

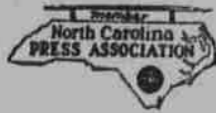
The Franklin Press

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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. 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:

Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against thee. Ps. 119:11.

Thanks to the Chief

THE town of Franklin owes a rising vote of thanks to Police Chief R. F. Henry for the improvements to the Public Square and various streets brought about under his direction. The Square is in better shape, we dare say, than it has ever been. The dirt has been washed off that part of the square which was surfaced some years ago and fresh gravel has been placed and packed down on the part which formerly was a public quagmire.

Now, the Square, which amounts to Franklin's front yard, presents a very pleasing appearance. Furthermore, it affords increased parking space and thereby relieves traffic congestion on Main Street.

Tax Relief Must Start With the Farmer

TAXES paid by farmers increased 172 per cent in the last year. Information compiled by the Department of Agriculture, while showing a decrease from twelve billion to ten billion dollars during the year, still shows a heavy burden on the farmer.

GUESS THE GHOST

Here's How To Win a Cash Prize

READ CAREFULLY

A cash prize of \$2.50 will be given for the best explanation of each story in this series. There are twelve stories in all. A Grand Prize of \$10.00 will be given for the best set of explanations or solutions for all of the stories, with a second prize of \$5.00; third, \$3.00; and fourth, \$2.00.

RULES OF CONTEST

- (1) Open to any paid-up subscriber to The Franklin Press, or member of a subscriber's family.
- (2) No employes of The Franklin Press permitted to participate. However, community correspondents of this newspaper will not be regarded as employes.
- (3) Explanations or solutions submitted must be written on one side of paper only, with name and address clearly written in upper left corner, and must not exceed 250 words in length.
- (4) The readers submitting the most plausible explanations of the "ghosts" will be awarded prizes. Should two or more send in the same solutions, the prizes will be awarded to the one whose solution is first received. Some of the stories have more than one plausible solution.
- (5) Literary expression does not count—it is the solution of the mystery we want. Make your explanation brief and to the point.
- (6) Solutions must be received by The Franklin Press not later than Wednesday midnight of the week following publication of the story for which the solution is written. The author's solution of each story will be published in the issue of the succeeding week.
- (7) The contest will be judged by the editor of The Franklin Press and two other unbiased persons selected by him. Their decisions will be final.
- (8) The name of the prize winner will be announced in the second issue after the publication of each story.
- (9) Anyone subscribing to The Franklin Press during this contest is eligible to participate. Members of the family of a new subscriber also are eligible.
- (10) Only one solution by an individual will be considered. If you send in more than one, the first one opened will be considered as your entry.

SEND IN YOUR SOLUTION NOW
TO GHOST EDITOR

An Unseen and Unheard Ghost

By David McFall

(This is the fifth in a series of twelve ghost stories being published by the Franklin Press in its Guess-the-Ghost contest.)

IT WOULD seem that an unseen and unheard ghost must be a mere figment of the imagination. Yet there are such ghosts—ghosts which make their presence felt in unmistakable fashion though giving no visible or audible manifestation. They are the more disturbing on that account. To see or to hear even the most inexplicable sight or sound is to set the brain to work feverishly, if only to decide upon a wild flight, to that extent lessening numbing fear. I shall relate my own experience with a ghost that once attended me, never betraying the slightest clue as to its character or motives, yet leaving no doubt as to its bitter ill-will toward me.

In the autumn of 1914, I went to England and settled in a Yorkshire city with the intention of remaining there for about five months. My purpose was to collaborate with an Englishman who had lived in the city all his life, in a venture in which we were interested equally. It was necessary for us to collaborate, as he was a specialist in one direction and I in another, though our respective ventur-

EXPLANATION

Of Last Week's
Ghost Mystery:
Ghost of the
How

Joe, the
will



THE TOUGHEST BULLY
IN TOWN.



THE SAME PERSON
TWENTY YEARS LATER.

through the covering carpet.

The living room measured about fourteen feet by twenty. At one end there was an old-fashioned fireplace which did duty almost constantly for at least seven months in the year. The room was furnished in the quiet good taste of the better English homes. There was no superfluous furniture and no one piece sought the attention more than another—except two: Leaning upright against the wall facing the fireplace was a fishing rod, with the joints fitted together, which my host said he kept there in spite of his wife's tempered remonstrances, a reminder of favorite past and to come; and

the floor, at least. But my host insisted upon returning it to its former position, saying that in the months it had stood there it had not fallen, and adding that he would set it perfectly straight; and resting the butt end on the carpet, he leaned the slender top against the wall.

When I visited the house again, exactly a month later, autumn was merging into winter. It was raining slightly, and from the falling thermometer I felt sure that the rain would soon turn into sleet or snow, foreboding a not very pleasant return to my apartment. I was received with the cordiality I had expected, by both my host and his wife. Interpreting my inquiry

its place, and I was about to ask its removal, when my host anticipated my request. "No," he said, "the damned thing will stay where it is. This kind of foolishness cannot go on forever. And if it does break a bit of earthenware it is only a sixpence gone." He was right in that, for his wife had placed a common flower pot with a sick plant in it, on the table. That was all she could do in mitigation of his obstinacy.

"And how about the cold current on the floor?" I asked. We reached down our hands to feel. "By the Lord," he said, "it is