

## BOUQUETS AND BRICK BATS

(NOTE: In publishing this column, the Franklin Press does not place its stamp of approval or disapproval upon any thing in it. It is written and edited by Weimar Jones, and sole responsibility for the ideas and observations below rests upon him.—The Editor.)

Ain't it queer—this thing we term human nature?

We say one thing today. Say it with no little rhetoric and terrific emphasis.

And tomorrow we repudiate it completely, shocked at the very idea.

And the funny thing is we don't, as a rule, realize that we are repudiating—we forget mighty soon what we said a little while ago.

Read this and see if you can tell when and where you read it before: "The rooms in which the Clerk of Court and the Register of Deeds work are too small for the proper transaction of business. . . .

. . . the jail building itself is a cause for shame to every citizen of Macon county. The floors of the cells in which the prisoners are kept cannot be washed because water will leak through into the rooms below. The wall shows a serious crack on one side of the trap door. There is neither sufficient light or fresh air. Right thinking people will realize that innocent persons are often confined in jail. Our jail might have been satisfactory in the dark ages. Christian American citizens cannot allow the torture of darkness and foul air as part of the treatment of any human being.

As soon as it is found practical, A BUILDING FOR BOTH JAIL AND COURTHOUSE SHOULD BE ERECTED."

There undoubtedly are many persons in Macon county to whom the words have a familiar ring. But probably there are few who could say off hand who wrote them, on what occasion, and when. It is quite possible, in fact, that the man whose name was signed below the passage from which this extract is taken did not remember, last week, that he had ever written such a passage. The quotation is from the report of the Grand Jury at the August, 1926, term of Macon Superior court. The report was signed by Ray N. Moses, foreman of that grand jury. The extracts cover that part of the report dealing with the courthouse and jail. The full report, on file in the office of the Clerk of Court, was published in the Franklin Press at the time.

And now Mr. Moses has written again, this time a letter to the Press, published last week. He is shocked that the commissioners are about to spend some money for the "building for both jail and courthouse" which he recommended a little over a year ago.

To quote his more recent utterance: "Mr. Average Citizen is saying that the proper thing to do is to spend three or four thousand dollars to make the jail a safe and wholesome place for the few who will occupy it" ("few" is right, to judge from the experience of recent months!); "keep the courthouse clean; and wait a few years before beginning a new combined courthouse and jail."

"Can it be shown that . . . the (courthouse) officials are seriously inconvenienced because of the size and arrangement of the present building?"

Now what is one to make of these contradictory statements coming from the same pen? Are we to conclude that Mr. Moses is insincere? Or shall we say that he was sincere one time and not the other, and that it is a matter of conjecture which time he meant what he said?

By no means. The writer hasn't the slightest doubt of Mr. Moses' entire sincerity on both occasions. He simply forgot, last week, that the jail building, a year ago, was about all the bad things he could call it,

including a "cause for shame to every citizen of Macon county;" he simply forgot, last week, that a year ago the offices of the Register of Deeds and the Clerk of Court were "too small for the proper transaction of business;" he simply forgot, last week, that a year ago he recommended that "a building for both jail and court house should be erected."

The complete contradiction in Mr. Moses' statements is not, by any means, proof of insincerity. It is just an illustration—a wellnigh perfect one—of the axiom just laid down—that human nature, at best, is queer. It will say one thing today, emphatically, and with no little rhetoric, and stand in shocked amazement at the same suggestion (particularly if it comes from another) tomorrow. Ain't it queer?

To Mr. Henry Ford this column offers its admiring congratulations on the success of his advertising campaign, waged around the strategic word, "WAIT." The campaign has certainly had its subconscious effect. For the folks in these diggings have picked the word up, and, quite oblivious of the fact that it was meant for application to a certain make of automobile, are using it with reference to everything in sight, including the new courthouse and jail.

" . . . wait a few years. . . . " urges Mr. Moses. Wait! Wait! Wait! One cannot but wonder, why?

Has any opponent of the project yet put forth a single reason as to why Macon county will be in any better shape to build the courthouse and jail in "a few years" than she is now?

They have not. Honestly, if the "waiters" would have themselves psycho-analyzed (whatever that is), wouldn't they find, primarily, one thing back of all their waiting arguments—Old Man Procrastination, himself?

He it is who keeps us from having most of the things we want. And he it is who is fighting hardest against the proposal for a new courthouse and jail—just as he always fights the proposal for anything new, whether it be schools, roads, or a courthouse.

An elderly man once commented in substance as follows:

"I have been married three times. And each time I got married I felt as though I weren't ready—I wasn't quite where I felt that I ought to be, financially. But I realize now that if I had waited to get entirely ready, I wouldn't yet be married the first time. For we never really get entirely ready to take any decisive step. Because, after all, when we say we aren't ready, we mean that all the obstacles haven't been removed, and the conditions aren't quite ideal. Well, the obstacles never are all removed, and the conditions never are quite ideal."

That, it is submitted, is a pretty good philosophy for every day application in a very practical and far from perfect world. And it seems to apply with considerably more logic to the question of the courthouse and jail than do the arguments of those who urge that we "wait" without once suggesting what we will gain by "waiting."

The obstacles never will be all removed, and the conditions never will be quite ideal.

It is pretty generally admitted that we must have a new jail. Most people will even go so far as to concede that it is a question of a comparatively few years until we will feel compelled to build a new courthouse. And those who ought to know are authority for the statement that by building the two at the same time in a single building, the county can save several more thousands of dollars than most of us have in the bank.

That being true, is it good policy—sensible economy—to spend now, and save in the long run? Or is it better to spend now only what we actually have to, and lose in the long run?

The majority of the commissioners came to the opinion, a short while ago, that it would be wiser to make a long-run savings. But they have and have had no intention of trying to put anything over on the people of the county—they have repeatedly said they want to do what the majority wants done, regardless of their own opinions.

And while this subject is in mind, here comes another bouquet to the commissioners—for a very wise bit of forethought for which it is safe to say 95 per cent of the people they represent have given them no credit or thanks.

There is wide discussion of the desirability of the lot purchased. That question, like most others, probably has more than one angle. And it undoubtedly will afford material for discussions that will occupy hundreds of dollars' worth of the time of men who can't pay their present taxes, much less higher ones!

It isn't the wisdom of the choice, but the way the purchase was made that we have in mind.

The commissioners made up their mind what lot they thought most desirable for the purpose, and quietly bought it before most people knew a new courthouse and jail were being seriously considered.

And they got it at a price that is not unreasonable, according to a local business man who undoubtedly knows

real estate values, and who is a leader in the movement opposing the new courthouse and jail.

Had they announced their decision FIRST, and then looked about for a lot everybody knows what would have happened—the sale price of every available site in the town of Franklin would have trebled overnight.

The commissioners used some wise foresight, and they deserve credit for it.

Lookout! Here comes a ton of brick. Thrown by request. And it is aimed at the heads of certain young night owls who evidently do their sleeping in the daytime, and spend the night keeping other people awake. Nobody will for a moment dispute that a man has just as much right on the street at 3 o'clock in the morning as at the same hour in the afternoon. But common ordinary consideration would dictate at least a minimum of noise.

Bouquets and Brick Bats by no means suggests that every man out in the wee small hours be locked up. But it might suggest to the town authorities an indirect method of putting a stop to this post-midnight revelry along Main street—preventing sleep in local hotels—it could soon be quelled by means of arrests of the noisiest ones for vagrancy.

This department has no law-books handy, but it would appear that a man who takes the early morning hours for his boisterous antics thereby proves that he doesn't make a habit of working by day, and that, in consequence, he might be brought to a decent consideration of the rights of others via this method.

But no doubt the mayor and chief of police will find a way of accomplishing the desired end and how it is accomplished is of no concern to this column or to the hotel keepers, so long as it is.

—WEIMAR JONES.

### CARD OF THANKS

We sincerely thank the dear friends and neighbors who so faithfully stood by us through the sickness and death of our beloved sister, mother and aunt, Mrs. Octa Quisenberry, and for the last loving tribute of beautiful flowers.—Mrs. ANNA HARRINGTON, C. L. INGRAM, Mrs. MYSA CRAWFORD, ROBERT and IDA PATILLO.

## LOCAL COMPANY PLANS TO EXPAND

### Negotiations Under Way to Purchase Cullowhee and Highlands Exchanges—New Plant Installed at Clayton and Work Going On at Bryson City.

The Western Carolina Telephone company, with home offices here, which recently absorbed the telephone systems at Bryson City, Sylva, and Clayton, Ga., has a further expansion program in mind. It is seeking to purchase the systems at Cullowhee and Highlands, it has been learned.

At a recent meeting of the company's executive committee, composed of A. Maupin, of Atlanta, D. G. Stewart, of Franklin, M. B. Spier, of Charlotte, and W. B. McGuire, of Franklin, president of the company, and ex-officio member of the committee, Mr. Stewart was authorized to negotiate for the purchase of the Cullowhee Telephone and Power company, and Mr. Maupin to start negotiations with the Highlands Telephone company for purchase of the telephone system there, it has been learned here.

It was added by Mr. Stewart, general manager, and who made the an-

nouncement, that work is progressing rapidly in construction of a new system at Bryson City, which is to be in operation early in November. A new system has recently been installed at Clayton. A toll line between Bryson City and Sylva is also probable, Mr. Stewart said.

The company's new telephone directory, just off the press, includes Franklin, Clayton, and Sylva.

General Manager Stewart is exceedingly optimistic concerning the future of the telephone business in Western North Carolina and Northern Georgia and expects his company to play no small part in giving this section a telephone service second to none.

### Money in Timber

"As a broad conclusion," says W. B. Greeley, head of the Forest Service in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, "the Forest Service has tremendous faith in the commercial promise of timber growing to American landowners. The law of supply and demand is working steadily to create timber values which in large portions of the United States will pay fair returns on Forestry as a business. The economic history of other countries which have passed through a cycle of virgin forest depletion similar to that which the United States is now traversing points to the same inevitable conclusion. The time is fast approaching when forestry and forestry alone, will supply the enormous quantities of wood demanded by American markets."

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