

# The Franklin Press

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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## The Poetry of Nature

**S**PRINGTIME buddings, the Summer solstice, Autumn's gold and the feathery snowflakes of Winter when old Boreas shakes his frosty mane are all full of poetry if we only had eyes to see.

Just now we are entering into that witchery and dreamy-twilight season of the year called INDIAN SUMMERTIME, at once the most bewitching and poetic of all the year.

The frosts that are tickling the mountain tops with their icy fingers are already beginning to creep down over bush and bank and cliff and crag and leaf and limb, leaving a golden hue with every touch. Myriads of insects are already cold in death awaiting the white blankets of Winter to wrap them up. The cricket's call is strangely silent and the wild birds sing with a peddle on every note.

October is a poem of days. Maple and sassafras and sourwood are already clothed in

ping its mellow lances through the opening in the woods where the yellowing leaves are gently falling. Streaks of red and old gold banked back against fields of blue sky make a prose-poem more beautiful than the SEASONS OF MOORE or the most fanciful dream of Milton. The soft sheen of the Autumn sun, the lingering dew-drop of the slow-passing morning, the laughter of the rivulet and the haze of a long twilight are poems without words.

The corn stands shocked in the fields and the pumpkins look like golden nuggets piled in the rows. The chrysanthemums wave their fleecy fingers from the garden's edge while the far-off mountains, mellowed by the shimmer and sheen of this Indian Summertime lose all their roughness and stand with bare heads reverent as stood the Patriarchs of old. Autumn is a glad season anywhere but in Western North Carolina it is a dream of beauty and a joy forever.

Trees all drowsy as if in dream  
Clothed in yellow and brown and red  
And bent as if in prayer;  
Golden lances along the West  
As the god of Day lies down to rest  
Leaving the Twilight near.

Purple peaks along the East  
Glory-crowned with Autumn peace  
As azure-wrapped they stand;  
Fractured sunsets splash the trees  
Glinting the wings of droning bees  
Homing from the sunset-land.

October days both sweet and sad;  
They bring us worry, they make us glad;  
We stop and stand and weep;  
Rainbow-tinted and dew-empared  
October's flags are now unfurled  
And the lazy shadows creep.

### Beware!

**B**ELIEVE it or not but we are in grave danger of losing our final gastric joy! Hog-killing time has always had some sort of special appeal for us and something inside of us has readily responded to the frost in the air and the curling smoke in the backyard.

But here comes the Agricultural Department of our beloved state with a warning which, to say the least of it, is a lick below the belt. It warns us against the joys of Hog-Killing-Time. We are not personally acquainted with the men of this department, but if they are going to persist in this sort of thing, then we are opposed to them. If we do not abolish the whole business we should at least reprimand them one by one and then all together.

And there are thousands who will join us in this insurrection soon as they have all the facts.

For instance, this department, located away down yonder at Raleigh where there are no hogs to kill, and where there are no farms except those operated by the Sons of Ham,

has invented a new-fangled disease called "TRICHINOSIS"—think of it. If a man must die why kill him with such a thing as that? Now, that's what we want to know. But that's the skull and crossbones placed at our feasts of Hog-Killing by these men. There he stands—TRICHINOSIS—with scales to weight us and scythe to cut us down if we partake freely of this fruit of the pen.

We are informed that this dread disease is not hard on hogs but sure death for refined people. This may be encouraging for some we have met at barbecues and picnics but still there are many others who will quake with fear and trembling because of this announcement.

And what is worst of all, as we see it, there is no remedy for the thing if you get it. We accept that statement with misgivings and just to satisfy our own mind we are going to consult Dr. Furman Angel before we accept any more invitations out. This Department assures us that if we don't die then we never had it.

And now beware again! Here's the warning! This awful-never-before-heard-of disease is brought on by eating pork. Think of it again! Why should these men wait until there was a tinge of frost on the mountain tops and the invitations pouring in before they issued their scary head lines and paraded this awful, diabolical, unpronounceable, hydra-headed monster before our eyes? Shall we heed it or Not? Shall we deny ourselves the luxury of back-bones and spare ribs the balance of our natural lives because of this warning?

Dog—on their new-fangled diseases, we are going anyhow.

### What Is Genius?

**M**OST men and women are content to go through life in just an ordinary way. They believe, or seem to believe, that only men called geniuses—men of special gifts and special privileges ever succeed anyhow. No such thing is true. There are men of special gifts and privileges who fail, and there are men of mediocre ability who succeed.

Any man possessing certain essential qualities of mind and heart, if he uses them, will make his mark in the world and be crowned a successful man. These essential qualities I set down as IMAGINATION, PURPOSE, VISION AND GOOD HUMOR.

No man of imagination ever runs in a rut.

of imagination will create a world of land and water. The man of intrepid imagination marks the highest development in the progress of humanity.

The ability to see with a spiritual eye we call VISION. The difference in men is largely a difference of vision. To see clearly means the task is already half done and the battle half won. Columbus saw a new Continent swinging out in prospect space before he began his plea for finance. When the storm-god walked the waters and lashed the sea into foam, he persevered because the lure of that vision pulled him on. Watching a boiling kettle on the coals, Watt's vision ran on ahead of the puffing spout and visualized an engine with nerves of steel and breath of steam.

Setting up a stake in life and driving towards it we call PURPOSE. The surest way for a man to reach New York is to buy a ticket and board a train headed for that city. Should he take a boat for Cuba he may sometime land in New York, but not in time to accomplish what was, at one time possible. An impregnable purpose, a deathless resolve, the burning of every bridge already crossed so that retreat is impossible—this sort of resolution will give stability to our dreams.

And to smile through it all marks the doer as a genius. There are a lot of funny things to relieve the distresses of life if we will only see them. Close by the side of every roaring lion you may see a grinning chimpanzee making her daily toilet. In the court of every king you will find a Jester whose task is to spread a smile. The world is full of fun but only the man of good humor profits therefrom.

### "Criticaster"

**T**HE word "critic" is defined as "one skilled in criticism." Another word pronounced the same way but spelled "critique" is defined as "a careful analysis of a literary or artistic production." The word "Criticaster," means "A petty critic"—one who presumes to criticize without information or the desire for information; a self-opinionated man or woman who wears smoked glasses and will swear anytime that the sunlight is not clear, the dewdrop is not pure and the snow is not white. Such a man or woman is a Criticaster—don't forget the word.

Criticasters are not necessarily intelligent. In fact they are just the reverse. Zebulon B. Vance, war governor of North Carolina, was maligned by one of these small men, who in writing about the Governor's speech declared that Vance made more than one hundred grammatical blunders during his three-hour discussion of state and national problems; but history has written it down that the governor accomplished more with that one speech than his critic would have accomplished had he lived a thousand years.

Edgar Allen Poe was hounded to his grave by the criticasters of his generation, and even after his lips were sealed in eternal silence,

# RIDLEY'S RHYMES & RAMBLES

### NIGHT WINDS

Winds, and the rain-washed streets  
And the deafening peal  
From the riven side of the clouds  
Where the lightnings steal;  
A far-a-way cry from the sea  
With plaintive wail  
And the call of the mountains to me  
From the lonesome trail;

Night, and a storm-swept shore  
With flecks of foam  
Rain, and sighing forevermore  
And a dream of home,  
Me, only an atom in the storm  
Splashed by the rain—  
But you, the centre of my world  
I want you again!

### WHICH?

Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings,  
And Clowns that caper in sawdust rings,  
And common folk, like you and me,  
Are builders of eternity?  
To each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and book of rules;  
And each must make, ere life has flown,  
A stumbling-block or stepping-stone.  
—Selected.

### MY HEART SAYS "YES" TO YOU

My heart says "Yes" to you today  
And till the stars are still;  
Yes, till all the Gates unfold  
And we walk in at will.  
Yes, I'll love and loving live  
On through the aeons of years  
Giving you ALL and loving to give  
Till LOVE outlives our fears.

### THE HORRORS OF WAR

Said to have been a letter received by the War Department during the World War in reference to a soldier's allotment for dependents:  
Mr. Headquarters,  
U. S. Army.  
Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the surface long months-ago and I ain't received no pay from him sense he was gone. Please send me my elopement as I have a four-months-old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it every day to buy food and keep us inclosed. I am a poor woman and all I have is at the front.

Both sides of my parents are very old. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife's form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Wilson and get no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sam about you and him.

Very truly,  
Mrs. Paul  
P. S. My husband says he sets in the Y. M. C. A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.

The orchestra's all right, but my singing is the Maine thing," crooned Rudy the Valet when he played the Stein Song. Shake out the Mainesail, by laddies, and let him blow.  
—Penn. Punch Bowl.

these small men gnawed like infuriated curs at the folds of his shroud. Not content at hastening the death of his beloved Virginia—"The Lost Lenore"—they invaded the sacred precincts of the tomb and left the finger prints of their diabolism. And yet, the vindictive and slanderous Griswold is remembered today only as the little man who lied about Edgar Allen

most advertiser, the nation lost a great man and the church lost one of its sanest, safest and soberest benefactors.

Brother Joe Moore of the Maconian, in his anxiety to secure news inadvertently does his home town an injustice in the way he reports

One of "The Raven," "Ulalume" and the immortal lines "To Helen," anyone of which would entitle its author to a place among the immortals.

John Keats whose genius flashed across the literary firmament like a dazzling short-lived meteor and then went out in premature darkness, was a victim of the criticaster. Misunderstood and misrepresented, his sensitive soul gave up, he leaned his head forward resting his chin on an unfinished manuscript before him and died with his face stained by his own blood—the blood of a broken heart.

Many a man whom we have known has gone down in the floodtide of such criticism, and the wonder is that the number is not larger. Oh for a criticism based on truth and seasoned with the spirit of Him who said to the fallen woman: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

## PARAGRAPHS

The Junior Order of United American Mechanics is a splendid body of benevolent and patriotic men. Edgar V. Harris of Tarboro is State Councillor and in appointing his deputies gives them the slogan: "AGAIN IN EVERY DISTRICT." The deputy for the First District is Hugh Monteith of Sylva.

Business men and firms feel free to stop their advertising whenever they please; they reserve the right to cut expenses anywhere and everywhere; they lay off clerks and buy less in the markets; but the newspaper would be ridiculed and damned by these same men if it followed in their tracks.

The newspaper can suffer but it can't quit, neither can it retrench. It is the pack-horse for all the people, all the time, and whether it lives or dies must not groan or grumble so long as it has breath.

If The Press assumed the same attitude towards business and business conditions that many of its subscribers assume we would have no Press.

Uncle Johnnie Crawford of Hayesville will be 101 years old if he lives until Christmas. He is six feet tall, blue eyes, walks without a cane, is of Scotch decent, has seven living children, 44 grandchildren, 75 great-grandchildren and five great, great-grandchildren.

When Richard H. Edmonds of Baltimore fell on sleep the other day, the South lost its greatest booster, North Carolina lost its fore-

retiring manager nor the present one gave for his mis-information and Clarence Brown resents the attitude in which he is placed by Bro. Joe.

Dr. Ridley is representing Macon county at the Western N. C. Teachers' College this week, at a special "Live at Home" program. Along with our editor there are more than 100 others who, as special guests of the college, will take part.

Why cry "hard times" unless you are trying to do something or have something to sell? Eleven farmers of Cumberland county the other day received in cash \$2,922.23 for 150 hogs they sold. A Stanley county farmer reports \$38.00 per month from cream produced by five cows that are grazing on a pasture.

Harry Emmerson Fosdick further advertised his pulpit infidelity by saying the other day that it was folly to pray for rain—that there was no connection between prayer and a rain-storm. But there is some connection between Prayer and God who controls rain storms.

Sergeant York, after his remarkable feat during the World War was shown a stack of papers filled with writings of his doing; four whole pages in the Saturday Evening Post and hundreds of pages in the big dailies. York is reported as saying to his general: "Yes, General Duncan, that's mighty fine, but I wish we could get something in my CHURCH paper down in Tennessee."

### ENCOURAGING SIGNS

There is one bright ray of hope that has been generally overlooked in all the pessimistic discussion of this business depression. The cost of living is now six per cent lower than it was last year at this time and is at the lowest point since 1918. In other words, general wages could have dropped more than five per cent without affecting the buying power of the worker.

Also, it has been brought out by a number of experts that the employment trend, which was downward for close to a year, has taken an upward turn. The coming winter will very probably see industrial activity improving.

When cutting trees for fuel wood or to improve the farm woodlot, choose dead or dying trees, diseased trees, deformed trees that shade better ones, less promising trees in crowded groups, and the less valuable ones, such as gray birch, aspen, blackjack oak, dogwood, sourwood, blue beech, and ironwood.