

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.)

Rear Admiral Magruder, because he wrote an article for the Saturday Evening Post, criticizing the administration of the Navy Department, and charging waste, has been officially sat upon; and, incidentally, relieved of his command.

The real reason why discipline was administered the too-talkative navy official, it has been intimated, was not because of his criticism of the department in which he holds office, but because of later episodes—news-paper interviews, etc., in which he took the attitude that he was being persecuted.

A man who becomes sorry for himself deserves to "get it in the neck," it is true; but with reference to the motive back of the disciplining of Magruder, the average layman probably remains "of the same opinion still;" that these later incidents merely furnished the excuse for the Navy Department to administer its official snub.

And of course it was all done in the name of that God-inspired and never-erring theory, Discipline.

And hasn't somebody or other defined discipline as taking it out on the underdog as the easiest and most convenient method of venting one's feelings?

Well, if they haven't, they should have. For that, generally, is what it amounts to. It almost always follows on the heels of one of two things: Either the disciplined gets his for saying "a mouthful" that comes perilously close to the truth; or he is punished for revolting against injustice administered by the rule of might.

We live in an age of bunk. And of all modern bunk the discipline idea—as generally held—is the most ridiculous in a present day democracy. It is an heritage from the Middle Ages. It came into being along with the idea of the divine right of kings. And is just as reasonable today as was that old alibi. Why one died comparatively young and the other has lived its useless life to this ripe old age is an interesting matter for speculation.

We live in an age of bunk. We worship at the shrine of the great god, Success. And our god is a god of bunk—and of dollars.

Name me a profession today, if you can, in which Bunk isn't the key word. The man who can "shoot the longest line" and get away with it is the man who succeeds. Half of success is making the world believe you are something you aren't. The exceptions are so extremely rare as merely to prove the rule.

And name, if you can, a profession in which success isn't measured in terms of dollars.

We used to refer to the "three learned professions"—the ministry, medicine, and the law. They had their ethics. And the ethics upon which those professions were based

were primary. Just about anything was tolerated in trade. But not in the "learned professions." They were, as distinguished from business, "professions."

By a queer freak of fortune, the business world today has its ethics. We call them that, in an attitude of altruism, but we add—"and it pays;" thereby naively explaining our real motive.

And the "learned professions," meanwhile, have become commercialized.

We give a physician great credit for his "marvelous success," meaning that he and his friends have built up a reputation, usually by a long line of bunk, thus enabling him to pile up a big bank account—success. How much of human suffering he relieves is a more or less incidental matter in our calculation of his success.

The successful lawyer, in our estimation, is not the man with a passion for justice, but the man who, by hook or crook, can build up a reputation for winning his cases, by fair means or foul, and, as a result, can and does demand fat fees.

And even the churches are noisy with religious bunk; and the success of a church is measured, in terms of members enrolled, cash collected, and, frequently, the publicity it can attain—all purely material and unimportant items from the standpoint of genuine religion.

Not all physicians, not all lawyers, not all preachers, to be sure, are commercially-minded. But find a physician whose one ambition is the relief of suffering, a lawyer whose sole passion is for justice, a minister whose one idea is to permeate his church with the spirit of the Nazarene—men to whom these things are the only ones of real importance, and everything else comparatively trivial—find a man like that who is rated a success by the majority of us!

How many can you name? And if you find one—and there are a few—you will find a man so "peculiar" that we are just a bit afraid of him—a man who is lucky, since he fails to conform to our rule, to stay out of an insane asylum.

Not that the successful physician doesn't wish to relieve suffering, nor that the successful lawyer doesn't wish to see justice done, nor that the successful minister isn't interested in the spread of the Christ-spirit—but these things with them are more or less abstract—and secondary.

Most of the successful ones, largely depend for their success upon bunk, and measure their success in dollars.

And the other professions, of course, are no better.

And the unsuccessful among us are no better than the successes. Our failure to attain success is usually due to our inability to "hand out a line," lack of self-confidence, etc. And, failures ourselves, we sit in worshipful attitudes of admiration and envy while we reverently cast our gaze upon the glitter of A SUCCESS.

This is a religious age, and we worship one god, the great god Success.

And by succeeding, we mean winning. To win, regardless of the value of the winning, regardless of the motives prompting the winning, regardless of the means by which we win, regardless—That is to succeed.

Let him who doubts it ask himself the question: To whom do we give our plaudits? To the defeated champion of a righteous cause, who scorns the use of unfair methods? Or to the ruthless one who grabs success, by fair means or foul, and attains publicity, prominence, "greatness," and along with them dollars?

We worship at the shrine of the great god—Success; the god who sits upon a dollar throne, supported by pillars of bunk.

And upon his altar we lay our lives, the best and finest things in life—talent, honor, kindness, whatever he demands.

And when at last our days are finished, if we find we have worshipped not in vain, but have won, behold our rewards: a little pile of gold, and "success," built upon a "line."

—WEIMAR JONES.

November 7, 1927.

Moore-Johnson

A wedding of cordial interest to their many friends was that of Miss Grace Moore to Mr. Homer Johnson on Sunday afternoon, November 20. The couple were quietly married at the home of the bride in the presence of the bride's family and a few friends.

The living room, in which the ceremony was performed, was artistically decorated with cut flowers and box plants. A lovely altar was formed at one side of the room.

The bride, who was very lovely, attired in navy blue flat crepe with accessories to match, entered with her mother and was met at the altar by the groom. The impressive ring ceremony was performed by Rev. J. L. Teague.

The couple left immediately after the ceremony for Atlanta and other points in Georgia. They will be at home to their friends after December 5th.

OFFICERS MAKE BIG CAPTURE

Three Cars, Eight Men, Two Women and 65 Gallons of Liquor Captured Tuesday Night and Early Wednesday.

As a result of the activities of Sheriff Ingram and deputies Tuesday night and early Wednesday morning Macon county's famous hostelry located on the square and, for want of a better term, known as the jail, is practically filled to capacity with men and women who thought themselves smart enough to pass through Macon county with cargoes of liquor. Along with the men and women the officers got three cars—a Chrysler, Studebaker and Ford—and 65 gallons of alleged liquor, but more probable TNT or dynamite. The prisoners all claimed to be from Asheville and gave their names as, George Jenkins, G. E. Young, L. Russel, P. L. Blackwood, A. C. Ireland, T. F. Brown, G. W. Solesbee, Mary Queen and Elizabeth Higgins. Earlier in the day Tuesday Sheriff Ingram recognized B. Owens who had forfeited his bond on liquor charges and placed him in jail. As a result of these arrests the Christmas liquor supply has been cut down to a small extent.

At the time of going to press it was understood that the grand jury now in session would handle these cases without the formality of a preliminary hearing before a justice.

New Supt. Maxwell Home

Just at the time of going to press this paper learns that a Mr. Watson of West Asheville, formerly of Minnesota, has been appointed as superintendent of the Maxwell Training School.

Press want ads bring the buyer and seller together.

BRIDE AND GROOM HONORED

On Friday evening, November 18 a delightful reception was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Johnston in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston, whose wedding was solemnized in Athens, Ga., on Wednesday 16.

The house, lighted by candles, looked lovely and festive with its decorations of chrysanthemums and ferns.

As the guests entered this hospitable old home they were greeted by Miss Ann Johnston, niece of the hostess and given by her the cordial welcome so characteristic of the family. In her white taffeta gown with full skirt and blue Spanish shawl Miss Johnston made one think of a quaint lovely portrait.

From the hall, the guests were ushered into the living room to meet the bride, who was beautiful in an orchid georgette-trimmed with crystal beads and who, by her charming personality instantly won their hearts.

In the dining room by the soft candle light, Mrs. Lamb Johnston, sister of hostess, and Mrs. Will Sloan presided at the table and as the guests were ushered in by Mrs. Fred Slagle they were served a delicious ice course by Misses Cornelia Smith and Freida Siler, both attractive in becoming evening frocks.

On leaving, the guests in their turn again extended to the happy couple and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Johnston congratulations and best wishes and expressed appreciation of a truly enjoyable evening.

Get Your Hunting License

As the game law enforcement organization of Macon county has been changed we propose to make every effort possible to enforce the law against anyone who violates the North Carolina game law. Everyone who wishes to hunt will please procure their hunting license at once from the County Warden, Deputy Warden or the Clerk of the court.

Please get your license if you have not already done so and help protect our native game.
—J. L. MANN, Deputy Game and Fish Commissioner, Franklin, N. C.

FRANKLIN GIRL ENJOYS MONTANA

E. V. Hurst, of Daleview, Montana, writing to The Press has the following to say:

Miss Nettie Hurst, of Franklin, who has been visiting her brothers, W. H. and E. V. Hurst, of Daleview, Mont., for the past month, left for Detroit, Mich., on November 14 to visit her brothers, J. C. and Earl Hurst.

Miss Nettie is a great booster for Franklin, but says she likes Montana and thinks she would like to live here, and that she enjoyed her Western trip very much. The first three weeks she spent in sight-seeing but the fourth week a snow storm came, which was a foot deep on the level and it is still snowing here.

Are You in Debt?

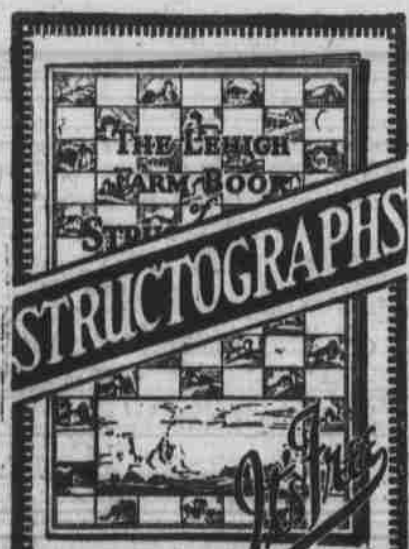
Suppose you were to die before the debts are paid.

Do you want your wife or your family to have to pay them? Do you want the amount you owe to have to come out of the insurance you are carrying for the protection of loved ones?

NO MAN needs Life Insurance more than the MAN WHO OWES MONEY. It will cost you very little to carry enough to pay off your obligations, should you die before they are paid.

Macon Insurance Agency

R. S. JONES, Manager
Loans and Insurance



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Your Chevrolet car is designed and built to give you perfect performance during the winter season—but it is always a good policy to make sure that your car is in perfect condition before winter arrives.

We have listed at the left the service operations that you should have performed in order to prepare your car for winter—to assure easy starting . . . smooth, powerful performance . . . and trouble-free operation.

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