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"HENDERSON IS ALL RIGHT."

But Some of the Town Commissioners Are All Wrong.

To the Editor of the Gold Leaf:

I had not expected to come back in print again so early, but since reading the letters of three other commissioners, I can't resist the temptation of answering one of them.

I desire first to congratulate my friend, Commissioner Powell, for joining the booster club. If Mr. Peace and I had accomplished nothing else with our letters, except getting Mr. Powell to join the boosters we would have been well paid for our trouble. The booster club extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Powell, and we hope he will stay with us and continue the good work.

Mr. Powell says that Henderson is all right. We agree with him that Henderson is a great place to live and the best town in North Carolina. There is no dispute between us about this. The only trouble with Mr. Powell is that he has been asleep for the past twenty years and don't know it. I hope he will follow the example of Rip Van Winkle—wake up, and if he will begin to look around he will find more than two citizens who are dissatisfied with the administration of town affairs.

I am very glad that Mr. Powell has seen fit to congratulate Henderson on her new hotels. I hope the public will pardon me for saying that I feel a just pride in the new hotels of Henderson, and I have a right to, because I not only worked and spoke for the enterprise, but I subscribed liberally of my means toward raising the money to build one. Acting as a committee with Mr. Zollicoffer, we left our offices and our work and sold the $20,000 of bonds; then on a committee with Mr. T. T. Hicks, I collected every dollar of the $20,000 and paid it out, besides writing and mailing out over three hundred letters and notices for the hotel, without fee or reward, or hope of reward. I did more work for the hotel, without compensation, than all the satisfied commissioners will do for Henderson in a year, although they draw over $700 a year.

Now, Mr. Powell, will you tell us how much money and time you and that portion of the Board that you say are satisfied put into the new hotel? And how much did the town of Henderson, through its town officers, encourage the enterprise?

You again boast of Henderson brain and Henderson capital running the only automobile factory in the South. I am glad to inform you that both of the discontented commissioners referred to have helped to make this enterprise possible by subscribing their money to it. One of these discontented citizens is vice-president of the company, and the other is a director. If either one of the commissioners that you say are satisfied, contented and prosperous have aided this enterprise in any way, or invested one dollar in it, I ask you to tell us when he did it.

Can it be possible that you are endorsing the Civic League, and that you approve of the noble and self-sacrificing act of the good ladies of our town in placing an arch over the entrance to the cemetery? I can almost see the recording angel drop a tear and satan smile, as you wrote these lines. Mr. contented commissioners, both Mr. Peace and I contributed to this work, and aided the good ladies in every way we could, and I ask you to tell us if one penny of your earnings is invested in that arch way, or if either you or the town helped or encouraged these good ladies in any way? Isn't it a fact, Mr. Commissioner, that on one occasion when the good ladies respectfully petitioned the Board to have some dirt moved from in front of Mr. Watkins' residence that you proposed to send them back the impudent message, "That if they wanted the dirt moved, to move it themselves, that the town had no objection," and did not one of the men that you class discontented call you down and object to sending so insolent a message to the ladies?

We all boast of our new Postoffice, and the town is to be congratulated upon having such a handsome and commodious building. But then we ask you, Mr. Contented Commissioner, to tell us one act of the mayor or any commissioner of the town, either personally, individually or as town officers that they did toward getting this building? Our officers and town commissioners were conspicuous in this fight on account of their absence. If I remember correctly, not a single one of them were on the committee that had charge of this matter.

I notice you say several blocks of macadam have been put down on the streets during the past two years. I for one have been unable to find any streets that have been macadamized under your administration, except about a third of a block in front of Messrs. Rose, Owen and Cooper, and you pretended that you were opposed to putting this down and did not do it until you were forced to by the board. I ask you, Mr. Contented Commissioner, if you did not state in open meeting of the board that it would not have been put down had not somebody, without authority from you, or the town, graded the street while you were sick? Did you not ask who had done it? I ask you to tell us who authorized this grading to be done?

Right here I want to ask if you did not let the contract to put in the curbing or wall in front of Mr. Cooper's to a contractor who made $12.00 per day while he was putting in this work?

You boast about the Graded Schools. Will you kindly tell the people what either you or any other contented commissioner, or the town administration has to do with running the graded school? Isn't it a fact that the town affairs have been so badly managed for the last twenty years that the citizens of the town have lost confidence in the ability of the Town Commissioners to govern the town, and was not this proven conclusively when the Legislature passed the act creating the Henderson Graded Schools, and placed the management in the hands of a perpetuating board, thereby forever removing it from the control of the people? Did not the Legislature again show its lack of confidence in the Board when it authorized the $40,000 bond issue, and named a special committee to spend the money?

Will you please tell us what you or any other satisfied member of the board of commissioners, or the town government has contributed towards the success of this school. You, Mr. Contented Commissioner, boast of the fact that we have just outside the borders several hundred thousand dollars worth of buildings and machinery. The public would like to know what, if anything, you and your satisfied crowd have invested in these enterprises, and what you or the town have done to encourage and help them?

Isn't it a fact that you and your satisfied crowd have discussed seriously whether or not the town would allow the fire company to respond to fire alarms outside the corporate limits, notwithstanding the fact that these manufacturing plants are furnishing labor for the town's citizens, and it is their pay roll that keeps the town going?

I would like to call attention of the spokesman for the happy, contended and prosperous town that a near relative of his has for the past several years conducted a manufacturing business near the borders of the town, and that both the dissatisfied commissioners are stockholders and directors in this concern, and I would like to ask him if he or his contented crowd have ever put a dollar of their money in this or any other manufacturing enterprise in or near Henderson, or if he has ever done one thing on the board to encourage new enterprises to locate with us? If he has, write out the name of the corporation together with the amount of stock he has taken or any service he has rendered them, insert the same in the Gold Leaf as advertising matter and I will pay the bill.

I too rejoice that Henderson has made great progress in the past two years, and will state for the information of our contented contingent of the commissioners that the two dissatisfied members of that honorable body have directly and indirectly built and assisted in building more than thirty houses in and around Henderson, and are now preparing to build four more residences at a cost of about $8,000. Now will our satisfied friends kindly tell us how many they have built, or helped to build; or give us any other act of theirs that has added to the progress of our good town?

I am glad that Mr. Powell approves and endorses our fire department. May I ask you, Mr. Powell, when this great change has come about, and what is the cause? Haven't you at every meeting fought every movement of the fire department tending towards progress? Didn't you vote against buying the new hose? Didn't you vote against buying the new wagon? Didn't you delay for several months the purchase of the horses, although you were on the committee and instructed to buy them? Didn't you vote against buying the town clock? Didn't you oppose building the fire and municipal building, and state numbers of times that it was too expensive a stable? Now will you please tell us why have you reversed yourself so suddenly and thereby admit that you have been wrong all the time? Now, Mr. Powell, I like you, and as a citizen you are all right. I think every town of 10,000 inhabitants should have one man like you, but as a commissioner you are all wrong.

Your argument confirms my statement, that Henderson has prospered and progressed despite the board of town commissioners and not by any aid or encouragement the town has received from them. As you say, the town is growing and rapidly becoming a great manufacturing center, and while the town is progressing every other way, the town government is standing still, and is twenty years behind the times. The present board of town commissioners trying to run the town reminds me of a yoke of steers trying to propel a $10,000 automobile on a level road. The commissioners are about as much in the way of the town's progress as the yoke of steers would be in the way of the machine.

Now to answer the three questions you ask: First, What did the town horses cost? I will answer that by quoting you on the first page of the Gold Leaf where you say they cost $700. That is a pretty good guess for you. It is $100 more than they cost F. O. B. Baltimore. That is about as close as I could expect you to come at it.

Second, who bought the horses? Silus Powell, Geo. A. Rose and R. S. McCoin were appointed a committee and instructed to buy a pair of fire horses. You delayed the action of the committee until Mr. Rose's term of office expired. Then at the urgent request and the demand of the commissioners and the citizens of the town, you asked your friend Robert Brame to go with me to Baltimore and represent you in the purchase of these horses, stating that you had full confidence in Mr. Brame's judgment, and whatever we did would be satisfactory to you. Upon their arrival in Henderson, you approved of our action and said they were all right. I therefore say that you and I bought the horses, and I am proud of my part of it.

What did the town buy them for? I will state you were on the committee for more than six months to buy these horses, that during this time, you looked at several horses in Henderson and in Richmond, and that you spent the town's money going to Richmond to examine the horses and if you did not in all that time find out what the town wanted with these horse, I will unhesitatingly say that your ward is badly in need of a new commissioner.

Your writing is proof positive of my contention and if the people of Henderson are not convinced that there are some changes needed on our board, then Henderson, like Ephraim, is joined to her idols, and to say more would be casting pearls before swine. R. S. McCOIN.

The "Town Fathers" and the New Sanitary Ordinance.

The Henderson Gold Leaf has been, during the last few weeks, the medium for a good deal of criticism directed toward the so-called "town fathers." Without expressing any opinion as to the merits or demerits of these criticisms, I desire to say that they have been one-sided. Honest criticism must not be censorious merely. It must commend the good as well as condemn the evil. I desire to take my place for a moment among the critics of our commissioners that I may lift my voice in applause of at least one of their deeds—their creation of our new sanitary ordinance.

This ordinance, for the protection of the health of the town, is pronounced by the ladies of the Civic League to be the most important that has been passed by the commissioners of our town in the last quarter of a century. This statement may seem rather strong to some, but I for one have no disposition to question its accuracy. From the time that primitive men slaughtered their neighbors that they might enlarge their hunting grounds, to the present, when organized wealth crushes the weak that their wealth may increase, the world has always valued property above human life. Even to-day, nineteen hundred years after the Great Teacher demonstrated the value and the dignity of human life, the law-makers and judges of every Christian land stop their ears to the cry of the widow and the orphan lest, in correcting the abuses against which the Isaiahs of every age have declaimed, they "injure business." In view of this age-long and race-old predjudice, it is no little thing that our commissioners have passed an ordinance that will involve the spending of a thousand or two dollars by the community, and all for no other reason than that the health of the community may be safe-guarded.

Of course it will not be forgotten that a large portion of our gratitude for the ordinance under consideration is due to our efficient, up-to-date health officer, Dr. R. T. Upchurch. It is due to his untiring efforts, as well as to the cooperation of our commissioners, that the town has received this boon for which we are giving thanks.

Unquestionably there will be some who will object to the ordinance. Some will object on the old, old ground of expense. Others, because they have not yet been educated to see the value of such things. Still others will find fault with what they call interference in their own private affairs. One of the most interesting things to be noted in connection with the evolution of the race toward higher forms of civilization is the obstinacy with which men resist every force that tends to socialize them—to make them good neighbors and public spirited citizens. *"Consciousness of kind,"* which is, according to the great thought of Professor Giddings, what Jesus meant by *love*, is the highest product of a ripened Christian civilization and Christian character. If we do not find this consciousness very highly developed in all of our citizenship, we need not be discouraged nor surprised—it is capable of rapid growth. This spirit, which is converting men into neighbors, and bringing them into subjection to the "Golden Rule," is filling the earth, and is daily expressing itself in some of the greatest movements of the ages. Something of this spirit is shown in the banishment of the hogs from Henderson, and in the sanitary ordinance under consideration, and it will not be long till every citizen of the town will be sufficiently unselfish and public spirited to thank the commissioners who dared to tax them slightly for their neighbor's good.

I cannot close these comments without adding that there is one thing that mars my joy at the passage of this law, which means so much for the sanitary conditions of our town. I refer to the fact that our industrial suburbs, North and South Henderson, are not to share in these benefits. The same sanitary regulations that prevail in our city should be enforced there. Until this is done the little ones in these communities will continue to succumb to filth diseases as they have done in the past. And we ourselves cannot hope to be immune if we allow infection to be bred so close to our back doors. J. W. MORGAN.

George Barr McCutcheon's popular romance, "Graustark," in play form will be presented at the Grand Theatre Friday night, September 22nd. This attraction comes here with the stamp of approval of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg and other cities. It is a romantic drama of the latest pattern, embracing love episodes, thrilling situations and startling climaxes, with a pure vein of delightful humor interwoven in its marvellous plot. Mr. McCutcheon's style is somewhat different from that of other authors; he is distinctly original using methods and phraseology that are all his own, therefore, his stories are always interesting and refreshing. "Graustark" is the book that made him famous and is considered his master-piece and it is safe to assert that it is the most widely read of any of our latter day popular books.—Adv.

A Typewriting Impediment.

A young man who recently began a course in a local business college was put to work at a typewriter which had become somewhat disabled through various experiences with beginners.

After an hour's practice with the machine he called one of the instructors.

"What's the matter," asked the teacher. "Aren't you getting along alright?"

"Yes," replied the student, "but the blame thing stutters!"—Youngstown Telegram.

Sure Thing.

"You must testify only to what you know; no heresay evidence."

"Yes, sir."

"What is your age?"

"I've only hearsay evidence on that point."

Fashionable Gambling.

J. A. Stradley, in Oxford Banner.

Drinking whiskey, card playing, theatre going, dancing, dishonesty and gambling are all common but popular vices that are undermining characters and wrecking homes and lives. Gambling is classed among the worst of vices and all civilized countries forbid it by law. No place is considered more corrupt and ruinous than a gambling den. These, with houses of ill-fame, are the lowest depths of degradation.

But where do young men learn to gamble? Not with professional gamblers. No young man with two grains of sense would stake his money in a game with professional gamblers as he knows he would be beaten every time. He knows he must learn the use of cards before he stakes money on a game. But where can men learn to be expert players? The most fascinating opportunities are constantly afforded them. The most fashionable "society" ladies of towns and communities have frequent card parties at their homes where gentlemen and ladies meet and spend hours of hard study to learn how to play cards and win prizes. Many of them become the shrewdest of card players. What is gambling but card playing? What is the difference in playing for gold cups, spoons, etc., and playing for money? Can any one show any difference?

Many young men become expert gamblers in these fashionable card parties, and then they feel they can try their hand with professional gamblers and thus they enter the road to utter ruin having been started by the fashionable card party.

It is sad, supremely sad, that christian homes, and so many of them too, are being used as schools where the foundation principles of gambling are taught. Is there nothing better in this large world for Christians to do?

Worldliness is sapping the life-blood of Christianity and Christ is betrayed in the house of his friends.

Order of Board of Health.

To All Teachers, Parents, Committeemen and School Children:

Smallpox is rapidly spreading over the county and State and unless checked our homes will be filled with this dire disease.

The Board of Health of Vance county, in its efforts to protect the children of the county, have passed the following resolution:

"No child shall enter the public schools of Vance county who does not present to his teacher a certificate of immunity from smallpox, either through recent vaccination or previous attack of the disease."

Section 23, Chapter 62, of Public Laws, says:

"If any parent, guardian, school committee, principal or teacher shall permit a child to violate such a requirement of the aforesaid authorities he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars."

The vaccine points can be gotten from any druggist. The chairman of the county commissioners has been asked to order 2,000 to be furnished free. The doctors of the county have kindly offered their services and there remains no excuse why a parent should allow a child to run the risk longer.

J. K. PLUMMER, CHMN.
J. C. KITTRELL, SEC.
Vance County Board of Health.

Insulted.

"My husband has a remarkable collection of old curiosities," said Mrs. Bilkins, with an air of pride.

"Indeed!" said Miss Sharpenough. "Was he collecting when he married you?"

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Bilkins innocently.

"That's what I thought," remarked the other spitefully.

And then Mrs. Bilkins saw what her dear friend meant. They meet as strangers now.

REST IN PEACE.

(Lines Composed for the Presentation Services of the Cemetery Gate, August, 1911, by Rev. R. M. Andrews.)

As a tribute of love we now present this gate,
To the glory of God and the memory of all them
Who rest within these sacred grounds, to wait
The call of God—the resurrection hymn.

And may their rest be sweet: we'll ne'er forget the place
While love rules o'er the human heart our laboring arms
Shall keep their graves green as the memory of that face,
Though lost so long, still beams with all its former charms.

'Tis thus we'll stay the marching minions of the years,
That sweep like hordes over their graves so swiftly,
They count not half the cost of bitter tears,
We shed when here we laid them down so gently.

May angels ever guard their sainted spirits,
And loved ones guard their mortal dust,
For God, the sainted soul in death inherits,
While earth keeps faithful too her every trust.

Rest in peace departed neighbor, brother, friend,
God keep thy soul in quiet rest forever,
Where thy dust lies thy loved ones now attend
Rest in peace, rest in peace, oh! friend for ever.

The Farmers to the Bat.

(Burlington News.)

The cotton farmers have determined to hold their cotton for 14 and 15 cents. The tobacco farmers propose to hold their tobacco for a higher price. They are busy effecting their organizations to this end. And if they are careful and business like they will perfect an organization that will enable them to carry out these determinations.

The fact is that labor and farm machinery has advanced to such an extent that farmers must have these prices or they can make no money. The manufacturer places the prices on his goods in keeping with the cost of production, and if he can't get these prices, he stops business until prices go up or else he holds his products for better prices, and there is no reason why the farmer should not do the same.

What Worried the Old Man.

A peculiar instance of connubial affection occurred some time ago in Vermont. An aged couple, who through half a century of married life had wrangled with each other, were in all probability soon to be separated. The husband was taken ill and was believed to be near his end. The old wife came to his bedside, and after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition, exclaimed: "Well, daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold and your nose is cold."

"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."

"W'y, daddy, you're goin' to die."

"Wa'al, I guess I know what I'm about."

"Daddy, what's to become of me if you die?"

"I dunno, and I don't care. What I want to know is, what's to become of me?"

A Noble Son.

Harold, aged 9, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was thrown into a state of marked perturbation.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in horror; "how on earth, my child, did you get your clothes and face in such a state?"

"I was trying to keep a little boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating reply.

"Well, that was fine," said his mollified parent. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A woman is as old as she looks when she quits having a birthday party.

Marrying for love doesn't seem to turn out such a lot worse than marrying for money.

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We Can Help You

You are always welcome at the

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Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Meat, Lard, etc.,

we believe it will be to your interest to see us before buying. You will find us in the store formerly known as the Barnes Building, next door to the Southern Grocery Co, Phone No. 307-F.

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