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VOL. XXX.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911.

NO. 35.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Of course everybody in this count-
ry was very sorry when the time
came for the Admiral Togo.

Some people are so anxious to "be
right" that they are right" before go-
ing ahead, that they never venture
out and accomplish anything.

Mr. Peace might have waited until
a colder weather to spring the thing,
but since he did not see fit to do so,
we shall have to make the best of it.

If the town boosting club could
find some way to convert all the
boosters into boosters, it would
then have no small army at its com-
mand.

Whatever else may be said of him,
Hose Smith continues to be the most
honored man in Georgia, being both
Governor of the State and United
States Senator at one and the same
time.

The prospects of a bumper cotton
crop may sound good now, but we
should not be unmindful of the fact
that the size of the crop is going to
have very much to do with the way
prosperity this fall.

Notwithstanding the recent revolu-
tion down in Mexico and the depart-
ure of President Diaz from that
country, things still seem to be in a
bad way down there and are not go-
ing to be much better until a better
race of people springs up in Mexico
to make them better.

When Governor Kitchin and Chief
Justice Clark entered the race for the
United States Senatorship, not a few
citizens thought that they ought to
resign their respective offices. But
Hose Smith has set quite a different
example by holding both the Govern-
orship and the United States Sena-
torship at the same time in his
State.

Governor Aycock has let it be
known that he is in the race for the
Senator to win or lose, and that those
who are depending on his retirement
from the race before the finish are
going to be disappointed. And the
indications are that he is going to
make it interesting for some of the
other candidates before the thing is
over with.

The town that waits for outsiders
to come in and build it up is like
the old farmer in the familiar fable,
who waited for his kinsmen and neighbors
to come in and harvest his grain.
Even the birds come and harvest his
seed, and he is left with a bare field
and no seed for next year.

Some half dozen or more interest-
ing communications for last week's
paper came in after it had been
printed and mailed. This was right
despite the fact that the publisher as
it must have also been to those who
sent them. We hope our good readers
will all try to be on time hereafter.
Instead of waiting till the last min-
ute, it is the best practice to rush
matter for publication just as rapidly
as possible. The Gold Leaf has a
fixed hour to go to press, and barring
accidents and the like, it will be
the invariable rule to close the forms
promptly at that hour.

You may organize your chambers
of commerce and your boosting clubs,
and split your throats shouting the
many advantages your town has to
offer to prospective manufacturers
and investors. But in getting up a
fund of \$200,000 among themselves
for the purpose of guaranteeing the
establishment of desirable manufactur-
ing enterprises in their town the
business men and citizens of the
town of Hickory have undoubtedly
adopted the more sure and practical
way of getting what they want. Hen-
derson might do well to emulate the
example of Hickory in this instance.

The Gold Leaf recently received a
letter from a lady in a far away State,
which read as follows: "I am send-
ing \$1.50 for a year's subscription to
the Gold Leaf. A cousin of mine
in your town has been sending me a
copy occasionally, and I find that no
other paper can take its place. As a
former resident of Kittrell, I feel as
if I were getting a long letter from
my old home each week. I can not
do without it." We greatly appre-
ciated this kindly letter, and trust
that the good lady in the far away
State will continue to appreciate the
Gold Leaf and that it will afford her
much real pleasure from week to
week. We would also like to return
our thanks to that good "cousin" if
we knew his or her identity. We only
wish there were a great many more
such "cousins" in Henderson and
Vance county. We would be glad to
"trace up kin" with all such. There
is probably nothing that you far
away friend or relative would appre-
ciate more than the weekly visits of
the Gold Leaf. Had you thought
about it?

OUR TOWN GOVERNMENT.

Room For Improvement—A Plea For More Progress.

My inflammatory nerves have be-
come somewhat inflamed. Excited
thoughts jump from one nerve gan-
gle to another in the convulsions of
my cerebral lobes like red jings play-
ing leap frog on a piano. I think
of our past or present state of
town government is enough to make
a tax payer mad enough to want to
crush a grape. Our town charter
and the administration of our town
government have not been for years,
and are not now up to the standard
requirements of a progressive city.
In order that the present or past of-
ficials may not think me personal,
for I love them all, I will not use any
names in this article and will mix up
the different administrations during a
period of the last six years.

What do you think of this, or do
you think? One board of commis-
sioners had four members and the
mayor, which is a majority and
enough to elect, to agree to vote for
R. S. McCain for town attorney.
When the votes were counted, T. M.
Pittman had five votes and McCain
only three votes of the commissioners.
Each of the four commissioners
looked at each other, owl like, and
all stated again that they had all
voted for McCain. Things got hot,
and afterwards all four commissioners
went before a Notary Public and
solemnly swore before God that
they all had voted for McCain. After
all this voting and swearing Mr. Pittman
having actually received a majority
was duly declared elected and so
qualified. The presumption naturally
is that one of these aldermen lied
and swore to it. May an infinitely
merciful Lord have mercy on his
polka-dotted soul. This does not
like good government to me.

What do you think of this, or do
you think? About four years ago
the town paid its attorney \$100 to
draw up a new charter. Swing low,
sweet chariot, and speak easy here.
The commissioners paid out the
town's good money for that charter
and from that date to the present
tick of the clock the commissioners
have never read that charter, much
less approved it. Maybe you did not
know it but the town charter of
Henderson has not been re-
written or even amended in twenty
years, old Rip Van Winkle's nap, and
that we have the same identical
mayor for seventeen years. You
shalt not chase a rabbit, hare or
hustle on main street, is still a law
in Henderson. Neither thou,
nor thy men servant nor thy maid
servant nor any one else as to that
matter shalt have any bull fight in
our city limits is still a law in our
hospitable city. You shalt not
make up into the any cellar door on
main street, either in thy store above
or in the cellar under thy store, lest
the stayfarin man, the stranger
within thy gates, or the foolish vir-
gin, whose torch has gone out, may
fall therein. This is another wilder-
ness law in our progressive town.

What do you think of this, or do
you think? Under this old moss-
backed charter an exceptionally
big tax can be levied, to the extent of
10 per cent. Under the present law a
poor yield, taking in a few boarders,
any number exceeding three, has to
pay half as much license tax as the
largest corporation in the city. W.
T. Carter can get a license for a
license tax as both the banks paid
in Henderson Henderson butchers
pay as much license tax as banks.
And so on and on it goes. Our
license taxes are all wrongfully un-
equal. What can you do about it?
You cannot increase the big follow-
up tax because the charter won't let
you. It is equally true that you
cannot change your charter when
your commissioners will not even
read much less adopt a new charter.
To be plain, very plain, gentlemen,
Denmark is a little off.

Though I am the youngest man
on the board, and though I came to
Henderson with all my worldly
goods in a bandannah handkerchief,
I pay more town tax than any other
man on the board and I feel that
this fact warrants me in pursuing
further this unsavory metaphor of
taxation. I have been on the board
only three or four months. In that
time I got the town to revise the
best we could the license tax and was
put on a special committee to revise
the same. Positively I found man
after man and occupation after oc-
cupation paying no license tax at
all—not even listed. Such well
known concerns as the Express Com-
pany, Telegraph companies and even
the newspaper in which I am now
and here writing paid no license tax
whatever. Not their fault, the town
did not seem to care. This year
about twenty-five different kinds of
boys will come across with license
tax for the first time and I am lay-
ing for a few more next year that
were overlooked this year.

What do you think about this, or
do you think? Several years ago
the town had a mass meeting and
rally. Public sentiment was high
for securing new business and for
helping new enterprises. Everybody
talked loud and the fat ones talked
bold frog-like. This is all good
naturally for I love Henderson. But
to hasten back to the sticking place.
My bank had always paid its taxes,
seven different kinds in fact, and had
ed the town and deserved to handle
some of the public moneys. Knowing
that some of the town commis-
sioners were interested financially in
not dividing the deposits of the dispen-
sary which is sound in money, I thought
the psychological moment for asking
for a just portion of the dispensary
funds would be immediately after
this mass meeting. I went before
the town board, stated the case, re-
ceived the mass meeting, told the
commissioners how much the town
wanted new business, stated that my
bank was the baby enterprise of the
town, bringing to the town new citi-
zens and new capital from within the
State and community and right in
the face of the new blown breath of
public sentiment asked the loving
city fathers what they were going to
do in the way of dividing the public
money, helping and encouraging their

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Livville and the Attractions There-
abouts—One of the Loveliest Spots
in All the Appalachian Country—The
Trip from Montezuma to Johnson
City a Revelation to the "Teaser
Foot"—The River Gorge Scenic Riv-
er of Denver and to Grande Route

[Continued from last week.]

The trip from Blowing Rock to
Livville was even more delightful if
anything than was that from Lenoir
to Blowing Rock. It is down grade
all the way from an elevation of over
four thousand feet above sea level,
and the route leads through a beau-
tiful country some of the most gorge-
ous scenery of the whole mountain
section presenting itself in pano-
ramic view on every side.

The road from Lenoir to Blow-
ing Rock challenges admiration, the
views of mountain, valley and stream
unparalleled, the roadways bedecked
with rhododendron, laurel and ferns,
the glowing breezes laden with the
odor of wild flowers, but the trip is
not complete without the drive over
the Yonahlossee turnpike to Livville.
This road "along the side of the
Grandfather Mountain, at an eleva-
tion of 4,000 to 4,500 feet, has the
stunning scenery of any mountain road
in the Eastern States. For twenty miles
a full trot may be held in one
long sweep around dizzy heights and
along the edge of deep shadowed
gorges. The finely graded road hugs
the mountainside closely, and with
every turn there opens before you
an entrancing panorama of
graceful forest-clad summits above
and lovely valleys below. Every-
where the wild flowers grow in profu-
sion and countless mountain streams
murmur breezes as you pass."

We found Livville one of the most
delightful places visited, cool and
restful, with excellent hotel accom-
modations. A pair of blankets were
essential to comfort at night while
the mercury was trying to climb out
of the thermometer. A few more
and feet below and not as many
miles away. The party were treated
white here as they had been else-
where. We "put up" at the Esequola
Inn and Annex, and the best that
Manager James F. Vining could pro-
vide was ours without the asking.

In all the Appalachian chain of
mountains in Western North Car-
olina, there is no more charming place
than Livville. "Surrounded by the
close-cropped and far-reaching lawns
of green, the bark-covered sum-
mer cottages seem as natural to the
valley as do the trees." Owing to its
elevation the climate of Livville is
remarkably cool and invigorating.
The highest temperature recorded at
1 p. m. in 1908 was 70°; in 1909,
76°; and in 1910, 80°.

The scenery around Livville is par-
ticularly wild and beautiful. Per-
haps the most notable feature is
Grandfather Mountain, one of the
most rugged and picturesque moun-
tains in the South. "Dropping high
above the surrounding peaks, the
Grandfather affords a magnificent
view. Its three peaks can be reached
in vehicles and on horseback to with-
in a short distance of the summit,
then over well-defined footpaths.
The paramount interest at Livville
is golf. This course, covering a
length of 2,360 yards, is well kept
and has been used a dozen years.
The cool and invigorating
climate makes summer golf a pleas-
ure which draws a yearly increasing
number of tourists. Trout
fishing, tennis, bowling, riding, driv-
ing, walking, with music twice each
day and dancing in the evening, are
other amusements.

In addition to the regular carriage
roads, there is a system of most at-
tractive trails, carefully con-
structed, and leading to points of
great scenic interest. The longest of
these completely encircles the upper
Livville valley, crossing several
mountain streams and winding
along the rocky sides of old Grand-
father. Other paths lead to Pine
Park, Boulder Park, Lenoir Park,
Flat Rock, Grandfather Mountain,
Point Sublime and Briar Knob.

Informed persons say the great
stretches of grass and woods, un-
fenced and uncut, make this the
greenest spot in the South. Cer-
tainly a cooler, more restful place
would be hard to find anywhere. The
Livville Park includes sixteen thou-
sand acres of peculiarly attractive

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Executors Notice.
HAVING QUALIFIED AS EXECUTORS
of the last will and testament of
James P. Satterwhite, deceased, late of
Vance county, North Carolina, this is to no-
tify all persons having claims against the
estate of said deceased to exhibit them to
the undersigned on or before the 14th day
of July, 1912, or this notice will be placed
in bar of their recovery.
All persons indebted to said estate will
please make immediate payment.
Henderson, N. C., July 10th, 1911.
INDIA L. SATTERWHITE,
CHARLES E. SATTERWHITE,
SAMUEL J. SATTERWHITE,
Executors of James P. Satterwhite, dec'd.

The date on your address label in-
dicates the time to which your sub-
scription is paid.

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