

The Franklin Press

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On Minding One's Own Business

FROM the long-ago days of childhood we have heard that old saying about minding one's own business and the blessing which would follow. It is as much a part of our thinking as was the bow and arrow to the Red man. We have never ruffled the skin on our nose by rooting into the other fellow's affairs; and we don't intend to.

We cannot sing like Jenny Lynn, nor preach like Paul, nor write like Elbert Hubbard, but we can attend to our own business and do whatever little things there are to do along the way we are walking.

Folks have a lot of things in common and yet, they are so UNALIKE. They look at things from different angles. Things that are alike appear different when colored by our prejudices.

The merchant, all other things being equal, should know more about buying and selling than the brick-layer. The farmer ought to know more about soil than the sewing-machine agent. The preacher ought to be a specialist in spiritual things. If he is all that he should be he knows more about how to successfully run a church than any other man knows.

But our trouble begins when the machine agent tells the farmer how to farm; the farmer tells the banker how to operate his bank; the politician turn preacher and the preacher politician; the housewife puts on breeches and the hubby looks after the kids.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if everybody and you too, would mind their own business? Reformers all know how long a woman's skirts should be; but do they know how long reformer's tongues should be? Uncle Sam is sure that England's queen should not smoke; but is Uncle Sammie calling his own household to family prayer? The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was certain the 18th Amendment had solved the drink question for America, but there are places along the Mexican Border where people still find liquor.

Only those who never formed the habit of drink can tell one how to handle it. Old maids are the best authority on how to raise children. Its the school children who know how to teach their grandmothers knitting.

Did anyone ever try minding their own business?

Yesterday

IT WAS NOT long ago as we count time when, by the smoky twilight of an old brass lamp, we were introduced to our Mother five miles out in the country from Franklin; but things have changed wonderfully since we got here. Just today we went into a store and bought some matches—two, pint boxes for a nickle. As we went out and on we found ourselves saying that back when we were getting acquainted with the hills and hollows of Macon county there was not as many matches in the thirteen Western counties of the state as one grocery store now buys at one time. One country store now sells more matches in one week than I saw during the first fifteen years of my life.

Back in those days matches came in little round wooden boxes made like a keg but holding about thirty matches. These boxes sold for ten cents a box and were little more than sulphur tipped splinters. But they were precious—so precious that they were never used except in rarest emergencies. No smoker ever thought of using a match to light the pipe with; they were only used when the fires went out in the old fireplace. In those days we wrapped up a chunk of fire in hot ashes so that it would "keep" through the long night.

Of course the telephone had not been heard of; electricity was still an unsolved mystery; the tallow candle was still in use; but our fathers, without the aid of a telephone communicated with Him who circumnavigates the

globe and by the dim light of candles our mothers walked the paths of righteousness and peace.

Forest Fires

WE called on Gilmer Setser the other day who is sojourning up on Wayah Bald and keeping a lookout for the first signs of a forest fire. Gilmer gets credit for being a capable young man in the service. He comes of fine stock.

In literature now before us we read that a majority of the phone calls reporting fires in several of the states comes from tourists who seeing the smoke hasten to let somebody know. It was not always thus. But people are gradually being educated to the destructiveness of forest fires. Men like young Setser are picketed here and there, and others like Arthur Wood and his helpers are going, and talking, and writing, and informing the public.

There are two things everybody who travels can do: First, we can be careful ourselves and second, we can report all fires quickly as possible.

According to figures compiled by somebody who didn't have anything else to do the population of the world increased 35,000,000 between 1926 and 1928. The rate of increase was greatest in South America. The United States was far down in the list; but we of this Christian and highly civilized country have learned how NOT TO HAVE children. We may be backward in some things but in others we are the smartest folks in the world.

"Are you safe at home?" is a question asked by a certain woman's organization whose business it is to gather data about accidents. We rise up boldly and answer NO. There were 24,000 persons who lost their lives last year in accidents at home, besides many others crippled and humiliated. We are thinking of a very dear friend whose wife threw a tea cup at him as they were peacefully eating the morning meal; the cup landed on his plate, glanced off and broke to pieces a beautiful motto hanging from the wall entitled: "GOD BLESS OUR HAPPY HOME."

Fred R. White who is chief engineer of road building for the state of Iowa is authority for the statement that more than fifty per cent of the money spent on hard surface roads goes directly into the pockets of the men who do the work. It will be seen according to this statement that building good roads does not only open up new country and thus furnish opportunities to those hitherto hindered for lack of communication with their fellows, but it tends to lessen the number of those who are idle and furnish them a living.

An expression familiar to Prof. Billings, Will Higdon and myself when we were pre-ambulating around in the sticks some seventy-five or thirty years ago was this: "As hard to find as a needle in a hay stack." And that was supposed to be pretty hard to do, however, it may have been accomplished by some ancient hero or heroine; but there is one thing about the modern needle which baffles all comers. No man at the present time can find one in a pin-cushion or in a woman's hands. The only needles now are in sewing machines and the eye is in the wrong end for sewing on buttons or darning socks.

The great voice of America does not come from seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods, and the farms and factories and the mills, rolling on and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men.

Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of our universities? I have not heard them.

Breakfast ought to be the heartiest and happiest meal of the day, but how often it is eaten in silence or spoiled by some untimely discussion between those who are supposed to make the day what it ought to be. A suggestion: Let hubby begin the meal by telling wifey how sweet she is, then wifey will brag on hubby as the Raven wings its flight to the night's Plutonian shore and the giddy lark will come with its song.

A prize will be given to the first five correct answer received through the mails to the following intelligence test:

A mother sent her son to the spring to fetch exactly seven pints of water, giving him a three pint and a five pint pitcher to measure it in. How could the boy measure the seven pints without guessing at it?

We call attention of our readers to the advertisement of H. R. Cannon and his hotels of Atlanta. Mr. Cannon is a mountain man and has never forgotten it nor tried to deny it. For many years he has been the friend of your editor and through our columns is addressing every man and woman in Macon county who visits Atlanta. Surely one may find what he wants in the way of hotel accommodations in one of the hotels named in this ad.

If anyone notices a change of style in the editor's paragraphs or editorials blame it on

RIDLEY'S RHYMES & RAMBLES

I'LL ALLUS COUNT ON YOU

In countin' up my Friendships
Formed in the Long Ago,
When life was full of laughter
An' mem'ries we cheris so,—
In makin' a list o' loved ones
On whom I can depend
Somehow I'm allus saying
"SHE must becoun'ted in."

A-glancin' down the Future
To what the years may hold
Or dreamin' o' those most Loyal
Whose Hearts are purest gold—
I narrer down my love-list,
Then I prune it out again
But somehow in the prunin'
I'm obliged to leave YOU in.

MY FRIEND

A FRIEND is not a fancy—
An acquaintance for a day—
One who gains your confidence
Then trifles it away;

A FRIEND is not forever
Feignin' love for you—
But ever 'seen performin'
DEEDS to prove it true;

A FRIEND is one who knows you,
An' whether good or ill
FORGETS your every failin'
And loves you BETTER STILL:

No matter 'bout YOUR weakness
On this you c'n DEPEND—
That long as life shall last ME
I'll love you as MY FRIEND!

INSEPERABLY ONE

We are ONE FOREVER, Love O' Mine!
Not one pulse-beat of my heart
But beats for you and you alone,
'Tis worse than death to be apart.

I'd change things if I only could—
My love it shall not drift
I'll count my pains but pleasing
If the shadows will only lift.

'Tis a HUMAN law that bars us
While soul on soul we are one;
But thus we go, thus and fro,
Not two by two but one by one.

Yet, in the knowledge of our love—
Me for you and you for me—
We'll not fear these human laws
When in HIS LAW we are really free.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

I have such tender thoughts of you—
Thoughts so sweet and rare and true—
That should I speak them soft or loud
They'd lose something in the crowd.
They are so rare that even a word
Would mar their meaning by being heard.
They are so pure a breath would chill
Their tenderness, and perhaps instill
In them a meaning never meant
When to you they were sent
These are the THOUGHTS I send to you
Because I know your HEART is true
And you will guard them one by one
Till the story ends and life is done
If we go SILENT across the years
Let's go without these gnawing fears:
Let's cherish thoughts too sweet to tell
And hear Love calling like twilight bells.

PARAGRAPHS

Parks Rusk and his Atlanta Life—The Iconoclast of all Southern weeklies—we are on his exchange list.

Down in Los Angeles the other day buttons were being handed out bearing the words: "HEARST FOR PRESIDENT IN 32." We have heard of stranger things than that. Mr. Hearst is as eligible to run on one ticket as another, and if he doesn't like either he can run anyhow. We have no intention of trying to hold him back.

BETTER EVERY DAY

Here is good news for a country suffering from stock market crashes and other economic ills. Physically, the past year has been an exceptionally healthy one, the Public Health Service reports. Although the whole world shared in this well-being, the United States was particularly fortunate in its freedom from sickness and death.

One of the most striking evidences of our improved health is the decline of diphtheria. During the first five years of the present century, this disease took an average toll of 29.6 persons per 100,000 population. An average of only 6.5 deaths for the same population was reported in 1929. Yellow fever, which once swept a panic-stricken country with devastating swiftness, did not put in an appearance in America during the year. Cholera was absent in continental United States, although it broke out in Manila and on several islands in the archipelago.

Bishop Cannon and Tom Heflin may be two of a kind from a political standpoint, but even their enemies must appreciate their ability to make news. No other two men in America have furnished so many headlines for newspapers as Heflin and Cannon.

Reading as best we may the signs of the times we are inclined to the opinion that both will be un-horsed before winter blows his horn; then we will probably find out what Cannon thinks of Methodism and Heflin of Alabama Democracy.

There are several state officials down in Raleigh who are not as busy as they might be looking after the affairs of their respective offices, else they would not have so much time to issue propaganda about consolidating counties in the state. It is to be hoped that those counties scheduled to lose their identities will at least be given sufficient notice by these brethren to enable them to shoot their officers and tear down their court houses.

"FATHER BURKE" who has no children of that name, but who claims to speak for the Roman Catholics of this country, criticised

President Hoover rather severely the other day for congratulating a body of Protestants on still being alive and able to function. What next? It is our deep conviction that Roman Catholicism has not changed from what it was when it burned our fathers at the stake. Individuals, it may be have changed; but hatred of Protestants is embedded deep in the heart of Romanism. It doesn't DO because it doesn't DARE.

KNOWING YOUR ONIONS

The difficulties attendant upon wringing a living from Mother Earth are met with surprisingly similar programs by various nations of the New World. These programs, as revealed at the Pan-American agricultural conference held recently in Washington, may be summarized by the word, "education."

In Mexico, correspondence courses in agrarian culture are freely proffered, and agricultural training is stressed throughout the school system. Costa Rica specializes in equipping her men to manage large estates. A thorough rural elementary education is of fundamental importance in Porto Rico. And our own America has long carried on a detailed program of agricultural instruction.

Cuba has one of the most elaborate educational programs in existence. Emphasis is laid on the "traveling agent" who goes from farm to farm giving demonstrations. The small Republic also boasts six agricultural schools where rural standards of living and crop diversification are stressed. The Cuban government is developing experiment stations which distribute tobacco plants and fruit trees. Over 100,000 seedlings were sent out by a single forestry station during 1929. The Normal schools endeavor to train teachers in "agricultural thinking." This is a remarkably ambitious program for a little nation, but Cuba gives every indication of carrying it through with completeness and dispatch.

To marry or not to marry—that's the question. With all our poverty, and all our sorry men and high-strung women, there were six marriages to one divorce in the United States last year. Which proves something, but just now we can't remember what it is.

Wilmington has just celebrated her 200th anniversary. Her history dates back to the Revolutionary War. Wilmington is a coast city near the mouth of the Cape Fear river and has played no small part in North Carolina history. The last time we were there she didn't look to be nearly as old as she is. She carries her age well as a stage flapper—but maybe she paints.

POET LAURET of the mountains, Robert Frank Jarrett of Dillsboro, has a most beautiful poem in the Asheville Times of Tuesday entitled "OCTOBER." Say what you will, but when one writes a more beautiful poem than this one he is sitting up late and is perfectly sober.