

French Broad Hustler

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A STUDIED MOVEMENT

In an attempt to discredit the democratic administration, which appeared to have a monopoly on the credit of winning the war, the republicans organized a filibuster during the closing hours of the last congress and defeated several appropriation measures that were of vast importance in construction plans. The object of the dilatory tactics was to compel an extra session of congress for the purpose of getting a hand on the patronage, for one thing, and defeating the League of Nations conceived by President Wilson. They have won the first point, for hundreds of democrats employed by various and sundry committees of congress have already packed their grips and departed for their respective homes.

But not until the need for funds to pay the allowances of disabled soldiers, on account of the failure of the Sixty-fifth Congress to pass the necessary appropriation bill designed to meet this obligation was ascertained, did the president give his consent to call the new Congress in extraordinary session. Although handicapped by lack of sufficient funds with which they might function properly, the Government departments went ahead with their work in such a way as to merit the commendation of the country and accomplished a great deal that helped to stabilize conditions and get the country back into its normal swing.

Officials of the United States Employment Service charge that the defeat of the appropriation for this service, which had made extensive plans to get hundreds of thousands of discharged soldiers and sailors and released war workers back into peacetime employment, was inspired by certain interests seeking to impair the usefulness of the Department of Labor. However, the officials of this Department, through state and private aid, obtained sufficient funds to keep the service going and place thousands upon thousands of released fighters and war workers in good paying positions in essential industries.

Notwithstanding this accomplishment, we have witnessed the spectacle of seeking private aid to discharge duties the Federal government owed to the men who heeded the call to the colors when the national emergency arose, and the American people, remembering the senseless filibuster which impaired the wheels of progress, will not have to guess where to place the responsibility.

"You cannot fool all the people all the time."

ROOT ON THE LEAGUE

All of the republican leaders are not opposing the League of Nations. Former President Taft and Hon. Elihu Root are notable exceptions. Mr. Taft has been outspoken on the issue all the while and Mr. Root speaks his mind in no uncertain terms. He believes in discussion and says so. Hear this: "Discussion of the merits and faults of the scheme with a view to amendment is now the regular order of business. It was to give an opportunity for such a discussion that the paper was reported to the Paris Conference and made public by the committee that prepared it."

Why, yes, of course. That is what President Wilson has contended for all the while. But some "Round Robin" Senators, would have the American people believe that their President has been seeking to jam it down their throats without any consideration at all. When Mr. Root and other republicans of ability and standing offered amendments, their suggestions were promptly accepted by President Wilson. He is the servant of the people and not their master. He is acquainted with their needs and when the articles of peace have been signed it will be found that America was exceptionally well represented at the world conference which formulated the terms.

Suppose that when Congress declared war against Germany in April, 1917, the democratic party, the republican party, and the progressive party had each undertaken to raise an army independently, could there have been any hope of success? Did not the big allied nations, even, fail in their efforts to prevent the advance of the Huns until they got together and pooled their efforts under the leadership of General Foch? And did not the big men of all the nations involved in the allied cause surrender personal opinions for the sake of success through united effort? Now while this is a secular publication, we are wondering why one wing of a great denomination declines an invitation to cooperate with another in a highly commendable effort to Christianize the world. The question naturally arises "Is creed identity more important than Christianity?" Speaking for itself, this paper does not think so. All good people are traveling in the same direction, just as the immoral folks are doing. What does it matter about identity in a contest to save a lost world?

Christian denominations are organizing for service in the terror-stricken lands of Europe. A silver lining to war's black cloud on the little continent, which has been drenched with blood, is the growing spirit of toleration and of cooperation in mission fields. Christianity in these days must be broad and universally helpful. It makes little difference what the particular creed may be, if it stands for the reclamation of the race. Unity of purpose must be the slogan if the world is to be won for Him who came to seek and save those who were lost. It is a question of effort and not of creed.

War is not what it used to be. Science has made it unutterably destructive and would make the next one annihilating. To escape the destruction of civilization, there must be no more war. The League of Nations points the way to peace; such a league is a compact against war. The world needs a compact of that kind and the American people will register approval of the efforts of President Wilson to secure it. The American eagle might not be the same, but it should not be a bird of prey.

"And the cat came back." The Old Guard neither surrenders nor dies. With Penrose Lodge, Smoot, Warren Mann and Mondell in the saddle, the progressive Republicans in Congress sacrifice principle to party expediency. How different things might have been had Colonel Roosevelt lived. But under such leadership as this, what may the country expect from the new congress? But Woodrow Wilson is to be reckoned with and "while there's life there's hope."

"While I am for peace, my enemies cry for war," said the Psalmist. That was a long time ago. Now, there are two roads: one leads to peace, the other to war. The world has learned its lesson, and under the leadership of Lloyd George, of Clemenceau and of Woodrow Wilson, it will choose to tread the pathway of peace, heedless of the Reeds, the Borahs and the Poindexters.

In nine cases out of ten, those who are actively opposing the League of Nations are political enemies of President Wilson. Their personal and partisan dislike of him has warped their judgment and they can see no good in a man who does not sneeze when they take snuff. But their warped ideas will carry little influence with the American people.

Come up into the fair and flowery land and spend your summer vacation in this fine little city.

NATHAN GOLDMAN'S SHOP

Nathan Goldman, one of the best known merchants in Florida, will open a specialty shop here on June 15, in the room next to the Justus pharmacy.

Mr. Goldman will make a specialty of smart wearing apparel for women, priced, he says, at very reasonable figures.

"TWILIGHT" COMING

"Twilight," a pretty name for a pretty screen picture made at Chimney Rock, featuring Doris Kenyon, will be at the Queen Theatre next Thursday.

Chauncey Roberts, from Fletcher, will be associated with the Syncopated Sextette "jazz" orchestra at Laurel Park for the summer.

The Last Great War

T. R. BARROWS

The Henderson county farm house resting close to the road bore a discouraged look, the nearby and ramshackle old barn leaning towards it in a friendly sort of a way. A thin line of golden rod fringing the narrow path drooped in the August heat, while a service flag hung listlessly from the dwelling's porch. In an adjoining field two women loaded hay, resting on their forks for a moment as they watched a passing motor car.

"It seems a long time, mother, since we heard from him. Do you suppose—"

"Don't go worrying about that, now," came rather sharply from the caller of the laborers. "Goodness knows there's enough other things. And we've got to get this hay in the barn before night, too. Feels like rain, to me."

She looked at the western sky where the low hung sun was hidden by a gray cloud bank edged with scarlet and gold. Another hour and it would be on its way to another land, where the hearts of the women already were. With a half-suppressed sigh she returned to her task, pitching the hay high on the loaded wagon where the younger woman spread it skillfully. Soon the last forkful was off the ground and with a hearty "Gidap, there," to the waiting mare the perfumed load was taken to the well-ventilated barn.

Again choosing the harder task as her own, the elder of the two women began pitching the hay into the cobwebby loft, while her mind worked actively. She very well remembered the day her boy left home and Henderson county for the war. "A war for justice," came the half-formed thought. His going left her and his sister with a man's work to do on the mountain farm affording them a scant living, but the duty had been taken up without complaint. Perhaps the midsummer days were long and weariness their portion when the stars came, but the night wind had ever as its song refrain—"Justice, justice and right."

From earliest childhood, she remembered, had she instilled in her boy's heart a sense and a habit of justice, much as all mothers teach their sons habits of truthfulness and cleanliness. Even in play had she insisted he act justly towards his little mates, taking not what was theirs and inflicting upon them no needless pain. The task had not been an easy one, requiring patience loving and tireless, but she thanked her Maker she had succeeded. The seed sown, it developed as he developed, reaching its rich maturity as he reached man's estate, making him quickly sense the wrong committed across the sea and inspiring his going to France. She wondered if mothers of other boys understood the vastly important part they played in the righting of this same wrong. For she knew she was not alone in what she had taught and done, realizing that the regeneration of the world, born in the mother heart, was being accomplished by the greatest sacrifice any mother may offer to her God of Justice. All this without thought of self-praise and certainly without self-pity.

Instinctively she felt this multitude of American sons was invincible in war, and of the outcome she had never a fear. Before it was all over perhaps she, herself, would be called upon to give what was most dear. The thought caught at her throat and the long day's toil seemed to bring a new and sudden sense of utter weariness—almost of despair. She paused but an instant in her work, however, when the fast lessening load was attacked with a new vigor.

If, she ruminated, this great army armed with justice were invincible in the field, what would its representatives be when gathered around the peace table, there to decide the future destinies of the world? With a glow in her heart she knew the sense of justice planted in her son was but a symbol, a sign and token of the spirit that should preside all powerful at the conference. Believing this she found comfort in the knowledge that a just man covets not, neither does he trespass on his neighbor's rights. She well knew that from the mother heart came the desire and the will to have done with war and its unthinkable sum of suffering and wrong.

The last of the hay was thrown into the barn loft, which seemed filled

with the perfumes of the isles of the Blest. From its dim recesses came a cheerful call:

"Is that all, mother? It's nearly full, up here."

The patient mare, watching with intelligent eyes the labors of the women, whinnied as she heard oats being measured in the near by feed room. A spotted cow rattled her chain impatiently and wondered why she had been so long neglected. Soon from one stall was heard a contented crunching, while from another came the pleasant impact of milk foaming into a somewhat battered bucket.

Chores completed the women walked slowly towards the farm house, deserted and dark, while the promised rain still delayed. From the quiet sky the evening star looked down on a world asleep. To her it seemed an evangel of hope, eloquent of joy in work well done, in rest well earned, a promise of happiness in store. The night wind caressed the service flag, whispering solace that she had been divinely permitted to offer up a sacrifice, had been enabled to give her son the world's greatest heritage—a living, breathing, Spirit of Justice destined to regenerate and rule the universe, to govern all men's actions and so bring heaven to earth.

On the wide porch a low and comfortable chair invited, and utter weariness came over her as she sank happily in its depths. The drowsy hum of crickets alone broke the stillness as she watched a mist rising from the warm earth. To her half seeing eyes out of the mist seemed to come a figure—majestic, beautiful, terrible, in one hand was held a great sword, in the other balanced scales, and the eyes were no longer blinded. It was the Spirit of Justice, born in the mother heart and the all-dominant force at the peace table, where sat many men and women, clad in many uniforms. Surrounding them, in number beyond all reckoning, were shadowy forms of young men who had been taught, as she had taught her own boy, a God-like habit and sense of simple justice to others. Fields broad and pleasant were seen, dotted here and there with rose-covered cottages around which children played, their laughter mingled with the song of the feathered choir in many trees. Men and women with shoulders no longer rounded by unprofitable and endless toil but walking erect in the image of their God, were departing to their daily occupations, a smile on their lips and with brows quite serene. Of men armed for war she saw none and neither were any unduly raised above their fellows. The eyes of the aged held no haunting fear of that unjust poverty she so well knew, and of strife and too-strenuous striving there were none. In the far distance she dimly visioned many other strange and beautiful scenes, but ever she turned to the Spirit of Justice presiding with a calm divine at the table of world peace.

The sting of sharply driven rain awoke her. Hardly realizing it had been but a dream she opened the door of the quiet room. Beyond came a clatter of dishes as the younger woman prepared their simple meal, and as she entered there entered also her heart a peace which passeth all understanding, that peace to reign in this world as now in another but a sigh away.

For the last war was ended.

MODERN SERVICE STATION

The gas station being built by Marshall Moore of Greenville on Main street is the first modern station ever built here. The building is of brick and car owners will appreciate the opportunity of driving in under shelter when their car needs refreshment. Mr. Moore has a chain of such stations.

MULES AND MOTOR CARS

The more motor cars there are the higher are prices for mules, and horses, says J. B. Brookshire, who has sold goodness knows how many mules and horses in this county.

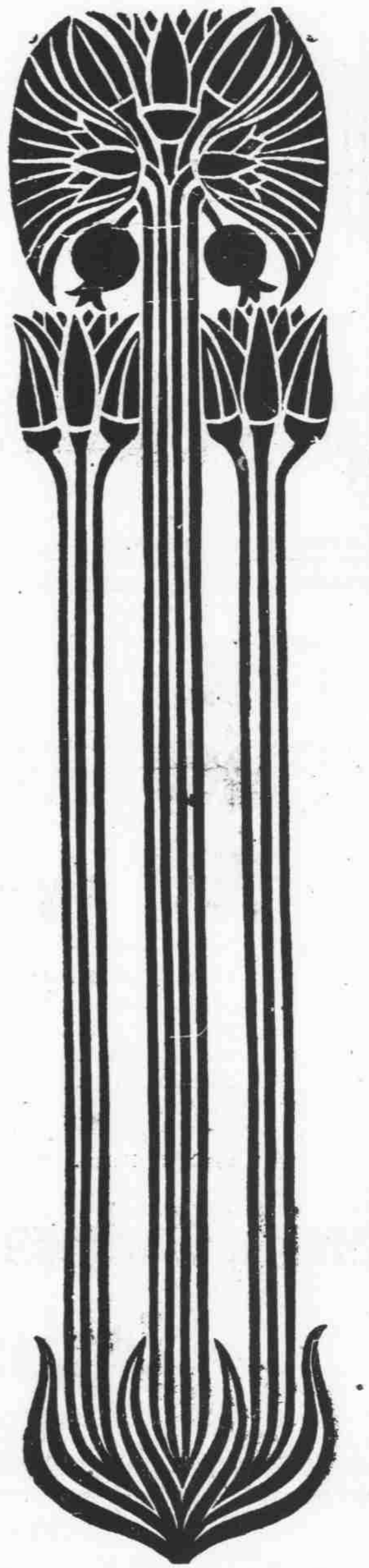
"This past year has been the biggest horse year in a quarter-century," said Mr. Brookshire. "Prices now are good, in spite of all these new cars you see every day on Main street."

Mr. Brookshire related an incident told him by a man from Wilson, this state. In one day recently six farmers came to town there and bought six teams for which they paid \$6,000, or \$1,000 for each team.

Mr. Brookshire believes the day of the mule and the horse is a long way from being over, but at the same time he wonders at it all—the more motor cars, the higher go the values on mules, and horses.

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