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George Bulgin

RECALLING the warm, bright memory of George Bulgin, we call to mind, too, another memory—the stalwart picture of manhood painted by Henry W. Longfellow in "The Village Blacksmith."

Re-reading the familiar poem, we are impressed by the striking similarity of character between our friend and the man who inspired the immortal poet's pen.

Even though George Bulgin's physical strength was diminished by a stroke of paralysis several years before his death, one watching him at his work at the anvil and forge could not fail to notice "the muscles of his brawny arm" and recall the lines:

"His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

And, again, as Longfellow tells of the children watching the smith at his work we remember that it was not an unusual sight to find Franklin youngsters, homeward bound from school, lingering around George Bulgin's shop absorbed with interest in and admiration for his amazing skill in shaping iron and steel to his purpose. The analogy continues:

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

* * * * *

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

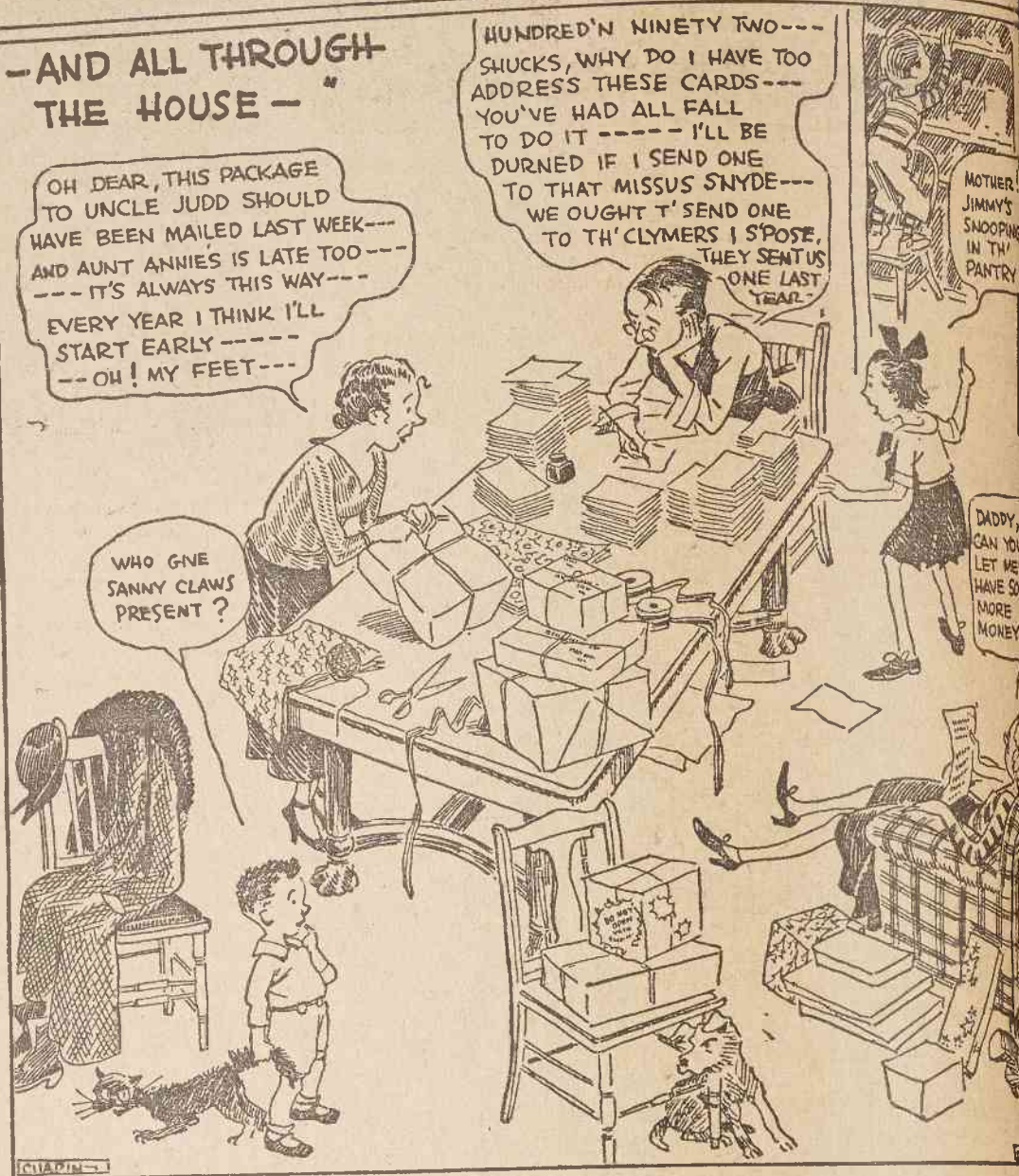
By B. M. Angel

IN the long, long ago, while the solemn hours of night were brooding over the hills of ancient Judea and the drowsy shepherds were keeping their lonesome vigil over their flocks, there was heralded an event that never yet was on land or sea. The glory of the Lord shone round the frightened shepherd and an angel said, "Be not afraid, for I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." Suddenly the heavens were vocal with hallelujahs—"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good

will to men." The shepherds went to Bethlehem and found as had been told to them. This short and simple story of the birth of the Christ-child and his first hour of babyhood has given Christendom its most joyous and popular festival and the theme of its most beautiful hymn: "Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger, Maker and monarch and savior of all." This most pleasing story has all the freshness and charm of the first morning of creation, "when the morning stars sang together,"

"Tis the Week Before Christmas" — by A. B. CHAPIN

-AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE-



or the breaking of dawn, "when jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top." The joyous greeting, "A merry Christmas," like a refrain, goes ringing down the corridors of time.

It is far cry from the gladsome tidings of the Nativity at Bethlehem Ephratha foretold in ancient story and the cry of despair from the Cross on Golgotha hill. No jubiliations are heard from the angelic host on high; darkness shrouds a quaking earth; the world is in the throes of a monstrous tragedy. The agony, the torture appal the stoutest heart. The terror of the scene on Calvary is not relieved until the evangel of the first Easter morning. We turn and flee from the groans on Golgotha to hear the rapturous songs at Bethlehem. No art can make sheer misery delectable. We gladly attune our hearing to the music of the spheres, but are shocked by the discord of

crashing worlds. It is the beauty, the poetic essence of the old story that comforts and cheers. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." If suffering has conquered its thousands, a love that thinketh no evil has won its tens of thousands. Meditation on the glorious birth that brought wise men from the far quarters of the world to shower the new-born infant with gold, frankincense and myrrh, and started the heavens to unwonted ecstasy of song such a glorious theme as this has more religion than a thousand sermons. It is too heroic for most of us to plant our feet on the road to Calvary; all can go merrily with the shepherds down to the humble cradle at Bethlehem "where once the angels trod" and there, as in a mystic vision, find truth, mercy and goodness; love, light and life, and listen to the lullaby over the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

the employment is into them; and, I think, writing and more a terror to old

A famous American now asked: "Does writing n easier as you get older?" ed horror struck. "Ea moaned, "easier! Every life and death struggle, a ever I have finished one myself: "That's the last old. I never can do it ag he keeps on with the b his books are still best

Irvin Cobb remarked ing is a job which no hu will understand unless d by dire necessity. He s never writes for fun.

Most old scribes agre hardest part of writing started. If one will sit gedly, put a sheet of pa typewriter and begin to thing, even a letter to folks, it starts the blo through the brain and w forward. But the writer around the room, pic newspaper or fusses wi traction, is lost.

There are some days, when you just can't write is no use to try. The on do then is to put on yo go out and get your sneak off to the circus. the words will come.

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BRUCE BARTON Says



LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD!

An ardent young scientist completed a long series of experiments only to find that the result he sought to achieve simply could not be produced. Imagine his mental distress when he learned that the identical experiments had been carried through in another university some years before. If he had known about this previous attempt he could have saved two year's hard work.

He said: "There ought to be a careful record of the failures as well as the success in scientific research. Some institution should maintain a graveyard where young scientists could go and find a record of every research that has proved no good."

If this would be a good thing in science it would be even more useful in business—and in statesmanship. In business we seem to learn so little from the past. We go through the same vicious circle of optimism, expansion, inflation, collapse, depression, and despair.

There is hardly a single detail of the economic experience of the past seven years that cannot be matched in the record of every description since the industrial sys-

tem began. Yet the human mind refuses dumbly to remember. Each fresh burst of prosperity is hailed as a "New Era," and each bust is regarded as something unprecedented and irreparable.

So with statesmanship. If you read the history of the Roman Emperor Diocletian you will learn that practically all the measures of modern government were tried out in his day—with results that are sad to remember.

France tried most of them after the collapse of the Mississippi Bubble, and English hurried them onto the statute books when the South Sea company collapsed.

All this information is in the Congressional Library, but unfortunately our law makers seldom visit the Library.

They should be compelled to spend at least a day a month in it, and there should be a Permanent Committee of Congress called "The Committee on Things That Sound Good but Won't Work."

I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO WRITE

Emerson in his diary says: "I have heard that the engineers in locomotives grow nervously vigilant with every year on the road, until

Muse's Cor

Country Chris

By GRACE NOLL CR
The cities have their c
Their streets ablaze wi
Their high wild bells, t
spires,
But here tonight

Upon these wide and s
One light is lovelier fa
The glorious silver ligh
From one white star,

And there are clearer
hear
Than any in the town
The angel's song, unhin
Comes drifting down.

The silver silence hold
Of shepherds' hurrying
These riders follow
lamp,
The air is cold and s

The frost is glistening
To those who will befi
The plains are all aflar
This Christmas Eve.
—The Progress