

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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

VOL. LI

Number 15

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

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An Opportunity for All To Aid

THE terror of great catastrophe was poignantly impressed upon us last week and this when tornadoes swooped down upon the southern states, leaving in their wake a death toll that threatens to surpass 500, untold numbers of injured persons and property damage running into many millions of dollars.

We are still stunned by the extent of the misery and havoc left by the twisters, unable to comprehend what has taken place. We were inclined to believe the first, fragmentary reports of the devastation at Gainesville, Ga., to be grossly exaggerated; but as relief workers clear away the debris the casualty list continues to mount. Tuesday night the known dead at the beautiful Georgia town less than a hundred miles to our south, numbered 185, and many individuals were still unaccounted for. Well over a thousand persons were injured. Property damages were variously estimated from six to ten millions of dollars; the business district and some of the residential sections were shambles.

At Tupelo, Miss., the list of dead exceeded 200. At Greensboro, N. C., 13 were killed last Thursday night; at Cordele, Ga., 18.

Certainly, all this horror—not at some distant place, but almost at our doorsteps—should move all of us to a deep feeling of sympathy and a moving desire to "do our bit" toward easing the suffering and sorrow of our neighbors. The prompt and efficient manner in which the Red Cross functioned should impress upon all of us a better realization of the ever-present need of this great relief organization.

Wednesday morning the people of Franklin and vicinity had contributed \$322 for use by the Red Cross in aiding the stricken community of Gainesville, and the fund was still increasing. The post of the American Legion is planning to send a truck load of food Friday. Some of the legionnaires and others from here went to Gainesville immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe and gave their services in searching for the dead and carrying the wounded to improvised hospitals.

All of which manifests a commendable spirit, the spirit of "the good neighbor." May everyone in this community have a part in it. The need is beyond comprehension, and no gift to the cause will be too small or too large. Donations will be received by any officer of the Macon County chapter of the Red Cross, by the Bank of Franklin, the American Legion, or by this newspaper.

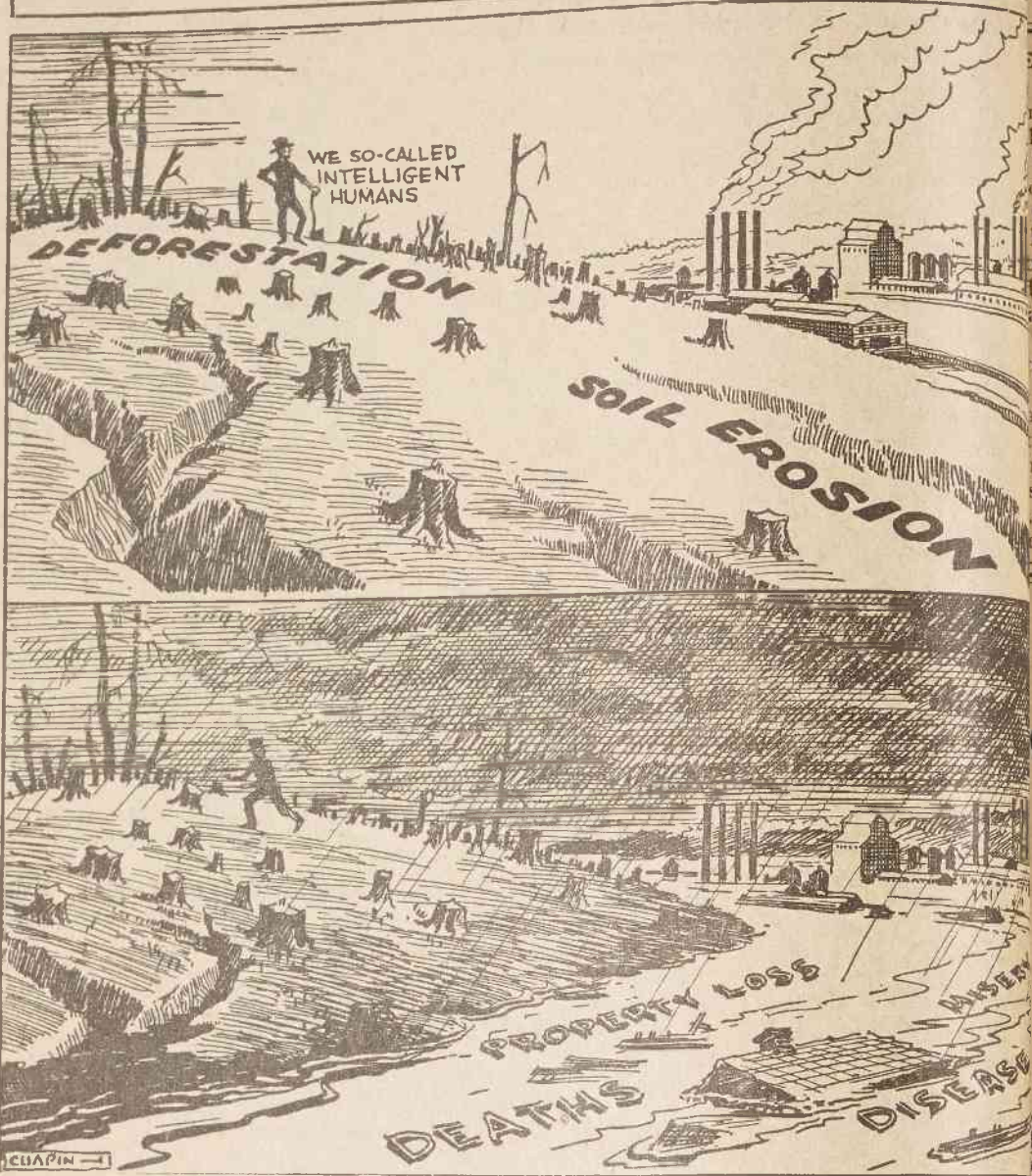
A Thought for Easter

FROM the beginning of time, men have hailed the coming of Spring as the resurrection of the earth from the death of Winter. Long before the Christian Era began, every religious cult celebrated in one way or another the returning season of growth and sunshine, with its promise of life beyond the grave. If the dead trees and grasses could so demonstrate immortality, why should man alone die to rise no more?

In a few days the whole Christian world will join in testifying, on Easter Sunday, to its faith that death is not the end, that life goes on forever, in new and unknown, but more glorious forms, that we earthbound plodders can no more imagine than can the maple tree or the wistaria, shedding its scarlet robe of Autumn under the killing breath of Winter's frosts, imagine the glory of the Spring-time garments of green which it will wear in its new life.

The belief that this is true, that there is a life

CAUSE AND EFFECT ——— by A. B. Chapman



beyond death, a life of release from toil and sorrow for such as truly believe and strive to live up to their belief has been the most powerful force in the history of our modern civilization. In this faith men have found a common tie of mutual service for the common good. All of the concepts of duty, honor, self-denial, self-respect and loyalty upon which great nations have been founded derive from the faith which is the very root and heart of Christianity.

Let no one say that the faith of our fathers is outmoded, that it no longer has its old power to inspire our lives. We are living in troublous times, and those of little faith are crying aloud that the old truths have failed, the old beliefs are dead. But even as they scoff, Spring brings her perennial symbols of the eternal life. And this coming Easter Sunday millions upon millions of believers will meet to testify anew to the truth that their faith is a living faith, that it still rules the hearts of men.

—Selected

BRUCE BARTON Says:



WE OWN AMERICA

One day in a debate with Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln said: "In this and like communities, public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed; consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes or decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

That paragraph ought to be printed and hung on the wall of every business man's office this year. It is a timely and powerful reminder that the United States is in fact a democracy, and that any man or institution which disregards that fundamental truth is headed for disaster.

Men gather around banquet tables or in directors' rooms and figure that their stockholders control so many million dollars worth of property and that they are, therefore, the owners of America.

They are not the owners of America. They are merely public servants whom the 130,000,000 owners of America have employed to make some automobiles for them, or run some railroads, or manufacture some clothing, or print some

newspapers.

Men gather in learned conferences at universities and tacitly assume that the population can be divided into a small group of thinking people (important people) and a large group of "unthinking people" (unimportant people).

But there are no unimportant people, and almost every adult in that 130,000,000 has a vote.

Chiding the people does no good; upbraiding them for this or that thing is only a waste of time; it is impertinent. The only thing that counts is to win them. They "make statutes or decisions possible or impossible to be executed." They make businesses or destroy them. They own America, and they do not intend to give it up.

MEET TWO SMART BROTHERS

I know two smart brothers, now in their early sixties, who are about as different as two human beings can be.

The older brother never liked business and stayed in it just long enough to acquire a competence, whereupon he established himself in the country to read books, consort with "liberal thinkers," and to do a little desultory writing. The young-

er merged his company with a larger one, and today is a success of industry."

Each has expressed his opinion in a puzzled fashion about the other. The retired brother says of the younger one: "He has been a success since he was forty years old. Why he works like a dog. Why he makes money when you can't make more than you can ever use?"

The business brother says of the other: "Any one wants to live in this country and pretend to be more than I can understand, just ran away from the game."

They typify the two types of this country that are nagging at each other—the man and the intelligentsia. There are plenty of representatives of each group, and the difference between them is not a difference in intellect or morals. The essential difference is that one of them was born with the competitive spirit, and the other was not.

Certain boys are born with a competitive spirit, and others are born on the side-lines and watch the game often senseless and even revolting. They get all muddy and bruised and push a ball over a line?"

And the players look at each other and murmur: "How can any one be so around and criticize when the game is so much fun?"

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Muse's Corner

A DISAPPOINTED READER

We had planned to have a contest. Many had prepared to enter. And our hearts, of course, were beating,

Yes, for none was saying

So they thought it mighty

Just to call some noted

Who were high up, known

gifty

In the present-future tense

Well, the leader was our

Who has many fancy

So he called on Houk, our

To consolidate with Burns

Still, they never thought

ing

That it could be once in

But when they got through

nouncing,

All they had that day was

—Troy F. Ho

From all the fuss and through which the United States is now passing, and will have to endure, until the campaign is over, is a fine thing Uncle Sam has a good constitution.