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An Editorial in Pictures



THREE years of the heavy responsibilities of the Presidency have written their story across the face of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and what an interesting story it is!

Elected in the great Democratic landslide of 1932, he became one of the most outstanding public idols this country of hero-worshippers has ever known. But little could he gloat over personal popularity, for with the honors of the office and the glory of the victory went the cares of a distraught nation, a nation which had toppled in a few brief years from the height of prosperity to the depth of economic distress.

Even as he was inaugurated on March 4, 1933, scarcely a month after he had passed his 51st birthday, it was necessary for him to order the closing of every bank in the country to ward off unprecedented panic. It was drastic action requiring the greatest of moral courage. Few presidents have ever faced so momentous a problem and none has exceeded Franklin D. Roosevelt's ability in coping with it. Look at the contrast today! Banks are not only open, but they are enjoying greater confidence than ever before.

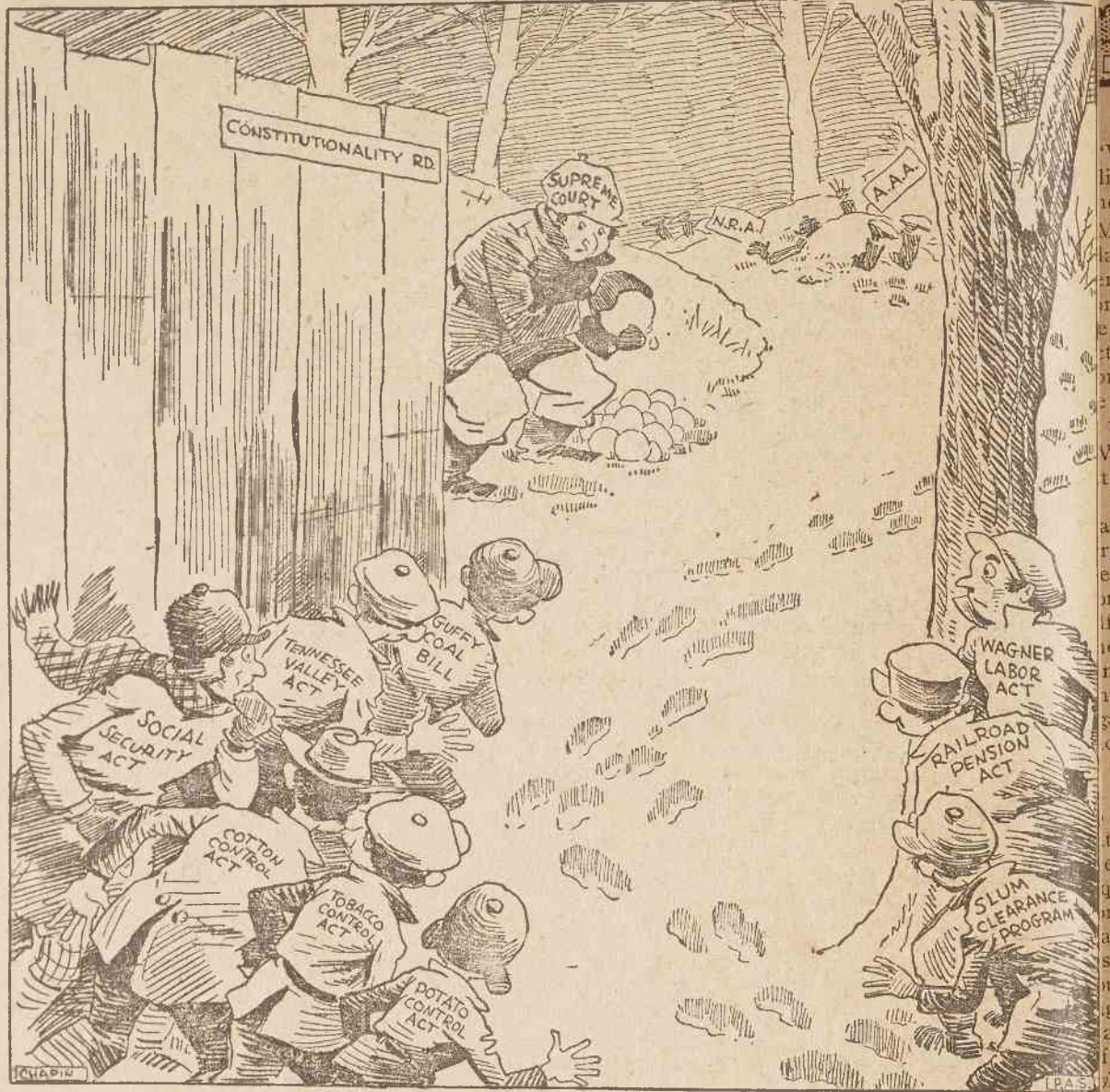
To review even in cursory manner the life of Mr. Roosevelt since he entered the White House would require a full size book. We cannot undertake to give even a thumbnail biography of so big a man, though for only a brief span of his life, in so small a space.

But it is not necessary. Every man alive to the great happenings of the day knows at least the high spots of the story. He would be unobservant beyond belief who could not tell of the great strides toward recovery that have been made under the guidance of the country squire from the Hudson Valley.

At first it was comparatively simple, although the problems were great. The President was given practically a free hand, so great was the confidence in him of the people and the Congress. But as soon as his dynamic ability had overcome the lethargy of despair that had gripped the nation, the snipers began to hunt for flaws. Many of those whom he had saved from ruin began clamoring against his power. Predatory privilege wanted the reins of government again, and is still seeking, by fair means and foul, to shake the public's confidence in their leader.

No wonder three years have etched deep furrows in the face of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Not only has

Running the Gauntlet — by A. B. Chapin



he borne on his shoulders the Herculean burdens of the Presidency, which involves countless petty annoyances as well as worries of international gravity, but he has had to endure untold physical pain from disability that would keep many a stout man abed. And still Franklin Roosevelt can warm the hearts of millions with his contagious smile. What a man!

He will be 54 years old next Thursday. His birthday will be observed throughout the nation with benefit balls to raise funds for fighting infantile paralysis. A fine observance, indeed, one that will bring cheer to the heart of a great man whose suffering from the dread malady developed in him a fortitude and a capacity to cheerfully share the suffering of others.

We hope, too, that the President's birthday will serve to impress upon the millions of people who have benefitted from his great wisdom a deeper appreciation of the sacrifices he has made for them.

BRUCE BARTON Soap



MARRIAGE IS FOR THE WISE

A man who many years ago organized a bachelors' club committed suicide the other day, leaving a note in which he advised all young men to marry. He said: "Living alone is unnatural and can end only in unhappiness." He should have made this discovery earlier, as a majority of his fellow-men do, but he probably made the mistake of paying attention to the poets and the philosophers.

From Diogenes down they have tended to cynicism. Diogenes, asked when is the proper time to marry, answered: "For a young man not yet; for an old man never." Socrates, under similar circumstances, advised a young man: "Whichever you do, you will repent it." Fielding wrote: "One fool at least in every married couple." Mme. de Rieux left this warning: "Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness." Probably the most widely quoted joke that Punch ever published was: "Advise to those about to marry—Don't!"

Luckily, young people are not much impressed by this accumulated cynicism. If, before marrying, the boys stopped to consider whether they would be able to support a

family, or the girls to measure the chance of disappointment, there would be few matings. They have knowledge that is deeper than judgment; they take the plunge, and they and the world are better for it.

Only once in my life did I ever attempt to head off a marriage. The young folks were penniless, jobless, and in debt. They wanted to borrow from me to finance what looked like a sure loss. When I refused, they promptly borrowed elsewhere, and now are as happy and successful a couple as you would want to meet.

Most of us had parents who were hard up all their lives, but they had each other, and in spite of struggle they knew the truest happiness. They were wiser than all the cynical wise men since the world began.

OPPORTUNITY IS WHERE IT'S NEEDED

A city man, out to visit friends in the country, found when he was ready to return that his motor would not start. He was told that "Ed Bostwick, just down the road," probably could fix things for him, and in a little while Ed arrived with a basketful of tools, and the job kept him busy for nearly two hours. When he had the motor

purring pleasantly, he was asked what the charge would be. "Well," he said after some consideration, "I guess about fifty cents."

Upon inquiry, the car owner learned that Ed formerly had worked as a mechanic in a garage, but had given up his job to live on a little farm inherited from his father.

"But with your ability," said the city man, "I should think you would want to be where you would have better opportunity."

"I wouldn't want a better opportunity than I have here," Ed replied. "All the farmers have cars, trucks, tractors, or other kinds of machinery to be kept in repair, and they keep me busy. I'm making good living, and besides that, I'm being where I'm needed. The folks around here all depend on me so."

Many other people feel as Ed does. Some of them are college graduates, but they are perfectly content as country preachers, country doctors, store-keepers, or farmers. They find golden opportunities where some of us imagine that we would feel buried alive.

I once made a talk to a college class on Neglected Business, trying to point out that too many graduates make straight for the bone of business, or advertising, or law, or medical practice in a city, while too few think of insurance, retail store-keeping, or running a gas-line station. Yet people in these unthought-of fields often do better than the members of the more popular callings. We live a very short time, and the important idea seems to be to live happily. Happiness is not geographical; it is being needed—being where, as Ed expressed it, "people depend on me sort of."

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