

Books for Gifts

It has been said a lot of times before, and a good many people would think so even if it hadn't been said. But, here it is again: "Books make such nice Christmas gifts." For one thing, they are so easy to wrap. All done up in tissue paper and red ribbon, they make just the neatest looking packages.

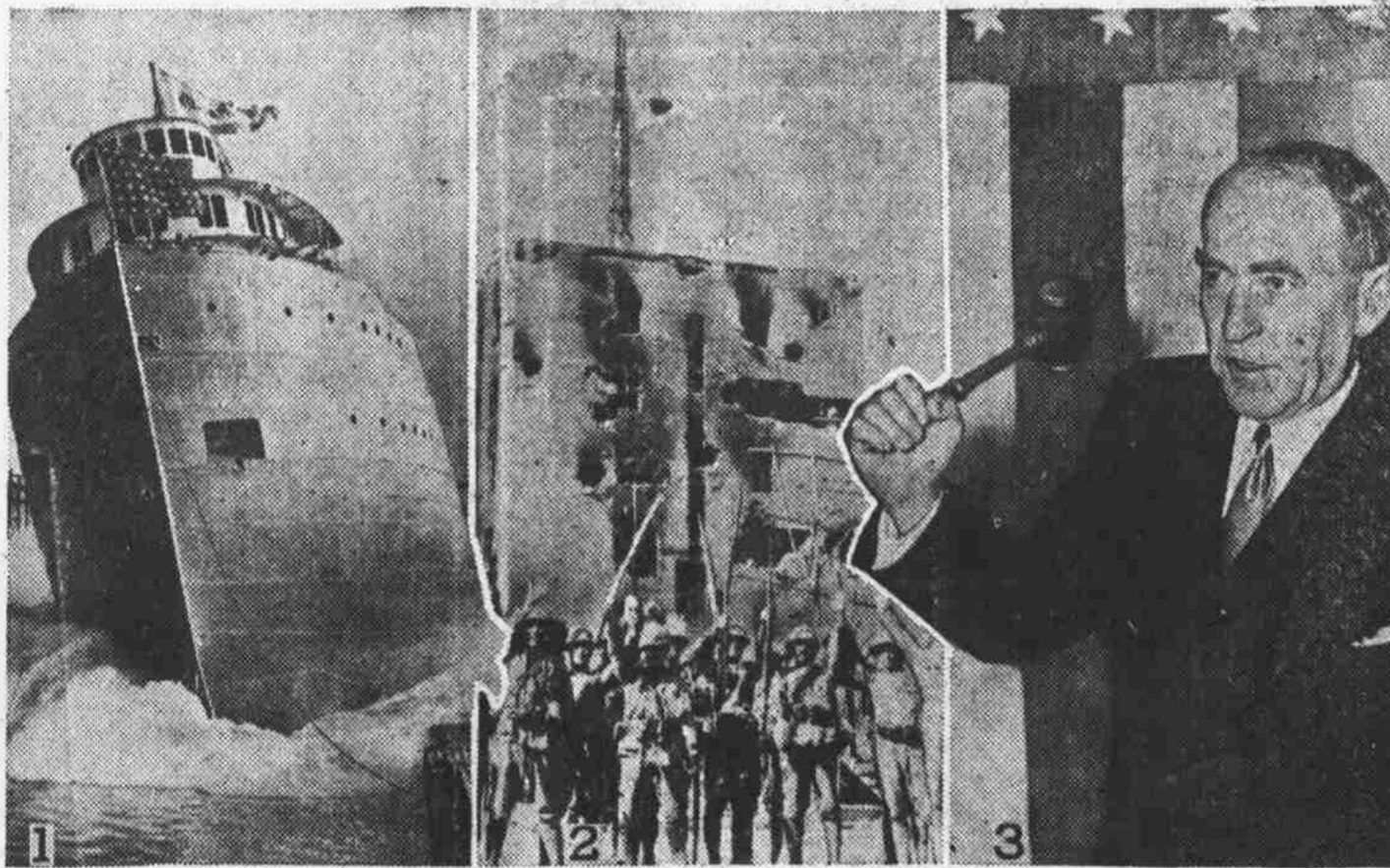
Then, they are suitable for nearly anyone. For Uncle Theodore and Aunt Sophie, for Willie and Susie and Cousin Lottie. For your own little dear to give to the neighbor's young ruffian. He tramped mud on your floors last week and pulled your flowers last summer, but one is apt to forgive, if not forget, such things at Christmas. And, anyway, you might give him something improving.

"Scouting On Mystery Trail," by Leonard K. Smith (New York: The Macmillan Company \$2) is a good one. A dog gets run over and nine youngsters start out to get the money to pay the doctor for taking care of the dog and to somehow square accounts with the man who hurt it. They run into a series of lively ups and downs.

To your own ten- or twelve-year-old daughter, or anyone else's ten- or twelve-year-old daughter whom you happen to fancy, you might give: "Baby Island," by Carol Kyrie Brink, illustrated by Helen Sewell (New York: The Macmillan Company \$2). This is the completely enchanting story of two nice dependable little girls, aged ten and twelve, and four babies. All of them, after a near-shipwreck, land upon a tropical island. On the island lives a Cockney seaman who had come there to get away from babies (his sister-in-law back home had twelve). The little girls have a lovely time looking after the babies until a rescue ship arrives. And other little girls will have a lovely time reading all about it.

If you happen to know any adults who like children, who really like them and don't just sweetly pretend that they do for the sake of having a well-rounded personality, you could give them: "The Very House," by Mazo de la Roche

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—First freighter to be launched on the Great Lakes since 1930, the William A. Irvin, ore boat, throws up a mighty spray at its launching at Lorain, Ohio. 2—"Banzai!" shout the victorious Jap soldiers as they celebrate in front of the ruined North Station building in Shanghai. 3—Speaker of the House William B. Bankhead wields his gavel as congress proceeds on its special session.

(Boston: Atlantic Monthly—Little Brown and Co. \$2). This is a book for grown-ups about children and puppies. It is charming. The children say any number of unexpected things even as children in real life are apt to do.

"Peggy Covers Washington," by Emma Bughee (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2) is a book that nearly any young girl would like, but if by chance you have on your Christmas list the name of a teen-age miss who is interested in journalism, she would love you forevermore if you gave her this. It is the entertaining and well-written story of a young newspaper correspondent who is sent to Washington to cover a women's convention. She learns to find her way about and get the news. The book is so authentic as to the practical details of the profession that it and another by the same author are

adopted by some schools of journalism.

If you want to give a book to somebody who has a turn toward nature study and science, there probably isn't anything better than "Grassroot Jungles," a book of insects, by Edwin Way Teale (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3.75). People who know about such things say that it is splendid. It has in it 30 photographs that are so unusual that there is nothing like them anywhere. The book, however, does not rely on the photographs alone for its excellence. The text is both accurate and intensely interesting.

All of us need to laugh more than we do and so to just almost anyone we recommend that you give: "The Rumelhearts of Rampler Avenue," by Maude Smith De-avan (New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Co. \$1.50). The Rumelhearts live in a trailer, have for years, but they look always for a real home with a wall to hang Grandpa Hufstutter's crayon portrait on. At least, Mamma Rumelhearts looks, Papa really doesn't care much. They are given a home, of a sort, by a kindly gentleman. It is a well located lot in a good residential section. Unexpected things begin to happen to the Rumelhearts' neighbors on Rampler Avenue, or rather to the neighbors' property. There are good laughs everywhere in this book.

There's a book just out that should be good for even the most hopeless case of blues, dumps or what have you. It is "Let Your Mind Alone," by James Thurber (New York: Harper and Brothers \$2.50). The publishers say of it: "The hilarious book to end all inspiration books."

Personally, we don't go for mystery stories in a big way, but lots of people do like them, perfectly nice people. For those we suggest: "Murder Up My Sleeve," by Earle Stanley Gardner (New York: William Morrow and Co. \$2). The murder is beautifully done with an Oriental weapon. There are several remarkable, mysterious Chinese and, of course, a pretty girl or two.

For people who take their reading seriously and who really can read and appreciate the best, here are three suggestions:

"The Enemy Gods," by Oliver La Farge (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.50). Oliver La Farge's first novel, "Laughing Boy," was a Pulitzer prize winner. This one is profound and beautiful. It is the story of a Navajo Indian boy who is torn between two loyalties, the Christian education of the white man and the traditions of his own people. The sociological side of the Indian problem is brought out with peculiar clarity.

"The Rains Came," by Louis Bromfield (New York: Harper and Brothers \$2.75). This is an excellent story of India and of a strangely assorted group of people who waited in the almost unbearable heat for the rains to come. When they came, flood, earthquake and disaster followed. Nine thousand natives lost their lives and the surviving British and Americans had

their lives strangely altered.

"They Seek a Country," by Francis Brett Young (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock \$2.75). Pioneers and covered wagons in this country have been written about

often enough, but here is a book about pioneers and wagon trains in South Africa. If we lived in Hollywood we might exclaim over this book, "Stupendous! Colossal!" But, since we don't, we simply say that the book is a good one.

For lovers of poetry, we unreservedly recommend: "Conversation at Midnight," by Edna St. Vincent Millay (New York: Harper and Brothers \$2.00). This author and her works need no introduction to the reading public of the United States.

Well, there you are. We've tried to remember everybody. Of course there are dozens upon dozens more new books that are good and well worth reading. And then there are the fine old favorites that seem to be more and more appreciated as the years go by. You, no doubt, have some suggestions of your own. Well, go ahead and revise our list any way you wish.

E. C. R.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of G. C. Stamey, deceased, late of Macon county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 30th day of November, 1938, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 30th day of November, 1937
ROBERT STAMEY, Executor.
Dec2-6tp-Jan6

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