

The Kings Mountain Herald

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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.

LIFTERS vs. LEANERS

There are just two kinds of people on earth today, Just two kinds of people, no more I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth— You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean, Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses Are always divided into just two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too I ween There is only one lifter to twenty who lean—

In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a learner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IT'S DONE RIGHT— Kings Mountain is not as fast as some towns to jump in for new things, but after The Best Town in the State decides to do something you can count on it being done right.

We have in mind the beautiful decoration for the Christmas season. The Editor made a 250 mile trip through North Carolina last week, and not one of the Towns passed had more beautiful or colorful lights than Kings Mountain.

To the Committee from the Men's Club and L. C. Parsons, of the Street Light Department, we congratulate you on the good work you have done.

Yes, when Kings Mountain does anything, it's done right.

HOW DO YOU LOVE YOUR CHILD?

How do you love your child? asks Mildegarde Hawthorne, in an exchange, selfishly or unselfishly

It is the mother who is the wise friend of her children who is the loving mother, who sees to it that their bodies are healthy and well fed, and that they are given proper training in exercise and good habits, who helps the young minds develop, and seeks to find the best type of schooling for each one of them; who does not insist that Tom shall go to college or Will be a doctor or Kate stay at home, but who finds out what Tom and Will and Kate are best fitted for, and helps them to work for that end.

It is the mother who delights in seeing her children happy, not in seeing them indulged, and who can stand noise and clatter when young nerves are wild with joy and must have expression, but who finds the time and takes the pains to insist on good manners, who loves her children.

She may prate of sacrifices all day, and perhaps she may have sacrificed herself; but if she looks for reward and demands payment it was never love that prompted the sacrifice, it was a special form of selfish indulgence—Exchange.

We read about a Jap hero named Mifflaka. No doubt his last name is Rose.

If he has formed no opinion, and know nothing about it, he is qualified to sit on the jury or accept a big government job.

People act sensible when they hear sensible things. When they yell in wild excitement, they are cheering some imbecility like war.

Home is the only place where you sick around more or less without seeing any sign of friendliness.

Morons are like inferior races. If you politely treat them as equals, they despise you for being so low down.

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

strongly enough to force it to a vote. So the bill's proponents hunted ways to put "heat" on the cotton states.

It happened that the new farm bill covering many commodities was being debated on the House floor. Two commodities — wheat and cotton — attracted most interest. The

ally speaking, were willing to permit a vote on the wage-hour bill. But cotton state members were not.

So the wage-hour bill proponents threatened to knock cotton out of the farm bill. And a few of the cotton state members were frightened. Enough of them signed the petition to get the wage-hour bill out of the Rules committee.

The funny part of it is that few folks believe there were enough votes to eliminate wheat or cotton or anything else from the farm bill even though the bill as a whole isn't the subject of enthusiastic popularity. Besides that, someone remarked that "everything but the capitol" was traded to get the bill up.

Congress may let do something about taxes during the special session in an effort to stop unemployment caused by the penalty on expansions. The House Ways and Means tax subcommittee has agreed on changes in the two most harmful taxes, those on capital gains and undistributed corporate income. Legislative drafting experts are hard at work trying to put the agreement in intelligible language.

Chairman Doughton is ready to call his full committee into meeting on a moment's notice once the bill is approved by the subcommittee. He figures that, even if the bill only passed the House and stayed in the Senate until the special session ends that would be reassuring to business. Because at the January regular session the Senate could pick up where it left off.

It might sound peculiar to say that the man who makes \$1000 a year should worry about the \$100,000 a year man. But that is just exactly what most Washington observers are saying now.

The cause of all the talk is a questionnaire sent by the Treasury to those who make \$100,000 or more a year. That questionnaire asks for a listing of assets — property. No reason is given for the inquiry. But some Washingtonians remember that a few years back Italy's dictatorial government made such an inquiry and then followed it with a new tax on property — homes, farms, automobiles, radios, machinery, everything that people owned.

Up to now the United States has never levied a direct tax on property. But someone apparently has decided that a splendid way to bring in revenue to the federal treasury would be to tax everybody on the basis of what he owns. And once such a tax principle is instituted, taxes can be levied on everything from shoes and overalls to a home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Hudspeth have moved into the Hord house on King street.

Mr. A. Benton Putnam has recently returned from Hopewell, Va.

Mr. Ernest N. White is seriously ill with pneumonia at Spencer where he was at work with the railroad.

\$2.17 Gas Tax From Manteo to Murphy

Raleigh, Dec. 14.—It's 621 miles and \$2.17 in gasoline taxes from Manteo to Murphy, if you use the state's best highways and a car which averages 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

All of which goes to show why the average motorist, according to figures compiled by the North Carolina Petroleum Industries Committee, pays on an average of something like \$2.17 for gasoline.

The Manteo to Murphy figures are easy to reach — a road map showing the mileage and simple division by twenty, showing the number of gallons used if your car will go twenty miles on each gallon. The state gasoline tax is 6 cents per gallon and the federal tax one cent, and so very simple multiplication gives the \$2.17 answer.

LET'S LOOK BACK
From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
DECEMBER 19, 1918

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DARK JOURNEY

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Chapter One

"They're French — Paris — Paris!" crowed Collette, holding the dress triumphantly aloft.

"At least you can claim a success at something," Gertrude answered with vehemence.

"Something that even a German brain can appreciate!" was Collette's quick retort.

"Madame," Gertrude cried out, "Am I to be insulted like this. Is it a crime to be German?"

"Madame" was Madeleine Godard, lovely and youthful proprietress of the most exclusive dress shop in Stockholm.

On this childlike, care-free, happy-go-lucky, she thought for a second how it reflected the grim and savage struggle between opposing armies in France, not far away.

"Collette!" she spoke sharply. "I will not have this quarreling. I don't want Frenchwomen here."

"Hah!" Gertrude breathed triumphantly.

"Nor German women," she continued. "I want saleswomen. Ring for Anatole."

The bell brought Anatole, a sly-looking little man with a wispy mustache, grumbling about his



He brought the sultry Lupita from the Grand Hotel to her shop.

porter's duties.

"Wrap up these models," Madeleine told him, indicating several in the group of new Paris dresses that had caused the quarrel between Collette and Gertrude. "We're going to the Countess Lindenstrom's."

Madeline prepared to leave as Anatole gathered up the dresses she had pointed out. Just a short few days ago, the German U-boat officer had fingered them and smilingly remarked, "You might classify these as ammunition for the Stockholm frontier."

That was aboard the packet that had brought her back from Paris. The submarine had stopped the ship in the North Sea for routine inspection. One man had been taken off and Madeleine had seen the terror of the trapped in his eyes. She shuddered as she thought of the incident and the icy coldness in the officer's eyes as he questioned her about the frequency of her trips between Stockholm and Paris.

In ten minutes they were at the Countess Lindenstrom's. Madeleine was evidently expected. Doors opened swiftly before her and she was ushered through rooms and long hallways. At last she entered an impressive paneled chamber.

Major Schaffer greeted her. He was brusque, portly, Teutonic, with a soldierly hardness under his roundness. His assistants were busy with maps, the removal of black code books from the wall safe, with setting up a lamp which revealed a map of Western Europe on the shade when lit. Their brief greetings were over.

"The latest Paris models?" queried Schaffer, indicating the box of gowns.

"The latest French designs," answered Madeleine, laying her stress on the last word.

OPEN FORUM

An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 800 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

Lost City, W. Va., Dec 7, 1937.

Dear Mr. Lynch:—

The Herald has been finding me the best of spirits and in the best of health. I do not know who I am to thank for the subscription, but if you are sending it to me I want to thank you and tell you that I certainly appreciate it. I have been particularly interested in the work that Dan Cupid has been doing in and around Kings Mountain. It seems that when he finds a good spot, he is going to stay there for awhile. So I have especially enjoyed reading the accounts of these weddings.

A person appreciates such a newspaper a great deal more when he is way back in the hills of West Virginia, so I want to thank you for sending the copies you have and trust that you will continue in your good work there in Kings Mountain.

Sincerely yours,

B. F. Ormand, Jr.

Dear Mr. Lynch:—

We will appreciate it if you will allow us space in your paper to publicly thank each and everyone who had a part in erecting the beautiful street lights for the Holiday season.

Yours truly,

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Don't Forget My Willie's Birthday Party"
"Kin I Bring a Jane?"

We are very proud of Kings Mountain and want everyone to know that each member of our club is enjoying the "Pretty Sight."

Yours truly,
Carl Gibson, President,
Margrace Men's Club

PHONE 167 FOR JOB PRINTING

Brief News Items

Lack of green feed caused a severe drop in egg production in the poultry flock belonging to G. W. Isely of Alamance county, he reported.

Correct this sentence: "He gets bushels of fan mail," said one of the fans, "but he never mentions it."

Say Merry Xmas

WITH FLOWERS

A Beautiful
Poinsetta or
Other Blooming
Plant is the
Perfect Xmas
Gift



Don't Forget

Loved Ones That

Have Passed On



We have a Big Selection of Cemetery Wreaths

Prices are so Low, no Grave need go Undecorated

Walter's Flowers

Phone 95

Kings Mountain, N. C.



RELAX!

When you're nervous they tell you to relax. Easy advice to give, but mighty hard to follow. You will find it much easier to relax—no over-coming Sleeplessness, Nervous Irritability, Restlessness, Nervous Headache after you take

DR. MILES' NERVINE

DR. MILES' NERVINE is a well known nerve sedative. Although the formula from which it was made has been in use for nearly 40 years, no better medicine for a tense, over-wrought nervous condition has ever been prescribed.

DR. MILES' NERVINE is as up-to-date as this morning's paper.

At all drug stores.
Large bottle or package—\$1.00.
Small bottle or package—50 cents.



IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

Santa Is Old And Maybe Toothless But He Can Still Enjoy Our Steaks

Last Friday night, a gentleman entered our restaurant and called for one of our sizzling T-Bone steaks. Shortly after being served he called the manager over to his table and said "look" and upon gazing into his mouth, it was learned that he did not have a single upper tooth and very few lower teeth yet he was enjoying the steak—the steak being so tender that he did not need many teeth with which to chew it.

This is not merely publicity alone but is an actual fact and we can supply proof along with the name of the gentleman.

Try One Of Our Sizzling

T-Bone Steaks

You Too, Will Enjoy It

CAROLINA
RESTAURANT

Good Food Conscientiously
Prepared