The Kings Mountain Herald
Established 1889
Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Kings Mountain, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	$1.50
Six Months	.75

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

IF YOU WANT FRIENDS

Don't contradict people even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of your friends.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious beliefs.

Learn to hide your aches and pains. Few care.—Selected.

PITY

God pity eyes that have not seen the dawn,
Twilight, or shadow, or windblown tree,
But pity more the eyes that look upon
All loveliness, and yet can never see;
God pity ears that have not caught the notes
Of wind or wave, of violin or bird,
But pity more that, dailp, music floats
To ears that hear and yet have never heard.

God pity hearts that have not known the gift
Of love requited, comfort and carees,
But, O God, pity more the hearts drift
From love's high moment to forgetfulness.
This is the tragedy of common sense
To dim all wonder by indifference.
—Helen Frazee-Bower.

MUSINGS

The man who really knows more than the boss, usually gets to be boss. If he only thinks he know more, he usually gets fired.

The man who has to depend on his secretary to write business letters ought to trade jobs.

Unless you do a little thinking and planning tonight you are not going to be any better tomorrow than you were today.

You can't just hope for success — you've got to leave off the "e".

You don't have to be listed in "Who's Who" to know What's What.

Did you ever notice that the man who knows what he is talking about has little to say? That isn't a measure of his knowledge but a knowledge of his measure.

Yes a lot of fellows never had a chance — and the Wright boys never had an airplane until they made one. Get the idea?

Count the men you know and — now think — ask yourself how many of them you would change places with. You see, you are not so bad off after all—Selected.

SPORTSMANSHIP

If you could arrange to have people think of you as you would desire, what would you have them say to you? In all probability you would like to have them call you a good sport. Considering all the traits that go to make up the character of an individual, sportsmanship is perhaps one of the most desirable. This quality can be acquired by anyone with the ability to "take it" when the going is rough. Anyone can grumble when things fail to break right, but it takes the man with something besides jelly in his spine to grin and bear it. Sportsmanship is something that a person cannot wear so that it can be seen. It becomes visible only in times of stress; at the moment when the individual is least likely to have time for deliberation, so that consequently it is a difficult thing to simulate or bluff about. One might lay claim to almost anything but the very circumstances under which sportsmanship becomes tangible, prohibits one falsely laying claim to it.

What is sportsmanship? Sportsmanship is playing the game without taking unfair advantage even when it is available and could be used without anyone being the wiser it means losing with good grace, without whine or alibi, being content with the knowledge that the game was played fairly; it means cheering the loser and giving the winner the credit due him, sincerely and whole heartedly.

This thing called sportsmanship is not limited to the baseball field, the football game, or the foot race, but is something very essential to living. Life is a contest in which we all must take part, whether we want to or not, and if we learn the lession of good sportsmanship, we shall be able to take our losses with good grace and humbly accept our reward when victory is ours.—Selected.

OPEN FORUM

An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

The President and the other great leaders keep trying to work out some law or plan to get us out of this little "Depression-Recession" that we are in and bring back "Boom" day prices and prosperity, but every law and plan that they work out only calls for MORE TAXES, More Burden, and newspaper headlines "PLAN WON'T WORK. So we are going on piling up more debts, spending more money for relief and want and suffering increasing every day among the poor common people. hhat is to be the end? Where are we going to?

We have a plan, a plain simple simple plan that will end the Depression-Recession, stop wars, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, furnish homes for all, and get us out of te mess we are in. Nearly two thousand years ago God sent His only Son down to this old world to give us a plan to live by, every detail of this plan was carefully worked out in Heaven, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, worked it out and they left out nothing that was needed for us here in this world, and in the world beyond the grave. Christ came to set up a SEVEN day religion, or Kingdom, one that would take care of our every need here on this earth and give us life everlasting beyond the grave. The time is here for Christ to set up this Kingdom, it has taken the things of the past to get us ready for this New Ttestament-Christ Kingdom Plan.

Men, the GREAT WISE BRAIN-TRUSTERS had to try their plans and FAIL to show us the need of turning to God and following the plan taught us by the lowly Nazarene.

Our Church leaders see that something must be done, that we must unite under the WHITE FLAG OF PEACE AND RIGHT and take the world for Christ and set up His Kingdom or perish as a Nation. It is the only way out and they know it, but they are tied down by Customs, Creeds, and Denominational lines and they are afraid to break away from them and follow the PLAIN SIMPLE plan laid down by the lowly Nazarene. It must be done. There is no other way out. It is God's plan worked out in HEAVEN and He is going to carry it out. If America, the boasted land of Religion, Freedom, and Right, refuse to accept His plan then America must PERISH as a Nation and some other Nation will take its place and carry out God's plan.

Our leading writers see His plan as the only way out, and Mr. Roosevelt said sometime ago:

"There is not a problem, Social, Political or Educational that would not find its solution in the fire of a religious awakening."

There is no question that confronts us today that is not answered and the solution worked out in the New Testament-Christ KINGDOM plan. It calls for A UNITED CHURCH, Real Christians, Not just CHURCH members. I am the VINE ye are the branches. One Vine, One kind of Fruit, the Christ kind. Shall we prodhce it? It is a question that the Church must answer now. God and suffering humanity is waiting for your answer, What shall it be?

C. J. Hughes.

To the Kings Mountain Herald:—
Mr. Editor:

Thanks for printing our letter last week; it certainly served its purpose.

We'd like to make one correction: Hazel was at the show on Saturday afternoon, and she was with the young "minister."

Rachael is certainly pulling strings. Fred likes her, now. Hal Allen and Dot McGinnis are seen together constantly. ....

We hear Paul, Jr., was rather offended because Betty wouldn't date him Sunday night. And he drives a Packard, too; He also has a grand place for dacing.

It seems that Dan and Jim almost came to blows about which had the best girl in town! Jackie and Maude doesn't this go to prove the old expression "Thar she blows?"

"Gin" and Julia had a thrill each at the ball game Tuesday—Clarence and Bud were "catching" the thrills.

Gogie and Pat still seem to like Shelby. At least it looked that way Sunday. Which reminds us, Gloria went to Shelby Wednesday.

Bill and Buren take their Gastonia girls to the right places. We saw them at meeting Sunday night. We saw the girls at the Band Concert, too.

No, George, Grover isn't losing out! H. F. C. and Julia H., as well as several others, are seen there quite often.

Our guess is that quite a few 8th month conduct grades will be low—just because of everyone's "parking his karkas" in the Study Hall. We'll have to get Dear Boy to start the traffic in the hall if many more people start freezing. By the way, the boys in Study Hall SHORE are affectionate.

We're certainly proud of our base ball team for winning the game Tuesday—well, after all, they had a lot of inspiration in the grandstand. We're also proud of the Band and of "Pot" for giving us the grand concert. "Pot's" family must have been proud of him, because most members were present. We were glad to have them, Mr. Hendricks!

Well, the clock is frozen, we'll have to "Parkourcarcass" and leave it with you 'til next week. Cheerio.

—****??—

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
APRIL 10, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Thurmond are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cornwell.

The following soldiers have arrived from overseas since our last issue: Finley C. Woods, Harrison Collins, Phillip Roberson, John Keller, Fred Falls, Tom Roberts, Paul Olen Murdock Dover, Cleveland McClure, Crawford Stewar, Arnold Rollins, Guy Anthony, Paul Harmon, Chas. Sellers, Willie Lee Hartsoe, J. F. Davidson, John Layton, John Propst, Bryan Whisnant, Will Dixon, Geo. Mauney.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR

Her Day

« Childish Chatter »

By Girls of Glee

1. When Sara walked in last night did Buren jump?
2. It seems that dancing has hit the younger crowd by storm. These Wednesday and Friday night sessions are getting to be a habit.
3. Charlie really turned on that personality Tuesday night, but then a certain Erskine girl doesn't come home every week.
4. Pat and Mary are really through. This comes from a very efficient source.
5. Is this Smith case all Wright?
6. Maude is doing pretty good. What did you do Sunday, Maude?
7. If everyone keeps on "parkin' their carcasses" dear old K. M. will soon be on a sit-down strike.
8. George, it looks as if you and Patsy have it bad. Oh, those wistful looks that pass each other's way.
9. The "Revengefully yours," are really pitiful. They called their letter last week news! Ha, Ha!

Farm Questions

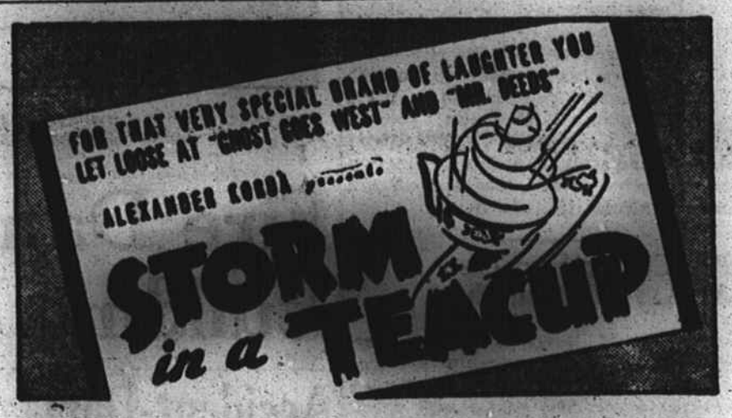
Q.—Do laying birds needs cod liver oil in the mash during the spring?

A.—Cod liver oil is used ing poultry mashes to add vitamin D and vitamin A. to the ration and, while both of these vitamins are contained in green feed there is often a lack of this feed in the spring. These elements are also manufactured by the birds in their bodies when they have access to plenty of sunshine, but because of bad weather it is often necessary to confine the flock for days at a time. For these reasons it is well to include cod liver oil or some vitamin supplement in the mash at all times.

Q.—What is the best time to plant tender vegetables in the open?

A.—Thse tender crops, such as beans, cucumbers, cantaloupes, okra, ssuash, sweet corn and tomatoes may be planted anytime from April 1 to May 15. Throughout the eastern section of the State these crops are planted from March 15 to April 15. In the central section the planting dates are from April 15 to 30 and in the mountain region they can be planted anytime after May 1. In all cases, the exact time of planting will be governed to some extent by local conditions, such as elevation, windbreaks, and protection afforded by large bodies of water.

—PHONE 167—
for
JOB PRINTING



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

When William Gow, dictatorial provost of the Scottish town of Beikie, brutally refuses help to the widow Hegarty whose beloved dog Patsy faces execution because she is too poor to pay his license fee, a scathing article is written against Gow by Frank Burdon, idealistic young newspaperman. Gow's political chances are greatly damaged by the resulting storm of public protest. Gow's daughter Victoria, with whom Burdon finds himself falling in love, persuades him to sign a retraction; but he changes his mind when the provost continues to persecute Mrs. Hegarty. Instead he has the dog stolen from the authorities. Meanwhile Gow is entertaining at dinner Lord Skerryvore, political leader whose support he seeks in the coming election. While Skerryvore questions him about the unpopular dog episode, they are interrupted by a bedlam of dog barks on the lawn.

Chapter Five

Gow, Skirving, Lord Skerryvore and the other men rushed out to the balcony, where they were joined by the ladies, all of them drawn from the house by the infernal chorus of yapping and barking that filled the air.

They rushed to the balcony, drawn by an infernal chorus.

The sight that greeted them was one never before beheld by human eyes. Swarming all over the lawn were scores of dogs of all sizes, all shapes, all breeds and some of no discernible breed. They ran up and down, back and forth, some ran around in circles, and others tried repeatedly to climb up the balcony wall. And always and continually they kept up their unearthly chorus of barks and howls. Flitting here and there in the darkness, always keeping among the shadows, the figures of a few men could be vaguely discerned, urging the pack forward closer and closer toward the house.

"What's the meaning of this tomfoolery?" roared Skerryvore, standing on the balcony and gazing down on the sea of apparently demented dogdom.

"Really, my lord, I — " Horace's stammered attempt at an explanation was drowned out by a renewed swelling of the bedlam of barks.

Then, before he could regain his composure or his voice, a photographic flash bulb winked from among the dark shadows on the lawn.

"What — what — " began Lord Skerryvore.

"Thank you," called the photographer jauntily. Another flash bulb went off and another "thank you" was tossed at them as the newspaper man packed their equipment and vanished.

Then Constable McKellar, puffing and grunting, rushed up to Provost Gow to impart his devastating news. "Oh, Mr. Prevost, he's gone! Pasty's gone!"

"And who's Patsy?" demanded Skerryvore.

"M-m-mrs. Hegarty's lord, your dogship!" the policeman blurted out.

"Storm in a teacup, eh? Exurberance of youth, eh?" cried the great man. "Call my car!"

But he was not to escape so easily. To get to his car it was necessary for his lordship to go back through the house; and the house was now literally swarming with dogs. Dogs of every color, size, shape, creed and denomination; dogs that paced to and fro on the floors, overran tables and chairs, chewed at cushions and yanked off tablecloths. First Skerryvore, and then the still expostulating Gow and his retinue, were swamped by the mass of caninity which packed every room and barred entrances and exits. At last, while a Great Dane demoralized Gow by putting its paws affectionately up on his shoulders, and a nondescript pooch wrestled with Lisbet Skirving for her fur cape, Lord Skerryvore half-slid and half-tumbled his way through the canine morass and gained his car. Climbing into it with his companions, he drove off in one of the highest dudgeons ever seen in Scotland.

A moment later, as Vicky stood on the balcony almost in tears, she saw Burdon appear on the lawn and beckon to the men who were herding the dogs. "That's enough, boys! Call 'em off, now!" Then, seeing Victoria, he called gaily: "Oh, hello!"

"I never want to see you again!" she cried, and went into the house. From the outskirts of the lawn the hunting horns began to sound, and the dogs, with a final tumultuous rush, came pelting out of the house and were gone down the road with even more suddenness than they had appeared.

• • •

In his library, after the noise and excitement had cleared, Provost Gow bitterly held a post mortem on his blasted career as politician and man of the people. Though Victoria was present and deeply felt his hurt, the one most ostentatious in her sympathy and most tender in her ministrations was Lisbet Skirving. Then, turning on Victoria, she snarled, "And you! You've worked against your own father, carrying on with that rotten little bounder! ...Ah, Willie, my darling, my love, they can't do this to you!"

She threw her arms around Gow, who sat silent and unprotesting.

"Here, here, what does this mean?" bristled Skirving.

"It means," said Victoria duly, "that I'm not wanted in this house." Slowly she went up to her room.

(To be concluded.)

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Letters From Home

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Recently there descended on Congress from the folks back home a flood of protests on the so-called Reorganization Bill.

Specifically, many of the messages opposed features of the measure which constituents feared would remove certain brakes on spending of the public funds; would grant to the Executive branch of government powers they felt should be limited to the Legislative branch, and would change the administration of our Civil Service.

But fundamentally, in the opinion of experienced observers, what the public most feared was the possibility of further surrender by Congress of the powers and authority entrusted to it by the Constitution and the people.

This apprehension was not groundless. In recent years, in response to pleas of emergency, the public has seen many Congressmen willing to relinquish to the Executive branch of government and its bureaus responsibilities which they were elected to assume. Every surrender of such authority means, of course, a surrender of the power of the people those Congressmen represent.

If enough of that authority is bartered away, our boasted "balance of powers" between the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial branches of government can become an empty phrase.

So long as that authority is retained by the people through their elected representatives, Democracy persists. If it is lost, Democracy falls. The Old World today offers eloquent evidence of what can happen to human freedom and human rights when representative government fails to assert itself.

That is something for Congressmen to remember when they read the mail which urges them to fulfill the responsibilities for which they were elected, and thus keep government close to their constituents, the people.

THRIFT Is Essential To SUCCESS

Many a success or failure can be directly attributed to thrift or its lack. Do not take any chances of being a failure——lay the foundation for success by opening an account at the First National Bank of Kings Mountain now.

—Start An Account Today!—

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
Kings Mountain, N. C.

List Your Taxes

During the Month of April

AS REQUIRED BY LAW

List Taker will be at the City Hall every day during this month.

LIST YOUR TAXES NOW!

E. L. Campbell

List Taker for Town of Kings Mountain