

Poor Boy Diamond

"King Of Diamonds"

The little boy who roamed the streets of London's East End had more on his mind than hide-and-seek and hopscotch. All the time he was cogitating on schemes to make MONEY. He was determined to become a MILLIONAIRE before he was very much older.

Not many years were to pass before those dreams of wealth turned into reality. For Barney Isaacs, the little boy who roamed those squalid streets, grew up to become world-famous as Barney Barnato, the King of Diamonds.

Born in 1853, Barney changed his name to Barnato when he and his elder brother, Harry, went on the music halls as conjurers and illusionists. They are said to have been the first act to perform the famous "missing lady" trick.

Harry Barnato, father of the late well-known racing motorist "Babe" Barnato, broke up the act and went to South Africa to seek his fortune there. Later Barney went out to join him and took his favourite nephew, Solly Joel, with him.

Barney arrived in South Africa in 1872 when he was twenty years old; his total capital was \$3,000. He tried to earn his living at all kinds of trades, buying and selling ostrich feathers, wool and vegetables, long before turning his attention to diamonds and gold.

Apart from buying and selling, he taught boxing and once tried to start a cabaret, but he began his march to real riches when he "went on the road," calling on the diamond diggers and buying the diamonds themselves and brought up from the earth.

A mere seven years after landing in South Africa he formed the Barnato Diamond Mining Company; he had actually bought up a lot of miners' claims in strategic positions.

Another man had left England to join an elder brother. His name was Cecil Rhodes (later Cape Premier) and he and Barney Barnato were destined to become sometimes friends and sometimes enemies.

In 1887 Rhodes and Barnato were the biggest men in the South African diamond industry. Rhodes was thirty-four; his rival, Barnato, thirty-five. But Rhodes was, for the time being, more firmly established than Barnato.

Then Rhodes wanted to control the prices of diamonds, and put just enough on the market to keep the prices up. But the twin diamond kings were having great trouble with the illicit diamond buyers, the so-called I.D.B., who bribed the Kaffir miners to hide diamonds about their person and smuggle them out of the mines.

Barnato had the idea of making the Kaffirs live in the mines, in compounds. He took this idea to Rhodes, who accepted it. The two men joined forces and defeated the I.D.B., but later it was said, without proof, that Barnato, while pretending to defeat the I.D.B., was hand-in-glove with them.

Rhodes was delighted with Barnato's brainwave and asked his new friend what he could do for him. Barney replied promptly: "Take me to lunch at the Kimberley Club!"

The committee of that club had banned Barnato. Rhodes not only took him to lunch but forced the committee to accept him as a member. Then Barnato wanted to do Rhodes a favour and asked him what he could do. Rhodes said: "Show me a haul of diamonds!"

Barnato procured a top hat and filled it to the brim with uncut diamonds of all sizes. For years afterwards the old-timers

of the diamond fields told and re-told the story of Cecil Rhodes just sitting for hours and hours and letting a cascade of diamonds run through his fingers.

For pastimes Barnato played poker, raced horses and made big bets. Bets were made on all the things. Millionaires would play what was called "fly loo." The players would each put a lump of sugar on the table and bet that a fly would alight on his lump before any others.

The players would bet, say, \$500 each so the winner collected \$500 from each of the other players. Enormous bets were also made on races between Kaffir children.

Barney also went in for amateur theatricals in a big way. Later he decided to go in for politics and he stood as a parliamentary candidate for Kimberley.

His campaign carriages were really impressive, perhaps better suited for a circus than for an election. There were huge B.B.s on the doors; the carriage was drawn by four matched grey horses, with a red-capped postilion on each and there were two footmen wearing cockades, green livery and gold braid.

Barnato wore fancy dress and a curly-brimmed grey top hat when he rode out in his carriage. All this apparently paid off, for he won his seat and sat in Parliament. Then he was determined to cut a dash in London.

Already his fame had spread there. In a musical comedy of the period, "The Girl from Park Lane, in the 1880's, impersonated a South African millionaire named Max Hoggenshaw; every one who whistled "That's Barney Barnato, you know."

But Barney knew what was what; he started to build a mansion in Park Lane, in the 1880's, the smartest street in London. His mansion was to be a stone's throw from his sister Kitty's at No. 6, Marble Arch, where the Cumberland Hotel now wanders.

Sister Kitty had also come a long way for she had married a man named Joel who owned a fried fish shop on the Mile End Road!

Barney turned Barnato diamonds to gold, and soon had 120,000 men working for him in the South African gold mines, but he still had his diamond mines.

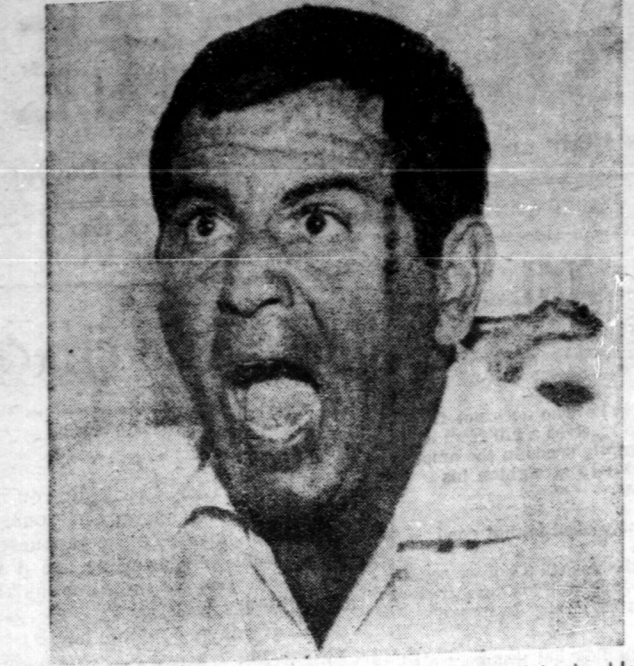
Then came a slump in the Kaffir market, and people began whispering: "Barney Barnato is going mad!" He behaved strangely but had quiet normality when he was quite normal. Then came the notorious Jameson Raid in South Africa, when a handful of hotheads tried to seize power from the Boers.

Rhodes and Barnato were said to have been behind it, which Barnato denied. But, probably due to the anxiety, his fits of madness returned. His family and friends persuaded him to go to London to see how his house was getting on. It was June, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Who knows, they told him, maybe the old Queen will confer a knighthood on you.

Barney Barnato embarked on the s.s. Scott at Cape Town. His family aboard kept a watchful eye on him, but one day he broke loose and jumped overboard. A ship's officer dived after him and tried to save his life, but failed.

So died Barney Barnato. Certainly money wasn't everything to him.

When painting a ceiling, work across the width rather than the length of the room. This enables the first to begin a second lap before the first has completely dried. Never try to paint a strip more than two feet wide or the dry edges of your overlap may mar the final effect.



PEOPLE ROTATION — Little fellow on David Seville's shoulder is his candidate for president, Sello (Ross Bogdosorin) is the creator-mentor-voice of Alvin, the record-high chipmunk. Amerecrot's campaign "pledges": rotation of people instead of the critter's campaign "pledges": rotation of people to the city of crops city folks to the country, country cousins to the city.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

There's nothing more tempting, when the autumn winds get a bit nippy, than a tender, well-cooked pot roast. But even that grand old standby can stand a bit of change or glamorizing. Gathering together some of the ways to cut a dash in London.

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One Sure Thing That Turned Sour

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A Sierra Leone native sold his wife for a comparatively small quantity of salt. Cakes of salt have sometimes been used for actual money.

Deprivation of salt was a form of severe punishment in Holland and Sweden many years ago; a man so sentenced often died. Yet a Frenchman who lived to the age of ninety-eight claimed that he had never touched salt. Scythians read his story with a pinch of salt!

Let's hope salt will never be taxed again as it once was in Britain. When the Government was forced in 1825 to abolish the crippling tax on salt, a bushel worth 12 cents was taxed. The country was calculated that one side of a pig was needed to pay for salt to cure the other side.

They're Cannibals — And Proud Of It

A Papuan tribe of painted savages still eats human beings and enjoys its cannibal rites without any feelings of guilt or remorse. This news, just issued by the Australian administration in Papua-New Guinea, was picked up by a patrol, operating in remote, largely unexplored country east of Kuluwa, Western Papua.

The patrol "flushed" a party of primitive natives crouched, in full war paint over their sterns. Through interpreters, it was learned that these warriors had been successful in a tribal battle. Gathering together some of the slain, they had indulged in a feast of tribal ritualism.

The patrol officer pointed out the wrongness of their actions but the natives didn't understand him. For generations, they had eaten their enemies, and according to them, ceremonial feast rites seem to their primitive minds, a decent and proper practice.

In another valley, the same patrol was greeted by a burst of war cries, while arrows whizzed overhead. But suddenly the tribal chief appeared, bearing a pig as a peace offering.

In other Papuan districts, savage customs are dying fast. In the Eastern Highlands, for instance, a native local government council has recently laid down strict rules for village hygiene. One regulation forbids any village to keep pigs in huts.

Council elders go pig-hunting from hut to hut and if they feel the occupants are disobeying instructions then the hut must come down.

What is success but getting what you want? posed in advertisement. And what is success but wanting what you get?

Britain produces 5,000,000 tons of salt every year. The annual world total produced is about 25,000,000 tons. Underground deposits of salt show no signs of giving out, but if they do, there's always the sea.

A cubic mile of sea water yields about 130 million tons of salt — and there are 300 million cubic miles of sea.

You can't live without salt. Every man, woman and child consumes about a 12 lbs. of it a year. Because of its value as a fertilizer farmers use many tons of it on the land.

Roman soldiers were given salt as part of their wages — hence the word "salary." In Spain there's a mountain of salt near Cardona, in Catalonia. It's nearly three miles round and about 400 feet high — a solid mass of salt.

At certain seasons the American buffalo used to stampede in vast herds, driven by some blind instinct to parts of the ranges where the earth threw up salt.

In the forests of Central and

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