

**THE BREVARD NEWS.**

Published every Friday and entered at Postoffice at Brevard, N. C., as Second Class Matter.

W. E. BREESE, Owner  
A. B. RILEY, Editor  
Wm. A. BAND, Publisher

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
(Subscriptions payable in advance)  
One year ..... \$1.50  
Six months ..... \$1.00  
Three months ..... .50  
Two months ..... .25

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
Display, per column inch ..... 30c  
Reading Notices, per line ..... 10c  
Want Column Notices, per line ..... 5c  
We charge 5 cents a line for Cards of Thanks, Resolutions of Respect and for notices of entertainments where admission is charged.

Address All Communications To The Brevard News:

Foreign Advertising Representative THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1921.

**THE CYCLONE STRIKES.**

It has been predicted, and it came at the appointed hour. And after it had passed there wasn't the least doubt in anybody's mind about its being a cyclone.

They certainly gave him the right nickname when they called him "Cyclone Mack". He comes like a storm, looks like a terrible cloud, and when he goes into action he moves in a whirl and his words pour out in a turbulent torrent of — not absolute English, perhaps — but absolutely understandable American.

And this torrent of whirling words all revolves about one central idea. It was a kind of picnic occasion when Cyclone Mack was here. Folks of all sorts and conditions in their mental make-up were on the square. A baseball game was scheduled to follow the address. Everything had the appearance — except the weather — of a gala day or a big political meeting. But the speaker never forgot for a minute what his main business was and what he had traveled up here for. He said, "I will preach a sermon," and a sermon he preached. To that great business he seemed to have devoted every ounce of his cyclonic energy.

Whatever may be said of the evangelist and his methods, it is certain that his message is disseminated far and wide and the essential truth in it is borne to many minds.

**FUN FOR THE FANS:**

Undoubtedly, the Brevard baseball team is making a record this summer to be proud of. Five games have been played already, and only one lost. It is too early in the season yet to predict the course of events, but the signs are good for some very fast playing with Brevard's credit sheet well filled.

The games are affording plenty of fun for everyone here. Business men can well afford the time spent in a diversion that makes them temporarily forget all their petty cares, especially when that recreation is an expenditure of energy in urging on their town's representatives in a friendly contest.

Baseball in Transylvania is the one thing that makes everyone forget his politics, etc. We note with a good deal of alarm some of our most sedate and older citizens who are finding it convenient to have business in Hendersonville or wherever the home team happens to be playing.

A Hendersonville correspondent to the Asheville Citizen remarked that a number of Brevard people motored "UP" to Hendersonville to see the ball game. First time we knew the French Broad flowed up hill.

A young lady struck by a ball so appealed to the chivalry of the Brevard boys that they temporarily forgot themselves and let Asheville make two scores. Then they recovered their morale, and Asheville made no more.

The only trouble about having rest seats around town is that the newcomers in this climate don't want to rest. They would explode with the pent up energy generated here.

A party of girls was very much attracted by the little bear and didn't seem to fear it in the least. But that is easily understood, when one remembers the bear's aptitude for embracing.

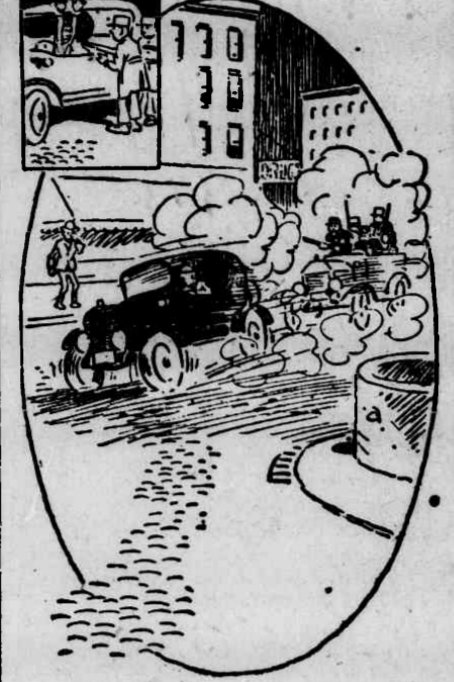
**THOUGHT POLICE BANDITS! FLEES**

**And So When Mutual Agreement Was Reached, Both Were So Happy.**

Evanston, Ill.—"Come to the corner of Central and Eighth streets!" shrieked a woman's voice over the telephone to Wilmette police headquarters. "There's a mysterious black automobile standing there and I think there are bandits in it!"

Grabbing shotguns and pistols, the Wilmette bandit squad jumped into a quivering #14 and rushed to the intersection named. There, sure enough, was the mysterious black car, standing silent and forbiddingly beside the curb, its headlights darkened.

Women who had come to the scene screamed as the cops, shotguns in



The Flivver in Hot Pursuit.

hand, stepped from the fliv and stole cautiously toward the car. All about was an air of impending tragedy.

Suddenly the machine headlights blazed. The feminine shrieks redoubled. Then the car shot forward and tore down Sheridan road, with the fliv hot in pursuit.

A few moments later pedestrians in Davis street, Evanston, dodged into nearby stores when both machines came furiously charging into Fountain square. The mysterious car halted abruptly beside the fountain and the fliv squad members, leaping out, covered the driver with their artillery. "Who are you?" they demanded, showing their stars.

"Gosh, what a relief!" sighed the driver of the black car. "I'm Jack Friedman, an Evanston auto salesman, and I was just taking my machine out for a demonstration. I thought you were bandits." Tableau.

**Tests Love by Carving Initials on Her Chest**

Paris, Ill.—A story that has shocked the community came to light by the arrest of Glenn Forsman, a farmer, living near here.

A young man named Jack Rogers and his wife occupied a house on the Forsman farm. The landlord became infatuated with the woman. With threats of death he drove the husband from the place and, locking the wife in a room, held her prisoner for several days.

Becoming enraged at her for some cause, he carved the letters, "G. F." on her breast. Forsman was arrested and brought to the city, where he is held under heavy bonds. A little later Mrs. Rogers was found and brought to the city by Sheriff Sisonmore.

Feeling was aroused which for a time seemed to threaten a lynching.

Mrs. Rogers, who is nineteen, says Forsman told her he sought to "test her love for him."

She says she was given an alternative of the carving knife or the branding iron.

The initial "G" was carved one day and the initial "F" the next. Both were deeply cut and more than two inches high.

**TOWED BOAT FORTY MILES**

Giant Devilfish, With Eight Bullet and Fifteen Lance Wounds, Escaped After Long Fight.

Palm Beach, Fla.—A giant ray, or devilfish, battled with two fishermen here for eight hours and then escaped. The sea monster towed two boats 40 miles from the winter resort and 17 miles out to sea, and then disappeared when the cables broke, although its body bore 4 harpoons, 8 rifle bullets and 15 wounds from lances.

The fishermen, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and L. Leonard Replogle, prominent New Yorkers, had ended a day's fishing trip when their attention was directed to the sea monster. Immediately 500 fast boats started in pursuit. Airplanes followed the boat and watched the struggle.

**"FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS" "Run Boys Run"**

Erra humanum Est: — Yes, we all know to err is human, but to err in the face of facts and against the evidence of past ages of veritable facts is a crying sin; a travesty on Nature, an hypocrisy, a delusion and snare.

I am now talking of that heinous anti-leaf burning law.

If such grand men as General Wade Hampton and his brother, Col. Kit; Col. J. H. Alley, John A. Zachary, Major W. H. Bryson, Logan Allison, S. W. Reid, James Fisher, John Owen and a host of others, all now gone to their eternal rest, can be believed, who were either contemporary or close followers of the first League of Nations, the Cherokee Indian, all say the Indian burnt the leaves all over the mountains just as soon as they would burn in the Fall, before the wind piled up the leaves in hollows and against trees.

They burnt the leaves to kill the little "wiggles", as they called the worm in the chestnut and oak mast, and keep open the woods so as to see, and let the timber grow, also the grass.

Let the first settler's children tell you of the beauties of the mountain verdure; its magnificent trees, poplar Oak, etc., all as sound as the Heart of Truth; the woods clothed in grass, peavine, flower and medical plants.

You could ride on horseback all over the woods, see a deer 3 to 500 yards away—even in the writer's first days here it was thus.

What a grand thing it was to camp out over night on Mt. Toxaway or Mount White Sides after a grand supper preluded by a crisp fried, nicely salted speckled beauty and closely followed by squirrel and pheasant browned to perfection, bannock light and fluffy as my sweet heart's hair, good old coffee, then a smoke, and see the Orb of Day sinking in the west behind that high pinnacle, throwing its silhouette at your feet, and almost at the same moment, in the far, far east, as if coming up out of the sea, first a strong light, then a crescent larger and larger until the full moon, the queen of the night, rises higher and higher in its path o'er head, a fair sultana in all splendor.

Or be it in the hush of the dark of the moon when "silence reigns supreme", see the Stars come up one after the other, out of the dark East or flash out over head like glittering diamonds in the sky, then comes the great galaxy, stretched across the sky like a band of silver binding the Heavens together. It truly makes one feel to the very core of his heart the trend of Nearer My God to Thee.

Oh, mercy me, what is it now? So dense are the thickets one has to break his neck to see the Heavens. No longer can one ride on horseback — yea, worse than that, it takes an agile, well-greased black snake, to crawl through the Jungle.

Here is not like the north and west and Canada — where the turf when dry burns and burns, on and on, until it burns out — The turf never burns here (we have none) and the fires in early Fall when the sap is down does good in killing those insects if left alone to breed in leaf fifth and thicket, has and is still killing all our timber, even to the Spanish Oak and Tag Alder.

When that pallid specter Influenza threw its black pestilence over our fair land — when the miasmata fell from her cadaverous out stretched hand in drops of death; an almost every head.

When 80,000 of our dear boys fell before it, and in silence forever, went in single file to their field of Flanders, where the poppies blow, between the crosses row on row.

When train loads of dead moved over our rail roads, with no life on except the solemn-faced train men.

When coffins could not be made to equal the death. When some were put to rest in a shroud, like in the burial of Sir John Moore in silence we buried him.

When the dead, dear to many were put in out houses, in fear of contagion; when the musky odor of death prevailed our land, bringing awe and fear to all, it was almost "let the dead bury the dead". Many, many who had left their God, now come with a piteous wail back to Him. Listen, ye anti-leaf burners, for it was then, as if by inspiration, the word went out to our mountain boys, God bless them, to burn the woods; burn them in patches, choke the chimneys — make smoke and now as if by ordination the whole woods shot up in flames for miles, and miles, our world looked like a carpet of fire and the smoke hung over us thick and dense, and it was then, the black death folded up its wings and left, as if by its magic, Influenza was no more and smiles come on the face of all.

(To be continued)

**RED BUS ANNOUNCEMENT:**  
Owing to lack of patronage we will discontinue our Brevard run on Friday, June 24th, 1921.  
RED BUS LINE.

Tell it not in Hendersonville that Cyclone Mack couldn't recollect the name of the town he spoke in Monday morning on his way to Brevard.

There is something about a man, especially when he preaches the gospel, who boards the lion in his den and associates with Tom, Dick and Harry in order to show the spirit of mere man. It sort of makes the fellow with the suspicious air realize that "All Men are Equal in the sight of God".

The word "Brethren" as applied in the address at the Brevard Club sort of makes the ordinary fellow feel a little bigger.

**Domestic Science and Domestic Art**

Miss St. Claire de Graffenreid

The following courses are offered at the Summer School at Brevard Institute:  
Cooking, Dressmaking, Textiles, Drafting, Patterns, Household Management, Methods of Teaching Students can be assured of careful instruction. Dressmaking \$6 00, Cooking \$6 00 — most reasonable rates.

**STRENGTH AND VIGOR**  
Jump out of bed mornings feeling fine and ready to meet your day's work with a smile.  
Feel good every minute of the day.  
Take  
**Garren's Tonic**  
Makes you Better

**Don't Be Fooled About Your Savings**

You cannot save money by putting aside what's left after the bills are paid.

If you reduce Saving to the practical way—IT IS EASY!

SUPPOSE you decide on and put aside a stipulated amount each week or month before you have paid any bills or spend any money.

IN OTHER WORDS—Put the item SAVINGS in as an EXPENSE and pay it each month or week just as any other expense—but PAY IT FIRST!

Convenient forms for the SAVINGS item whether small or large are to deposit on certificate of deposit bearing 4 per cent.

4 per cent paid on Savings Deposits

**Brevard Banking Company**

The News solicits your job printing. First class work at reasonable prices. Phone No. 7.

**Talks About Building**

Lumber prices are deflated. Lumber, the last great commodity to advance in price, has been the first to come back to normal basis. While lumber constitutes less than 30 per cent of the cost of the average frame house, these reductions mean an important saving in building costs.

Building labor is more efficient. A reduction in the wage scale is less important than a full day's work for a day's pay. Increased efficiency has already brought about a substantial reduction in costs.

You can build now with confidence. Deliveries of material are certain, prices can be protected against advances, and building labor is available. No longer is it necessary to build on the "cost-plus" plan.

There are good reasons why many people should build homes for themselves. If you have been thinking about building we invite you to talk it over with us personally. We will gladly help in meeting any of your building problems and our friendly counsel and assistance will not obligate you in any way.

**Miller Supply Company**

J. A. MILLER, Manager. BREVARD, N. C.