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"If you like this page, tell others; if you don't, tell us."

Do Men Want Children?

THE ABOVE question was recently asked and answered in Parent's Magazine. So far as we now recall, we had never before seen the question in print. We had always supposed—if we supposed anything—that of course men wanted children.

But now that the question has been raised let us ask seriously, DO MEN WANT CHILDREN?

As a matter of fact our American forefathers wanted children. Do their sons and daughters want them? The pioneer wanted children for several reasons; many of these reasons have long since disappeared.

When our American fathers with bare fists and robust courage began carving a civilization out of a wilderness children were worth something—at least in promise. A tomorrow would come, and then other tomorrows, when the son would take his place along side his sire for either work or battle with the savages.

Then it meant something in the old days to have a son who bore the name of his sire. The old man looked on the young one with fatherly pride and dreamed of a day when the son would be in charge of things and he, the worn out sire, would spend his old age in the light of the son's love and veneration. He dreamed of lengthening out his own life in that of his offspring.

This dream ever lived in vivid colors before the eyes of the son. Not only did the father look forward with pleasure to the days when the son's protecting arm would be about his bent form, but the son never forgot his responsibility and longed for the time when he might show appreciation to his sire.

In these "good old days" the law of God was the law of the land, that children should "honor and obey" their parents. They were not to honor them for anything they had done, or for anything they had forgotten to do; they were to be honored and obeyed for no other reason than that they were parents. And that is enough.

No matter about the short-comings of those who are responsible for your being here; they may have strayed from the straight and narrow path now and then; they may not be all they might have been; but they are your parents, and you are unworthy of them if you forget.

But there are few parents today who think with pleasure of facing old age totally dependent on their children for support. Where is the modern son or daughter who goes out of his or her way to strew roses in their parent's pathway?

Do men of this generation want children? One thing is certain: If they do the reasons are very different from what they were with our fathers.

We are told in the magazines that those men who want children today are dominated by a deep desire for lasting fellowship; that parent and child relationship is the most stable of all earthly ties. But who can prove that statement?

Before his marriage the modern son looks upon his father as a sort of guardian whose business it is to supply him with means for an education; who holds for him a sort of allotment to be paid out on demand. And thus he is fitted for life at the old man's expense; but what son charges himself up with the amount the father spent on him, expecting to return it in KINDNESS and LOVE at the farther end of the old man's journey?

The Chinese, and the Japanese, and the Italians, and the Mexicans all vie with each other when they come to America to see who can have the largest families; but the original American has found out how he can keep from having any family at all—does he really want children?

Let us thank high heaven that the Mountaineer is still in the child business. He turned the tide of battle at King's Mountain with his old squirrel rifle; his sons and daughters are still here ready for any emergency that may arise.

School Teachers

THIRTY years ago fifty per cent of the school teachers in North Carolina were men; twenty years ago only 28 per cent were men; ten years ago only 15 per cent were men. For nine years this percentage stood at fifteen per cent. Last year there was a gain of one per cent for male teachers.

These figures, while not accurate and binding on the other states, represent the general drift of things as to who are our school teachers. They are women. In Virginia 52 per cent are women; in North Carolina 51

per cent; in Georgia 85 per cent; in West Virginia 71 per cent; in Tennessee 77 per cent.

It would be interesting to speculate on the growth of the public school system, the decline of male teachers, the universal cry that's being heard throughout America for greater efficiency and stronger character building in and by the schools. Is there any relation between the two?

Do men make better school teachers than women, or do they do better work because they are making it a profession while most women who are teaching are just holding on until they get married? Are any of these things true?

Can any man or woman do first class work in the school room while using it as a stepping stone to something else? Do more women go out of the profession into something else than men?

Who is brave enough to make an honest effort at answering these questions? There is no doubt but our public schools are better equipped than ever to do good work, and it is also true, so many believe and declare, that they are falling far short of what they once were in teaching fundamentals. We are told on all sides that it is no longer necessary for a child to study if it has a good memory.

If these things, or any part of them are true, is it in any way related to the decline in men teachers? Who knows anything about it that he or she will dare tell?

Franklin's Whiteway

WE WERE approaching the city from the west and as we reached the foot of the hill below the Log Cabin Filling Station we saw a dozen dazzling lights shedding their soft radiance over the slope of the hill and outlining the beautiful Methodist church building in the distance.

We were so overjoyed that we forgot ourself until we had reached the court house and stood dazed in the white light of a perfect white way—the darkness was gone and we wondered that such a transformation could have taken place in so short a time.

Then some belated driver tooted his horn and we woke up. It was only a dream.

WE ARE BEING TOLD that prosperity is just around the corner. We would certainly go after it if we knew which corner.

SOMEONE reminds us that the legal sale of wine and beer would furnish employment for a lot of people; what about the number of poor hard-working bootleggers it would throw out of a job?

THE HUNTING SEASON is here and we rise to remind our fellow sportsmen that during last season we killed out-right 21 people and seriously wounded 58 more in 100 counties of the state. It is a good time to be careful.

WHAT A PITY that some of these people who are clamoring for a five-day week and an eight hour day couldn't run a weekly newspaper for a few months. We have a thirty hour day, a ten day week, seven weeks in a month and then never catch up.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS that a man's fore finger is shorter than the one next to it and that a woman's is longer. We know a number of women whose fore-finger on the right hand is longer than her arm.

ONE MR. CLARK in the Greensboro News says a certain State Official has a plan for combining the counties of the state so as to lessen the number of counties 25 per cent. So far we have not been able to work ourselves up into any sort of frenzy over the fool things we have had sent us and seen in the papers. We will just jog along and wait for the referendum.

GOV. GARDNER is sponsoring the "Buy Now Movement." We are in favor of it alright, and know several others who feel as we do about it, but the fellow we want to buy from is contrary; he wants us to pay. We wonder if the Governor has any recommendation for the other side of the question? We don't like to bother the Governor but we wish he would take some action against the fellow who refuses to sell to us until we get the money.

W. F. CURTIS is no longer managing editor of The Press. He retired from our staff last week and is, so we understand, going back on the road as a salesman. Bill is thoroughly at home in a print shop and we shall miss him. In whatever line he goes he will carry with him the good wishes of "ye editor" and the boys about the shop. Mr. Carelock's name appears on our staff in Bill's place, and Mr. Carelock is capable and conscientious.

JUST A WEE LITTLE SONG

I once knew a singer who sang a little song,
The song rang true, the notes were clear,
The people all loved the singer dear and long,
For somehow sorrow hushed its plaint to hear.
Tenderness healed all the hurts of wrong
Courage breathed a tiny word of cheer,
For the singer sang his simple song
Which rang so joyous rich and clear.
Its echoes each had a golden tongue
Whispering gladness all down the years
And Faith was strengthened, hearts were healed
And life moved on minus fears.
The singer died but his song lives on
Still cheering and blessing all who hear,
Each time its message we pass on
The singer lives and still sings clear.

Baptist Church News

The Baptist Young Peoples Union at Franklin is taking a new life since the days are becoming shorter and darkness comes sooner. Practically all divisions are functioning and the combined attendance aggregates from about fifty to seventy-five or more. Perhaps special mention should be made of the large attendance and efficiency of the intermediate group under the general direction of Mr. Ernest DeHart. This is mainly the group which takes the choir platform at the evening preaching services and lead the singing.

Last Sunday evening there was not room for all of them on the platform. There has been a tendency in the past among some of the groups to read the quarterly comments on the topic under discussion, and not make any independent remarks. A campaign has been waged against this practice, and a noticeable improvement is evident. Members are using their own thoughts more and commenting on the lesson topic independent of the printed discussions as set forth in the quarterly.

The fourteen young people who occupied the choir Sunday evening did credit to themselves and the solo sung by Miss Helen Shephard was very much enjoyed and should be emulated by others of the junior choir.

The B. Y. P. U. is planning to go to different churches in the county and help to organize other B. Y. P. U.

Dr. Abernethy, at his Sunday morning service used as a text: "Lord I will follow thee," Luke 9:61. The preacher said in part: The ministry

of the Master was closing, yet he calls for followers. The first to volunteer was a scribe who had been used to every comfort of life, but Jesus stopped him at the gate, saying: "The son of man hath not where to lay his head. No more was heard of the scribe. He was an emotional Christian and nothing more.

Jesus had no time for emotion that ends in sloppy sentiment. A great crowd stands at the judgment bar asking admittance; but Jesus said, "In as much as ye did it not." I never knew you,—that is the end of emotion, Jesus dying on the cross to save the world. From that cross let us hear his call: "My life, my all I gave for thee; what hast thou given for me?"

Everybody in Macon County should read The Press. It is now within the reach of all—\$1.50 per year!

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