

The Franklin Press

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BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON...EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Obituary notices, cards of thanks, tributes of respect, by individuals, lodges, churches, organizations or societies, will be regarded as advertising and inserted at regular classified advertising rates.

The Press invites its readers to express their opinions through its columns and each week it plans to carry Letters to the Editor on its editorial page.

Weekly Bible Thought

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast.

Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

-I Corinthians, 5:7.

Easter

NOT ONLY as a memorial of that immortal drama enacted two thousand years ago "outside a city's wall" does all Christendom keep Holy Week and Easter.

Many plans have been offered to relieve and deaden human suffering; and sin, "the transgression of God's law," has been dealt with in many ways by teachers false and true.

As a so-called Christian nation we are witnesses to failure on a gigantic scale registered in our social, economic and political life, as well as in the wasted lives of individuals.

"To every man there openeth A way and ways and a way, And the high soul climbs the high way, And the low soul gropes the low; And every man decideth The way his soul shall go."

Clean Up for Spring

COMMUNITY spring cleaning is the order of the day "as the winter turns to spring." In order that Franklin may present a pleasing front to visitors as well as clean backyards to homefolks, and possess a clear conscience that everything is spick and span, in sight and out of sight, let those first April days witness a thorough "clean-up."

Chief Bob Henry has offered to cooperate with citizens in seeing that all trash collected will be promptly removed.

A Correction

IN SATURDAY'S issue of the Asheville Times an editorial referred to last week's Press editorial in regard to the recent address at Chapel Hill by the Irish poet-philosopher, G. W. Russell.

'Cimarron' Heroine Alive

A fiction character walked out of the pages of a novel and into a Hollywood motion picture studio recently. She has two identities. In real life she is Mrs. Tom B. Ferguson, until recently owner and editor of the Watonga Republican.

A year ago she decided to "see the world." She sold her newspaper. She passed through Hollywood on the first leg of an adventurous trip around the world.

Public Opinion

Dear Editor: Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for one year's subscription to The Press.

I would feel lost without The Press as I have read it my entire life, having been reared near Franklin and having taught in many of the rural schools as well as serving for two years as home demonstration agent and in this capacity visiting every community in Macon county.

I have been living in Missouri only three years and the Old North State still seems home to me.

I wish to send greetings to all of my friends and especially to those with whom I have spent so many days in the school rooms of the county, my "school children."

I am wishing for dear old Macon a speedy return of good times.

Sincerely, Adelaide Bulglin Corbin. (Mrs. A. F. Corbin). Diamond, Mo., March 23, 1931.

Clippings

PESSIMISM AND FEAR

The man who complains about business but fails to make any effort to improve his own business is the only one who finds times exceedingly hard.

A friend observes that there is plenty of business right now according to his experience, but it is a little harder to get, that's all.

It is hard reality, we know, to those who are out of work and are wondering how to meet their obligations, but their troubles are largely due to fear on the part of others who refuse to take a chance and do their part toward improving business.

FOREST CITY COURIER

HELPFUL ANECDOTE

An anecdote of pioneer days which holds much wisdom for us today concerns two pioneers settlers pushing their way into the sparsely settled West.

"What kind of folks were there where you came from?" countered the resident.

"Well," drawled the old pioneer, "I reckon you'll find the folks around here just about the same."

"Well," answered the local sage, "I reckon you'll find the folks here just about the same."

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

A fascinating prophecy of what the city of fifty years hence will look like is made by R. L. Duffus in the March Rotarian.

It is our deduction that the World War will not really be over until they stop writing memoirs about it.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank every one for their many kindnesses shown us during the sickness and death of our loved one, especially the dear neighbors, who never tired in their untiring kindness and help.



(Continued from last week)

"I had planned to try and get a place on the Santa Fe train that was standing, steam up, ready to run into the Nation. But you couldn't get on. There wasn't room for a flea. They were hanging on the cow-catcher and swarming all over the engine, and sitting on top of the cars. It was keyed down to make no more speed than a horse. It turned out they didn't even do that. They went twenty miles in ninety minutes. I decided I'd use my Indian pony. I knew I'd get endurance, anyway, if not speed. And that's what counted in the end."

"There we stood, by the thousands, all night. Morning, and we began to line up at the border, as near as they'd let us go. Militia all along to keep us back. They had burned the prairie ahead for miles into the Nation, so as to keep the grass down and make the way clearer. To smoke out the sooner, too, who had sneaked in and were hiding in the scrub oaks, in the draws, wherever they could. Most of the killing was due to them. They had crawled in and staked the land and stood ready to shoot those of us who came in, fair and square, in the Run. I knew the piece I wanted. A little creek ran through the land, and the prairie rolled a little there, too. Nothing but black-jacks for miles around it, but on that section, because of the water, I suppose, there were elms and persimmons and cottonwoods and even a grove of pecans. I had noticed it many a time riding the range."

It Was Like Water Going Over a Broken Dam

in one hand, their watches in the other. Those last five minutes seemed years long; and funny, they'd quieted till there wasn't a sound. Listening. The last minute was an eternity. Twelve o'clock. There went up a roar that drowned the crack of the soldiers' musketry as they fired in the air as the signal of noon and the start of the Run. You could see the puffs of smoke from their guns, but you couldn't hear a sound. The thousands surged over a broken dam. We swept across the prairie in a cloud of black and red dust that covered our faces and hands in a minute, so that we looked like black demons from hell. The old man on his pony kept in one rut, the girl on her thoroughbred in the other, and I on my Whitefoot on the raised place in the middle.

The old plainsman's pony had stumbled and fallen. His bottle smashed into bits, his six-shooter flew in another direction, and he lay sprawling full length in the rut of the trail. The next instant he was hidden in a welter of pounding hoofs and flying dirt and cinders and wagon wheels. A dramatic pause. The faces around the table were balloons pulled by a single string. They swung this way and that with Yancey Cravat's pace as he strode the room, his Prince Albert coat tails billowing. This way—the faces turned toward the sideboard. That way—they turned toward the windows. Yancey held the little moment of silence like a jewel in the circle of faces. Sabra Cravat's voice, high and sharp with suspense, cut the stillness.

"What happened? What happened to the old man?" Yancey's pliant hands flew up in a gesture of inevitability. "Oh, he was trampled to death in the mad mob that charged over him. Crazy. They couldn't stop for a one-legged old whiskers with a quart flask." Out of the well-bred murmur of horror that now arose about the Venable board there emerged the voice of Felice Venable, sharp-edged with disapproval. "And the girl."

The girl with the black—" Unable to say it. Southern. "The girl and I—funny, I never did learn her name—were in the lead because we had stuck to the old trail. The girl was close behind me. That thoroughbred she rode was built for speed, not distance. A race horse, blooded. I could hear him blowing. He was trained to short bursts. My Indian pony was just getting his second wind as her horse slackened into a trot. We had come nearly sixteen miles. I was well in the lead by that time, with the girl following. We had left the others behind, hundreds going this way, hundreds that, scattering for miles over the prairie. Then I saw that the prairie ahead was afire. The tall grass was blazing. Only the narrow trail down which we were galloping was open. On either side of it was a wall of flame. Some skunk of a sooner sneaking in ahead of the Run, had set the blaze to keep the sooner off, saving the land for himself. The dry grass burned like oiled paper. I turned around. The girl was there, her racer stumbling, breaking and going on, his head lolling now. I saw her motion with her hand. She was coming. I whipped off my hat and clapped it over Whitefoot's eyes, gave him the spurs, crouched down low and tight, shut my own eyes, and down the trail we went into the furnace. Hot! It was h-l. I could smell the singed hair on the flanks of my mustang. My own hair was singeing. I could feel the flames licking my legs and back. Another hundred yards and neither the horse nor I could have come through it. But we broke out into the open, choking and dead and half suffocated. I looked down the lane of flame. The girl hung on her horse's neck. Her skullcap was pulled down over her eyes. She was coming through game. I knew that my land—the piece that I had come through hell for—was not more than a mile ahead. I knew that hanging around here would probably get me a shot through the head, for the sooner that started that fire must be lurking somewhere in the high grass ready to kill anybody that tried to lay claim to his land. I began to wonder, too, if that girl wasn't headed for the same section that I was bound for. I made up my mind that, woman or no woman, this was a race, and devil take the hindmost. My poor little pony was coughing and sneezing and trembling. Her racer must have been ready to drop. I wheeled and went on. I kept thinking how, when I came to Little Bear creek, I'd bathe my little mustang's nose and face and his poor heaving flanks, and how I mustn't let him drink too much, once he got his muzzle in the water.

"Just before I reached the land I was riding for I had to leave the trail and cut across the prairie. I could see a clump of elms ahead. I knew the creek was near by. But just before I got to it I came on one of those deep gullies you find in the plains country. Almost ten feet across this one was, and deep. No way around it that I could see, and no time to look for one. I put Whitefoot to the leap and, by G-d, he took it, landing on the other side with hardly an inch to spare. I heard a wild scream behind me. I turned. The girl on her spent racer had tried to make the gulch. He had actually taken it—a thoroughbred and a gentleman, that animal—but he came down on his knees just on the farther edge, rolled, and slid down the gully side into the ditch. The girl had flung herself free. My claim was fifty yards away. So was the girl, with her dying horse. She lay there on the prairie. As I raced toward her—my own poor little mount was nearly gone by this time—she scrambled to her knees. I can see her face now, black with cinders and soot and dirt, her hair all over her shoulders, her cheek bleeding where she had struck a stone in her fall, her black thighs torn, her little short skirt sagging. She sort of sat up and looked around her. Then she staggered to her feet before I reached her and stood there swaying, and pushing her hair out of her eyes like some one who'd been asleep. She pointed down the gully. The black of her face was streaked with tears. "Shoot him!" she said. "I can't. His two forelegs are broken. I heard them crack. Shoot him! For God's sake!"

"So I off my horse and down to the gully's edge. There the animal lay, his eyes all whites, his poor legs doubled under him, his flanks black and sticky with sweat and dirt. He was done for, all right. I took out my six-shooter and aimed right between his eyes. He kicked once, sort of leaped—or tried to, and then lay still. I stood there a minute, to see if he had to have another. He was so game that, some way, I didn't want to give him more than he needed. (Continued next week)

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Macon County. Whereas power of sale was vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust by J. R. Parrish and wife, to Henry G. Robertson, Trustee, dated Jan. 22, 1927 and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon county in Record of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 30, page 350, to secure the payment of \$3710.00, as evidenced by six notes of even date with said deed of trust in the sum of \$618.34 each; and whereas all of said notes are due and payable, subject to certain payments made thereon, leaving the total balance of \$3138.03 due on the 26th day of January, 1931;

I will, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale by said deed of trust in me vested on Thursday the 16th day of April, 1931, at twelve o'clock noon sell at the court house door in Franklin, N. C., at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described property:

First Tract: All the lands described in a deed from Zachariah Downs and wife to J. R. Parrish dated the 24th day of December, 1918, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book B-4, page 489. Except that part thereof conveyed by J. R. Parrish to Robert Downs, consisting of 20 acres, recorded in Book Q-4, page 308.

Second Tract: All the lands described in a deed from T. J. Johnston, Commissioner, to J. R. Parrish, dated July 19, 1920, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book F 4, page 39. This the 16th day of March, 1931.

HENRY G. ROBERTSON, M194tcJ-9A Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Macon County. By virtue of a deed of trust executed by W. E. Sanders to the undersigned as Trustee to secure the sum of \$316.75 to the Jones Motor and Tractor Company, Inc., which deed of trust is recorded in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 31 at page 345, office of Register of Deeds, Macon County, and default having been made in the payment of the notes secured thereby, and on demand from Jones Motor and Tractor Co., Inc., and the notes not due having been declared due under the terms of said deed of trust, I will on Saturday the 18th day of April, 1931, at the Courthouse door in the Town of Franklin in the County of Macon and between the legal hours of sale, sell to the highest bidder for cash an undivided one-half interest in the land described in a deed from J. M. Sanders to Willis E. Sanders and Itsen Sanders, said deed being dated September 5th, 1918, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book I-4 of Deeds, page 182, to which deed reference is hereby made for a more definite description of the lands to be sold herein. Said sale made to satisfy said notes and deed of trust above referred to.

This the 17th day of March, 1931. R. S. JONES, Trustee. M194tcJ-9A

NOTICE

North Carolina, Macon County. In the Superior Court. Gilmer A. Jones vs. Natural Abrasives Corp. and Metropolitan Trust Company, and all other persons, firms and corporations claiming any interest in the subject matter of this action.

By virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned commissioner under a decree entered in the above entitled cause, I will on Monday the 27th day of April, 1931 at the Courthouse door in Franklin, North Carolina at twelve o'clock noon sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate:

A tract of land lying in Ellijay Township, containing approximately 1100 acres and being known as the Corundum Hill property.

This the 23rd day of March, 1931. R. S. JONES, Commissioner. M26 4t A 16 cJ&J

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of W. P. Head, deceased, late of Macon county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 30th day of March, 1932, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 30th day of March, 1931. Geo. Carpenter, Administrator. A2-4p-A23

Such difficulty as we have in reconciling our politics and our economics grows out of a colossal indifference on the part of the business world.—David Lawrence.