

A Lost Vision

BY B. M. ANGEL

Few are living now who remember that a frame house once stood near the road between the Indian mound and the old bridge over the Tennessee river. Once, at the age of fifteen, I was in Franklin and that day a gang was wrecking that house. Starting home afoot on East Main street, I could see the wreckers and hear the slam of timbers as they were thrown down. About thirty yards ahead of me was a girl, or young woman, who stopped until I caught up. She then said, "I see men working yonder; I wish you would go with me until we pass them." I remember answering, "Yes Maam."

Evidently she was embarrassed to go alone, lest she be exposed to some rudeness of speech or conduct by the wrecking crew. She was about sixteen, medium tall, slender, neatly dressed and pretty. Her manner—grave, prudent, thoughtful—was my ideal then and always. I was caught, captivated, stricken. I desired to be entertaining but every word seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable. I was seized by an inferiority complex and, in common parlance, could not "make the grade." But the girl answered my trivialities with graciousness, sympathy and politeness as though my words were weighty as bags of gold. She was taking care of me more than I was of her.

We passed the men demolishing the house, crossed the bridge and in a short distance came to the parting of the ways. Then, with an emphasis, a sweetness as if I had saved her life, said, "Thank you," and went her way. The

vision for so short a time vanished and left me sad for the loss and glad to be relieved of a load I was unable to carry. The entire episode transpired within fifteen minutes.

She passed, and of her name and race left not a token or a trace save a memory and a fancy that will not down. Her fortune or misfortune in life is written in the book of fate which I am not permitted to read. Did she grow old? Never. After three score and ten years she is still sixteen waiting for me to come and go with her, and her final "Thank you" is still as fresh and comforting as a greeting on Christmas morning lately past. Nothing in all the vicissitudes of a long life has lessened my faith that the girl was all that my fancy has painted her—beautiful, elegant and good; modest, demure and wise; gracious, sensible and true; lovely, loving and loveable; a paragon of excellence, a model equal to the best, a standard by which I judge all other women. My benison has never ceased to go with her.

Such is the ecstatic vision of a youth when first he opens his eyes on all the glamorous world about him and his soul responds to the enchantment of a beautiful woman.

My Lost Vision could meet all the demands of every age mentioned in the proverb: A young man admires the beauty of the face; a mature man admires the beauty of the figure; an old man admires the beauty of the understanding.

I plead guilty on all three counts.

VERY LATEST

By Patricia Dow



Designed in Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 44 requires 4 1/4 yards of 35 inch material with 3/4 yard contrasting.

NEW MODE HOUSE FROCK
Pattern 8382—The new mode in house frocks for the larger woman is very definitely tailored. The style sketched is one of the clever slenderizing models, tailored and trim which are so popular with smart matrons. It is utterly simple, the contrasting jabot are flattering, soft and feminine with a tricky side opening buttoned in place.

Short sleeves with turn back cuffs repeat the softly rolling collar and small tucks at the back of the neck give ease through the shoulders. The dress fits smoothly over the hips and is fitted in back with darts. The panel in front ends in a kick pleat and the skirt flares slightly at the lower edge. A belt with a buckle and gathered end is trim but feminine. Gingham or printed percale could be used for this style.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
 Send 15 cents in coin (for each pattern desired), your NAME ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE to Patricia Dow, Car The Franklin Press and Highlands Maconian, Pattern Dept., 115 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

men remind me of Christopher Columbus," my informant reports him as saying. "When Columbus started out he didn't know where he was going; when he got there he didn't know where he was, and when he got back he didn't know where he had been."

Not mentioning any names, the Vice-President left.

METROPOLIS . . . simple life
 The average American thinks of New York as a city of gay frivolity. That is because he sees and hears of only the part of it that is staged for the entertainment of visitors from out of town. In the Winter I "hole up" in one of the old parts of New York where everybody knows each other and most of us live simply, in ancient houses, and take life easily. One of my neighbors, nearly 80, lives still in the house in which he was born.

Few of us in this Washington Square section patronize night clubs or pay the prices out-of-town folk are taxed for restaurant meals and theater tickets. When we go to the theater we sit in the balcony, and when we dine out it is generally at some Italian restaurant near home

where a good dinner can be had for 75 cents.

Folk can live the simple life as well in New York as anywhere else.

ADVERTISING . . . some faulty
 I find more fault with a great deal of the advertising that is being done than with the movies. Much of it, when it isn't an effort to be "smart" is pure silliness.

No advertising is as good as plain, unvarnished statements of the truth about the advertised product and this is important—the price. But when I see advertisements which make extravagant and unwarranted claims I wonder if the advertiser thinks he is really fooling anybody.

It would be a good idea, it seems to me, to introduce into the early grades of the public schools some sort of education in advertising. In this practical world, nothing is more important than to know real values and how to determine them. It could easily be impressed upon the minds of children that certain types of advertising are only traps for the ignorant, and that goods of quality are never offered for less than they are worth.

Cartoogechaye
 George Dills and family, of Canton, have recently moved into this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilard Solesbee, of Rainbow Springs, were visiting Mrs. Solesbee's aunt, Mrs. Fred Conley, the past week-end.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Roane, a daughter, Selma Ann, at Angel hospital on December 22.

Miss Iona Waldrop was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Roane Sunday night.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Armenious Burch, a daughter, Myra Jean, at Angel hospital on December 4.

Byrda Nelle Southard spent the past week on North Skenah with

her grandmother, Mrs. J. C. Sanders.

Mrs. Turner Guffie spent a few days in this section with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Roane, but she has returned to her home at Rainbow Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nichols announce the birth of a daughter, Roseline, on January 13.

Miss Blanche Southard spent the past week with her brother, Lester Southard, of Franklin.

Swimming is regarded by experts as one of the best forms of exercise.

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Saved by new Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil in tasteless tablets.

Pounds of firm healthy flesh instead of bare scraggy bones! New vigor, vim and energy instead of tired listlessness! Steady, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientists' latest discovery—the Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil concentrated in little sugar coated tablets without any of its horrid, fishy taste or smell.

McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're called! "Cod Liver Oil in Tablets", and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 5, seriously sick, got well and gained 10 1/2 lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 3 lbs. the first week and 8 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health back and gained 10 lbs. in less than a month.

You simply must try McCoy's at once. Remember if you don't gain at least 3 lbs. of firm healthy flesh in a month get your money back. Demand and get McCoy's—the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets—approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Refuse all substitutes—insist on the original McCoy's—there are none better.

VICKS COUGH DROP

... Real Throat relief! Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub OVERCOMES BAD BREATH

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

THIS NEW YEAR OF 1935
 New Years have a way of rolling around with remarkable regularity; we toil through the year till it is gone. Its disappointments, successes, losses, gains—are all now things of the past.

We should not treasure unpleasant memories. To do so is to invite sleepless nights, headaches and weakened nerves for the struggle of tomorrow which is sure to arrive.

We have no right to the past; it is not ours any more as it once was. All that belongs to us now is the future. The business man is casting his nets for a new haul of fish. The family doctor, ever alert for better service will tighten the leaks in his boat, and, will be careful to take aboard with him only the most time-tried and approved material for his voyage. He

will have little time for the untried experiment; his years of experience have brought him many valuable treasures to which he will cling with all his might.

His best medicines will remain in his cabinets within easy reach. He must fight unerringly in his battle for human life and health against the forces of quackery, fraud and heartless commercialism.

I am, of course, interested in the career of the honest family doctor. He is, in a sense, the guardian of the life and health of his community. From a nation-wide acquaintance with family doctors, I have learned that they are SAFE MEN, not only in matters of ill health but in matters of church and state.

In the year 1935 my voice shall continue if permitted, to be heard as a defender of the loyal, patient, qualified, God-fearing family doctor—your best friend.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

SHAKESPEARE . . . insight
 The other night I was asked to stand up and talk about Shakespeare before a hundred or so young men and women, training to become Shakespearean actors. Two things surprised me. One was the enthusiasm for Shakespeare's plays among the younger generation; the other was their utter ignorance that Shakespeare had been anything but an actor writing plays for actors.

When I told them for every person who had ever seen one of Shakespeare's plays on the stage there were probably thousands who had read and re-read them still for their literary quality, many of my hearers were amazed.

Shakespeare's place in English literature rests on the firmest of foundations. His writings were the first to give our language the form and shape which it has. Phrases and idioms which he first coined are commonplaces of everyday speech. It is hard to write for cultured people or to talk with them without using Shakespearean

expressions.

And for deep understanding of human nature in all of its phases no writer has ever come near to Shakespeare's insight.

AMERICA . . . still leads
 Every little while I rediscover America, and realize again what a wonderful country it is.

The other day I dropped into a New York sporting goods store, and ran into two people I knew. One was buying heavy woolen socks and cap, to take along to a ski-ing party in the New Hampshire mountains. The other was about to start for Florida, and was getting a new bathing suit.

That same evening I met two other friends. One has a newspaper job in Paris and comes home once a year for a vacation. The other is an English journalist who had just got back from a three-months tour of the United States.

"I'm going to tell England that America is the happiest, most prosperous country in the world," said the latter; while the man from Paris painted a word-picture of the war-terror of the people of France that was little less than shocking.

I am getting pretty tired of Americans who "knock" the United States.

GARNER . . . speaks up
 I hear from Washington that "Jack" Garner has advised the President to tell some of his New Dealers to keep their mouths shut. The Vice-President has plenty of sound common-sense.

"Some of these bright young

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

SALESMAN. (Below) "I'm a salesman—and a steady smoker," reports E. W. Davis. "I'll say this for Camel's costlier tobaccos—they taste better, and they never get on my nerves. And when I'm tired, I enjoy especially the waysmoking a Camel revives my energy!"

SCIENTIST. (Above) Says R. E. Mann: "I picked Camels years ago. I like their flavor better the longer I smoke them. Camels don't upset my nerves."

AUTO RACER. (Below) Bill Cummings, brilliant winner of the Indianapolis 500-mile Speed Classic, says: "Any time I'm 'all in,' I know that Camels will give me a 'lift' in energy. I smoke them steadily, too, because I've found that Camels will never jangle the nerves."

Travel anywhere..any day **1 1/2** on the **SOUTHERN** for **1 1/2** A fare for every purse...! **PER MILE**

- 1 1/2 PER MILE** One Way Coach Tickets . . . On Sale Daily
- 2 PER MILE** Round Trip Tickets for each mile traveled . . . return limit 15 days Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied
- 2 1/2 PER MILE** Round Trip Tickets for each mile traveled . . . return limit 6 months Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied
- 3 PER MILE** One Way Tickets Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied

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 Latest Pullman Equipment, including Compartment, Drawing Room and Open Section Sleeping Cars

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