All governmental questions are carefully studied, and anything that relates to the tariff is popular.

"To my mind," said an aged keeper of books, "the American woman, as she is represented in New York by her reading, is developing in a political way marvelously; not that it will have any effect in helping them to obtain suffrage, but such powers will make them powers behind the throne."

Take the French woman of De Stael's era and the English woman of to-day—they are amazingly learned in local political meanings. I do not consider that this reading is an evidence of the "new woman," but rather that the Americans do not wish to be behind women of other countries in their ability to compete intellectually with men on national subjects.

"Yes," said another librarian, "there is no denying that women are calling for heavy political works more every day, but," he thoughtfully added, "it has long been a question with me as to their reading them; I think, possibly, the husbands had sent for them."

IS A 500,000,000-AIRE.

EXTRAORDINARY RISE OF BARNEY BARNATO.

All England Boys His Stocks—Once a Street Fakir and Circus Performer, He Has Made Millions in South Africa's Mining Boom.

His name is Barney—Barney Barnato—and he is one of the very richest money kings in the world. Barnato is the Kaffir bonanza king, and his fortune to-day is estimated at \$500,000,000. That's the figure to-day; what it may be next week no one can tell, for Barnato is the central figure in the most gigantic and reckless speculation since the famous South Sea bubble.

This speculation has plunged Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans who have a dollar to risk into a feverish and unprecedented craze to buy and sell "Kaffirs." On the London,

performer, contortionist and prestidigitateur. He has dealt in South African diamonds, and about their spuriousness nasty stories are recited by his enemies who knew him in the mines. He left there when he was about eighteen years old.

Three years ago, penniless and unknown, he appeared in London. Not long after there sprang up among speculators and investors great interest in South African mining stocks. Companies were formed to develop these mines, and European capitalists, big and little, were invited to take stock. It was easy to find money backers for these enterprises. Africa was a name to conjure by. The Dark Continent was a mystery not unmix'd with romance. Its possibilities incalculable. New strikes of rich veins were reported. With each strike sprang up a company to work it. Kaffir stocks were in every man's mind. The English newspaper helped on the widespread public interest by publishing long letters and despatches from the scene of activity. Conservative English papers inveighed against it, but the people gave no heed.

Barney Barnato got into the Kaffir swim. He plunged deep. His natural daring and cool effrontery stood him well. He won enormously. Then he

society. Sir Edgar now shares with him the title of "King of the Kaffirs."

Barnato's latest coup was the creation of the "Barnato Bank, Mining and Estate Corporation, Limited." It needed no prospectus; the mob were only too eager to tumble over each other getting "on the inside." By the mere stroke of a pen Barnato created an enormous capital out of nothing.

The nominal capital of this bank was £2,500,000. The shares were £1 each, and on the morning of the issue there were 1,500 brokers, with orders to buy hundreds and in some cases thousands of shares at the market. The shares opened for £3½ to £4½ premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at nearly £9,000,000. At the last settlement, when there was talk about difficulty in carrying over stocks, Barnato announced that he would lend £10,000,000 on the stocks of companies in which he was interested.

The trading in these shares developed one of the most startling scenes ever witnessed in the London market. For a time there was an almost indescribable frenzy, and the shares were bid up to more than four times their face value. They subsided later, but the confidence of the public is well attested by the fact that they are still

AUTUMN SUNSHINE.

LATEST PRODUCTION OF THE FUNNY MEN.

The Bubble That Bursts—Worse Than Cannibalism Itself—The Parson and Noah's Ark—Satirical Shots—Humorous Notes.



ITH bowl on lap, with cheeks distent, The eager child the bubble blows; From thinnest film to bulging pride The iridescent vision grows. Half free it sways, then swings adrift To float triumphant through the air; How bravely all its beauty shows! The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

Hark to the trumpet's brazen notes! What trophies does the warrior bring? The banners wave—behold the chief! In deafening peals the plaudits ring. The noiseless sands have stolen the hours; How soon the funeral torches flare! "The King is dead. Long live the King!" The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The lover pleads—his mistress smiles; Low words are breathed; a blush, a sigh. A stealthy pressure of the hand, The raising of a downcast eye. The vows are said; the symbol ring. Gleams golden as the maiden's hair; Two souls are shackled till they die— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The scholar bends in patient toil, Beneath the lonely midnight flame, Dreaming that ere his course is run Laborious hours shall purchase fame. And, when the starveling son is fled, Dame Fortune doles a niggard share. He leaves a bloodless, empty name— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The infant cries in pain of life; The child rejoices with the sun; The youth sees love on every hand; The man deems life is well begun. Then, as he stands confronting fate, He feels the eyeless sockets glare, Till greybeard finds his days are done— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The West Ahead.

Eastern man—"The boasting of you Westerners makes me tired. When you cut up your quarter sections into town lots, and sold 'em at a high price, it was to the East that you looked for buyers, wasn't it?"

Western man—"Just so." "Then it was Eastern capital that put money into your pockets, wasn't it?" "Of course." "Then what have you to brag of?" "We brag of our smartness in keepin' that money in our pockets instead of buyin' back the lots at half price when you Eastern capitalists wanted to sell."

Finances Very Low.

Wife—"I hear that the last number of the Weekly Humor has a lot of jokes about donation parties. I think it would please the congregation if you should write the editor an indignant letter on the subject." Struggling Minister—"I can't afford the stamp, my dear. You forget that we have just been through a donation party ourselves."

The Champion Drawing Card.

Fair Customer (breathlessly)—"I see you are advertising shot silks at five cents a yard." Salesman (blandly)—"Yes, madam, and they will do beautifully for musquito netting. You see they came in an express car that was held up by train robbers."

A Rare Woman.

Jinks—"I never saw a house where everything ran so smoothly as at Broadgrin's." Minks—"Yes; lucky fellow, Broadgrin. He's got a wife who knows how to keep the servants amused while she does the work."

Proven.



Deacon Snow—"You didn't tote de troof in you' sermon to-day, sah, when you said dat Mister Noah came fust outer de ark." Rev. Mr. Johnsing—"Can you prob dat, sah?" Deacon Snow—"Sartin! It says in de good book dat 'Noah came fourth out of de ark.' You should be keeful how you lead your flock astray, sah."

Safety in Numbers.

Stranger—"Suppose there should be an accident on your elevated railroads. Would it not be terrible?" Mr. Gotham—"Well, I don't know. The passengers are generally packed in so tight that only the outside layers would get hurt."



BARNEY BARNATO.

Paris and German exchanges "Kaffirs" is the name of a confusing multiplicity of South African mining stocks, the lively ups and downs of which have for the past few months been making and unmaking fortunes. This wild and insane craze has led to the upsetting of financial values in all American stocks, and has caused Wall street to hold its breath, as it were, pending the anticipated bursting of the Kaffir boom.

Barney Barnato, the man who has really launched this unprecedented speculation, has himself made millions out of it, and when the crash comes, he will come it must, it is believed that he will still be an enormously rich man. Most of his fortune is said to be on paper, but he holds the upper hand in all the big deals and he is not the sort of man who has let the "dear public" in on the ground floor without making them pay him a profit.

Of his origin as little is known as of the astonishing rise of the boom he has created. It is believed that he was a London street Arab. He is still young—not yet forty—slightly over 5 feet in height, fat, squat and short-legged. His appearance is altogether ugly. All sorts of vague stories are told of his career. He is said to have been a barber, a second-hand clothing dealer, a beggar, a broker's clerk, a messenger, a street fakir, a tumbler, circus

branched out independently and drew about him his own following. It was another case of the lucky gambler leading the way for the unlucky. He organized companies to float "Kaffirs." There were Barnato "companies," Barnato "groups," Barnato "shares," but there were never any Barnato losses. He made money even more rapidly than the great bonanza kings of California in the palmiest days of the Argonauts.

Shrewdly he made a conquest of Sir Edgar Vincent. Sir Edgar and Barney became financial bosom friends. Sir Edgar gave the plunger position, which he never had in spite of his fortune. Barnato had been blackballed at the London clubs. The rich turf set cut him, in spite of his heavy support of races and his fine string of horses. Sir Edgar made sure first of all that Barnato and his South African enterprises were "safe." He went out to South Africa with Barney as Barney's guest, and was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Lady Helen Dunscombe, sister of the Duchess of Leinster. What Sir Edgar saw in Africa convinced him. He took up Barney, gave him financial and social prestige, not in London, but in Paris, and by clever maneuvering secured for him the ear of the great Parisian financiers and hoisted him forward in Parisian

quoted at over three times their face value. The blind faith of the English people in this modern Midas upsets all theories of their national conservatism. It is estimated that not less than \$150,000,000 has been subscribed, a large part of it by small investors, in the schemes and enterprises of the plausible Barney.

He was and is to-day the speculative foe of Cecil Rhodes, and resembles the latter in the scope of his enterprises and nerve with which he backs them. Rhodes companies and Barnato companies are rivals for the favor of capital wherever "Kaffirs" are quoted.

Dug Up a Jar Containing Old Coin.

Thomas Moore, Jr., and two other workmen, while excavating for pipe connections at Market square in Chester, Pa., on Thursday morning, unearthed a small preserving jar containing gold and silver Spanish coin estimated to be worth at least \$150. Some of the coin bore the date of 1800 and other pieces a later date. An old market house erected in the last century stood on the site where the money was found and it was torn down in 1857. It is thought the money was buried by one of the marketmen.—Philadelphia Ledger.