

BREVARD NEWS

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FRIDAY April 18, 1919

LET'S ALL OF US HELP

The boys that bared their breasts to German machine guns in order that America might remain a fit place in which to live are daily returning to home and fireside. When the call to service was sounded these boys laid down business responsibilities, separated themselves from loved ones and placed their lives in jeopardy on strange soil with the one object of safeguarding American liberty in reinv. Many of those who bade an affectionate goodbye to kindred and friends, to do battle for their country, have made the supreme sacrifice and now lie in unmarked graves on foreign fields. Others have contributed an eye, an arm or a leg to the cause and business is deprived of the fine service of which they were capable before the exactions of war called them to the colors. Through a system of vocational education, the Government is endeavoring to prepare the disabled soldier for positions that may be open to them in industries, professions and other pursuits.

Still another class includes those who have run the gauntlet of German intrigue and the deadly machine guns and are brought back home to assist in rebuilding the world. These heroes will need help in getting back in their former places in business activities and Governor Bickett is interesting himself to the extent of urging united effort in the endeavor to place our returning soldiers and sailors where they may find useful and profitable employment. In a ringing letter to this paper recently the Governor makes the following appropriate suggestions touching the vitally important subject:

"Our soldiers and sailors are now returning home in great numbers. We are receiving them with open arms and it is eminently fitting for their return to be celebrated with great outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm. But these men cannot live on cheers and music and flowers and kisses. The fairest and the finest thing we can do for them is to see to it that every man of them gets a good job.

"I want every town and county in North Carolina to highly resolve that no soldier or sailor shall be denied a chance to make a decent living. Please lay this matter on the hearts of your people. Make it a matter of community pride and patriotism. Let each community be very sensitive on this point. Let no community be willing for another community to provide jobs for its heroes. These men are neither afraid nor ashamed to work. They seek no charity—they scorn it. They want a job and they must not be denied."

The Governor is right. Flowers are strewn over the graves of the dead. These living heroes must have bread and a way must be provided through which they may earn it. They are not asking for alms. It is the means for earning a livelihood that these young men desire. The very least any of us may do will be to assist them in securing employment in harmony with their needs and capabilities. You can help by reporting vacancies, or prospective situations to the Asheville branch of the United States Employment Service. And the time to begin to show your faith in the boys is right now. Hundreds of them are returning every day and we want to convince them, in a prac-

tical way, of our appreciation of the great sacrifice they have made in the world struggle for democracy.

"YOU FELLOWS"

Now it's up to us to lick the enemy at home. Nothing can stop the Victory Liberty Loan, but no one must be permitted to block the gang-way. The professional pessimist is the fellow to watch. He is the arch-conspirator against progress. It's up to us to put him out of business. He is not the fellow who says: "It looks hard, but it's got to be done and we'll do our best." Not that fellow. But the real Blue Monday, down in the dumps pessimist who says: "You fellows are going to have a hard time with that loan."

"You fellows —? "Where does he get that "You fellows" stuff? Whose war was it anyway? Whose ideals were vindicated when we smashed the ruffin crew that directed the Lusitania murders? Who is this government and whose government is it?"

"You fellows —? Whose Victory Liberty Loan is this going to be? Whose life and lands have been saved by the boys who went overseas to end the menace of autocracy? Whose big war bill is now going to be paid? The nation never has fallen down on a big job yet and never will.

So where does he get that "You fellows" stuff?

Now if anyone in America is disappointed because we won the war, if anyone is dissatisfied because we broke the Hindenburg line; if anyone is sorry that Germany had to quit to save its hide, let him say so. Let him hold up his hand in plain view. That's all.

But he won't do it. He isn't that kind. He sidles up with that "You fellows" stuff and talks about hard times when there are no hard times.

He's the fellow to watch. It was his war; it was his victory; it is his peace and it's up to him to pull off his coat and get to work to make this Victory Liberty Loan a whale of a success—the very biggest thing of its kind in the world. Everybody else is getting ready. What is he talking about?

And when this loan is launched if the man with that "You fellows" stuff is not doing his share the public wants to know about it, the public has a right to know about it. The man who has done on the job has something coming to him—a swift kick and a tin can.

Look out for him!

"Let there be peace," said Grant after the civil war. "Let there be no more wars," says President Wilson after the bloodiest conflict of the ages. Grant was a republican; Wilson is a democrat, but they are alike in their Americanism. So let the small-caliber critics of our peace-loving President rave. Their barking will not shake the confidence of the people of this country in Woodrow Wilson. He still sits at the head of the table.

Opponents of the constitution of the League of Nations adopted by the peace conference fall into two classes—those who say the plan is too weak and should be stronger and those who say it is too strong and should be weaker. Both classes are accused of playing politics—the cheapest kind of politics at that.

Congressman Longworth and Congressman Mann may continue to call each other "reactionary" with every assurance that the people may believe them both. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

OBITUARY

McDonald Douglas Siniard son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Siniard of Brevard died of hydrophobia in the early morning of April 11th. He was just a little over fourteen years old, having been born March 22, 1904. McDonald was a member of the fifth Grade in the Brevard Graded School and attended Sunday School at the Presbyterian church and at Oak Grove. He was a member of the Brevard Presbyterian Church, having

joined over a year ago during the services conducted by Mr. Belk.

Less than six weeks ago, while he and his brother were busy in the yard, a strange dog came up, and leaping upon McDonald, bit him on the chin. His brother, Jerome, pulled the dog off, and they ran him off the place. The dog was later killed, as soon as possible after this Mr. Siniard took McDonald to Raleigh to the Pasteur Institute carrying the dogs head along. The dog was found to be mad so McDonald at once began the treatment and took the full course prescribed. As a precaution Jerome Siniard took the treatment, tho he had not been bitten but only had handled the dog.

Returning home after the treatment, apparently in fine health, McDonald began his regular duties again and started back to school. Just nine days after his return, last Monday night, he became sick. He suffered very little and was apparently not dangerously sick until Thursday afternoon when he became violently ill. He died early next morning after much suffering.

In spite of his suffering his sweet and affectionate nature manifested itself to the very end. He longed particularly to see his brother, Robert who had just returned from France but not yet been mustered out. He sent a message to his teacher. He said he loved Jesus. Child that he was realizing instinctively that the end was near, he begged to be buried beside his grandfather in the cemetery at Oak Grove.

Sympathy for the bereaved family was universal in the community as attested by the large crowd which attended the funeral and by the beautiful tributes of flowers. The pall-bearers were all overseas men in full uniform and there was an escort of soldiers. The service was conducted jointly by Revs. W. H. Davis, W. E. Poovey and J. R. Hay.

Thus passed from earth to heaven, to Jesus whom he loved, a sweet, pure child's life, which leaves a fragrant memory behind. H.

TRUSTEES SALE OF LAND

Whereas, on the 25th day of September, 1918, Everitt Smith executed Deed in Trust on the land hereinafter described to the undersigned Trustee to secure the payment of a note therein mentioned and described (which Deed in Trust is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Transylvania County in Book No. 12, on page 261), to which reference is hereby made, and,

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of said note and the owner of said note has directed the undersigned Trustee to sell the lands described in said Deed in Trust to satisfy the said debt as provided in said Deed in Trust; therefore under the power in said Deed of Trust.

On Monday, the 19th day of May, 1919, the undersigned Trustee will sell at the Court House door in the town of Brevard, in the said County of Transylvania and State of North Carolina, at public auction for cash the following described lands situated, lying and being in the said county and State and in Gloucester Township joining the lands of J. M. Anders, Mack McLean and others, and more particularly described and bounded as follows:

It being a part of Grant 169 granted D. A. Anders on the waters of French Broad River,

Beginning on a chestnut oak, one corner of said Grant and running south 19 deg. east 86 poles to a chestnut oak on the Big Bald Knob ridge, then up and with the top of said ridge 77 deg. east 48 poles to a Spanish oak, then east 16 poles to a Spanish oak in the old line; then north 23 deg. west 42 poles to a white oak; then north 21 deg. west 28 poles to a chestnut at a large rock; then north 61 deg. west 28 poles to a black oak; then 72 deg. west 18 poles to a black oak; then north 60 deg. west 28 poles to a chestnut oak; then south 66 deg. west 23 poles to the beginning,

Containing 40 acres more or less, and being the same land described in a certain deed bearing even date herewith from Alonzo Banther to Everitt Smith and to which said deed reference is hereby made.

Sale made to justify said note, interest and cost and expense of sale. Dated this the 16th day of April, 1919.

W. E. BREESE, Trustee.

NOTICE OF MUNICIPAL ELECTION
in the town of Brevard, N. C.

Notice is hereby given that the regular municipal election for the Town of Brevard, N. C., at which a Mayor and five aldermen are to be chosen to serve for the next two years, will be held at the usual voting place in the Court House in said

Town of Brevard, N. C. on Tuesday, May the 6th, 1919, the same being held under the rules and regulations governing municipal elections.

All person qualified to vote, living within the present corporate limits of said town, will see that their names are properly registered on the poll books for said town of Brevard,

which will be opened for such purpose at the time and in the manner required by law. Overton Erwin has been duly appointed Registrar, and T. S. Wood and C. E. Orr Judges for said election.

April 8, 1919.

W. E. Breeze, Mayor,
G. E. Lathrop, Clerk of the Board.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimdandiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy us jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! *Without a comeback!* Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smokel R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



"I ALWAYS Pay My Debts!"

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It means we must see the thing Uncle Sam's debt is your debt and my debt. Let's put our Victory Liberty Loan with a bang and square things up—installments—and do it today?

Victory Liberty Loan

This space contribu

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