National Forest Unexcelled Climate Unsurpassed Scenery State Game Refuge 17 Peaks Over 5,000 Feet High Ideal Dairy County Creamery, Cannery
Excellent Highways
Cheap Electric Power
for Industries
Law-abiding Citizenship

INVESTIGATE MACON COUNTY ? HEART OF A MOUNTAIN EMPIRE RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT

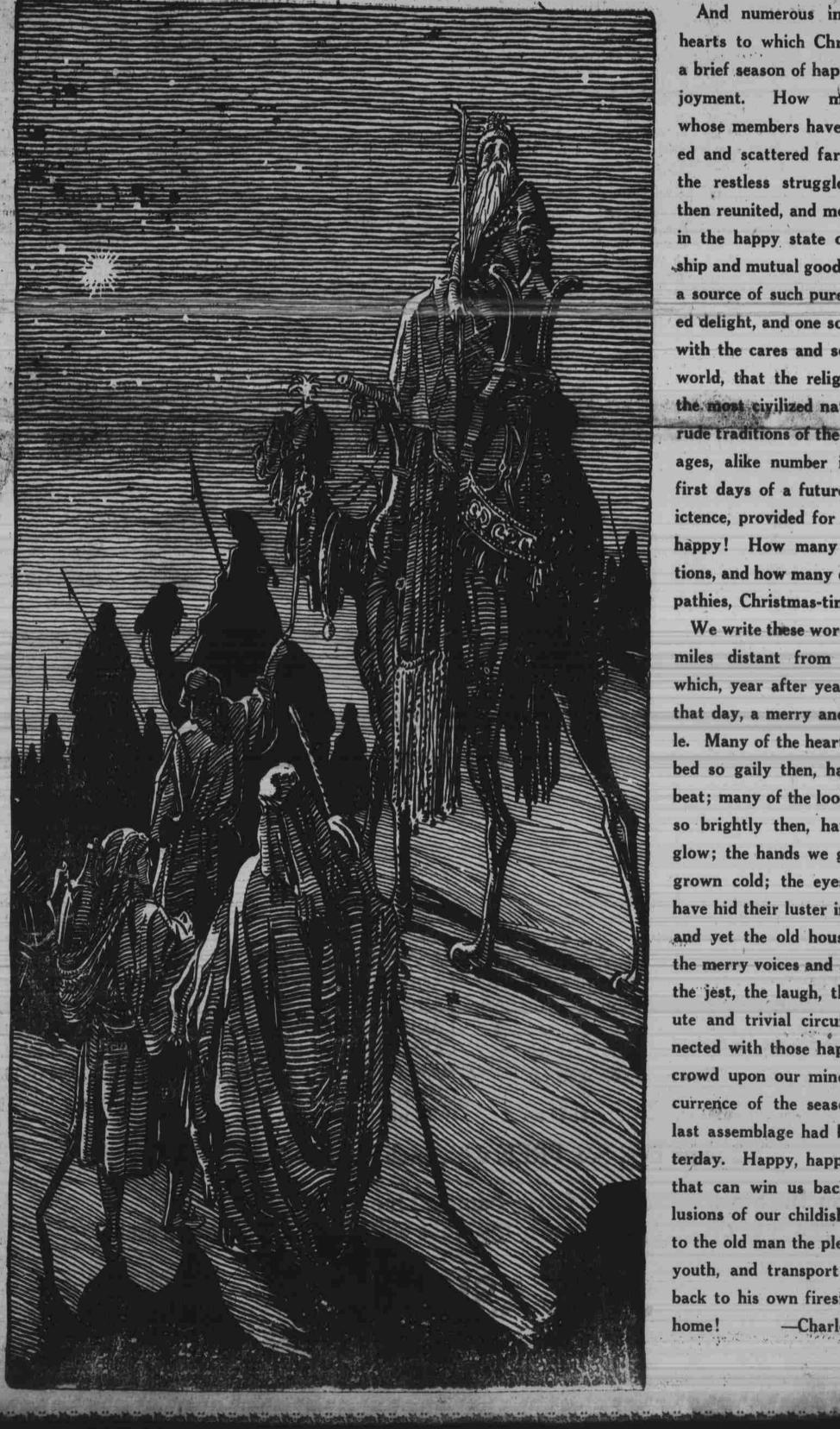
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100,000 H. P. Undevel oped Water Power Mica, Knolin, Asbeston Abrasive Materials Copper, Timber Precious and Semi-precious Gems Abundance Good Labor Ample Transportation Pure, Clear Water

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BRIEF SEASO OF HAPPINESS AS MEN UNIT AT CHRISTMAS

T9.4 A. -And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in the happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first days of a future state of exictence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, Christmas-time awakens!

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped, have grown cold; the eyes we sought, have hid their luster in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the traveler back to his own fireside and quiet -Charles Dickens.