

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT



STORAGE is a big factor in profitable marketing and economical buying. Like most worth while things it works both ways. For the farmer or the man in town a vegetable and fruit cellar is a real economy.

A concrete root cellar properly made, vermin-proof, water-proof and permanent, will soon pay for itself in more ways than one.

Your dealer can give you plans to construct a small one, or your local contractor can quickly build it for you. Either one is apt to suggest you use Atlas Portland Cement, "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
Sales Offices: New York—Boston—Philadelphia
Mills: Northampton, Pa.—Hudson, N. Y.—Leeds, Ala.

"The Standard by which all other Makes are measured"

Insurance Neglected

May mean weeping in smoke or in sadness viewing the ruins of your home.

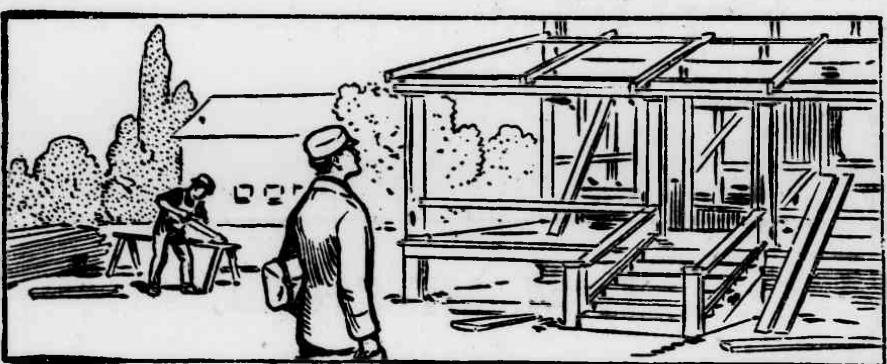
But Insurance shows business ability. Means satisfaction in protection. Means Contentment of mind. Means the saving of a lifetime's earnings. Means the comfort of old age.

Destruction has visited your neighbor and our neighboring town — It awaits us,

Insure while it waits — tomorrow may be too late.

Brevard Insurance Agency

T. H. GALLOWAY, Manager Brevard, N. C.



Give Us the Contract

If you are putting up a new building—or if you are going to remodel your house, be sure to let us figure on the plumbing work.

We have had considerable experience in handling big jobs and we know how to buy material to save you money. You will find our work to be extremely neat and we do all work quickly and accurately.

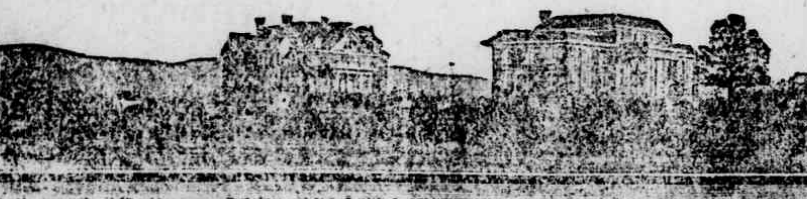
We will gladly figure on small jobs as well as big ones. And we do repair work, too.

NICHOLSON & DUCLOS
Plumbing, Tinning and Sheet Metal Work

Brevard Institute

BREVARD, NORTH CAROLINA

Departments—College Preparatory, Normal, Music, Business, Domestic Art, Household Economics, Agriculture.
All departments are directed by teachers with special training and large experience. They know their business.
Influences of the Institute are alone worth the cost of tuition.
Opens on September 3.



The Old Guard



By T. C. HARBAUGH
Hats off! Here they come to the tap of the drum.

A thin and wavering line; They stood long ago in the face of the foe.

In the shade of the battle-struck pine. There's many a ridge on their brows, as you see,

Their features by Time have been marred; And the ivy is green, with a daisy between.

On the graves of the gallant Old Guard. They were "boys" when they charged on the fort on the hill

And sabred their way thro' the fog; They were stalwart and true in their garments of blue.

In the days of the long, long ago. A stillness comes on and the night nestles down.

As the diamond dew sparkles the sword. And feebly they march 'neath the star-sprinkled arch—

These men of the noble Old Guard. They dream of the battle, the camp, the fray.

Of victory, prison and rout; The night will fall fast; it will claim them, at last.

And summer to "muster out." They hear the wild bugles that blew in the morn.

As clear as the notes of a bard; They laugh as they come to the tap of the drum—

The remnant of Freedom's Old Guard. The wind softly blows thro' their snow-sprinkled hair.

As slowly they march down the street; And their step on the grass you may hear as they pass.

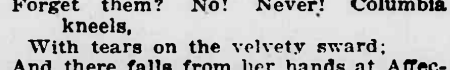
Not long at a muster they'll meet. Trump! Trump! They are moving in glorious review.

'Neath the flag that Columbia has starred; It floats o'er but few in their old, faded blue—

The last of the cherished Old Guard. Forget them? No! Never! Columbia kneels.

With tears on the velvety sward; And there falls from her hands at Affection's commands

A wreath for the deathless Old Guard! Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.



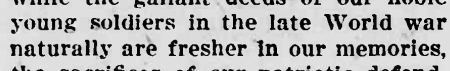
Nation Can Never Forget.
Once more comes Memorial day, and, while the gallant deeds of our noble young soldiers in the late World war naturally are fresher in our memories, the sacrifices of our patriotic defenders in 1861-65 will not be forgotten while the nation endures. The passing of those veterans in blue has been rapid, and it is saddening. Each day sees 100 of these old veterans, and two-thirds as many of their wives, carried to the grave. For them the end is not far off; another decade and scarcely a veteran will remain.

The officers who led the Union troops averaged several years older than the enlisted men, many of the latter, as is well known, being mere striplings at their entry into service; and few of the higher officers of volunteers now remain alive.



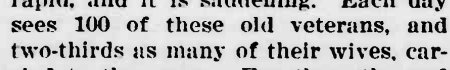
Great Soldier Honored

A memorial group, the central figure of which is to be Gen. George G. Meade, who commanded the Army of the Potomac during the Civil war, is soon to be placed at a chosen site in the capital. The completed statue and memorial is the work of Charles Grafly of Philadelphia, who was delegated by a special commission to execute the work. General Meade, the central figure, is surrounded by symbols of military courage, energy, and loyalty.



But there, in the yard, just squeezing in, as though it knew it was its only chance and had to do it, was the old hook and ladder. There it was and there it would be, not as junk but as having found a home.

"Oh, ma, ma," Richard cried, "I—I just can't say what I feel!" Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.



Richard Peckham was a veteran of the Civil war. He always marched in the Memorial day parade. The parade was much larger than it had been for a number of years back. The men of the World war now marched, too.

Richard had always been a very active man, and he had taken part in many a celebration in the town. By day he sold cigars and cigarettes and fruit at the little stand in front of the small house where he and Mrs. Peckham had lived for so many years. But at night, oh, so often, he would dress in his best fireman suit or in his Civil war uniform as special town constable.

Richard could remember so many years back. He could remember when they had no such fire department as they had now, for example. Now they had a splendid firehouse too, above which was a clubroom for the firemen. What a magnificent place that was. They subscribed to several magazines, always there were some papers lying about on the great shiny table they had bought for the center of the room—to make it cozy and club-like, they had said.

How good it was to talk over the old days. There were some of the present men of the fire department who had remembered the old days. How they had pulled the hook and ladder up the great surrounding hills!

"I remember one cold night," Richard Peckham would begin a tale of former days, and so the story would be continued, a story of fighting against great odds, mighty hills, frightful cold and water that froze. They had motors now.

The new hook and ladder was new. It was a handsome hook and ladder. Richard Peckham admired it. Now he was merely an honorary member



of the fire department, but a picture of him hung on the wall in the club and over it was the word "Hero." Oh, yes, Richard Peckham had had a splendid life; useful, brave, and the remembrance of it gave him great happiness.

The past was not the past with him. It was the present, too. It was always along with him, nudging him, as it were, and saying:

"Do you remember so and so?" And then Richard would smile at the thought. He was often smiling at his thoughts.

But since there had been these great improvements in the fire department they decided that they had no room for the old hook and ladder.

"We'll have to sell it to the junk man," they said. "He may give us ten dollars for it."

Richard had missed that meeting. Wasn't that just like a lot of young men with no sentiment, no feeling? They would sell that splendid hook and ladder which had been pulled up many a hill and which had saved many a life! It was sacrilege, sheer sacrilege.

"They're goin' to sell the old hook and ladder," he told Mrs. Peckham the next day. "Yes, ma, they're goin' to sell it. I wasn't at the meetin' last night, but I've heard how they've made all arrangements. If I only had room—" he broke off then, and his eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Peckham knew what it meant to her husband. It was almost something alive to him. Sell it for junk? It would break his heart.

Richard Peckham was getting dressed for the Memorial day parade. He was ready ahead of time. He knew that he would be.

"Richard," she came toward him, "before you start for the parade I want you to take a look in the yard. I've a little Memorial day present there for you—a real Memorial day present."

His heart was beating happily, joyously, as he hurried along. But no, she couldn't have meant that. No one really knew how he loved it except himself. And besides the yard was too small. He had thought of that himself.

But there, in the yard, just squeezing in, as though it knew it was its only chance and had to do it, was the old hook and ladder. There it was and there it would be, not as junk but as having found a home.

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Memorial Day Gift



By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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WRIGLEYS



Satisfies the sweet tooth and aids appetite and digestion. Cleanses mouth and teeth. A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth. Combines pleasure and benefit. Don't miss the joy of the new WRIGLEY'S P-K—the sugar-coated peppermint tid bit!



Save the wrappers Good for valuable premiums

SMITH'S PLACE

where you will receive courteous treatment, and where every one who is employed is a

Tonsorial Artist

We will be pleased to serve you

NOTICE
North Carolina, Transylvania County
E. L. Cash et al vs. Elmina Hall et al
In the Superior Court Before the Clerk
Notice of Sale
Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court entered in the above entitled proceeding wherein a sale of the lands hereinafter described for partition has been decreed and the undersigned has been appointed commissioner by the Court to sell said lands after due advertisement at the time and place hereinafter stated:

Now, therefore, I, Lewis P. Hamlin, the commissioner, will, on Saturday, June 10, 1922 at 12 o'clock M., at the Court House door in the town of Brevard, Transylvania County, N. Carolina, will sell to the highest bidder for cash the following real property to wit: All that tract of land lying and being in Hogback township, Transylvania county, North Carolina, and bounded as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a chestnut oak on a ridge and runs north 20 deg. west 50 poles to a stake; thence north 70 deg. east 178 poles to a stake; thence south 20 deg. east 90 poles to a stake; thence north 20 deg. west 40 poles to the beginning, containing 100 acres more or less.

This May 8, 1922.
LEWIS P. HAMLIN
Commissioner
5-26-4tc.

NOTICE
Having duly qualified as Executrix of the estate of T. L. Waters deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them, itemized and verified, to the undersigned or to W. E. Breese, Attorney, on or before April 28, 1923 or this notice will be plead in bar for their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This April 28, 1922.
ANNIE M. WALTERS, Executrix
June 6. W. E. BREESE, Attorney.

NOTICE.
State of North Carolina
County of Transylvania
Brevard Lumber Co. and F. E. B. Jenkins vs. Sally Mackey, George Mackey John Gash.
The defendant, in the above entitled action take notice that the Brevard Lumber Company and F. E. B. Jenkins plaintiff in this action, have obtained judgment against them in the sum of \$62.06 with interest of \$26.06 from the 12 day of Mar, 1922, and that said judgement was a lien upon the real estate of defendant; a certain notice of claim and lien filed in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court Transylvania County, and being duly docketed in Lien Docket of said Court on 202 page; and said real estate being hereinafter fully described and said lien attached to said real estate, and the improvements thereon, and that the plaintiffs are entitled to have said real estate sold under execution for the satisfaction of said judgement and lien.

On the First Monday in June 1922, being the Fifth day, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door, Transylvania County, Brevard, N. C. the following described property: "All that tract of land lying and being in Brevard Township, Transylvania County, North Carolina immediately west of the City of Brevard, and near the lake site of Transylvania Lake and known as the George Mackey and Sally Mackey lands, upon which land said George Mackey and Sally Mackey, together with John Gash, now live; it being all the real estate in Transylvania County, now belonging to any of the defendants; and upon which certain structures have been constructed, which materials were furnished by the Brevard Lumber Company and F. E. B. Jenkins.

Said sale being in pursuance to an order issued to the undersigned Sheriff of Transylvania County by the Clerk Superior Court. This the 28th day of April, 1922.

W. E. SHIPMAN, Sheriff Transylvania Co. Ralph R. Fisher, Attorney for Plaintiff. 4tc. 6-2-22.