

The Trench Broad Hustler.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907

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Remarkable Climate, Very

Here are a few voluntary testimonials as to the effects of this glorious climate:

Editor Hustler: When I came to Hendersonville I weighed only twelve pounds. Now I tip the scales at 245.

CITIZEN.

Editor Hustler: When I came to Hendersonville, three years ago, I was suffering from loss of appetite and voted the Republican ticket. I can now digest anything and vote the straight Democratic ticket.

PUBLICAN.

Editor Hustler: When I came to Hendersonville I was a nervous wreck as a result of seeking investment for my surplus wealth. Dear Editor, after living here five years I find I no longer am obliged to worry about my surplus wealth.

X.

Editor Hustler: When we came to Hendersonville we were poor and had 14 children and 11 dogs. We are now the proud parents of twins, and have lived here only one year. We leave tomorrow.

PATER.

Valuable Coin

D. R. Chewning has a coin which he prizes highly, as does Sheriff Williams that coin of his, mention of which was made in this paper some time ago.

It was the first piece of money ever presented to Mr. Chewning, who has had it now for nearly 57 years. It bears the date of 1827, while Sheriff Williams coin has 1825 under it. Where our present half-dollars have the words "half dollar" stamped "50c." The piece of silver is not worn at all, was given to Mr. Chewning when a baby, by an uncle, and is naturally highly prized by him.

Oyster Supper

The ladies of the Hospital Association will give an oyster supper on December 19th, in the vacant building opposite the Hotel Gates. It will commence at 4.30. There will also be a table devoted to fancy work—and it might possibly afford a sharp buyer a chance to pick up a nice Christmas present at less-than cost.

Anyway, the oysters will be fine and for one we are going and intend eating oysters just as long as the ladies will bring 'em along.

The New Sheriff.

Through the death of Sheriff Freeman, Dr. Kirk is now Sheriff of Henderson county, the law providing, under such circumstances, that the Coroner of a county immediately becomes its Sheriff, until the county commissioners, in regular session, fill the vacancy.

It is believed that R. P. Freeman will be appointed to fill his brother's place. A petition which is being generally signed, is being circulated, asking the commissioners to take such action.

The Baby.
WHERE did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss?
Three angles gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and hands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be, you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

—George Macdonald.

Missionary Tea

The Womans Auxiliary of St. James church gave a Missionary Tea, at the Rectory on Thursday, which from every point of view was a success.

The study and dining room were decorated with potted plants, trailing ferns and hemlock, which in the soft light of the many candles and shaded lamps appeared very attractive and cozy.

Mrs. Hatch as vice president and Mrs. Wilcox were the hostesses and were ably assisted by Mrs. Fred Ewbank and Miss Robards. Mrs. Hewett and Miss Steedman presided at the tea table which with its old silver service, candelabra and cut glass looked very pretty and inviting. The Misses Haas, Ewbank, Hathaway Smith and Emily Ewbank assisted as servers and saw that all had a "coupe o' kindness for auld lang syne."

Mr. Wilcox made an address on missionary work in general and on the work being done at the Thompson Orphanage in particular. A liberal silver offering was made for the benefit of the Thompson Orphanage, Charlotte.

The Womans Auxiliary wishes to thank all who contributed to make the occasion such a social and financial success.

Died While Hunting.

Altogether, that was an ill-fated hunting trip which took Capt. M. C. Toms to the eastern part of the state recently.

The Captain came back seriously sick, and has not yet entirely recovered. He left Florence on Monday for home, and on Wednesday, Mr. W. A. French, with whom he had been hunting, was stricken with apoplexy and died in the woods.

Mr. French spent part of last summer here, where he made many friends during his short stay.

He was nearly 72 years of age, and had spent practically all of his life in Wilmington, and was one of the most successful business men of that city.

Over 50 years ago he married Miss Harriet Timmons, of Eflingham, S. C., and is survived by her and four children.

An Organization of Business Men.

Every Progressive City has Some Such Organization. Hendersonville Must Have it Also. A Proposed Reorganization Plan of the Present Board of Trade.

Every live town, every town which is trying to induce people to locate within its boundaries, which wants conventions, or new enterprises, which is trying to advance in material prosperity, has an organization of its business men of some kind or other.

In some places it's called a Board of Trade. In others, a Business Men's League. In others again a Retail Merchants Association.

But whatever its name its purpose is to aid the town and its members.

It's simply an organization of business men who want to advance their own interests, pure and simple.

It's no longer an experiment. Almost every town from New York city down to the least pretentious town has such an organization, and they are doing good and effective work.

The Hendersonville Board of Trade has been through many trials and tribulations. It has been accused of being only a "hot air organization." The good it has done has been lost sight of and most of its critics have been men who refused to aid by their membership, and their little old 25c dues an organization of Hendersonville business men who were working for HENDERSONVILLE.

And don't ever forget that when you benefit HENDERSONVILLE you benefit, more or less directly, every business man in it.

One thing is certain, when the new railroad is built it will be a monument to the board of trade, for in that organization, the great scheme was originated.

However, let's forget all that. There must be an organization of Hendersonville business men of some kind.

At the next meeting of the Board, to be held Thanksgiving night, a new secretary will be elected, and a new plan of operations submitted to the meeting.

It will be proposed to get every business man in town as a member.

The meetings of the board will be held, say, once or twice a year.

A board of directors of 12 or 15 of the best known men in town will be elected by the board, to serve one year, without pay.

These men, with the secretary and president, will do all the active work.

If there's a chance to land a convention here, it will be their business to try and land it.

They will work and work hard to get manufacturing enterprises here.

They will attend to the very important matter of properly advertising the town.

For instance, an advertisement would be inserted in the Manufacturers Record, and kept there all the time, setting forth the advantages offered by this city as a site for different enterprises.

When inquiries are received, it will be their duty to make the best offer possible under the circumstances.

Working along these and kindred lines, the results would be certain and highly beneficial, and every man in town would benefit thereby.

The dues should be fifty cents a month.

A statement of receipts and expenditures should be made, say every three months.

If every business man in town joined, there would be money enough for all legitimate expenses, and the money would be spent for the benefit of HENDERSONVILLE.

Asheville's growth and present population of over 26,000 is due in no small measure to the active, united and well directed efforts of her business men to push and talk a blow and advertise ASHEVILLE.

What has been done there can be here.

Under this proposed plan, there would be no so-called hot air. The directors would do all the work. The results would be published, when results are obtained and not before.

The effective organization would be there ready at all times to act, to seize any opportunity to benefit the whole community.

By electing the right men as directors and the right man as secretary, with the united support of the entire business interests of the town, the results would be absolutely certain.

Some such plan will be submitted next Thursday night. It is believed.

The last meeting was fairly well attended. R. M. Oates, Dr. Kirk, Dr. Hunter, and others spoke briefly. The advertising committee is working steadily, and will push that important matter. They have had several meetings and have fully decided upon their course of action. The ladies will be called upon to see the boarding house keepers. It is desirable to get the advertising out at as early a date as possible.

At The Postoffice

She was from 'way back in the mountains. Going to the stamp window she asked Claude Pace for a stamp, for which she handed him one cent. Mr. Pace said the stamp cost two cents.

"Two cents? Huh, an' I can git all I want down ter Saludy fer one cent. Keep yer stamp, young man. I'll wait 'till I get home and buy my stamps there!"

Notice to Taxpayers.

All persons who may be due taxes to the town of Hendersonville for the year 1907 are respectfully requested and earnestly solicited to call and settle their city dues. I must have money to meet the indebtedness of the town and after Jan. 1, 1908, I will proceed to collect as the law directs. Don't let your property be advertised; it may hurt your credit.

Yours truly,
T. M. SMITH,
City Tax Collector
Hendersonville, N. C., Nov. 25, 1907.

The Death of J. L. Freeman

County Loses Another Faithful Official. A Loss to the Community. What Was Said of Him by Men Who Have Known Him

Joseph Lola Freeman, Sheriff of Henderson county, died Thursday night, Nov. 21, at midnight, at the age of 35 years, and after holding office for one year, lacking ten days.

Sheriff Freeman had not been well for some time and on the same day that Capt. B. T. Morris dropped dead in the court house he took to his bed. The best medical attention and most devoted nursing proved unavailing, and death came Thursday night.

The funeral occurred at 12 o'clock Friday. Brief services were held at the county jail. The body was taken to Fruitland where services were conducted by Rev. E. Allison, of Brevard. Interment was in the family burying ground, about one mile from Fruitland.

The pall bearers were: C. E. Wilson, Charles French Toms, C. E. Brooks, Henry Twyford, T. R. Barrows and

J. L. Freeman was one of five sons of J. B. Freeman. About 12 years ago he married W. B. Coston's daughter, and two children, Plato and Lora, resulted from the union, all of whom survive him.

On next Monday he would have filled the office of Sheriff of Henderson county just one year. So far as we are aware no other sheriff or elected official of the county has ever died in office here.

While it was generally known that Sheriff Freeman was dangerously sick his death came as a shock to the whole community, and expressions of sincere sympathy for the grief stricken wife and fatherless children were heard on all sides.

At twelve o'clock on Friday last the mortal remains of Sheriff Freeman were taken from his official residence at the county jail and placed in a waiting hearse. Followed by nearly a score of carriages, containing the bereaved family and some of the best known men of Hendersonville anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to a faithful official, the sad cavalcade began its seven mile journey to Fruitland, the old home and destined to be the last resting place of a man well-beloved in his community.

The sun was obscured. The rain fell gently and the blue sky was covered with heavy clouds, as the sad procession moved slowly along the road so often traveled by the dead Sheriff.

Past prosperous farms, up and down long hills, keeping Bald Top Mountain with a circle of snowy clouds hanging over its peak, ever in view, with a new picture of marvellous beauty unfolding at each turn of the road, Fruitland was

finally reached.

The news had already spread far, and scores of sorrowing friends were waiting outside the church for the arrival of what must ever be the saddest of all processions.

When the first hymn "I am going home," was sung, the church was crowded to the doors. Students from the Institute for which the dead Sheriff had done so much were there. Members of the bar and public officials of the county were there. And men and women from near and far, men and women who do not show grief easily were there and broke down utterly and cried.

It was said to be the most remarkable demonstration of grief and sorrow ever occurring at any similar occasion in the county and showed how strong a hold the dead man held on the heart strings of the people who knew and loved him.

Rev. Allison spoke Heaven-given words of comfort to the grief-stricken family, and his tribute to the man before him was fine: "As a citizen and as a man he was true to whatever was entrusted to him. In one word, he was a good man and goodness is greatness."

Ex-Sheriff Williams said: "The life and character of J. L. Freeman is demonstrated by the character of this assemblage gathered to pay him their last tribute of love and respect. The county has lost a valued citizen and Fruitland Institute a faithful trustee."

W. A. Smith then said: "I find comfort, as we all must, in one sentence from Brother Allison's text: 'For though we walk in the valley of the shadow of death Thy rod shall comfort us.' Sheriff Freeman had no spite, nor envy, nor malice, nor hatred. He was honest and true."

Charles French Toms in a few well chosen words paid a sincere tribute to the departed official.

Judge Pace said: "His death has fallen heavily upon me"—and here the judge barely able to talk for emotion, broke down utterly and cried as a little child.

Ex-Sheriff Rhodes. "The people found in him an active and true friend." Before the flower-covered casket was taken from the church, and that kindly face with its genial smile forever hidden from this world, the congregation filed slowly past the casket for a last look at their dead friend.

Old and young, men women and children were there, and their uncontrolled sorrow was pitiful. Great bearded men, men who have seen death many times and have not been afraid, broke down and sobbed, and the whole church was full of sorrow.

The pallbearers gently bore the casket to the hearse again. Once more the sad journey was resumed and in the family burying ground, possibly a mile from the church, a new-made grave was waiting amidst the tall and solemn pines.

Gently the casket with its silver plaque "At Rest" was lowered into Mother Earth. Solemn and sad sounded the words of the benediction, and slowly and sorrowfully the mourners departed, leaving the dead alone with his own people who had been waiting there for him.

Thanksgiving Services at Local Churches

Thanksgiving will be fittingly observed by all the churches today.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Churches will unite in holding Thanksgiving services, at the Presbyterian church at 11 o'clock this morning.

Rev. John W. Moore will preach if here, otherwise, Dr. Grinnan. A collection for the orphanages of both denominations will be taken.

At the Episcopal Church. Thanksgiving services will be held at 11 o'clock. Dr. Wilcox will conduct the services. The church has been prettily decorated by the ladies. Holy communion at 8 in the morning.

At the Baptist Church Rev. Lawson will hold Thanksgiving services at 11 o'clock. A collection will be taken for the Orphanage.

Good Advertising Means \$\$\$ to You
N. BUCKNER, The Ad. Man
Asheville, N. C.

My dear Barrows:

I can't help but congratulate you on the great improvement shown in the HUSTLER from both mechanical and news standpoint. It's a newsy sheet and a paper that should go into every home in Henderson County. Such a paper will prove profitable to merchants who carry advertising space in it,-- providing, of course, they work the space properly.

Yours very truly,
N. Buckner.