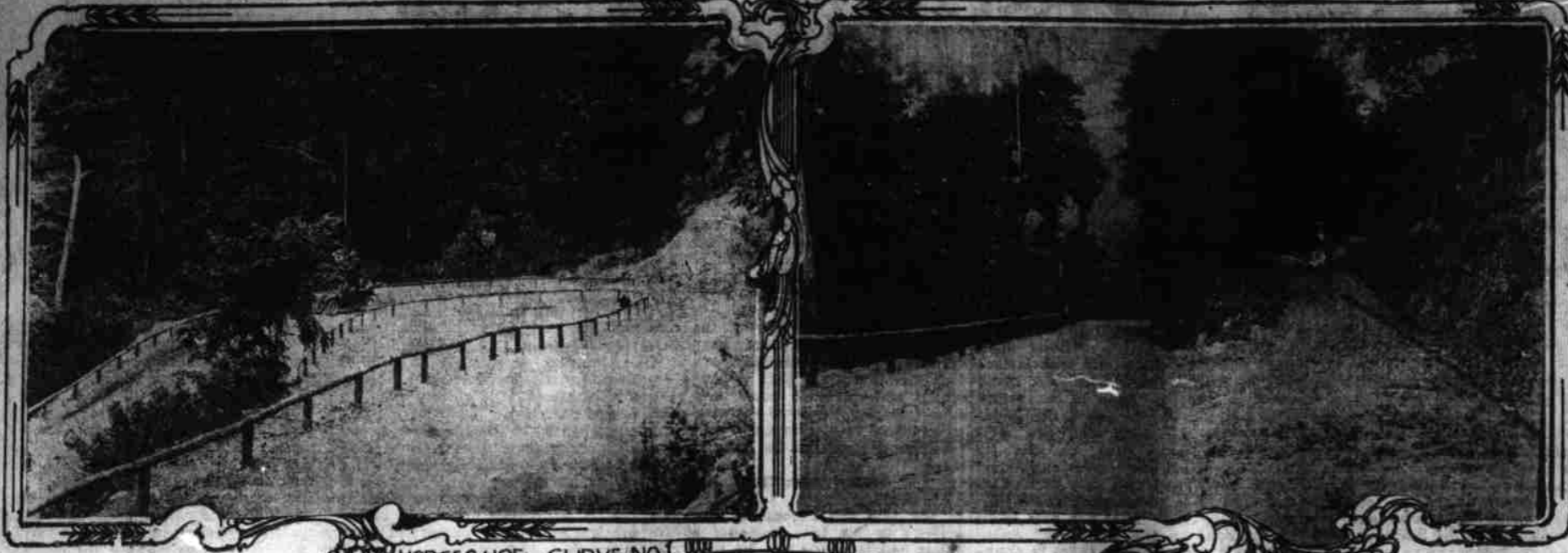
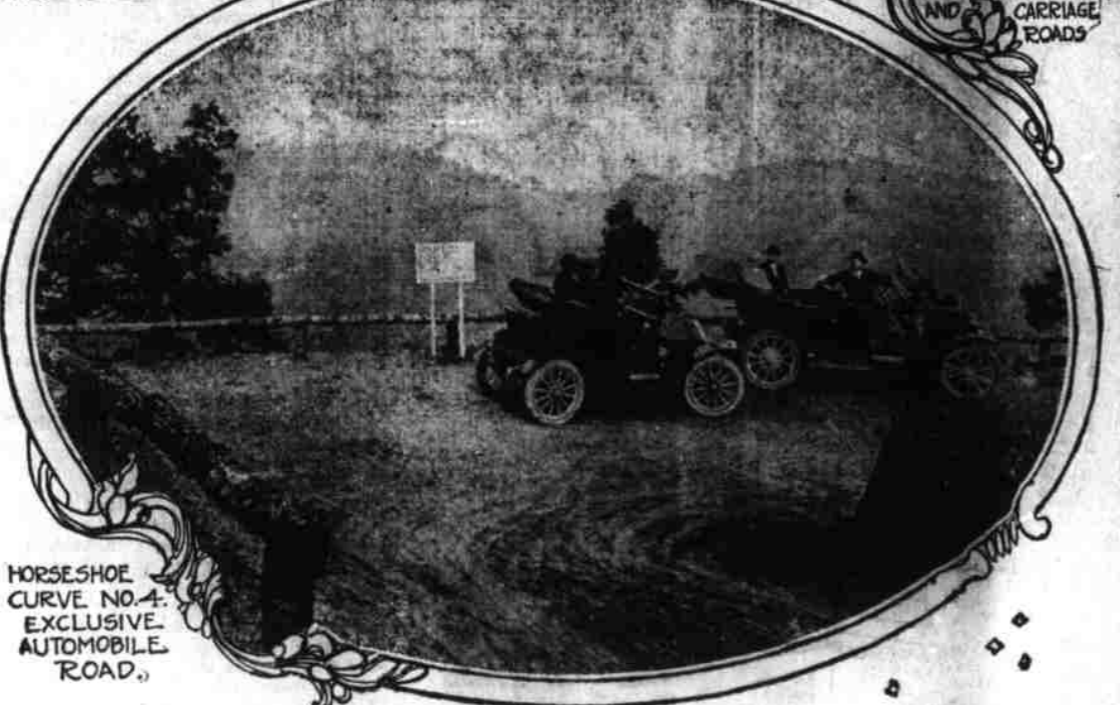


ASHEVILLE'S MOUNTAIN AUTOMOBILE ROAD ATTRACTS ATTENTION THROUGHOUT COUNTRY



HORSESHOE CURVE NO. 1 EXCLUSIVE AUTOMOBILE ROAD

INTERSECTIONS OF AUTOMOBILE AND CARRIAGE ROADS



HORSESHOE CURVE NO. 4 EXCLUSIVE AUTOMOBILE ROAD

Many Newspapers and Magazines Describe Autoway Built by E. W. Grove.

The exclusive automobile road, "autoway," from the northern terminus of Charlotte street to the top of Sunset mountain, constructed by E. W. Grove, which was recently opened to the public, is attracting attention throughout the country. Several of the leading newspapers and magazines have given more than passing attention to it and it is in every way worthy of their consideration, respecting its construction, its beauty and the wonderful scenic vistas which it has now open to the tourist.

The Easy Grade.
Notwithstanding the summit of the mountain is over 1000 feet above the city, the drive winds about its face with such gradual curves that at no place is the grade more than 5 per cent and nearly all of it is not more than three. To get this grade, the route lies back, forming the "horse-shoe curves" shown in the photograph. The whole surface is laid with Macadam by experienced road builders and is rolled and finished until it is as smooth as a floor. With the care that it is sure to receive the autoway will last through generations.

where horns should be sounded. There is a drive, however, to the top of the mountain for horse vehicles, and this intersects at some points with the autoway.

Many Views of Grandeur.
It would be hard to do justice to the

scenery that can be seen on this drive. Over its whole four miles of length there are views of grandeur, growing in sublimity of extent as the car climbs higher and higher over each successive sinuous fold. In the foreground are the smooth greens of

the golf links of the Asheville Country club and E. W. Grove park, and going higher, the Beavertown valley gradually unfolds until it joins with the greater valley of the French Broad, and all the while the background is filled with mountains, at

ways beautiful, but when touched by the setting sun, they present a picture of such richness and magnificence that it can neither be described by word or brush.

Panorama From Summit.
On the summit of the mountain there is a panoramic circle of scenery that is limitless. Farther than the eye can take in, range after range of mountains appears, each successive mountain circle growing more dim until it melts away into the clouds and you wonder where the mountains end and the clouds begin. You are over 3000 feet above the sea and there are noted peaks, whose tops are often bathed in clouds. There are Pisgah, the Richland Balsams, Cold Mountain and the Shining Rock. These are far away and can only be seen on clear days, but to the north the Craggy range stretches away toward Mt. Mitchell, beginning at the very summit of Sunset.

If the "Crest of the Ridge" highway is ever built, the autoway will be the approach to the Asheville end, and a creditable approach it will be, in keeping with the greatness of the undertaking.

This "ridge" road is more than a possibility. About 40 miles have already been constructed near Blowing Rock, and this much being opened to the tourists, it will be strange if they do not demand that other hidden beauty of the route be opened to their gaze, to which the Mt. Mitchell trail partly and incompletely has given access.

The Universal Franchise.
A small number of men sympathizers took part in the suffragist parade in New York city, among them several members of the faculty of the Teachers' college. One of these professors had the honor of leading the male contingent and of carrying a banner.

"Did you notice," he asked a friend afterward, "what the inscription was on that banner they gave me to carry?"

"No," replied his friend. "You carried it as if you were afraid some one would decipher it."

"It read," chuckled the professor, "The men vote—why not we?"—**Success.**

The Storm.
I started out serenely and With suit and coat, the best I had. It was a night of perfect bliss; The stars were shining down like this:

But after while a fearful cloud The shining stars did soon enshroud; The thunderbolts began to hiss, And lightning flashed above like this:

I feared my brand new clothes were doomed; As blackish clouds above me loomed, No shelter near, I had to cuss; When rain began to pour down thus:

—Fort Worth Record.

A Few Changes.
"Well, well," said the man who had wandered back to the old village. "So the Eagle House is still the Eagle House. No change after twenty years."

"There have been a few changes," responded the oldest inhabitant. "Since you've been gone the hotel has been respectively the Grand Central, the Grand Union, the Grand Southern, the Great Northern, the Great Southern, the Imperial, the Regal, the Empire, the Regent and the Mansion House. She's just starting around the circuit for the second time."—Pittsburg Post.

Country Breakfasts.
I hate to see The summer go An' think my frost An' hail an' snow. I hate to eat By candlelight An' see the day Turn into night.

But there's no loss Without some gain, An' there are things To ease one's pain. Though summer's gone An' fall is here, Good buckwheat cakes Fill me with cheer.

—Judge.

To Spoil the Ad.
Advertising Clerk to customer who is advertising for a husband—This will take twenty lines and not eighteen, as you estimated.

Customer—What shall we do? I have no more money with me.

Clerk—We might leave out a few words, "attractive personal appearance," for instance.—Flegende Blatter.

The Way of Women.
The girl with a hole in her stocking will try To hide it in vain from your gaze, But perchance if the stocking is nothing but holes 'Tis the thing that she proudly displays.

—New York Times.

In Demand.
"It's positively disgusting." "What is?" "The way people crowd to a theater to see an improper play. Just think! They've sold out the house for three weeks in advance!" "How do you know?" "I tried to purchase tickets and couldn't."—London Opinion.

The Sluggard's Mistake.
Came Opportunity one day, He heard her timid knock, But went on with his dozing, Contentedly supposing That she would pick the lock.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Most Annoying.
"It's fearfully annoying to lose all your money on a get-rich-quick scheme," said Mr. Shillwad. "Yes," replied Mr. Lemkin. "Such a disappointment to find the most exciting propositions coming none after you have wasted all your substance."

Many Cans.
Warriors first you met, you were with me, I was the first to see you in the field, I was the first to see you in the field, I was the first to see you in the field, I was the first to see you in the field.

America's Grace Darling

CONSIDERABLY more than half a century ago a fifteen-year-old girl, standing at a window of the lighthouse on Lime Rock, in Newport harbor, saw a boat capsized. She was alone in the lighthouse, her father and mother having gone to shore. The child ran down to the lifeboat, cast it off and rowed to the spot where four young men were struggling, nearly spent, in the high waves. She got them aboard somehow and rowed them back to Lime Rock.

The fifteen-year-old girl was Ida Lewis, the only woman whom congress ever appointed to be a lighthouse keeper and who died recently. Since that day in 1824 when she rescued the occupants of the capsized rowboat Miss Lewis saved eighteen lives, received the thanks of congress and a gold medal as well, earned a cross from the American Cross of Honor society and was the recipient of many gold and silver medals. Ida Lewis was called the Grace Darling of America.

She was born in March, 1823. Her father was Hosea Lewis, the first keeper of the Lime Rock light. Rheumatism crippled him and kept him from performing all of the duties necessary to the place, so Ida as a child was called upon to help her father. She knew how to regulate the light and how to handle a lifeboat. When she was eighteen years old her father died and she was allowed to continue in the care of the light until a successor to her father could be appointed. In 1878, by special act of congress, she was made keeper of the light.

Every night for more than fifty years Ida Lewis tended that light. Lives



hung on her vigilance, but the government inspectors got in the habit of reporting perfect attendance at the Lime Rock light.

Her record for bravery goes back many years. Her first exploit was the saving of four young men when she was only fifteen years old. In February, 1827, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Fort Adams was captured while trying to cross Newport harbor in a small boat. Ida picked him up and towed him to the lighthouse, keeping his head out of water. She was not strong enough to lift him into the boat. In March, 1828, she saved two soldiers from Fort Adams.

In the fall of 1827 a boat containing three men was turned over in Newport harbor in a gale. Ida Lewis, alone in her little boat, dragged the men from the water.

A short time after that rescue she saw a man clinging to a splinter of log mark a mile and a half from the lighthouse. She went to him and got him safely ashore. In February, 1831, she rescued two soldiers who had tried to cross on the ice from Newport to Fort Adams.

In 1824, when she was more than sixty-five years old, she performed her last feat of life saving. A woman friend had started for Lime Rock light to visit Miss Lewis. Miss Lewis was watching her approach in a small boat. Just as the boat neared the stone pier the woman lost her balance and fell overboard. In an instant Miss Lewis was in her own boat and alongside her struggling friend. She assisted her into the boat, picked up the rowboat that was drifting away and then went back to the lighthouse.

She received many evidences of public recognition of her heroism. In 1829 the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York awarded her a purse of \$100 and its silver medal. In 1829 the general assembly of Rhode Island recognized officially her services.

In 1907 she celebrated her golden anniversary as keeper of the light. In the same year she received from Andrew Carnegie a pension of \$30 a month.

When she was about thirty-five years old she was married to a man named Wilson. They did not get along happily and agreed to separate. Thereafter she remained her maiden name.

Philadelphia can now go back to sleep.—Haverhill Press.

We can live without friends, We can live without money, But we cannot live in the middle without both.

Amusements



FLORENCE MACK, IN WAGENHALS & KEMPER CO.'S PRODUCTION OF THE LAUGHING SUCCESS, "SEVEN DAYS." Exactly as Presented Seven Months in Chicago and Two Whole Years in New York City.—Will Be Seen at the Auditorium on Saturday, Nov. 4. Matinee and Night.

"Seven Days."
Messrs. Wagenhals & Kemper at the Auditorium tonight will present the Rinehart-Hopwood comedy "Seven Days." This play earlier in the season reached a third year at the Astor theater, New York, a remarkable record, and in the United States for the first time, and a convincing illustration of the superiority of this comedy to other pieces that aim to make people laugh. "Seven Days" is one long comedy without a blush in it. An American comedy, written by Americans and telling a story of modern New York, it is a gratifying achievement to all who desire the welfare of the American stage. There is a distinction in knowing that the best playwrights of all days in all lands, ancient, modern and without any foreign exception, "Seven Days" is the scene of "Seven Days." New York is the scene of "Seven Days." There is no other play in New York all the time, and it is in every way

is there anything like so much as in the house on Riverside drive during the week that makes "Seven Days." "Seven Days" and laugh seven months," said the New York Sun, and the chance is coming to see it here with the brilliant Astor theater cast that was in the play's third year on Broadway, and with the entire New York production. It's a chance not to be missed.

Coburn's Greater Minstrels.
Modern and Old Time minstrelsy combined, sweet-singers, funny men, novelty and vaudeville features, dancing and acrobatic capers, the latest songs, ballads and topical hits, beautiful costumes, bright lights, laughter and enjoyment—all are to be found in the minstrel show, if it is a recognized attraction. Who does not enjoy some part or all of a clean first class minstrel program?

There are many who never attend anything but a minstrel show in every

city in which there is an opera house. Why? Find your answer next Monday at the Auditorium when that big city, laugh-getting, fun making company, "Coburn's Greater Minstrels," ring up on the best performance they have carried for years. Any local manager will tell you there are people who come to see Coburn's Minstrels or some other first class minstrel attraction, who do not come to any other kind of performance. And some writers tell us "Minstrelsy is in its decline." Minstrelsy in America properly produced will never decline, and is as popular today as it ever was. Tickets for both performances are selling at Whitlock's.

"Graustark."
"Graustark," the most widely read novel of that popular author, George Barr McCutcheon, is to be the attraction at the Auditorium next Tuesday evening, November 7.

"Graustark" lends itself more advantageously to dramatic purposes than any romantic fiction of recent years. From Grace Haywood's dramatization, George D. Baker adapted this popular play, and his success lies in the absolute fidelity with which he has followed Mr. McCutcheon's novel.

The character of the princess is cleverly drawn. Her fight against the dictates of her heart, her devotion to duty and the welfare of her people, and her final declaration of love from the throne itself, for the brave soldier who has saved her country, makes Yette one of the best love characters in contemporary fiction. Tickets are selling at Whitlock's.

The Manhattan Opera Company.
The engagement of the Manhattan Opera company for three nights, commencing Wednesday, November 8, special matinee Thursday at the Auditorium theater, is of much interest to the theatergoers and lovers of real



Characters from "Graustark." SCENE IN "GRAUSTARK." At the Auditorium Tuesday, Nov. 7th.

MANTELS' MARIONETTE HIPPODROME AND FAIRYLAND.

MANTELS' MARIONETTE HIPPODROME AND FAIRYLAND WITH COBURN'S MINSTRELS, MATINEE AND NIGHT, NOV. 11th.

previous performances in this city will be remembered with genuine pleasure, and the return of the favorites will be heralded with great delight. Individual excellence is displayed by the singing of the cast and the Manhattanians have never failed to please the most fastidious. Tickets go on sale Monday morning at Whitlock's.

"Excuse Me."
The attraction at the Auditorium, matinee and night, November 11th, will be Henry W. Savage's production of Rupert Hughes' farce, "Excuse Me," which the author describes as a "Pullman Car Carnival."

Mr. Hughes, whose name is familiar to theatergoers as the author of several successful plays, has in "Excuse Me" hit upon unique idea in the matter of locale—all the scenes being laid in the interest of a vestibule train, and the action describes a transcontinental journey, starting from Chicago, with stop-overs at Ogden, Utah, and Reno, Nevada. A novel and amusing love story is unfolded during the progress of the journey, and, in addition, there are plots and counter-plots, involving a series of rollicking episodes.

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