

Sylvan Valley News

VOLUME—XIX

BREVARD, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1914.

NUMBER—5

\$1,500,000 ORGANIZATION

Developments of far-reaching importance to Western North Carolina are presaged by the reorganization, yesterday morning, of the Toxaway Power Company, a corporation chartered about a year ago with an authorized capital stock of \$1,500,000. The reorganization of the company took place at the law offices of Martin, Rollins and Wright, in the Legal building.

When the Toxaway Power Company was chartered the incorporators were H. S. Mitchell and W. E. Moore of Pittsburg, Pa., and George H. Wright of Asheville. At that time the company intended doing extensive electrical development along the various rivers in Western North Carolina, but the projects hung fire for a time, and were finally apparently abandoned.

Recently the corporation was secured by New York and Southern capitalists, who decided to reorganize in order to take full control of all the assets of the former corporation. This reorganization was effected yesterday morning, but until more details are arranged the directors of the company refuse to make public the names of officers, proposed developments and other matters which might defeat the purposes of the new organization.

Members of the new company own or control extensive water rights and property in Western North Carolina, and they propose to develop water power projects along the Toxaway river in Transylvania county, and along the Green river and other streams on the south side of the Blue Ridge. All rights, properties, options and agreements held by the former incorporators have been transferred to the new company.

Western North Carolina is one of the greatest fields in the country for the development of water power. Nearly all of the streams have swift current and great volume of water, containing thousands and thousands of undeveloped horsepower. Many of these streams flow through property owned or controlled by the members of the new company which will give the organization a ready field on which to begin work.

The ideas of the Toxaway Power Company do not stop at the harnessing of water power, it is intimated. With all the surplus electrical energy now going to waste down the various streams, properly harnessed and ready to be put to work, there will be an abundance of cheap power, which will tend to induce manufacturers in search of a new location to consider Western North Carolina in a favorable light. The company will control a number of splendid manufacturing sites, and may build some large manufacturing plants to take care of the surplus power.

The new Toxaway Power Company starts with ample capital to handle almost any sized deal. The New York element in the company has heavy financial backing from several New York banks, while the Southern men in the company, in addition to possessing much valuable property and water rights in this section, also have ample financial backing from Southern banks.

Within a very short time details will be completed, options on other property secured, and the company will make a definite announcement of its plans.—Asheville Citizen, January 27.

We are expecting 500 people to meet us at Ladsonville Monday at 2:00 p. m.—Carolina Special Auction Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy has no superior for coughs and colds. It is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other narcotic. It always cures. For sale by S. M. Macfie. adv

If you miss the Ladsonville sale Monday you will always regret it, by golly.—Carolina Special Auction Co.

DR. WHITFIELD BROOKS

Another veteran has answered the last roll call.

On Saturday night, January 17th, at 7 o'clock, Dr. Whitfield Brooks quietly breathed his last, and from frequent conversations with him during his last sickness and the fact that the last word spoken shortly before his death was "Heaven," I feel that there is no doubt but what he was thoroughly prepared to die. For about one year I had lived next room to him, and both being old men, we had much in common, and came to know him intimately. He was very fond of reading, his Bible especially, but his eyesight failing him, it was my pleasure to read to him. He was very very intent, always wanted to read a Psalm, and would ask me to read slowly, and he would repeat after me, taking much comfort from our lessons. He realized six months ago that he had only a short time to live, and talked freely to me on the subject, and said that he had no fears whatever, and looked forward to the summons and that he would soon join the loved companions who had gone on before.

Dr. Brooks was born August 17th, 1841, was graduated from the South Carolina Medical College and also from the Columbia Medical College, Washington, D. C., in 1861. He enlisted in the Confederate army same year, was placed in hospital work at first but soon went to the front, where he saw and underwent many hardships, as regimental physician; was captured at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and taken to a northern prison, where he remained until June, 1865. He was married to Miss Sue Ella Wertz, to which union were seventeen children, all living except one.

He located in Transylvania county, N. C., soon after the close of the war, and became identified with its people and its interests, engaging in the practice of medicine and farming. He represented the county in the lower-house one term. During the year 1887, on the recommendation of Hon. M. W. Ransom, he was appointed as physician to the Cheyenne River Indian agency, Dakota, returning to North Carolina, afterwards taking up his practice again, and which he followed until his last sickness. He was a typical "country doctor." No night was too dark nor too cold, no mountain trail too rough nor too long to deter him when called. He would mount his faithful horse, with the "old time" saddle pockets well stocked with pills, powders and plasters, and it need be travel all night long, to the cabin of the most humble mountaineer, often knowing that they could not pay him anything. But he has been amply rewarded by the satisfaction of knowing that he had faithfully administered to the wants of the needy and helpless.

At the time of death he was a member of the Confederate pension board of this county.

His remains were laid to rest Sunday afternoon beside his beloved wife in the cemetery at Mount Moriah church, of which he was a member in full fellowship, and as evidence of the esteem of the people, among whom he had lived and practiced, the church would not accommodate more than one half the people who attended and paid their last tribute of respect.

The children have lost an affectionate father, the state has lost a wise, patriotic citizen, the medical profession a successful practitioner, but we trust that our loss is his eternal gain.—R. A. J. in Gazette-News.

Another obituary by "A Brevard Comrade" will be printed next week.

BIDS WANTED

The county board of education desires bids on the building of a new one-room school house in District No. 2, Hogback Township. For specifications see T. H. Galloway, chairman of board of education, or T. C. Henderson, secretary of board.

Betterment Association

ADDRESS BY MISS HAMILTON

Continued from last week.

"Our people need a strong mind in a strong body; a well trained soul and mind. Distractions and dissipation are diseases. The newspaper—that miracle of modern times—is more often a mere dissipation. People will read it from cover to cover, including advertisements. I have seen a man read half a dozen papers on Sunday. What a waste of that great day. It is a dissipation, a cruel injustice to human life. Read the headlines in a few minutes and you will soon see what you want to read. Keep informed of the leading topics of the day, but don't feed your soul on trash.

"The poet Edmund Vance Cooke tells the story of a child asking: 'Nurse, is this the holy Sabbath day?' 'No, my child, not yet.' Next day: 'Nurse, is this the holy Sabbath day?' Nurse: 'Dear me, he'll not be long for this world, No, my child, not yet.' Next day: 'Nurse, is this the holy Sabbath day?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'Well, nurse, hunt me up the comic supplement.' How shall I describe the comic supplement with its hideous colors and combinations; its atrocities in the way of practical jokes; its heroes Mutt and Jeff—an overgrown bully making a small boy see stars. Remember, as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The comic supplement should be legislated out of existence.

"How to read? There are piles upon piles of magazines, many of them without art and full of mamby-pamby characters and themes and suggestions of the under-world. Many think it an intellectual virtue to read these magazines. One or two of the best should be sufficient. So with books. What should we read? How dare I waste my time on the latest novel? We read these books because they are given to us at Christmas time or because our friends have read them. It is reading and forgetting—a sin of the brain. This sort of mental work will eventually destroy our power of memory. Haven't you heard people say, 'I'd forget my head if it were not fastened on.' If we should treat our bodies as we do our minds we would soon be completely helpless.

"But to return to the home and municipality. Our people must have amusements. Suppose a theatrical company comes to your town and presents a Shakespearean masterpiece proving that the wages of sin must be death, the few would be there; but the great majority would go to the "Nicolodeon." They crave the excitement of juvenile crime, singers of cheap entertainment, a few minutes of variety, making a crazy patchwork of the mind. The spendthrift habit of nickels. What is our taste? Do we enjoy a so-called popular lecturer, one who will give you a string of funny stories? Is it any wonder people have no appetite for sermons? As Sam Jones used to say to those who left the church in the middle of the sermon, 'When your little tin cup's full rack out.'

"You as a civic club have doubtless noted the American taste for art—chromos. I saw seven in one dining-room; hideous combination of colors. How often we are shocked and disgusted with pictures on the wall. Good pictures are as essential as good food. Bad art is so inexcusable. You may purchase a beautiful symphony in grey for twenty-five cents. Let us choose the best pictures to confront the eye of childhood. In my home town each class graduating to a higher room left a memorial in the shape of a good picture. They purchased them with money saved from chewing gum, coca-cola, etc. Pictures like Sir Galahad upon the walls will have their influence in your homes.

"What is the taste of Americans in music? Rag-time—a contribution of the negro race. There is

a place for rag-time. I thought on the deck of a steamer on the Oklawaha in sunny Florida a bit of rag-time music was not out of place, but I don't want the young people of my home trained in their taste for music by the un-moral American negro. I recently read where seventy-two dancing masters agreed to bar rag-time. And if so barred in dance halls what right has it in Christian homes? The words and suggestions of this class of music are degrading. 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.' Is it any wonder our young people rush into marriage and the divorce court mill is kept grinding? The modern dances that the secular and sacred press are arraigning didn't have its origin in decent society. You must create environment. We have rag-time courtships, rag-time marriages, etc. Our mothers sung us to sleep with Watts' 'Oh Hush Me My Baby,' but now-a-days we hear of ragging the baby to sleep.

"What can we do in our thought life to promote the good and the true? We can grow personality. If this be a fact it is our duty to do it. What is the cure for the present conditions? The creating an environment from the higher and better things. To do this Brevard should have a chatauqua. This course of study elevates its pupils along all the lines which lead to improvement of environment, which is the key to the situation."

"HOW LONG, O LORD"

The above appeared as the title of an article in this week's issue of the News, taken from the Charlotte Observer.

We were born in the South and we love it, but the gross injustice of the article referred to, coming from a source from which we would naturally expect better things, made us hang our heads in shame.

Only a few days ago an appeal came to the president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church in this city a family living near Trap Hill, N. C., asking aid. The request did not come through "a Northern school teacher," but direct from the family. The response was immediate and whole hearted, plenty of warm clothing for every member of the family, good reading matter and many other things necessary in the home. "How Long, O Lord" was read to this body of women who had responded so loyally and lovingly to this call for assistance, and the way it was received would most assuredly put to shame the spirit of narrowness and prejudice shown by the writer of such an article.

As before stated, the writer was born and lived many years among the poor whites, and has seen within ten miles of a resort as popular as Mount Arie, just such conditions as this "Northern teacher" describes, and more than that they are existing today. The Northern people do not ascribe these conditions to a lack of ambition or shiftlessness, but to lack of opportunity, and the way for the South to "stop this soggy minded variety of sentimentalism" is for the people of the South, who have been blessed with opportunity and advantages which education and a knowledge of the outside world bring, to see to it that the boys and girls on "the ridges" and in the "hollows" have these same advantages placed at their doors.

We are glad Mr. Ochs, having been raised in the South and knowing the conditions, was broad enough to lay aside all narrowness and prejudice and print this appeal, and we hope this appeal, as well as the one in the Toledo Blade from a mother in North Carolina saying her little ones would know no Christmas unless remembered in this way, met with just as bountiful a response as the one sent to us.

How long, O Lord, will the people of the South by their love of petty class distinction, their narrowness and prejudice, keep back the day of universal brotherhood between the North and South, a day when there will be no North, no South, excepting geographically. EX-TAR HEEL.

PLANS FOR A NEW DPOT

The plans for the new Southern depot have been approved by the board of aldermen, and although there is no official confirmation of the fact, it is generally understood that work on the new building will commence at an early date.

The new plans are somewhat like the old depot, which was destroyed by fire last fall. They call for a much larger ware house and larger waiting rooms. The business offices will be about the same size as the old. There will be retiring rooms for ladies, equipped with lavatory, etc. The entrance to the colored waiting room will be the same as the old, but the entrance to the white waiting rooms will be next to the tracks.

A five hundred foot platform will be built to extend up to the street crossing above the depot, and a side track will be run in behind this down to the depot.

The local officials of the company are trying to get the men in charge to award the contract for the building to local contractors, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in this.

FIRE IN NEWS OFFICE

Shortly after seven o'clock last Saturday evening a small blaze broke out in the rear room of the News office, causing some damage to the paper stock stored there. The fire was caused by the careless dropping of an unextinguished match into an envelope box containing some paper trimmings by the office "devil," but was discovered by Chief of Police Singleton before it had gained very much headway. The fire was extinguished before the fire department arrived, however.

Had the blaze not been discovered when it was it is very probable that the News office would have been destroyed with all its contents, and there would have been no hope of saving the postoffice and Fraternity building, and possibly would have wiped out the entire block.

The editor had only been out of the office for about ten minutes when the fire was discovered, and but for the timely passing of Chief Singleton we would probably be standing in some "bread line" now.

Don't fail to attend the Ladsonville land sale Monday, 2:00 p. m.—Carolina Special Auction Co.

Report of the Condition of The Brevard Banking Co.

at Brevard, in the state of North Carolina, at the close of business, Jan. 13, 1914.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$256,138.67
Overdrafts.....	2,456.47
North Carolina state bonds 4.....	1,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	4,000.00
All other real estate owned.....	6,130.58
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	25,510.06
Cash Items.....	6,308.53
Gold coin.....	612.59
Silver Coin, including all minor coin currency.....	672.89
National bank notes and other other U. S. Notes.....	3,789.00
Total.....	\$306,918.72
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund.....	25,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid.....	311.90
Dividends unpaid.....	3,042.00
Bills payable.....	30,000.00
Time certificates of deposit.....	50,601.95
Deposits subject to check.....	138,599.00
Cashier's Checks outstanding.....	3,356.47
Certified Checks.....	7.40
Total.....	\$306,918.72

State of North Carolina, County of Transylvania, ss:

I, THOS. H. SHIPMAN, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

THOS. H. SHIPMAN, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:

R. R. Deaver,
J. W. McMinn,
W. P. Weit,

Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 23rd day of January, 1914.

COS PAXTON, C. S. C.