

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:

Rejoice in the Lord always: again I will say, Rejoice. Philippians 4:4

The Tax Delinquency Evil

LAST week's issue of The Franklin Press carried 82 notices of foreclosure sales for 1925 and 1926 taxes—taxes due five years ago but still uncollected.

In some of these cases it is thought that, with money scarce and property values depressed, the land will not bring as much as the taxes and penalties that have accumulated over this period.

Why is it that taxes are permitted to run for so long? Is it because the officials charged with their collection think they are bestowing a favor upon a man to allow his assessment to go unpaid?

As a temporary relief measure, it sometimes is wise to allow the taxpayer a respite; but to let his taxes to pile up year after year, all the while accumulating large penalties, will amount in the end to confiscation of property.

As for the county, long delinquent taxes mean a depleted treasury. And a depleted treasury means higher taxes. It is safe to say that if this county's taxes were paid up through 1929 it would be in a far better financial situation today than it is, and that a larger reduction could be made in its 1931 rate.

Then, too, a habit of tax delinquency is like a contagious disease. One frequently hears the comment, "Well, so-and-so gets by without paying his taxes, so I am not going to pay mine."

It would be a wise policy for every county not to allow taxes to go unpaid for longer than two years. Such a policy soon would prove beneficial to all concerned.

Editorial Clippings

INTERESTED IN RAILROADS

The typical American reaction to any organization that has reached the size of railroads is to take out as much as possible, put in nothing.

Why? Because in the minds of this selfish, socialistic tendency to bleed big companies and corporations we suddenly realized the horrors of the predicament in which we would find ourselves if the railroads went to the wall—which they never will, because of freight and legislation against motor trucks to be brought on by public opinion.

United States vitally and financially tied up with the railroads. Banks, trust companies, insurance companies, even savings funds invest in railroads, making every depositor insurance beneficiary and policy holder a part owner. On top of all this, the employees—thousands and thousands of them.

IN D... GOOD COMPANY We know a man in this county who is broke. Of course there is



Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright by Edna Ferber

(Continued from last week) CHAPTER XIV Mrs. Cravat, congresswoman from Oklahoma, had started a campaign against the desolate condition of the new oil towns.

Times like Osage were single enough in a certain way. But when could a state be when oil was low, even running up in unexpected places, bringing the days of it back again?

The imposing party, in high-powered motor cars, bumped over the terrible roads, creating a red dust barrage.

"It is all due to our rotten Oklahoma state politics," Sabra explained to the great senator from Pennsylvania who sat at her right and the great editor from New York who sat at her left in the big, luxurious car.

"Our laws are rotten with graft. Anything goes. Oklahoma is still a territory in everything but title. This town of Bowlegs, it's a throw-back to the frontier days of forty years ago—worse. It's like the old Cimarron. People who have lived in Osage all their lives don't know what goes on out here."

The Pennsylvania senator laughed at her. "The capital is rotten with graft. Anything goes. Oklahoma is still a territory in everything but title. This town of Bowlegs, it's a throw-back to the frontier days of forty years ago—worse. It's like the old Cimarron. People who have lived in Osage all their lives don't know what goes on out here."

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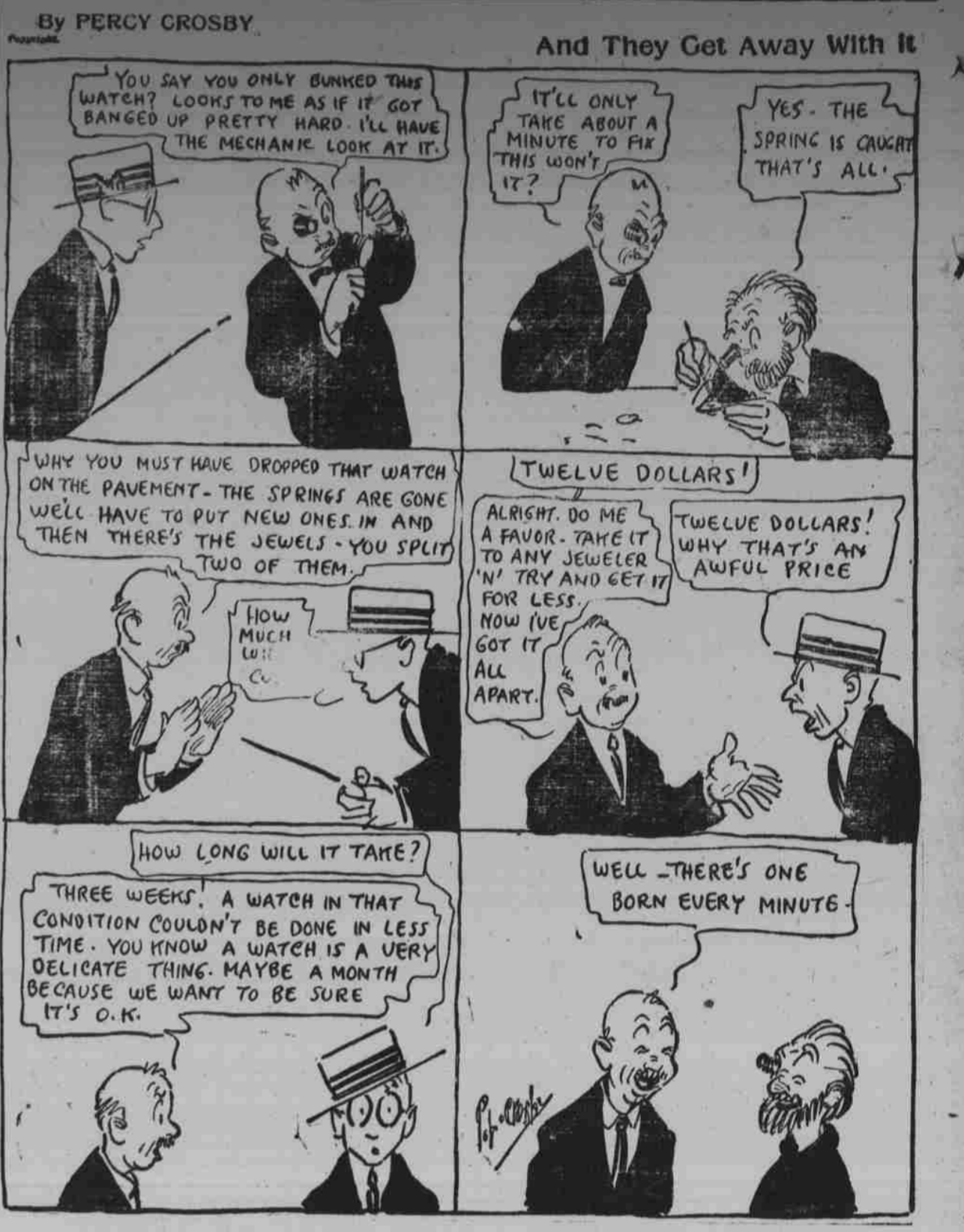
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Sabra. And crossed the room, through the crowd. The jurors had just filed out. They repaired to a draw at the side of the road to take their lunch.

The face of the boy on the floor was battered and blood-caked. There was a festering sore on his left hand, and the hand and arm were swollen and angry looking.

"You were carrying a concealed weapon?" Sabra asked, squatting there with the girls. A senator or two as an editor were just behind her.

An injured look softened Bill's battered features. He pouted like a child. "No, ma'am. I run the dance hall, see? And I was standing in the middle of the floor, working, and I had the gun right in my hand. Anybody could see. I wasn't carrying no concealed weapon."

"The jury filed back. Not guilty. The rat-faced girl's shyster lawyer said something in her car. She spoke in a dreadful raucous voice, sniping.

"I sure thank you, gentles." The dance-hall girls cheered feebly. Out of that fetid air into the late afternoon blaze. The dance halls open about nine," Sabra said.

"Well wait for that. In the meantime I'll show you their rooms. The rooms?" she looked about for the fresh-checked Harvard boy.

"There's some kind of excitement," said the New York editor. "People have been running and shouting. Over there in that field we visited awhile ago. Here comes our young friend now. Perhaps he'll tell us."

The Harvard boy's color was higher still. He was breathing fast. He had been running. His eyes shone behind the bone-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, folks, we'll never have a narrower squeak than that." "What?" "They put fifty quarts in the cesspool but before she got down the oil came up."

"Quarts of what?" interrupted an editorial voice. "Oh—excuse me—quarts of nitroglycerin."

"My G—d!" "In a can, you know. A thing like a can. It never had a chance to explode down there. It just shot up with the gas and oil. If it had hit the ground everything for miles around would have been shot to hell and all of us killed. But he caught it. They say he just ran back like an outfielder and caught it with his eye while it was up in the air, and ran to where it would fall, and caught it in his two arms, like a baby, right on his chest. It didn't explode. But he's dying. Chest all caved in. They've sent for the ambulance."

"Who? Who's he?" "I don't know his real name. He's an old bum that's been around the field, doing odd jobs and drinking. They say he used to be quite a fellow in Oklahoma in his day. Picturesque pioneer or something. Some call him old Yancey and I've heard others call him Sim or Simeon or—"

Sabra began to run across the road. "Mrs. Cravat! You mustn't—where are you going?" She ran on, across the oil-soaked field and the dirt, in her little buckled high-heeled slippers. She did not even know that she was running. The crowd was dense around some central object. They formed a wall—roustabouts, drillers, tool dressers, shooters, puffers. They were gazing down at something on the ground.

"Let me by! Let me by!" They fell back before this white-faced woman with the white hair. He lay on the ground, a queer, crumpled, broken figure. She flung herself on the oil-soaked earth beside him and lifted the magnificent head gently, so that it lay cushioned by her arm. A little purplish bubble rose to his lips, and she wiped it away with her fine white handkerchief, and another rose to take its place.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of The Franklin Press, published weekly at Franklin, North Carolina for October 1, 1931

State of North Carolina, County of Macon.

Before me, a Clerk of Superior Court in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Blackburn W. Johnson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher and editor of The Franklin Press and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Blackburn W. Johnson, Franklin, N. C.; Editor, Blackburn W. Johnson, Franklin, N. C.; Managing Editor, Blackburn W. Johnson, Franklin, N. C.; Business Manager, Blackburn W. Johnson, Franklin, N. C.

2. That the owners are: Blackburn W. Johnson, Franklin, N. C.; Mrs. J. W. Cantey Johnson, Franklin, N. C., trading as The Franklin Press, Franklin, N. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: S. A. Harris, Moultrie, Ga.; Intertype Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) Blackburn W. Johnson, (Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of Oct. 1931.

(Seal) Frank I. Murray, Clerk Superior Court, Macon County, N. C.



Woman Hide Me—Hide Me in Your Love!