

The Franklin Press

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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.

Weekly Bible Thought

Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Romans 14:13.

Franklin and the Future

(Continued from page one)

The farmer must, in the future, make his own calling and salvation sure—that is, feed himself, family, and stock—and then raise things he can sell. And there is always TRUCK. This is a great region and climate for truck. There are certain crops that this country grows in great yield and quality...

Is Suicide Increasing?

THERE seems to be today a discouraging increase of suicide. It is rather easy to understand why so many persons, beaten for the hour in the hard battle for life in these days of depression, should seek the easiest way out. The other day a young student, fighting his way through college, and realizing how much harder his father was struggling to carry his own heavier burdens and to aid the son in preparing for the struggles to come, suggested to the father that the easiest way out, the shortest road, was suicide.

"What Needs My Shakspeare?"

IT IS so simple to attribute every doubtful "familiar quotation" to the abounding Shakspeare, who either said or could readily have said every good thing. But, as we moderns say, "there are others." Now there, for one, is the ultra-Shavian Shaw who thinks and confesses that he can and does write better plays than Shakspeare. Which reminds us of the story of the canny Scot who went a long way to hear and see a very dull play by a fellow Sassenach, and shouted from the gallery, at some pretentious nonsense from the stage: "Whaur's your Wullie Shakspear, now?"



Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(Continued from last week) It was a man's town. The men enjoyed it. They rode, gambled, swore, fought, fished, hunted, drank. The antics of many of them seemed like those of little boys playing robber's cave under the porch. The saloon was their club, the brothel their social rendezvous, the town women their sweethearts. Literally there were no other young girls of marriageable age; for the men and women who had come out here were, like Sabra and Yancey, married couples whose ages ranged between twenty and forty. It was no place for the very young, the very old, or even the middle-aged.

CHAPTER VI Sabra's second child, a girl, was born in June, a little more than a year after their coming to Osage. It was not as dreadful an ordeal there in those crude surroundings as one might have thought. She was tended, during her accouchement, by the best doctor in the county and certainly the most picturesque man of medicine in the whole Southwest, Dr. Don Valliant. Like thousands of others living in this new country, his past was his own secret. It was known that he had been a doctor in Chicago, and that he had been in the city during the days of the great influenza epidemic. He would reappear as inexplicably as he had vanished and his horse was jaded. It was no secret that he was often called to attend the bandits when one of their number, wounded in some outlaw raid, had taken to their hiding place in the hills. He was tender and deft with Sabra, though between them he and Yancey consumed an incredible quantity of whisky during the racking hours of her confinement. At the end he held up a caterwauling morsel of flesh torn from Sabra's flesh—a thing perfect of its kind, with an astonishing mop of black hair.

"This is a Spanish beauty you have for a daughter, Yancey. I present to you Senorita Donna Cravat." And Donna Cravat she remained. The town, somewhat scandalized, thought she had been named after Doctor Don himself. Besides, they did not consider Donna a name at all. When Sabra Cravat arose from that bed something in her had crystallized. Perhaps it was that, for the first time in a year, she had had hours in which to rest her tired limbs; perhaps the order itself worked a psychic as well

a physical change in her; it might have been that she realized she must cut a new pattern in this Oklahoma life of theirs. The boy Cim might surmount it; the girl Donna never. During the hours through which she had lain in her bed in the stifling wooden shack, mists seemed to have rolled away from before her eyes. She saw clearly. She felt light and terribly capable—so much so that she made the mistake of getting up, dizzily donning slippers and wrapper, and tottering into the newspaper office where Yancey was writing an editorial and shouting choice passages of it into the inattentive ear of Jesse Rickey, who was setting type in the printing shop. "...the most stupendous farce ever conceived by the mind of man in a civilized country..." He looked up to see in the doorway a wraith, all eyes and long black braids. "Why, sugar! What's this? You can't get up!" She smiled rather feebly. "I'm up. I felt so light, so—" "I should think you would. All that physic."

"I feel so strong. I'm going to do so many things. You'll see. I'm going to paper the whole house. Rosebuds in the bedroom. I'm going to plant two trees in the front. I'm going to start another club—not like the Philomathean—I think that's silly now—but one to make this town... no saloons... going to have a real hired girl as soon as the newspaper begins to... feel so queer... Yancey..." As she began to topple, Yancey caught the Osage oar of Arc in his arms. Incredibly enough, she actually did paper the entire house, aided by Isaiah and Jesse Rickey. Isaiah's ebony countenance splashed with the white paste mixture made a bizarre effect, a trifle startling to anyone coming upon the scene unaware. Also Jesse Rickey's unobtrusive eye, which so often resulted in many grotesque pied print lines appearing in unexpected and inconvenient places in the Oklahoma Wigwam columns, was none too dependable in the matching of rosebud patterns. The result, in spots, was Burkianian, with roses grafted on leaves and tendrils emerging from petals. Still, the effect was gay, even luxurious. The Philomathean club, as one woman, fell upon wall paper and paste pots they had upon the covered jars in Sabra's earlier effort at decoration. Within a month Louie Hefner was compelled to install a full line of wall paper to satisfy the local demand. Slowly, slowly, the life of the community, in the beginning so wild, so unrelated in its parts, began to weave in and out, warp and wool, to make a pattern. It was at first faint, almost indiscernible. But presently the eye could trace here a motif, there a figure, here a motif, there a figure. The shuttle swept back, forward, back, forward. "It's almost time for the Jew," Sabra would say, looking up from her sewing. "I need some number forty sewing-machine needles."

And then perhaps next day, or the day after, Cim, playing in the yard, would see a familiar figure, bent almost double, gnomelike and grotesque, against the western sky. It was Sol Levy, the peddler, the Alsatian Jew. Sabra would fold up her work, brush the threads from her apron; or if her hands were in the dough she would hastily mold and crimp her pie crust so as to be ready for his visit. Sol Levy had come over an immigrant in the noisome bowels of some dreadful ship. His hair was blue-black and very thick, and his face was white in spite of the burning southwest sun. A black stubble of beard intensified this pallor. He had delicate blue-veined hands and narrow arched feet. He belonged in crowded places, in populous places, in the color and glow and swift drama of the bazaars. God knows how he had found his way to this vast wilderness. Perhaps in Chicago, or in Kansas City, or Omaha he had heard of this new country and the rush of thousands for its land. And he had bumbled his way on foot. He had started to peddle with an oilcloth-covered pack on his back. Through the little hot western towns in summer. Through the bitter cold western towns in winter. They turned dogs on him. The children cried, "Jew! Jew!" He was only a boy, disguised with that stubble of beard. He would enter the yard of a farmhouse or a dwelling, in a town such as Osage. A wary eye on the dog, Nice Fido. Nice doggie. Down, down! Pins, sewing-machine needles, rolls of gingham and calico, and last, craftily, his Hamburg lace. He brought news, too. (Continued next week)

by a deed of trust from Charlie Burgess and wife Carrie Burgess and one note for \$56.18 with interest from October 1, 1930, said deed of trust being dated October 1, 1930, and recorded in Book No. 31, page 400, Office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County. And default having been made in the payment of the said note as called for in the said deed of trust, and there now being due the sum of \$56.18 with interest from October 1, 1930, and the person to whom the said money is due have demanded that the aforesaid trustee foreclose and the undersigned will on July 22, 1931, sell at the court house door in the town of Franklin, Macon County, at 12 o'clock M., for cash to satisfy the said note and deed of trust on the following tract of land in Franklin Township, Macon County: Being all of the lands described in a deed from Mrs. R. S. Sutton to Charlie Burgess, said deed being dated of March 12, 1929, and recorded in Book Q-4 of deeds, page 357 records of Macon County, to which deed as so recorded references is hereby made and had for a more definite description of the lands to be hereby sold. This 22nd day of June, 1931. J. H. STOCKTON, Trustee. J25-4tc-RDS-Jul.16

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by, Paul Newman and wife, Freda Newman, to Commercial National Bank of High Point, North Carolina, Trustee, dated November 1st, 1927, and recorded in Book 31, at Page 503, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, and demand having been made for sale the undersigned Trustee will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in front of the Court House in Franklin, North Carolina, at 12:00 o'clock noon on the 27th day of July, 1931, the following described property, located in the City of Franklin, North Carolina. BEGINNING at an iron stake on the South side of Palmer Street, Claud Russell's Northwest corner, the same being South 45 deg. West 231 feet from the intersection of Main Street and Palmer Street, and runs South 45 deg. West with the South side of Palmer Street 165 feet to a stake, S. A. Munday corner; thence South 45 deg. East 255 feet to a stake on the South side of the branch in S. L. Rogers line; thence North 41 deg. East 218 feet to a stake, J. F. Palmer's corner; thence North 45 deg. West 144 feet to a stake; thence with Claud Russell's line South 49 deg. West 65 1-2 feet to a stake, Claud Russell's corner; thence North 39 1-2 West 93 1-2 feet to the BEGINNING. This the 15th day of June, 1931. COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK OF HIGH POINT, D. C. MacRae, Attorney Trustee. High Point, N. C. Jul 2-4tc-DCM-J25

ENTRY NOTICE State of North Carolina, Macon County. No. 15006. Harry E. Gruver enters and claims 10 acres of land in Cowee Township on the waters of Cowee Creek, on the Matlock prong of said creek, beginning at a sourwood, a corner of Grant No. 7070 and runs various courses and distances so as to include all the vacant land between Grant No. 7070, 14475 and Grant No. 15309 and State Grant No. 7613. This May 18, 1931. ALEX MOORE, Entry Taker. M21-4t-J25

ENTRY NOTICE State of North Carolina, Macon County. No. 15005. Harry E. Gruver enters and claims 150 acres of land in Cowee Township on the waters of Cowee Creek, on the Matlock prong of said creek; beginning at a black gum and chestnut, corner of State Grant No. 7070 and running various courses and distances so as to include all vacant land between Grants No. 7070 and 14475, Tract No. 36, State Grant No. 1673, State Grant 376, State Grant No. 672 and State Grant 671 and the Ramsey lands now owned by Dock Clark and J. W. Murray and others. This May 18, 1932. ALEX MOORE, Entry Taker. M21-4t-J25

NOTICE OF SALE Whereas power of sale was vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust from R. A. Patton to the undersigned trustee dated November 15, 1928, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book No. 31, page 113, and whereas, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby, and the holders of the notes having demanded that the undersigned trustee execute the power of sale in him vested; I will, therefore, on Monday the 20th day of July, 1931, at twelve o'clock Noon at the Court House door in Franklin, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands: All the lands described in a deed from J. J. Kiser to G. A. Jones and R. S. Jones, said deed bearing date of June 16, 1928, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book R-4 of Deeds, page 118. This the 18th day of June, 1931. G. L. JONES, Trustee. J25-4tcJ-J-J16

NOTICE OF SALE North Carolina, Macon County. WHEREAS power of sale was vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust from R. A. Patton to G. A. Jones, Trustee, dated October 29, 1929, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book S-4, page 255, to secure the payment of one thousand dollars, and whereas default having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been requested to exercise the power vested in him by said deed of trust, I will therefore by virtue of power of sale by said deed of trust in me vested on Monday, July 13, 1931 at twelve o'clock noon sell at the court house door in Franklin, North Carolina, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following property: All the land described in a deed from Margaret R. Angel, Mortgagee to R. A. Patton, dated, October 29, 1929, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Deed Book S-4, page 20. This the 9th day of June, 1931. G. A. JONES, Trustee. J184tcJ-J-J19

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as administrator of Horace Bradshaw, 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 28th day of May, 1932, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 28th day of May, 1931. R. M. SHOOK, Administrator. J4-4tc-RMS-J25

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE North Carolina, Macon County. By virtue of the power of sale vested in J. H. Stockton, trustee,