

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 enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.

A KIND WORD How little it costs, if we give it a thought To make happy some heart each day; Just one kind word or a tender smile, As we go our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of hand in sympathy A sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little, I wonder why We give it so little thought. A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch, What magic with them is wrought! -Selected.

HIGHWAY DEDICATION Two of the main highways of the south meet in Kings Mountain, The Best Town in the State. This is one of the biggest assets of the community, and tomorrow marks the dedication day, a big improvement on these highways. Leading citizens of the state have been invited to rejoice with Kings Mountain citizens on this big step forward.

THAT HOTEL Kings Mountain needs a hotel, and at least one half of the money to build it will have to be local capital. If any group is interested in raising the bulk of the money, it should be up to the rest of us to do our part, regardless of where the building is to be located.

BEGINS AT BOTTOM AND WORK UP Business men say that young applicants for jobs are not much concerned about whether they learn the trade or business as they are about how much salary they are going to be paid.

THE WELCOME MAN Walt Mason There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay, he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there is the welcoming hand - he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

Summitt's Nu-Way

Here and There (By Haywood E. Lynch)

Fellows I do not like: One who has a great deal to say in a public meeting in favor of a project, but when it comes time to back his talk with cash is very quiet.

The A. R. P.'s are rightfully proud of the beautiful new burgandy (dark maroon) carpet in their church. It is one of the most beautiful carpets I have ever seen. It is bright but yet not gaudy. Maybe some of the other church members will drop in to hear Rev. Boyce and at the same time take a look at the new carpet. The last carpet had been in use over 2 years.

Clyde Bennett, Local Contractor, bid on the post office building last week, and his bid was put just about in the middle. There were 11 bids submitted and Clyde's was fifth from the lowest.

THIS 'N THAT By Alice Burton

Patterson Grove Section Miss Mary Frances Ware went to Charlotte last week where she became a student at Kings Business College. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Ware and a graduate of Beth-Ware High School.

Mr. Jim Carroll and daughter, Marie, and grandson Bobby of Cherryville, visited relatives in this community Sunday.

Jake Thornburg spent the week-end with Buddy Shumaker of Charlotte recently.

Mr. L. K. Goforth was a visitor in Lincolnton last week.

Mrs. Ben Ware and children of Oak Grove spent the week end with relatives in this section.

Esides near neighbors, the R. M. Burtons had as visitors Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Weaver and the G. W. Greene's of Kings Mountain, and Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Burton of Charlotte.

JUST TALK! Cotton picking is in full swing. That's one job that the whole family can take part in. That is, if their back can "take it." If the cotton keeps opening as rapidly as it has been for the past week it will be ready to pick before cold weather. Seems like its always too hot or too cold to pick cotton, but we have to pick it anyway, and believe you me, Ol Sol sho has been pouring down de heat for the last few days.

A couple of girls were sitting on a porch about 8:00 o'clock one night last week. It was a perfectly clear night and the sky was decorated with thousands of stars. One girl looked toward the east and saw (she thought she did, rather) to her amazement, one star separate from the others and start traveling southward, in a straight line, at a moderate rate of speed.

"Look! That star is moving!" she exclaimed. "Dont you see it?" she insisted as her companion looked up and remained silent and motionless. "Aw, that is an airplane," their brother, who had come out to see

Advertisement for 'White Elephants' featuring a cartoon of a man and a woman. Text: 'I'LL BUY THAT SHOT-GUN NOW - I SOLD SOME STUFF FROM THE ATTIC WITH A WANT AD' and 'Sell "White Elephants" Buy What You Want!'

Advertisement for Summitt's Nu-Way soap listing various products and prices: Palmolive, 3 for 20c; Small Super Suds (red box) 3 for 25c; Small Super Suds (blue box) 3 for 25c; Large Super Suds (blue box) 2 for 47c; Octagon Soap (giant) 6 for 25c; Octagon Soap (small) 10 for 25c; Octagon Powder (large) 6 for 25c; Octagon Powder (small) 10 for 25c; Octagon Toilet, 4 for 19c; Octagon Cleanser 2 for 9c; Octagon Granulated 2 for 19c; Crystal White Soap 3 for 14c.

what it was all about, laughed. "But I dont hear it," one of the girls (they hadn't even thought of an airplane) pointed out. They all kept quiet for a moment and then a distant hum of the airplane could be heard. They all had a good laugh then, though the laughter of the first two who saw the "traveling star" first had a hysterical note. Small wonder that folks nerves are on edge, tho, with so much happening in the world today. Nothing new, unusual or interesting to write about so we will say goodbye 'till next week.

ALEXANDER KORDA presents FOUR FEATHERS IN TECHNICOLOR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Lieut. Harry Faversham, rescuer of the British soldiers, rather than go to Egypt to fight with Kitchener, receives three white feathers from his brother officers, Durrance, Burroughs and Willoughby. A fourth white feather he voluntarily takes from his fiancée, Ethne Burroughs, and leaves her. To redeem himself from the charge of cowardice he goes to Egypt, disguises himself as a native, and rescues the life of Durrance, who had been his rival for Ethne's love. He then goes to the aid of Burroughs and Willoughby, who have been taken prisoner and chained in the Mahdi's dungeon. Harry brings them a file with which to cut their chains and those of their fellow prisoners, while Kitchener prepares to attack the Mahdi's forces by land and water.

Chapter Six At daybreak the three Englishmen in the dungeon heard the distant booming of guns begin. Hours ago they had severed their fetters and those of their prisoners. Now they were impatiently awaiting their chance to lead an attack on their guards. The sound of the guns grew louder. "How near are they, I wonder?" said Harry. "Can't say—five miles, ten miles," ventured Burroughs. "I'd rather they were a hun-

drud. If the Mahdi loses he'll cut our throats, and worse. He'd do it now, but he's probably out leading his men against Kitchener at this moment."

"Front rank—kneel! Take aim!" The command, repeated from platoon to platoon, went around the British square in the desert near Omdurman as the Derwish line surged forward under a rising cloud of dust. With wild, shrill yells, brandishing guns and spears aloft, they pounded forward on galloping horses and camels, the white-robed Derwishes and the half-naked, bushy-haired "Fuzzy Wuzzies."

Nearer and nearer they came—three hundred yards... two hundred yards... one hundred yards... The British Tommies stood their ground with rifles leveled, waiting for the word to fire. But the word did not come. The Mahdis swept on... a hundred yards... eighty yards... now, among the mass of black shapes and white shapes, individual figures became clear.

A volley crashed out like a single, tremendous shot, followed by a continuous frenzied crackling as the English troopers fired their repeating rifles with frantic haste. Their fire was devastating... no living thing could withstand it. The Arabs broke and ran, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded on the ground.

Again and again they reformed their lines and savagely charged again and again the British waited until they were almost at point-blank range, then unloosed their withering fire. And at last the Mahdi knew that this was a British square which could not be broken.

Gathering the remnant of his warriors, the native potentate galloped back toward Omdurman, fiercely intent on avenging himself upon his prisoners before he fled from Kitchener's advancing force. But the day's surprised were not yet over for the once-dreaded Mahdi.

Faversham, Burroughs and Willoughby, having fled asunder the

LET'S LOOK BACK From The Kings Mountain Herald NINETEEN YEARS AGO SEPT. 16, 1920

Mr. J. Bright Harmon has moved to Gastonia. The Civic League meets with Mrs. C. T. Cornwell Frinay. Messrs Charles and Percy Dilling left Tuesday for Trinity College. Mrs. Henry Houser of Cherryville is visiting her son, Mr. M. L. Houser.

chains of all their co-prisoners through hours of patient work, found it an easy task with the few prison guards, seize their guns, and barricade themselves in the adjoining Arsenal. For awhile they seemed fairly safe; but reinforcements from the Mahdi's castle came swarming out, surrounded the Arsenal, and kept up a steady fire that brought down any man who showed his head.

Then the Arabs trundled a field piece up to the very door of the Arsenal and began pounding away at the heavy barred door. "They'll be in here in a minute," groaned Faversham. "Looks bad!" A shell came screaming in from the direction of the river and burst in the Arsenal square. "Its that blasted gunboat of ours," cried Burroughs. "They're firing at the Mahdi's black flag."

Faversham rushed up to the tower to haul down the Mahdi's flag and run up a white cloth. But on his way he found a pile of ragged banners and flags—trophies captured by the Derwishes. Among them was the Union Jack taken when poor John Durrance's company was annihilated in the desert. Harry seized it, climbed to the top of the tower in plain view, and while the shells from the British boat whistled by him and the Mahdists fired at him from below, he hauled down the black flag of the Mahdi and ran up the Union Jack. The last shell from the gunboat burst on the Arsenal roof below him, and Harry went hurtling down the tower steps, falling unconscious at their foot. A few minutes later Kitchener's

victorious troops swept into Omdurman, driving the fleeing Derwishes before them. The last shell of the Arsenal threw down their guns and ran, and the prisoners were saved.

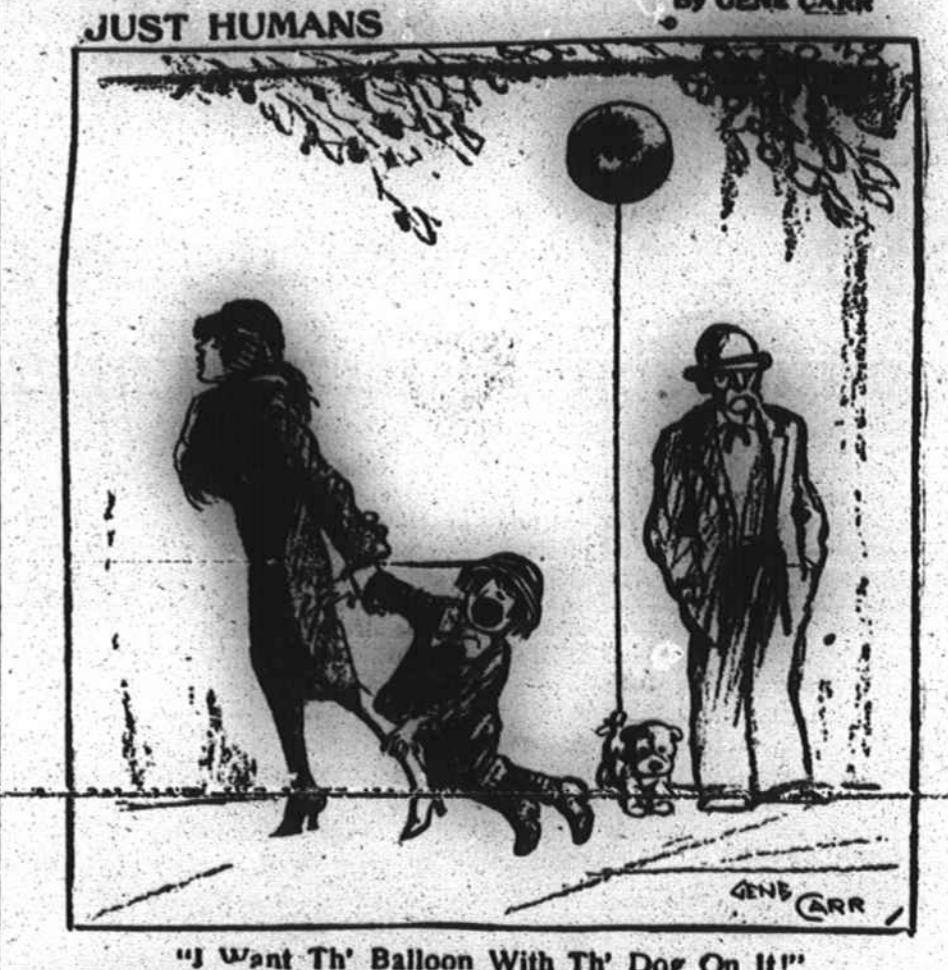
It was a great day in London when the newsboys ran through the streets crying Kitchener's victory at Omdurman and his capture of Khartoum. John Durrance's joy was boundless when Dr. Sutton read to him a war correspondent's despatch revealing that Burroughs and Willoughby were alive after all, and describing their exploit in the Omdurman prison. And when he learned, too, that Harry Faversham was alive and the true hero of the affair, he bravely renounced his claim on Ethne and departed for a long tour of the continent.

Burroughs, Willoughby and Faversham, furloughed home from Egypt, came to the Burroughs mansion for a happy reunion dinner, at which Faversham presented his two comrades with the white feathers they had so scornfully given him. General Burroughs made a booming speech in his most grandiloquent style, ending with: "And now, as Harry's made you two young rascals take your feathers back, he'd better marry the girl and be done with it!"

"It's not as easy as all that," put in Ethne. "What deed of reckless daring are you going to do, Harry, to make me take back my feather?" Harry, summoning all his courage, proceeded to stand up to the pompous old General (the first time any one had ever done so), and tell him that the military exploits he habitually boasted of in "the good old days" to the detriment of the modern officers were in reality only child's play—and proved it.

"And now, Ethne, here's your feather," announced Harry, while the General snorted, too amazed to answer him. Ethne accepted the fourth white feather from Harry and went to his outstretched arms.

THE END



Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) equal menace to our free American institutions—religious and civil freedom, representative democracy, and the system of private enterprise. The second classification of Washington activity would include news of a non-technical variety. It doesn't set people to shouting in the streets, but it's frequently every bit as important to the welfare of the individual American as the stuff that makes the front pages.

An example of this latter class occurred just the other day when the Treasury Department issued a bulletin that trained observers immediately recognized as important for a number of reasons. The bulletin was the first part of a comprehensive study of Federal, state and local fiscal operations which is projected by the Treasury as the first step towards finding out what tax reforms are most necessary in this country.

The fact that Secretary Mongenthan's department is laying the groundwork for a better and sounder tax structure is, of course, cheering news. But the momentary impression, as one reads the present report and tries to make the figures come alive, is naturally one of gloom. "Naturally" is the inevitable word for the bulletin show as too forcibly the treacherous character of the swamp into which heavy spending and the theories in back of it, have led this country and its taxpayers.

And, incidentally, almost all of us are taxpayers, including the one out of four in this country who answered a Gallup poll by solemnly declaring that they pay no taxes. Perhaps the point that first hits

the eye in the Treasury report is the fact that in the past six years the tax revenues of all governments in this country have increased 79.6 per cent from about 8.14 billion dollars to well over 13.34 billions. That means an average tax burden of about \$114 for every man, woman and child in the United States, which brings the load for a typical family to \$450.

There might, of course, be a ray of sunshine even in the prospect of so heavy a tax on the individual family if the high rates were made necessary by a real drive to bring the budget into balance and start the hard work of paring down the national debt. But with the best estimators holding that 1939 governmental expenditures are going to be around two billion dollars higher than last year's even that ray seems pale and ineffectual.

One other point brought out by

the Treasury figures deserves the attention of all of us. This particular information is contained in a chart which breaks down last year's spending according to the various governmental functions. The largest single item—over three billion dollars—goes for relief, welfare and social security, and serves to emphasize that the first problem to be solved if we are to have a reasonable fiscal situation is that of giving business encouragement so that it can go forward with the expansion that means jobs and more payrolls.

The next two items are expenses which no citizen begrudges paying—governmental outlay for education and for streets and highways. But the fourth largest item is another sore thumb; it totals \$1,639,000,000 and goes to pay interest on the government debt. That interest item is the one to watch, for it represents the amount that the government must pay on the line to keep its credit good. Its the valve that serves to indicate when the debt limit is boiling dangerously high. And the present Treasury report shows the mercury far, far up with no present sign of coming down.

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NEW SUPER SOAP GETS CLOTHES FAR WHITER Concentrated SUPER SUDS 3 for 25c Palmolive, 3 for 20c Small Super Suds (red box) 3 for 25c Small Super Suds (blue box) 3 for 25c Large Super Suds (blue box) 2 for 47c Octagon Soap (giant) 6 for 25c Octagon Soap (small) 10 for 25c Octagon Powder (large) 6 for 25c Octagon Powder (small) 10 for 25c Octagon Toilet, 4 for 19c Octagon Cleanser 2 for 9c Octagon Granulated 2 for 19c Crystal White Soap 3 for 14c Roberts' Service & Grocery

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