

THE BREVARD NEWS

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AN EXPOSITION IN WHICH ALL CAN TAKE PART

From June first to June sixth, inclusive, the second "Made-in-North Carolina Week" will be observed, through proclamation of Gov. O. Max Gardner. This exposition will be state-wide, and its chief features will be the display of made-in-Carolina goods. Merchants all over the state are to feature merchandise made in this state, and purchasers are to ask for articles made in this state when making their purchases.

The success of the movement depends upon the interest taken by the citizens of the state. If the merchants fail to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and the purchasers pay no attention to the important fact of where their goods were made that they are purchasing, of course the movement will be a flat failure. On the other hand, if all of us will show a real interest in the proposition, then we shall make a great stride forward in bringing this good old state into its rightful position.

Let all who love North Carolina enter into the spirit of the occasion, and make "Made-in-North Carolina Week" one howling success. We are then lending material aid to our factories, our workers, our business men and ourselves.

MR. BELL'S TIMELY ADVICE TO BREVARD

Mr. J. L. Bell, one of the town's most highly respected citizens, is making a most effective campaign in Brevard for a finer spirit of co-operation and a more effective display of a neighborly spirit among the citizens of the community. He handed the following verse to The News, the sentiment having caught his attention, and we are passing it along. Please read it, and whatever strength and influence that you can add to the community spirit will be of untold value to all. The lines run—

What We All Need

A little more kindness, and a little less greed;
A little more giving, and a little less greed;
A little more smile, and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we," and a little less "I";
A little more laugh, and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life—
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

ANOTHER TRANSYLVANIA BOY MAKING GOOD

Word comes from North Carolina State College that R. J. Lyday, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lyday, prominent citizen here, has made splendid record in the state institution, being an honor student, holding membership in Alpha Zeta, an honorary fraternity.

Nothing else brings greater pride and joy to the hearts of the citizens of this community than that produced when one of our own boys or girls makes a good record in college. We know that the citizens of the county will join The Brevard News in expressing appreciation of the efforts of young Mr. Lyday in thus bringing honor to himself and to his county.

THE COLUMBUS CITIZEN SERVING ITS CITIZENS

Just as we had about come to the conclusion that Brevard was so far removed from Columbus that there were no means of communication between the towns, here comes along a copy of The Columbus Citizen, Brother J. P. Hamill's new paper now in its second month. We were truly glad to receive it, and shall look forward each week to the coming of the newsy and breezy sheet. Addition of The Columbus Citizen to Polk county's paper list, gives to that county a most complete service. The Polk County News, published at Tryon, and the daily paper at Tryon—an institution in a class all to itself—with the new paper at Columbus, the county seat, give a combined news service that will, we venture to say, be of tremendous value to our sister county.

A GREAT MEETING IS EXPECTED THURSDAY

It is highly important that all men and women who are interested in Brevard and its future attend the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce this Thursday night, and take part in the community work to be done. The summer season is right here, and there is much to be done, if we are to have the success that is within our reach. The new rules of the Chamber of Commerce, giving to each member a vote and voice in the proceedings is expected to create greater interest in the organization than has ever been witnessed in the past.

President Jerry Jerome is to name the committees, and outline the work of the organization for the year. This is YOUR community, and whatever is done, will be done for YOUR interest, and whatever is left undone, is bound to hurt YOUR interests. And whatever YOU do for the Chamber of Commerce is going to determine the good that is to result. If YOU are interested in the community, then the community will grow. If YOU are not interested, then the community will suffer.

Let's all be there, with the one big idea in mind of working for the good of the community. There is much work that must be done. Let's do it.

IT ISN'T SO: WE'RE NOT GETTING OLD

"Wait! Let that old man pass." Two young ladies were tripping lightly along the highway. We were engineering the Ford, and making ready to turn left into a filling station for the purpose of obtaining that expensive essential in operation of a car—to-wit: gas. One young lady grabbed the other young lady by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Wait! Let that old man pass." Now, dadjmit, that girl shouldn't have said that. We're not an old man, and we told her so, with more or less emphasis, and she just stood there and stared at us, with that baby stare, all surprised looking, and the more we said, the more she seemed to pity us, and giving it up as a bad job, we ended it by saying right back at her: "So's your old man," and drove on.

But the thing stuck, and calm reflection upon the facts brought to mind the awful truth that fifty years—half a century—are gone, and already the sun of life has passed the meridian and traveling with lightning-like speed toward the western horizon, to sink some day.

And then we thought of you, and you, and of all that you and we had planned to do in our time here on earth, and the realization of the little that we have done, and of all that must be done, and with such a short time left in which to do all these things, the bigness of it all causes consternation.

We must find that girl and apologize to her, and if you have blessed someone out for telling you the truth, you must do likewise, and we must get busy and keep busy during the remaining years, else we shall have to apologize to Life for the failures made along the way.

LORD CHESTERFIELD COULDN'T TOUCH IT

Col. Wade Harris, editor of The Charlotte Observer, lover of the mountains, and a powerful writer, paid compliment to Mrs. E. L. McKee in language more appealing in its eloquence than any appeal in all of Chesterfield's elegance, and more beautifully expressed than any of the many beautiful things whispered by Romeo into the ears of Juliet.

Read the Colonel's editorial, and be proud that you lived in the district so ably represented by the subject of the following beautiful words:

"Let us get down to work and get away from here!" This was the soulful exclamation by Mrs. McKee, the honorable senator from Jackson county, on being disturbed over a proposition that looked to a further prolongation of the legislative stay at Raleigh. Gone to the capital city at a time when New Year greetings were being passed around, and held there to see the New Year become progressively old, who can blame the lady senator for this publicly-expressed yearning for return to the refreshing environs of the Sylvan county seat of Jackson, again in the cozy home, back-fenced by the upswEEP of the 3,000-foot wooded wall that overtops the town; back in the midst of the dahlias, the grass and the hemlocks, to be greeted with a kiss in salute from the soldier on his granite perch in front of the courthouse atop the mountain: to be waved a greeting from the lofty shoulders of Black Rock, from his 5,854-foot elevation, with Water Rock, sky-lined at 6,400 feet, bending over to join in the welcome and with even the rippling waters of Scott creek singing a louder song in delight as it flows by to join the merry Tuckasee. The gladness at return to Sylva will not be altogether on one side, for the distinguished homecoming stateswoman will find it a case of rejoicing in which even the mountains will be joining.

THE PRAYER CORNER

THE SECOND MILE

There are households where the One Mile marks the outer boundary, within which the whole life of the family moves. They do just as much as they have to do, and no more. The household is run in the spirit with which a miser pays taxes. Any overflow of spontaneous love, and volunteering of surplus kindness is unknown. They keep the prohibitions of the law, and look for a home to come of it, like Gasparoni the Italian bandit who hoped for heaven because he had never committed murder on Friday. They are one mile folks and they make a one mile home.

But it is the unnecessary courtesies, the unexpected present brought from the city, the uncalled for thoughtfulness of lovers, the surprises of kindness over and above what can be required—this super abundance makes a real home. Here the difference lies between a parent and a father, between progeny and sons and daughters, between a housewife and a mother. Let a housewife be ever so faithful about her tasks, determined to do them well with resolution, keeping the home neat, the children well provided; yet any man or woman who has a real mother knows at once that such description leaves the glory out.

The real mother did her duties, too; but there was something more—a radiance that glowed through her simple tasks, like a quiet dawn in summer, an amplex of love as she moved in realms where rules had been forgotten, that made her human affection liberal like the love of the eternal God.

Her ministries could not be so common place as to let you utterly escape the secret influence of the fact that with unsearchable desire she had prayed for you first. Her spirit was greater than her deeds, and suffused them; and as you remember her now you think not so much of her particular ministries as of that unwearied willingness to overpass all boundaries in loving you.

The last thing you can ever forget is that luminous tenderness which, like God's sunshine on the just and the unjust, sought you out in whatsoever merit or demerit you might be,

to find you as Christ found the world, not that He might condemn it, but that the world through Him might be saved. All true mothers live in the spirit of the Second Mile.

Like the Word of God brooding over the chaos, and making a world of it, this surplus tenderness creates homes out of households. There are few things more pathetic than a one mile family but the crown of all human relationships, and the hope of the country is the Two Mile home, where always "the cup runneth over."

A PRAYER

Bless us Our Father, in all our work and in all the relations of life. Sanctify the life of the home, may its memories abide with us to strengthen us in the hour of temptation to comfort us in the hour of sorrow. May children love and honor their parents, and may parents be tender and considerate with their children, knowing how delicate is the child soul, and how easily harshness casts it down. Pour out a spirit of kindness and goodness in the home, that all the members of it may be bound each to each in bonds of mutual love and service that may not be broken.

Bless us in the larger world where we toil and suffer. We thank Thee for work and the opportunity of work. Grant that our labor may be congenial to us, that we may do it with ease and a sense of mastery. Let us not be enslaved to our tasks, but may we feel ourselves greater than they, and ready for still nobler efforts. Save us from sullen discontent, from fruitless war with the circumstances of our lot. Make our hearts obedient, that by the untoward things of experience we may win a larger and freer life.

Give us the spiritual vision and a desire to pass beyond ourselves to think of the needs of others, to make the world a little better than we found it. Put within us Christ's yearning for the redemption of the world. Kindle within us His passion for the souls of men. Uphold us with the faith that Thou hast called us unto fellowship with Him as Thy co-workers in the achievement of Thy Purpose of Good.

In this faith let us cheer the

ADDITIONS MADE TO THE CHURCH AT GLADY BRANCH

Unusually interesting services were held the first Sunday at Gladly Branch Baptist church, when two new members were received into the church, and two deacons were ordained. Rev. I. F. Kuykendall is pastor, and the members give his work high praise.

mourner, raise up the fallen, relieve the needy, forgive the wrong doer, and praise the lover of simplicity and goodness. While we give to others, give Thou to us that we may grow more and more in the spirit of helpfulness and generosity, both in word and deed, and unto Thy name we will ascribe praise and honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

—C. D. C.

PENROSE ATHLETES SPONSORING PLAY

"The Path Across The Hill," a most appealing play, will be given at Penrose in the school auditorium Saturday night, May 23, at 7:30 o'clock, by the Penrose Athletic club. There are ten characters in the play, and it is said that all participants have worked hard in perfecting their parts, so that a most splendid presentation may be made. N. L. Ponder is director of the club, and is directing the parts in the play.

All people interested in this community and in the work being done by the club are urged to attend the play. A good time is promised all who attend.

Checkerboard Chatter

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Published in the interest of the people of BREVARD and TRANSYLVANIA County by the
B & B
Feed & Seed Co.

Weep to the tale of Willie T-8
Who met a girl whose name was K-8
He courted her at a fearful R-8
And begged her to become his M-8
"I would if I could" said lovely K-8
"I pity your lonely unhappy St-8
But alas, alas, you have come too L-8
I'm married and already the mother of 8."

Time to sow soy beans, cow peas, Sudan grass, millet

and cane for hay.
Scientists say that a million germs will live on the head of a pin. Rather a peculiar diet.

Weather Forecast — Much cooler to morrow for horses and mules if they eat Omolea and Grainola.

Nora — My mother always gave me a dollar for my birthday and now I have eighteen.
Tom—Gee, you must have spent a lot of money.

Hot sunshine, showers and bloomers will make your flowers beautiful.

It was the greatest year in the history of the telephone

company. The annual reports showed that there had been an increase of almost 100 per cent in the number of wrong numbers.

Try Calf Chow with your next calves — they will be healthy . . . husky . . . and the cheapest calves you ever raised.

You can't get milk from a race horse— Come in or phone us for new LOW price on Cow Chow. It's made for cows on pasture, keeps them in flesh and production all summer.

B & B
Feed & Seed Co.
Brevard, N. C.

The Store with the Checkerboard Sign

Consider your Adam's Apple!!* Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants "Reach for a LUCKY instead"



LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Hazel Bofinger
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx? This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE, and so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over W. B. C. net-works.

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