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Where Chicago Land Is Worth \$27,000 a Front Foot



Chicago's most valuable land is on the west side of State street, between Madison and Monroe streets. Its value is estimated at \$27,000 per front foot of an inside lot of 100-foot depth. For corner lots, lots on the alley and lots with more than 100-foot depth, the value would be even higher. These valuations have been recently made by an appraisal company in a report to the tax equalization committee of the city council.

Paris Customs That Surprise

Tourist Should Accept the French Way of Doing Things When There.

Washington.—Americans recently have been reminded on high authority that they will find many things that are different in Paris, and that it is the part of courtesy, as well as common sense, to accept the Parisian ways of doing things when one is in Paris.

There is no doubt about the difference in many customs, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. Sometimes the Parisian way seems most welcome, at other times it seems strange, but in either event, one has not far to look to find there is a reason back of every custom.

At times the Parisian seems to have outdone his American friends in efficiency. For example, there is the billing device of some of the larger sidewalk cafes. Each plate and cup bears a price mark—50 centimes, one franc, etc., and the refreshments are served in containers bearing the proper cost mark. If a second cupful of chocolate is ordered, the empty cup will be set to one side, and another cupful bearing the price mark served.

When the customer is ready to pay, he does not have to depend on the memory of the waiter, or scan a bill of fare, nor does the waiter have to juggle with checks. The addition of the empty containers is obviously the amount of his bill.

In contrast is the rather cumbersome method of booking a seat in a Paris theater. In some theaters, at least, one must first purchase the right to sit in a certain part of the house—the orchestra, balcony or a box. This coupon then must be taken to another desk to have a seat assigned. Even if one buys a designated seat, this exchange always is necessary.

Finding a Theater Seat. The patron next turns to a head usher, who leads him to the program seller, and after he has purchased a program, a custom which also prevails in English theaters, he encounters the peculiar Parisian practice of having an usher charge to show him to a seat. And there is little hope of his finding his own seat because seats are identified only by numbers, not by rows which are lettered, and then numbered by rows.

The American, impatient at his circuitous progress to his seat, and having reached into his pocket three or four times so far, is apt to become annoyed and conclude he is being overcharged. This often is his feeling even when he was buying a seat which, at an exchange rate of about 3 cents for the franc, cost him less than \$2, even adding in the price of program, the price of being shown to his seat, and the 50 centimes collected if he went to a lavatory between the acts.

This price is for the best orchestra seat in the best theaters in Paris,

when comparable locations would have cost him \$4 or \$5 in any New York theater, even without the speculator's tax which he would have to pay there for popular shows.

And the Parisians have reasons for each of the charges; for there is not one, but there are several taxes, levied on theater seats, and these vary with the locations in the house.

Several features of the best Parisian theaters, however, must appeal to even the casual visitor. One is the large amount of standing room provided for and sold at a low price, so that any one who is alone, wishes to remain only an hour, or is skeptical about the merits of a show, may go in for a short time, and go on his way without having expended the full price of a seat. Another feature which adds to the enjoyment of Paris theater attendance is the large promenade and refreshment rooms which permit a stroll between acts and make it possible to sit down at a table and enjoy a beverage or a smoke, or to walk about and do some "window shopping" at the many displays and exhibitions which merchants have contracted for in these super-lobbies.

The length of intermission, of course, is much longer than those in American theaters, frequently being from 20 to 30 minutes.

The Search for Soap. Another difficulty which the visitor in Paris might as well make up his mind to accept is that his hotel room, no matter what the price, nor how elegantly it may be furnished and provided with every other comfort, is not going to have any soap. One explanation of this lack may be in the fact that all toilet articles are expensive, being heavily taxed; a more plausible one, in view of the fact that good Paris hotels stop at no expense or pains for their guests' comfort, is that the Parisian regards the soap he uses much as we do a toothbrush, as a peculiarly personal and individual thing, not to be provided by some one else.

Ice is scarce in Paris, as it is in England. In neither London nor Paris is the climate such that cold drinks are necessary to comfort; anyway, the Europeans may be right in their belief that chilled drinks impede the processes of digestion. Many American doctors concur, and nobody will argue with the French about gastronomic topics.

It is almost unnecessary to inquire, "Where is a good place to eat in Paris?" One can hardly go wrong if he visits a Paris cafe, serving Parisians, and having the earmarks of a reasonably good establishment. Here again the Parisian habit, which prevails all over Europe, of allocating small charges for things simply sum up in "overhead" may give rise to misunderstanding. At the price of the franc in recent months one may eat, in any French hotel or cafe, which is not one of the few places especially designed to cater to "foreigners," a bountiful meal, prepared by the world's best chefs at a price which

seems ridiculously low. At French cafes which are world-famous for their cuisine, it is hard for one to spend more than the equivalent of a dollar for a meal. Yet the charges on the bill, included in that amount for cover service, and even for napkin, being unexpected, loom large in the visitor's mind.

The extreme thrift of the French is nowhere better illustrated than in some of the smaller cafes where regular patrons file their napkins in a sort of rack, suggestive of the rows of shaving mugs in our old-time barber shops and pay once a week for the laundry of that bit of linen.

Street Cars and Taxis. On a street car in Paris one pays only for the distance he wishes to ride. This is done by zoning the routes, and requires considerable bookkeeping on the part of the conductor, and also obliges the passenger to keep his receipt to be shown on demand, if he remains on the car to another zone.

Few visitors patronize street cars; the taxis are too convenient and too cheap. The tariffs are ridiculously low. Here again, however, arise misunderstandings because after eleven o'clock at night taxi drivers can put down their white metal flag (which ordinarily means that the taxi is empty and is required to accept any fare at the regular tariff) and may charge double fare. Unfortunately the meters do not register the excess fare, the driver usually cannot speak enough English to explain the reason for asking twice as much as the meter indicates, and there ensue frequent arguments.

No one can be in Paris long without being impressed by the courtesy of the policemen; Americans, however, may fall to note, or noting the fact they may rebel at the custom which is to touch one's hat to a policeman when asking him a question. Now the Frenchman who is one of the most liberty-loving and independent persons in the world, sees nothing demeaning in that practice. And anyone who does it receives a salute and a bow in return which more than atones for his pains.

A visitor in Paris cannot help wondering what would happen if the policemen, public officials, shopkeepers, and many pedestrians on the downtown streets of any American city were some month suddenly to be accosted all day long by foreigners who either addressed them in a strange tongue or bombarded them with questions in lame efforts to speak their own language. But that is what occurs in all the boulevards and principal streets of Paris during the heavy tourist seasons; and the courtesy with which the Parisian, official or layman, tries to understand and, understanding, the trouble he takes to give information or directions, is one of the finest evidences of his innate courtesy.

Sisters in Triple Wedding

Chico, Calif.—Three weddings took place simultaneously the other night when three daughters of Mrs. Joy Allen were married to schoolboy chums. The ceremonies were at the Allen home, where three ministers celebrated. Miss Marian Allen became the bride of Vincent Tranor of Los Angeles, Miss Virginia Allen the bride of Richard Miller of Los Angeles and Miss Catherine Allen the bride of Lyle Bullard of Chico.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS ARE DUE TO COME IN 1927

All Sections Are Asked to Notify Nature Association if Any Are Seen This Year.

Washington.—The question now before the scientific house is: Will the 17-year locusts appear on time? The scientific world is going to try to find out, for an investigation by the bureau of entomology is going to investigate the belief whether the 17-year locusts, scheduled to make their appearance this summer in Virginia, Georgia, Iowa and Missouri, has any existence in fact. Entomologists in these states have been asked to keep a sharp lookout for the insects and to report to Washington when and where they are discovered.

The 17-year locusts live underground all that time and then come out by millions. If you see this peculiar cicada, let the American Nature Association of Washington, D. C., know at once. The cicada is a forest

insect and a very large part of its life is as an underground grub-like form feeding upon the roots of forest trees. Toward the end of the period the full-grown grubs make their way to near the surface of the ground and under certain conditions construct peculiar above-ground chambers of pellets of soil. The large stout black insect is about 1 1/4 inches long, and has a wingspread of nearly 3 inches, the veins of the fore-wings and he eyes being red.

It is stated that in 127 large numbers of 17-year locusts will emerge in certain sections of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Kansas.

This is based upon records back to 1724, and it is said that locusts which will suddenly come out by the thousands and literally cover the bark of trees and fill the air with their persistent clatter next year are the direct descendants of the first brood of locusts ever recorded in this country.

Padded Bunk Turns Out to Be a Coffin

New York.—Lawrence Phillips, who came from North Carolina, found himself in Long Island City with no place to sleep. Being a youth of resource, he gained entrance to a building in which in the darkness he managed to find a padded bunk and fell asleep.

On awakening he was shocked to discover that he had passed the night in a coffin in the plant of the National Casket company. As he was emerging from the building a policeman arrested him as a burglar. As nothing had been stolen, Phillips was discharged in Flushing police court.

Poison gas is now used to kill rats that gather in tunnels and under buildings.

"Golf Widow" Makes Pity Plea

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Nova Adolphus Brown, "golf widow," recited a piteous plea in Supreme court recently.

According to Brown, his wife is so abstracted by golf that she will not sew buttons on his shirt, will not take care of their five-year-old son and pays the fees and other expenses of men who belong to the exclusive Whently Hills club.

The husband's complaint came in answer to Mrs. Nephale Bunell Brown's petition for alimony and counsel fees, pending trial of her suit for separation.

SIX ARE KILLED BY HUNANT BATS

Mexican State Terrorized by Monster Mammals.

Mexico City.—Blood-sucking bats measuring 20 inches from tip to tip of extended wings are reported to be terrorizing inhabitants of the southern Mexican state of Oaxaca, as the Egyptians were terrorized by the biblical plagues.

Martiniano Caso, an Oaxaca farmer, who has just arrived here to procure expert medical aid for a young son, reports that many children and animals have died in his native state recently from loss of blood to bats there is a movement on foot to appoint a commission to come to the capital and request the federal government's aid in the matter.

Six children, ranging in age from six months to four years, died in one night from the silent visitations of blood-sucking bats, according to Senor Caso, and this in one small town.

The bats are said to enter bedrooms noiselessly, settle down upon their sleeping victims with less disturbance than a falling leaf and suck blood so painlessly that even light sleepers are not awakened, except sometimes by a subconscious warning that something is wrong.

Lightning Burns Off Nebraska Man's Beard

Alliance, Neb.—Struck on the head by lightning, Joe W. Kennedy, forty-five, farmer, will be bald for the rest of his life, and the attending physician says he will recover.

Kennedy was riding a gang plow pulled by four horses. He saw the storm approaching, but not regarding it as particularly threatening, he kept on with his work. He says he saw no flash and heard no thunder, but the next thing he knew was when he found a doctor bending over him in the hospital here.

The lightning struck Kennedy above the right ear, burned the crown of his hat, scorched the hair from his head and plowed its way across his cheek, jumping from there to his chest, which was seared, and onto his legs, where deep burns were left. From there it entered the iron seat of the plow on which he was riding, melting the metal into a mass and then passing along a steel cable to which his lead team of horses was attached to the plow. One of the four was instantly killed.

Kennedy was knocked unconscious and was found a half-hour later by his wife and daughter. The lightning put out of commission most of the telephones in the neighborhood.

The course of the lightning could be clearly traced from where it struck Kennedy to where it leaped from his body. A full set of whiskers that adorned his face went up in smoke.

Reclines Nude on Ice and Fans to Keep Cool

Atlanta, Ga.—Albert Allen, negro, who, despite the lack of clothing and the aid of a block of ice, still suffered from the heat, was given 30 days in which to cool off.

Allen, it was revealed in police court, owed his excessive heat to three drinks of corn liquor. After taking them, he told Judge A. W. Callaway, he went home and went to bed, but couldn't sleep.

He walked around in an attempt to get cool, and then took off all his clothing and went back to bed. But the bed was too hot. He got up and decided to walk around a bit, forgetting his lack of clothing.

A policeman found Allen peacefully reclining on a 100-pound block of ice in front of a drug store. And Allen, clothed as he was on his icy bed, was fantastically fanning himself with an enormous piece of cardboard.

At court, Allen, still sans clothing, appeared before the judge wrapped in a jail blanket—and still perspiring.

The judge's sentence was immediate—15 or 30 days.

And Allen, having no clothes, naturally had no pockets, and with no pockets carried no money.

Displeased Cafe Patron Hurls Pie at Owner

Sacramento, Calif.—Pies, cakes and other foodstuffs were hurled at a restaurant proprietor here recently by Douglas Slocum, who was displeased at the meal served him.

The human target evaded the missiles successfully.

"But every time the boss ducked, I got hit," testified John Lamont, a waiter, shortly before Slocum was fined \$25.

Marines as Colonial Troops at the Sesqui Pageant



These colonial troops really are members of the Forty-third company, fifth marine corps, taking part in the High street historical pageant, "In 1776," at the Sesquicentennial exposition in Philadelphia.

London Losing Its Old Signs

Famous Emblems Vanishing as Modern Structures Are Erected.

London.—New building construction in Fleet street, on a scale almost comparable to recent construction in the Strand, reminds us of the scores of old shop signs that are being steadily reduced in number along this famous newspaper street. There is no modern equivalent for these Eighteenth century signs. The adoption of numbered shops and houses has done away with the necessity for what have become anachronisms.

They go back to the days when a tradesman was accustomed to advertise that he "maketh and selleth all sorts of leather-breeches" at the "Sign of the Boot and Breeches," or when an old private bank was located "at the Sign of the Three Squirrels." Nowadays a breeches maker would announce that his shop was located at 7 Fleet street, or a Fleet street bank would give as its address simply Fleet street, E. C. 4. But a number of the old shop signs have survived to this day and every time an old building is torn out to make room for a new one, a few more relics disappear.

In the Eighteenth century, when the art of the old sign was at its height, the best of artists were not above supplying them, and some of those that survive are of real artistic value. This is the case at the Cock tavern, one of the oldest establishments in London's newspaper row. The gilded chandelier that hangs outside is a copy of the original, preserved indoors. It was done by the great Grinling Gibbons himself. Originally the tavern stood "at the Sign of the Cock."

"Three Squirrels" Gone. Then there is Gosling's bank, where Warren Hastings, Clive and Pope once kept their accounts. It stood "at the Sign of the Three Squirrels," but the squirrels have been taken down. Gosling's itself has been swallowed up by Barclay's bank, one of the "Big Five" of the London banking world; and in the new building the three squirrels have been reproduced in the windows. As for the Sign of the Boot and Breeches, which once stood in Fleet street, even the site has been forgotten.

Within the last year or two, such old signs as the beehive at 64, the hog'shead of wine, the Caxton's head, the duke's arms, the race horse, the "sun of righteousness" and the torch extinguisher—all of them once marked where they are now, nobody knows. New buildings have taken the place of the old buildings that bore them, or alterations in the old buildings have caused them to be removed. Today we can only suppose that a dealer in honey once had his shop "at the Sign of the Bee Hive," that a wine merchant was formerly located "at the Sign of the Hog'shead" and that a

printer sought his custom "at the Sign of the Caxton's Head."

Some of Them Remain.

Numbers of old signs, fortunately, are still in place, although even the societies that have delved into this rich mine of Eighteenth century art are unable to tell the stories of some of them. A banner, a Chinese head, a death's head, a fiddle, a fleur-de-lis device, a globe, a mask, a group of the Muses and a group of winged lions are disclosed by a single walk through Fleet street today. Angels, balances, golden bottles, marigolds, a phoenix, a shamrock and a thistle reveal the whereabouts of shops that have long since vanished before the tide that has swept all of London's newspaper offices, and most of the London offices of the world's great newspapers, into the Fleet street area. Barrels, shields, daggers, a portcullis, posthorns, a red cross, wheat sheaves, a white horse and a white rose follow.

Red lions and the pictures of dead kings and queens are there to take our minds back to the days before it had occurred to London to number its shops.

New heraldic devices are, of course, occasionally put up in various parts of London, including Fleet street, but these are not to be confused with shop signs, for the college of heralds is the last authority in the world that could ever be suspected of dabbling in trade. Everybody knows the griffin, which

stands on its pedestal at the west end of Fleet street. It is easily the most famous of that highway's heraldic devices—possibly the most famous in all London, for it marks the boundary line of the city proper, where the lord mayor tenders his sword of state to the sovereign on the occasion of royal visits to the city. The sovereign, in accordance with ancient custom, touches the sword and returns it to the lord mayor's keeping—a rite emphasizing the city's status of semi-independence. The griffin is presumably intended for one of the dragons, supporters of the city's arms; and in Fleet street it is affectionately known as the "Ace of Clubs."

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Dooms All Shrines Where Animals Are Worshipped

Tokyo.—The shrines bureau of the home department has ordered the destruction of thousands of small shrines throughout Japan dedicated to the primitive superstitious worship of foxes, snakes and other animals.

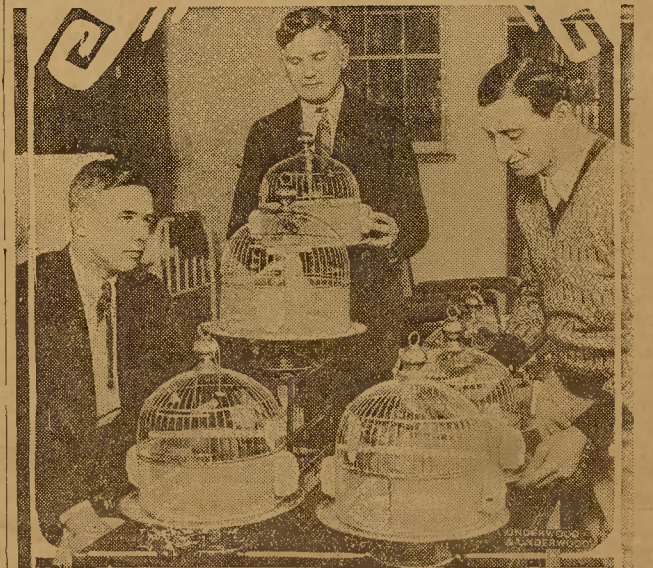
These small shrines come down from times when animal worship and various forms of nature worship were part of the lives of the simple country people, and are doomed now on the ground that they are antagonistic to the progress of the nation.

Little opposition to the move is expected, because with the spread of education the more primitive forms of worship are dying out.

Origin of Flag

Washington.—The origin of the Stars and Stripes has been traced. Army historians have found that the garrison at Fort Stanwix, N. Y., made a flag of red, white and blue out of their clothes and an enemy coat and hoisted it after recapturing the fort August 2, 1777.

Sick Ex-Fighters Breed Canaries



Ears that are especially tuned to the clear, commanding call of a battle bugle are none the less appreciative of the soft notes of song birds. Ex-service men at the Municipal Tuberculosis sanitarium in Chicago have undertaken the raising of canaries. Many of the cages of the birds raised are furnished gratis.

"SLEEPER" ON CONTINENT STRANGE TO AMERICANS

Each Compartment Has Two Bunks and Many "Gadgets"—Etiquette of the Car for Travelers.

Washington.—Life on a Continental "sleeper" is described in a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

French sleeping cars are different from the usual sleepers in America, although they have some things in common with the most recent American compartment coaches, says the bulletin. An aisle extends down one side of the car, about the length of an American coach, and from this aisle doors open into the compartments. The latter have a floor plan somewhat like that of a grand piano; they are narrow at the entrance door, and flare to a greater width at the other side of the car. In the "scallop" is a door leading to a small lavatory which is sandwiched between two adjoining

compartments and is shared by their occupants. An ingenious device bolts both lavatory doors at once.

You are almost ready to believe that the electrical designer sought to play a joke on the passengers. Switches are cleverly hidden so that they seem a part of the decorations.

In the compartments two bunks may be prepared, a lower and an upper, placed across the train, not in the direction of travel as in America. No curtains are used, and you necessarily share the little room rather intimately with whomever the other ticket has been sold to. Ticket agents must, of course, be exceedingly careful in their sales. There can be no haphazard selling of uppers and lowers to men and women as in America.

Continental sleeping cars are filled to overflowing with "gadgets," particularly the upper berth, by way, perhaps, of consolation for loss of the

lower. Little nests of nicked hooks fold out of each other fanwise so that you may hang every garment you possess on a separate hook, and still have racks and nets and hammocks besides. The lower berth even has a special little sloping plush rest and hook for your watch so that you may hang it open beside your head. From the ceiling a broad web strap extends down to the side of the upper berth at the middle to keep its occupant from rolling out—the original, no doubt, of the similar devices now being introduced into America.

The generally accepted custom at bedtime is for the holder of the lower berth to surrender the compartment to his fellow traveler until the latter retires, and then to retire himself. In the morning the order is reversed; the occupant of the lower berth rises first unless destinations differ and the upper traveler must leave the train first. There are no smoking rooms on Continental sleepers. In the corridor, held against the outer wall by a spring, are hinged seats which may be lowered. Here one sits and smokes if he likes.