

# Sylvan Valley News

Our County—Its Progress and Prosperity the First Duty of a Local Paper.

J. J. MINER, Manager.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 36

## Dunns Rock Lodge No. 267

A. F. & A. M.

Meets Friday on or before the full moon in each month, at 2 p. m. Visiting Masons are cordially invited to meet with us.



WM. MAXWELL, Sec'y.

## Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

Knights of Pythias

Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.

HILARY B. BRUNOT, C. C.

## Brevard Telephone Exchange.

HOURS:

Daily—7 a. m. to 10 p. m.  
Sunday—8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
Central Office—McMinn Block.

## Professional Cards.

W. A. GASH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Rooms 7 & 8, McMinn Bld'g, Brevard, N. C.

W. B. DUCKWORTH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Investigation of Land Titles a Specialty.  
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

WELCH CALLOWAY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Practices in all the courts  
Rooms 9 and 10, McMinn Block.

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LAWYER

Rooms 11 and 12 McMinn Block,  
BREVARD, N. C.

## Miscellaneous.

## The Æthelwold

Brevard's New Hotel—Modern Appointments—Open all the year. The patronage of the traveling public as well as summer tourists is solicited. Opp. Court House, Brevard, N. C.

## A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.



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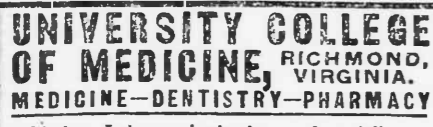
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## WASHINGTON CHAT.

It won't be good for Castro if Uncle Sam finds out that he wants a scrap.

The dove of peace was in luck when it took Theodore Roosevelt for a partner.

Delaware dropped Addicks, and the seismographs in Indiana and Illinois recorded an earthquake.

It may be that the "high price" of leather has something to do with Mr. Rockefeller going about in his bare feet.

The Republican council of Cleveland, Ohio, really might have known better than to have taken Tom Johnson for a fool.

"A teacher born, not made," is the opinion of the Portland, Oregonian. Wrong, "Necessity" makes them by the regiment.

Gov. Vardaman is cooling off a little as he is about convinced that Louisiana did not contract the yellow fever just to spite him.

Atlanta might make a generous appropriation to provide its mayor with soft drinks, and thus "coax" him on the water wagon.

As a holder down of the lid, the President is not to be compared with Secretary Taft if that Western earthquake is any indication.

A Los Angeles man has been discovered whose heart is on the "right side." His name isn't "Legion" however much to our regret.

The "cotton statistics" exile colony of the Agriculture Department, now in Europe, is reported prosperous and increasing in numbers.

The Chinese have promised to stop the boycott, "but it is easier to start a boycott than to stop one" according to the San Francisco examiner.

Now that Russia and Japan have come to terms, Gov. Vardaman and the Louisiana authorities ought to patch up a truce and let us have universal peace.

A Florida paper publicly expresses the opinion that "there is nothing so uncertain as baseball," from which one may infer that not much attention is given to "horse racing" in the Editorial Sanctum.

## Untrustworthy.

The faith which Uncle James Hobbs had always kept in the accuracy of illustrations in his favorite magazine was sadly shaken after his visit to the botanical gardens.

When Mrs. Hobbs called his attention to a picture of a Cuban village in the next issue of the magazine he looked at it doubtfully.

"More than likely it doesn't look that way at all," he said, dejection plainly written all over his drooping figure. "I never told ye about my disappointment sitting under one o' those pa'm trees in the gardens. Why, the pictures in the magazine gave such a shade to them Arabs underneath I'd always wanted to sit under a pa'm tree. But I tell ye, after trying it that blistering hot day I'd jest as soon think of expectating a ladder to shade me as a pa'm tree, and I don't know but sooner, if 'twas one where the rungs weren't too fer apart. I wouldn't lay my calculations on Cuby's looking too much like that picture if I was in your place, Maria."

Read the Sylvan Valley News—\$1 per year in advance.

## FAIR SIGN FIGHTERS

HOW CALIFORNIA WOMEN DESTROYED UNSIGHTLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gentler Sex of San Rafael Blotted Out Yellow Signs That Defaced Ross Valley by Painting Them Green—Roadsides No Longer Ugly.

As unsightly advertising signs tend to mar the appearance of a town or even the town itself, it is of interest to know how a few enterprising women in a California town destroyed some yellow signs which were not pleasing to the eye.

Through aristocratic Ross valley, in California, and streaking out on the roads to Nicasio, Mill Valley, Sausalito and San Anselmo came the sign painter man with yellow pots of paint, says a San Rafael dispatch to the San Francisco Examiner. He belauded the fences and the rocks and the dead walls, and he told, as sign painters do, of the marvels of corn cures, of the glories of wart eradicators, of how baby carriages might be purchased in hardware stores, and how nursing bottles were for sale at dry goods emporiums.

The work of the sign painter was not pleasing to the eye. He daubed in yellow, and yellow never did go well with green. All the country hereabout, from the bastioned glories of Tamalpais to where the tinkling cow bells and the rustling skirts go gayly up the bypaths to Pastor's, is all in green.

There is an artistic sense in Ross valley and the country thereabout. That sense was aroused against the sign painter man and his other invasion. The artistic sense grumbled and glowered and talked on the train. The men said it was a great shame that green nature should be so profaned by these streaks of yellow, but the men of the community had a streak of yellow in themselves, and they did nothing but talk and grumble on the trains.

But then up arose the women of Ross valley, as rose Xarifa when she laid her golden cushion down, or as up rose the historic women of Marblehead when they tarred and feathered and carried in a cart old Flood Irson, whose hard heart led him to sail away from fellow seamen in distress. These women had the same artistic sense as the men, but they had more courage and more action. They were led by Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, with Miss Nathalie Coffin and Miss Sara Coffin as her active lieutenants. These three women gathered around them a few others of their sex and they quickly but quietly determined that those yellow signs should no longer mar the beauty of the Marin landscape. They cared not for the admonition to buy corn plasters at Smith's. Nothing to them was the announcement that bargains in kidney cures were to be had at the corner store of Jones. Their souls did not thrill over the allurements for the purchase of seedless sowlers and trackless wagons at the emporium of Brown. They even put behind them all thought of the marked down advantages in lingerie and dress goods offered by Robinson.

They determined that those signs should be blotted from the fences and the rocks and from the dead walls. With a fine idea of an artistic revenge they decided that green should be the color that should blot the yellow from the landscape. And to decide with them was to act. They secured pots of green paint and heavy brushes, and in their tea carts and tub carts they went forth in the gray of the dawn and labored as the Scriptural laborers worked in the vineyard.

Wherever they found a yellow sign they daubed it over with a coat of green. Even the white sign and the red sign and the multicolored sign were not spared. Wherever a sign could be pulled down it was carried away instead of being painted over. At night the work of defacement and elimination was complete.

San Anselmo arose the next morning to find a green bridge in place of a yellow one. Mill Valley knew no more of corn plasters or of easy aids to indigestion. Where the dusty roads of Nicasio lead into the dim beyond the fences were draped in green. Tired and bedaubed, but triumphant, Mrs. Schmiedell and the Misses Coffin and their feminine coadjutors returned to their homes feeling that they had been responsible for a good deed well done. Their wrists ached and all the benzine of all the world would not coax the green color from their gowns, but the sign by the wayside no more offends the eye of the wayfarer and he who has corns on his toes must use

his own ingenuity in finding respite. To be sure, the people who engaged the sign painter to put out their signs fumed and fretted and threatened legal proceedings, but the laugh of Mrs. Schmiedell and the joy of the Misses Coffin and the giggles of those who aided and abetted them show no touch of fear that the strong hand of the law will compel them to go forth and put back in yellow the signs that now are undistinguished under their coat of green.

## Japan and Manchuria.

Now and then it crops out that after all it is a case of "dog eating dog" that is raising all the hubbub in the far east. Japan and Russia were after the same thing—that is to say, the inside track in exploiting the resources of China. Russia was all powerful in that field before because she controlled the railroads and the banking facilities. She claimed before the world that she was maintaining her far eastern armament simply to protect her commercial interests. And in spite of the exhausting war, which is taxing the energy and resources of the Japs, they are branching out into enterprises which look to the commercial future of Manchuria and incidentally of China proper.

Unless matters go contrary to all precedent Manchuria will never slump back into the semibarbarism of the past. The land will be worked for all it is worth, and outsiders will do the business and reap the harvest. Japan is known to be put to it to raise money for her war chest, yet she embarks in vast railroad enterprises to connect her island realm with all Manchuria. Orders have been placed for railway material to cover the important points of the country crosswise from the Yalu on the east, to the sea on the west and lengthwise from Port Arthur to Harbin. The equipment includes 350 steel bridges, 150 locomotives and 2,000 cars and is out of all proportion for the use of the few single track lines that did the business of the country in the past, including Russia's military transportation, which was heavy.

The purpose of the contest in Manchuria has been stated by Japan to be the maintenance of the "open door." But the fact is suggestive that her orders for railway material were placed with the utmost secrecy and that they were hurry orders. Evidently Japanese interests are to be the first and the biggest factor involved in the problem when the door is barred open and Russia out of the way.

## Miss Tarbell's Historical Method.

Reviewing Miss Ida Tarbell's study of John D. Rockefeller, a writer in the Gateway, Detroit, takes an unusual and a severely critical view of the work. He says:

Miss Tarbell's study of Rockefeller is the study of a monster, but, curiously enough, the monster turns out to be Miss Tarbell herself. She occupies the center of the stage.

At no place in Miss Tarbell's study does it appear that she has ever gone to Mr. Rockefeller personally for information, even on the gravest charges which she levels against him; that she ever thought to ask him what are the motives of his life's work, in whose general results she finds nothing to praise, everything to deride. That Miss Tarbell has the hardihood to write of a man whom she does not quote in his own defense is in itself a refutation of her honesty of purpose, a condemnation of her weight as a historian.

The writer also declares that Miss Tarbell's tactics in the treatment of her subject are those of "the sensational journalist," whereas she professes to be a historian.

## Dirt Roads and Macadam.

An illustration of the comparative cost of hauling over good roads and bad roads is furnished by C. E. Ashburne, Jr., in the Louisville Courier-Journal. The incident came under his own observation, and the roads were in Kentucky. He says: "A machine weighing 18,000 pounds (eight tons) was drawn four miles on the Brock turnpike, a macadamized road. It required four mules (4,000 pounds to a mule) and one and one-half hours of time at a cost of 15 cents per mule per hour, or a total cost for four miles of 90 cents. After traveling four miles of macadamized turnpike the route lay a little less than 2,000 feet (less than two-fifths of a mile) on a dirt road. To travel this 2,000 feet it was necessary to use ten of the best mules and seven men, and with this force it took nine hours to complete the journey."

## Brevard Water Supply.

As a matter of interest to the many strangers now within our borders, as well as to the home consumers of the Brevard water supply, we take pleasure in publishing the following analysis made by Gerald McCarthy, state biologist, and forwarded from Raleigh to T. S. Boswell, Superintendent of the Brevard Water Company Aug. 23. To those who are seeking "good water" there is no necessity for looking beyond Brevard to find it. Here is the analysis:

Temperature, 26 C—Turbidity 0; sediment, 0; color, 0; odor, 0; reaction, neutral.

Chlorides per million parts, 2.7; Nitrites " " " " 0; Nitrates " " " " trace

Alum, 0; free ammonia, .026; albuminoid ammonia, .026.

Contains—Algae, none; infusoria, none; organic detritus, none; bacteria, common saprophytic only.

Remarks—Good water.

If people who come to the mountains for a summer outing want good water while here' Brevard is the place to find it. At least this analysis by the state chemist proves that we have it.

## Attacked by a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch of Tekonsha, Mich. "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Z. W. Nichols' drug store.

## Old Time Singing at Connetsee.

Editor Sylvan Valley News:

There will be an old time singing at Connetsee church the second Sunday in September 1905 beginning at 10 a. m. All are invited to come and bring full baskets. Dinner will be served on the ground at the church. Following is the programme:

Singing at 9 o'clock a. m. by Wesley McCall.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.

Preaching at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. A. Sharpe.

Dinner at 12 m. sharp.

Singing from 2 to 4 p. m. by Wesley McCall and others.

A special invitation is extended to the Sunday Schools of Carr's Hill, Dunn's Creek, East Fork, Cathey's Creek Rocky Hill and others. Preaching at Carr's Hill at 8 o'clock p. m. by Rev. J. A. Sharpe. X.

## Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

This is a liniment remarkable for its great power over pain. It quickly allays the excruciating pains of rheumatism and makes sleep and rest possible.

For sale by Z. W. Nichols, Brevard and O. L. Erwin, Calvert.

The Financial Times of London says "it is admitted that an enormous quantity of British cloth is imported into the United States, but it is only the wealthy who can buy a suit made of British cloth, which costs from £9 upward." If all the men in the United States who pay \$45 for a suit of clothes made of British cloth were wealthy the country would have an astonishingly long list of rich men, and if all those who pay \$45 for a suit under the impression that they are getting clothes made of British cloth and who receive instead an excellent American substitute were included it would be a great deal longer.