

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

A. F. Johnson, Editor & Mgr.

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Entered at the Post Office at Louisburg, N. C., as second class matter.

Don't forget Louisburg needs a pay roll.

After all the republicans did not kick La Follette out of the party.

Senator Edge makes plea for 2.75 per cent beer in the Senate.

Western North Carolina is getting in the Florida boom class. We will be glad to see boom reach Franklin County.

Congress is now wrangling over the proposed tax reduction bill. With the foreign countries paying up interest and principal why can't they repeal all the tax.

What has become of the canning factory. Mighty oaks grow from little acorns. Big factories come from small beginnings. But it takes a start to accomplish anything.

Farmers generally are dissatisfied with the new sales corporation organized by the officials of the Cotton Association. They recognize it as a means with which to play the future market and they don't like that. To say the least the officers who are responsible for the organizations have made a serious blunder.

While the two big cooperative organizations are considering the writing of a new contract they had best provide a means to make the farmers feel more like it is his organization—a means to take care of the human nature element—and give him some guarantee that it will be operated in a measure like he thinks it should be. The farmers all agree that the plan is right but they have lost confidence in the ability of the present directing heads to conduct the organizations in their interest.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SIXTIES

The following is a copy of the paper read by Mrs. J. E. Malone before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Joseph J. Davis Chapter, at a meeting held on December 3rd, 1925.

It has been said that God gave us memory that we may have roses in December. You young people cannot begin to realize the full meaning of this, but when the years have exhausted their supply of fun and pleasure, and exacted their toll of service, and one comes, of necessity, into the December of life, with its inevitable chill and tiredness, there are often times when these roses of the past come with a blessing all their own. 'Tis true, I think, in the experience of almost every one, that there are boughs of cypress twining it among the most beautiful blossoms, but even these are so mellowed by time, that flowers of the bygone scenes lose nothing of their fragrance, but seem all the more beautiful for the shadows.

It is the Christmas memories of the Sixties, that my childish brain garnered and stored away, that I am asked to give you. Compared to the Christmas Season of the present day, they will seem absurdly simple, and, as I look back through a long vista of years, the days were shadowed by so much sadness that the roses of those past Decembers are peculiar for their sweetness rather than their beauty, and this sweetness has been accentuated since I could appreciate the sacrifice of bravery which forced our mothers and other loved ones to "make merry and be glad" for the young people.

Here, where we were fortunate enough to escape the horrors which so many suffered at the hands of an invading army, we generally had something good to eat. A Christmas dinner would consist probably of a ham, a turkey and chickens, while the result of hog killings also played an important part. We knew nothing of canned fruit then, but we had potatoes, sweet and Irish, carrots and parsnips, and cabbages, and collards, and dried fruits and pickles. For our deserts we had to depend on sorghum to sweeten them. Ginger cakes and fruit cakes were usually good, for the sorghum was not unpalatable in them, and there was always a supply of peanuts, walnuts and hickory nuts. We of course had milk, and for syllabub, cream was abundant, and the distilling of brandy or whiskey was not unknown, but you can imagine that honey made molasses did not sweeten so very deliciously. Coffee was of

course out of the question generally, though my mother had some during the entire war, but it was kept safely out of reach, to be used only in cases of sickness, as was some sugar also. Some of the substitutes for coffee were horrible. I thought, Sweet potatoes cut into small blocks and dried, and then parched and ground. Sometime ago, I attempted to drink a cup of the Postum, so largely advertised now, but it reminded me so vividly of the rye coffee of War Times, that I could not relish it.

The mothers of that period must have known many a heart-ache when the Christmas Season drew near, and their ingenuity was severely taxed to fill stockings for unsuspecting little ones. Let me recall a Christmas of my child hood: I was fortunate in having a doll house, made by one colored carpenter. Some furniture for the dining room had been made by the same carpenter, so to my delight I found in my stocking on Christmas morning a set of doll mats that I thought very lacey and lovely, which I know now were only unbleached cloth fringed out and threads drawn in little squares. I also got a baloral skirt in brilliant colors, and a roach comb with red beads around the edge. There was also a lovely little basket made of cake with a pasteboard handle, then the whole feed and ornamented. The comb and skirt remain to this day a mystery, but occasionally things were brought here from Wilmington, that vessels running the blockade had carried there. As I have already said my mother kept a small quantity of sugar hidden away. She evidently encroached on that little supply for the cake basket. I was delighted with my gifts.

For fireworks, I've seen my brother and his boy friends making their preparations during the day for the night display. Balls of cotton were wrapped until very hard and soaked in turpentine, and with old gloves on their hands they tossed these lighted balls through the darkness, while we watched with great interest, thinking them beautiful.

There was a superstition held by the colored folks that unless you had something new for Christmas, you would be at the mercy of the vultures of the air. Their new winter clothing was generally distributed on Christmas morning, as for the white children, old dresses, through ingenuity, could be converted into a variety of suits, and if just made over they were always considered new, so we too would escape safely.

I think of it all now, and to me it was wonderful that such a spirit of brave cheerfulness prevailed. Home spun dresses were worn with pride—bonnets covered with remnants of old silk dresses and trimmed with home made feather flowers, and shop shoes with home knit stockings and home knit gloves were thought to be things of solid comfort, and yet on special occasions old trunks were ransacked, and costumes constructed which now would be considered grotesque in the extreme, we then thought beautiful. Nobody was ashamed to wear anything they had, and no one was ever laughed at. A common cause drew all hearts together then, adversity made sisters of our women and in each was a spirit of helpfulness that made itself felt. Refugees sought the safety and quietness of our little town, and they were treated as dear friends; never as strangers. I had two little friends of whom I was very fond. Their parents had fled here from Virginia and really were reduced to very great need. They were cultured people, and bravely hid their poverty as much as possible. Through it all the mother held to her bridal gift from her husband, \$5000.00 worth of diamonds. She had hidden and so saved these jewels for her children. Whenever a soldier chanced to be in hom of furlough during the Christmas holidays, the young ladies of the town could not do enough for their entertainment. Innumerable candy stews and parties were given, and they danced as merrily as if no shadow of evil hung over them. But days grew darker and drearier all the time, and then the Christmas of '64 came round, the same brave spirit of endurance prevailed, but so many of our homes had been darkened by the grim shadow of death, and there was so much suffering from hunger and want throughout our country and so many of our soldiers at the front were in need of food and clothing that it was impossible that real gaiety should exist. Efforts were of course made to make merry for the children, but I was getting old enough then to be conscious of the sad faces around me.

I had been brought face to face with death before then. A young man, a connection of the family of whom I was very fond, and who had made a great pet of me, had left for the front some time before. He was a very handsome man, and was splendid looking when I saw him last in his uniform. News came of his death in a hospital, of pneumonia, and my uncle, his brother-in-law went up to Franklin to meet the body. They came back after it was very dark, and the night was to had for the trip to be made to his home in the country, and the casket was brought in and placed in the parlor. It was the first time I had ever seen one, and I remember how my little heart ached at the sight of the big, happy man lying there so cold and still.

I should not have drifted into memories so sad, though they were of common occurrence in those days. It was through such things that the mettle of the South was tried and it was through the dauntless bravery of her men, and the heroic self-sacrifice and courage of her women that the South has made herself a place in history, unrivaled and unsurpassed.

Choice Variety Kitchen Enamel and Aluminum Ware at L. P. HICKS, 1218-12

Ten Farmers in Davison County fed 87 pigs from weanlings up to 200 pound hogs and sold them in the pens for thirteen cents per pound making a net profit of \$5.48 per pig because of good feeding methods.

PECAN TREE SERVES FOUR-FOLD PURPOSE

Raleigh, Dec. 14.—Few people in North Carolina are able to plant pecan trees commercially, to finance the plantings, or to properly care for the trees until they begin to bear; but, every home in North Carolina may have a few trees planted about it.

According to W. A. Radsprinter, Pomologist for the department of horticulture at State College, there are four main advantages of planting pecans near the house which make this the most valuable tree to plant under such conditions.

First, the pecan has a very dense foliage and a wide spread, making it perhaps the South's best deciduous shade tree.

Second, the pecan is perhaps our most beautiful tree, adding as much beauty as any other tree in landscaping the home.

Third, the pecan is the only shade tree supplying a nice food, that the whole family can enjoy as a luxury and delicacy during winter.

Fourth, the pecan is the only tree that may be planted as an excellent ornament, and for shade, that will in addition produce a cash crop and pay the owner in money for planting the tree.

"People in North Carolina who have pecans planted in their yards are now furnishing their families with delicious nuts for Christmas season," says Mr. Radsprinter. "Many of them also are selling enough for Christmas spending money. During the summer these same people consider the pecan the greatest of their shade and ornamental trees. A pecan tree costs about a dollar, yet people pay more than that for maples, oaks, and other shade trees that produce nothing. While you are planting shade trees, why not plant a tree with a fourfold and not a twofold purpose? Don't waste your land and money."

THE PATH ACROSS THE HILL

A play entitled "The Path Across the Hill," will be presented at Rock Springs school on Tuesday night, December 22, 1925. The proceeds will be used for the school. All are invited to come. The following is a cast of characters:

- Samuel Crawford, Grandpa, John Russel Edwards.
Robert Post, the Visitor, Hildred Pearce.
Walter Conrad, Ruth's Brother, Edward Place.
Dr. Jimmie Reed, With Ambition, Rufus Strickland.
Salamander Alexander John Henry Jones, Zuzu's Choice, Roy Perry.
Mrs. Davis, Grandma, Lena Cheaves.
Ruth Conrad, Nicknamed "Bobbie," Patsy Rogers.
Felo Gray, Ruth's Cousin, Bessie Lee Byron.
Lutie, a Neighbor, Molly Place.
Zuzu, The Cook, Frances Chamberlee.

IN MEMORY OF A SUNBEAM

On November 29th, 1925, the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Holmes and took from them their darling baby little Myrtle Lee Holmes. She leaves to mourn her loss a father, mother, two sisters, two brothers and a host of relatives and friends.

Thou art gone our precious darling, Never more can thou return, Thou shalt sleep a peaceful slumber, Till the resurrection morn.

Thou shall sleep but not forever, There will be a glorious dawn, When we shall meet our loved ones, Around God's great white throne.

And the cradle now is empty, Where so oft thou have lain, But I hope our present loss, Will be our future gain.

I am happy little darling, Though I miss you from my side, For I feel that I shall meet you In that home beyond the sky. —ONE WHO LOVED HER.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust executed to me as trustee by Lena Yarborough on the 15th day of November, 1923, which said deed of trust is duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Franklin County in Book 250 page 81, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and demand having been made upon me for foreclosure, I will on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1926, at about the hour of noon, at the court house door in Louisburg, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, fee cash, the following described lot or parcel of land, to wit:

A certain lot in the town of Louisburg, N. C., bounded on the North by the lands of B. T. Holden, on the East by lot of T. B. Wilder, on the South by the Street or Road and on the West by the lands of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, containing one-fourth acre, more or less. Being the same land conveyed to Lena Yarborough by O. H. Harris and wife by deed dated Nov. 15th, 1923.

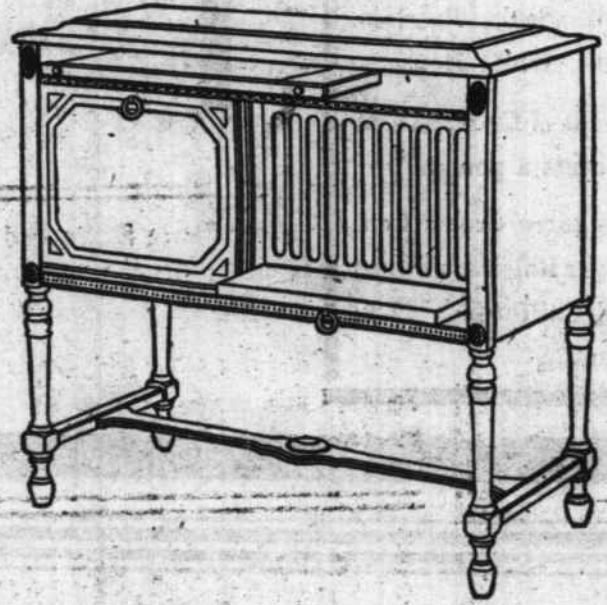
This December 10th, 1925. S. A. NEWEELL, Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE OF AUTOMOBILE UNDER MECHANIC LEIN

H. F. Twisdale will take notice that under and by virtue of section 2017 of the Revisal of 1915 of North Carolina and the lein thereby given to mechanics for repairs on personal property the undersigned will on Monday, January 18, 1926, at Massey Bros. garage at Pilot, N. C., at about the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash that Ford Car, motor number 3,607,956, 1915 model placed by him for repair and storage, with the undersigned and that sale will be made to pay the repairs thereon made and storage. This December, 18, 1925. MASSEY BROS., Pilot, N. C.

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The five tube No. 20 or No. 20 Compact affords ample volume and clear reception from all stations east of the Rocky Mountains, Canada, and West Indies. A more satisfactory set cannot be obtained regardless of price.

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Phone 47 FRANKLINTON, N. C. Phone 47

Last week's purchasers in Louisburg:

- Mrs. H. H. Johnson
Mr. F. W. Wheless
Mr. C. T. Stokes
Mr. Billie T. Person