

PRIZE WINNING ESSAYS

Winning Essays in the Building and Loan Essay Contest On the Subject: "How I Can Use the Building and Loan to Pay for a College Education."

(Note: Words in parentheses were inserted by the judges, either as corrections or as necessary from a standpoint of fact or grammar).

Third Prize Winner

By MARY ENLOE

A century ago a group of progressive men conceived and organized the Building and Loan Association in the United States. It was organized for the benefit of progressive men and women who wished to build homes, remodel homes, and lift mortgages on homes. It proved so great a factor in the progress of civilization that Congress exempted it from taxation to a certain extent. Other States took it up, but North Carolina was at that time in a state of inertia. It was only about twenty years ago that she awoke and took rapid strides in the direction of progress. Her legislature followed the example of Congress and today we have wide-awake Building and Loan Associations in almost every progressive county of the State.

Four years ago our most progressive citizens established the Building and Loan Association in Franklin. It has succeeded in that it has helped build fifteen homes, remodeled fifteen, purchased twelve, paid mortgages on three, and purchased the site for one. The Building and Loan is an economical savings deposit. It is open to men, women, and children who are above twelve years of age. Shares of stock are issued in denominations of one hundred dollars or more. For a one hundred dollar share, one pays fifty cents entrance fee, and twenty-five cents as weekly dues for three hundred and thirty-eight weeks when it reaches the value of one hundred dollars and is paid to owner.

The officers are now proposing to use the Building and Loan for helping boys and girls to secure a college education upon finishing high school. They are looking into the future and they realize that the prosperity of the future depends upon the initiative of the boys and girls of today. They realize that for the growth of Macon county the future citizens need a broader education. They realize that a college education is essential in developing greater intelligence, therefore they are proposing a new use of the Building and Loan. It is a wise move on the part of the officers to get the pupils interested now, since it takes six and one-half years for a share, or shares, of stock to mature.

If a person twelve years of age buys five or ten shares now, he will have ready a fund for college upon finishing high school. The average youth earns money during the vacation, and in some cases, throughout the school months. There is also a chance for the person in high school. His shares would not mature in time to pay his college expenses, but working during summer vacations and at odd times to pay weekly dues on Building and Loan shares, upon finishing college he would have ready a fund to pay back money borrowed from another source for college expenses.

Primitive Transportation

Captured under a bed, Omar Williamson, termed by Chief of Police R. M. Coffey as "Daddy" of local bootleggers, was taken by Mr. Coffey Tuesday night of last week.

Several days ago Constable Charles Oliver discovered evidences of a footpath, newly made, off the highway, a few miles south of Franklin. On investigation, he found, he said, a man with a sack on his shoulder. He ordered the man to halt, and when he failed to comply with the command, shot. The man, according to the constable's statement, dropped the sack—later found to contain whiskey, and made off.

Mr. Coffey received information which led to his search of a house, where Williamson, he said, was located under a bed and put under arrest.

Williamson and others, according to officers' theory, have been carrying whiskey across the mountains from Georgia, to supply the local Christmas demand. The shoulder method of transportation was adopted, Mr. Coffey believes, to avoid the danger of being caught on the highway, and the further risk of losing an automobile.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

THAT if your newspapers went out of business your city would soon be known as a city of the dead.

THAT it would grow backward so fast that in a short while your streets would be a good grazing place for cattle, and the only traffic you would have would be the people who were moving away or passing through from one live city to another.

THAT newspapers are modern builders of business.

THAT they are builders of cities as well.

THAT as they progress so will the home city progress.

THAT it is money in your pocket to see them grow, for the better they are, the better your city will be.

What you want is a live city to live in, not a dead one to die in. Keep your city alive by supporting your newspapers.—Exchange.

Night of the Nativity

By Rev. Caleb Ridley

More than nineteen hundred years ago a new life force suddenly burst into human history and began its march across the centuries. This new force brought with it inspiration to literature, enlargement to philanthropy, depth to religion, quickening to invention, stability to law and progress to civilization.

Whence came this tide of moral grandeur and beneficence that has swept across the centuries gathering momentum with every passing year? If I stand by Niagara Falls and behold that awful torrent pouring itself through the cleft in the rocks, I know that such a surging tide did not come by the commingling of a few mountain rivulets up yonder somewhere; but that behind its embosomed fulness lie the Great Lakes. And, as I this hour meditate upon the influence of the Babe of Bethlehem, I know such an influence came not from a few fisherfolk in Galilee, but that behind this Babe lies the infinite fulness of the heart of God.

No fact in the world's history is so well attested as the birth of Jesus Christ. Have you evidence that that personification of force and rapine and murder known as Napoleon lived? Then I have greater evidence that Jesus Christ lived, and that His army will yet conquer the world. Have you evidence that blind Homer lived and loved and melted his soul into measures of music which still survive? Then I have greater evidence that the Babe of Bethlehem grew into the most poetic figure of all time and that the rhythmic cadences of His song ring down the corridors of the ages.

More than a million pulpits will point to "His star" this Christmas-tide, and His baby cry will be heard around the world. And numberless multitudes throughout the earth will say with the wise men of God: "We have seen His star."

The scriptural story is beautiful for its simplicity. Shepherds were out on Judean hills guarding their flocks, when all of a sudden the star appeared and hovered over the village; the dark window shutters of a December night were thrown open; the soft drapery of clouds was pushed back, revealing in the upper air, a company of angelic singers who began a peace-anthem the like of which had never before been heard.

War had been an essential part of the world's history. From the dim days of dead civilizations came only the echoes of war, and just yesterday in the life of the world, Grecian battleships had ploughed their way across unknown seas to wide-spread victory, only to fall a prey to Rome's intrepid sons who bore the standards of Imperial Caesar.

But on the beams of our herald-star came a new song, a song of peace and goodwill. Listen to its two bars—one in the major and one the minor key—"Glory to God in the highest," "On earth peace—goodwill to men."

Jesus' human birth placed an honor-wreath on the brow of Motherhood. "Mary" is the most honored name in human history. There are Marys in mansions and Marys in cabins; Marys representing all the races of men, but they are all namesakes of her who lay on a bed of straw and held the warm face of Bethlehem's Babe to the hollow of her bosom on the night of the nativity.

This Christmas scene also honored childhood. The greatest gift ever left at your house was a little child. Wrapped up in its life are potentialities that may some day change the whole course of human events. I wish America, my America, might stop long enough this Christmas time to see the difference between making money, and making men out of little children.

RIVER SIDE ITEMS

We are having some cold weather around here now.

Mr. Jim Gray had a corn-shucking last night all report a good supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Long have been visiting Mr. Ingram Conley the last few days.

Mrs. Neal Norris has been very ill, but is improving some now. Hope she will soon recover.

The moon has got alright I suppose, as Mr. Lawrence Pendlands has moved down from their summer home to where Mr. Earnest Moore lived.

Mr. I. V. Ramey purchased him a fat hog Saturday.

Mr. C. W. Ramey, of Jackson, is tending court this week.

Mr. W. C. Leadbetter, of Haywood was over the past week.

Mr. Bart Fulcher and George Stiles are going to install a saw mill on H. K.

Mr. Lake Stiles motored to Franklin today.

Mr. Hillard Brown, of Prentiss was the guest of Mr. Russel Vanhook Friday night.

Mrs. Will Smart spent the weekend with her father, Mr. E. A. Vanhook, of River Side.

One child failed to sign its name to the letter to Santa Claus. We are printing it for we are sure that Santa will know whose letter it is.

NEW PUBLICATION

The Onteora Rod and Gun club of Franklin is publishing from time to time a newsy little paper called The Trail, Stream, Net and Green. The issue of December 15th has much information of interest to the members and to the people of Macon county. The Press will look forward with interest for future issues of the club's paper.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Franklin, N. C.
Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl 6 years old. Please bring me, a wagon, and a sleeping doll, nuts, and some candy.
Goodnight,
Jene Fouts.

Franklin, N. C., Dec., 13 1926.
Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl 9 years old. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth grade. Santa I want you to bring some candy, oranges, bananas, and hair curlers, also a pair of over shoes. Now Santa I have 2 little sisters, Louise, 5 years old, Merl, 2 years old. They have been real good. They want you to bring them a doll, and lots of other things. Don't forget mamma and papa. Your little friend, Evelyn Kinsland.

Scroll, N. C.
Dear Santa:—Please bring me a top, and a cap, some candy, and some oranges. I am a little boy 9 years old.
Bye bye.
Your little friend, Bulen Houston.

Franklin, N. C., Dec., 15 1926.
Dear Santa:—I am a little girl 7 years old. I want you to bring me a crying doll and a bed to fit it. A little tea set, some candy, oranges, and nuts. This is all for this time.
Goodbye Santa, CLARA KISER.

Etna, N. C., Dec., 15 1926.
Dear Santa Claus:—We are two little sisters: I am 5 years old, and my sister is 1 year old. I want you to bring me a sleeping doll, and some candy. I want a little bed. Violet wants a little doll, candy, and a little set of dishes.

Etna, N. C., Dec., 15 1926.
Dear Santa Claus:—I am going to tell you what to bring me. Please bring me a sleeping doll, nuts, candy, oranges, and a little carriage.
BIRDELL McCOY

Etna, N. C., Dec., 15 1926
Dear Santa:—Will you bring me a sleeping doll, and a new dress, and some oranges, and some candy, and

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Franklin, N. C.

a new coat. I am only 9 years old. Your best friend, Myrtle McCoy.

Franklin, N. C., Dec., 16 1926.
My dear Santa Claus:—Mother and daddy says I have been a good girl, and mean to be a better girl next year. I want you to bring me a kimona, and bed room slippers, and a doll. Please bring the other little children some things too. With lots of love,
Grace Rebecca Conley.

Iotla, N. C., Dec., 17 1926.
Dear Santa:—I am a little boy 7

years old. I will tell you what I wish to have Christmas. I want a little toy car, a little bugle, a small knife. I want a little toy water gun, some candy, and oranges. That is all this time. Please take the rest something.
Yours truly,
JACK RAY.

Scroll, N. C.
Dear Santa:—I am a little girl 11 years old. Will you please bring me a doll with hair and eyes that open and shut. Bring me a dress and cap. I want a little set of dishes.
Your little friend Beulah Houston

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