

FRANKLIN HAS A MUSICAL FEAST

The Shaw Concert Company Of the Piedmont Lyceum Bureau Played to Large Audience Here.

On the evening of November 6th, the Shaw Concert Company of the Piedmont Lyceum Bureau played to a large and enthusiastic audience in the court house at Franklin. This company is composed of Mrs. Frances L. Shaw, pianist and violinist, her son, William Shaw, solo saxophonist, Andrew Ponder, violinist and saxophone artist, Robert Shepard, cornetist and Joe Berryman, xylophonist.

Never before has such entrancing music been heard in Franklin. Mrs. Shaw delighted the audience with her accompaniments and with her piano selections. Her rendition of the Sextette from Lucia with her left hand only, was a marvelous exhibition of skill.

As a saxophonist, William Shaw's equal is rarely heard. Robert Shepard kept the audience spell bound with his music of the cornet, while the harmonies from Ponder's violin were sublime.

It seems impossible that a man with only two hands can play all the instruments that Joe Bersyman simultaneously played during the various numbers of the concert. He is not only an artist with the trap drum and a dozen other such instruments, but is an expert on the xylophone. Under the touch of his magic fingers, classical music popular airs and old southern melodies rolled from this instrument in entrancing strains.

Franklin is indeed fortunate to have had an opportunity of hearing the Shaw Concert Company.

Bryson City's Mule.

Chicago has nothing on Bryson City. While the former's history is indissolubly linked with the right hind leg of a cow, the latter boldly lays claim to the out-kickin'est mule that ever invaded a town.

According to the Bryson City Times this mule recently took possession of that town and held it captive for some hours. When said mule got into action so did the citizens.

Those who failed to get in the vault of the bank managed to find a place of concealment elsewhere. The mule finally espied one of the bolder spirits peering at him through a plate glass front. This seemed to enrage the animal whereupon he began kicking out all the glass fronts in the neighborhood where sufficient room was available to allow him to bring his business end into play.

After kicking all the windows in the vicinity into smithereens the mule finally kicked the bucket.

The Times failed to state whether or not it was (a) white mule.

Free Moving Pictures.

Miss Martha Creighton, District Home Demonstration Agent for the Western District of North Carolina, expects to spend the week of November 17-22 in Macon County holding meetings and showing moving pictures. These meetings are to be held at the following places:

Patton School House, November 17th, 2 P. M.

Stagle School House, November 17th, 7 P. M.

Union School House, November 18th, 2 P. M.

Otto School House, November 18th, 7 P. M.

Totta School House, November 19th, 2 P. M.

Cowee School House, November 19th, 7 P. M.

Franklin (Idle Hour Theatre), November 20th, 2 P. M.

Higdonville School House, November 20th, 7 P. M.

Watauga School House, November 21st, 2 P. M.

Holly Springs School House, November 21st, 7 P. M.

Satem School House, November 22nd, 2 P. M.

Pine Grove School House, November 22nd, 7 P. M.

The moving pictures will be shown at the night meetings and at the afternoon meetings where the school house can be darkened so that the pictures can be seen.

The Demonstration Agents, the Supervisor of the Nantahala National Forest and the agent of the Delco-Light Company are co-operating in showing these moving pictures.

About half of the pictures will show the importance of fire prevention in saving our fast decreasing timber supply.

Land Deeds, Mortgage Deeds and Chattel Mortgages for sale at The Press office.

Log of Auto Trip From Franklin to Portland, Ore.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 1.—I have received several requests from friends to send you a log of our three thousand seven hundred and fifty-four mile westward journey, to be printed in your paper.

Our party consisted of eight, which were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mashburn, Mr. Tracy Barnard and myself of Franklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ray and sons of Parrie City, Oregon.

Our journey started from your city August 18, 1924 and lasted until Sept. 8, 1924, making a total of twenty two days traveling.

Our first day was bright and clear, although we had queer chills running up and down our back bones, but these soon vanished when a loud bang, notified us very unpleasantly that we had received a very, very flat tire.

After much labor we continued on our way, but we were all serious and excited and made very slow mileage, camping at Marshall, N. C. Ninety five miles from our home base and ending Aug. 18, our first and cleanest day on "the road".

Not having slept much we rose with the sun of Aug. 19, and after much enjoyed lunch cranked the sleeping motors of our "Gee Haws" and did not stop (except for lunch) till we circled around a traffic cop several times in Knoxville Tenn. and found a place to roost in Fountain City, a suburb of Knoxville, one hundred and ninety miles from the corn bread plate that we left at home.

The sun did not shine on us so favorably on Aug. 20, because he saw what we couldn't.

Rough roads, the terror of every tourists. On this day we traveled slowly and in between bounces we managed to find a spot in a camp from London Kentucky, and when the sun lasts rays of the day lay on the Blue Grass we found that we were one hundred and thirty miles farther and making a total of two hundred and sixty miles from an accessible soft bed.

On Aug. 21st, we traveled over mere pig trails to Falmouth, Ky. One hundred and forty four miles from London and four hundred and four miles from the jail at home.

Aug. 22, we did about the same mileage over much better roads, but we were so used to bouncing that we couldn't sit still. That evening the speedometer read one hundred and forty eight miles farther and five hundred fifty-two miles from the Corn crib. One of our party looked out and we were in Indianapolis Ind.

On Aug. 23 the foot feed on both cars stuck for a few minutes and when we stopped that night in Chicago Heights, Ill. we found that if traveling over good roads you can travel one hundred and eighty-five miles every easy and don't realize that you are seven hundred and thirty-seven miles from home.

After an all night feed, O, I mean for the "skeeters," we arose on the morning of Aug. 24 for another expected days journey. Do you think we got it. Well we did we traveled one hundred and eighty five miles to De Witt Iowa, with out getting off the pavement. Except when Uncle Harve had to stop so that he could get out and run a "Pesky Skeeter" down.

When the sun winked and dropped to the east. Hey! I mean the west, we were nine hundred and forty miles from the city in the long leaf pines.

The clouds of August 25th look down upon us here, we were due for trouble. Mr. Ray had trouble with a connecting rod in his car, and we only made ninety-seven miles "down the road" to Bell Plains, Iowa.

August 26 we were all sober but tried to see which car ran the fastest. After much passing and repassing we found that it was near dark and Dunlap, Iowa, was just around the turn we looked at our speedometer and found that we were two hundred and four miles nearer the end at present than we were in the earliest part of the day.

The next evening, after traveling one hundred and thirty-four miles to Silver Creek, Nebraska, we found that there was a little dust on us, but I think I had more of it tucked away in the corners of my ears.

More dust! I thought, in fact we all thought, (but it didn't hurt us a bit), that dust and the devil was spelled the same way.

And on traveling all day through the powder gum balls that Silver Creek was just two hundred and forty-nine miles from Agallato, Nebraska, and seventy seven miles worth of

hard driving took us to Cheyenne Wyoming, where we saw our first U. S. mail Aeroplane and that is the way Aug. 29 went in the discard.

Aug. 30 brought a clear cold day that is so unusual in Wyoming upon us and taking the opportunity we made Rawlins, Wyoming, one hundred and sixty miles farther from the "Old Oken Bucket."

The first real bad luck we had on our journey happened just after we crossed the famous range of mountains called by the most, "The Rockies," our speedometer chain broke and not knowing this log would ever go in print we failed to fix it.

But we managed to make the Red Desert on high and camped at Green River Wyoming, in the coldest night I ever set my stubby nose into.

But on the morning of Sept. 2nd, we untangled ourselves from the fire and steered the two life boats to the South End of Big Bear Lake, Utah.

This lake is one of the largest lakes in the west, and it was not on our minds to dispute their word so we left and traveled to Pocatello, Idaho, for another nights rest and some how I don't seem to remember what happened after seven o'clock.

Seven thirty the next morning (Sept. 3), we were many miles from the roost after night before when Hoselton, Idaho, passed our radiator cap we stopped and I think the rest of them camped there that night, I know I went to sleep soon after I could get the Buick out of gear.

On Sept. 4, Glen's Ferry rolled around about four thirty in the afternoon, and some how my foot just seemed to slide toward the clutch and we stopped.

Sept. 5 saw us through Boise and fifteen miles farther on Nampa, showed up. Again we stopped for a much needed rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Mashburn, Tracy and I stayed in Nampa that night while Mr. and Mrs. Ray and their sons drove to a small town about eight miles away to see some of their many friends.

The next day was the happiest day on the trip, because we passed the Snake River at noon and behold! we were in Oregon, but that didn't stop us. We had good times and when Baker Oregon showed up we stopped, because that was where our trails divided.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray, their sons and Tracy took a southern course to their homes in Prarie City, while Mr. and Mrs. Mashburn and myself continued on to the City of Roses.

Sept. 7 our party broke and after leaving the other half in Baker we started on the last leg of our journey from Baker to Portland.

We didn't quite make Portland that day although we could have, but we were going fast enough to suit me, after leaving Baker at seven o'clock the morning of Sept. 7, we traveled to "The Dalles," Oregon arriving there at four thirty. The Dalles is two hundred and seventy three miles from Baker and we had to travel fast, although I didn't mind because I was at the wheel.

Sept. 8 at ten thirty o'clock we rolled across the city limits of Portland Oregon, and this ended a 3754 mile trip thru thirteen states and nearly across the United States.

Yours truly, EARL ASHE.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE

House and acre lot on West Main Street. Bath, electricity, shade, side drive and garage. Three minutes walk to square and public school. A real bargain and mighty easy-terms.

We are sacrificing 65 acres of rich land within 5 miles of Franklin. Substantial buildings, apple orchard, running water and within 300 yards of R. R. station.

Business Opportunity. Well built store house 20x40 on good lot at Prentiss. Bargain.

Other bargains-listed. If it's Real Estate you want, we have it.

CARPENTER & STOCKTON

Over Pendergrass Store

Franklin, N. C.

ASHEAR'S NEWS

This message to the people who desire to know how to spend their money and get value received in the spending.

See my Ladies' Coats, Dresses and Coat Suits, Ladies' Underwear and Night Gowns, Misses' Underwear and Sweaters.

Men's Suits and Overcoats, the largest stock I have ever carried. I also carry shoes for the whole family.

I have filled my store and basement with staple merchandise at the right prices and am ready to deliver the goods.

I will meet anybody's prices, and will do even better.

I often hear it said, "Oh, I wish I had known that you had this." Stop wishing and let us show you what we have.

Our stock in every line is the most complete that you will find in any part of the country. I can and will save you money, so let me prove it.

Yours for service,

JOS. ASHEAR

SUITS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

A small line of real clothing. Not quantity but quality, with special attention given to style and fit.

Real METCALF WORSTEDS for men, worth \$35 00, only \$27.50.

Heavy French Serge for men, only \$27.50.

Boys' Suits with two pairs of pants, worth \$15 00, only \$11.00.

A few Boys' Suits at \$5.00.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SLOAN BROS. & CO.

Phone 85