

The Franklin Press

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Lop-Sided Folks

PERFECTION is a thing to be coveted. Deformity is a misfortune—sometimes a tragedy. When Shakespeare said of one of his characters that the elements were so mixed in him that "nature might well stand up and say to the world, THERE IS A MAN," he had something akin to perfection in his mind, but when a good member of The House of Commons saw two speakers instead of one, he was just drunk. He couldn't see straight. He was lop-sided for the time being at least.

And one trouble with this sort of lopsidedness is that the fellow thinks he is all to the good. He has an enlarged opinion of himself and his ability. And he can demonstrate his smartness in numerous ways. I know because I have done it. If one of those fellows could cash in on his own estimate of himself he would roll in luxury the balance of his life.

But there are lop-sided religionists, men and women who were drunk on creeds and theories and denominationalism but awfully short on the spirit that should characterize one with a good creed. All of us know folks who make loud professions of their beliefs; publish learned statements regarding their orthodoxy, and then live like the devil. We know folks who declare their faith in the Founder of Christianity and at the same time deny His miracles and dispute the record of the only Book which gives us first hand information regarding Him.

Most of us have run across lop-sided folks who played the role of self-appointed critic and pointed out the short-comings of their fellowman. Their criticism always carries with it the sting of condemnation. Criticism should be sympathetic. Criticism based on the Golden Rule is almost an unheard-of thing. Such criticism is corrective and helpful, but criticism made in a "more holy than thou" spirit always hinders instead of helping. Most critics are fools. They usually leave the only subjects on which they might speak with more or less freedom and go over into new fields where the lay of the land is different. The preacher turns aside from his preaching and gives advice on agriculture. The newspaper man presumes to explain away the scripture and destroys faith. The politician becomes a philosopher and the teacher in Grammar school lays bare the mistakes of the Fathers. There are smoother words one could use, but such critics are just plain fools.

The spleen-venter is a lop-sided man. He has a sour stomach and finds his only relief in blackening the name and character of somebody he doesn't like. He may appear very sanctimonious on Sunday and even serve the bread and wine at communion, never daring to polish his shoes on the Sabbath; but on Mondays he will smear worse than lamp-black over the escutcheon of somebody's character. Without compunction of conscience he will vent his spleen about his fellows who have never thought to do him harm. Such a man is a deformity, no matter whether he be preacher, lawyer or editor. He is a lop-sided man.

Shall We Profit Thereby?

WERE YOU to ask us the underlying causes back of the present world-depression financially, we could not tell you. Others whose business it is to specialize on these things have not been able to make the reasons clear. That there is a depression we all know. That it will, not last very much longer we are want to believe. That it was caused by either Prohibition, the Tariff or Farm Legislation is non-sense. Every civilized nation of the world is in the grip of the same Monster.

There is a bright side to even a cloud. Somewhere the sun is always shining. And we are going to be the losers if we fail to profit by the lessons laid at our feet by this

depression. Through months of inactivity and fear in the business world, and through the smoked glasses worn by the laboring man and woman, we must see and learn our lessons. For a dozen years America has had so much money that its value was lost sight of. We spent it as joyously as we made it easily. We held no RESERVE.

A reserve is as necessary to a lone man or woman as it is to a corporation. For the past few years Corporations have been widening their scope of activities, remodeling their plants and otherwise using their surplus; the individual man has been spending his. Today we are facing our foolishness. When the income decreased we failed to cut our garments accordingly. We did not reduce expenses. To be sure we have NOW, but had we lived in '26, '27 and '28 as we have learned to live in '29 and '30 we would not have felt the panic as we have.

He Did It Better

ANY MAN who excels at something—who can do that something better than any body else—is a hero, and somebody is going to worship at his shrine.

Playing golf is not a passtime, nor a profession, nor even a habit of ours; we know so little about it that we dare not discuss it; and yet, we take off our greasy cap and bow to Bobby Jones, its hero. In steadiness of muscle, the iron of determination and almost perfect concentration the young Atlanta lawyer is a hero for all time.

In golf he is more than Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth is, or ever was, in baseball. They were great, but Bobby is great, greater, greatest. He is master of himself and master of the game. He may now rest, since he has won all there is to win. Henceforth he may play for the joy of playing.

A Day of Change

WHETHER we like it or not we are living in a day of change—change so rapidly that one has a hard time keeping himself adjusted to it. Peculiarities are no longer peculiar; they are either modified or rubbed out altogether. Old forms of speech that once had a meaning all their own have been displaced by basest slang. Quaintness of thought is a thing of the past and customs, notions and most that was picturesque in the life of

Everything has changed. Our clothes, the way we wear them and the methods of making them are different. We no longer cook like folks cooked when they had something to eat. The old family doctor has disappeared from the earth and a young man with side whiskers and a carving knife has come to take his place. Instead of a preacher we now have a "minister," and in most instances his parish is not the CHURCH but a group of "auxiliaries" and a show-house. Instead of homes we have apartments, kitchenettes and Murphy beds. Instead of cooks we have can-openers. Most of our sleeping is done in daytime and the night has lost its darkness. Breakfast consists of tea and toast and we eat our dinner at night. Men wear knee breeches and golf sticks while women have their hair cut short and vote.

Nothing is like it used to be, is it?

Are We In Danger?

ELIHU ROOT, a seasoned and sensible man, in a letter to the National Civic Federation, takes the position that Russian Communism is making serious efforts to undermine and overthrow our system of government. He advocates a Federal Police sufficiently large to cope with these Foreign Anarchists.

"Now we have reason to believe," Mr. Root writes the National Civic Federation, "that an assault is being made by secret means, supported by the resources of a great empire aimed at the destruction of our system of government which has no police force available for our protection. Of course, such a force ought to be provided."

Charles R. Wood of the Department of Labor at Washington, is furnishing the national Congress with evidence supporting Mr. Root's contentions. He proves his case, that

Are We Ready?

KEEP AN EYE on this page for information regarding the greatest motorcade ever assembled in the South, which will pass thru Franklin in celebration of the completion of Georgia highway number 13, between Gainesville and Baldwin now under construction.

Both Atlanta and Asheville are back of the project and every town on the road between these two cities will be asked to take part. Maybe the Rotary club and others should look into the matter and see just what Franklin's part is.

In a fine letter just received from an old Macon county boy, now in Ventura, California, a long time friend of The Press Editor, we find these words:

"I now look for my Press on Tuesday morning as if expecting a letter from a dear friend."

Signed R. A. HENRY.

Thank you Rufe! We have a personal pride both in The Press and in every Macon county man in the world. It would be a real joy to see you.

RIDLEY'S RHYMES & RAMBLES

THAT BITTER WORD

Somebody spoke a bitter word and then forgot it,

Yet far afield it went and ranged and ranged

Till one day down the years it came back home

And lo! those hearing the bitter word had changed.

You did not know what strange power may lie in a word;

Thrones are rocked and tenderness killed in satire;

Faith's foundations crumble and hope fades away

When anger goes forth spitting its baneful fire.

Bitter words live as ghosts live

Coming unbidden to our feasts with friends

They drop their poison into every cup we drink

And drug the memory till in the night our feasting ends.

Hearts cut by stinging words heal so slow—

Time has magic but slowly works when set to healing,

Myriad cares help us forget the poison thrust

And tears wash out a bit of the bitter feeling.

But God himself the ugly scar must leave—

The scar your bitter word somehow made.

For words have wings and cut as they fly

on and on
Perhaps still stinging and hurting when we are gone.

GRANDMA WAYBACK SAYS

The cup of happiness usually springs a leak just before it begins to run over.

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.

The ideal husband is one who still treats his wife like a new car even after they have been married 10 years.

It takes a woman who doesn't know how to do a thing to do it better than a man who knows all about it.

An old timer is one who can remember when a pair of black cotton stockings didn't look odd.

—The Pathfinder.

THINKIN' O' YOU

How I long to master my thoughts

And make them do what I want 'em to.

They seem just like the sea-birds are

A following the ships away out and far

But never catching up nor coming again—

Just flyin' an' flyin' where they've already been.

And then sometimes they hang around home

Try as I will they will not roam;

Like little babes they fret an' whine

Robbing the hours of all their shine.

I wish I could make 'em my will obey,

I'd give 'em a message and send 'em away

To sing of Love and all that's true,

And tell 'em to sing and sing to you.

PARAGRAPHS

The Press dares to suggest to the boys who are campaigning towards the November election that they consult Will Cunningham as to how to draw crowds. Will has the secret—he uses printer's ink.

The Press dares to congratulate upon having such a fine young fellow as Ervin to take up Dr. Mock's work in his absence. Bro. Ervin is twenty-six years old, but has been preaching ten years. He is a graduate of Duke, has had one year in Vanderbilt and two in Boston University.

John T. Henry of Ellijay left a copy of The Press with us the other day dated March 3, 1897. We looked over it carefully and with a feeling of awe, as we noted the names appearing on its pages. It has only been 33 years since that old paper was run off the press, but most of those figuring in it are gone. Just around the corner stands some one with a scythe.

There's a good deal of discussion going the rounds of the press as to whether or not Zoro Agha, the Turk, is really 156 years old. The scientific papers of Washington are all against it. They say the oldest man of modern times was only 111. The old man says he has been married eleven times and it is quite probable that he feels like he has lived all of the 156 years claimed for him.

The Press Editor had a delightful week of working with Rev. John S. Stansberry, pastor of Deaver View Baptist church in West Asheville last week. There were 32 public professions of faith in Jesus Christ at a single service on Sunday. No finer set of folks can be found anywhere.

During our stay we greatly enjoyed the fellowship of J. O. Barrett, editor of the West Asheville News, the best weekly paper we have yet seen.

FORD'S GOLDEN RULE

In an issue of "System" Henry Ford outlined the business creed under which he operates and to which he attributes most of his marvelous success. Here it is:

1. An absence of unreasoning fear of the future. One who fears the future fears failure and limits his activities.

2. A disregard of competition. Whoever can do a thing best ought to be the one to do it.

3. The putting of service before profit. Profit cannot be the basis—it must be the result of service.

4. Successful manufacturing is not a matter of buying low and selling high. It is the process of buying materials fairly and with the smallest possible addition of cost, transforming those materials into a consumable product.

Mr. Ford says: "I hold that these principles are universal and the practice of them must lead to a better and wider life for all of us. If I did not think so I would not keep working—for the money I make is inconsequent. Money is useful only as it serves to forward the principle that business is justified only as it serves. Unless everybody benefits by the existence of a business, then that business should not exist."

Over in Dahlenega, Ga., Editor Townsend of the Nugget, thinks he has discovered a monstrosity—whatever that is—in a chicken. He says his chicken both cackles and crows, and lays and lies. It looks like a rooster and acts like a hen.

But such a bird is not so rare as one might think. They are found often among both pigeons and chickens.

Prof. Roger Brambell of King's College,

has written a book on "The development of Sex in Vertebrates."

Communist activities for the past five years have been a menace to America—especially among the laboring classes.

The clashes at Gastonia and Marion and Elizabethton, according to Mr. Wood may be traced directly to the Redism of Russia.

We are not over-sold on new-fangled organizations purporting to offer a panacea for all ills; but maybe the "BLACK SHIRTS"—The American Fascist—Atlanta's latest order—comes for a time like this.

It is Anti-Communist to the core. Maybe it will at least force the public, which is always slow to think, to face the real facts of a bad condition.

Owen D. Young is somewhat of a genius. In planning for Germany to pay her obligations to the Allies he was a wizard. He is well worth listening to. Hear him regarding America:

"She is well enough off to be envied. The attitude of the world toward her will be largely influenced by her spirit. If it be one of selfishness in isolation, she will have failed in her great responsibilities. If it be one of boastfulness in her success, she will have misused the things which God has given her.

"I pray for sober and sensible responsibility, a spirit of gratitude for the things we have a spirit of friendliness and helpfulness and cooperation for all, a spirit of restraint in the use of any power which has been entrusted to us, and most of all, restraint in speech.

"If drunk with sight of power we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,

For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

We have never been able to keep posted on this "Birth-Stone" business, and desiring to accommodate others in our fix we gladly give the following table so that no one need have any worries hereafter as to what your particular stone is:

BIRTHSTONES

For laundresses, the soapstone;

For architects, the cornerstone;

For cooks, the puddingstone;

For soldiers, the bloodstone;

For politicians, the blarneystone;

For borrowers, the tchelstone;

For policemen, the pavingstone;

For stock brokers, the curbstone;

For shoemakers, the cobblestone;

For burglars, the keystone;

For tourists, the Yellowstone;

For beauties, the peachstone;

For editors, the grindstone;

For motorists, the milestone;

For pedestrians, the tombstone.

—The Parade, with slight variations.