

The French Broad Hustler.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908

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Cowpens vs. Hendersonville

The ball game Thursday was too much of a one-sided affair to be exciting. Hendersonville won the game by the overwhelming score of 14 to 4.

The locals scored four runs in the first inning. The home run made by Rhodes in this inning was the feature of the game which was the only one of the kind this season.

Lynch did his usual good playing, and his support was highly appreciated. He made two runs and also got two hits to his credit. Several two and three base hits were made in the game.

Martin made a three-base hit in the first inning and finished the home run on an error of Patton.

Hendersonville made three more runs in the fourth inning.

In the fifth inning there were many changes in the original line-up. Harris had been pitching for the locals and was doing nice work, but his arm was feeling a little off and he put Waldrop in the box.

Oglesby also gave up the box for Wilkins.

At the end of the seventh inning the most of the rooters in the grand stand took the dummy for home, as the game was practically won.

Following is the tabulated score:

H'ville	AB	R.	H.	PO	E.
Patton, c.	4	3	2	7	1
Justus l.f.s.s.	5	2	2	2	1
Lynch 2 b.	5	2	2	2	0
Bryson, 3 b.	4	1	5	0	1
Rhodes, 1 b.	5	1	2	9	1
Edwards, r.f.	5	1	0	1	0
Waldrop, p.s.s.	4	1	0	11	0
Harris, l.f. p.	5	1	2	0	0
Morris, c. f.	5	2	0	1	0

Total	AB	R.	H.	PO	E.
Cowpens	42	14	12	24	4

Oglesby s.s.p.	AB	R.	H.	PO	E.
Rickard, r.f.	3	0	0	2	0
Martin, c.f. 2b.	4	1	1	1	1
Minor, 2b.	3	1	2	2	0
Armstrong, 1b 4.	1	1	1	10	1
Johnson, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0
Wilkins r f i.	4	1	0	4	0
Lynch, c.	3	0	0	0	1
Brown; 3b.	3	0	0	0	1

Totals	AB	R.	H.	PO	E.
Hendersonville	33	4	5	23	5

Score by innings:

Hendersonville	401	340	011
Cowpens	200	300	000

Union Picknickers.

A special train, containing six car-loads of picknickers, from the Monarch Cotton Mills at Union, S. C., rolled in this morning at 10 o'clock.

There was a much larger crowd than was here from Spartanburg. The line of people extended nearly from the depot to the dummy line, and it included all sizes, ages and conditions, from tiny infants to grayheaded grandfathers.

The ball team which will play here to-day, was also on the special.

From the appearances of the players, some of the town people have already prophesied defeat for them. Regardless of this, they have come with a splendid record as ball players.

The crowd dispersed, some going direct to Laurel Park, others taking in the sights of our beautiful city.

The excursion will leave this afternoon at 6 o'clock.—Fridays Daily.

A Horrible Massacre of the Talequah Tribe, Indians.

There was a general uprising of Talequah, No. 98, of Hendersonville last night, beginning about 9 o'clock and continuing through several hours, before same could be corralled and gotten under control.

Immediately following this outbreak the following chiefs were raised to the stump, as a tribute to their courage and bravery:

Sachem, J S James
St. Sagamore, C P Rogers
Jr. Sagamore, J V Blythe
Prophet, C W Davis
Chief of Records, J H Lockett
1st Saunnap, T A Jackson
2nd Saunnap, E L Osteen
1st Brave, C E Wilkie
2nd Brave, Jesse Allen
3rd Brave, H O Howard
4th Brave, Ed Posey
1st Warrior, L E Thompson
2nd Warrior, John Rogers
3rd Warrior, C W James
4th Warrior, C M Goode.
Guard of the Forest, Hilliard Maxwell.
Guard of the Wigwam, A D Brown.

The Great Prophet of North Carolina, E A Ebert, of Winston-Salem, assisted by Sachem Joe N Black and the following degree team from Asheville: J M Black, T L Frierson, N A Harrison, J A Banks, Ike Swartzberg, J B Bell, Pink Smith, Robert Israel, Caney Smith, M Swartzberg, W E Moore, H N Fisher, C L Davis, J R Edmonds, M W Noblett.

From present indications another outbreak of this tribe is expected on the 29th sleep of Buck Moon Great Sun discovery 417, at which time there will be a number of pale faces scalped and adopted unto this tribe.—Thursdays' Daily.

COMPLEMENTED.

Wednesday's Charlotte Observer had this bit of news that will interest many Henderson county people:

"The Southern Industrial Institute, it is said, will have this fall the strongest faculty it has ever had. Mr. N. S. Ogburn the principal for the past three years, is now at the Moody Bible School in Chicago. This fall he will be at Vanderbilt in Nashville and later will go to the foreign field. In his place Mr. J. Foy Justice, of Hendersonville, has been secured. He comes very highly recommended, being considered by those in authority as one of the strongest of a class of 56 members at Wake Forest. He has had one year's experience in teaching."

Young Mr. Justice is a son of Rev. Amos I. Justice a well-known Baptist divine, who resides near this city. Foy is a bright "boy" and deserves to succeed. Numerous friends here will be glad to know that his ability has been recognized. The Hustler being one of them.

Social Events.

The Gates hotel hereafter will make a specialty of the Saturday evening dances and the free Sunday concerts.

Mr. Dudely Gaffney of Spartanburg, with his excellent tenor voice always adds great spirit to the music.

On the night of August the 8th, there will be a testimonial concert dance at the Gates. It will be a full dress occasion, and the benefit will be given to the Gates Orchestra, the music of which is so highly admired by the guests of the hotel.

Stylish Chicken.

This great home journal has told the truthful tale of the chicken with the wooden leg. Also of the fish and the dollar bill. This is of the chicken with a gold ring three stones on its leg. It was a hen chicken—of course.

Jess Shepherd had fried chicken for dinner last Sunday. George, his youngest boy, was busy with a leg of the chicken, when his teeth closed on a solid gold ring with three stones in it which was firmly fastened, unbroken, around the leg of the fowl. The boy is now wearing the ring instead of the chicken.

How did the ring get there? Mr. Shepherd says the chicken was young and tender and plump, and he always thought it a bit vain—it was a hen chicken, you know. He thinks the ring was a token of love and esteem from some admiring rooster, but Homer Hawkins, the jeweler, says he never, in all his life sold a rooster a solid gold ring with three stones in it. That is, so far as he can recollect. And of course Mr. Hawkins would recollect—it would be so unusual—a rooster asking to be shown an engagement ring, with three stones in it!

So, how did the hen get the ring and how did she get it in her leg? The Daily Hustler will go free to the person offering the best solution of a mystery, which has kept us awake nights for most a week.

WINS VALUABLE PRIZE.

Miss Rosa Sunofsky, this city, won a valuable prize of a \$65 tailor made suit last week, as a result of her labors as a candidate in the Citizen's contest.

Mr. Adams, a representative of the Citizen, says that Miss Rosa stands a favorable showing for the automobile.

Accident.

W. P. Barlett was walking around yesterday morning with his hand well wrapped. He says that in handling his gun, not knowing that it was loaded, it was discharged, part of a load of number eight shot lodging in his hand.

Eight Feet of Water.

The new dam of the Electric Light Company on Big Hungry was tested last Thursday and it stood the test.

At 3 o'clock they telephoned to town that it was raining there, just a little.

At 5 o'clock they telephoned again. This time the water had risen 8 feet, and in a solid, irresistible, foam-flecked wall was dashing over the concrete dam with such force that it struck the rocks in the river bed 12 feet from the dam.

The foreman of the plant walked across the river, between the outermost projections of the dam, six feet from its face, and the descending curtain of water, dry shod and with a dry skin.

The wall of water, carrying logs, trees, debris of every description, roaring and tearing over the jagged rocks and finally spending its angry strength on the massive dam was a spectacle magnificent, and the fact that the dam was absolutely uninjured in its contest with this outbreak of Dame Nature speaks well for the solidity of the massive structure.

Prize Contest At The Cates.

The euchre party at the Gates last evening was a very enjoyable affair. The game lasted from 9:30 until 11:30. Then the score cards were called. The punches showed that the two head prizes had been won by Mrs. Burroughs, of Henderson, who received a beautiful burnt wood box containing two dainty handkerchiefs and Mrs. Fulton, of Texas, who received a large copy of Christie's picture entitled "Summer." Mr. Frank Edwards received the booby, a small package, which, when its numerous wrappings were removed, was found to contain a pair of tiny shoes "for de feet" (defeat). All drew ribbons from a basket of flowers for the consolation, and Mrs. Bunch being the lucky one, found a pretty handkerchief attached to the other end of her ribbon.

New Management.

S. H. Friedman, of Port Deposit, Maryland, his stopping at the Summer Home, intends to leave for Denver, Colorado next Monday.

This is his second visit to Hendersonville, where he has had the management of the Singer Sewing Machine company in this territory.

Owing to his good management here, the company will give him a promoted position in Denver.

He will be succeeded in his work here by J. E. Ganzens, of Jacksonville, who is now in the city, and who has been with the company for three years.—Friday Daily.

He Didn't Come.

The Hendersonville ball team did not succeed in getting a man from Durham to help them in the game today.

The team has been playing so much lately some of the boys are carrying painful bruises.

Forest has a sore finger and Rhodes limps from a sore foot. Anyway they will try their luck.

Wandering Child.

Thursday at 6 o'clock a two-year-old child got stranded from its home and was wandering around on Broad Street. Mrs. Homer Hawkins saw it on the street near her home, and fearing that it would be run over by a car or vehicle, took it in charge.

The child would only say, "Papa's gone." Mrs. Hawkins put out the alarm by phoning to different places in town.

In about three hour's time its mother was located, she being a Mrs. Scott, stopping at the Smith Cottage. The child had been left with a nurse, who let it go astray. It had gone the distance of three blocks, and there was great rejoicing when the parents found it.

At The Lyric.

Stop that Alarm and the Mysterious Phonograph are on at the Lyric today. A drunk bought an alarm clock and went to his room. The alarm went off and disturbed the guests. What they did for him was enough.

The phonograph answered all questions asked, but it did not give the answer that the ladies wished for.

The students' jokes and the Haunted Castle will be on tomorrow. If you like to see ghosts, see the Haunted Castle.

If you like College tricks, see the Students Jokes.

THE LATE REV. J. B. BOONE His Last Years at the Orphanage and Not Wholly Responsible.

Rev. M. L. Kesler, general manager at the Baptist orphanage in Thomasville, preached in Statesville recently, and spoke of the work at the orphanage. In concluding his remarks, says a Statesville dispatch, Mr. Kesler spoke feelingly of the life and character of the late manager of the orphanage, Rev. J. B. Boone, who died recently at Hendersonville. Mr. Boone was manager of the orphanage ten years and gave up the work three years ago when Mr. Kesler took charge. Mr. Kesler stated that Mr. Boone was one of the best and most influential men that has ever lived in North Carolina, and the Baptist and general citizenship of the state will never realize what he has done for them. He was not only a fine pastor, but was a public-spirited citizen, having organized the first graded school in the state at Charlotte. During his last days at the orphanage he did some things which caused bitter charges to be brought against him, and it was not learned until his death that Mr. Boone was not himself when he advanced the ideas which caused the trouble at the orphanage.

He died from "softening of the brain" and it was found at it had effected him for some years, but not until a short time before his death. He had enough burdens at the orphanage for two men and could not stand up under them. Mr. Boone detected his trouble himself before his condition became critical and during his last rational hours he spoke pathetically of his troubles. The people of the state should know these facts and Mr. Kesler is making them public. A long article by him relative to the matter mentioned will appear in the Biblical Recorder this week.

Mr. Kesler says that the Baptist of Statesville, Salisbury and other places, whom Mr. Boone served in early life can never do him enough honor. His influence during the time he was pastor of the First Baptist church of Statesville, which he organized in 1875 with a bout fifteen members, was great. He laid the foundation of the work and underwent great sacrifices. He was a gentleman always and deserved the honor of the people of the state and especially the members of the congregations of Statesville, Salisbury, Hendersonville and the other congregations served by him in the early days, and a movement is therefore on foot to raise \$500 to place a memorial tablet in the new infirmary as a memorial to him.

The Ladies Protest.

A few days ago a suggestion was made through the Hustler by some citizens of the town, that the young shade trees be trimmed to a certain height.

Now comes the kick from the ladies, both by the city people and the guests.

They are proclaiming that the grass has grown so high on some of the streets, that early in the morning, or after a rain, they can't walk the streets without soiling their dresses. They also claim that the shade trees are so low that they can't walk under them without almost ruining their hats—and it is all so.

Who can blame them for quarreling about it? Something will have to be done.

Eller Elected Chairman.

RALEIGH, July 23.—The state democratic executive committee tonight elected A. H. Eller of Winston-Salem chairman to succeed Hugh C. Chaaham, resigned. Chairman Eller reappointed Alex J. Field secretary.

In accepting the chairmanship, A. H. Eller spoke enthusiastically of the outlook, and expressed confidence that he would have the hearty support of democrats all over the state. The chair was directed by resolution to appoint a committee of five to revise the democratic plan of organization, and report to the next meeting of the executive committee.

Governor Glenn was called on for a speech and expressed the wish that some of the enthusiasm that he saw in Denver could be injected into the committee meeting and into North Carolina democracy. He declared that he never saw anything like it. He believed enough Western states would be carried for Bryan with the solid South to assure Bryan's election without New York. At the same time he believed the democratic financial and other planks would so impress New York financial and other interests before the campaign was over as to go along way toward democratic majorities in a number of the Eastern states.—Citizen.

Cannery at Dana.

The Merchant Brothers cannery at Dana opened for business last week. Today they are unloading a car, which contains about 20,000 tin cans. The company has canned somewhere near 25,000 cans of fruit and vegetables this season, and expects to have as many as 50,000 at the end of the summer.

Case and Jones, of Dana, will open their factory next week, and intend to preserve thousands of cans this season.

This is the second year that the Merchant Bros., have had their cannery in operation and they are expecting a profitable season, as the fruit crop is so abundant this season.

At The Postoffice.

Miss Pace was at the general delivery window at the postoffice yesterday, when a middle-aged man, a stranger and well dressed, said:

"Are you the postmaster?"

No, sir. Mr. Jackson is the postmaster and you will find him in his office in the rear of the rear of the building. Do you want to see him?"

"No, I only wanted to know if there was any mail for me," he replied.

"What name, please?"

"What name? Why, for ME. of course! Who else do you suppose I want mail for?"

Here's another:

A stranger wanted his mail. He was asked his name. "What do you want my name for, young man? Recon you know it when you see it, won't you?"

And Claude Pace has been trying to figure out the answer ever since.

Then, last Saturday, a man called for his mail and on being asked his name had plum forgotten it! He came back in about 15 minutes looking a bit sheepish, and said his name had just occurred to him!