

The Franklin Press

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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ADVERTISING RATES

Very reasonable, and will be made known upon request.

Legal advertisements, communications of a personal character will always be charged for as advertisements, and so marked.

Obituary Notices, Cards of Thanks, and Tributes of Respect, either by individuals, lodges, churches, organizations or societies, charged for as for advertisements. Cash must accompany manuscript, and all such notices will be marked "adv." in conformity with the Postal Requirements.

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Let's Co-operate

IN THE past several years Franklin, by knocking instead of boosting, has lost several opportunities to better the community. On the front page of this issue will be found a news article telling of the organization of a hunting club to be located on Buck creek on the line between Macon and Clay counties. The management of the club asks the moral support of the community in putting this proposition across in a successful way. Information that we have received concerning this matter leads us to believe that success will attend the efforts of the promoters. When the hunting club is a going concern hundreds of men and women who have never heard of Franklin and the Nantahala mountains will flock to this community. A certain percent-

stay in the mountains will remain to become permanent citizens and will invest in Macon county. Hence, it behooves us all to lay no stumbling block in the way of the Nantahala Club, Inc.

Using Our Economical Facilities

EVERYDAY the editor of The Press is asked, "Do you know where I can sell so and so or where I can buy so and so?" These questions are usually thrown at him as he goes to meals or to the post office, in fact whenever he passes along the streets. Now, he appreciates the veiled compliment given him that he knows every thing, or is supposed to, from where the old gray hen is setting to where the bestvrealureunufkornlikker can be secured or disposed of.

One man only yesterday said, "Do you know here I can sell a cow? I have been all over this county and nobody wants a cow." That great amount of traveling must have cost him a pretty penny in time and fuel. Not once had he thought that for twenty-five cents he could have told 6,000 people of this county that he had a cow for sale.

The same applies to the man that has a tool or implement he wishes to exchange for another, or to sell. He can find his wants by using the want ads in The Press. The same applies if he wants to buy something. We hear a lot of talk about keeping money at home. It almost becomes a joke when we look into the methods used to accomplish this. Why do two things seem useless? One is to buy something away from home, and the other is to take so much time trying to find the thing that we want to buy or swap for or sell when for twenty-five cents worth of want-ad space in The Press we can tell 6,000 people about it?

It's an economical investment to use your local newspaper for advertising. The want ads bring results. For your own sake, try them.

Farm Prices

WE HEAR much talk—more or less based on common sense and sound reasoning—about the low prices paid farmers for their produce. Now, its good political thunder and a mighty appealing topic of the professional and semi-professional spellbinder with which to get the attention of his audience, especially if this audience happens to be farmers. And most any audience is either from off the farm directly or the farm is still on them.

But let's look at this thing thru the eyes of cold bare facts. What is the cost of production? We hear that the crops are not bringing the cost of production. That's a large statement; for no one knows the cost of production. And that is a good thing. If farmers kept cost accounts half of them would quit farming and then the rest of us who have to buy our food would come near starving to death, owing to the prevailing inefficiency in production. That brings up the question of the farmers' methods. First, against

the cost of production of each article that is produced on the farm has to be credited the proportionate amount for house rent, fuel, board and all the other things that the farmer gets by the mere fact that he is living on his plant. Another thing that has to be credited to the cost of production is the idle time that a farmer indulges in at different—and very frequent—times thruout the year. And there is the rub.

Were a cost accountant to charge to each crop its proportionate share of the time wasted—we will not mention the other innumerable wastes that occur all along—he would find that the lowest living rate (this for time idled only) of pay, this time would come to more than time put in at actual work on the crop itself. Thus we see that Mr. Average Farmer is living in a mighty flimsy glass house when he hollers about the way he is being treated. Until he himself faces the fact of his own remediable shortcomings and sets himself about to apply the remedy, there is really not much sense in his being set up, or setting himself up, as the martyr of our economic system. Thus the time honored custom prevails in farming as in all other vocations, viz., if the one concerned would have his house in order, he may as well make up his mind to do it himself.

Others' Comments

OVERCOME THE DROUTH

THIS section has experienced something of a drouth this year that has done some damage to early crops. In the main, crops will be good and the damage will be repaired by the abundant rains that have fallen in the past week.

Let the farmers look well to the late bean crop, fall gardens, and small grain crops and winter cover crops for making early feed for next spring. Don't neglect the small grain and feed crops such as wheat, rye, oats and cover crops which are harvested as early hay in spring. We can quickly overcome whatever damage that has been done by quick, intelligent and effective work. There is yet time to grow a late bean crop and possibly

These are the late money crops in this county. The larger number of crops planted, the more successful we will be as farmers. Mr. E. J. Wells, of Forest Park, Clayton county, Georgia, made \$2,213.30 profit on his farm of 117 acres in 1929. The first thing he did was to work. The next was to have eight different things from which to get his products for the market. The third and last thing he did was to work and put business into his farming. —Tri-County Advertiser.

GOING AFTER BUSINESS

THE MERCHANT who advertises, during the dull months of the year creates a business that otherwise would be lost. That much has been demonstrated by merchants in the small cities of the country as well as in the trade centers. A leading department store in one of the larger cities of the country used the heading for one of its advertisements which read: "Business Is Good, If You Go After It." The advertisement attracted attention and the sale proved a success. The buying public can always be depended upon to take advantage of special prices offered on staple merchandise. In commenting on advertising during the dull months of the year, The Christian Science Monitor, presents its views in the following:

"Despite any threat of a mid-summer slump in retail merchandising, a large department store advertises a clearance sale under the slogan, "Business Is Good, If You Go After It." The proprietor makes the point that the adventure of living moves merrily forward, the old automobiles are being exchanged for new ones, that the call of changing fashions is still obeyed, and that there is no let up in demand for a vast variety of articles which add to the measure of personal enjoyments.

"This hopeful and far-sighted advertiser sounds a greatly needed note of confidence and enterprise to offset the clamor of the ravens' chorus whose principal refrain seems to be that of widespread economic distress. It may require more resourcefulness and grit to sell some kinds of goods today, especially the higher priced luxuries, but markets are to be found by diligent effort, and purchasers stand ready to buy what they need. To put up the store shutters, dismiss half of the clerks and submit supinely to condition of sluggishness which in the majority of instances need not exist, is to block effectually the steady flow of trade.

"Confidence in the essential stability of business and courage to act from this standpoint are powerful aids in offsetting much apparent lethargy and stagnation. Intelligent advertising and genuine initiative are powerful collaborators in dispelling the bogey of depression and re-establishing normal conditions of trade."

Special sales judiciously advertised during off seasons of the year is one of the best investments merchants can make. There is in all stores merchandise left over from season to season that if allowed to remain in the show cases and on the shelves, is bound to depre-

ciate in value and become unsalable. If sold for cost the merchant has profited. With the cost money back, the merchant is better off than to have the goods stored in his place of business. The progressive merchant believes in keeping his stock new and up-to-date in styles. —Athens Banner.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HARD TIMES?

WHENEVER I hear my younger competitors among the farm-goods dealers complaining about "hard times" I get a good laugh. All this talk among the farmers about the "farm problem" makes me chuckle to myself.

An old fellow like me is supposed to have a sort of time-worn or God-given right to lament over "the good old days." That is not my style. My memory is too good.

Since the early eighties I have been a country merchant. All my life I have lived in the farming country of the upper Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. I have seen a lot of changes. The great Gladstone once said, "I am an old man and I have seen many changes; and most of them for the best."

There is a lot of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth this summer about the plight of the farmer and the hard times of the country merchant. I think it would be a good thing for some of the farm and garden supplies dealers to know what those famous "good old times" we hear praised up so high and fine were really like.

A smart young farmer who inherited his farm several years ago was in here the other day complaining as to how he could not afford to own a second automobile and telling me that they were just about as necessary out where he lives as a good spring on a farm. And economical, too, because it would save wear and tear on the big car. His granddaddy—farming on the same place, could not afford two horses.

Thirty years ago, the fertilizer companies used to count as AAAI credit the farmers who were prosperous enough to own a surrey and a span of horses to come to church Sundays. Aside from that fact that they don't come to church so often as to the movies, the good credit risk among the farmers hereabouts to-

(counting radios and iceless iceboxes and what not) than their fathers had on the whole farm.

Just this morning one of these poor, problem-stricken agriculturists down the valley a spell was in here complaining that he would have to have a new binder and crying all over the place about the old one having worn out so quickly. And he had owned that binder and used it for thirty-one years, during which time he admitted he had owned twenty-eight different motor cars. They didn't have truck bodies either. And you can guess pretty easily whether he took better care of his binder or his flock of automobiles.

When I first went into business I was running a country store and a farm both at once. In those days running a farm was a real man's-sized job. Wheat was my crop. It was just about the only cash crop in the Valley, if you bar out rye, which was changeable on the basis of a bushel for a gallon at any one of the sixty odd whiskey distilleries between here and Winchester. Wheat was then worth fifty cents a bushel.

I used to plant my crop by hand, cut it with a cradle, thresh it with a horse machine. A hundred bushels was a great big day's work at harvest, and they clean up six hundred to a thousand bushels today by machinery, not muscle. I used to get the local cooper to make me up some barrels, and I would haul my grain to the mill eight miles away, to have it ground into flour, haul the barrels back. And what did I get for it? Just two dollars and a half a barrel, barrels returnable, and all sold on long-term credit!

Think that over, some of you younger fellows in this farm supply business. It will go a long way towards curing you of thinking times are so bad.

In those days corn brought the farmer thirty cents, and most of it was made into whiskey. Ordinary cattle was worth two and a half cents and fine, first grade 1400-lb. steers would bring such a big price! as four cents for export to England.

If you think those prices are low, they were even lower still further back. I remember my grandmother saying that in her day a fine wether would bring as much as a quarter—for the whole sheep alive—and that you could not give away milk, eggs, butter, or chickens. Today the farmer gets more for an old hen than his grandfather could get for a sheep. There are thousands and thousands of dollars that come into this section of the country from the shipment of those very farm products that two or three generations ago could not be given away.

Once a man makes a success of himself and starts living high and free he forgets the struggle of his youth, and we are all more or less like that. But we must have our excuse, if we run into a couple of stumps in the furrow. So, we have got the habit of blaming the government, and passing laws to make us all rich again. Republicans or Democrats have mighty little to do with it all. It is not Uncle Sam; but we, Us & Company; we, the people of the United States as the Constitution says.

We are the ones who make good business or bad; fine times or poor.

And when I hear these sorrowful complaints about bad times I just remember how much more bad they used to be. They are so much better now, that I wonder how, grand and glorious they are going to be in the future. I reckon our grandchildren will be all hot and bothered about not being able to own three airplanes.—Robert C. Agnor, in Farm & Garden Supplies.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By FRED HOLMES, Washington Correspondent of The Franklin Press

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The ladies are again monopolizing the center of the stage. The usual summer lull in Washington's social activities has completely obliterated the Dolly Gann-Alice Longworth tilt on precedence but it fell far short of taking Princess Alice out of the spot-light.

Even the intense heat failed to keep Washington from interesting itself over the makings of a political controversy between Mrs. Eleanor Medill Patterson, the new editor-in-chief of the Washington Herald, a Hearst publication, and the wife of the Speaker of the House. Prior to Mrs. Patterson's incumbency it was announced by a reporter on the Herald staff that Mrs. Longworth would take an active part in Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick's campaign for the Senate in Illinois.

The new editor, as one of her first editorial efforts and over her own signature, characterized the "news" that Mrs. Longworth would campaign publicly as well as privately for Mrs. McCormick as "interesting but not true," and then proceeded to add that Mrs. McCormick "takes no advice, political or otherwise" from Mrs. Longworth, who "gives no interviews," "cannot utter in public," and whose assistance to her lifelong friend "will, therefore, resolve itself, as usual, into posing for photographs."

Mutual friends of both Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. McCormick expressed amusement over Mrs. Patterson's "statement," and asserted that Mrs. Longworth had not the slightest

Cormick. The news story, published as a rumor, was denied by Mrs. Longworth, although she did say that her interest in her friend's political fortunes probably would move her to go again to Illinois and join in the pre-election councils.

The friendship between the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt and the daughter of Mark Hanna, which is said not to include Mrs. Patterson, began when Alice Roosevelt was a White House debutant and Ruth Hanna was serving as secretary to her father, then Senator, and often as his hostess at Sunday morning pancake breakfasts during the McKinley administration.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Longworth has been in the news for twenty-five years, of course she has paid the penalty in photographs and is regarded by the newspapers as a good and cheerful subject. Her friends declare that if her photograph could help Mrs. McCormick she would gladly consent to pose. They also declare that while Mrs. Longworth has never given an interview nor even made a speech on any subject, it is not true that she cannot "utter in public."

Letters

HARBISON WRITES LETTER

Highlands, N. C., Aug. 11, 1930.

Editor Franklin Press:

Many thanks for your timely and pertinent editorial on Highlands taxes. I wish also to thank our county board and county attorney for the kind and courteous treatment they gave to three of us who appeared before them to explain why at this time the assessment of the Highlands Estates property should not be raised above the amount handed in by the Highlands township list-taker. I have no doubt that the person or persons who made complaint to the board were sincere and meant well. He or they simply did not understand the situation and did not realize the harm that could be done at this critical period of the development of our section of Macon county.

Lest some of your readers get the idea that \$27,700 is the total assessment of all the property purchased by the Highlands Estate I will add that there is much additional. Every one of the numerous cottages nestling among the trees on property that was lately abandoned farms is valued at \$3,000 additional to the \$27,700, and every lot sold is valued at \$1,000 additional. The present assessment is just about ten times what it was before Scott Hudson gave a midas touch to Buttermilk Level, and if not discouraged or thwarted in his plans, that section will be a golden egg laying goose. Let us hope bad boys do not kill this gosling. What Macon county needs is more development and less demilvert. We need more people who are so busy attending to their own business that they have no time to attend to other people's business.

F. G. HARBISON.