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

**THE WORKING MAN'S SMILE**  
A million brass bands will play for the man  
Who can smile when his day's work is done;  
And he need not worry good luck will be his  
For he knows how to live and have fun.

A million good thoughts his mind will reveal  
To a world that is cruel and unjust;  
And he'll say that life is what you believe,  
And the man with a smile you can trust.

A million heartaches his smile will erase  
From the days that seem long and dreary;  
And he'll be the man who does the good turn  
For the one who is sad and weary.

A million bright things his eyes will behold  
That a man with a frown can not see;  
And a smile from the man whose day's work is done  
Is a smile from a heart full of glee.

—Selected

**BREEDING CANNON-FODDER**

The German government, in the past five years, has granted more than 900,000 "marriage aid" loans of 700 marks to young couples starting out in life, and calculates that there have been 450,000 more marriages and 1,200,000 more children, as a result of this policy, that would have occurred at the rate of increase prior to 1933. Now the Nazi state announces that couples who when married have worked on the land since leaving school will not have to repay the loans until they are thirty, and if they are still farmers then, the debt will be cancelled.

Coming from a nation whose grievance against the rest of the world is that it has no room for its surplus population, this looks on the face of it like a fantastic scheme. Why encourage more babies when there is not room enough for the present population? And when a nation is unable to pay its bills, as Germany is, constantly pleading poverty to its creditors but constantly bearing down on its people for more taxes with which to build up its military forces, how can it spend money so freely to encourage matrimony?

The most plausible answer is that the German government is anticipating the next war and looking forward to the deaths of another ten or twelve millions of its young men and so is taking precautions against depopulation by seeing to it that there are enough children left to carry on after their fathers have been sacrificed on the altars of the War Gods.

That is not too far-fetched an explanation when it is remembered that in the Nazi scheme of things the individual counts for nothing, the State for everything. There are no personal rights or liberties left, everybody is the servant of the Government, whose will is supreme.

There are Americans who honestly believe that this country needs a more disciplined and regulated social system. Well, one of the results of a regimented and controlled social system is that young men and women are bribed to marry so that they can breed more children to grow up into cannon-fodder for the greater glory of the dictators who control their nation.

**NATIONAL PROBLEM**

Before the World War syphilis was a disease which people refrained from discussing. Today it has been recognized as a national problem and as such calls for discussion. Medical examinations of young men entering service during the World War revealed that a large proportion of them were suffering from the disease. With this revelation came the necessity for doing something about it.

In the Congress of the United States a bill has recently been introduced for the control of syphilis on a national basis, funds to be provided with which to fight the disease.

When people begin to realize that the disease is highly contagious, that thousands of innocent people suffer from it that perhaps more people die from this disease than any other, the importance of making an effort to control it will be better understood.

Medical authorities state that about half of all the cases are acquired innocently, infection coming from using public drinking cups, towels, from servants in the home.

**THE BUYING POWER OF WAGES**

It matters little how much gold or silver or how many paper dollars a man receives for his labor. It matters much how much he can buy with that which he receives.

A recently-made survey revealed that on the basis of prevailing wage standards a market basket of groceries for which an American workman labors 1 1/2 hours, the English man 7 hours, and the Belgian 14 hours.

Upon the above basis the workers of England must be on the job 29 hours and the German must work 37 hours in order to have as much food and clothing as the American workman who works for 8 hours.

If we could send some of our workers to Europe for a few months we would hear fewer complaints.

Anyhow, it is seldom the workers who do the complaining. It is, usually some politician or Government employee with a theoretical knowledge or a labor organizer seeking to place workers upon a dues paying basis.—Textile Bulletin.

**PLENTY TIME FOR PARADES**

The C. I. O. staged a big parade of the employees of the Edna Cotton Mills as a display of their strength several days ago.

Last week we read: Reidsville, April 5.—The Edna Cotton Mill here has posted notice that the mill will close Friday, April 15th and remain closed until business conditions warrant resuming operations.

W. Benton Pipkin, treasurer of the Edna Mills Corporation, today confirmed the notice and said the mill will reopen when business has improved enough to justify operations. The suspension of operations had no connection with the C. I. O. parade, but were made necessary by the Roosevelt Depression and the below-cost prices which are now being paid for cotton goods.

However, the activities of the C. I. O. and their Federal Labor Relations Board have played a large part in the destruction of business confidence.

The C. I. O. workers at the Edna Mills will now have plenty of time for parades, but we doubt if the parades will produce much of the food which they and their families will need or that the C. I. O. leaders who promoted the parade can be depended upon for much assistance.

The Edna Cotton Mills was the medium through which the workers secured the money for the support of their families, but they turned against the mill and paraded with the C. I. O. organizers.

In time of distress a man must look for support and assistance from those whom he chooses as friends during prosperity.—Textile Bulletin.

Bellingham, Wash., April 19.—Two persons were killed and three were missing today after an explosion aboard an Alaska-bound fishing boat.

Bodies recovered were those of Frank Smith, 34, and Mrs. Earl Gumblings wife of the owner of the gasoline boat which started for Juneau with five aboard.

**Progress vs. Politics**  
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN  
National Chairman  
Sentinels of the Republic

During the past few weeks various groups of citizens have appeared before Committees of Congress to urge constructive action in the cause of recovery.

They have been asking government to lift its foot from the brakes which slow down progress, re-employment, and our national well-being.

America, they have pointed out, has the resources, the energy, the strength and the intelligence to continue the progress which in a century and a half developed our country from a fledgling republic into one of the greatest nations in history, and created high standards of living for its people.

In these statements they are supported by established facts. They, and the many American workers and earners whom they represent, can show that in the United States we have, in addition to generous natural resources, more automobiles, more telephones, more radios, more railroads than any nation on earth.

They can show that the purchasing power of the American people is greater than the purchasing power of all the millions in Europe or in Asia.

They can add that the American people top the list in facilities for education for all. Throughout the world our nation is acknowledged as the home of religious tolerance and widespread opportunity.

These things, they can show, were not the gifts of office-holders and politicians. They were created and developed by the initiative, the strength and the love of freedom of the people themselves.

With such facts not only evident, but universally acknowledged, the average citizen continues to ask that our progress be allowed to continue, unchecked by the hand of politics, whether it bears gifts or a god.

Congress, it would seem, is lending a more willing ear to the demands of the people. In several recent instances it has demonstrated a readiness to put their desires above the promises and the pressure of politics.

All Americans will hope that Congressmen continue to consider the demands of the people above the voice of politics, and thus set us again on the road to recovery and re-employment.

**LET'S LOOK BACK**  
From The Kings Mountain Herald  
NINETEEN YEARS AGO  
APRIL 24, 1919

Mr. Garrison Ware, student at State University visited home folks over the week-end.

Mr. Geo. Patterson of Spindale was in town Monday.

Mr. Charles Campbell arrived home Sunday night from Leavenworth, Kan., where he has been on soldier duty.

Mrs. J. B. Dilling arrived from Charlotte Friday to spend a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T.

**Farmers Urged To Plant Sweet Corn**

Except in the mountain section, the name "sweet corn" has little significance to farmers and market gardeners of North Carolina, says Robert Schmidt, associate horticulturist of the Agricultural Experiment Station at State College.

In other sections of the State, the familiar type is "roasting ear" corn which is usually an early variety of field corn picked while comparative-

ly young.

There is no comparison between the quality of real sweet corn and that of young field corn, Schmidt says. Sweet corn is far superior, both in sugar content and in tenderness.

General opinion for many years has held that sweet corn should not be grown successfully in the South. Some of the older varieties were not well adapted, but with the breeding of new hybrids, there is now a large number of good varieties on the market.

In field tests at Raleigh, the most outstanding variety was Golden Cross Bantam. Other good varieties were the Van Rensick pair and the Stam Evergreen Hybrid. One of the best of the new white varieties is Redgreen Hybrid.

Sweet corn is grown in much the same manner as field corn, although it prefers richer soils. Having a small stalk, it can be planted closer. Rows should be spaced 3 1/2 feet apart and hills 20 to 24 inches apart in the row.

Schmidt says that in order to have a succession of corn, plantings should be made every two weeks. To secure better pollination, plantings should be made in blocks of three or four rows rather than in single rows.

ALEXANDER KORDA presents  
**EDMUND LOWE MURDER ON DIAMOND ROW**  
by EDGAR WALLACE

**Chapter One**

The fog from the Thames drifted by in great wreaths, muffling the sights and sounds of the city, dwindling the lights from the street lamps to a faint yellow glare. "The fog," thought the man leaning on the embankment wall, "is my protection."

Two minutes before a newsboy had hurried by, shouting the news of the diamond robbery, Scotland Yard was hunting The Squeaker. He watched the automobiles hurrying by on the wet pavement. Then a black sedan slowed as it went by, slid to a stop. For a full thirty seconds he watched it, then sure that the occupant was not getting out, he strolled over. The window had been rolled down, leaving a narrow space at the top.

He put his mouth to the chink and said "Were you looking for a valuable silk robe, sir?"

It was impossible to see the muffled face of the car's occupant in the dark, but a finger slowly traced the word "DIAMONDS" on the window. He leaned over, talked merrily. The finger traced the figure "500" on the window. His voice rose in protest.

"Tich I won't do it. I know a man who'll pay a thousand quid for these stones. I got to split the money three ways. Make it seven hundred," he wheedled.

all our worries. I'll see you tomorrow night," he spoke as he prepared to go.

"Good luck, darling," she whispered.

"I'll need it," was his grim reply. Larry drove rapidly toward the suburbs. Thirty minutes brought him to a big house sheltered among the trees. There were no lights. All the members of the family had gone to sleep.

He slipped on his gloves, carefully checked over the tools and instruments in his kit. He left the car, hurried to the window of the library, and with a secrecy and stealth that were born of practice, managed his entrance.

Ten minutes passed and he reappeared at the window. In his hand was a string of shimmering pearls. He smiled as the light gleamed on their milky surface. Then he thrust them in his pocket and hurried back to his car.

The editor was making noises in his throat and his pince-nex wriggled about on his nose. Collic kniew he was mad. But Collic stood in the midst of all the insane hurry and noise attendant on sending an edition to the press with the bland imperturbability of Bruce standing in front of the English lines before battle.

Collic was just as Scottish as the beautiful breed of dog that probably bears his ancestral name. And



"You - Barrabal - picked up as a robbery suspect!"

The finger wrote "NO". "I won't do it, I tell you," he shouted.

There was a whine and the whirl of the motor as the man inside touched the starter. A preliminary grating of gears.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! I'll take the money." He passed a package through the window, grasped the banknotes. Then stopped back as the car roared away at top speed.

His two companions were waiting for him as he sauntered back to the arch.

"How much did you get?" "Five hundred," growled the other one when he told them. "Why the dirty swine! Do we have to deal with him?"

"Well he knows we did the job. If we didn't sell he'd squeak on us to the police."

"Hasn't anybody tried to follow The Squeaker? How much longer is he going to get away with this?"

The first burglar's voice took on an ominous tone. "Till he meets someone who knows him!"

The London night club crowd liked The Leopard because they liked to hear Tamara sing.

"He's gone, he was my only one. He's gone, he took away the sun. And left me sympathy..."

They were sure she was harboring some secret sorrow.

As a matter of simple circumstance, Tamara had never been happier in her life. She was head over heels in love with Larry Gremme, and he reciprocated the feeling — only more so.

This evening he was waiting for her as she came off the floor.

"I can't stay, Tamara," he said. "Oh, darling, not even for a little while."

"Not even to be with you," he said.

"Is it business?"

"Big business. Big enough to end

like most Scotchmen, he was angular as a cliff, with a slow, crazy good humor and a burr thick enough to hang your hat on.

"Sure, it's a great story," the editor raved. "But every newspaper in town has had it on the street for two hours. Where in consternation have you been? I've tried every pub in town for you. Why — why, I've tried your home."

"Wasn't I there? Oh, I've been wurrking all night on a real story — about a certain man who buys stolen jewels and sometimes squeaks on the robber to the police..."

"You've been chasing The Squeaker for months, Collic, but I can't print guesses. Right now I've got two million readers to please, and they want to know who stole the Van Rensick pearls!"

"Aye," Collic agreed sagely. "So would Scotland Yarrud!"

So would Scotland Yarrud! Every domestic and foreign jewel thief in the vicinity of London had been brought into the Yard.

Superintendent Marshall walked down the line with an intent gaze and an occasional question for the unsavory specimens he saw before him. He paused before a particularly disreputable looking suspect. Under that growth of neglected beard, he was sure he recognized his man. "Take him into my office," he ordered the sergeant.

A few minutes later he entered the office. The man spoke first.

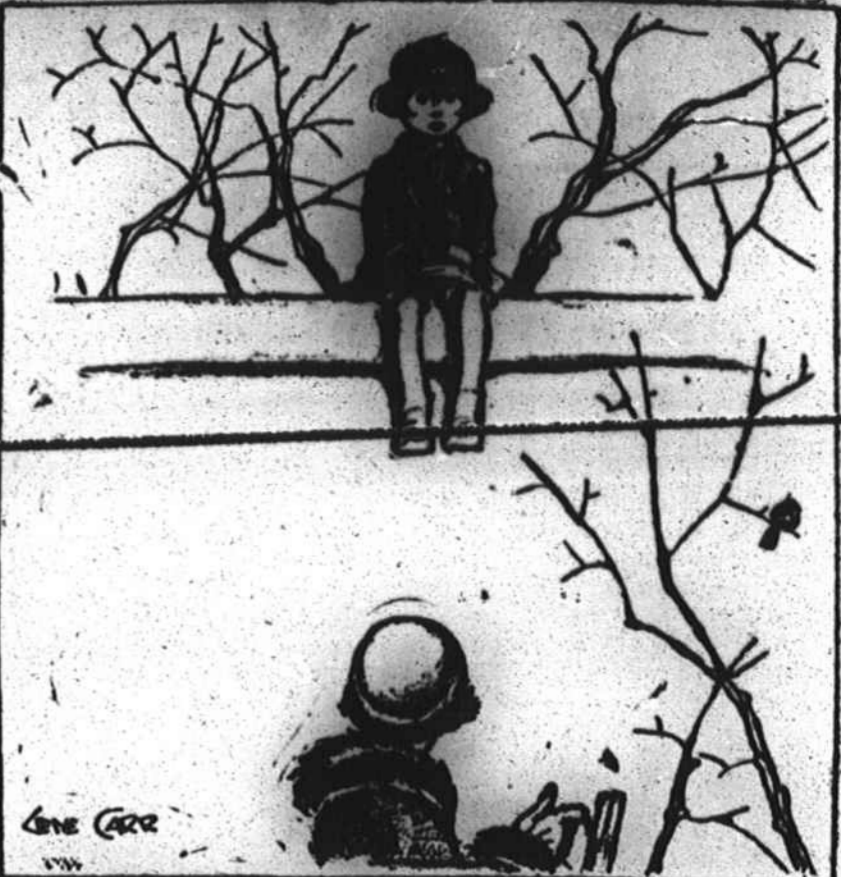
"I'm glad you recognized me, Superintendent."

"Surprised I ever did," was his clipped reply. "What in the world have you been doing with yourself. You Barrabal — one of the best men the Yard ever had. Picked up as a robbery suspect!"

(To be Continued)

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**JUST HUMANS** BY GENE CARR



"How's Your Father, Dear?"  
"Not So Good!"  
"That's Too Bad!"  
"Yes, He Doesn't Say Much. He Tried to Lick a Cop!"

**Washington Snapshots**

(Cont'd from front page)

at least would be required before projects could be started and the spending felt. And this is an election year, the spectators remember.

Whoever the winner in the many added struggle, however, the loser is as usual, already declared and resigned to his fate—the taxpayer of both this generation and the generation to come.

There are indications that the fight over who is to dish out the new billions may be slightly premature. A Coalition bloc is forming in Congress to have some say upon whether a new spending spree is started. As in the Supreme Court and reorganization battles, they intend to test the sentiment of the country by discussing the spending appropriation thoroughly and giving the people a chance to write to their Senators and Congressmen.

The issue will be, of course, whether a great new deluge of billions will help or hinder permanent recovery. The opponents will point out that billions of dollars have been poured out in recent years without building substantial employment. Meanwhile, in Great Britain, for instance, greater recovery has been had without the spending. As one person here put it, we have spent 13 billion dollars to keep 13,000,000 people unemployed.

Speaking of spending, intimates of one of the biggest spenders of the current official government family, are telling this story about the gentleman:

During a recent vacation in Florida he sauntered into a palm reading establishment to have his fortune told. The woman examined his long, slender hand with intense interest and told him: "You have the hand of a man who handles a great

deal of money. Yes, I would say you are a professional gambler."

Statistirs just compiled on family incomes in the United States—based on income tax returns — shows that the District of Columbia led the nation last year in per family incomes. The average family in the District earned \$3,786 last year.

The District's population is, by a large majority, made up of persons on the Federal payroll. Thus, it would appear that John Taxpayer is the best paying employer in the United States.

The final count on the telegraphic protests against the now dead Government Reorganization Bill was 333,000 of which at least one came from a man too poor to pay for the message. He sent his protest to Representative Treadway, of Massachusetts — collect. The 333,000 messages does not include the additional thousands of letters that poured in as the people expressed their opinions.

**Announcement**

FOR CLERK OF SUPERIOR COURT  
I hereby announce my candidacy for Clerk of Superior Court of Cleveland County, subject to the action of Democratic Primary June 4th. If nominated and elected, I pledge myself to execute the duties of this office to the best of my ability, and I will appreciate any support given me.

Renn G. Honeycutt.

**ANNOUNCEMENT FOR STATE SENATE**

I hereby announce my candidacy for the State Senate, subject to the wishes of the voters in the coming Democratic primary. If elected to this office I pledge myself to serve every citizen to the best of my ability, with special favors to none. Your vote and support will be appreciated.

RAYMOND SANDERS

**HOME**  
IS WHERE YOU PLACE  
**Your FUTURE**

When you invest in a home, you invest not only money, but the present comfort and future security of your family.

Make certain that the house you build or buy is a GOOD investment—that it will return dividends in comfortable living through the years. Make certain, when you plan a home, that it will not take unnecessary drops in value as time goes on.

A home financed on the new FHA-Insured Mortgage Plan offers many safeguards and more liberal terms to the home owner.

Before you invest in a home, consult—

**ELMER LUMBER CO.**  
Kings Mountain, N. C.