

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

Furnished by Lanier Literary Society

Editorial.

A goal is defined as a point aimed at in a race; or, stated more briefly a purpose. Each society has "purposed in its heart" to win the banquet at the end of school. In other words, the banquet is the goal that looms ahead of the societies. But in order to win, or to reach the point at which we are aiming, we must work, putting our whole soul into our task. And unless we work together, we cannot do this, for every member must work whole-heartedly to make a strong society; he must do his best for the cause, which is, in this case, the winning of the banquet.

Another goal that we have in view now, is that of making the honor roll. A common remark at the end of last month was, "If it hadn't been for that B on English (or some other subject), I would have been on the honor roll." But one B—will keep its holder from reaching the goal. Therefore we must make every subject count.

This principle applies in everything we undertake: "A chain is as strong as its weakest link."

Jokes.

"I'm a silent man," said Bill to Jack. "My words are very few." Then Horner piped in, "Shake, old pals."

"I've just been married too!"

Likes and dislikes of the high school faculty.

Mr. Moss—Hats, cats, mosquitoes, poodle dogs and last but not least women. Miss Mozely however, is an exception.

Miss Phipps—Hates, with all her soul, a copy-cat. She is a dear lover of warmth. She likes the school room like a hot water bottle.

Miss Cowherd—Thoroughly despises switches, D's and long faces. She dearly loves to express her own opinions.

Miss Weaver—Loves everything. Especially does she like to tell of her travels.

Miss Mozely—Hates noise. Nothing is sweeter to her soul than a noiseless school room.

Prof. Bramlett—Absolutely adores keeping the D. D. society and making announcements.

Miss Cowherd—"Is there anything that you can do better than any one else?"

Lester H.—"Yes, read my own writing!"

F. M. R. '26.

William Allen White, the noted editor of the "Star," Emporia, Kansas says concerning local school board members:

"They serve for what? For money? No! For glory? Hardly! There is little glory in being a member of the local school board. They are often forgotten while the school goes well. Then when something goes wrong or a teacher makes a mistake they must enter the fight for their school; accept abuse often upholding the authority and prestige of the workers in the school for the general welfare. But for what? Chiefly for the love of the work, and for what it will do for their community and the world. The best work is done in the pure joy of the job, and without hope of reward."

If you like to read the school news or read this page, will you, when you have the opportunity, mention the fact to the young student editors? They will appreciate the encouragement that it will give.

Would the patrons of the school like for some kind of school savings association be formed among the students? Suggest a plan of cooperation with a bank? Or could we have postal savings deposits? Thrift is learned by practice, not by precept. Saving is a habit. When once formed, it is as hard to break as the habit of spending all we make. Thrift and economy are not information subjects, but DO subjects. Experience seems to show that some form of cooperation with a bank is best, also the postal saving system is very popular and encouraged by the United States government.

A. L. BRAMLETT.

School News.

The Lanier and S. S. S. Literary societies gave an Armistice program together Friday afternoon. The numbers consisted of patriotic songs and readings given by members of both societies. The ninth grade sang popular war songs; the tenth grade "America the Beautiful," the seniors "The Star Spangled Banner." The French class sang the French Marseillaise. These and the readings were all given very good. This program was the only thing done in honor of Armistice Day.

Miss Mozely and Miss Wehant spent the week-end at Clayton, Ga. Miss Mozely's home.

Alexandra Stewart, Kate Pearce, Bill Higdon, Ella Jones and Louie Young went to Sylva to see the basketball game Friday night, Sylva vs Franklin.

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The Thanksgiving Myth
by Jane Osborn



DORA LOUISE GRAYSON. In spite of caressing brown bobbed hair and starry blue eyes, found herself at twenty-five a full-fledged doctor of medicine, working in the clinic of the Children's hospital. Somehow, worn, anxious mothers looked at her with so much trust and so much confidence, she wondered how it had all come about. Sometimes she doubted her own powers of endurance to go on.

Talmadge Scott, after several false starts and several years of business, at thirty found himself in possession of his degree of doctor of medicine. He wondered sometimes how it had ever occurred to him that he could possibly be anything else besides a doctor.

For several weeks Doctor Scott had been stopping every day at the Children's hospital to speak to Doctor Grayson, who received her little patients in the room right across the corridor from the small operating room where he worked two hours every morning. In all his life he had never known a woman doctor before; he tried to imagine, but could not conclude, what sort of person she must be.



"Clinic is closed tomorrow," he remarked the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. "I suppose you will have dinner with friends."

"Thanksgiving dinner?" she queried. "I'm afraid I don't feel in a very thankful mood. I'm thousands of miles from home. Do you still believe in turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie?"

"It's a pretty myth," he said. If Dora had been a keen observer she might have noticed that a look of disappointment passed over Talmadge Scott's face, and if he had been a mind reader he might have been aware of her own disappointment. Not being so gifted they parted with a brief farewell.

Talmadge Scott knew where Dora Grayson lived. All Thanksgiving day he thought of her, in spite of efforts to put her out of his mind. Several times he found excuse to pass her apartment. At half-past six, as he felt for the first time since breakfast the need of food, he again walked by her house. It was then that he was rewarded for all his diligent waiting, for Dr. Dora Louise Grayson just then came out of the door of the apartment house.

"Are you going to dinner?" he asked, and Dora admitted that she was going out in search of something to eat. "But you don't care about the old, traditional Thanksgiving feast?" she queried. "It's funny how people have clung to the tradition."

"Isn't it?" he said, and then, "As we both seem to be going out in search of nourishment, what do you say to combining forces?"

Ten minutes later they were seated opposite each other in a white-tiled eating establishment. Dora had declined Talmadge's invitation to go to a more expensive place.

"A salad is all I want," said Dora. From a tray being borne past them came whiffs of aromatic turkey and stuffing, that somehow made Talmadge's mouth water. Yet he said, looking instantly at Dora, "Yes, a salad and tea. I think that's what I shall have, too."

So they supped together, and somehow as they ate Dora felt a funny sobbing sensation—as of intense homesickness and disappointment, and Talmadge felt a curious sort of melancholy.

After it was over and Talmadge had paid the insignificant check, they went together as far as the corner and there Dora left him.

Thirty minutes later Talmadge Scott, after some irresolution, entered the restaurant of the Sterling hotel. He allowed the head waiter to lead him in ceremony to a table near a babbling fountain. He was about to order and in search of such delicacies as turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie when he noticed that the girl at the table beside him wore a hat like Dora Grayson's. Why, it was Dora Grayson! And before her there was a small platter of steaming turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce—

They exchanged smiles, and then

Talmadge Scott found himself at her table sitting opposite her. Dora blushed with extreme embarrassment. "You see, I just had to have turkey. It may be a myth—all this business about Thanksgiving—but I like it." So they feasted leisurely and happily together. Later there were explanations.

"I was going to ask you to dine with me," said Talmadge Scott. "but when I began to talk about it you seemed to pool-pooch the idea of Thanksgiving dinners—"



"And I'd made up my mind to ask you to come and have dinner in my little apartment with me. I was so anxious to cook it. But you said something about the Thanksgiving myth, so I didn't."

It was after dinner together that Dora asked Doctor Scott to her little apartment, where they talked before the cheerful glow of the open fire in her living room.

"I've always wondered just why a girl like you studied medicine?" he ventured to begin.

"I've wondered, too," said Dora. "It all seemed so wonderful and so easy in medical college. But now I'm practicing by myself, I wonder, too—"

"It seemed," Talmadge went on, "as if you were the sort of girl—the sort of girl that would want to marry—that just couldn't escape marriage—"

"But I never wanted to marry anyone but a doctor," she began, and then stopped in confusion.

And this gave Talmadge Scott the cue for his first and last proposal.

1915 MAC DOWELL CLUB

The regular meeting of the Music Club was called to order Wednesday November 11, in the home of Mrs. Lee Crawford.

The subject of the program was Old English Music.

The following numbers, under the leadership of Mrs. R. W. Shields were given:

- Sketch of Musical History of This Period—Mrs. Pipes.
- Music of the Elizabethan Era—Mrs. Wasalik.
- Chorus—Phillis, on the New Made Hay—Junior Members.
- Piano—Sellers Round—Byrde—Mrs. Gilmer Jones.
- Song—Awake Sweet Love—Dowland—Mrs. Dick Hudson.
- Song—Gather Ye Rosebuds—Lawes—Miss May Hunnicutt.
- Piano—Morris Dance—Shepherd's Hey—Grainger—Mrs. Smith Harris.
- Chorus—Barbara Allen—Junior Members.

Mr. W. H. Parrish has returned to his home at Ithaca, Utah, after spending two weeks visiting relatives and friends in Macon county. Mr. Parrish is a native of Macon county and this is his first visit to his old home in 18 years.

Mr. W. C. Stallings, representative of the North Carolina State Child Welfare commission, was in Franklin Monday and Tuesday looking after the interests of the children of Macon county who come under the supervision of that commission.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY

Very likely you've got "your heart set" on eating a nice, luscious Turkey—with special filling and roasted to a crisp brownness—on Thanksgiving Day. Then you'll make no mistake in eating at our restaurant.

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