

Polk County News.

FAIR BLUE RIDGE.

Lovely Scenes at Crowded Mountain Resort Described in Charming Style.

CITY OF HENDERSONVILLE.

Progressive and Modern Ideas are Rapidly Developing a Beautiful Summering City.

(Spartanburg Herald.)
By a Staff Correspondent.
Hendersonville, N. C., July 28.—“One year ago Hendersonville had no electric lights nor macadam streets,” remarked a citizen today. “The town is just putting out now to be something.”
That’s about the expression, “just putting out.” No one can fail to be impressed with this fact. Attention is being paid to streets improvements and sidewalk widening. During the past year \$100,000 was added to the property valuations of Henderson county. In that period many costly homes have been erected and several are now in course of construction. With an unexcelled water supply from a reservoir whose capacity is 4,000,000 gallons and which is located a mile and half away and at an elevation of 235 feet the city, and with other indications of haste, things look decidedly life-like and progressive. It is not considered a matter of lengthy future date when that mighty Aladdin’s lamp—electricity—will be “rubbed” into service here, and the trolleys will carry the large numbers of visitors and home folks to the wonderful sights and scenes moulded by Nature’s, Titanic fingers, which are situated so near this beautifully adorned crown of a high plateau encircled by the peaks of the Blue Ridge.

MANY VISITORS.

The town and county are crowded with health and pleasure venturers. The numbers are far in advance of any previous years. The three hotels of Hendersonville are modern, elegantly equipped hosteleries, and are building whose magnificent architectural proportions and commodious apportionment between the solid comfort and prompt and polite attention bestowed on all guests. In this connection, the Blue Ridge Inn, which was recently equipped and prepared for the season at a cost of thousands of dollars is not excelled. Under the supervision of Mrs. H. P. Love, this hotel receives the generous patronage from the travelling public, visitors and tourists which it deserves.

VANITY FAIR.

Everything in Hendersonville is life and pleasure, or rest and recreation—just as one chooses. The merry passing through jaunty frequent the streets—either sweeping by in vehicles or leisurely walking along.

There are no long noses, haggard faces, and the wrinkled front of even the oldest spinster is smoothed into the winsome rosy expression of a debutante.

Every day is holiday, and the butterfly of one’s particular fancy is chased. Some time the game isn’t worth the candle—“but Tam must ride”—It is Vanity Fair—the dear young thing with auburn hair, sparkling brown eyes, and cream demerme breath clasps her dainty fingers together in a paroxysm of delight, as the eight-dollar-a-week clerk, wearing oxford and rattlesnake half hose, “hitches his chair righter,” and vehemently expounds the independent principles by which in only a few months he will be master of a fortune—which will be thrown at her feet. Then the dear thing’s mind flies back to earth and respicing for a lemon ice and a slice of red and black desert cake make her thank the world for its good things. This is only for the moment. She resumes the thread of her adoring impassioned rhapsody, and as she proceeds, word after word augmenting the strength of his adoration, she longs for a dark, fathomless cave or grotto—to be lit by fairy or fire flies—where the twin could eke out an existence which would eclipse a feast of Lucullus. You’d did the wise man say, “All is vanity.”

MOUNT HEBRON.

the most popularly visited interest in and about Hendersonville is Mount Hebron. This spot lies about 10 miles from the town, and to gain the summit one travels the finest mountain roads in the South. The entire distance possesses a charm indelible. A short distance from Hendersonville it enters on its serpentine course to the summit of the peak. On the left side, ascending the mountain, is a woodland. The giant chestnut trees grow lower and spread their branches out in a grand lavish shade for the traveler. The breezes play among the leaves of these magnificent trees, murmuring a melody rather quaint and strange, reminding the sentimentally inclined of the lines of the sweet old, waving trees, oh, whispering

breeze,
Oh, gentle, murmuring limes,
Oh, there to be, again with thee,
My love of olden times.”

The highway course regular and well kept for the steep ascent, is frequently interrupted by the tiny rivulet of a mountain spring coursing across the



road. And the water of those springs—well, if De Soto ran across it in his search of the El Dorado and was not content, then he deserved disappointment.

Arriving near the summit of Mount Hebron, one is met at a toll gate by a wee mite of a blue eyed, light haired girl, who innocently lisps, “15 cents, please,” just as you would say “Good morning my dear.” The coil of the realm being forthcoming, there is no further obstacle until the top of the hill is reached. There stands a tower, sixty feet in height. To ascend to the top of this tower requires a quarter of a dollar and an ordinary pair of legs, as the circular stairway is by no means hard to “pull up.”

When you have gained the top of the tower and sat yourself, a grand panorama of nature is presented to the naked eye. Far as the vision can pierce encircling the spot, the everlasting heads of the Blue Ridge range appear. The grandeur which momentarily appeals to the lover of nature at his first visit is gradually relieved. A glance downward brings to view the sloping valleys, where the corn fields wave, or the pines toss their heads, and tiny streamlets trickle on their never ceasing course.

At this altitude the breeze is exceedingly brisk and vigorous, and in the western distance, the green mountains are partially veiled by a hazy, cloudy mist. To the east, the verdure of the peaks is clearly articulated in the summer sky. A field telescope points out to the tower’s visitors scenery of special note, located at far distances. This is interesting and diverting.

Departed King Remembered in Rome Yesterday.

Rome, July 29.—Rome this morning was the scene of one of those dramatic contrasts which are now so characteristic of the eternal city. While at the vatican, in the Sistine chapel, a solemn requiem mass was being intoned, with all the solemnity that the Catholic church can impose, for the repose of the soul of Leo XIII, the spiritual monarch who claimed Rome as his capital, another and no less solemn requiem mass was being celebrated in the magnificent Parthenon for the repose of the soul of the late King Humbert, the temporal monarch, the capital of whose kingdom was Rome. King Victor Emmanuel and Dowager Queen Margaret came here to attend the annual mass which is celebrated on the anniversary of the assassination of King Humbert, which occurred three years ago. The king drove to the Parthenon the well known red liveries of his coachmen and footmen arousing much interest among the people in the streets, and arrived there in time to meet Queen Marguerite, who was dressed in deepest black. “At the altar shribrice,” mother and son entered the Parthenon, heard the mass and placed wreaths on the tombs of King Humbert and King Victor Emmanuel. The entrance and exit of their majesties was witnessed by a large crowd.

In the evening there was a public procession through the streets to the tombs of King Humbert and King Victor Emmanuel. It passed off quietly, though thousands of persons witnessed the demonstration, and the procession itself was over a mile in length. Throughout the route, the piazzas and streets were thronged with orderly spectators who heartily cheered the red shirited Garibaldian veterans and other representatives of Italian liberty. All the shops were closed and there were more outward signs of mourning than have been seen in Rome during recent years.

MOUNTAIN SCENES.

Interesting Description of Real Earnest Life of North Carolina Mountaineers.

FAIR HENDERSONVILLE.

Yesterday’s Story Continued by Mr. P. H. Fike.

(Spartanburg Herald.)
By a Staff Correspondent.
Hendersonville, July 29.—If the walrus had, in talking of “mark things,” according to the poem, excluded all save cabbages, the people of this town and surrounding country would have kept him “good company.” Hendersonville is the great distributing point for cabbage—that vegetable so prized and coveted by the persons blest with good health and splendid digestive organs, and so dreaded by the dyspeptic. The supply of cabbage annually sent out all over the country from this mountain town amounts to a large sum total.

THE SEASON ON.

The shipping season of 1908 has just begun and will reach the zenith of its scope by the end of next month. It is an interesting sight nowadays to watch the mountaineers drive in to town, in big wagons, hauled by horses, mules or steers. These wagons are laden with cabbages and are driven to the place of business of the shipper the producer cares to do business with.

From a radius of 7 miles in any direction of the surrounding country the teamsters pour in. They are a quiet, homely set—working hard to raise and market their produce, and in the evenings return to their homes as free from inebriation or rowdiness as the average business man in a city.

Life is no jest with them. Occasionally one sees along with the driver of the team a little girl or boy. These children are strong and healthy looking, but an observant person will readily discern by a glance at their hands or their open countenances that they are not household pets and that their existence has been more useful than ornamental.

How CABBAGE ARE SOLD.

It will be of interest to those who have never visited a cabbage shipper’s establishment to get an accurate idea of how the vegetable transfers from the hands of the producer to the shipper. The largest shipper in Hendersonville is Mr. F. G. Hart. His business is far in excess of the other four shippers. The farmer hauls his wagon load of cabbage to the door of the shipping house and the cabbage are unloaded. Immediately begins the working of placing the cabbages in crates. These crates hold any where from 20 to 40 cabbage heads, as an average. The farmer is not paid by the pound, nor by the head, nor by the lot for his load—but by the crate. For a crate he receives \$1.00. The average estimate of the weight of a crate of cabbage is from 120 to 140 pounds. As a rough estimate the farmer receives about 3-4 of a cent per head for his cabbages. A well tended crop will yield per acre about 5,000 heads, and it is readily seen that on an acre planted in cabbage nearly three times as much can be realized as on a similar amount of land cultivated in cotton. The shipper charges \$1.85 per crate.

The prices above stated are those of Mr. Hart, the leading shipper here. When it is taken into consideration that he pays \$1.00 per crate for the cabbage, 10 cents each for the wooden crates, cartage to the depot and packing on the cars, the narrow margin for profit is realized. During the year 1907, Mr. Hart shipped 20,000 crates and about 80 car loads of cabbage in addition, the volume of this business aggregating over \$50,000 in shipments.

TOWN OF PRETTY HOMES.

For a town not claiming more than 2,000 population, Hendersonville is a live place. It has a splendid water-works system, a complete sewage system and an electric plant adequate for all purposes. Street improvements on an extensive scale are in progress. Recently \$6,000 was voted for a graded school building. The town is filled with pretty cottages and handsome residences. The public school style of home building is prevalent here. But some of the homes are built on the Corinthian style of architecture and every phase of the beautiful and comfortable is to be seen.

A HUSTLER.

Editor Shipman, of the Daily Hustler, is an enterprising and wideawake man—synonymous with the name of his paper. He has great confidence in the future of the town, and to this end is devoting earnestly the labors of his head and pen. They are being felt, and while there are larger and more pretentious sheets to be

found in this state, none possess a truer livelier ring of local patriotism or more per-



M. L. SHIPMAN.

sistently urge the people to accomplish and achieve results for their community than does the Hustler.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

There was an amateur theatrical at the opera house last night. The electric shone over fair women and brave men. The histrionic talent displayed was of excellent order, and the music furnished was of a pleasing variety. The entertainment was for the benefit of a Confederate monument to be erected in this town. It was refreshing to note the patriotism of the homefolks and visitors, the house being well filled. Price of seats 50 cents.

ON MOUNTAIN OR THE DALE.

The mountain tramp is refreshing and at intervals “highly elevating,” especially when you have tugged up a steep incline, grabbing at a sapling, occasionally slipping and sometimes falling. When you get as far up as you can go and see a deep shade, and roll about in idle abandon, occasionally rolling a rock down the steep hill side for diversion, you feel repaid for your toil.

Down below in the valley is the corn field the cabbage patch or thick, heavy undergrowth and a small stem. It is frequently the case that on a mountain trip you can purchase the best of buttermilk or sweet milk at a house located near a big spring. “Moat milk” is also not beyond the reach of the metallic substance—but the yield of the cow is milder for the season.
R. H. Fike.

Wants Dr. Dixon For Governor.

As gubernatorial nominations by the newspapers seem to be in order, and quite a number of illustrious names have been suggested, the Headlight will add to the list the name of Dr. R. F. Dixon, State Auditor. No man yet suggested for this position is more meritorious or more capable to fill the position. Dr. Dixon was a soldier in the Confederate army entering as a private, 17 years old, and coming out a full-fledged captain. He was a major in the Cuban war. Now he is our State Auditor, than whom the State has never had a better. Having known Dr. Dixon personally and intimately for a number of years, we feel persuaded that he is just the man for our next governor.—Rockingham Headlight.

Printing the Brief in Gudgey-Moody Contest.

Thomas Settle yesterday completed his brief on the evidence in the contested election case of Moody against Gudgey which involves the right of representation from this district in the next Congress and it is now in the hands of the printer.

The brief covered some fifty pages of printed matter and it is intended to emphasize the point which Mr. Settle regards as the most important in the case. It recites parts of the evidence and is a resume of the argument which will be presented verbally to the committee on contested elections to whom the case will be referred.

This will must be in the hands of the clerk of the House of Representatives on Tuesday next or it cannot be considered.—Citizen.

Robbed of His Reason by Smoking Cigarettes.

William A. Baker, a young man of this city, was brought before Clerk Erwin of the Superior court yesterday to determine the question of his sanity. Mr. Erwin made no decision in the case and Mr. Baker was confined in jail until a disposition could be made. The matter was brought up at the instance of his father, H. D. Baker. It is said that whiskey and cigarettes are possibly responsible for his condition. He is a lawyer.

The boy’s father first swore out a warrant before Justice A. B. Ware for assault, but it seems that this charge was not pressed.—Gazette.

Bill Arp.

(In Constitution.)

Some fifty years ago there was a dogmatic old squire in the seventeenth district of this, Cass county, whose name was Jim McGinnis. He had plenty of what is called good horse sense, a determined will and an abundance of prejudice. He won the J. P. machine in that district for about twenty years, and his final judgement in a case was the law of the settlement. Nobody dared to appeal or carry the case up for fear of offending him and losing the next case they had in his court.

One time a fellow sued another fellow for the hire of a negro. Judge Parrott was one side, and Colonel Abda Johnson on the other, and when the judge started to read his law from Greenleaf on “Evidence,” Colonel Johnson stopped him and made the point that Mr. Greenleaf was a very smart man and had writ a power of good law, but that he was a yankee and lived in Boston and knew no more about hiring negroes than a heathen knows about Sunday. The old squire asked for the book, and looked over the title page, saw that it was printed in Boston, and so he ruled it out of his court, and Parrott lost his case. The squire said that Mr. Greenleaf lived a little too far off to be familiar with the business.

I’ve seen a good many pieces of late about the negro and the great southern problem. The people up north begin to admit that they can’t see through it.

Ever since the war they have been telling us what to do with the darkeys, and they have been watching us to see whether we did it or not, and they actually think we would put ‘em back in slavery again if we could. The are in earnest about this business, I reckon, for some of ‘em die and leave a whole parcel of money for the poor negro and I’m glad of it. I wish that more of ‘em would die and do the same thing, but what I rise to remark is this: They know no more about the negro than Mr. Greenleaf did, and their judgement ain’t worth a cent. I would not give a farthing for any man’s judgment about darkeys who hadn’t been born and raised with ‘em and owned ‘em. It takes a long time to learn the traits and instincts of a race of people. The yankee never will know what the negro is, for he never knew him in a state of slavery.

The yankees who came south sixty years ago, and domiciled with us know about him and I will take their opinion, but when I hear these modern ones philosophizing and dictating about him in a consequential manner, I unconsciously raise my foot to kick somebody. There are lots of folks up about Boston who are looking over their spectacles at us, and didn’t know that they had a Tewksbury almshouse. If they would lower their sights they would have a power of work to do at home. I bought a leather purse for Mrs. Arp once and she won’t use it for it came from Boston and she is afraid it was made out of a human hide that was tanned from Tewksbury.

I’ve got no pathetic sentiment about the nigger. The yankees passed a whole lot of amendments to the constitution to put him on an equal footing with us, socially and every other way, and they were the first to break ‘em. If the Indians had been down here in place of the nigger, the whole yankee nation would have been their friends, but now they are their enemies and keep driving them farther and further into the wilderness and cheating ‘em out of all the government gives ‘em. We have got to study race just like we do horses and cattle. The Anglo-Saxon has got his traits and instincts and so has the Indian and the nigger and the heathen Chinese. We owe the Jew and the Italian, and why should we consider the nigger with same philosophy. Some folks seem to think we owe him a good deal because he didn’t cut up and rip around during the war, but I don’t. He didn’t care anything about it and he don’t care now. It is not his nature. He had little rather have a master than not to have him, and the truth is most of ‘em have got ‘em and they always will have ‘em.

We are tired of all this nonsense about slavery. It was no blot. It was nature. There are a heap of people now in the south who look upon slavery like it was Achen’s wedge of gold and perished under the condemnation of God and man, but I don’t want anybody to teach my children any such slanders; for I know it was in the main a humane institution, and if the nigger is any better off now than he used to be, I can’t see. The whites are better off, a long

ways, but the nigger ain’t. I’ve great respect for the old time darkeys. I know lots of ‘em I would fight for. If I was to see a man imposing on my good old faithful friend, Tip, I would fight for him like I would fight for my children. I love these good old darkeys. I am willing to live with ‘em and die with ‘em, and be buried with ‘em in the same grave yard, and when Gabriel blows his horn I can rise from the dead with ‘em without any fear that it will destroy the hilarity of the occasion, as General Toombs said.

I love these old darkeys, not as my equals, but as I love my children. I love them because they love me and are dependent upon me. The relation between the white and black race is by nature one of protection on the one side and dependence upon the other, and when it ceases to be that I have no use for the nigger. It is always a pleasure to me to befriend ‘em when they want my friendship and my help, but when they aspire to be my equal and on independent airs, I’ve got no further sympathy. I have been raised to look upon negroes as children, children in youth, and children in manhood and old age. I didn’t have any hand in making ‘em that way. It is their human nature and they can’t help it, and I have a sovereign contempt for any effort their people are making to change their relation to us, for it can’t be done.

The education of the nigger is a humbug, so far as to make him a good citizen. It has been tried already, and has proved a failure. His best education is one of contact, close contact with the white race. If we will let the negro alone and keep him out of politics he will get along very well and there will be no problem to solve. There never would have been any problem if he had been let alone. He has no business with the office or in the jury box or in the legislature, and he never will have. This is white man’s government and the white man must govern it. The Anglo Saxon is the dominant race. We don’t want the Chinaman nor the Indian to make our laws. As a laborer and a servant and a dependent I had rather have the negro than any race upon earth and that relation to us just suits him, and when you try to lift him out of it you make him a fool and a vagabond and render him unhappy. I don’t want him a slave any more, for his slavery was no advantage to us. I had a lot of ‘em myself and I know they were no profit to me. They were no profit anybody except a few exacting masters who made of slavery all the “foul blot” there ever was in it. There is no problem to solve we make one.

The white folks can’t all be Vanderbilts and the niggers can’t be white folks. Let us all be content with our destiny and not fuss around because somebody else is better off. Let us take things as we find ‘em and do the best we can. Folks are very much like horses, if you breed ‘em too fine they are not fit for the wagon or plow. We have got to have different sorts of folks, and nature knew it, or she wouldn’t have made ‘em different.

This morbid sympathy for the poor negro is wasted. Why not have it for the Indian? We robbed him of his land and run him off and have cheated him ever since. He is, by nature, of higher order of humanity than the negro. He has more pride and emotion. He has more revenge and gratitude, for these two things always go together. You can’t wear him from the forest, for that is his nature.

The negro loves to depend upon the white man and the white man loves the homage of the negro. It suits and fits both races and I hope it will stay so. I heard an old physician say that he had never seen a great-grandchild that descended from a mulatta parents in a mug lasso succession. The crossing of races has never improved them. Not even will the Jew and the Gentile mix with harmony. John Randolph boasted of his Pocahontas blood, but I reckon it run out in John, for that was the best of it. History makes no record of two races living together in peace unless one was in a state of dependence upon the other. Our modern philanthropists are deceiving the negro when they flatter him with a capacity equal to the whites in fitness to invent or to govern, or to rise to the heroic or the sublime. I reckon if one of our millionaires was to die and leave his money for the education of poor white children it would be a violation of some of the amendments. We want to help the negro, but we want him to help himself first. He has got to work out his advancement by industry and by saving what he makes before education will do him any good.

What the bad negro wants is less chain-gang and more whipping and the white man should be punished in the same way.
BILL ARP.

Columbia has appointed the following commission to collect and arrange her exhibit for the World’s Fair: Dr. Santiago Cortes, Julio D. Porocarro, and Gen. Francisco Javier Vergaray Velaasco.