

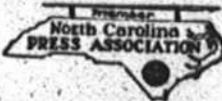
The Kings Mountain Herald

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.



NOT ALL BAD NEWS

By not means all the news that comes out of Germany even in the democracy. For proof, we cite the following dispatch from Frankfurt on the Main:

"The Bible continues to be Germany's best seller. According to figures issued by the Prussian Bible Society, 951,000 copies were sold in 1939, and in the last six years the sale of Bibles has exceeded that of Chancellor Hitler's 'Mein Kampf' by 200,000. A particular demand for Bibles has evidenced itself since the outbreak of war."

The spirit of democracy cannot be entirely dead among a people who buy that many Bibles. For the Book of Books is not only the best guide for the lives of men, it is also the most effective force for real democracy the world has ever seen.

So long as the people of Germany buy Bibles at this rate, there will be ground for hope that ultimately they will rid their country of both Nazism and Bolshevism. —Winston-Salem Journal.

THIS ONE WASN'T SPOILED

A boy of twelve, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher, and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

"Dear Sir: Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of cart they hung onto licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him; then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had to give him another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time. He thinks he will attend regular in the future." —Christian Advocate.

"PLEASE DON'T HURT MY LITTLE GIRL"

A plea for the protection of children, widely circulated among employees of General Motors Corporation, reprinted below:

Dear Driver: Today my little girl is seven years old. She started to school as usual. She wore a blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is "Scott," sat on the front porch and whined his belly in the folly of education as she waved "Good-bye" and started off.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her — the girl with yellow curls — and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head, and about the trees in the school yard; and about the big girl who does not believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things that were awfully important to us: and we studied spelling, reading and arithmetic. Then she went to bed.

She is back in the bedroom now, sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's her doll) cuddled in her right arm. You fellows wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I am her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut or her head gets bumped, I can fix it. But when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she is in your hands. She is a nice youngster. She can run like a deer and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to go on picnics and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I cannot be with her all the time; I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive carefully please drive slowly past schools and intersections, and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't hurt my little girl. Sincerely, a FATHER.

The Detroit river is the greatest maritime highway in the world, out ranking New York harbor in freight tonnage handle.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

I sat by Dr. L. P. Baker at the Lions Club supper the other night, and we started talking about the baseball team Kings Mountain used to have back in "the good old days." Doc played short and from what I hear he was an excellent player. Doc and Arthur Cornwell were also star players, and Arthur Crouse and Leslie McGinnis were two of the main supporters. Kings Mountain was one of the first teams in the south to play a night game by lights.

I met Tom Bradford, the other day. He is the Certaineed Representative for this section of the state, and a native of Kings Mountain. He used to live in Goldsboro, my old home town. And his name was right across from the newspaper where I worked. It's a small world after all. By the way, Tom subscribed to The Herald, so that he can keep up with Kings Mountain events, while he is living in Charlotte.

The three Boyce sisters are cooks for three Kings Mountain families. And each of the three families are going to move shortly into new homes. Ruth works for Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hord, Mary Helen works for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fulkerson, and Margaret works for Mr. and Mrs. Haywood E. Lynch.

Talk about moving, it will be a long time before we move, if the weather stay like it is now. The three Lynch girls were glad to see the snow Tuesday, but their Daddy was very sad, because he is very anxious to get that new one built, and snow and building does not mix. But I am just leaving all the worrying to Clyde Bennett, who does not seem to get worried or excited about anything.

I met Mrs. C. E. Neisler in the bank last Saturday, that real cold day; and I asked her when was she going to Florida. The answer was this week, and believe you me, this week is a fine time to be in that warm country, where the oranges are hanging on the trees, and May or J. B. Thomason is basking in the sunshine.

I wish the policemen would report the street lights that are out on the corners of the residential section. They ride all over town throughout the night and it seems it would be an easy matter for them to report the lightless corners, so that members of the street department could replace new bulbs. The light on the corner by my house has been out several times lately, and it would be still be out if I did not remember to report it myself.

Tom Fulton and his cohorts in the street department certainly did not lose any time cleaning the streets of the Tuesday's snow. They began while it was snowing and continued until dark, and started again early Wednesday, and continued until every street was cleared of the white fluffy carpet.

The snow Tuesday did not slow down the work on the construction of the new post office building. Workmen continued while it was snowing until noon Tuesday and Wednesday morning they were back on the job. Work marches on.

I went on a sled ride Tuesday afternoon, and I don't remember when I ever did have so much fun. The Aubrey Mauneys made a sled out of a buggy and hitched old faithful, Pearl, she's the mule to it, and came by to take Lynches to ride. We bundled the children up, and covered them with old-timey buggy robes and away we went on one of the most enjoyable rides of our life. The snow was beautiful, and Pearl did not seem to mind the cold weather, so a good time was had by all.

ANOTHER UNPROFITABLE STRIKE

This fall the automobile workers in the Chrysler plant were induced, by CIO leaders, to enter upon a strike.

After a prolonged period of idleness they went back to work with nothing gained except the 3 cents per hour increase which had been offered them before they went out.

Each employee must now work 1,050 days, or three years and four months, before the wage increase which they did receive, and which was available anyhow, will make up the loss in wages during the strike.

Economists estimate that the strike cost the workers, the company and merchants \$53,000,000.

The only persons who did not lose were the CIO organizers who drew full pay and expenses during the entire period of the strike.

This story is very similar to that of the Pacific Mills at Columbia where it is estimated that a strike cost the employees \$240,000 with nothing gained.—Textile Bulletin.

In line with the State-wide extension program of better livestock, 4 additional Hereford bulls were placed in Yancey County last week, reports J. W. Crawford, county agent at large.

TIME TO PAY AND LIST TAXES

Taxpayers are warned to list their taxes during the month of January, which has only six days left. A penalty will be added to all those who fail to list before the time expires. Taxlisters for both the Town and County will be at the City Hall each day until the first of the month.

Tax payers are also reminded that a penalty will be added to 1939 taxes that are not paid before February 1st. Both County and Town taxes are not during the month of January and a penalty of 1 percent goes into effect Feb. 1st.

Feeding Determines Beef Cattle Profits

North Carolina's increasing population of good quality beef cattle has brought a warning from Earl H. Hostetter, professor of animal husbandry at State College, that profitable production depends upon a balanced feeding program.

Ample feed can be provided in South from May until December or January through the use of pastures and field gleanings. However, top many farmers leave their weaned

The next spring to shift for themselves during the winter months. Such a practice results in stunted yearlings and heavy cow and calf losses before grass is ready for grazing the following spring.

Much of the available winter feed, such as corn and soybean field gleanings, corn silage, corn stover, cottonseed hulls, and grass hay, is low in protein and minerals. However, Hostetter explained, it is essential that growing and pregnant animals be supplied with these two essentials.

A good mineral mixture composed of equal parts of finely ground limestone (or oyster shell flour), steamed bone meal, and salt will give satisfactory results if kept before the animals at all times.

The protein can usually be supplied most economically by furnishing feed that has a high protein content, such as cottonseed cake or meal, soybean oil meal, or peanut oil meal. When one of these feeds is fed alone rather than with some other feed, such as cottonseed meal or corn silage, it will be more economical to feed cakes or pellets instead of meal.

AMUEL GOLDWYN presents RUFFLES DAVID NIVEN OLIVIA deHAVILLAND

SYNOPSIS

A. J. Raffles, the undetected Amsterdam, to help out of a serious scrape Bunn, Manders, sister of Gwen, his fiancée, has decided to steal his necklace. Finding another thief to after it, he allows him to get it, then overpowers him from behind and snatches it away. But Crawshaw, the thief, has seen his wrist watch and hints as much. Inspector Mackenzie of Scotland Yard has good reason to suspect Raffles, and after he catches Crawshaw, lets him escape so that he will make his way to Raffles' apartment and attempt to get at the necklace. Gwen rushes to warn Raffles. While she is there Mackenzie arrives and Raffles drops the necklace into his tobacco jar. Mackenzie, after searching the apartment, sits down to light his pipe and reaches for the tobacco jar.

Chapter Six

Again Gwen saved the day for Raffles. Leaning forward, she accidentally spilled her glass of sherry on Mackenzie's trousers. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she murmured. She pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and started dabbing at the spots. In a split second, Raffles snatched the necklace out of the

dead!" cried Gwen. "He's not dead," said Mackenzie, examining the still form. "He's been chloroformed." He rose quickly. "Where's Crawshaw?" "He got out here," said Mackenzie's aide, pointing to the window. "Well, he won't get far," said Mackenzie, relieved.

Raffles began to stir, and soon was fully awake. But his ruse failed to work. Barracough made his entrance at this point with the Amsterdam tickets. Amsterdam was the jewel market of the continent, and Mackenzie was very well aware of that fact. Soon Bunnny and Lord Melrose bustled in in response to a previous call from Mackenzie.

Raffles realized that all his subterfuge and guile had failed, and he was forced to admit his guilt. Bunnny was astounded.

"A. J.!" he cried, echoing Gwen's earlier questions, "Why? Why?" Raffles looked at him quizzically. "I couldn't stop the itching in my fingers."

Bunnny, as usual a bit slow, began to bridge the gap. "A. J.!" he shouted. "How could you have been such a fool? Supposing I did need the money? Supposing I did go to jail? I asked you to help me, but I didn't mean... Oh, A. J., you fool! You fool!"

Bunnny's words pieced together a very coherent picture for Gwen. At last she understood. She looked at Raffles with eyes full of love, forgiveness and understanding.



"You shouldn't have come. They'll be watching for you."

jar and put it into his pocket. Mackenzie was suspicious of the proceedings, but helpless. Shortly afterward, his lieutenant burst in to announce that Crawshaw had been spotted. He left to find him, but not without first putting a guard on the door. "We want to give you every protection, Mr. Raffles," he explained.

He had no sooner gone than Crawshaw made his appearance. He had let himself down from the roof and had climbed in the bedroom window. "I want them sparklers," he said, "so hand over." He approached Raffles and stuck his gun into Raffles' stomach.

"All right then, go ahead and shoot," said Raffles in a smooth, steady tone. "And I'm telling you, Crawshaw, the police are just outside the door. And do you know what'll happen to you? Have you ever heard a man condemned to death? I have... The murderer I saw climb to the dock rail like a wet towel, while the judge put on the black cap, Crawshaw..."

"And while he does it, there's a silence in the whole court in which you can hear your heart going like a piston at the bottom of your throat, as if it were going to burst, and you wish it would, so that it could finish you. You try to swallow and you can't, because that's when you begin to feel the rope around your neck, and the trap door under your feet... And then, from a long way away you hear the judge's voice telling you that you're to be taken back to the place from which you came, and thence to the place of execution, where you're to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Then continuing, while he removed the gun from Crawshaw's paralyzed and nerveless fingers, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Crawshaw was subjugated. Speechless with indignation, he was compelled to do Raffles' bidding. A few minutes later, when Mackenzie pounded on the door, Gwen let him in. "Where is he?" he shouted. His room was empty. They rushed into the bathroom. Raffles was in the door, gagged and unconscious. Crawshaw gone. "He's

Then she removed the necklace from the tobacco jar, where Raffles had managed to replace it, and returned it to Lord Melrose.

"There are other charges against Mr. Raffles," said Mackenzie, "extending over a long period of time. You may have got your necklace... But you haven't got me!" exclaimed Raffles triumphantly. He suddenly tore himself loose, rushed into the library and locked the door. When the police forced the door and rushed into the library, Raffles hurriedly came out of the big grandfather clock in the corner, grabbed Mackenzie's hat and cape, and bolted. Downstairs, the police who were stationed at guards respectfully saluted Mackenzie's hat and cape as it sauntered down the street. By the time Mackenzie and his aides rushed down, Raffles had vanished.

It was late in the afternoon. Gwen, fully clothed, was lying on her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"May I come in?" she heard in familiar accents. She turned, incredulous and delighted. "A. J., what are you doing here?" "I've got something to tell you," he said.

"What?" she asked. "Three things," he replied. He checked them off on his fingers. "One, you mustn't cry — ever. Two, I love you." He paused. He couldn't remember the third.

"Do we — meet again?" asked Gwen anxiously. "If Fate is more than usually kind."

"You shouldn't have come. They'll be watching for you." "I know, but I had to tell you those three things. But I can't remember the third. It couldn't have been important." He returned to the window, and started to climb out. "Goodbye, my darling." "Goodbye, A. J.," she said without moving.

"Oh, now I remember," he said. "The third thing — Adonia. But don't hold it against me!" He disappeared.

THE END.



Washington Snapshots

(Quoted from front page) the average citizen. The misconception takes the following form: J. Oswald Blimp picks up his newspaper, reads a headline that says, "DEFICIT IN BUDGET THIS YEAR CUT SHARPLY BY PRESIDENT," and remarks comfortably to his wife, "Well, it looks as though this reckless spending is beginning to stop. Debt isn't going to be as big as it was last year." Then he nibbles his buttered toast with real enjoyment for the first time in a long, long spell.

But the poor deluded man is confusing two very different items — the yearly deficit and the national debt. The deficit is the amount the government spends each year over and above what it is able to take in. The debt, on the other hand, is simply the accumulation of these deficits, which are added to the debt each year.

This will be the eleventh year in a row that there's been a deficit. And, as an inevitable consequence, it's the eleventh year in a row that the breath-taking curve of the national debt has continued to mount, mount, mount.

In other words, we've depended for eleven years now on something called "future prosperity" to make up for the fact that our government is spending far more than it has been able to collect. (The significant point, though, is that the "future" is already catching up with us. The figure in the budget which tells how rapidly this process is going on is the amount set aside for interest payments on the debt.

If you as an individual borrow money for a number of years and finally reach the stage where you are paying most of the money you take in right back to your creditors in the form of interest, then you know that you've reached a danger point. The same situation holds true in the case of the Federal government.

The government this coming year, according to the Budget, will have to pay out a new high total of \$1,100,000,000 for this interest item. On the basis of estimated tax collections, this is going to mean that

about one dollar in every six collected is going to be poured right back down the drain without performing any direct service for the taxpayers of this country.

This item may not seem overwhelming in itself. But when it's remembered that it's only one paragraph in a budget story that justifies the title "Gone with the Wind" from beginning to end — well, it isn't pessimism but just simple observation and arithmetic to "point with alarm."

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS: Dr. Leiserson, the latest addition to the National Labor Relations Board who was added because proponents of the Act figured that his appointment would forestall criticism of Board bias, has dissented from his colleagues in a number of important cases. His memorandums to the other Board members, produced as evidence by the House Committee investigating the Wagner Board, have also showed that he often differed with them. On this situation, a former trial examiner for the Board made the following analysis in a recent public address:

"Dr. Leiserson is either inviting the courts to reverse his associates on the Board, or inviting Congress to clarify its intent with respect to certain ambiguities of the Act by amendments. His dissenting opinions are tacit admissions that the Act is defective and that his associates on the Board cannot be trusted to administer fairly and impartially its provisions."

FOR RELIEF in Headaches Simple Neuralgia or Muscular Pains DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS

ARE YOU MAKING A "SAFE" OF YOUR BUREAU DRAWER?

Fire recognizes no difference between a piece of wrapping paper and a government bond. And, each year, thieves reap a harvest in valuables from desk and bureau drawers.

For a little you can safeguard stock certificates, bonds, receipts and other things you value in sentiment and money, by renting a private box in our safe deposit vault.

Check over your valuables. Then come in and arrange for a private safe deposit box of adequate size.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Reserve System — Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.