

when they saw men in khaki coming across the sea in the spirit of crusaders, and they found that these were strange men, reckless of danger not only, but reckless because they seemed to see something, that made that danger worth while. Men have testified to me in Europe that our men were possessed by something that they could only call a religious fervor. They were not like any of the other soldiers. They had a vision, they had a dream, and, fighting in the dream they turned the whole tide of battle and it never came back.

**Tribute of a Humorist.**  
One of our American humorists meeting the criticism that American soldiers were not trained long enough, said:

"It takes only half as long to train an American soldier as any other, because you only have to train him one way, and he did only go one way, and he never came back until he could do it when he pleased."

And now do you realize that this confidence, we have established throughout the world imposes a burden upon us—if you choose to call it a burden. It is one of those burdens which any nation ought to be proud to carry. Any man who resists the present tides that run in the world will find himself thrown upon a shore so high and barren that it will seem as if he had been separated from his human kind forever.

The Europe that I left the other day was full of something that it had never felt all its heart so full before. It was full of hope. The Europe of the second year of the war, the Europe of the third year of the war, was sinking to a sort of stubborn desperation. They did not see any great thing to be achieved even when the war should be won. They hoped there would be some salvage; they hoped that they could clear their territories of invading armies; they hoped they could set up their homes and start their industries afresh. But they thought it would simply be the resumption of the old life that Europe had—led in fear, led in anxiety, led in constant suspicious watchfulness. They never dreamed that it would be a Europe of settled peace and of justified hope.

**All Peoples Buoyed Up.**  
And now these ideals have wrought this new magic, that all the peoples of Europe are buoyed up and confident in the spirit of hope, because they believe that we are at the eve of a new age in the world when nations will understand one another, when nations will support one another in every just cause, when nations will write every moral and every physical strength to see that the right shall prevail.

If America were at this juncture to fall the world, what would come of it? I do not mean any disrespect to any other great people when I say that America is the hope of the world, and if she does not justify that hope the results are unthinkable. Men will be thrown back upon the bitterness of disappointment not only, but the bitterness of despair. All nations will be set up as hostile camps again; the men at the peace conference will go home with their heads upon their breasts, knowing that they have failed—for they were bidden not to come home from there until they did something more than sign a treaty of peace.

Suppose we sign the treaty of peace and that it is the most satisfactory treaty of peace that the confusing elements of the modern world will afford and go home and think about our labors; we will know that we have left written upon the historic table at Versailles, upon which Vergennes and Benjamin Franklin wrote their names, nothing but a modern scrap of paper. No nations united to defend, no great forces combined to make it good, no assurance given to the downtrodden and fearful people of the world that they shall be safe. Any man who thinks that America will take part in giving the world any such rebuff and disappointment as that does not know America.

**Challenge to Critics.**  
I invite him to test the sentiments of the nation. We set this up to make men free, and we did not confine our conception and purpose to America, and now we will make men free. If we did not do that, the fame of America would be gone and all her powers would be dissipated. She then would have to keep her power for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon. I should welcome no sweeter challenge than that I have fighting blood in me and it is sometimes a delight to let it have scope, but if it is a challenge on this occasion it will be an indulgence. Think of the picture, think of the utter blackness that would fall on the world—America has failed. America made a little error at generosity and then withdrew. America said: "We are your friends," but it was only for today, not for tomorrow. America said: "Here is our power to vindicate right" and then the next day said: "Let right take care of itself and we will take care of ourselves." America said: "We set up a light to lead men along the paths of liberty but we have lowered it, it is intended only to light our own path."

We set up a great deal of liberty, and then we said: "Liberty is a thing that you must win for yourself, do not call upon us." And think of the world that we would leave. Do you realize how many new nations are going to be set up in the presence of old and powerful nations in Europe and left there, if left by us, without a disinterested friend?

**What of the Helpless?**  
Do you believe in the Polish cause?

as I do? Are you going to set up Poland, immature, inexperienced, as yet unorganized, and leave her with a circle of armies around her? Do you believe in the aspiration of the Czechoslovaks and the Jugo-Slavs as I do? Do you know how many powers would be quick to pounce upon them if there were not the guarantees of the world behind their liberty?

Have you thought of the suffering of Armenia? You poured out your money to help succor the Armenians after they suffered; now set your strength so that they shall never suffer again.

The arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world. And if we do not guarantee them, cannot you see the picture? Your hearts have been instructed you where the burden of this war fell. It did not fall upon the national treasuries, it did not fall upon the instruments of administration, it did not fall upon the resources of the nations. It fell upon the victims' homes everywhere, where women were toiling in hope that their men would come back.

**No Doubt of Verdict?**  
When I think of the homes upon which dull despair would settle where this great hope is disappointed, I should wish for my part never to have had America play any part whatever in this attempt to emancipate the world. But I talk as if there were any questions. I have no more doubt of the verdict of America in this matter than I have of the blood that is in me.

And so, my fellow citizens, I have come back to report progress and I do not believe the progress is going to stop short of the goal. The nations of the world have set their heads now to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken their purpose. And when I speak of the nations of the world, I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will, some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it.

There is a great deal of harmony to be got out of common knowledge. There is a great deal of sympathy to be got out of living in the same atmosphere, and except for the differences of languages, which puzzled my American ear very sadly, I could have believed I was at home in France or in Italy or in England when I was on the streets, when I was in the presence of the crowds, when I was in great halls where men were gathered together, irrespective of class. I did not feel quite as much at home as I do here, but I felt that now, at any rate, after this storm of war had cleared the air, men were seeing eye to eye everywhere and these were the kind of folks who would understand what the kind of folks at home would understand and that they were thinking the same things.

**Manners Very Delightful.**  
I feel about you as I am reminded of a story of that excellent witness and good artist, Oliver Herford, who one day, sitting at luncheon at his club, was slapped vigorously on the back by a man whom he did not know very well. He said: "Oliver, old boy, how are you?" He looked at him rather coldly. He said: "I don't know your name. I don't know your face, but your manners are very familiar," and I must say that your manners are very familiar, and let me add very delightful.

It is a great comfort for one thing, to realize that you all understand the language I am speaking. A friend of mine said that to talk through an interpreter was like witnessing the compound fracture of an idea. But the beauty of it is that, whatever the impediments of the channel of communication, the idea is the same; that it gets registered, and it gets registered in responsive hearts and receptive purposes.

I have come back for a strenuous attempt to transact business for a little while in America, but I have really come back to say to you, in all soberness and honesty, that I have been trying my best to speak your thoughts.

When I sample myself, I think I find that I am a typical American, and if I sample deep enough, and get down to what is probably the true stuff of a man, then I have hope that it is part of the stuff that is like the other fellow's at home.

And, therefore, probing deep in my heart and trying to see the things that are right without regard to the things that may be debated as expedient, I feel that I am interpreting the purpose and the thought of America; and in loving America I find I have joined the great majority of my fellowmen throughout the world.

**DELEGATES TO CONFERENCE ARE "LORDS OF THE WORLD"**  
London.—Under the heading "The Lords of the World" The Frankfurter Zeitung publishes a rather lively sketch of the peace delegates in Paris. It wonders whether any of them will turn out to be a Metternich, a Talleyrand, a Hardenberg, a Nesselrode, or a Castlereagh, but thinks that none of them at present can be compared with Bismarck, Disraeli or Gortschakoff. It is added:

Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George are already characters with sharply and firmly outlined features. What they have done for their countries the war raises them high above middle stature. But their greatness as statesmen has still to undergo the tests of fire at the green table.

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If you need a tonic, or a blood purifier; if your liver is out of order, you stomach troubles you, or you are constipated, have indigestion or dyspepsia, try Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup. It is purely vegetable and cannot possibly injure any one. It has been of wonderful benefit to others, therefore should command your attention. All dealers in medicines sell it and will recommend it.

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### ENTRY

A certain tract of land lying and being in Dunno Rock Township, Transylvania County, North Carolina and described as follows:

Beginning on a water oak (Spanish oak) on the north side of the 3-mile knob near a bluff, the beginning corner of a hundred acre tract owned by Daniel McJunkins and runs south 20 poles to a chestnut on the south margin of the old 3-mile knob road; thence west with the old 3-mile knob road 37 poles to a dogwood and water oak on the south margin of the said old road; thence north 22 poles to a stake, Wilson's corner; thence south 80 degrees east with the Wilson line 32 poles to the beginning, containing 5 acres, more or less.

Entered this the 8th day of February, 1919.

T. J. WILSON,  
G. C. KILPATRICK,  
Entry Taker.

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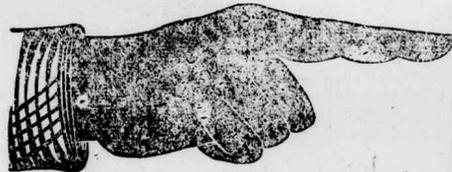
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## Notice To Taxpayers:

Unless you want to see your property advertised for sale in the Brevard News and see your name in the paper, you had better come into my office in the Court House, Brevard, N. C., and pay your tax before the 1st Monday in April, 1919. I am going to advertise all unpaid taxes on real estate to sell the 1st Monday in May, 1919. And I or my Deputy will be around after all personal property when the taxes are unpaid.

If you want to save yourself trouble, embarrassment and cost come and see me, because I MEAN BUSINESS.

February 17th, 1919.

COS PAXTON

Sheriff & Tax Collector.