

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

A. F. JOHNSON, Editor and Manager

TAR DROPS

Cotton sold for 24 1-4 cents a pound yesterday. Frosts have been reported on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

FLEW INTO HISTORY. PITY A SAD "ARISTOCRAT." THE DAY'S BEST NEWS. PERSHING AND GRATITUDE.

The flight around the world is over, and six young Americans will live in history when everybody connected with this Presidential campaign is completely forgotten.

History will forever record, if only in two lines, the dates and names connected with the first human flight around the world.

Birds did it long ago, but they are only birds.

That the nation which invented the flying machine should be the first nation to send a flying machine around the world seems appropriate. More appropriate would be adequate flying machine defense for this country.

Mr. Grenville L. Winthrop, pleasantly described by the social reporter as a "wealthy, retired banker, philanthropist and ARISTOCRAT," is under the care of two doctors. His two daughters eloped, one with a chauffeur, the other with a young electrician.

For a "retired aristocrat" to receive such a blow is painful, but in his sorrow there is warning and comfort for other wealthy, retired American aristocrats.

One of the daughters was thirty-one years of age; she and her sister, twenty-four, had been kept secluded.

Beware how you keep daughters too secluded, especially after thirty, and MORE especially if they are rich in their own right, as are these two young women!

That's the warning. The comfort is this: The Winthrop family, to which the "retired aristocrat" belongs, may find

himself improved, his energies increased and his life on earth prolonged by the adoption of a flying machine.

Lieutenant Howland flew 188 miles from Boston to New York in fifty-eight minutes, attended to his business and finished the round trip in two hours and twenty minutes. We have the world's fastest fliers, some of them of them not being repaired. We have the flying machines. We have the preparation better than we provide it.

The day's most important news for the future ages is this: Dr. Daly, senior professor of chemistry in the University of Liverpool, says he can manufacture sugar out of plain water and carbon dioxide. That's how nature manufactures it in plants, through the green leaves. It is a deep process, first making formaldehyde of the carbon dioxide and water, then applying ultraviolet light—a color invisible to our eyes—to make the sugar.

If science can imitate plants on a big scale, manufacturing sugar and protein from carbon dioxide in the air, and the water in the ground, one food problem will be solved. However, don't be in a hurry to sell your Cuban sugar plantation. It will make you rich for many a day.

Distinguished gentlemen gave a dinner to General Pershing in New York. It was a nice dinner. General Pershing's share must have cost sixty cents in the market and nine dollars delivered on the table.

As a dinner, it was a success. But as a reward for a general that commanded three million American soldiers in the big war, after serving faithfully for many years before that, it was not much. General Pershing is now retired on a salary big enough to get him a small flat in a cheap quarter.

The English do it differently. Their Imperial Government made their General Haig an Earl, and gave him a million dollars.

Of course, this country isn't rich enough to afford anything like THAT, but it might do SOMETHING.

There is nothing the matter with this country except timid imagination. What have we?

Gold, more than half the world's supply; peace, that will last if we keep out of European nonsense; Presidential candidates, not one of whom would do any harm if elected; good crops, good prices for crops; an annual income of more than fifty thousand million dollars a year, with the real wealth of the world.

LOUISBURG HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL DEPT.

At present there is no communication between the townspeople and the school, except the monthly reports of grades. We want to get in touch with the public. Show them what we're doing; what we're accomplishing at school. Not only do we want to interest the townspeople, but also the country people. By means of this school section, we can show the county schools what is going on at Louisburg High School.

This department will be composed of selections contributed by members of each class; short stories, original poetry, etc.; also all the athletic news. It will be well worth while to read the school department; which, we hope, will not only show you what your children are doing, but also interest you in the school work.

LOUISBURG TAKES OPENER ON HOME GROUNDS, 38 0

Louisburg High swamped Cary here last Friday. Louisburg showed her old time form. Cary played a good game but couldn't stand the slaughter of the Louisburg backs. Buck Beck and Harvey Bartholomew line plunges and Bartholomew's end runs was the feature of the game. While Mohn and Williamson did their share as well.

The Louisburg line opened a hole that you could drive a wagon through. The quarterback for Cary played a nice game. Louisburg men fought from start to finish.

Cary decided to kick and Bartholomew received it and carried it to the forty yard line. From there Louisburg marched for a touchdown with Robert Christopher Beck carrying it over for Louisburg's first touchdown of the season. After that Louisburg proceeded to pile up the score.

Beck led the scoring with three touchdowns and one extra point. Bartholomew came next with two touchdowns and one extra point. Ford made one touchdown and Jimmy Allen had had luck trying for the extra point when he missed the kick an inch.

The line up was as follows for Louisburg, the Cary line up is not known:

Louisburg 38 - Cary 0
Allen, Left end
Beasley, Left tackle
Bledsoe, Left guard
Johnson, Center
Taylor, Right guard
Wilson, Right tackle
King, Right end
Williamson, Quarter
Beck, Right half
Mohn, Left half
Bartholomew, Full back
Substitutes: Ford for Beck, Beck for Ford, Allen for Beck, Ford for Bartholomew.

Officials: Referee, Ford, Carolina; Umpire, Massenburger, Carolina; Head linesman, Bicket, Wake Forest.

The schedule for the rest of the season is as follows:
October 3, Selma at Selma; October 10, Tarboro here; October 17, Raleigh at Raleigh; October 20, Enfield here; October 24, Tarboro at Tarboro; October 31, Henderson here; November 7, Championship series; November 7, Championship series; November 21, Selma here.

MISS MEHITABLE'S GAME (By Olivia McKinne)

Miss Mehitable Martin sat looking out the small paneled window at two figures coming slowly along the street. They were evidently oblivious to all but themselves. Miss Mehitable laid her knitting down in her lap and pushed her spectacles up off her long thin pointed nose to her high, narrow forehead from which hair that was slightly gray was drawn tightly back and pulled into a small wad at the back of her head. Her ears were close to her head but the tops turned to the front just enough to give the effect of trying to catch every sound that came anywhere near them. Her small mouth, with thin, pale lips was turned down contemptuously as she looked, and knitting her brow pushed up her glasses, and stared at them intently until they had almost reached the front gate. But presently her attention was wrested by something which was almost as interesting to her as the young couple passing. This time the object of her attention was a fat, jolly looking little man, waddling along and looking at her house.

"Humph," she muttered to herself, "wonder what old Hezekiah's doing coming by here this time of day. Well," a slight smile touched her face, "there's one thing sure and certain, he needn't be looking at Mehitable Martin's house, 'cause as I've remarked before, she ain't a hankering after no man yet." She resumed her knitting saying, "Why, I'm still in my prime! My father always said he didn't want his daughter to marry before she was old enough to know what she was getting into."

At the sound of footsteps on the narrow gravel walk outside she got up and slowly walked to the window. With slow, deliberate movements she pulled the old lace curtains back and peered out at Hezekiah.

"I just thought I'd come and see if there was anything I could do for you Mehitable. You know it's powerful hot for a perty little thing like you to have to draw water and cut wood." He sidled over to the steps and sat down, still grinning. "It's mighty cool out here in the shade, Mehitable. Won't you come out and sit with me?"

"No I won't! And what's more you know as well as I do that I have that little Murphy boy to do my chores for me every morning. You're just wasting time mooning around and a'grinning like an idiot. You'd do me more good to leave so I could do my work." With

this final remark she pulled the curtain across the window with a jerk and started to the kitchen. But then, her heart softening a little she opened the front door and said, "Wouldn't you like to taste some of my new jam, Hezekiah?"

"That I would," Hezekiah rose with alacrity and followed her to the great old-fashioned kitchen where she took a jar off the neatly covered shelves and opened it. Then she went to the bread box and took out a fresh loaf of homemade bread. Next she got a knife and laid them all on the spotless oil cloth covered table before Hezekiah.

"Here you are," she said. "I made that jam by Jane Moore's recipe. I hope you'll like it." He cut a slice of bread and spread it with jam in silence. Then he bit a plug out of it and smacked his lips appreciatively.

"You know Mehitable," he said, fidgeting his knife nervously, "that jam's nearly as good as you are sweet." He glanced up at that to see how this remark was received.

"Hezekiah Henley, you know you can have some more jam without saying that! What makes you act so silly anyway?"

"Well, I don't know," said Hezekiah. "I-I-I just thought you wouldn't mind if I said it." He was plainly embarrassed. His face was crimson. He squirmed in his chair.

"Now you mind that you're sitting next time before you make a duce out of yourself. Have some more jam."

"Well it is powerful good. I believe I will take some more."

"He once more spread a slice of bread liberally and took a bite."

"Jane Moore has a good recipe all right," he said.

"Yes, and that girl of hers has a good recipe for getting in trouble, too!" snapped Miss Mehitable. "Why, I'd rather have a daughter of mine turn out an old maid than go gadding around like Mandy does with Joe. Why they do say they're planning to get married at Christmas time, and then just still children. Oh, it ain't right! I don't know what Jane is thinking of I don't. I always have heard my father say he didn't want a girl of his to marry so young that she didn't know what she was doing."

"She wagged her head despairingly. "I don't know what the young folks are coming to. Why, I would no more think of marrying than I would of flying."

"No, Mehitable. I agree with you. Folks shouldn't marry too young."

"Well, I guess I'll be going now. The jam was real good."

He walked to the door and stood on the threshold hesitatingly, as if trying to say something, but finding him self unable to, he said, "good by" and waddled out into the sunshine.

It was a lovely afternoon about a week later. As usual Miss Mehitable was sitting on the front porch watching for any little stray piece of gossip to pass on. She looked up the wide, elm boarded street to see what was happening. And something surely was happening! Miss Mehitable studied her spectacles the better to see. She peered around the post of the porch, and finally, finding even that unsatisfactory, she got up and walked to the steps.

"Well of all things!" cried Miss Mehitable.

Up the street came Hezekiah Henley. He wasn't waddling this time either. No siree! He was strutting! On his head was a little derby hat set so far back on the side of his head that it looked as if it was in danger of falling off any minute. He had on a black and white checked suit, red socks, a red necktie and black shoes. But what was more astonishing than that was the person by his side. She was a young flapper. About every three steps she would do a dance step. The curled ends of her bobbed hair showed underneath the brim of her picture hat. Her dress was of the same material as her hat, bright pink. She had on flesh colored, open work stockings, and things that were supposed to be slippers, but were more like sandals.

They were both singing "You've Got to See Mamma Every Night" to the tops of their voices.

"What in the world! Is it Hezekiah Henley? Yes, it is! He must have lost his mind! Why if my father could see me cutting capers like that he'd be sure to turn over in his grave."

The couple was rapidly nearing the house but Hezekiah had not so much as glanced at it. Miss Mehitable, though shocked almost beyond reason, felt a sharp pang of jealousy strike her. However she stood her ground until they reached her front gate, till Hezekiah was looking in any direction but toward her and she turned and marched into the house, stepping high and with her nose up.

She marched straight through to the kitchen, where she busied herself for the next half hour in looking at her cook book, which had been handed down from her grandmother, and like so many of the old cook-books contained recipes to tempt anyone's appetite. Finally she shut the book with a bang and started supper.

Just then the little chore boy came in with an armful of wood.

"Is there anything else, mam?" he inquired.

"Let me see. Yes Tommy, one more thing. Wait just a minute."

She left the room and returned with pen and ink, and a sheet of paper. She went to the cook book, looked at some things in it, and wrote something on the paper.

"Here now. Go down and get Mr. Moore to fill out this order."

With a quick "yes mam" Tommy vanished and Miss Mehitable went back to her work.

"Well, I guess I'll get him once and for all this time," she muttered to herself. "What an old fool I have been to let such a chance slip by. Why Hezekiah's a real nice, sociable kind

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of man when you once know him real well. I never dreamed before that he could be stylish like he was this afternoon. Never mind! If it's possible I'll get him now!"

So she had made up her mind! Let us hope that she would not lose in her little game.

"Miss Mehitable! Miss Mehitable! Where are you?"

"I'm making up the bed. What do you want Tommy?"

"Set down so you won't fall, mam." Tommy was bounding up the steps two at a time.

"Mr. Hezekiah Henley was thrown out of St. Perkin's two horse wagon this mornin' and it broke his leg and cut his head."

"Tommy, what are you talking about? Hezekiah's broke his leg?"

"Yes'm. And he's suffering terrible, mam. Dr. Phillips is over there now settin' it."

"Well I dreamed last night that something was gonna happen to Hezekiah, but I thought it was something else."

Tommy giggled. "You most usually dream of the folks you think of most, don't you Miss Mehitable?" he asked and then was off down the stairs to chop the wood.

"If I could lay my hands on that boy," said Miss Mehitable, nevertheless she allowed a grim smile to cross her face.

At three that afternoon Miss Mehitable was ringing the doorbell to the little house where old Hezekiah lived. She had on her best shawl and had even allowed herself to soften the severe lines of her garb by pinning a small rose at the neck of her old-fashioned dress. In her hand she carried a plate, covered with a napkin, from which came delicious whiffs of something good to eat.

A step was heard inside and the door swung open with a squeak. A little negro boy stood in the doorway.

"Mr Hezekiah seen you comin' an' he said as how I must let you in to see him," he announced.

"Are you quite sure he can see visitors?" asked Miss Mehitable.

"Yas'm," responded the child.

"All right then, I'll go in for a few minutes," and Miss Mehitable entered a home that she had never thought to enter.

She only stayed a few minutes and she was glad she didn't stay longer when she started out, for who should she see coming but the flapper with whom Hezekiah had been walking the day before. And in her hand also was a dish.

idea! She had often heard the saying that to win a man fill him up—feed him. And this was what she adopted for her plan of battle. She would feed Hezekiah! The very thing!

She hurried home to start something else to carry him.

And so it happened that every day she and the flapper met at Hezekiah's home and passed each other with haughty hostility in both their bearing and their stances at one another.

Hezekiah was in his rolling chair sitting on the porch to his little home when Miss Mehitable came up with a tray in her hand. She stopped in the yard and picked some roses and laid them on the tray beside the covered dish.

"Good evening, Hezekiah," she greeted him, "how are you doing now? better I hope."

"Yes, the doctor says I can walk day after tomorrow with my crutches. You know it will be Flag Day, the 14th of June and I'm going to celebrate."

In his voice was almost a childish delight at once more being on his feet.

"My! My! Won't that be nice? I knew you'd get well soon. Here's some cake I thought you'd like. It's the recipe of one of the kinds used at my mother's wedding dinner."

"Thank you, Mehitable. I don't know what I would have done without the snacks you brought me along. You know that young fly-away can't boil an egg! She brought me some kind of mixture that ought to have boiled egg in it, and she put the egg in raw, and couldn't even tell that there was something wrong! Why I'd as leave eat the scraps with the chickens as to eat her cooking. Everything she brings she says 'it didn't turn out just exactly like it ought to have, but I'll do it right next time.' I'd think to myself when she put that bluff up, no and it never will turn out right either."

He paused and looked out at the sunset meditatively. Then suddenly he burst out, "As Abraham Lincoln said, give me a woman that can cook or give me none."

"Why Hezekiah! Abraham Lincoln didn't say that, he chopped down the cherry tree," corrected Miss Mehitable.

"Well, no matter who said it, them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em." He paused. "Give me a woman that can cook or give me none," he repeated impressively. "Don't that sound speechy Mehitable? Be sure the preacher quotes me as saying that at my funeral."

Miss Mehitable sat with him until the moon was high in the heavens, and they talked together in low tones.

Later, as she was leaving, he said, "Yes, honey, that's what we'll do. The first time I walk will be by Lohen-

grin's Wedding March, and it'll celebrate Flag Day, too."

NOTICE OF SALE OF AUTOMOBILE UNDER MECHANICS LEIN

Dr. J. B. Davis will take notice that under and by virtue of section 2017 of the Revised of 1915 of North Carolina and the lien thereby given to mechanics for repairs on personal property, the undersigned will on Monday Nov. 3, 1934 in front of the courthouse in Louisburg, N. C., at about the hour of noon, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash that Buick five passenger touring car 1921 model placed by him for repairs with the undersigned and that sale will be made to pay the repairs thereon made.

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