

The Kings Mountain Herald
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Haywood E. Lynch
Editor-Manager

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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.

THE OTHER MAN

Perhaps he may have slipped a bit— Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit— Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why? Why all men do, and so have I; You must admit—unless you lie, That so have you.

Perhaps if he would stop and think, Both I and you.
When painting some one black as ink, As some folks do,
Perhaps, if we would recollect, Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct,
Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good,
I'm just like you,
I've done some things I never should
Perhaps like you.
But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity;
They're good enough if good as me
Say, men like you.

—Douglas Malloch

By bearing old wrongs you provoke new ones.—Publius Syrus.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.—Shakespeare.

Money talks, but silence may sometimes have more eloquence.

Some family reunions remind us somewhat of battle royals.

Lots of people get fat without brooding themselves.

WHERE IS OUR PART?

\$4,800,000,000.00 was appropriated by the Federal Government for city and county projects. There are about 130,000,000 people in the United States. Dividing the number of people by the amount appropriated you will find that about \$36.60 could be given to every man, woman and child in the United States. There are about 6,000 people in the Rest Town in the State, Kings Mountain. Multiply this by the \$36 and you will find that Kings Mountain should have received \$216,000 in projects.

Where is our part?

DO TRY TO FIND THE ARTICLE YOU WANT IN KINGS MOUNTAIN STORES?

Some of the most persistent offenders, in the line of purchasing goods out of town, is the class who, when asked why they do not buy all their needs of the home dealer, exclaim that they can't find what they want here. This paper is under the impression that if one were to look far enough one could find about everything necessary to human existence or to clothe the human form, in one or the other of our many stores, and at prices to correspond with the value of the articles in this or any other market.

There are some farmers who would consider it unfair if they were compelled to sell all their produce out of town, yet they do not consider it wrong to send the larger share of the proceeds of their sales to our merchants to the cities for goods they should buy here. We fancy taxes would be burdensome for the agricultural classes were conditions ever to so change that a state should have but one big city where everything for the whole state must be purchased. And this is a condition somewhat exaggerated, that a large proportion of the people are unconsciously trying to bring about.

We contend that whoever makes a living here is in duty bound to spend their money here, when possible. The matter of saving a possible dollar or two occasionally is of minor importance compared to the upbuilding of our city.

Suppose it does cost you a little more every year to buy at home, what would become of you if every soul should take to buying away from town. In two month's time there would be grass growing in our streets.

HERE and THERE

By Haywood E. Lynch

Among the Kings Mountain men that were hugged and kissed in public at the circus last Friday are: Arthur Hay, Gene Matthews, Robert Hord, O. W. Myers (he got a good one!) Capt. O. C. O'Farrell, and H. G. Ware, I don't know why I was slighted, but no attempt was made to hug or kiss me.

I received a letter this week from Jack Dempsey, former heavy weight boxing champion of the world, saying that the following Kings Mountain people had a meal in his restaurant: A. Lee Neisler, Anne L. Neisler, J. A. Neisler and H. R. Neisler. The letter said that he welcomed them in person. Maybe the ex-world champ, gave them a few pointers on boxing.

I never knew until Sunday before last that such a little fellow could mean so much. They were having Rally Day at the Presbyterian Sunday School. The officers had set their goal of attendance for this service at 200 to break all previous attendance. And who do you think put it over the top? Little bitty me. Yes sir, I was the 201st person to come in. I not only reached their goal for me I put it over the top. And if you will come to our church sometime you will see my record attendance on the wall 201. Well, folks, that one on the side of the 200 is me.

One word description of Rev. W. M. Boyce: Friend.

Pretty Sight: Large watermelons stored away for winter in the cellar at A. P. Falls.

Folks, I had a piece in the Herald not long ago about how much pork had gone up. This week I have an ad in the Herald announcing that Drugs, and Medicines are being reduced. Lately everything has been going up, and it is real news when something goes down.

I have always heard that names make news. Well, folks, we'll surely have a newsy paper for the next two weeks. Both the city and county Tax List is in the paper.

Mr. J. M. Sealy, Dodge, Plymouth dealer, must be looking forward to good business. Why, folks, he has built a private office. But even with his private office friendly, congenial Sealy will still be friendly, congenial Sealy.

F. E. Biggerstaff of the Crescent 5, 10 and 25c Store has more fun with his colored help of anybody that I know. He is always playing a joke of some kind on his colored porter. Mr. Biggerstaff holds two degrees in medicine. He kept one of the skulls that he dissected when he was in medical school. This week he wrapped the skull up and brought it down to the store in his car. He told his porter to get the package out of his car and take it to the back of the store and unwrap it. Of course the colored boy did not know what was in the package. Jokester Biggerstaff hid behind a counter and watched the boy open the package. You can imagine for yourself just how scared, surprised, dumfounded the colored boy was when he found the contents of the package. I'll let you ask Mr. Biggerstaff what the boy did.

Happiness is somewhere, but seldom found anywhere.

CONTROL OF CREDIT A BASIC QUESTION

Economist Describes Conflict Between Opposing Social View-points on Government Bank.

Agitation for government banking is a phase of the conflict between our present "personal competitive enterprise system" in America and the "compulsory state collective security system" of several European States, Virgil Jordan, President National Industrial Conference Board, says in an article in a recent issue of "Banking" published by the American Bankers Association.

"They involve irreconcilable principles of human conduct and philosophy of life and the conflict between them is the key to the economic, social and political struggles of today," Mr. Jordan says.

The enterprise system of which "the development of the United States has been the unparalleled example, depends for its motive power of progress upon the inexhaustible reservoir of energy in individual desire for personal advancement in prosperity, but it guarantees nothing to the individual save freedom of opportunity," the article says in part.

The collectivist security system, he says, "places all emphasis upon the maintenance of a minimum standard of living for the mass without regard to the creative power of the individual. Quite simply the security system involves the modern form of the philosophy of the slave society." He continues:

A Sign of the Times
"The many-sided movement toward governmental banking, deposit insurance and currency management is the most direct and decisive expression of the universal instinctive search for security which is the sign of the times. In America our so-called social security legislation is an important indication of the drift away from the enterprise system toward a collectivist security system with concentration of authority in a central Federal government."

"The nationalization of credit is crucial and indispensable for complete state control of the complex industrial and business structure of this country. The drive toward government banking and monetary control is most determined because the relation of the state to credit goes to the root of the enterprise system. A collective security system is inconceivable without nationalization of credit. An enterprise system is inconceivable with it."

Under a collective security system, based on government banking the controls "lie solely in the hands of a few persons and depend upon their judgment, will or caprice," Mr. Jordan says, adding that it is they who must determine "upon the basis of some predetermined plan or upon pure political expediency of the moment, what lines of industry and even what individual enterprises shall have access to the credit reservoir." The state, he says, has the power of life and death over all enterprise that utilizes credit.

"Every government is an organ of party power and must respond to the will of the party that put it in power," the Jordan article says. "Under unchecked government operation it is an inescapable tendency of every currency to depreciate and for credit to expand. However much it may be in the interest of the nation, deflation is too dangerous politically for any government to undertake it deliberately. "In the end government banking and currency management resolve themselves simply into the use of credit as a political instrument of power, and this instrument tends to be used in the long run for expropriation of the savings of the community."

Chattel Mortgages 2-5c Herald Office
Warranty Deeds 10c—Herald Office

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

20 YEARS AGO
OCT 21, 1915

Mrs. Helen Hay and Miss Ellen Long went to Gastonia Friday to attend the fair.

Mrs. E. W. Neal returned Monday from Charlotte where she visited several days.

Miss Mae Plonk and Mrs. R. S. Plonk, Jr., went to Bessemer City Monday.

Mrs. A. J. McGill and son, Arthur McGill, returned Monday from a visit to relatives in Catawba county.

Mr. B. M. Campbell, a Confederate Veteran of this place, went to Gastonia Fair week. Just as he was to board the train on the return trip some snipe swiped his pocket book.

10 YEARS AGO
OCT 25, 1925

Kings Mountain High School football team defeated the husky Chester Eleven 7-6 on Chester Gridiron Friday.

The Women's Club meets Friday at 3:30 in Mountain street school building.

Mr. C. B. Falls brought a fresh apple blossom to the Herald office Friday. He may have some winter apples yet.

Dr. B. F. Falls of Laurinburg is visiting his children, Mrs. H. M. Houser and Mr. Curtis Falls. Mr. Houser's family has moved back from Charlotte to Kings Mountain and are living in Dr. Hord's house.

TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Why is it that one farmer raises 100 bushels of corn to the acre, and the other one, on the other side of the fence, raises 25 bushels to the acre? Why is it that one farmer produces 100 pounds of pork on five bushels of corn, and another uses 25 bushels? Not until power machinery, scientific principles of soil fertilization and restoration, rotation of crops, diversification of crops and economical feeding are applied to the farm, will the farmers' problem be solved, says a farm authority.

BANKING READY

NEW YORK. — There is abundant evidence that banks are in an unusually favorable position to finance a period of industrial growth, says the June issue of "Banking" published by the American Bankers Association.

An official survey on June 10 indicated that the Government of the United States, through its loans, was the potential owner of more than half of the existing world stocks of American cotton.

A HUGE BANKING SYSTEM

The latest official figures covering all banks in the United States show that there are 16,042 licensed banking institutions of every kind and that over 63,000,000 persons have entrusted them with their deposits to the amount of \$44,800,000,000.

A PROPHECY

Significant economic developments to be expected in the next decade are listed by a prominent business writer as follows: (1) Higher standard of living. (2) Continued advances in technical processes of production. (3) Factory built houses, better and cheaper than hand made houses. (4) Somewhat cheaper money. (5) Faster travel. (6) News printed by radio. (7) Mechanical cotton picker, revolutionizing the South. (8) Cheaper electric power. (9) Better distribution of goods; more chain stores. (10) Another depression five or six years hence, preceded by an inflationary boom.

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THE VIRGINIA JUDGE

NOVELIZATION OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS
Judge Calhoun Davis is presiding judge over the circuit court in the sleepy little town of Tidewater, Virginia. After a humorous day in court with his Negro prisoners, he prepares to go fishing.

CHAPTER II
Mrs. Calhoun wiped her hands on her apron as the telephone bell tinkled and hurried out of the kitchen into the living room.
"Yes..." she answered the call.
"Why, of course, Dan, I'll have Jim bring the fishing tackle right over. And Dan... tell the Judge to take along some pennyroyal. The mosquitoes bite even when the fish don't."
"Jim," she called as she hung up the receiver. "Are you up yet?"
The door opened and a boy of about eighteen entered, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.
"Morning, Mother," he smiled. "Am I too late for some breakfast?"
"It's on the back of the stove. Sit down, Jim. I'll get it for you."
As she started to prepare the food, Jim's attention was attracted by the sound of an automobile horn. He walked to the window and stared across at the house next door. Jim's face clouded with envy and his lips compressed. A shiny roadster was parked in front of the neighboring house and the well-dressed youth at the wheel was waving to a small, vivacious girl who came running across the shaded lawn.
"Well, how about it, Mary Lee?" Jim heard the boy ask.
"It's lovely, Bob," answered the girl rapturously.
"Just rolled off the dealer's floor. It'll do seventy. Want to try it out tonight? Huh?"
"Let me see," laughed the girl. "Dinner tonight with the grand duchess. Then the duchess and I play a game. She hides the royal china in soapy water and I have to find it..."
"Say, tell your mother to use paper plates so you can get out early and meet me," laughed Bob as he threw the car into gear. "So long until then."
His face bitter, Jim turned from the window and sat down looking with disfavor at the smoking hot h.../ast

"What's the matter, honey?" asked his mother.
"Oh, nothing," he answered, picking up his fork.
"Jim, I wish you'd try to get up a little earlier. There's a lot of little things you could do to help. And when you finish breakfast I want you to get the Judge's fishing tackle and take it down to the courthouse."
At the mention of the Judge's name, Jim's head snapped up alertly. Then his face hardened.
"I'd rather not," he said. "Let Rufus do it."
"Well, let's not talk about it any more. Doesn't do any good." Jim rose and kissed his mother tenderly. "And say," he hesitated as he turned on an attractive boyish smile. "Lend me four bits, will you?"
With the money in his pocket Jim left the kitchen and hurried across to the home of Mary Lee. As he crossed the spacious back yard he noticed the open door of the garage. Inside stood an antique roadster which belonged to a man who roomed in the house.
"Isn't Mr. Higgins using his car today?" the boy asked a negress who was hanging out a basket of clothes.
"Nossuh," answered the servant as she picked up the basket and started to enter the house. "He took de train early dis mawnin' for Nawfolk. He won't be back till tonight."
As Jim stood before the garage in deep thought, Mary Lee came around the corner of the house, a flower basket on her arm.
"Good morning, Colonel," she greeted him. "You're just in time to reach up and get me that lovely bloom on top of the lilac bush."
"Say," said Jim, after he had retrieved the blossom. "I've got an idea. You're so fond of flowers, let's take a trip up to the Ridge. There's plenty up there."
"I'd love it, but it's ten miles from here. I'm afraid there isn't that much mileage in 'dese heah po' ole feets o' mine."
"You don't have to walk. Mr. Higgins has lent me his car."
"I don't believe it." The girl stared at him with wide blue eyes. "In all the time he's boarded with us, he's never let a soul drive it but himself."
"I know. But I talked to him before he went to Norfolk this morning. It's all right. Come on... get in."
Mary Lee hesitated a second. Then she entered the open garage and climbed into the car. Jim jumped in too and started the motor with a great grinding and clanking of gears.
"Mr. Higgins has been having trouble with this old car." The girl was still doubtful.
"I think he'll find that his motor is missing," the boy grinned impudently as they left the yard and started noisily on the street.

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