

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

A. F. JOHNSON, Editor and Manager

TAR DROPS

Cotton sold for 16-17 cents a pound in Louisburg yesterday. Have you signed the cotton and tobacco contracts yet? Don't wait. The Boards of County Commissioners and Education meet Monday. Mr. T. W. Ruffin has about completed two new cottage dwellings on North Main Street. Mr. J. S. Williams has just completed a concrete driveway in front of his home on Main Street. It has been about four years since the Town of Louisburg has published a statement of its condition. Battery B held a regular drill on Tuesday afternoon. A barbecue supper was given the boys and a number of friends. The Louisburg Baptist church is making an improvement to the church building on Main street by cutting out around the walls in order to keep the dampness away. Information has been received by the family that the body of Thomas G. Hunt, a world war hero, has arrived at Brooklyn, N. Y., and is expected to arrive at Louisburg within the next few days.

AMONG THE VISITORS

Supt. J. C. Jones visited Raleigh Thursday. Mr. E. A. Kemp and son, Allen, visited Raleigh Monday. Messrs. C. C. Hudson and S. C. Holden visited Raleigh Monday. Mr. E. P. Blackley, of Sanford, was a visitor to Louisburg Monday. Mr. George Holder, of the Times force, visited Raleigh this week. Mrs. S. Solomon, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. A. Roth. Miss Annie Oates, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Newell. Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Rife are on a trip through Western North Carolina. Miss Emma Page Wilder, of Aberdeen, is visiting Miss Catherine Bobbitt. Miss Catherine Bobbitt returned the past week from a visit to relatives at Aberdeen. Mr. G. M. Beam and family returned Monday from a vacation trip to Willoughby Beach. Mrs. J. K. Dorsett and children, of Spencer, are visiting her sister, Mrs. E. A. Kemp near town. Mr. J. P. Timberlake and daughter, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Kathleen Silver visited Raleigh Monday. Messrs. F. A. Roth and Sprull Upchurch returned the past week from an Automobile trip to Canada. Mr. K. P. Taylor leaves Sunday for Atlantic City to attend a convention of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Mr. E. L. Hart, of Wilmington, visited his brothers-in-law, Messrs. F. B. D. F. and Malcolm McKinne the past week. Miss Kathleen Silver, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Mary Spencer at Oakhurst, left Tuesday for her home at Greensboro. Mr. R. W. Hudson and Capt. P. G. Alston went over to Henderson Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. M. F. Houck, who died at her home there on Tuesday. Mrs. Geo. T. Andrews, of Enfield, Mrs. Capt. R. D. Phillips, of Richmond, Va., Mrs. Capt. J. G. Camp, of Ahoskie, and children are visiting their sister, Mrs. W. B. Cooke. Messrs. J. O. Sledge, E. D. Parrish, G. B. H. Stallings and G. S. Earp visited Durham Saturday to interview Highway Commissioner Hill, in regard to the Nashville road.

High Say Most Magazines Jud Tunkins says you don't have to buy some magazines to enjoy the best they've got to offer; which is the picture on the cover. Washington Star. The Stagger Toddle. Alky-Parker, I'm ruined socially! Last night at the hall I drank too much and staggered into everybody. Valet-Scarcely that, sir. Every one's talking of you as inventing a new dance. Passing Show (London).



MARY GRAHAM BONNER PICKEREL-WEED FLOWERS.

"We don't smell very sweet, but we're bright and gay and pretty," said the Pickerel-Weed flowers. "But why have you such a strange name?" asked the Fairy Queen who had come to the pond to talk to the Pickerel-Weed family. "Because," said one of the blossoms, "they say that the pickerels lay their eggs in our leaves. They like other water weeds, too, but we're among the ones they like, and somehow or other, the honor of the name was given to us alone. That is they haven't named any of the other wild water weeds or wafel wild weeds, or whatever you'd call us, after the pickerels. "They could have named other flowers which grow in ponds after the pickerels, because of the fact that the pickerels lay their eggs in different plants. "But they didn't want to do that. They wanted to give us the whole honor, so that folks would know that the pickerels laid their eggs in our leaves. "If they lay their eggs in other weeds, no one is the wiser. That is, no one is the wiser from the names. "There are other fishes, too, who lay their eggs in weeds, but I don't know whether any of the weeds have given their names to the weeds or not. I don't know and it doesn't interest me. We don't smell very sweet, it is true, but we're gay and very graceful. "We're tall and our long blue ragged blossoms above our rich-looking leaves look very handsome. We



"Sounds Rather Sad"

look most attractive in the ponds and brooks and small lakes, and we look, too, like flowers who have gone in wading. "For we're not entirely in the water as creatures are who would go in swimming. "But we're like creatures who go in wading. Part, perhaps, a little less than half of us is right in the water, and the rest is standing above that part! None of us last more than a day. "Dear me," said the Fairy Queen, "that sounds rather sad." "It isn't sad," said the blossom which had been talking to the Fairy Queen. "It isn't sad at all because we don't feel sad about it. If we did feel sad, then it would be different. "But we don't! No, we're quite happy to have our one day of blossoming. "Then we fade and wither. But there are always other blossoms to take our places. Oh, yes, there are plenty of us blooming all the time. "When the humble bee comes to call on us he takes some of our pollen, which means the yellow dust we wear upon our plants, and spreads it over some of our relatives and drops it just where it will strengthen and help them. "Isn't that smart of Mr. Bumble Bee?" "I've always thought the Bumble Bee was smart," said the Fairy Queen. "We like ponds and streams and brooks," continued the Pickerel-Weed blossom. "We love the coolness of the water. We love to be in wading all the time. And though each blossom only lasts for a day, we feel that is enough. We feel that the family will keep on blossoming and having bright blue flowers on our stems. "We know that the flowers will be

Table listing various fabrics and their prices, such as J. & P. Coats Thread, Sanford Sheeting, Table Oil Cloth, etc.

L. KLINE & COMPANY Mid-Summer Clearance Sale EXTRAORDINARY SALE Women and Misses Pumps and Oxfords

Table listing clothing items and prices, including White Pumps & Oxfords, Middy Suits, Middy Blouses, and Georgette Blouses.

Table listing household items and prices, including Curtains, Dress Gingham, and Window Shades.

L. KLINE & COMPANY "When Seen or Advertised Elsewhere It's Always Cheapest Here" LOUISBURG, North Carolina

happy to be in the pond. And we know, too, that the leaves are always proud of having the pickerels come and lay their eggs in them. "We've heard the leaves whispering to each other and saying, 'We've got to guard over Mrs. Pickerel Fish's little eggs. That's both an honor and an opportunity. For an opportunity is when one gets a chance to do something fine for his family, for others or for himself. And we, the leaves, have an opportunity of helping others.' "Oh yes," ended the Pickerel-Weed blossom, "my day is over, but it has been a happy day, and there are lots and lots of us to come."

WHY DON'T THEY COME TO CHURCH!

Under the above heading Andrew Ten Eyck, writes the following timely article for July Outlook: This query is made of a rural church because the question has been asked by its pastor. I suspect that it might be made with equal propriety concerning an urban church, for the anxieties of thoughtful pastors and parishioners in city and country alike find "Smith not coming to church," and are querying why. Recently I was in a community of two thousand people in Maryland. There were six churches there—Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic. Not one of these churches had a self-supporting-sized congregation. I was told, I asked one church officer how they paid their minister. "Oh," said he, "the bank pays him, and then, when the notes come due, the bank gets after us and we have a fair of entertainment to raise the money." I live in a rural community that is somewhat better off than this rural village, for the church, or rather its pastor, has a constituency for burial rites and marriage ceremonies of about 1,000, though the roster of membership is around 300. One night recently a rather cheap musical play was given in this church to an audience that taxed its capacity. Some were turned away. In the sermon on Sunday, to a large number of vacant pews, the pastor rightly asked why people will crowd to entertainments and avoid Sunday service. The pointed remarks of this pastor have gone the rounds in this community, and in casual contact with the thought stirred up I find the frank expression of why people do not come to church. The station agent tells me the story of his spiritual life from a boy; of how he was once punished for being

tardy for service, and dates his apathy from that incident. The rest of his story is as follows: "On Christmas morning following my punishment my father awakened my brother, who had come from a distance, and myself to attend church. I didn't go. My brother went. The next day he left to go back to his work and asked my father for the price of the ticket to return. Suspecting he had a return ticket, I planned so discover the fraud, and when I did my brother said, 'Don't tell father.' But afterward, when I got into some disagreement with my father, I told him, and asked him if it were not true that he did not like me as well as my brother because I didn't go to church and my brother did. He said yes. Then I told him of my brother's dishonesty in the matter of the ticket. Some few years after this I used to go to hear a Baptist minister preach because he was a great preacher and said things I understood, and helped me in my life. I go now when I can hear men like that. "Another tells me he goes to church but seldom because it doesn't take hold of him as it used to. "One says he would like to go, but has no way of getting there, some three miles, unless he walks. His mother tells of her mother, in the early days of the nineteenth century, walking nine miles to attend church. "The ex-soldier who the pastor says is a spiritual disappointment because in the matter of church-going he does not show the high spiritual development he was said to have reached in the war by the complacency into which he has sunk in the midst of the humdrum of affairs, tells a story some thing like this: "Spiritual development—I wonder—well, the war was broadening. We got used to hearing a Catholic service at one end of the field and a Protestant at the other. Catholic and Protestant service was read alike—over the dead, sometimes in ignorance of the belief of the dead. But war had a brutalizing aspect. We were in a profession, and in a crisis where only the strongest could hope to survive, we thought about, overmuch perhaps, of our stomachs in the army, of mess, of sleep as we had once known it in terms of beds and bed-covers. We were so constantly overworked and overdrilled that our chief desire was to escape. In a way, I guess we got to fearing death less because it didn't make much difference whether we met it or not. It couldn't be much worse. We felt that way. And being amongst fellows whom you would roll up under the blankets with one night and plant like trees in the ground the next sort of made it human for things to

happen that way; sort of walking the valley without fear, I guess. So, you see, the thing the Church taught us to fear we don't now, and it isn't very near to us." "So it is among a few types of non-church-goers in this community. "If plays were given instead of sermons, would the pews be filled? The people attend this real and perhaps typical rural church, but not as many as should. Men talk under the sheds of crops, automobile tires, shingling barns, taxes, politics; women speak in the vestibules of forthcoming suppers and the latest gossip; but not of the service. These people go to entertainments in the church, and when they leave every one has some notion about the play. They talk about it, the church service less real than the plays, of the people react differently toward it. "I do not believe people are less spiritual today. My neighbor comes over into the orchard this afternoon, and we both marvel about a bursting apple blossom, and talk in a little while of the resurrection. My friend the station agent tells me he would like to hear a preacher who would use words like those Christ used. "He talked of hungering, thirsting, the salt losing it savor, of candles, moth, and rust, of fowls, reaping, lilies and grass, fruit, mustard seeds, vineyards, fishermen, of carpentry, foxes, birds, swine, and went to eat with the customs officer, Matthew, and the folks outside of the fold. He got into the life of the common folks. Why can't the ministers do that today? Then we would understand." "Does the Sunday paper take the place of the Sunday service? Why don't they come to church? I ask it not that I can answer it, but because I believe there is in most people a real latent spiritual sense that is hungering for satisfaction. Does my friend the station agent state a reason, and do my comrades say something most soldiers feel?" Meredith Nicholson, in the "Atlantic" in 1912, wrote, "Should Smith go to Church?" These years and the war have done little to change the situation concerning which he wrote. All I wish to say here is that most people have a spiritual nature; more people would go to church if they found satisfaction for that nature in the service. For myself, I have, found that satisfaction in the church, and out of the Church in places I least expected. "One such experience came to me at two o'clock one morning in France. We were breaking camp in the open on a beautiful hillside sloping to a river. The mist was hanging in a perceptible cloud just over us, and above

was the clear starlit sky. I stood sentry where I could see the picture. Reville sounded, and in fifteen minutes, as by one touch of an electric button, but by six hundred hands, as many candles were lit before as many dog-tents. The mist became raps of purple light, and it was as though some magic super-touch had created some atmosphere for one's thought. Breaking camp for whither we knew not, one's thoughts were of the unknown. I scribbled on a piece of paper, and tucked it into the rear of a leather photograph case I always carried. It reads: "In the constant presence of death one reaches spiritual development that he could never otherwise attain, for the visualization of the dissolution of the flesh throws dependence on the indissoluble spirit. Perhaps this is the spiritual glory of war. It is too bad that most of humanity passes away without knowing it. I think I have talked and walked with God in the last few minutes. It was so very real, very human. I know I won't mind the hurt if it comes and I don't go back. I'll be with friends in a little while. There isn't much more stuff connected with this over here. It is unattractive, brutal work, but I guess it is the biggest thing in the world now. It does not mean so much loss of individuality for the sake of a common good, but actual realization or self through sacrifice for an ideal. Ideals are intangible, and for days it has seemed as though there weren't any; but I believe they have never been as real and as near the surface. Perhaps this experience will reveal in the way we react to it what kind of men we are fundamentally because of the way we react to these ever-changing new daily experiences. I guess that is the one satisfaction we will get out of this." My scribbles ended there. I am thankful I have carried them back, my self. It was one of the experiences I had amongst mud, mess, and army cold-draws. "I speak of it to assure my pastor of some spiritual stirrings as a soldier, and also to assure him there was not in my army life at least, very much of the high spirituality said of it. We seemed to live, from revolve to taps, fretty much for the belly's sake, unconscious of spiritual changes within. "Perhaps the Church needs the testings of some great, rapid, soul-searching experience. Perhaps it needs to lift us out of the clay that is sticking to our feet and holding us to the humdrum affairs of life. I merely want to say that the common feelings most of us have contain the embryo of the spiritual that yearns for nurture, for growth.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



By Charles Saphroe



The Help Picks a Poor Time to Demand Money

