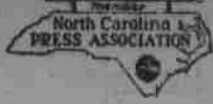


The Franklin Press

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

VOL. XLVII Number 2
BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Entered at the Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year	\$1.50
Eight Months	\$1.00
Six Months	.75
Single Copy	.05

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.

The Press invites its readers to express their opinions through its columns and each week it plans to carry Letters to the Editor on its editorial page. This newspaper 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. Of course, the editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long or violate one's better sensibilities.

Weekly Bible Thought

Judge not, that ye be not judged.—Matt. 7:1.

Why Close Maxwell Home?

MANY FRIENDS of the Maxwell Farm Home for boys are at a loss to understand the very evident determination of some members of the Asheville Presbytery to close the institution.

Maxwell Home fills a unique niche. It is not an orphanage; it is not a reformatory. It is a home for homeless boys, given to the Presbyterian church twenty-odd years ago by Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Slagle as a memorial to their son, Maxwell. It supplies a wholesome haven for boys who have done nothing to warrant sending them to training schools for wayward youths, and it opens its doors to homeless boys who for one reason or another cannot gain admission to orphanages.

One is impressed on visiting Maxwell with the fine, sturdy type of young manhood being developed under the Rev. S. R. Crockett, superintendent, and his wife. There is nothing of the institutional atmosphere. Rather, the boys all seem to be members of a large rural family. They go to the public schools and mingle with other boys on a natural, un-self-conscious basis. After school they go home to do their chores and play and study, just as other country boys do. They look to Mr. Crockett as a father and to Mrs. Crockett as a mother.

It is a great work; it is a shame it cannot be expanded rather than suspended. Much that has been accomplished is bound to be lost if the Home is closed for a short while.

Members of the board which has had direct charge of the Home want it to continue in operation. Some have even gone so far as to say they personally would underwrite any losses incurred.

The Press is informed that Maxwell Home is now operating without support from the Asheville Presbytery. Despite this, it has reduced its indebtedness. The boys, with Mr. Crockett working in the field by their side, raised enough last summer to feed themselves. Mr. Crockett has proved a good farmer as well as a wise preceptor. Small contributions come from time to time from individuals interested in the Home.

Expenses of some of the boys are met by scholarships contributed by organizations outside the Asheville Presbyterian church. For instance, the Franklin Rotary club maintains one boy, while the expenses of another are met by a Sunday school class of the Franklin Methodist church. Organizations in Asheville take care of several others.

Yet plans are being pushed to suspend this very laudable work. The reason, it was stated the other day in Asheville by Dr. R. F. Campbell, head of the Home Missions Committee of the Presbytery, is that "we are financially unable to continue it." He explained that it was intended only to close Maxwell temporarily, "later to re-establish it on a better basis."

If the institution can maintain itself in dire times like these without drawing on the Presbytery's treasury, it is difficult to understand why it should be closed even temporarily. If it is planned to expand its work or, as Dr. Campbell says, "to re-establish it on a better basis," why tear down what already has been accomplished? Why destroy a solid foundation?

If the Presbytery is dissatisfied with the management of Maxwell Home, why shut down the whole thing to bring about a change? Mr. Crockett has entered to step aside if the Presbytery wishes; but the Presbytery itself, at its session last week at Highlands, gave Mr. Crockett and Maxwell Home a vote of confidence. Scores of trustees of Macon county—Presbyterians and other churches as well—recently signed a statement expressing their highest confidence in Maxwell Home for homeless boys.

It is a pity that the Presbytery desires no part in a denomination which feels that the Maxwell Home is more than a denomination's trust of the

Presbyterian church. Many persons of various denominations have shown earnest interest in the Home and its boys.

Those closest in touch with the affairs of Maxwell Home want it to continue its fine work. The boys themselves have indicated a fondness for the place, a respect for the management and a love for Mr. and Mrs. Crockett personally.

The institution has gotten along for several months with little or no aid from the Presbytery. Indications are that it can continue to do so for several months more, at least until the next session of the Presbytery, when the whole question could be brought up for reconsideration with the members of the church cognizant of the situation.

Any attempt to force an immediate suspension of Maxwell Home would be regarded by many as an assertion of authority for authority's sake.

GUESS THE GHOST

Here's How To Win a Cash Prize

A cash prize of \$2.50 will be given for the best explanation of each story in this series. There are twelve stories in all. A Grand Prize of \$10.00 will be given for the best set of explanations or solutions for all of the stories, with a second prize of \$5.00; third, \$3.00; and fourth, \$2.00.

RULES OF CONTEST

- (1) Open to any paid-up subscriber to The Franklin Press, or member of a subscriber's family.
- (2) No employees of The Franklin Press permitted to participate. However, community correspondents of this newspaper will not be regarded as employees.
- (3) Explanations or solutions submitted must be written on one side of paper only, with name and address clearly written in upper left corner, and must not exceed 250 words in length.
- (4) The readers submitting the most plausible explanations of the "ghosts" will be awarded prizes. Should two or more send in the same solutions, the prizes will be awarded to the one whose solution is first received. Some of the stories have more than one plausible solution.
- (5) Literary expression does not count—it is the solution of the mystery we want. Make your explanation brief and to the point.
- (6) Solutions must be received by The Franklin Press not later than Wednesday midnight of the week following publication of the story for which the solution is written. The author's solution of each story will be published in the issue of the succeeding week.
- (7) The contest will be judged by the editor of The Franklin Press and two other unbiased persons selected by him. Their decisions will be final.
- (8) The name of the prize winner will be announced in the second issue after the publication of each story.
- (9) Anyone subscribing to The Franklin Press during this contest is eligible to participate. Members of the family of a new subscriber also are eligible.
- (10) Only one solution by an individual will be considered. If you send in more than one, the first one opened will be considered as your entry.

SEND YOUR SOLUTION TO GHOST EDITOR

The Accusing Ghost

By DAVID McFALL

(This is the last in a series of twelve ghost stories being published by The Franklin Press in its Guess-the-Ghost contest.)

SINCE the hero of this story—if any man can enact the role of a hero when he comes face to face with a ghost—is still living and still occupies the house he moved into when a young man, nearly thirty years ago, both his name and the scene of his unsought adventure will be withheld.

In 1906, a young doctor, whom we will call Doctor Kennedy, finished his collegiate training and stepped out into the world as a full-fledged practitioner in medicine and surgery—except that he had no practice and that the prospects for establishing one were remote. The entire savings of lean but thirty years had been eaten up; but from a grudging and sceptical uncle he borrowed a few dollars and with the sum rented a small furnished house in an isolated country district where rentals were low.

In the choice of his location the young doctor displayed a total lack of business judgment, a failing which neither discipline nor circumstance could erase in later years. In a part of the country where farms and cottages were being abandoned year after year, the scattered population steadily migrating to herd in rapidly growing industrial centers, he set up his office. But the location suited him exactly, for while it offered him but little to do it afforded him leisure to think, and he was curiously given to idly speculating about every thing except the things that concerned him. He was a replica of the inquiring, speculative, wonder-loving Sir Thomas Browne, who wasted a summer day in guessing at what song the sirens sang.

However, the young man's transparent simplicity and honesty won him friends and before long he was entrusted with his first case; but the case proved to be a tragedy for him and all but led to the abandonment of a profession in which he subsequently achieved distinction within a narrow sphere. He was called upon to attend an expectant mother, and he was proud of his minor part in the ever-recurring and beneficent miracle of enriching the world with another innocent member. Unfortunately, a few days after the birth of the child the mother died of puerperal fever; but she left her last delirium, and she uttered a voice which was a mere whisper. She remembered her woman's mission and begged of the doctor to save her baby.

EXPLANATION

Of Last Week's Ghost

Mystery:—

Four-Thousand-Year-Old Ghosts

Caverns, cellars, and all underground cavities have a nearly uniform temperature the year around. It is for this reason that wines are stored in cellars, as only under such conditions can they be matured successfully.

It is obvious that when the entrance to a cave is left open there will be a strong flow of cool ground-air into the cave, or else an outward flow, depending upon whether the temperature outside is colder or warmer than the temperature inside.

That is exactly what happened at the mouth of the burial mound. The door had been left slightly ajar, and through the narrow opening the cold air of a late November evening flowed in a very perceptible current into the warmer interior of the mound. The strong current of air drew with it a number of dried fallen leaves that lay at the doorway. It was the light, soft rustling of the leaves as they moved over the hard clay floor of the mound that sounded like light footfalls, or hissing, in the intense darkness and silence.

Anyone may produce the sounds exactly by experimenting with autumn's carpet of leaves—by walking through them in the woods, or fanning them over any uneven surface.

He gave her his assurance that he would. And he left undone nothing that could have been done. For nearly a week he spent his days and nights in the house, snatching brief periods of troubled sleep, and watched with a sickening heart the age-old and relentless struggle between life and death. He wondered why the tremendous scene had been staged in so frail a form. All was in vain. When the last feeble breath left the



The first day Willie landed the job with the B...
"Throw us out a little somethin'-will ya, willie?"

sweet and tiny mansion tenant-less he sought the only consolation open to him—"No more let Life divide what Death can join together."

His way home, eight miles distant, lay over a rough and narrow road, now miry with autumnal rains. When he started homeward it was nearly eleven o'clock at night. A heavy mist enveloped everything, apparently lifting slightly now and then, or spreading apart and forming open vistas which instantly closed in again. A soft, incessant motion was in the mist, a motion impelled by unheard and unfeeling breezes. The vapor condensed on his clothing until he was wet and chilled. It was so dark that he could not see a foot ahead of him and he gave the reins to the horse he rode. The most dismal thoughts held him. He could not shake them off. All his future was as dark as his present path. He had failed in his first attempt and he saw no hope of establishing a practice in a place where even the most skilled physician would be but poorly rewarded.

On his way homeward, and at a distance of about three miles from his destination, his road led past a country graveyard, in which the most recent interment was that of the woman whose life he had failed to save—and now a new grave was to be opened to receive another charge of his. No shred of superstition was in his habitual thinking, yet he would have taken any other road home, however roundabout, could he have found one. The very thought of the cemetery was like a nightmare to him; and when he drew near it, and saw the more aspiring monuments revealing themselves indistinctly in brief intervals as the vapors thinned, instantly to lose themselves again when the heavier mists closed in around them, he could not repress a shudder.

He bowed his head and closed his eyes and would have gone past the spot thus, his senses blind and deaf to it though his thoughts were not; but at a turn in the road his horse stumbled slightly and the rider, to avoid being thrown, summoned his resolution with a start, grasping the reins with a firm hand that brought the beast to a sudden stop—and there, a few yards ahead of him, stood the woman whom he had so recently attended in her last illness!

With a courage born of the extremity of fear, whose daring knows no limit, the doctor eyed the apparition intently, noting every detail with a minuteness which astonished him when he recalled it in after years. The motionless figure disappeared and reappeared several times while he gazed, as the thick mist shrouded it or partly withdrew its veil. At no time was the outline of the gray figure clear and distinct; but one aspect of it was unmistakable and it struck him with a deadly chill. The woman stood upright, facing him, with an arm and hand up-lifted, and it seemed as though the palm of the hand were toward him, bidding him go back. The command, coming in that manner, and at that hour and place, a command

which no living being could have obeyed with fruitful result, was like a sentence of doom.

For a few minutes the doctor sat irresolute in the saddle, fearful to proceed yet ashamed to retire at the bidding of a lifeless apparition. For some moments he remained still, debating in his mind a problem for which there seemed no solution. But even as he looked, hoping for a clearer vision that would explain the mystery, a firmer courage came to him. Apparently the figure had vanished for the last time, for though the mist, fanned by a rising breeze, was lifting, the figure seemed to have taken the figure into its own impalpable texture, to be it thenceforth.

With a crushing weight lifted from his mind and heart, the rider was about to give spurs to his horse, anticipating his homecoming with a feeling verging upon buoyance, when he received another shock. Not yet had he supped full of horrors. Just as he leaned forward in his saddle, to adjust his body to the horse's first step, a light air coming from the graveyard fell upon his face. In ordinary times he would have come to it and would have refreshed by it; but the chill, murky breeze mingled strangely with his fears and he read in it a message from the apparition that had attempted to bar his way—a message "cold, oppressive and dank, sent through the pores of the coffin plank," and even as he read it he felt upon his face the touch of unseen fingers of a hand. The fingers rested so lightly upon his face that they could scarcely be felt, but they were moist, clammy, and chill, as though newly risen from the sodden earth. There was in the touch of the fingers a something which was indescribably, unpeepably abhorrent.

For a fragment of a moment the doctor was powerless to move a muscle or to pluck resolve from thought; and then, reviving his palsied senses with a sudden effort, he drew his coat sleeve across his face, blinding his eyes in the bend of his left arm, and driving his spurs deep into the horse's sides; and giving the reins a violent jerk that turned the animal about, he fled back to the house he had quitted an hour before.

When he reached the bereaved home he was himself an apparition in the eyes of the diminished circle that still sat up, watching with vain solicitude an empty shell. Wet, chattering with cold, bespattered with mire, his face drawn and haggard, and his eyes dull and sunken, he awakened the watchers' sympathy. To that extent he came as a blessing, giving to grief an outlet in active ministrations.

The members of the house, at first inclined to be querulous, were touched and soon were softened. Why did he come back? "I decided that you needed sleep more than I did," he said. "You must go to bed now, and I will sit up and watch. No, no, I will have no refusal. My place is here now, and your place is in the bed. Leave me alone. I felt that I could not go on home and let you watch longer after all you have gone

through. I found the road place and I was back. Still trust me, if you and do as I ask you—and bowed them out of the room a firm gentleness that moved and was long remembered by the night can be imagined by the alone who have had similar experiences. But they did nothing clarify his brain. In spite of persistent inquisitiveness and satiable curiosity, and in spite his determination to solve the mystery, several years elapsed before the riddle to the then the disc-

US... A Hen... has been... Carol... as...
The food indus... Carolinas are... a wonderful... the next few... and cream... ing... and... ed new... new mea... cal proc... mills and... essary for... of our fo... The intell... preparing... developm... crops and... paining th... dairying... production... crop prod... North Car... ing at home... well as our fa... ing supplied... products, cann... products grow... and prepared... food process... LOTTE OB...
Fre... Mrs. Ma... ton L. Jo... Dozier, South Mills, W... a federal jury in W... of conspiring to obstruct... obtaining receivership of... Mortgage company... returned to its... Davis, Norfolk... end of gover... Mrs. Ramsey a... for perjury.