

# The Franklin Press

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DR. CALEB A. RIDLEY.....Editor  
W. F. CURTIS.....Managing Editor

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### Lee Crawford

Lee Crawford is dead. He died unexpectedly and when we were poorly prepared to give him up.

He was a good citizen and an asset to the town and county.

The business interests of the community will miss him.

The church is poorer because of his going. The social interests of the entire county have suffered a loss.

He was a man of many parts. He was a hale fellow well met and yet a business man of ability.

No man among us would have been missed more.

He was a loyal churchman, a good business man, a faithful husband, a kind and considerate father and a genial soul in every relation.

terest, secular and sacred, and bow our head in grief with the stricken family.

We give to the dead love's most eloquent expression—a tear.

### In Macon County

FRANKLIN is the gem of the mountains, set in the emerald bowl of the Blue Ridge, bathing its feet in the limpid waters of the Little Tennessee, which in the glow of the setting sun looks like a white stream of molten silver.

Eastward across the winding river the great Smokies are hidden by the circle of the Cowee Range which rises in ascending grandeur terrace piled on terrace until the blue crest looms in the distance and looks down on the petty littleness of man.

A hundred imposing peaks seem to prop up the heavens with their heads. Old Rocky Face lifts her mica-scarred bosom above the fog and peers through flinty sockets at Corbin Knob, Onion Mountain, Black Rock and the blue haze hanging over the grand old Balsam.

Gushing from these slopes are a hundred crystal springs clear as light and pure as the dew dangling in pendant glory from the soft velvet of the rose.

From these fountains flow the ribbon streamlets which leap and laugh and cascade down the fern-covered hollows and look like burnished lavaliers swinging from the neck of the hills.

To the South and West the scene is beyond the reach of words. The zig-zag slopes of the Nantahalas with a hundred granite crowns piled back into the concaved bosom of sunset clouds beggars description.

Memory often pushes me back across the years and makes me a boy again—just for an hour.

And then I am plowing an old poor horse or running errands again for my little Mother up on Watauga Creek. I am watching the day end in a maze of mountain twilight.

The sun has just gone down through the big Burningtown Gap in the Nantahalas.

Amber clouds fringed with gold and streaked with crimson are left piled up like a funeral pyre above the sunset.

Blazing bars of grey stretch themselves above the horizon.

The last lingering light of the daytime is fading from the top of old Wayah.

It is night. The stars light up their torches and the milky way flashes its constellations to partially compensate for the lost glory of the sun.

Its the holy hush of a mountain evening that has followed me thrice across the world.

And the coming of rosy-tinted morn—who can describe it?

Its myriad memories have lived with me on plain and prairie, land and sea.

The big star slowly paled and the cross looked down on me.

Along the shadowy reaches the fog spread out like a sea;

The wonderful Highland darkness of the mystic gorgeous Night

Waned in the gray awakening of / advancing Morning light.

Then, out in the waning darkness, and down thru the forest dim

The dew like silver tinklets clung to every limb;

While out from the Womb of Darkness and up thru a Shadowy Mist

Came the gorgeous Sun-God and the shining tree-tops kissed.

Neither prose nor poetry is equal to the task.

To see the great red disc climb up from the womb of darkness and streak the East with rosy fingers of dawning light and then higher climb till every cliff and crag and bush and bank hang quivering and rippling with the light, is ravishing to a lover of nature. It is a scene dropped from the sky, the like of which you cannot see from any other spot of earth.

Not only are we in the heart of the scenic beauty of America, where muses whisper soft syllables of poesy and prophecy, and where the glassy pools mirror the speckled trout, but our hills and hollows, our cliffs and crags, and our rich and redolent valleys abound in choicest minerals and precious metals and gems of rarest hue.

Western North Carolina is destined to be the richest section of the South—rich in beauty; rich in soil; rich in resources of which we have hardly dreamed.

The finest corundum in the world is found in Macon County.

The largest garnet mine yet discovered is in six miles of where I sit and write.

The largest single piece of mica ever mined lies in the Munday hotel across the street.

A wonderful vein of copper has just been uncovered on Nantahala by men who were engaged in road building.

And the end is not yet.

### Better Or Worse?

PROBABLY no age of the world has ever witnessed more changes, and the changes more radical, than those which characterize our age, customs, habits, dress, mannerisms—all these have so completely changed during the past fifty years that should Thomas Jefferson or James Monroe, or even James G. Blaine suddenly wake up to life again, they would not have the slightest idea that this was America.

Politically, religiously, morally, socially, educationally—in every way—it is different from the America they knew. I wonder if it is better or worse.

But I hear someone say that of course things are getting better; the telegraph, telephone, and radio have brought the whole world to our doors; electricity has taken the place of the tallow candle; Mother no longer cards wool upon her knee; sister no longer wears homespun as of yore—of course the world is getting better.

Now that is just one way to look at it; there is another: Formerly our Fathers used candles, but by their dim light they discerned the principles of government—real principles without which no ship of state can lon weather the gales and sail the seas. Our Mothers and sisters wore homespun, but they wore them in the paths of righteousness and virtue. By dim lights they read the word of God and with untrained voices sang the songs of Zion. They knew nothing of the modern theatre, caberet and midnight parking by the roadside. They were not authority on the Charleston and Jazz, but they knew how to Mother and train little children.

### Sin

Sin is an ugly word. There is nothing else like it in all nature. There are a few things which seem to embody certain of its characteristics which illustrate its nature, but SIN itself stands absolutely alone in the world and is the blackest and most deadly thing in it.

Vegetation is not afflicted with any malignant disease that spoils the lily, cankers the rose or blasts the blossom of the wild honeysuckle.

No beclouding malady lays hold on the brain of animals, darkening their instincts and preventing their reaching home.

The birds are not shot through with a subtle and deadly poison which dims the eagle's eye and makes a jargon discord out of the feathered orchestra of the woods.

But in human nature we encounter a poison, a blight, a malady, SIN—which deadens the heart, softens the brain, decays the body, swerves the will, destroys the purpose and finally drives the old barque onto the rocks of despair.

### A Spank In Time Saves Crime

Kendrick M. Lindholm, adult probation investigator of Minneapolis declares in a recent report that jails and penitentiaries are being

# RIDLEY'S RHYMES & RAMBLES

## WHEN THE ROSE IS LOST IN ITS FRAGRANCE

A song of love

When the rose is lots in its fragrance  
In the morning 'mid diamonds of dew,  
My thoughts steal away as a child to its play  
And they always wander to you.  
Do you ever hear them or see them  
Hovering around or above  
With secrets for you both fond and true  
From a heart that's flaming with love?

### CHORUS:

You are the sunshine I am seeking,  
You are the light of my day;  
The rose on your cheek  
Is the rose that I seek  
Why not trust it to me?

I'm very sure you have heard them

These wandering tender thoughts I send;  
Their message is plain and ever the same—  
Always more than mere friend to friend.  
They tell of a hope—a precious hope—  
A hope that holds on night and day,  
A hope that burns when the stars go out  
And along my path leaves a tiny ray.

So when you dream, if you ever do,  
And send out thoughts on Love's rough sea  
Just charter a boat and have it afloat  
Till it brings one dream of love to me.  
Should it drift to this harbor of mine  
I'll treasure it more than I would gold;  
Enrapt I'll hear the unfolding dream  
A story that never, no never grows old.

I shall remember you when I am tired,  
I shall remember you as sunset space,  
Building upon the evening sky a star,  
With God's immortal light upon your face!  
I shall remember you as mountain snow,  
Where, beautiful and sweet, the spring flowers grow!

### JOKES

How to torture your wife.—"John, dear I am to be in an amateur theatrical. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?"  
"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

Scrambled—To be adde to the lore of our nocturnal life is the story of the taxi-cab driver who was hailed by a speakeasy doorman the other night. The doorman escorted four men to the voiture, arranged them carefully within and then instructed the chauffeur: "The man on the left goes to—Park Street, the one next to him to—East Lake, the one on the left front seat to—West End, and the other to—the River."

The chauffeur nodded understandingly and drove away. In a few moments he was back beckoning to the doorman. "Say, Buddy," he said, "would you mind sorting these guys out again? I hit a bump on North Avenue."

### WHY A WOMAN MARRIES

Because she lost the other man—  
Because she wants to—  
To get a place to hang her clothes—  
To get someone to wait on her—  
Because she pities the man—  
Because her wardrobe's empty—  
Because she is getting old—  
To get away from the office—  
Because she is homesick and tired—  
Because she bet and lost—  
Because she is losing her mind—  
And sometimes she marries for Love.

### DO YOU KNOW HIM?

His house is but a lowly place  
And few the acres that he tills,  
But I am finding in his face  
The wisdom of the age-old hills.

He has no store of gleaming gold,  
That foolish men are wont to prize,  
But I am finding peace untold,  
Within the gladness of his eyes.

His riches are the robin's song,  
The flaming dawn, the stars a-shine,  
But I am finding I grow strong,  
When his rough hand is clasped in mine.

### EVENING

Is gentler than the dawn, It understands;  
It is compassionate to barren hills  
And folds them in to sleep with tender hands  
The dawn is young and hard and glittering;  
She has blue eyes and ready gallant laughter  
But hearts that yearn for quietness and love  
Turn to the sunset glow that follows after.

## PARAGRAPHS

"Smiling Bill" Cunningham has just returned from the Eastern markets where he went to replenish his stock for the fall sales. Bill is what you call a cutter. He knows his garlic.

There are only two absolutely fundamental things necessary to securing an education—a real teacher and a few good books. The trend of modern education is to multiply the number of books and thus enrich the infernal book trusts and put education beyond the reach of poor children.

The circus has come and gone. The plug-hat girl and the clown so beautifully painted and clothed in a U. S. flag and a flour sack are making the urekin ring some-other-where. No casualties reported. Sheriff Ingram and Chief Henry are both alive and nothing but an aroma is left at the old Fair Grounds.

We read recently a whole page in a farm paper on how to improve your breed of hogs—pig culture—a sort of progressive evolution of a shoat. Some people give more time to raising hogs, raising cattle and raising the devil than they do to training children. How about a chapter on old time, honest-to-goodness bringing up of children?

In the Old Testament there is a story of a man whose little boy was following the harvest hands and suffered a sun-stroke. The father was too busy to interest himself in the child's condition and told a servant to "take him to his mother." Strange to say the mother was at home; but that was a long time ago—before bridge and autos.

filled with young men and women who grew up in homes without restraint.

Perhaps he is extreme when he says that older sisters are "depriving their lone brother of even a gambler's chance for success in life, and that too disinterested relatives are sending more nephews to penal institutions than all the dime novels!" But we find ourselves nodding our heads with a certain sanction when he continues that the children of this generation have not been trained in restraint and respect for discipline; when he declares that those who have been neglected by the hand of authority before their sixth or seventh year are susceptible to moral errors in later life, moral errors that the sons and daughters of old-fashioned and perhaps austere homes almost invariably escape.

The editor of The Press brought a word of greeting to the Higdon host at Sunday's celebration and preached for Pastor Solesbee at Sugar Fork church in the afternoon. He will speak next Sunday morning at the Higdonville high school on Ellijay.

John Holder ran a poor fourth in his race for Governor of Georgia. Young Dick Russell, who, is by all odds, the brightest one of the quartette, led the field. He and George Carswell, college mate of ye editor, will fight it out in the run-off. We wonder when John Holder and Jim Ferguson of Texas will quit running for Governor.

With the combining of big trunk line railroads, the buying up of all the power sites of the county by Webster, Stone and company the centralization of all governmental-functions in Bureaus at Washington, millions of dollars to perpetuate the chain store system, we are wondering just where the common ordinary man and merchant are coming in. The man of small means and robust honesty has little encouragement in modern business.

A millionaire publisher and church man defeated the Furgeson for the governership of Texas; Bill Harris a mediocre man defeated Jack Slaton, brilliant Ex-Governor of Georgia, of Leo Frank fame, for the U. S. Senate; Cole Blease gets licked at his own game and Louisiana elects Huie P. Long to the Senate after he first fought his way over the state for four years. We are wondering what will become of dear Tom Heflin in November.

On October 7 at King's Mountain, the people of Western North Carolina will celebrate the Battle of King's Mountain, when the Anglo-Saxon men of the mountains, shouldered their muzzle-loading squirrel rifles and turned the tide of the Revolutionary War. Concerning this crucial hour in the life of America the historian has either been silent, didn't know the facts, or wilfully misrepresented them. We take off our hat to Mr. and Mrs. Atkins of Gastonia for their tireless determination in working for this celebration.

The Mayo Brothers may not be the "whole cheese" in Rochester, Minnesota, but the world never would have heard of Rochester had it not been for them. The Angel Brothers are destined to widen the knowledge of the world as to Franklin.