

The Kings Mountain Herald

VIII

Kings Mountain, N. C., Thursday, July 30, 1914.

No. 27

HON. E. Y. WEBB

Is now chairman of the Judiciary Shelby Congressman has made good

All of his constituency will be glad to hear that Hon. E. Y. Webb has been appointed Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Not only do his home folks feel elated over the honor that has come to our home man but Washington and Congress itself has breathed a note of satisfaction that such an able man was available for such an important position. Mr. Webb is easily one of the ablest and most popular while among the youngest men in Congress and we are proud of him.

Ormand—Summers.

On Wednesday night of last week at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Frank Roberts in East Kings Mountain, Dr. O. G. Falls pronounced the words which made Mr. Walter Ormand and Miss Georgia Summers man and wife.

One Of Gaston's Seers Dead.

The following from the Charlotte Observer of Sunday will carry sadness to many a heart for deceased was truly one of Gaston county's seers.

J. T. Dameron.

Bessemer City, July 25—Special. News was received here last night that Mr. J. T. Dameron had passed away at his home in Moore County whither he had recently moved his family. Mr. Dameron was born in Gaston County and prior to the early Spring of this year lived all his life near Bessemer City and on Long Creek where he was a progressive farmer and hospitable and congenial neighbor, and was one who faced shot and shell during the 60's came forth from the field of courage and survived a half a century afterward. Mr. Dameron, better known as "Squire Dameron," was a Christian gentleman, being an elder in the local Presbyterian Church. The funeral service will be held tomorrow, July 26, at Long Creek, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Bragaw.

Off To Camp.

Messrs. Eugene Neisler, Paul Neisler, Joe Neisler, and Fred Baker, compose a camping party which departed our coasts yesterday for Chimney Rock where they will enjoy life in a tent for ten days or two weeks. They covered the 35 or 40 miles distance on a wagon.

Graveyard Cleaning Saturday.

The annual graveyard cleaning will be held at Patterson Grove Saturday of this week. Every person interested is requested to be present with a tool suitable for the work. The people have always responded to this call and it is hoped that the usual large number will be present to show their respects to the departed dead.

Graveyard Cleaning And Protracted Meeting At Antioch.

The annual cemetery day will be observed at Antioch church next Friday (Tomorrow) and the protracted meeting will begin on Saturday with Pastor J. D. Butler in charge.

A. C. JONES

Delivered Annual Oration at Old Furnace Picnic last Saturday.

The Old Furnace picnic last Saturday was one of the best every held at the historic old spot. Early in the morning the vehicles began to roll in and harbor on the grand old hillside and the whole landscape was covered with picnic folks early in the day. The weather was ideal for outdoor sport and the people made the best of it. It was no experiment. For twenty years this old spot, famous for its part in the Revolution, has been the meeting place for the people of a big territory, where they meet annually. The old folks relate the experiences of the past year and the young folks make friendship and some plan for the future. Good speeches, good dinner and good music help to make the people better.

It was even so last Saturday. The Bessemer City band was located in center field and rendered excellent music throughout the day. The Bessemer boys are simply hard to beat when it comes to jerking off swell music. They know how and then do all they know. At eleven o'clock Mr. Arthur Dixon of Gastonia mounted the stand to introduce the speaker of the day. Mr. Dixon is one of Gaston county's most promising young men and is the nominee for the State Senate. In a few and well-chosen words he presented Judge A. C. Jones of the Gastonia Recorder's court who delivered the principal address. Mr. Jones made a speech, a speech much better than is wont to be made on such occasions. We would that we had space to reproduce it here, but we hope to publish a full extract of the address next week.

Dinner came on and the glory of the occasion reached its zenith. Individual spreads were made all about on the hillside and hard by the running water of the old canal. This was really a season of rejoicing. Not only was the good rations enjoyed but it was a season introductions and renewals of old acquaintances. At four o'clock a game of ball was called between the Kings Mountain and Old Furnace teams which panned out 9 to 2 in favor of Old Furnace.

"Old Furnace" itself is a very interesting relic of the War of Revolution. It is only about three miles from Kings Mountain and almost in the shadow of the historic mountain where Ferguson and his gallant gey fell. The furnace was made for the purpose of moulding balls for use in the famous battle that turned the tide of freedom our way. After the war the furnace was worked considerably in the manufacture of iron.

Revival At Patterson Springs Closes

Evangelist Black and Pastor D. E. Nipperman closed a series of meetings at Patterson Springs last Thursday. It was a good meeting and six additions were made to the church. The days previous to the beginning of the meeting at Patterson Springs they conducted a similar meeting at Patterson Grove with six additions. Rev. Mr. Black is now assisting Pastor J. C. Gillespie in a meeting at Antioch Springs.

MAUNEY TOURING PARTY

The Concluding Installment of this our most Valuable Serial Story Much Travel and final Arrival at home, the best place yet.

Continued From Last Week. (By Miss Bonnie Mauney)

After leaving Shepherdstown we soon came to Charlestown, W. Va. where we stopped to find an old confederate veteran—Major Murray. This gentleman is a true "Johnny Rebel" and has written several books to commemorate the valor of the Southern heroes. Here to we made our last visit to a confederate cemetery. Papa was in hopes of finding the resting place of his brother who was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg but all attempts were futile.

Further down the valley we passed thru White Post, Va. so called from the white post which Lord Fairfax had placed here when he first came to Virginia. All the surrounding country was given to him by the King of England and this post was a guide to those who wished to purchase land from him.

The next town of importance on our route was Front Royal—an educational and commercial center, when we reached here we were warned not to attempt the road on to Luray—at least not that afternoon. Coming into Front Royal, we had traveled over, what seemed to us a poor road, but we were assured that one was excellent in comparison with the one to Luray. Not to be daunted—nevertheless with a slight uneasiness, we left for Bentonsville, a little Mountain town twelve miles distant and half way to Luray. It is useless to say that we were surprised at our road, for we were expecting it to be impassable; but with the exception of the hills it was fairly good and we soon realized that the "bad roads" was only a scheme of a hotelman and a Garage owner to keep us in Front Royal till morning.

The night in Bentonsville was a quiet and pleasant one, altho our crowd was scattered all over the little village, there being no hotel accommodations. Thursday morning we went to Luray for breakfast and at 9:45 a. m. found ourselves about to enter the caverns of Luray. The first sight of the grandeur of the cave together with the weird influence of the subterranean realm gives one a feeling of mute wonder. Queer shapes stand out at every turn resembling either some vegetable formation or form of animal life, or even human being. These objects are all stalactitic and stalagmitic formation.

The various apartments have been named in honor or distinguished personage or after some thing to which they bear a striking resemblance. Some of the most noted of these places are: Elfin ramble; Platos Coasm; Hoveys Hall; immense giants Hall; the Cathedral with its grand pipe organ and chimes; Hades, a bewildering region peopled with goblins; and the Ball Room. It is a task of recognized difficulty to describe the indescribable and such would be the case if an attempt to describe Luray Caverns were made. The discovery of this "wonder of the world" was made on August, 13 1878.

Our course North had been thru the Shenandoah Valley but coming South we selected

our route Via the Pafe Valley. The latter would have appeared much prettier to us had we passed that way before seeing the Shenandoah. The land is indeed fertile, but it lacks that atmosphere of prosperity so characteristic of its neighbors.

Fourteen miles west of Luray across the Massanutten Mountain we came to the pike at New Market, and really, it did seem good to be back to a place we had seen before. With very few delays during the remainder of the day, at 8:30 p. m. we stopped at the Natural Bridge Hotel. Already there were numbers of visitors here and after supper we enjoyed the music and dancing at the pavillion.

Shortly after sunrise the following morning we were ready the Natural Bridge. "God's greatest miracle in stone." This wonderful structure connects two of the five round-top Mountains that rise in this part of James River Valley. Its dimensions are: height, 215 feet; width, 100 feet; span, 90. Under it men look like boys and trees as bushes.

Instead of returning by Roanoke and recovering the "six mile" mountain we determined to try our fate by Lynchburg but we certainly made bad matters worse, for twenty-five miles we traveled a one track road which runs right along the edge of the mountain. On one side of us we could look up and see high mountains and on the other a hundred feet directly below runs the James river. Winding in and out among the mountains and crossing narrow bridges makes it a difficult tract to drive a car safely on this road and we were relieved to reach the Hill City of Lynchburg where we visited several old acquaintances. It was shortly after twelve o'clock when we started for Danville, and it was 6:30 P. M. when we reached there, our only stop having been made in Altavista, Va. From Danville we went on to Reidsville, N. C. and there spent the night. The next day was Saturday and the Fourth of July so we expected to come in contact with several big celebrations. Wm. J. Bryan was to speak in Reidsville and also in Jonesboro but not even such an attraction could induce us to prolong our stay, so anxious were we to get home. When we reached Salisbury we did stop for an hour or so with some distant Mauney relatives and here we had a lively time.

Just before reaching Gastonia something unusual as well as exciting happened. The celluloid in the curtains caught fire from the exhaust pipe, and not knowing from where the cloud of smoke beneath was coming, and thinking only of an explosion, I imagined myself possessed with the power of flight and took my departure from the car in a means that I shall not describe. Fortunately no serious trouble resulted either to the car or myself, and continuing our way we reached home at 8:03 p. m. weary and worn, having traveled about fourteen hundred miles, with the remarkable record of

(Continued on back page)

FINE CROPS

Big Wheat and Oat Crops down Grover Way-1,000 bushels oats on one Farm

Oats And Wheat Galore

Mr. J. Beat Hambricht was in town Monday and brought good news. He states that he has just harvested over 1,000 bushels of oats and 224 bushels of wheat and that his neighbor, W. Ross Hambricht, to his credit, yea even in his barn, 700 bushels of wheat and 200 bushels of oats. If we run out of biscuit timber we'll know which way to start.

York Special.

The York News (Yorkville, S. C.) came out last week with a special "Booster" edition. It is well gotten up—well written—well illustrated. It sets our sister county in our sister state in an enviable light before the world. If our York contemporary would devise some plan to keep an editor it would be one of the best papers going, but just as soon as an editor gets his hand in he goes and another takes up the quill. We don't know where the trouble is but there may be a golden wedge or a Babylonish garment in Achan's tent.

Rams Nail In Arm.

Mr. M. J. Neely suffered a pretty bad wound from a nail prick Saturday. He was helping to do some carpenter work in the Herald office when a stock case gave way and fell. He was standing near the end of the case and involuntarily grabbed at it when a protruding nail pierced his arm. It made a wound about an inch long and probably equally as deep but as the nail was new and bright he wound will likely heal up without much trouble.

Some Improvements

Kings Mountain can boast of a few nice looking stores. Mr. R. R. Howser has painted his cafe building front and inside and it looks nice and new. Mr. Wm. Putnam's new brick building which joins the cafe is a credit to the town and then joining the Putnam building is the handsome new cafe building of J. R. Reynolds. The Herald man anticipates no danger of perishing with so much good eating right in front of the sanctum. Other improvements are being made also. Lots of painting is being done in various parts of town and other new buildings are to go up and repairs to be made on old buildings. The large store of Mauney Brothers will soon have a nice new glass front. Work will begin at an early date on the rebuilding of the Mauney building that was burned early in the spring. Mr. W. A. Mauney is erecting two new brick residences. The interior of the Herald office is undergoing a change and will soon look much better.

The Mauney Drug store has been provided with metal ceiling and other marks of improvement are in evidence. The Barnes-Finger drug store has had its interior renovated and painted. The folks are wide awake and moving things along. Let'er roll.

Miss Fannie Hord is very sick with typhoid fever at her home in Waco. She contracted the disease while nursing it in the family of her sister at Bessemer City.

3 1-2 CTS. OFF

Kings Mountain is now offered a substantial reduction in freight rate

The recent investigation of freight rates by the Progressive Association and business men has proved very successful and substantial reductions have been offered by the railroad company. Under the recent compromise arrangement Kings Mountain was allotted to pay an average of five cents per hundred more for freight than was our neighboring towns of Shelby and Gastonia. The secretary of the Progressive Association has just received a letter and scale of reduction from the general freight agent which will reduce the five cent overcharge to one and one half cent, being a gain of 3 1/2 cts on five. This scale if accepted, would mean a saving to Kings Mountain merchants and shippers of about \$5,000 per year.

Another cent off the excessive 1 1/2 cent would put us on a competitive and satisfactory footing with our neighbors as it is conceded that these other points are entitled to a half cent less rate being that Charlotte is a basic shipping point. It has not been determined yet whether we will accept the proffered schedule or ask for the further reduction to which we are entitled.

How they Got Rich

A London baronet who manufactures pills has sold a part of his real estate for the tidy sum of \$30,000,000. He made it out of the profits of his business, and he built that business up by advertising, often spending as high as half a million dollars a year in printers ink.

John Wanamaker, the best known and most successful merchant in this country, made his millions by advertising, and said so.

The great department stores of the country are kept alive by advertising, and are coining money by more advertising.

You never hear of a large mercantile house in this country that does not advertise, and advertise heavily.

If a politician wants to make himself known to the dear people he uses the most affective means—newspaper publicity. That is advertising.

If a new son arrives at your house you are keen to have it "put in the paper," where your friends will see it, thereby advertising the fact that you are walking on eggs.

If the editor called you a thief in a two line item and stuck it away in the most obscure corner of the paper, would you pass it by in the belief that it "would never be noticed?"

Never! You would consider yourself defamed before the entire community, and would paw up the earth in your bowings. You would be only too quick to concede that every line in the paper is read.

Yes, advertising certainly pays. There is no man so small, or insignificant, but what some one is waiting for it.

There are plenty of people who want what you have to sell, but they are weary of looking through a haystack for a needle. They prefer to find it in an advertisement.

And they will look in the local paper for the ad.

They will find someone—but will it be yours?

Try an ad in the Herald.