

The French Broad Hustler.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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Has Largest Circulation, by far, of any Paper in This County.

Why Bachelors Should Marry

Some Replies to that Query

"Marry to Practice Economy," Says One of the Tribe

Below are a few answers to the problem: "Why Bachelors Should Marry." We are pained to see this serious matter discussed in a spirit of levity and persiflage. A bachelor is a serious animal. He's different from his happily married brother. His view-point is different and you should never approach a bachelor without first stirring him up with a log pole to see whether he is dangerous or not.

Here is an additional list of bachelors and we don't see how we came to overlook them—they are such dears, all of 'em!

John McClain	Sandy Manders
Tom Allen	Frank Staton
W. A. Keith	L. W. Walker
Floyd Johnston	Dave Hutto
John McIntyre	Harry Duffie
Will Young	Harry Waldrop
Bill Edwards	Lance Holmes

Some of these gentlemen are what you might call "near-bachelors." Now there's W. A. Keith, of the Wholesale Grocery Co., for instance. So debonaire, so smiling, always dressed correctly, in fact a mirror of fashion, it is strange to us that he has been allowed his freedom so long, and 'tis whispered he will soon relinquish it. As to Judge Gullick, we are told he is a doomed man. His fate is sealed. Nothing but a trip to Florida can save him. Judge Gullick has been picked out by at least seven girls that we know of and the Judge wants to know what he's going to do about it? Cheer up, Judge, the worst is yet to come!

Will Young, handsome and accomplished, age 36, cashier at the depot, is in imminent danger. We know of one young lady who says she's going to propose to him on the first day of January. A bachelor should marry, because God has said, that "It is not good that man should be alone." To marry will make him better. The love of a good woman is infinitely the best thing in the world. With the advent of children, selfishness will disappear, and he will be happier. Mutual sympathy between man and wife, is the sweetest of life's joys. Woman's love is stronger than death. Misfortune cannot suppress it; enmity cannot alienate it; temptation cannot enslave it. It is the guardian angel of the nursery and the sick-bed. It is the ministering spirit of home.

J. R. WILSON

EDITOR HUSTLER: In an earnest effort to liquidate a debt owing to Mr. John F. Rowland for a wagon load of Ochlawa pumpkins delivered at our office during the late financial panic in Wall Street, I desire to sacrifice my principles to the exigencies of embarrassment and submit, without prejudice (equitable or otherwise), the following reasons why a bachelor should marry:

First. He should marry so as to reduce himself from a Unit to a Common Fraction and his Sweetheart to a "Back Number."

Second. He should marry to familiarize himself with a Figure of Speech.

Third. He should marry to practice the economy which teaches that two can live on less than one and that one man in the house is worse than two on the

rock pile. Fourth. He should marry to enjoy the last refuge of indolence, to strengthen his hope in the Hereafter, to commiserate with his contemporaries in matrimony and die with his face to his Jug and Jerusalem and be satisfied to go to any old place.

Yours etc.
E. W. EW BANK.

"Marriage is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

No man ever yet lived a right life who was not strengthened by a woman's courage, ennobled by her love, and guided by her discretion. This experience is most perfectly found in a marriage based upon sincere affection and mutual companionship. In such a union man finds his pleasure doubled, his cares divided, a perpetual friendship, and a thorough confidence. True home life is ideal, and is the nearest approach to heaven.

LILA RIPLEY BARNWELL

THE BACHELOR'S BULLETIN.

Of The Hustling Hustler

Why bachelors should marry?
Oh, that's as plain as day;
It's the only plan by which the man
Can keep the girls away.
Though you're homely as a Hoodoo,
With neither health nor wealth,
Some spinster love will claim her own,
And steal you off by stealth.

Why bachelors should marry?
Doesn't Mister Roosevelt say?
Should you tarry—hopes miscarry,
For Graces, too, grow gray;
And the yearning Soul that hankers
For the gifts that Hymen gleams;
Wants his dearest just the nearest
To a lassie—in her—teens.

Why bachelors should marry
Who can doubt the reason why?
If unmarried you're unharried
By the cares that make men sigh.
But why dare you be dodging
The debts that all should pay?
Now don't explode, but lift your load,
And Pop—as best you may.

Why bachelors should marry?
Of course they Must and Shall;
And if you've got a house and lot,
You'll easily find the Gal.
You may be gray and grizzly,
And her teens barely told;
But virgins wise will shut their eyes
When Luck counts out the gold.

Why bachelors should marry?
Heavens, that's as plain as day;
Until you do, the maids pursue,
For is not man her—prey?
I mean, she always Prays for man,
And that's his sole redemption:
Shut up your Shop, and go and Pop,
And then you'll win exemption.

By a Bereaved Bachelor
Oct 28 1907. Landrum, S. C.
Dedicated to the Matrimonial Bureau
of the Hustler.

A. M. HUGER.

EDITOR HUSTLER: A bachelor should marry because it is his duty. Generally they are such mean creatures however, that they consider neither duty nor anything else but their own comfort.

AN OLD MAID.

EDITOR HUSTLER: If bachelors were taxed the Hustler would not have to ask so silly a question.

A WOMAN.

The Synod.

The Synod of North Carolina ended their sessions on Friday last. The visiting ministers and laymen were all taken care of by the hospitable people of the town, and they all seemed to be very favorably impressed with the city.

Dr. R. B. Grinnan was an extremely busy man during the week. It was due to Dr. Grinnan's efforts that the Synod came to Hendersonville, an honor which is generally appreciated by our people.

To Dr. Grinnan and those hospitable and kindly folks who opened wide their doors for the entertainment of these gentlemen, a vote of thanks is due.

The Synod previous to adjournment, adopted the following resolution:

"The Synod of North Carolina would express to the pastor and members of the Hendersonville Presbyterian Church, to the members of other churches and to friends in this beautiful mountain town, its heartfelt thanks for the warm welcome and abounding hospitality which they have so generously extended.

Upon all these kind friends the Synod would invoke the rich blessing of heaven."

Appreciated.

This is the impression one man carried away of Hendersonville and of Dr. Grinnan:

Rev. R. B. Grinnan, D. D., Hendersonville, N. C.

My Charming Host and Brother:—

Like the atmosphere of your delightful town, your hospitality in taking care of us wanderers on the earth was rare and delightful. I don't see how you could have done anything more for the comfort and pleasure of your "distinguished" guests than you did. I am sure that not one of them however distinguished he may be, had he the choice of future hosts but would vote unanimously for R. B. Grinnan, D. D., of Hendersonville.

Fraternally yours,
M. B. PORTER.

Mr. Editor:—In the name of the congregation of the Presbyterian church, I wish very heartily to thank the kind friends of Hendersonville who, with such true hospitality, assisted in entertaining the delegates to the Synod of North Carolina. Very truly,
R. B. GRINNAN.

Possum and Sweet 'Taters

Even the word staste good, don't they? And now, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. J. A. Hatch, of the Hendersonville Hay and Grain Co., and L. W. Walker, of the Crescent Carbonating Company, these prime necessities of life may soon be had at a price which will put them on the humblest table in Hendersonville, three times a day, if wanted.

Mr. Hatch and Mr. Walker have formed a company known as the "Hendersonville Possum and Potato Company, Limited." They propose to raise both the possums and taters right here at home, and have bought a great tract of land for that purpose. Mr. Walker, who is an expert on possums, says he will carry the fence to enclose this tract below the surface about 18 feet, so the possums cannot dig under it. He has figured out how rapidly they will multiply and expects to be able to supply the local market without any trouble.

Mr. Hatch, who is an accomplished agriculturist, will attend to the sweet potatoes, and will raise them by the thousands of bushels. It is said the profit is enormous, but they refuse to sell any of the stock in the company, and both wear a large and comprehensive smile that is beautiful to behold when their future profits are mentioned.

The Electric Road.

Construction work on the electric road between here and Asheville will begin in Hendersonville. The company will shortly make public the exact date on which building operations will begin.

"What's in the Piper About You?"

Dr. William Redin Kirk tells this little story:

"I was in San Francisco, several years ago. Walking down Market street, one night, I noticed a ragged little newsboy with a bundle of unsold newspapers. It was raining, and the night was cold and blistery. Under the glare of the electric lights the boy's face looked wan and dejected, and as he turned his great appealing eyes to me and shrilled, "Piper, piper, sir," he tugged strongly at my heart strings. I bought the papers under his arm. He looked up at me with astonishment writ large on a somewhat grimy face, and holding the money tightly clasped in his little hand, in a voice full of wonder, said: "Why, wot's in the piper about you, boss?"

DROPPED DEAD!

Captain B. T. Morris Drops Dead at The Court House While in The Performance of His Duty.

Capt. B. T. Morris dropped dead in county commissioners' room, Tuesday, while the finance committee, of which he was one, was making a settlement with ex-Sheriff Rhodes. He fell back into the arms of Postmaster Brownlow.



CAPT. B. T. MORRIS

Jackson, and was laid gently on the floor. Drs. Egerton and Waldrop were hastily summoned, but their skill was unavailing. Death had been instantaneous.

The Captain appeared to be in his usual health when he entered the commissioners' room. While making the settlement with Mr. Rhodes a column of figures did not total alike. Capt. Morris got up from his seat and was looking over Sam King's shoulder trying to find the error, when suddenly, without a sound, he fell back, dead, into the arms of Brownlow Jackson.

Confusion ensued. The doctors were called, but they found only the lifeless clay of what Judge Pace says "was the best man in Henderson county," with a group of stunned men, heads uncovered, standing reverently around it, talking in hushed tones of the man they all knew and loved so well.

Capt. B. T. Morris would have been 70 years old next April. He was born in Polk county, was Captain of Co. B, 64th N. C. Regiment and served with distinction and honor through the war. He was Register of Polk county, County Commissioner and member of the Finance Committee of Henderson county, and faithful to his trust, always.

He was a man devoted to his church and his party. No more faithful church worker than he, and no better Democrat. A busy man, yet never so busy that the day's work on his farm was ever started without family and servants being assembled for family prayer. A man with as few enemies as any man with red blood in his veins may have. A Christian and an ideal citizen, the loss of whom is a blow to Henderson county.

Capt. Morris had been married three times. His first wife was a Miss Pace, by whom he had six children: Mrs. L. L. Johnson, Mrs. T. L. Johnson, Mrs. Corpening, Mrs. Kimzey, deceased,

The Railroad Looks Good!

Buncombe and Polk Speak

They Follow Henderson's Lead In Satisfactory Style

Good for Buncombe! She voted for progress and prosperity like a little man, and will hand over \$200,000 to the new railroad when it has complied with the conditions of the contract.

Over four thousand votes cast in favor of the bonds and but 25 against. The majority cannot be definitely stated until the board of canvassers go over the registration books.

Buncombe did very well, indeed, and we are inclined to be rather proud of her.

She has proved to be an apt pupil and she certainly deserves another railroad for her good conduct, and Old Henderson will see that she gets it, so she will!

And Polk came across in noble style, too. It was sweeping victory there, the majority being something like 400.

Buncombe's action assures the construction of the road. Work will begin not later than Jan. 1, 1908, and will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

Most of the stores were closed and the town had the appearance of Sunday. The store windows were covered with admonitions to vote for the bonds, and they evidently did. Good organization hard work and a desire for a competing road is shown by the vote.

Says the 'steamed Citizen': "An impression which contributed to the success of the bonds was that Henderson county had given 1200 majority for its \$50,000 bonds. A number of people declared it would never do to let,

Henderson give a bigger majority than Buncombe. As a matter of fact there was no 1200 majority in Henderson, the 1200 being the number of votes cast for the bonds and it corresponds with the number cast in this county for the bonds. The committee feels that Henderson's action was a great help."

(Now, aint that real mean? No 1200 majority!)

"Buncombe saw Henderson's lead and 'went it one better.' It was a hard clip to follow, but Buncombe had on her running shoes.

"Clear the track now for the first engine of the Appalachian Interurban railway.

"Guess Henderson county will get that megaphone message returned with a few votes added.

"Is Buncombe progressive? Well, rather. Look at the vote!"

"In the glorious path cut out by Henderson county, Buncombe and Polk have followed. It remains now for Transylvania and Haywood to complete the procession of progress and enterprise, and that they will do so no one can doubt.

"Incidentally it might be remarked that the newspapers of Buncombe, Henderson and Polk have illustrated the fact that there is little that can withstand a combined press. Risking the appearance of boasting, it can be stated that without the strenuous work of the papers in the counties mentioned there might have been a different story to tell."

M. T. Justus, who is 79 years old to-day, has lived here over 56 years. He has worked for 64 years, a total of 300,480 hours, an average of 15 hours every day, has 5 children 16 grand children, and 2 great grandchildren, and is the youngest man in town to-day.



Hoke Morris, deceased, Hilliard Morris, now in the mail service. His second and third wives were sisters, the Misses Hawkins.

He was a man of substantial means. The funeral occurred Wednesday, interment being at Mills River.

Henderson needs a live organization of business men, with a paid secretary, and a heap of proper advertising matter to send out

Remember last season!

James Jones, one of Henderson county's most substantial citizens died at his home at Upward, last Sunday, at the age of 82 years. He was buried in the Jones cemetery. He leaves a wife and several children. About one year ago Mr. Jones returned from the West, where he had lived and prospered for ten years, and bought back the old homestead in which he had lived for so many years.

Charles G. McDowell.

Chas. G. McDowell, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Henderson county, died at his home near Fletchers, Tuesday, at the ripe age of 87. The funeral occurred Wednesday. Mr. McDowell was one of the substantial citizens of Henderson county, an influential man in his community, and a devoted father and husband. He leaves a widow and seven children: Mrs. A. J. Reeves, Spartanburg; Mrs. Emma Reed, Birmingham; Mrs. Myra _____, Lincolnton, N. C.; Mrs. C. H. Rice, Union, S. C.; Mrs. Burnett, Spartanburg; A. J. McDowell, Fletcher; James McDowell, Winston-Salem.

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