

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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

VOL. LI

Number 33

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

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.

* Unused Possibilities

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, where the writer of this small article lives and works on a newspaper, is only five or six hundred miles from Franklin, North Carolina, where he is taking part of his annual vacation and which he has known since 1911, or thereabouts.

Not only is the distance short, but the roads are excellent and it takes small time and little money to make the trip back and forth. It would be hard to imagine sections where the face of the country and the business concerns of the people themselves are any more sharply different.

Down our way in West Tennessee the land is as flat as the palm of a man's hand and you can go for miles without finding even one little pebble of natural rock. There are very few little bumps in the land that they call hills. Our folks are chiefly interested in cotton, which is still the main cash crop, but in some sections they are growing strawberries, cabbage, tomatoes and various other vegetables.

On the whole, though, it is cotton there, and cotton everywhere. The methods of farming are about as different as the crops, too, and the only similarity in our business interests lies in the fact that Memphis is a great lumber market. It is a different type of timber, even at that.

There is no point in telling folks in Franklin and Macon County what they do, for they know better than anyone could tell them. It may be worth while to suggest, though, that there are possibilities for interest and profit if the people in these two sections could manage to get together, get acquainted and each discover what the other is like, what it has to offer.

It is to be believed, for example, that there are hundreds and even thousands of people in Memphis and West Tennessee who would come this way for their vacations if they could be made to realize the beauty of the mountains, the ease of getting here, the relief they would get in the oppressively hot weather.

By the same sign, there are plenty of people up here who would find themselves aroused and interested if they would come to West Tennessee and Memphis to find out what we do and how we do it. Memphis is a great city in many ways, one of the most prosperous and progressive in the nation just now, and the trip between here and there would have many points of benefit and value.

The editor of The Press has an idea tours ought to be organized and run between different sections of these United States for the special benefit of the farmer and the business man, and he probably has the right idea. The more we really know of our country, the more intelligent and patriotic citizens we are likely to be.

* (EDITOR'S NOTE—The above editorial, which speaks for itself, was contributed, at the request of the editor, by W. C. Teague, an editorial writer on the staff of The Commercial-Appeal, Memphis, Tenn., who is spending a week's vacation visiting his father, the Rev. J. L. Teague, at his home at Prentiss, this county. One of the principal rewards of newspapering is the fellowship of the fraternity. The editor always enjoys a visit from another newspaper man, especially one from an editorial writer of Mr. Teague's calibre.)

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.—Publius Syrus.

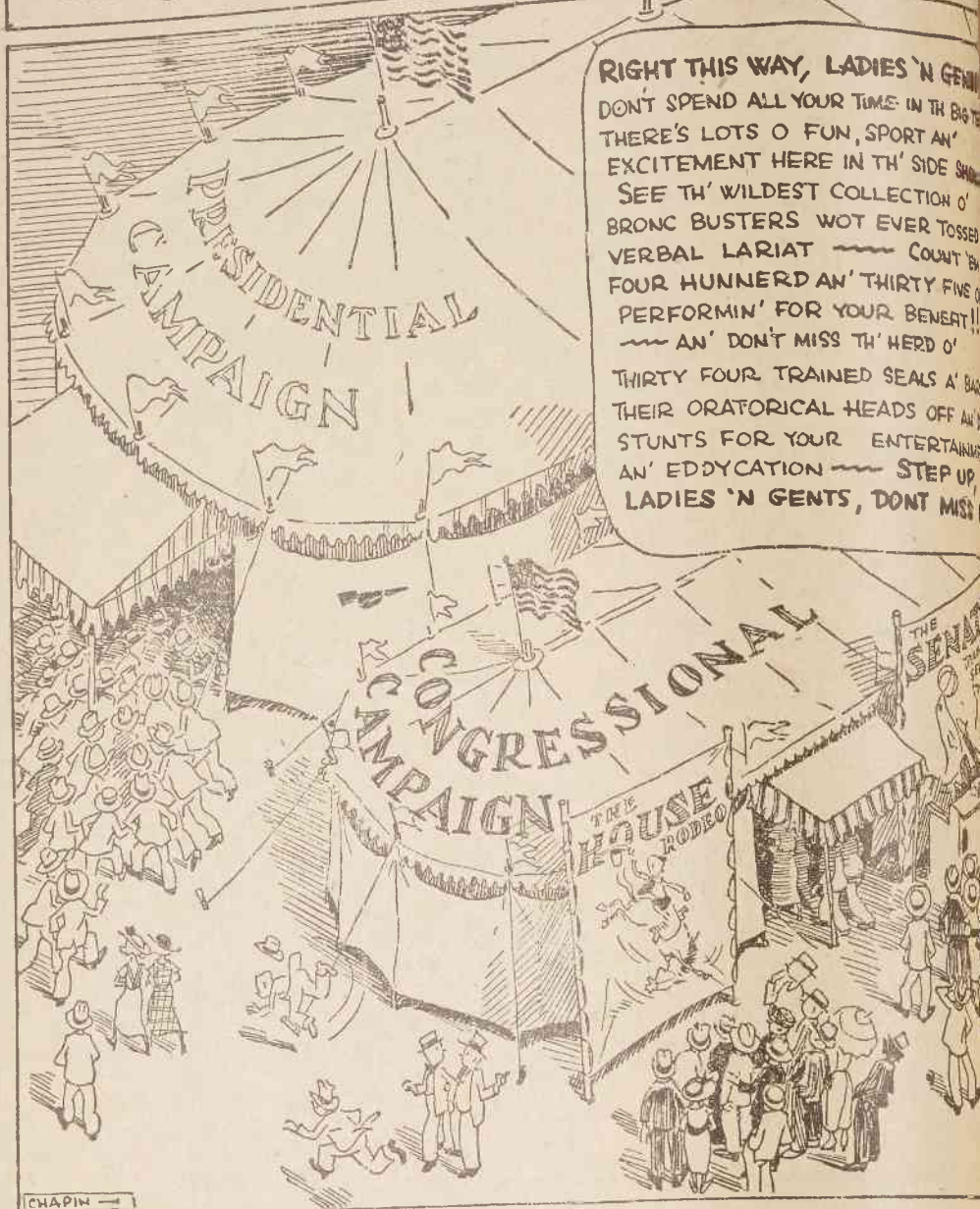
As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Happy is the man whose habits are his friend.

—Shakespeare

The Side Show

by A. B. Chapin



BRUCE BARTON Says:



HOMETOWNS QUESTION SUCCESS

There is a certain little cross-roads hamlet which in all its history has produced just one famous man. A visitor parked his car in front of the general store one day and, having made a small purchase, sat down on the steps beside a grizzled old resident.

"Come from the East?" the veteran asked. "New York?" The visitor nodded.

"Ever hear of a feller named Sam Smith?"

"If you mean Dr. Samuel Smith," said the visitor, "why everybody has heard of him. He's one of the famous surgeons of the world."

"So they tell me, so they tell me," the old settler ruminated. "They tell me he has a private chauffeur and makes thousands of dollars a year. Can't hardly believe it, myself. Seems like there must be some mistake. People in New York ain't so smart as they're supposed to be, I guess. Why, I knew Sam Smith when he used to run around this here town with his pants held up by one shspender."

An interesting treatise could be written about the astigmatism of the home town. It seldom can see the full stature of its famous son because its vision is blurred by memories of the insignificant boy. The Great Teacher went back to Nazareth "where he had been brought up." He had attracted crowds in Jerusalem, performed mighty words, but the hometown met Him with a sneering scepticism. In Springfield, Illinois, there were stubborn folks who contended up to the very end that Abraham Lincoln was over-rated.

The home town answer, in most instances, has been one of doubt. The home town never can quite forget that it knew him when he used to have his pants held up by only one suspender.

SUCCESS IN "SECOND" MILE

A sermon which sticks in my memory was preached from the text: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go with him one mile, go with him twain."

This seemingly absurd injunction, said the preacher, is actually the

secret formula for successful living. Who is the man who gets ahead in business? It is he who, being compelled by the rules to travel the first mile—the mile from nine o'clock to five—voluntarily adds a second—the mile of over-time, extra thought, added effort. Who are the couples who enjoy happy marriages? Those who, having sworn to travel the first compulsory mile of fidelity and financial support, gladly add the second mile of thoughtfulness, tenderness, and mutual respect.

A friend had a very sick child, and his own physician, baffled and worried, advised calling in one of the most famous consultants in New York. The consultant is a quiet, assured man, well over sixty years of age, and it took him only a few minutes to make his diagnosis and prescribe a treatment under which the child began immediately to improve.

My friend said to the doctor: "How in the world does he do it?" To which the doctor replied: "That man has had one of the best consulting practices in New York for twenty-five years. His annual income must have been around \$100,000. But all that time, and right up to now, he sees patients only half a day. The afternoons he spends in the hospitals, going through wards from bed to bed, studying every case. The result is that where one of us sees a dozen cases of a certain type in a year, or even in a life-time, he sees a thousand. Another man, having reached the heights of the profession, might have settled back and been content with his big fees. This man studies harder today than any one of us."

Travelling the first mile diligently, a man can make a living; it is the second mile that makes success. (Copyright, K. F. S.)

Brysons To Reunite Sunday at West's Mill

The annual reunion of the Bryson family is to be held Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. L. Bryson at West's Mill. Several relatives and friends from other counties are expected to be present, as well as many members of the family living in this county. All relatives are urged to be present.

3 Plays

To be Presented By Epworth

Three one-act plays presented at the church Sunday night August 21, 1913. Epworth League of Methodist church. One is a roaring comedy.

Other two are more serious. Three are intensely dramatic.

The comedy is "Morning, Parson." It is in the home of a parson on a rainy morning. Another of the plays is "The Color Line," and it is a colorful and dramatic study of the office of a colored man. The third play is "Whirlwind." It is a drama in a hospital mobile accident.

Each of the plays is a cast of unusual talent. The actors are all local. They have been at work for their roles.

Lake Epworth

By LUTHER A. BUCHANAN

The box supper at the school house Saturday night was a enjoyable occasion and a net sum well above what was expected. A piano was purchased for the church. Raising money for the church is a difficult job. The success of those sponsored by the Epworth League is highly gratifying. Ridgecrest will have a fully adequate to the small country church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bryson returned Sunday from a visit among relatives in Buncombe counties, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Wallace D. Bryson. Mrs. Davis is a grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bryson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Asheville, spent the week at the home of Mrs. Jacobs' parents, Z. D. Buchanan.

George Stewart, located at Williams, a member of the Patrol, is at home. Mr. Stewart visited Charles W. Stewart, ory last week. He will return Friday.

Mr. Crouse, of Gauley, is spending some time at the home of his sister, Mrs. D. L. Crouse.