

# The Kings Mountain Herald

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## FLYLESTOWN

GREENSBORO THE FLYLESS.

The Gate City Sets The Pace and Challenges the State Board of Health to Make a Fly Inspection.

That Greensboro is to be an absolutely flyless town by the end of this week is the determined aim of that town's progressive and wide awake citizens. Not one thing is left undone in that town this week of drive out and destroy those pesky fifth and disease carriers—flies—and to better the health conditions of all its people.

The State Board of Health is invited to inspect the work of the anti-fly crusade, and to make such suggestions as will render this town absolutely flyless, therefore safe and healthful if any fly breeding material can be found by the Board inspectors. Their standard is a flyless town.

What Greensboro has done and is doing, other towns can do. As citizens make a town not flies, it is in the hands of the citizens to have a flyless town. If you want a flyless town, Greensboro proves to you you can have one. Its up to you.

Wonder if somebody couldn't start such a crusade in Kings Mountain? But we must have sewerage before we can wholly eliminate flies.

### Better Take The Paper.

An Illinois exchange gives the following account of what happened to a family too stingy to take their home paper. He says:

"We once knew a man who was too stingy to take the newspaper in his home town and allowed to borrow his neighbor's paper.

"One evening he sent his son over to borrow the paper, and while the son was on his way he ran into a large stand of bees, and in a minute his face looked like a summer squash.

"Hearing the agonized cries of the son, the father ran to his assistance and in doing so ran into a barbed wire fence, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$1 pair of trousers.

"The old cow took advantage of the hole in the fence, got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the stingy man's wife ran out of the house, upsetting a four gallon churn full of cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. She slipped on the cream and fell down stairs, breaking her leg and a \$19 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream into the parlor and ruined the carpet. During the excitement the laughter eloped with the hired man, taking the family savings with them.

### Mrs. Uren Improves

Mrs. J. W. Uren writes from Portsmouth, Va. that her health is improving and that she is enjoying life on the seashore. She is very much struck with the contrast between the poor gardens of Kings Mountain and the splendid truck farms around Norfolk and Portsmouth. Mrs. Uren states that Mr. Perry Green Putnam is married again. Mrs. Uren would like to hear often from her friends in Kings Mountain.

## Local Items

Mr. Troy Carpenter who has been with the United States Drainage force in Orangeburg County S. C. is at home again.

Last week we unwittingly referred to Mr. Leslie McGinnis as assistant cashier of the Kings Mountain Bank. The fact is he is associated with Mr. W. S. Dilling in a brokerage business with the office in the bank.

We are giving the war news in the most accurate form available and Herald readers may rely upon its messages.

Mrs. Sallie Harwell of Stanly visited her sister Mrs. R. R. Howser, last week.

Miss Alpher Howser left Monday for Greenville, S. C. where she is visiting her brother, Mr. Ward Howser.

Mrs. R. R. Howser returned last week from Greenville, S. C. where she visited her son, Mr. R. W. Howser.

The Snowflake Steam Laundry of Gastonia is doing a rousing business in Kings Mountain. There is a reason.

Rev. G. L. Kerr returned Friday from Alabama where he had been for three weeks engaged in protracted meetings. He was with Rev. W. M. Willis one week and Rev. J. L. Pressly two weeks.

Prof. Edgar Long of Dye West, S. C. was here Monday. He left in the afternoon for Gastonia and went from there to Huntersville Tuesday where he addressed a Sabbath school convention.

Messrs. R. R. Howser, Pink Herndon, Wheeler Ware, Inc. Eiters, and Mr. Brown went to Norfolk, Virginia last week on their excursion.

Rev. G. L. Kerr made a Sunday school address before the convention at Huntersville Tuesday.

Mrs. Gray Tolar of Stanley returned Saturday after visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. R. Howser.

Mr. Carl Putnam of Blacksburg, S. C. spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harmon and Miss Lucy returned Sunday from a several days visit to relatives near Patterson Springs, Shelby and Waco. Miss Kate Harmon remained with her grandmother, Mrs. Hoag, near Patterson Springs where she will visit for sometime.

The Baraca Class of the Baptist Sunday School held a business meeting after the adjournment of Sunday School and elected officers and a teacher for the ensuing six months. N. F. McMullan was reelected president; Doris Littlejohn was elected vice president; Frank Weir was made secretary—treasurer and G. G. Page was reelected teacher with Benton Putnam as newly elected assistant. The class invites every man within reach to join it.

A big delegation of Kings Mountain folk attended the big Cherryville picnic Saturday. Of course the Cherryville people will pay us back on October seventh.

Mrs. M. L. Plonk who has been on a visit to her old home in the rural districts returned with Mr. Plonk to Cherokee Falls Sunday afternoon.

Do you keep up with the "Home Town Helps" "Inter-Parish Sunday School Lesson" and "Temperance Notes"? Well please try them today.

## The Importance Of The Town

### and some of the things it Must Have And Do

Everywhere nowadays farmers and townspeople are working together in preserving and developing their communities. This is a logical result of modern conditions, for there has hardly been a time in the history of the United States when this kind of cooperation has been more needed than at present. In the pioneer days the town was little more than a place to trade, but it was indispensable for that purpose alone. The modern town is not only the trading center of the community but it is its social and educational center as well.

Some citizens have sometimes overlooked or underestimated the importance of the social advantages afforded by the small country town that would be wholly unsupplied if not provided by the town. Local trade and commerce produce and retain wealth and prosperity where that trade is carried on—in the rural community. As wealth accumulates in a community every citizen in the community but especially the property owner—is benefited. Where money is circulated money may be acquired, wealth may be accumulated.

The only way in this world to make a community rich and prosperous is to promote trade in it, both producing and consuming. The nearer the consumer is to the producer the better both are off and this takes cognizance of the fact that every living man is in some of his aspects a producer and in others a consumer.

Town and community are not made prosperous by the money that is sent away, but by the money that is spent at home. The best possible way, in fact the only practicable way to make this community more prosperous is to make it more populous; we must have more people right here to consume what we produce and sell. So far as the wealth and prosperity of the community are concerned, they will be promoted as directly by the purchase and consumption of what is sold as by the consumption of what is produced here. In other words things must be bought here and the money produced in the community must be spent and used here if the community is to prosper as it should.

Town and community are not mere accidental features of the landscape; they are indispensable factors in producing not only the highest but the only known civilization. The human race can as conveniently dispense with houses as with communities. Man is a social animal and the community is but a development of man's social instincts. Of course the community can be destroyed, the rural town can be wiped off the map; but not without a serious loss to civilization. The fact that some persons are so shortsighted as to ignore the necessity of the community organization does not make that necessity any the less urgent. Nor does it make injuries to the community any the less vital because the persons inflicting the injuries are ignorant of the harm they are doing. A community gives to each of its citizens a great many things that they would sorely miss if deprived of them. In return and for its own preservation the local town—the nucleus of the community without which it would not exist—demands something from the citizen—his trade.

We sometimes wonder how many citizens use this town to the greatest possible advantage to themselves. Suppose everybody looked upon this town as an organization designed especially to contribute to his comfort, his progress and his happiness. What has it to offer that he must have in order to be happy and contented and that he can not secure elsewhere? How often does the citizen—farmer or townsman—as he goes to the bank to cash a check or to the post office to mail a letter, think of what conditions would be without bank or post office? Can he imagine bank and post office without a town? Can he imagine a town without stores and other places of business? Can he imagine the existence of stores without patronage? Let him for a moment consider the intimate relations and connections that exist between local population and patronage of local merchants, the supporting and maintaining of schools, churches and places of amusement, the performing of governmental functions, and indeed the maintenance of civilization. Though he may shut his eyes to these connections and ignore his duty in the premises, the connections none the less exist and the duty is none the less obvious.

### Broke Up Baptizing.

The colored people were having a baptizing in a pond near Grover Sunday when a very ridiculous thing occurred. Some scoundrel of a white complexion had gone to a nearby spot on the pond and had thrown in a bunch of cats to drown. One of the feline creatures that was not quite dead came near where the colored parson was administering the ordinance. The parson proceeded to remonstrate with whoever did such a low down trick. The offender who was pretending to attend the baptizing heard the remarks of the colored divine, went home and procured a gun and proceeded to shoot the preacher. He shot five times but only one bullet took effect and that was in the knee. It goes without saying that the dardies scattered without orders and the baptismal exercises were immediately suspended.

### Miss Watson Here

Miss Sarah Watson of Charlotte, who will have charge of Mrs. Hislop's Millinery business here for the coming season, was here Saturday looking over the store and remnant of stock and making out a list of her wants in the Northern markets. She left Charlotte Tuesday for New York where she is buying the season's stock. She expects to return and open up business September first. Miss Watson is a milliner of great reputation, having held positions in some of the best shops in the country.

Owing to a long life of service and the infirmities of old age, Mrs. Hislop will not be with the business regular this season but will live quietly with her sister, Mrs. McKinley in Charlotte. On very busy occasions she will come over and assist Miss Watson.

## Gets Hurt

Mr. M. L. Plonk brought home a bad looking face Saturday afternoon. He had been at Cherokee Falls, S. C. doing some blasting. While at his work Saturday morning he became in some way entangled and fell. His face struck something which made a very ugly wound just outside the cavity of the right eye and several smaller wounds nearby. He says the eye is all right.

Mr. Plonk stated to the Herald man that he didn't know just how the accident occurred. He had placed four sticks of dynamite and was getting out of the way of the explosion.

The explosion occurred before he had reached a safe distance away. He says that he either fell or was knocked about ten feet over a ditch and fell on his face and head. For the moment he was so dazed he doesn't know just what occurred except that he remembers that somebody took hold of him and led him out of danger. The fall on his head caused a severe joint of the neck joint. He began work again Monday.

### A Frightful Varment

The discovery and capture of the merino sheep didn't settle the troubled seas in the community about Ware school house. There is really some sort of a frightful varment at large in the community according to recent reports. He has been sighted and shot a number of times but nobody has had good enough view of him to learn just what he looks like. A number the Kings Mountain gunmen have made frequent trips to the community and have seen the tracks and lain in the ambush for the animal. Dr. J. S. Hood, with others measured the track and found its exact dimensions to be from heel to toe five and a quarter inches and from side to side four inches. They say that the track has somewhat of the appearance of a cat's track. At a stride in walking he goes fully three feet and when running covers eleven feet. These are actual measurements. His coat is brown and measures about four inches and is bristle like. Dr. Hood secured a bunch of the coat from a barbed wire where the animal had passed. He seems to travel invariably at night and often visits farm yards. The animal makes a noise similar to the bull. He went into Mr. Josh Gamble's yard the other night and roared out. Mr. Gamble opened the door and let fierce bull dog into the yard. In a very few seconds the dog came bounding back and could not be induced to come from under the bed.

The people are very much disturbed in the community and much search is being made for the beast. It is said that many of our bravest gunmen have sat in waiting in the gullies and forests about Buffalo to get a crack at him but were at the same time mightily afraid they would see him.

News in the Herald is always classified. Pages one, four, five and eight carry local news and pages two, three, 6 and 7 general news. We consider this classification preferable to throwing it all in together rough and tumble.

Rev. B. A. Culp is at Hickory this week in a protracted meeting.

## THE SPRINGS

ARE AGAIN ON THE MARKET

Owner, Mr. John A. Darwin, Abandons \$100,000 Club plans and the property goes on the market again

Cleveland Springs is once more in the air. Owing to the illness of the owner, Mr. John A. Darwin, who has been some time and is now at Clifton Springs N. Y., for his health, the \$100,000 club plans have been abandoned. This leaves the great Springs property open for development by whomever may have the finance to build or the ability to promote a great hotel, such as the property deserves. It is believed that had Mr. Darwin's health not failed him, he would have realized his cherished plan of one of the South's greatest clubs to be located at that place Mr. Darwin has authorized the First National Bank to pay back the money that was paid in by the original members of the club. This paper hopes, along with every public spirited citizen of Shelby that the Springs will some day be developed as they should. This will do much to attract the Interurban. In fact, if the Springs could be sold to the Interurban, it would certainly bring the road to Shelby.—Highlander.

### MRS. WILSON DEAD

Passing of a Landmark and Saintly Woman who lived Exemplar Life

(Cleveland Star last week)  
Short before the hour of 12 o'clock on Wednesday night the spirit of Mrs. V. S. Wilson, passed to the great beyond at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Spake, just east of Shelby. Mrs. Wilson was near her 81st birthday and had lived a consecrated life, close to the master and her host of friends. She had lived a widow 55 years, having married Mr. Sannel C. Wilson. She was a member of Zoar Baptist church for 67 years and the funeral was conducted there yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. A. C. Irvin, a life long family friend. Three children survive, Messrs. Monroe and W. P. Wilson and Mrs. A. P. Spake. Only one brother survives, Mr. Albert Putnam. In the passing of "Aunt Lena" a landmark has gone and her life was such that those who knew her were made better by her acquaintance and exemplary life.

### Mark Twain On Advertising.

When Mark Twain, in his earlier days, was editor of a Missouri paper, a subscriber wrote him that he had found a spider in his paper and asked him whether it was a sign of good or bad luck. The humorist wrote him this answer:

"Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck; The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace forever after.—Sanitary Pottery.

Mr. Lee Woodall, local agent for the Southern, made a trip to Greensboro Saturday afternoon.