

The Franklin Press

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BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
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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. Such notices will be marked "adv." in compliance with the postal regulations.

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. This newspaper is independent in its policies and is glad to print both sides of any question. Letters to the Editor should be written legibly on only one side of the paper and should be of reasonable length. Of course, the editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long or violate one's better sensibilities.

Weekly Bible Thought:

I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me. Philippians 4:13.

Franklin as a Trade Center

FRANKLIN'S first Fashion Show Monday night at the Macon Theatre, proclaimed by those who saw it as a signal success, was of considerably more significance than a mere amusement program or advertising stunt. It was a master stroke for the "buy-at-home" movement.

The wide variety and fine quality of the ladies' ready-to-wear models exhibited by the merchants participating in the style event would do justice to the big stores of a city many times the size of Franklin. It was a surprise to the audience that such a class of merchandise could be purchased on our own Main street. As for prices, all one has to do to convince himself or herself that they are as low or lower here than elsewhere is to compare the advertisements of local stores with those in other towns or cities. It even has been demonstrated by Franklin merchants that they can "meet or beat" the vaunted cut-rate prices of the big mail order houses.

Franklin already is attracting considerable trade from outside Macon county. Why? Simply because its merchants offer attractive goods at attractive prices in attractive stores. If everyone in Franklin will join hands with our merchants, give them the support they deserve, and be equally as progressive in their individual lines of business, Franklin will bid fair to increase in reputation, population and wealth. With good roads leading to Franklin from all directions, and most of them paved or about to be paved, "The Gateway to Southern Appalachia" should become a commercial center not only for this section of Western North Carolina but also for North Georgia.

With the demonstration of so charming a variety of the newest styles, such as presented at the Fashion Show, we venture to say that many women who have been accustomed to order by mail or journey to Asheville or Atlanta for their clothing, will now find this unnecessary. Here is an opportunity for advantageous economy and community loyalty. Furthermore, aside from the selfish consideration that what is of benefit to any individual or a group in a community is indirectly of advantage to all, there is a happy and wholesome spirit in developing one's conscience to help one's own little corner in every kind of way possible. This economic consciousness with a disinterested and unselfish motive to cooperate with every phase of community life and action, commercial as well as social and religious, creates a rare quality of good will that makes for health, happiness, progress, and prosperity.

The tide of a small town may be completely changed, difficulties overcome and new channels opened by the psychological effect of a community spirit of mutual helpfulness.

A Promising Generation

SINCE time immemorial one of the most troublesome problems confronting newspaper editors, especially those who edit small weekly publications, has been what is known in and out of the shop as "country correspondence." Many an editor and many a type compositor have had to work laboriously, patiently over illegible, ungrammatical and an unreliable communications from correspondents and editorial contributors.

So, when a well written, "clean" piece of copy is received by an editor he is overjoyed. When he finds a dependable correspondent with a real "nose for news" he waxes almost ecstatic.

The purpose of this editorial is not to "cuss out" our correspondents; they labor for love and deserve only sympathetic encouragement. Rather, this outburst is caused by the fine news reports we are receiving each week from various rural schools throughout the county. These reports are compiled by the school pupils themselves. They are well written and intelligent communications and should be of interest to every reader of this newspaper.

We wish especially to mention the history of the Oak Grove section, prepared and written by pupils in the grammar grades of the Oak Grove school under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Elsie Franks, which appeared on the front page of last week's issue of The Press. This is only an instance. Other school reports of absorbing interest will be found in The Press almost every week.

When the public schools, even the one and two-room schools far out in the country, can produce such concrete examples of their work, one cannot help but feel encouraged over the prospects of the rising generation. The youngsters soon will be teaching their elders much needed lessons.

The Georgia Ghost

By David McFall

FOR many years before the outbreak of the Civil War a certain small town in Georgia was noted for the culture and the gracious hospitality of its inhabitants. No finer culture ever flowered on English stock.

It was an upland town and a number of rich planters from the low country established homes there. In every line of these spacious homes, two or three of which are still standing—or were a year or two ago—comfort, leisure, and dignified repose were written.

The community and the surrounding country supported two small but select schools, one an academy for girls and the other an advanced school for boys. In these schools instruction in literature and the arts, though thorough, was subservient to rigid insistence on a high code of ethics and deportment. The town also boasted two beauty spots, a large, shady open green at its center and a well attended cemetery at the outskirts. The open square was the scene of festivities throughout the summer months and the graveyard was the inevitable venue for more enduring trysts.

I mention the open green and the cemetery for a definite reason. On the green began a happening, masked in mirth, which ended in the cemetery a few hours later in a tragedy of peculiarly appalling character. I shall describe without further preamble the train of events, without the slightest exaggeration or distortion.

The schools closed on the same day for the summer's long vacation, and the happy circumstance was made the occasion of a dance on the green that night. For two generations this custom held, until it had almost become a sacred duty.

On the night to which this narrative refers the dance was exceptionally brilliant. The school year had been highly successful, and the highest academic honors had gone to the most popular boy and girl. The weather was perfect, and the "pale enchantress" arose to throw her witchery over the scene. The only music was that supplied by a negro fiddler, but unsuspected by him on every note sped Cupid's arrow.

At a late hour a few of the dancers adjourned to a cold supper at the house of the young woman who had gained scholastic distinction and was the popular favorite. She felt it her place to affix the seal on a happy evening.

Some ten or twelve young people sat down at the table—the older folk had been asleep for hours. The carefully prepared dainties were enjoyed but not thought of; bubbling talk was the crown of the feast. It so happened, as it always happens on similar occasions, that the conversation at one time or another touched upon nearly every topic that had ever entered the talkers' brains. At last it veered around to the grotesque and the uncanny. This gave to a wit his longed-for opportunity to shine, and he threw out a challenge to anyone to go to the nearby graveyard, reporting the experience upon return.

"I'll go!" exclaimed the hostess, still flushed with recent victories and unwilling to yield her lead.

"Do!" replied the challenger, derisively. "Go out and stay in the shadow of the house awhile, and then come back and tell us your graveyard experiences."

"No," she said, flushing at the scoff. "I'll go and I'll leave a moment and you'll find it there in the morning—as you're afraid to go now! I'll leave a—a—"

As she glanced around her, her eye fell upon the carving fork at her side.

"I'll leave this fork stuck in Matt's grave" (the newest addition to the silent camp.)

"No, you'll not," commanded a young man whom the aimless arrow had struck; but before restraining hands could prevent her, she had grasped the fork and had fled from the house; and they heard her feet running swiftly down the gravel path.

The talk suddenly lost its sparkle. A vague uneasiness, poorly disguised as nonchalance, took possession of every member of the party. Their tongues forgot their activity; their brains conjured up no repartee. They counted the

minutes, furtively, by the mantel clock.

The young woman had been gone for what seemed to them an unreasonably long time, and each member of the party was thinking secretly of proposing a search for her, when—

A loud, piercing scream burst upon their ears.

All were lifted to their feet instantaneously, as by a single motive power, to the confused noise of overturned chairs, and glasses that dropped from trembling fingers.

It was not the scream that had shaken them, and had driven the blood back to its fountain, for a scream might be feigned. It was not only the fearful INTENSITY of the scream that appalled them; it was the indescribable note of HORROR in it that palsied the nerves of every hearer.

Nerves were numbed and muscles remained inert until a quick succession of screams, through which the young woman's broken voice was recognized, shocked her friends to action—

"Oh, save me! Save me! Oh, save me!—He has seized me! He has seized me! Help! Help me!"

Two of the girls in the party fell to the floor in a faint. The others were weeping and wringing their hands, or going to the door and peering out into a darkness they now added worse than death.

The men, frenzied into immediate action in which no thought upon plan had time to shape itself, snatched candles from their sockets and, shielding the feeble and unsteady flame with their hands, ran out and sped toward the graveyard.

Before they reached it, the voice was stilled, and they feared that death had claimed their best-loved friend. They knew the location of the grave and went directly toward it, over mounds which were unattended and forgotten, and over newly made heaps of earth which were still altars.

As they drew near, they saw a figure crouching on the grave, uttering no sound, not even a moan, but gently rocking itself from side to side, as though nursing a terror or a grief which could find no other expression. When she heard their coming and saw the wavering lights, a last effort was awakened in her momentarily; she rose to her feet, sprang forward with all the strength she could summon up, and fell into arms held out to catch her, unconscious.

She was carried to the house and placed upon a couch and every effort made to revive her, but without avail. She was breathing, but that was all.

A neighboring doctor was sent for and arrived quickly. Under his more skillful attention she recovered so far as to sit up and look around her, but her dull eyes recognized no person or thing. By slow degrees, after many weeks of careful nursing, her physical health was restored in a measure, but her brain, stunned by some unknown horror, never again revealed, and probably never felt, the faintest glimmer of intelligence. Her too finely attuned mind was dethroned forever.

Leaving undone nothing that could have been done, the physician made a thorough examination. He was convinced that the agency that had wreaked its havoc upon her was purely mental, not physical. Every organ was normal. He found upon her body no sign of scratch or bruise. But in the hem of her dress was a rent—it was just such a rent as the fingers of a hand reaching up from the grave would

(Guess the Ghost—Correct Explanation To Be Published Next Week)

Editorial Clippings

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER

This period through which the world is struggling is more than an economic crisis. It involves more than a study of strategic plans to ambuscade the dollars which fled.

Humanity itself is on trial. The civilization which we have evolved is undergoing the supreme test. If there is such a thing as brotherhood among men, now is the time to show it.

Drunk with wealth, we have strayed a long way from the fundamental and eternal truth. We have been living in a house stuck

upon golden stilts. And it has crashed.

In our agony and suffering we have discovered that Jesus Christ meant what he said. The Golden Rule was not a pleasant homily intended for reward-of-merit cards with silk fringe on the edges and diamond dust shining on the snow scenes. It was a simple statement of the eternal law, the same law that keeps the stars in the skies and the world turning on its axis.

We speak of breaking the law and commandments. You can break them; but they break you. "Love

BY PERCY CRUSBY

Back o' the Flats.



one another" was more than an admonition to light the path of virtue. It was the statement of an eternal principle upon which all law, all philosophy, all business, all ethics, all civilization rests. Like all the doctrines left by the Christ, this was the sublimity of common sense—the finality of practicality—the only sure foundation upon which civilization can rest.

During the last hundred years we have tried each to go our own way alone. Years of greed and money lust have ended with this terrible lesson: That wealth evaporates and leaves men stark and with naked hearts.

It is for us to see that this terrible rebuke has not been in vain. For us to see that we rebuild the fallen structure on the rock of brotherhood.

This winter will be a period that calls for all men to have fortitude, strength and sympathy. It is, for once, clear to the dullest mind that we can only help ourselves by helping others.

Out of this period of re-adjustment we can regain our souls. It can be a better world because of this period of hunger and sorrow; a stronger America and a sounder civilization if it brings to us a realization we are given the privilege of being our brother's keeper.

The remedy for our financial crisis lies not in laws, federal commissions, in panacea or financial errors. The sound and practical answer was told two thousand years ago in a sermon spoken on a mountain in Palestine. — LOS ANGELES TIMES.

ADVERTISING REDUCES PRICES

Some people have always argued that advertising adds to the cost of goods, and that the business house that eliminated this form of expense could afford to sell cheaper.

It is interesting to think what would happen if all at once firms stopped advertising. The result would be that the enterprising and successful store, the one that gets a good trade because it serves the public efficiently, would be unable to hold its position.

A store of that kind could not show enterprise in attracting the public, because the public would not know what it was doing. People would buy in a haphazard way, largely of the stores that happened to be nearest to them. If the enterprising store attempted to handle some big lot of goods at low prices, the public would not know that the goods were there, and the sale would not be a success. This would discourage a man from special attempts to serve the public, and he would run along in a routine way.

The tendency then would probably be for a lot of small stores to spring up and get the trade away from the enterprising stores that now advertise freely. The public would not know that one store was better than another, and a dealer could charge high prices and the customers would not have the store advertising to which the could tell what prices should be.

Merchants would find that it did not pay to hold special sales, as

the public would not notice them, much if they were held. The constant stream of trade that has been flowing through enterprising stores would dwindle. When a store sees its volume of trade fall off, the charge per article for retail distribution has to be increased. The cost of distributing goods could be expected to double under such a system, and there would be a lack of the special opportunities by which the thrifty buyer now saves money.—THE ROCK HILL (S. C.) HERALD.

Farm Hints

CATTLE OUTLET

Approximately 3000 head of beef cattle moved from Western North Carolina into the eastern part of the state during the fall of 1930 where crop farmers fed the animals and saved some of the best for breeding purposes.

"We believe that equally as many animals from the western part of the state and from southwestern Virginia will be purchased by eastern Carolina growers this fall and winter," says L. I. Case, animal husbandman at State College. "A number of carloads have already been shipped and indications are that many others will move into this territory in the next few weeks. The east has a good crop of forage and hay this year and this rough feed may be used in the production of beef in addition to adding valuable fertility to the soil."

Beef production can well have a place on any well rounded program of farming in eastern Carolina and at the same time afford the producers of western Carolina an outlet for their surplus animals. Mr. Case and representatives of the State Division of markets will give considerable attention to this project for the next few weeks, he says.

Roof cement or putty is good for stopping leaks in the roof or chimney. This material comes in air-tight cans and hardens soon after exposure to the air. Clean the opening, then fill it with the putty, using a large putty knife or small, pointed trowel, and smooth the surface. Do the work in dry weather. This roof putty will cement a composition roof to a brick or stone wall. There is also on the market a new "plastic wood" that is fine for filling small holes and cracks in weatherboarding. If not stopped up, these holes and cracks will begin to decay when moisture gets in and will let in cold air in winter.

The best way to rid lawns and gardens of moles is to trap them, says the U. S. Biological Survey. Another way that is fairly effective, especially if there are only a few moles, is to open up the runway at the edge of the lawn, drop in a few moth balls or a spoonful of naphthalene flakes, and replace the earth.

Size and quality of eggs, as well as the number laid, are important characteristics to consider in choosing breeders from the poultry flock. A pullet that lays 225 eggs

of good shape, good quality of shell, and standard size, will make a better breeder than one that lays 275 undersized and poorly shaped eggs.

The name "sardine" does not apply, as many people think, to a certain species of fish, but means any small fish suitable for the purpose. The name is derived from the island of Sardinia, in the Mediterranean Sea, where many sardines are packed.

D. L. Thompson of Anson county has 30 hogs harvesting a field of corn and says this is the best way of selling corn. For the last three or four years Mr. Thompson has received more money for his hogs than any other crop on his farm.

The soles of street shoes can be made more water and wear resistant by brushing them with warm neat-foot oil, castor oil, or lanolin. Take care not to get the oil on the uppers.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

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 and Mamie Patton, his wife, to Henry G. Robertson, trustee for Effie Love Powers, dated the 6th day of August, 1927, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 29, page 435, to secure the payment of a note for Twenty-Five Hundred (\$5,000) Dollars with interest thereon;

And whereas default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust;

And whereas the holder of the said note has made demand on the undersigned trustee to exercise the power of sale vested in him by the said deed of trust;

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale vested in me by the said deed of trust, I will, on Monday, the 23rd day of November, 1931, at twelve o'clock noon, sell at the courthouse door in Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit:

All that tract or parcel of land, situate in Franklin Township, Macon County, State of North Carolina, described as follows: Beginning at a box elder on the bank of Cartoogechaye Creek, Dock Linder's corner and runs thence with said Dock Linder's line S 34 1-2 E 60 poles to a stake at the public road; thence with the road and its meanders to a persimmon on the bank of the road, D. C. Rogers' corner; thence North 40 West 50 poles to a stake; thence North 63 East 22 poles to a stake in Angel's line; thence with Angel's line North 40 West 45 poles to the creek; thence up the creek, with its meanders, to the Beginning.

This the 22nd day of October, 1931.

HENRY G. ROBERTSON, Trustee. O29-4tc-TJJ-N19