

OBSERVATIONS MADE AS ASHEVILLE CELEBRATES DAWN OF PEACEFUL ERA

When an Asheville young man went home a year and a half ago and told his mother that he had enlisted in the army, he was relieved to find that she received the announcement without a tremor. He was gratefully surprised because he had rather feared that her emotions would get the better of her being familiar with her temperament. Other members of the family were surprised, too.

That boy went to camp a few days later and his letters, while cheerful enough, told of leading a life to which he was unaccustomed with many hardships endured. The mother remained clear-eyed and calm. Weeks passed and one day there came a post card telling of the arrival of the young soldier in France. It was no surprise to the mother, who had known that her son was en route at a time when Germany's submarines lurked about the Atlantic path while seeking an opportunity to send American fighting men to a horrible death. But that knowledge brought no tears to the eyes of the mother.

It was not long until a letter came saying that the young warrior was on the march to the front. His mother read that he was within sound of the guns and for the past several months she has gone to bed each night with the knowledge that a faraway first-born was facing the fire from German trenches. She remained dry-eyed and composed.

During the early hours of yesterday morning, shrilling sirens and clanging bells told of the end of the war, and that Asheville mother sprang from her bed to read with devouring eagerness the war edition of The Citizen which told of the cessation of hostilities. For the first time in eighteen months, she knew that her boy was out of danger. Once more she experienced the joy of motherhood over a son's salvation. Her heart swelled with gratitude that her own flesh and blood had been saved from the death which had so long seemed inevitable.

And she cried! The mask fell from her face as the restrained emotions of a year and a half shook her with a hysterical paroxysm of relief from suspense that only a mother can know. Sobs which rose to her throat rendered her speechless and tears which flowed unchecked from her eyes bathed a mother's countenance in a flood that had been dammed since that soldier boy went away.

"Ain't that a woman for you?" her husband asked a neighbor who stood by the fence as the two men shivered in their pajamas and discussed developments. And the neighbor agreed that the ways of womankind are strange indeed.

When Solomon Gills, that delightful character of Charles Dickens' "Dombey and Son," laid away a bottle of madderia for consumption when his nephew, Walter, should attain a successful man's estate, he set an example that seems to have been generally followed here. For it was evident during the early hours of yesterday morning that the madderia bottles had been gathering cobwebs pending the dawn of a day of peace. Asheville didn't get sickeningly drunk but Asheville wasn't entirely sober. Those who are inclined to celebrate by taking a nip knew they would never have a better excuse for inebriety than that which came to them yesterday, and the crowds which thronged the streets from the time of the appearance of The Citizen's first war extra until today's paper went to press contained many who were unsteady. Whiskey was plentiful and its owners were generous. It seemed to come from everywhere.

Rye, bottled in bond and bearing the stamps of the government, reposed in many overcoat pockets until congenial groups were formed for its consumption. Corn with a block-ader's head upon it came from many a looking jug and vinegar bottles. There were several quarts of gin floating around, too, and not a few little private eggnog parties were formed by the occupants of homes equipped with wine cellars.

Incredulous as it appears, it is a fact, nevertheless, that bootleggers reduced their prices yesterday. They might easily have raised them but they seemed to catch the spirit of the day and not a few old patrons, accustomed to paying \$15 a quart, saved a five-dollar bill on each quart purchase yesterday. The tigers are not unpractical and they seem to get rid of their stocks early so they could join in the celebrations. Not a few of them indulged freely in their own wares, a thing a tiger seldom does.

An Asheville man who has never been held up as a model to adolescent sons made some strong vows and sincere resolutions yesterday morning. He isn't a bad man, by any means. He isn't vile nor has he a reputation for wickedness. But he has made no pretensions to morality and he has drifted for many years with the tide — not a duffer, and the men of the street are not afraid to ask him for protection for his son of a God Whom he began to neglect soon after a mother ceased to repeat "Now I lay me down to sleep" for his benefit.

He felt that he didn't deserve a hearing from a Jehovah in Whom he could show no interest except in time of trouble. And the prayers remained unaided as the soldier boy in France waded into the swirling fire of No Man's Land and slept in the shell-torn fields of grapping armies. The father lived an agonizing life from which there was no relief when he realized that his own code of living forbade him to seek safety from a source to which he had made no appeals during the days of impunity from peril.

Yesterday morning, the father awoke to the first sound of the din which brought all Asheville out of bed during the early hours of dawn. Hurriedly dressing, he ran to his garage and soon joined the throng which had chosen Pack square for a gathering place. The screaming headlines of The Citizen caught his eye and a newboy shoved a paper into his hand. He read it with trembling fingers beneath a flickering arc. A few moments later, he was kneeling beside his desk in a darkened office building thanking his God for the delivery of his boy from death of a soldier and accompanying his thanks with promises that he will keep. He is a better man today than he has ever been before.

An early riser waited on Merrimon for the first car to take him to town. His night-capped wife was wrapped in a carrying a little flag. It was an aged colored woman on her way to work. She was oblivious to all things around her and she made no effort to hide the tears that streamed down her wrinkled black face. She was muttering when the man asked her name. He didn't hear her words but

he firmly believes that the things she said had something to do with a service flag on which a star of blue appears. No longer will she dread to see a messenger boy in her neighborhood as she ponders the possibility of a splash of gold on the flag which hangs in the window of her humble little home.

"Closed to Celebrate" was the wording on placards which made their appearance in the locked entrances of many local mercantile establishments. Asheville merchants in large numbers ordered that their doors remain closed throughout the day so that their employees might have an opportunity to join in the hilarious procession that streamed through Patton avenue and around Pack square celebrating.

"Closed to celebrate death and damnation of Old Kaiser Bill" was James F. Barrett's alliterative announcement at the office of the Asheville Labor Advocate. Doctors and dentists met their patients as usual but only necessary symptoms received their attention. All wanted to join in the early celebration of a Thanksgiving day which marked an end of the most destructive warfare ever waged by a wicked system of militarism.

Two neighbors have not got along very well together since juvenile representatives of both households participated in a children's fight some months ago. The mothers had no desire to be hateful but they decided simultaneously that they would go their separate ways without interference from each other. And they stopped speaking.

They were awakened yesterday by the clamor of a city celebrating the arrival of peace. Both leaned from second-floor windows to see the glare of the bonfires on Pack square and to catch the sounds of a municipality which has just learned of bitter warfare's end. "It's peace! It's peace!" cried one to the other before she recalled that they were not on speaking terms. And the other, equally forgetful, eagerly responded: "Yes, thank God, it's peace!"

An hour later the two neighbors were strolling arm in arm through the business streets as burning bonfires and flaming torches turned night into day.

A southern Christmas and an eastern Fourth of July were confined in the celebration whose diapason shook buildings in the business districts to their foundations, and whose riot of color from bunting, flags, bonfires and torches constituted a fascinating kaleidoscope from which there was no drawing away. Aided and abetted by flags wrapped business buildings and flew from homes as though a magician had waved his hand over the city during the early hours of a peaceful day's breaking. Bunting streamed from automobiles and miniature pennants floated from coat lapels and corsages.

No device productive of noise was overlooked by the crowds. Firecrackers saved from holidays whose warring-time observance forbade the use of powder were lighted early and their deafening booming rocked the city. Cowbells tied to automobiles and bicycles dragged the pavements with a din that smote the hearing. Christmas horns blew blasts that added to the discord and before the morning was old pistols and shotguns were being fired with persistent regularity. A hardware clerk observed that fire arm ammunition was sold here on the first day of peace than during months of warfare. It appeared to him that it was a warlike celebration of peace. The use of weapons was tolerated for a while but later was discouraged as reports of accidents reached police headquarters and newspaper offices. Autoists then decided to backfire and the thunders of their machines kept pandemonium at its height. Comical confetti appeared during the day but this supply seems to have been limited.

Although the impression of the man on the street was one of hilarity, there was no lack of reverence in this city during the day. Family prayers of thanksgiving were said in many homes and the joy at the end of the war did not make Asheville forget that this city has occupied much space in the casualty lists. Hearts went out in sympathy for the bereaved relatives of those brave lads who died in the survivors might celebrate such a day as they wish. Those boys who made the supreme sacrifice were not forgotten during the early hours of a world at peace and they will not be forgotten during the years to come when their city celebrates the close of a war to whose winning they gave their lives.

Dr. Dan Atkins, the president of the local minister's association, will issue a call for a meeting of the clergymen just as soon as the influenza precautions are abandoned. They will discuss plans for holding a big union mass meeting here at which the end of wars will be celebrated. Dr. Atkins said yesterday that no definite action can be taken so long as the present regulations remain in force but he regarded it as a certainty that the service will be conducted immediately following the statement of the health authorities that such a gathering is safe.

There was little bragging, and glory grabbing was not in evidence. He called that the United States of America may continue to teach its children that they are natives of a country which has never tasted defeat in warfare.

According to an Italian scientist the signals which the nerves carry to the brain and from the brain to the muscles are chemical in nature.

An inventor has patented a device that enables eggs, apples or potatoes to be baked over open fires without danger of burning or breaking.

DOCTORS SAY CALOTABS ARE BEST FOR COLDS

According to the world's greatest physicians and medical experts, Calotab is the best and only dependable remedy for breaking up a cold overnight or cutting short an attack of sore throat, deep-seated cough, influenza or a gripe. Now that science has purified calomel of all its nausea and dangerous qualities, the new kind of calomel, called "Calotabs" is even more popular than the old style.

One Calotab on the tongue at bed time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, nor the slightest interference with your diet, work or pleasure. Next morning your cold has vanished and your whole system is purified and refreshed. Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your druggist recommends and guarantees Calotabs and will refund your money if you are not satisfied.

THE FORDSON TRACTOR IS HERE!

Every Farmer In Western North Carolina---Every Man and Woman Interested in Agriculture---Is Urged to Be Present at the Big PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION TODAY 2 to 5 P. M.---Biltmore Estate Entrance Main Gate FREE ADMISSION

THE "FORDSON" TRACTOR is the result of extensive trials and experiments conducted by Mr. Henry Ford, covering a period of many years. Before placing the tractor on the market, every detail has been thoroughly tried out under actual farming conditions in various parts of this country and abroad.

Experience has pointed to the small, light tractor as being the one machine which will fill all varying conditions satisfactorily.

In developing the "FORDSON" Tractor, the aim has been to produce a small tractor which will be low in first cost, reliable, and above all—efficient.

Being small, light and economical, the "FORDSON" Tractor is adapted for use on small farms, as well as on the largest. It will pull all farm implements and do the work generally done by horses on the farm. In addition, by its belt pulley, the tractor will drive farm machinery, such as a thresher, ensilage cutter, sawmill, etc., making the "FORDSON" a truly universal tractor.

In design and construction the "FORDSON" takes a long step in approaching the ideal tractor. The simplicity of its operation and construction will at once appeal to the farmer.

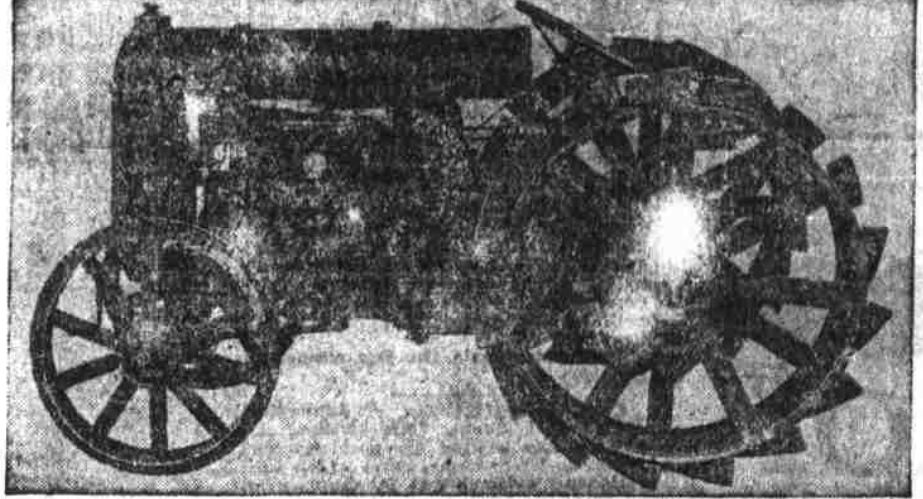
Special devices were perfected to keep out dust and dirt. All moving parts are enclosed and thoroughly lubricated. The number of lubricating points requiring attention are very few and easily gotten at.

The motor, transmission and rear axle are assembled together, forming one rigid unit, which, combined with the three-point suspension, relieves these parts of all strain.

The absence of any frame gives accessibility to all parts for making adjustments or repairs, and allows the tractor to be taken apart in a few minutes.

The motor is of substantial design and is capable of delivering its full power continuously. It embodies features which have been used with success in other fields for many years.

Public Demonstration TODAY 2 to 5 p. m. BILTMORE ESTATE Entrance Main Gate Free Admission



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- PERFORMANCE**
The tractor is designed as a two-plow machine and will pull two 14-inch plows in the stiffest soil. It will maintain a drawbar pull of 1800 pounds at plowing speed. In low gear a drawbar pull of 2500 pounds is obtained. The fuel consumption varies with conditions; two and one-half gallons of kerosene per acre being a fair average. The amount of ground plowed also depends on conditions; eight acres in ten hours would strike an average.
- TRANSMISSION**
Constant mesh, selective type, three speeds forward and one reverse; all shafts run on ball bearings. Gears are made of vanadium steel and hardened. Final drive is by worm and worm wheel. All gearing is entirely enclosed and runs in oil.
- DIFFERENTIAL**
Four pinion bevel type and is carried on ball bearings.
- REAR AXLE**
Is of vanadium steel and rotates in roller bearings on the outer ends.
- FRONT AXLE**
"I"-beam section. Drop forging made of vanadium steel. It is attached in the center directly to the front of the engine, giving a three-point suspension to the tractor.
- WHEELS**
Front Wheels have steel spokes cast on the hub and riveted to steel rims. They are mounted on ball bearings.
Rear Wheels also have the spokes cast in the hub and riveted to the rims. These rims are 42 inches in diameter, 12 inches in width and are fitted with special cleats designed to give proper traction in the field. By withdrawing a tapered bushing from the hub, the wheels are quickly removed. Wheel base is 63 inches, tread between wheels being 38 inches. The tractor will turn in a 21-foot circle.
- BELT PULLEY**
For stationary work, a pulley is fitted on the side of the tractor and operated from the engine clutch. Twenty-two horsepower is available at the pulley, which runs at 1000 revolutions per minute. The pulley is nine inches in diameter and uses a six-inch belt. This equipment is optional.
- CONTROL**
Steering is by bevel pinion and sector, being entirely enclosed and lubricated by oil splash. The steering wheel is located in the center of the tractor. Directly under it is the throttle lever. The spark lever is mounted on the dash.
The gear shifter lever is on the left-hand side of the tractor, and the clutch pedal on the right.
The seat is directly behind the steering wheel in the center of the tractor, bringing the driver within easy reach of all controls.
- TRACTOR SPEEDS**
Plowing speed is 2 3/4 miles per hour; low speed 1 1/2 miles per hour; high speed 6 3/4 miles per hour, and reverse speed 2 1/2 miles per hour. This is calculated on engine speed of 1000 R. P. M.
- COOLING**
Thermo-Syphon System: The very large water jackets and radiator tanks used with a vertical tube radiator insure a continuous flow of water and efficient cooling. This works in connection with a belt-driven ball bearing fan.
- IGNITION**
Special design magneto, built in and made part of the motor, used in combination with four coils and a commutator. This system is simple and reliable.
- VAPORIZER**
The tractor is equipped with a special design vaporizer, which heats the kerosene vapor, and mixing it with fresh, cool air, supplies a dry explosive mixture to the cylinders. To start the engine gasoline is used, and after about one minute, when the vaporizer is sufficiently heated, it is shifted to kerosene.
Fuel is supplied by gravity from a twenty-one gallon overhead tank.
- AIR WASHER**
The air supply is drawn through water. The wear on the cylinder walls is thus greatly reduced because of all dust having been removed from the air.
- CLUTCH**
Multiple steel disc running in oil.

RICHBOURG MOTOR CO.
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