Charlevoix County Herald

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EAST JORDAN, - - MICHIGAN

Poets should always apostrophize the weather as feminine.

Every dog has his day because nobody else wants dog days.

Walking is a delightful exercise—when it is not compulsory.

The dictagraph should be tried and convicted of perjury unless it tells the truth.

An eastern man offers to teach flying by mail, this at least being a safe way to study.

Vacation and Christmas are the two great agencies for putting money into active circulation.

However, if St. Louis women do wear socks, where will they carry their chamois rags?

A pessimist is a man who thinks he'll never get a chance to wear his fish net underwear.

An old maid in New Rochelle is reported to have found a burglar under her bed. Lucky old maid.

A Brooklyn dentist has become an aviator, and will now have a chance to work on his own nerve.

A San Francisco woman has a special car for her dogs. This no doubt suits the regular passengers.

Another royalist plot in Portugal has failed. The best thing a royalist plot in Portugal does is to fail.

Next to a game of chess probably a balloon race is the most exciting contest that can be witnessed these days.

A Denver preacher says that it is a sin to kill a fly or break an egg. It surely is a sin to break some eggs.

A New Orleans girl went to heaven during a five days' sleep. This is the first mysterious-bourne round-trip record.

"When is a man old?" asks an exchange. A man is old when he loses his hankering to do violence to the umpire.

Pittsburg man at the age of eighty-three marries a girl he had known two weeks. But such is the impetuosity of youth.

Girl in St. Louis claims to have killed 10,068,000 flies, and we are willing to take her word rather than count 'em.

Another reason for the unpopularity of aviation among women is that it is impracticable to fly while wearing a Paris hat.

Vital statistics tells us that New York had a murder for every day in July. New York is a great place for an undertaker.

The women's clubs of Chicago have declared war on the "masher." The most effective club in his case would be the policeman's.

A Brooklyn man, bitten by a fish he had caught, is now afraid of hydrophobit. It certainly is enough to make any man mad to have a fish bite him.

The Agricultural Department has just issued a little pamphlet on the fattening of calves. However, it omits mention of the first and most important step—taking away their cigarettes.

Playing roque by electric light is one of Chicago's present activities, though nobody really need be ashamed to play it by daylight.

As duchesses and princesses are now going up in airships, aviation may justly claim to have been admitted into the higher circles.

Farmer in California became weary of hoeing potatoes in the hot sun and turned highwayman. The glorious climate of California.

The New Yorker who has invented a machine to tell when a man is in love has gone to unnecessary trouble. When you feel foolish, that's it.

"Listen to your wife," advises a medical expert. Being a medical expert, he well knows the damage that a rolling pin or flatiron can inflict.

The doctors have finally decided that there is no such thing as a blood purifier. Those who remember the sulphur-and-molasses days of childhood wish that the discovery had been made sooner.

Rich old lady in Ohio hired an orchestra to play while her dog was eating. No wonder dogs go mad.

Japan's emperor was a poet, but as he was a good one this will not be counted against him when his record is made up by the historian of the future.

An Austrian woman created a sensation on an ocean liner by wearing a hoopskirt. She may be welcomed as the embodied reaction against the hobble.

Women Flirts

Seeks to Advance Herself by Using Dupes

By ISABELLE HATCH O'NEILL

A DISTINCTION should be made between a flirt and a coquette. Man receives from woman about what he demands, not only in her mental attitude toward him, but even in the details of her attire—the wearing of tight corsets and high-heeled shoes, at the expense of her health and her physique. If a man seeks sincerity and earnestness in a woman, he usually finds those qualities. Many men grow weary of the deeper side of a woman's character. So, in order to please and hold them, she uses the gifts which nature has given her.

Few men comprehend the magnanimity of a woman's sacrifice, the depth of her affections, and how her effort to please, that is, her coquetry, is often by the means to an end—to bind more closely to her the man she loves. Such a woman often leads a man to the gate of his inner being and helps him to awaken and preserve the greatness and purity that lie sleeping there.

The "flirt," on the contrary, is a destroyer, a heartless, selfish creature, living like a parasite on the society to which she contributes nothing, grasping all the adulation and enjoyment within her reach, heedless of the wounds which her acts produce. A flirt must have both physical and mental attractions, but she need not be handsome or even pretty. Bright and vivacious she must be. She must know how to ingratiate herself into a man's heart, flatter him, cater to all his bobbies and make him believe that he is the one man in all the world for her. She must be a good listener. Men are her toys, to be used according to what they have to give—some for the theater, others for good dinners or for whatever they may have to bestow. The flirt seeks to advance herself socially or financially by using her dupes to forward her own selfish ends.

But ther are men flirts, too, in abundance. How many women have had to meet the disagreeable start, the insulting, insinuating smile of the male flirt on the street, the cars and in other public places. He is quite as dispicable a character as the woman flirt, and far more dangerous, with his subtle, seductive flatteries, his sophistries, his plausible, beguiling manner—a creature to be both shunned and scorned. As long as these monsters survive on the face of the earth, and are allowed to glide like poisonous serpents into the affections of innocent and unsuspecting women, just so long will women be betrayed.

The flirt, then, whether man or woman, is a subject of pity and contempt, for, although liberally endowed by nature with attributes which might have been used to bless mankind, they forsake the good and follow the evil, abandoning themselves to the heartless selfishness.

Isabelle Hatch O'Neill.

Girls' Vanity Boxes and "Doll Rags"

By Alice Williams, La Porte, Ind.

Recently there was quite a discussion regarding girls with vanity boxes and the latest thing in "doll rags," and their demanding of their friends expensive amusements.

Let me cite a personal experience which from observation is most common. There were two girls. One was neat and moderately modern in dress, intelligent and a good listener, the other vapid and rattle-brained, but dressed beautifully. Her only creed is dress, and she is gratified in this because, being an only child, her parents give their all to her. The other, being an orphan and living on a limited income, has to be satisfied with being neat. These two, strangely enough, were chums.

They met men who, it is said, have judgment and discerning powers. Did they choose the plain girl? Never. And why? For the most simple reason—she didn't have on the latest agony. They never waited to see whether there was any character. She was beyond the pale.

Tiring of this sort of thing, she decided to do the picture shows and theaters alone and stroll down side streets on Sunday afternoons whistling to herself when no one was looking.

As this was too highly exciting, she will have to roam on where men have a few ideas above collecting baseball pictures from fancy cigarette boxes and whose greatest boast is the amount of "straights" they can consume and still reach their own door without the aid of a passer-by or policeman.

Do Human Beings Have Sense of Reason?

By CHARLES A. PETERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

I have read many articles published recently on the question "Do animals think?" and found them of interest. I would, however, be more interested were the subject changed to "Do human beings think?"

We look about us and see the misery and suffering caused by the selfishness of individuals and the greed of corporations and politicians, and yet we do nothing to prevent them from robbing and starving us.

Do we think when we permit an employer to pay a man $1.50 a day for ten hours' labor to support himself and family, to buy food and clothing, to pay rent and for other necessities?

Are we human to allow a girl to work eight or ten hours daily, six days a week, for $5, for doing the same work in many places that a man receives a larger salary for doing?

Teach Little Ones to Be Careful

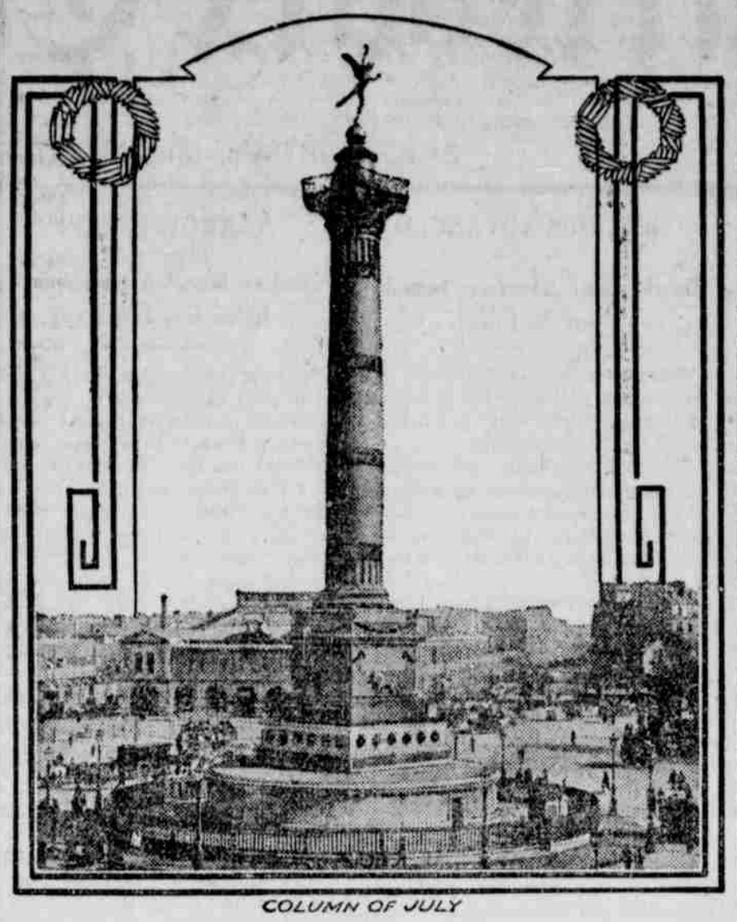
By F. Strong, Oak Park, Ill.

As an automobilist myself and one who has had many narrow escapes from running down pedestrians and especially children, I would like to give my views on the prevention of accidents.

If the parents of children—and especially mothers, who are with their children more of the time—will only teach them when quite small how to cross the streets and what to do in a case of emergency when alone, I am sure that many little lives will be saved and the older ones will learn through the children how to avoid accidents as well.

Parents should warn their children never to run across the street, but that when once they have started across they should keep on going and never turn back, as turning back is most confusing to a driver and is in most cases the cause of so many accidents.

Trade Inviters in Paris



COLUMN OF JULY

NOT far away is the famous restaurant of the Smoking Dog, whose dingy portrait is easily overlooked in its decadence.

In this section, too, if you search long and faithfully or are lucky at the start, you will find another of the hanging signs over ancient taverns. It is a bunch of grapes, gilded and worn away, suspended over the sidewalk on an ornamental iron bracket.

These are survivals from a time long forgotten, but modern Paris has delightful parallels. Nor are they entirely devoid of historic interest of their own, for the cafe on the Place de la Bastile known as "The Cannon of the Bastile" has historic associations surely. Even the great tin cannon which surmounts its glass covered red terrace is the replica of one used by the populace in storming the Bastile, and the waiter will assure you the original stood on this very spot. Across the broad square is another cafe, with a soldier trumpeter at parade painted life size on a sheet of tin. It is less romantic in connection, but the cafe beneath it is dingy and replete with suggestions at least of revolutions.

And speaking of revolutions, what can tell a more romantic history than the washerwoman's signs of Paris? Painted on tin and crudely finished, to be sure, still they are nothing less than the tricolor of France, the standard of the republic. What a story it is that the national ensign, as jealously guarded as the stars and stripes, should serve as a trade sign for the laundries! But remember the story of the revolution and the meetings in laundry shops at night and remember Mme. Sans Gene, the washerwoman who become a princess—was it not? In Paris one can never pass under that stiff tin draped flag, usually sadly faded, and glance at the toiling women inside the windows without remembering the pranks of the royal laundress and understanding the flag.

The fashion of hanging signs in Paris depends largely on the quarter of the city, and in some proud sections there are no tin flags over the laundries and no strips of red cloth swung to the breeze at each end of the dye shops. But in no single section of the capital is missing the sign of the barbers.

Parisian ideas of mercantile advertising go back to the middle ages, when there were no show windows and no reading public and the height of progressiveness was expressed in a golden symbol of the tradesmen hung outside the house wherein he lived and traded.

In Paris' Busy Center.

The hanging shop sign has a cold efficiency about it after all. It tells all that needs to be known. It serves another purpose also—the preservation of the atmosphere of the picturesque.

In the old streets you can find many of the ancient signs yet and some modern examples besides. The really old signs are few and far between, but walks in the historic quarters bring you to them and warm your heart with their sight.

You are sure to hunt first for the old tavern signs, which you hope to find still swinging over dingy cafes, and if you are lucky you will find half a dozen in all Paris. Over in the Marais, the aristocratic quarter of two centuries ago, you will find most of those left. At one little corner, for instance, is the sign of "The Armed Man" crudely executed in cast iron, the man in full armor sitting astride a cannon of historic type. About him twist iron vines and leaves, giving kim true artistic company in his untiring invitation to you to come and drink the excellent wine within.

Nearer the heart of things and swept by the currents of the busiest center of Paris, the Halles, or public markets, is another sign you can find easily, though it, too, is flat against the transom space above the door. It would seem at first glance to have been a church piece, but it is only a manifestation of the religious feeling of the first proprietor, who placed on the iron grating a holy infant with shepherd's crook and a sheep or two dully gilded to this day.

It is the barbers who use the golden balls as a sign here, golden balls with a magnificent switch of horsehair hanging down below and swinging merrily to the breeze. The reason for the horsehair is obvious, but you will likely puzzle long over the golden ball until you notice that some barbers do not use the ball but instead a queerly shaped, almost flat piece of brass, which in time you decide must be the barber's bowl. The ball was more decorative than the bowl.

The jewelers of Paris hang out clocks as in America, but not one in a hundred of them runs. In Paris, too, the jeweler's little brother, the optician, hangs out a pair of spectacles as in America. But here this sign is quite conventionalized, the rim of the glasses, the bridgepiece and all being made of brass tubing an inch thick and the two eyepieces are of red and blue glass.

In the good old days thoughtful American tobacconists used to provide wooden Indians for small boys to wheel away on Hallowe'en night, but the tobacco trust eliminated that charity. How the dissolution of that organization has effected the wooden Indian business none of the American periodicals which reach Paris has taken the trouble to say. Here the sign of the tobacco stores is a conventionalized red cigar, the result of placing two equal cones of tin base to base. This sign is at once the trade sign of Paris, for, the sale of tobacco being a government monopoly, tobacco stores are few and far between and, as one American here remarked, "The sight of one of those red tin cigars is as inspiring as a swinging latticed door in the waste of a high license town on a summer afternoon."

In Front of the Hat Store.

The old fashioned hatters of Paris cling faithfully to a sidewalk sign in the form of the glowing curves of the high hat of a century ago. This article of gent's furnishings, painted bright red, with a yellow band and a yellow cockade, is to be found everywhere in Paris, the only variation being the red palmer's hat of the clergy supply houses and attempts of modern establishments to replace it with models of ugly up to date derbies of colossal size.

Another modernization is seen now and then in the way of bootmakers' signs. The conventional old style sign is a carved and gilded wooden boot of classic lines. The modern travesty is an up to the minute American shoe of the brogan type, also of carved wood or papier mache perhaps, gilded till it shines again.

Glove stores and haberdashers and notion shops generally announce their business by means of giant gloves suspended over their doors. These signs, like all the rest, are either attached to the signs directly over the doors or are suspended from iron supports extending from the second story wall. Umbrella stores hang out tin umbrellas, usually opened and painted red. Immense gold scissors announce cutlery stores, and giant pincers, overgrown planes and the druggists' mortar and pestle advertise their obvious trades.

Paint stores hang out palettes with brushes stuck through the thumb holes or merely squares of sheet iron painted diagonally with bars of brilliant colors. Florists hang out a dilapidated gilded wreath and the thousands of locksmiths are known by immense golden keys. Usually the keys are of the typical French sort, which feel quite as bulky as the signs look to be but the modern touch is found here too, for some hang out keys of the flat.

"LET US HAVE A HEART TO HEART TALK."

Be you producer, consumer, dairyman, farmer or manufacturer; are you giving thought to economic conditions as they are today in America? If so, what are your views on the needs of importing $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 worth of dairy products the last fiscal year, and what do you think about our having to import $4,000,000 worth of meat animals during the same period?

What got us into such a shape? Let us talk it over. Was it cheap production on the low-priced lands of the west, or were we scared by the constant hammering that the politicians gave our industry, and which the city press has only too thoughtlessly been willing to publish as news, to the effect that we were being robbed by the trusts? Or was it mere indifference to some kind of live stock production on the farm because we were breeding scrub stock and it did not pay? No matter what it was that has put us where we are, we are losing ground. Profit, labor and all the bugaboos that enter into the subject have been cussed and discussed, but the serious problem is before us of overcoming the need of sending $125,000,000 to $150,000,000 of our good American gold to foreigners for our food supply. We are as intelligent as any nation on earth and as capable as the people of any country to solve the problem of economic production. It is one that must be seriously considered by all the people and each and every one must give of his talents and means to solve it.

The price of land in the middle west has been enhanced very considerably in the past ten years, and our state agricultural colleges have done splendid work in showing us what can be produced profitably on these high-valued lands, and dairy farming seems to be the answer, but this must be engaged in intelligently. You must first have profitable cows on your farms, then intelligent farming, so as to secure maximum of production at minimum of cost. As the merchant, manufacturer and railroad president must seek new and modern methods to attain the best results in his business, and is constantly expending large sums to equip himself for present day competition, why should not the farmer and dairyman seek the best obtainable information on subjects of interest to him?

Each year at Chicago, we have the National Dairy Show, which gives actual demonstrations in problems of breeding and feeding for greatest profit in all of the dairy breeds. These shows give you a practical demonstration in all that is modern in machinery, both for the dairy and for the farm. Experts who have solved the marketing of and caring for the dairy products for best results, here give you their findings. Why not take advantage of it? Do not get it into your head that you are too small in the business to get value out of this show; the small men and the beginners really are the chaps the show is for. The creamery man, the milk dealer, the butter maker, the ice cream man, all receive their benefit at this great show that is founded for no other purpose than to advance the interest of the dairy cow.

Think this over and come and see us October 24 to November 2 at the International amphitheater, Chicago, the only building, except state fair buildings, where the immensity of your industry can be fully displayed. Will you do your part to advance the cause? The problem is before the country, "Which shall it be, Beef or Dairy?"

Best Books for Children.

Eugene Field, asked for the best ten books for young people under sixteen years of age, is said to have given this list: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Andersen's Fairy Tales, Grimm's Fairy Tales, "Scottish Chiefs," "Black Beauty," "The Arabian Nights," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Tom Brown's School Days," for boys, or for girls, "Little Women."

Norwegian Scientific Expedition.

A Norwegian expedition will study the natives, flora and fauna of almost unknown regions of nothern and central Asia.

The faster a chap is, the quicker he overtakes trouble.