

ROAD OF THRILLS

San Diego Short Line Traverses Wild Country.

For Real Beauty Travelers Have Declared There Is Nothing on Earth Surpassing It.

"Travelers are urged, and properly so, to see America first, but no person can claim to have fulfilled the admonition," says Editor Howe of the Atchison (Kansas) Globe in a recent issue, "unless he has made a trip over the San Diego Short Line from Yuma, Arizona, to the coast city, the thrill road of this continent. While the road known as the San Diego & Arizona is 220 miles long, only 11 miles is thrill territory. During that 11 miles, it passes through Carrizo mountain gorge, dodging through 17 tunnels which alone were driven at a cost of nearly two millions of dollars, and clinging, when out in the open, to a roadbed chiseled from the sides of mountains, with gaping canyons almost straight below you to a distance in places as great as 900 feet. Above the track are sheer and almost perpendicular walls of granite. As the train slips slowly around sharp mountain curves on its shelf, which from a distance looks like a burro trail, one gets as many thrills as are experienced in aviation, but with confidence inspired by the knowledge that he is secured and upon a firm footing through modern railroad construction. The San Diego & Arizona was the only railroad completed during the late war. It was opened in 1919. Its total cost was over eighteen millions of dollars and it is owned jointly by J. D. and A. B. Spreckles and the Southern Pacific. It was built to give San Diego a direct line to the east and before its completion everything moving westward into San Diego or going east from there had to pass through Los Angeles.

"Because of its enormous cost the road doesn't pay, it is said, but it is a great scenic route. The San Diego & Arizona hugs the International boundary closely, crossing and recrossing it a number of times. In fact for 44 miles it is in Old Mexico, but in the peaceful section of Lower California. No passports are required of passengers, and there is no inspection of through baggage. The train stops at several Mexican villages where beer signs may be seen from the windows, but the thirsty must quench their thirst. The train doesn't stop long enough to wet whistles, and, anyway, vestibules are not opened. There is no chance for passengers to get on the train. Persons who have been extensively say there is nothing surpassing the scenery in California.

Long Live the Sardines

In Portugalete, a seaport of the Basque provinces of Spain, the people still talk of a certain amusing incident that took place at one time when a large crowd was watching the arrival of the popular king and queen. Suddenly someone shouted "Viva el Rey!" "Viva! Viva!" echoed the crowd in a mighty voice.

Then the same fellow shouted, "Viva la Reina!"

"Viva! Viva!" came the answering volume from a thousand throats.

"Viva Espana!" cried the fellow.

"Viva! Viva!" was the prompt reply.

At that moment a woman who was selling sardines turned the corner. "Sardinas, vivas sardines!" she shouted. And before the excited throng could restrain itself it had roared forth approvingly. Viva! Viva!—Youth's Companion.

Forty Years—Or More.

Mr. T— is past seventy and getting so absent-minded that sometimes he passes his best friends and even members of his family. His daughter in the early forties, who is a very progressive business woman, will not permit the family to keep him at home, saying that sensible people don't mind what an old man says.

But the other day she almost changed her mind. She was sitting in her office talking to a very attractive young bachelor when her father walked into the office. He spoke to the man and turned to his daughter.

"Your face looks very familiar?" he began. "Let's see—now wait—I'll recognize you in a minute. How long have I known you, my dear?"

The daughter said that her embarrassed pause was even more of a giveaway than an answer to the question would have been.

Last Shot.

Two rival politicians recently spoke at the same gathering of women voters. One had desired first place but his rival having a pull, obtained it instead. And while the rival spoke he "boiled" and simply "boiled" with indignation.

But when his chance came to report he made good use of it. "Every speaker should always have a text or pretext for speaking," he said. "My opponent having had the latter for his speech I will now choose the former and give my text."

Out in the Wagon.

It happened in southern Indiana. The sleek-haired, surefooted, suave drug clerk approached one of the "country lassies, pure and sweet."

"Is any one waiting on you, madam?"

"Why—er—yes; my feller is waitin' for me out in the wagon."

LOWER BROADWAY AT NIGHT

Young Folk Stroll Through World-Famous Street and It Becomes a Lover's Lane.

Summer nights have turned lower Broadway, from Trinity churchyard to the Battery, into a sort of lover's lane, the New York Sun states. Breeze-blown and dusky and half deserted, strollers find it a pleasant place. They saunter past the windows that are occasionally lighted, showing somebody working late at a high desk over a big book, or hammering the keyboard of a typewriter.

They pass up and down, going by twos and by fours as nonchalantly as though they moved through a country lane. Their faces are thrown into a high light as they pass the street arcs.

For them all Trinity churchyard has an endless fascination. Fenced out with the dark they walk along the wall; they seem to watch the grave-stones. The stones shine, white at night, the high cross in the center of the plot directly in front of the new Curb market building, is somehow more prominent than any of the high stone structures that surround the arches of the church.

The only thing that shows up as white is the front wall of the Curb market. It seems to rise directly at the back of the grass plot. The tracks of the elevated trains are visible. The five curved windows that light the second story look as if they were five entrances on the ground floor.

Through the crowd of strollers through the cool streets come occasional people who are anxious to get home.

About 10 o'clock a great many children come up through the street, some running and chattering, others so sleepy that they have to be dragged along by the mothers who are getting them home after an evening down at the park. Half of the children want a drink of water when they come to the Trinity church wall. So the women stop at the fountain built as a memorial to Ann Maria Cothel Swords. The children want to play in the water, the mothers want to get them home.

So for a few hours after dark downtown Broadway seems to belong to the past, to young lovers and to romping children. They come that way every warm day and the men, who sit silently on watch in corners of buildings and in doorways are generally glad to see them come.

Electric Flypaper.

The struggles of a fly caught on a sheet of tanglefoot paper are painful to witness. Perhaps, however, the insect undergoes no worse sufferings than when poisoned.

Why not kill the flies by electricity? John H. Turpin, of Beaumont, Wash., has invented a simple fly-mandrel for the purpose. You hang it on the wall and it does the rest. Bait of any kind suitable, attracts the insects to a slot through which it is exposed to view and smell. The slot is a narrow elongated opening between two metal plates. When a fly crawls across from one of the plates to the other, it is instantly killed and falls into a little trough beneath. This happens because the plates are attached by binding posts to a couple of copper wires which pass through an electric cord connected to an ordinary plug, which is inserted in an electric socket. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Standards of Youth.

Bobby's father was an organist of repute, a calling for which Bobby, at ten years old, felt a little apologetic when having occasion to explain it to his friends. A policeman, now, or a fireman, those are professions a fellow can boast about! One day he was overheard in conversation with a neighbor's son, who asked:

"Bob, does your father play?"

"Yes," admitted Bobby, without much enthusiasm.

"Well, what does he play, the cornet?"

"No," answered Bobby, half-heartedly. "He plays the organ."

"And does he sing?" persisted the small friend.

"Goodness, no!" indignantly exclaimed the musician's son. "We wouldn't stand for that!"—Harper's Magazine.

"Bad" Indian Gone.

Tse-negat has passed on to the happy hunting grounds. This leader of the Plutes on their reservation was known to the government officials as the "Bolshevik Redskin" because of his tendency to precipitate uprisings. In 1915 he was accused of killing a Mexican sheep herder, and in resisting arrest he gathered about him nearly every lawless Indian within 500 miles of Bluff, Utah, where he maintained an inaccessible stronghold, from which he successfully defied the United States marshal's posse. Tse-negat is said to have cost the government about \$25,000 a year. He was one of the wealthiest Indians of the reservation.

Enough to Make a Saint Swear.

They were stalled stem miles from nowhere and John was using language that made the air blue, but which had no effect on his second-hand bus.

"Oh, John, do hush that awful language," exclaimed his wife—and John only said a few more things not printable. And was enjoying (not) the spin with them, explaining: "In all the 25 years of our married life before John bought this fool, second-hand car, I never heard him utter an oath, and now his language would make the most hardened pirate blush for shame."—Brooklyn Eagle.

RACE OF WORLD CONQUERORS

and treated her. Her testimony was as rapid as light. In fact her words became jumbled and were lost in the noisy din of her own walls.

Idol Shattered.

Bobbie had always been intrigued by the wax figures in the windows, but had never asked any questions concerning them. Several weeks ago he and his mother emerged from the elevator on the second floor of one of the department stores, immediately in front of a wax lady clad in a gorgeous pink satin breakfast jacket. Bobbie rushed up to the figure and touched her face and neck, then turned and said in a horrified tone, "Mother! She's wax!"

Mother smiled tolerantly and replied, "Yes, son, did you think she was real?"

"Sure, I thought she was real—stuffed."

Henhouse Raided by Flying Rat.

Sam Chierowski, a Russian farmer, living a mile below Packer, Conn., says flying rats are carrying off eggs and young chicks.

Sam declares they are not bats, nor flying squirrels, but big rats with wings like a bird. All rat holes in his henery were plugged and still the eggs and chickens disappeared. The farmer hid and watched for the marauder. Soon, he said, through a broken window up near the roof a flying rat came in.

Backsliding.

"Felice seems interested in that book she's reading."

"She's careful to keep the title hidden. Maybe it's a naughty book."

"It may be Dickens, or something of that sort. Even a flapper hates to be ridiculed by other young women in the same way of life."

Love is blind, and with people marrying in times like these we suspect it is also wholly ignorant of arithmetic.

Women will settle the question of bobbed hair for themselves, just as they settled the question of the bobbed skirt.

Having become familiar, the radio, like the phonograph, is now judged by the kind of tune that is played on it.

When the wife goes to the country it's a vacation. When the politician goes to the country it's to avoid a vacation.

We have come to the conclusion that radio, new as it is, has already become vastly more popular than farming.

CINCINNATI STRICKEN SEVEN YEARS

Testifies to the Merit of La'Zan

Mr. F. Lostro, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has suffered for seven years, wishes to state he is now well from rheumatism after using only nine (9) treatments of "La'Zan," the French remedy.

"La'Zan" is sold in Brevard by Pacific Drug Co.

—on—
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
dv.14t.-pd.

Pencils

g Togs

Eversharp Pencil with the enameled outside instead of gold or silver. In colors of Red, Blue and Black it is a very attractive, economical pencil for everyday use. Just the thing for the school children.

FRANK D. CLEMENT
The Hallmark Jeweler

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 also worth the cost of tuition.

Opens on September 7.

and site. Please submit your bid in writing to the undersigned for presentation to the County Board of Education as set out above. Further take notice that the County Board of Education reserves the specific right to reject any or all bids.

Signed: A. F. MITCHELL, Co. Supt. of Public Instruction.

and treated her. Her testimony was as rapid as light. In fact her words became jumbled and were lost in the noisy din of her own walls.

Idol Shattered.

Bobbie had always been intrigued by the wax figures in the windows, but had never asked any questions concerning them. Several weeks ago he and his mother emerged from the elevator on the second floor of one of the department stores, immediately in front of a wax lady clad in a gorgeous pink satin breakfast jacket. Bobbie rushed up to the figure and touched her face and neck, then turned and said in a horrified tone, "Mother! She's wax!"

Mother smiled tolerantly and replied, "Yes, son, did you think she was real?"

"Sure, I thought she was real—stuffed."

Henhouse Raided by Flying Rat.

Sam Chierowski, a Russian farmer, living a mile below Packer, Conn., says flying rats are carrying off eggs and young chicks.

Sam declares they are not bats, nor flying squirrels, but big rats with wings like a bird. All rat holes in his henery were plugged and still the eggs and chickens disappeared. The farmer hid and watched for the marauder. Soon, he said, through a broken window up near the roof a flying rat came in.

Backsliding.

"Felice seems interested in that book she's reading."

"She's careful to keep the title hidden. Maybe it's a naughty book."

"It may be Dickens, or something of that sort. Even a flapper hates to be ridiculed by other young women in the same way of life."

Love is blind, and with people marrying in times like these we suspect it is also wholly ignorant of arithmetic.

Women will settle the question of bobbed hair for themselves, just as they settled the question of the bobbed skirt.

Having become familiar, the radio, like the phonograph, is now judged by the kind of tune that is played on it.

When the wife goes to the country it's a vacation. When the politician goes to the country it's to avoid a vacation.

We have come to the conclusion that radio, new as it is, has already become vastly more popular than farming.

CINCINNATI STRICKEN SEVEN YEARS

Testifies to the Merit of La'Zan

Mr. F. Lostro, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has suffered for seven years, wishes to state he is now well from rheumatism after using only nine (9) treatments of "La'Zan," the French remedy.

"La'Zan" is sold in Brevard by Pacific Drug Co.

—on—
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
dv.14t.-pd.

Pencils

g Togs

Eversharp Pencil with the enameled outside instead of gold or silver. In colors of Red, Blue and Black it is a very attractive, economical pencil for everyday use. Just the thing for the school children.

FRANK D. CLEMENT
The Hallmark Jeweler

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 also worth the cost of tuition.

Opens on September 7.

The Barber Shop

W. O'K. KING J. A. SIMPSON

HAS BEEN MOVED

to the building formerly occupied by the CITY MARKET, where they will welcome all of their old friends and any new ones who may drop in. Their present quarters are up-to-date, having been remodeled and in shape especially for a Barber Shop. If you do not need the services of a barber drop in and see how conveniently arranged they are.

BATHS BATHS

Bee Hive Barber Shop

King Building Main Street



Hot Water Facilities


Make the heat of your range help you wash the dishes. Connect a water tank and have an ample supply of hot water for the kitchen, laundry or bathroom.

This practical device overcomes the hot water question in thousands of homes. Why not have one in your home? We make a specialty of installing all kinds of water heaters, including gas.

We will gladly furnish you our figures. Our experience in this line makes our repair department particularly efficient.

NICHOLSON & DUCLOS
Plumbing, Tinning and Sheet Metal Work

Breakfast Foods and Cereals




Little bodies must have the best of nourishment to make them strong and healthy —to build them up to robust manhood and womanhood.

And grown folks need it to sustain their vitality and energy. The popular breakfast foods and cereals meet the needs of both young and old.

We have them in all their tasty goodness—the wheat foods, corn, oats, rice, barley, etc. Include one or more packages in your next order.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention
T. M. MITCHELL
SELLS 'EM
Established 1904. Cor. Main and Caldwell Sts.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS:
Please take notice that 20 days after this notice the County Board of Education will sell at public or private sale as provided for by law: — Gloucester No. 1 school house and site; Gloucester No. 3 school house and site; Mine Mountain school house