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Christmas, 1949

BRIGHT lights, and carefree laughter . . . Last-minute shopping, and "O, I must send some more cards!" . . . Youngsters home from college, and a hidden tear for the one who could not come. Happy greetings, and "Isn't the wreath pretty?" . . . Public school out, and the children underfoot . . . Roaring wood fires, and delicious smells from the kitchen. Gay packages, and the tree yonder in the corner . . . Excited whisperings, and the stockings hung by the chimney with care . . . Delighted shouts of children, and the sly exchange of pleased glances between their parents.

Christmas music, and silent nights . . . So it is Christmas again! 1949 years since that other starlit night when shepherds watched their flocks and Wise Men came out of the East bearing gifts, and Herod trembled with fear, and a new hope was born in the hearts of men.

A new hope. Ah! but that was nineteen hundred years ago.

And today? Christmas, and want in a world of plenty. Christmas, and a world tense with fear. Christmas, and the truth spurned and love decried in half the world—and paid only lip service in most of the other half.

And all this after nineteen hundred years! "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Would that work with Soviet Russia, we ask ourselves.

"Let not your heart be troubled." In a world where there are atom bombs?

The brotherhood of all men and the fatherhood of a just and loving God. Just and loving? Then why has He created, why does He permit, a world of hate and fear and war—and the stupidity out of which they grow?

Why . . . ? That question has echoed down the ages. And in their despair, men are likely to answer, flippantly: "God only knows!"

If we could only accept that statement as simple truth! At long last we must accept it; for at last we can but

" . . . trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill . . .

"That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete."

In our impatience, we are inclined to forget. We forget that Jesus, though he changed the hearts of individual men—how few it must have seemed!—made no attempt to cast all hate and fear and suffering out of the world in a single miracle. Instead, he showed men the greater miracle of how to live serenely above and beyond these evils.

We forget, when we speak of "nineteen hundred years of Christianity", that that phrase is not quite accurate. "Nineteen hundred years", yes; but "Christianity"? Bruce Barton has called Jesus "The Man Nobody Knows", and Christianity might well be termed the religion that has never been tried—never, that is, really tried, by a great number. For how many of us believe that "except ye . . . become as little children" . . . ? how many of us, proud of our complicated solutions, can bring ourselves to face problems with the simplicity and directness and humility of a child? And how many of us believe—believe strongly enough to put it to the test of blessing "them that curse you"—that love can work miracles? How many of us, in short, can say from personal experience that Christianity has failed?

Most of us agree glibly that the solution of the world's problems may be found in the simple teachings of the Man of Galilee. But we forget that such a solution will not, and cannot, come suddenly, in the chancellories of the world's capitals or in the halls of a United Nations, but that it can and must come gradually, instead, in the hearts of men and

The Story of the First Christmas

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son and shall call his name Emmanuel.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

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THE angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Then said Mary unto the angel, "How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?"

And the angel answered and said unto her, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible."

And Mary said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." And the angel departed from her.

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NOW the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, "Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins. . . . Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife; and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS.

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AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David,) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of

women. "The kingdom of God is within you", and only as men become more Christ-like will the world become more Christian.

The babe in the manger, when He grew to be a man, spoke much of faith. Yet we forget that the corollary of faith is patience; and that patience suggests time—much time—time that is measured not in centuries, but in eons.

"I can but trust that good shall fall, At last—far off—at last, to all."

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Today's world seems a far more terrifying one than that of nineteen hundred years ago. But if it is, it is because it is a vastly more complex world. It is not because men are worse. The evidence that they are not is close at hand.

For imagine, if you can, a Marshall Plan or a United Nations in the days of Tiberius Caesar. Imagine them, and a thousand and one other generosities and kindnesses and nobilities we see all about us every day—if there had never been a Christmas!

Others' Opinions

'SIN OF A HURRIED LIFE'

I went to the Quaker service Sunday morning, down at their "meeting house" near S Street, close to where President Wilson used to live. My first Quaker service.

President Hoover attended this church, many times. He is a Quaker. It was a splendid service, not because he used to go there, but because there we did the thing you and I ought to do, every day—be quiet.

An attractive church of stone, sprawling, woody, away from noises. For 40 minutes the earnest group sat there as quite as death—prayer may be a two-way line, the Creator making a response within us.

It was delightfully solemn and joyous, and this text came to me: Psalms 46:10:

"Be still, and know that I am God."

I was chatting the other evening over the phone with an unselfish and self-forgetting man as I ever knew, one who is constantly thinking of what he can do for somebody else.

Said he: "I am rushed all the time. I long for the quiet hour when I can think of creation, of nature and of nature's God, and of life, every day. But I don't find it."

Do you ever feel that need, my friends, when you can be alone, look at the sky and the stars and the horizons, and commune with your Maker, quietly? To get the best out of

the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

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NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, "In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet, 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.'"

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their country another way. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men. . . .

But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life." And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. . . . And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth.

life, and out of ourselves, we should do this. David declared, Psalms 19:1:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork."

I verily believe that one of our most serious sins of commission is all this rushing most of us Americans do. It robs us of our best in living.

When I was a 10-year-old youngster my mother went to a state Sunday school convention at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. When she came home she told my father at the meal table about her trip. One thing she told him was about the prayer a Mrs. Speer, professional Sunday school worker, offered: "Deliver us from the sin of a hurried life."

Why would this stick in the memory of a boy who didn't care too much about Sunday school but who was anxious to get out and play ball and go swimming in the river?

But what a profound truth is wrapped up in it. I profited by it. Will you? Our quiet 15 minutes daily will make life mean more.

"Be still and know that I am God."

—The Window Seat.

PERSONAL OBSERVATION POST

A smile is one of the few items left on the market these days that does not cost a cent of money or even require the twenty per cent luxury tax. One does not have to keep an accurate account of the number of times he smiles each quarter, nor does he differentiate between smiles given to his preacher nor to his favorite charity. The ability to smile at life is considered by some a gift, but not the kind of gift you list on an income tax return.

If smiling holds for us no financial obligation, for money seems to be the center of all activity these days, then why are there some few persons who find it so unpleasant to be pleasant?

Just as each of us reacts unfavorably to grumpiness or discourtesy in others, so does the average customer or client, who probably very often forgets that he, too, should be friendly. In that case then, perhaps a smile and a cheerful greeting from you will serve as a reminder to him.—Tarheel Banker.

50 CENTS TOO CHEAP

I am not humiliated but I am disgusted, and all on account of Luther York, of Persimmon, who has been posing as my friend for fifty years, and when I am out of town he comes in and leaves word that he will give me fifty cents not to write anything more about my turnip greens. In a way, I know that he is my friend for he has read every issue of the Tribune for twenty-six years, and had I been here I think I could have gotten him to raise the bid to seventy-five cents so that I could get my dinner, but I am not selling out for fifty cents. Why, it is worth more than fifty cents just to get even with the Burrells for eating up my turnip greens—that was before the worms and bugs ate up this last patch.—L. P. Cross in Clayton Tribune.

Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save.

—Will Rogers.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

NORTH CAROLINA  
MACON COUNTY

Under and by virtue of the power of sale vested in the undersigned trustee by a deed of trust executed by Buster Mashburn, dated September 8, 1947, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 40, page 314, said deed of trust having been executed to secure certain indebtedness therein set forth, and default in the payment of said indebtedness having been made, I will on Friday, the 23rd day of December, 1949, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Courthouse door in Franklin, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described land:

A tract or parcel of land, situate in Cowee Township, Macon County, North Carolina, being the same tract of land as described in a deed made by C. F. Moody and wife Maggie D. Moody, bearing date of Sept. 8th, 1947, to Buster Mashburn, containing 350.0 acres more or less. Reference is hereby made to the records of Macon County for a more full and complete description of said land; said deed is registered in Book . . . page . . . in the Register of Deeds Office for Macon County, N. C.

This 22nd day of November, 1949.

R. S. JONES, Trustee.  
D1-4tc-D22

EXECUTRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as executrix of William D. Reece, 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 19 day of November, 1950 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 19 day of November, 1949.

KATE REECE BRADLEY,  
Executrix.  
N23-6tp-D29

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of the estate of Francesco P. Mirabelli, deceased, late of Dade County, Florida, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned, in care of J. H. Stockton, Attorney, Franklin, North Carolina, who is the resident process agent, on or before the 15th day of November, 1950, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This November 15, 1949.

ANTHONY MIRABELLI,  
Executor.  
N23-6tp-D29

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

NORTH CAROLINA,  
MACON COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust from Gerald W. Cornelius and wife, Mildred S. Cornelius, to E. P. Stillwell, Trustee for The Jackson County Bank, dated 2 January, 1946, and recorded in Book 38, at Page 534, of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust in the office of the Register of Deeds of Macon County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the note thereby secured, and the holder thereof having directed that the deed of trust be foreclosed, the undersigned Trustee will offer for sale and sell at the Court House door in the Town of Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina, at 12:00 o'clock, noon, on Saturday, 7 January, 1950, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, all those certain tracts or parcels of land, described in and covered by said deed of trust, located in Highlands Township, Macon County, North Carolina described as follows:

All the lands described in a deed from Rebecca S. Harris to Gerald W. Cornelius, dated December 21, 1945, and recorded in Deed Book N-5, at page 299 in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina.

This sale is made subject to all unpaid or delinquent taxes against said property.

This 5th day of December, 1949.

E. P. STILLWELL, Trustee.  
D6-4tc-D29

Say:  
"I saw it advertised in The Press."