

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
At Franklin, North Carolina
Telephone No. 24

VOL. LI

Number 48

BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON.....EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months75
Eight Months	\$1.00
Single Copy05

Obituary notices, cards of thanks, tributes of respect, by individuals, lodges, churches, organizations or societies, will be regarded as advertising and inserted at regular classified advertising rates. Such notices will be marked "adv." in compliance with the postal regulations.

This newspaper invites its readers to express their opinions on matters of public interest through its columns. The Press-Maconian is independent in its policies and is glad to print both sides of any question. Letters to the editor should be written legibly on only one side of the paper and should be of reasonable length. The editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long, are of small general interest or which would violate the sensibilities of our readers.

Machinery and Unemployment

It was only three or four years ago that the whole country was talking about something called "technocracy." That was a new economic philosophy based upon the theory that the causes of all our unemployment and other troubles was that machines were replacing man power in industry, and that if that tendency kept on it would not be long before there would be no work for anybody to do.

The technocracy idea was an echo of the outcry which has been raised whenever a new invention has been brought out to do work which was formerly done by hand. When the first cotton spinning machinery was invented, the first power looms set up, there was a tremendous outcry about the bread being taken out of the mouths of the working class. That was more than 150 years ago, and it is only necessary to look back into history to realize how foolish the opposition to those early machines was. For, instead of making less work, they made more work. By producing cotton cloth more cheaply and more speedily than it had ever been made by hand, the machine production multiplied the demand and the market for cotton cloth, so that within a few years ten persons were employed on the spinning and weaving machines for every one who had been employed at hand labor in the same industry.

To a generation which knows nothing of industrial history the revival of this outcry against the machines seemed convincing. The evidence to the contrary, however, is right in front of the eyes of anybody who will look for it. The best example is in the automobile industry. More automobiles have been made and sold in the past year than in any one of the previous five years. Very much more of the work of building automobiles is done by machinery than at any time in the past. It is no uncommon thing for an automobile manufacturer to scrap \$10,000,000 worth of heavy machinery to replace it with new and more efficient equipment. But has the machine thrown automobile workers out of their jobs? Quite the opposite is true. In one great factory alone, which formerly employed 60,000 workers to produce a million and a half of automobiles in a year, last year 90,000 workers were employed to produce a smaller number of cars. There was no reduction in wages; on the contrary, wages went up. Yet the price of the car came down.

Precisely the same experience has followed the introduction of modern machinery in every line of industry. There are temporary readjustments and shifts of employment, but in the long run the enlarged market created by offering better goods at lower prices results in the employment of more people than could find jobs before the new machines were put in.—Selected.

Beautifying Country Churches

AN example which many country churches might well follow has been set by Enon Baptist Church near Oxford, N. C., which has worked through a number of years to beautify its grounds. Here is an account of its campaign as given in The Progressive Farmer:—

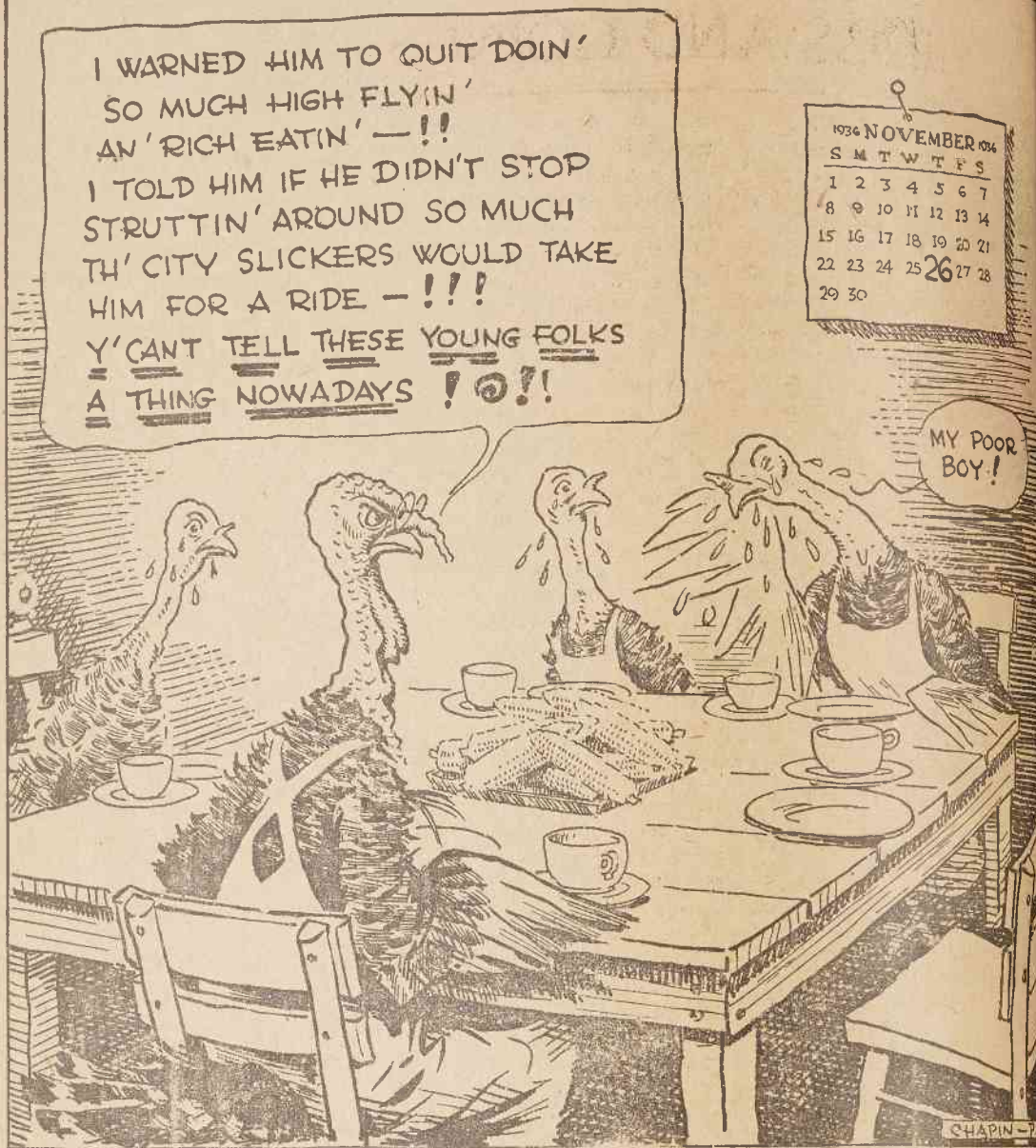
"At one time the church in conference voted to launch a beauty campaign on a large scale, and subscribed \$125 on the spot for trees and shrubbery. They named a committee to buy what was needed. Next, this was made a standing committee, and through all the years since, this committee has continued to function actively. In all, several hundred dollars has been spent for trees and shrubbery alone. And buying and planting has been only a minor part of it; the committee also looks after the lawn and sees that it is kept tidy and beautiful.

"Three times a year a large crowd of the members may be seen at work on the lawn: spring, fall, and before the annual revival meeting. Loads and loads of manure, teams, plows, rakes, hoes, pruning shares—these are some of the accessories to a day of good fellowship amid the beauty of the church premises. It does not cost us anything. The people enjoy it and take a pride in it. Better still, they carry away an ideal that will inevitably be reflected in their own premises at home. Beauty of their church lawn will promote beauty about their own homes—even beauty in their souls. And it makes them church-conscious. Our churches are weak largely because their members express so little of their daily life through their churches. Whatever makes one's church loom large in his thoughts is a blessing. The danger is that so little of one's life will be expressed through his church that it will drop out of his thoughts and out of his life. The sheer beauty of our church premises compels our members to think about their church.

"Beauty is contagious. It preaches beauty. Why should not a church feel a divine call to make its premises preach tidiness and loveliness to all the community round about? Is not that indeed a part of the gospel? Did not Ruskin give us the great truth that beauty in art and nature promotes beauty of character?"—Selected.

The Vacant Chair

by A. B. CHAPIN



BRUCE BARTON Says:



THE FARMER HAS IT

Waking up in a sleeping car, I discovered that we had got stalled behind a derailed freight train during the night and were four hours late. There was no diner, no newspaper, nothing to do but wait until we reached Buffalo at one o'clock. So I settled myself philosophically in the smoking compartment and gazed out on the landscape where farmers were busy with their plowing.

My mind went back to the summers I worked on a farm in Michigan. And partly because of the memories, partly because of the lack of breakfast, I began to feel envious of the sturdy tillers of the soil. "You have many troubles," I said to myself. "You have long hours; you are at war with the winds and the sun and the storms; you are afflicted by every imaginable kind of pest. But one great and glorious gift you do enjoy. You have an appetite."

On that Michigan farm the boss and I and another hired hand used to rise at four o'clock in the summer mornings. By half past six we had tended to the horses and milked the cows, and were ready for breakfast. What a breakfast! Then out to the fields. By about ten-thirty we were beginning to be hungry again, and for an hour and a half we would live in the contemplation of dinner. Again a tremendous meal. Then more hard work until sun-down—with again a couple of hours of eager anticipation.

In New York high-priced chefs buy the finest foods for their hotels and clubs and dress them up with all sorts of fancy sauces and trick ornaments. But I am never really hungry. My house is warmer than the farm house, and the beds are softer; I am better paid for a much shorter working day. But I wish that just once more in my life I could smell that cooking across the fields and know that appetite again.

LET'S DRESS THE PART

On Park Avenue during a recent elevator strike a young fellow hailed me by name and I stopped for a chat wondering all the time just where I had seen him before. Then it dawned on me that he runs an elevator in a building where I do a good deal of business. Now he

looked rougher, unkept, less attractive, and I realized why: I never had seen him without his uniform.

Perhaps you have happened to pass a big city hospital at the hour when the nurses are going off duty. They come trooping out of the side door, a nice enough lot of women, but no different from the other thousands on the city streets. Are these the alert Angels of Mercy who, with their starched whiteness, their cocky little caps, and their brisk movements, make such an alluring picture in the wards?

"Clothes do not make the man," says the proverb. But clothes do make the soldier, as every military man knows. It would be impossible to win a war without uniforms. And clothes do help to make the public official.

David Lamson, in his dramatic book "We Who Are About to Die," describes the court scene when sentence of death was passed upon him, and records his feeling of surprise that the whole tragic action seemed so remote, so impressive. He discovered the reason. "We have abandoned the fuss and furbelows; we force the unfortunate Law to play its scenes in the barest of settings, in street clothes, without the makeup or costumes or lighting necessary to the illusion. . . . The British, with a better feeling for art forms, dress their judges in silken robes and impressive wigs and insist upon the observance of formalities."

We ought to dress our public officials with more dignity. A mayor should look like a mayor, as the Lord Mayor of London dies. Our mayors look just like ordinary men. (Copyright, K. F. S.)

A Lesson In Salesmanship

Assistant: "No madam, we haven't had any for a long time."

Manager (overhearing): "Oh, yes, we have it madam: I will send to the warehouse and have some brought in for you." (Aside to assistant): "Never refuse anything, send out for it."

As the lady went out laughing, the manager demanded: "What did she say?"

Assistant: "She said, 'We haven't had any rain lately.'"

Lake Emory

By LUTHER ANDERSON
RIDGECREST CHURCH
GROUNDS IMPROVED

Grounds in front of Ridgecrest church have been graded, smoothed by the road forces, drive from the highway to church has been graded and faced with crushed stone. This includes considerable space parking. A number of citizens joined in the work, but credit goes to the road forces for the major portion. The Sunday school, through The Press, wishes to express deep appreciation, collectively and individually, to the officials of State highway forces operating in Macon county for this splendid improvement to the church grounds. D. Lee Crawford is superintendent of the Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart left for Raleigh early Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, of Otto, returned to them Tuesday. The elder Mr. Mrs. Stewart had been in Raleigh with their son, George, who was injured seriously in a motor accident some weeks ago, and was now making good progress toward recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Smith, of Sylva, were visitors at the home of Gordon Smith Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reid returned Thursday from a trip to Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Frank Sellers went to Lanta on a shopping expedition Thursday.

Mrs. Clyde Downs, who was recently ill, is reported to be improving.

Miss Mildred Moore is recovering from a severe case of measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Sheffield, Rainbow Springs, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buford Downs Sunday.

Slightly Embarrassing

Young Doctor: "I'm afraid I made a mistake in filling in a certificate today."

Old Doctor: "How was that?"

Young Doctor: "I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space for 'cause of death.'"

And That's That

Benny Busted—Now that he has refused to marry me, you'll return my ring.

Cinthy Clutts—That's just what I refused. The jeweler called yesterday.

Quick heat is assured on case of vulcanizing patch for motor by a fuse that is easily set off a match.