

**The Kings Mountain Herald**  
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**HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Haywood E. Lynch  
Editor-Manager

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**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 GLORIOUS COURT"**  
The place that does contain My books, the best companions, is to me

A glorious court, where hourly I converse With the old sages and philosophers; And sometimes, for variety, I confer With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels; Calling their victories, if unjustly got, Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy, Deface their ill-placed statues."  
—Beaumont and Fletcher

**THREE FAMOUS BIRTHDAYS IN JANUARY**  
The birthdays of three great men are observed in January. We would all do well to pause and think of the outstanding accomplishments of these three men, and let their lives be an inspiration to us to try a little harder to do the right thing at the right time in the right way.

The men and their birthdays:  
Benjamin Franklin, January 17, 1706.  
Daniel Webster, January 18, 1782.  
Robert E. Lee, January 19, 1807.

**LET'S STOP IT**  
Kings Mountain has become a regular battleground for out-of-town merchants to flood with their selling campaigns. Almost daily the business and residential section is littered with circulars and handbills of merchants from nearby towns. They are not only cluttering up our town with these handbills but they are trying to induce local people to leave their town and spend their money out of town. This is unjust to our local merchants who pay taxes, hire local people, and spend their money here.

We have been told that there is an ordinance against such practice. Let's see that this ordinance is enforced to the very limit.

**STREETS**  
Since the big snow several streets in Kings Mountain are in very bad condition. A stitch in time saves nine" should apply to the repairing of these streets. The sooner this work is started the less work and expense it will take to repair them.

**THE AMERICAN HERITAGE**  
"We have become a great nation because we are a nation of fearless individualists. We have no caste, no privileged few; and the little child born in the tenements is a potential president of the United States. This is our heritage. No depression can take away from the true American his desire to climb and his desire to achieve. The history of America is filled with the stories of men who battled their way through barren wilderness, who blasted their way through mountains of rock, and laid the foundations of cities and businesses that stand as testimonials to this country and its opportunities. . . . For the track walker becomes the railroad president, and the farm boy becomes the president of a great bank." From an address by Roy H. Faulkner, President, Auburn Automobile Company.

**THE ONLY THREE**  
A most ironic "editorial" on the subject of speed appears quite inadvertently in an engagement book issued by the New York Telephone Co. It presents the name of speed record holders in three fields, as follows:  
Air—Lieutenant Francesco Agello of Italy, 440.29 mph.  
Water—Garfield A. Wood of the United States, 124.86 mph.  
Land—Sir Malcolm Campbell of England, 301.337 mph.

What a blow this must be to the thousands of amateur speeders throughout the country! The only places their names may appear is on the police blotter or the obituary page. Statistics show that 6,850 persons were killed and 134,300 injured in automobile accidents during 1934 as the direct result of excessive speed. But the statistics cannot show how important a factor speed was in nearly every other cause on the motor accident calendar. Driving cars too fast for conditions played a prominent part in thousands of accidents charged to violating the right of way, cutting in, passing a standing street car, passing on a curve or hill, driving off the road way, and reckless driving.

The smart, twentieth-century attitude on speed is that it is no longer a question of how fast you can go, but of how fast you can stop. Remember that excessive speed is relatively so insignificant that out of the whole world only three names are given any mention for it.

**HERE and THERE**  
By Haywood E. Lynch

Here is a good one that I read in Henry Belk's column in the Goldsboro News-Argus. That's the paper I used to work on.

A lady had twins, and she named one Hoover and the other Roosevelt. They were exactly alike, and she had a hard time telling them apart. The doctor called back to see the twins and he wanted to know which was which. The lady went over to the crib and picked up one and smelled him and put him back. Then she picked up the other one and smelled him, and said: "Here is Roosevelt." The doctor wanted to know how she told them apart. She replied, "Roosevelt's done something."

Some weeks I have plenty of items for this column, and some weeks I don't have any. This is one of the weeks that I don't have any.

Mike Milan, Manager of the Home Stores, promised to write this column for me one week, but up to now he hasn't delivered the goods.

I believe more people go from Kings Mountain to Florida than any other town in the world of the same size. There is a regular Kings Mountain Colony at Palm Harbor.

Get A. P. Warlick or E. W. Griffin to tell you who Dirtyfoot is. They told me.

**Pretty Sight: My new car.**  
There is going to be a mighty good program at the Men's Club tonight. I know because I am in it. But you don't have to believe me, just ask Arnold Kiser, Johnny McGill or Kenneth Crook.

**WPA, PWA—NIL**  
As far as Kings Mountain is concerned it seems that WPA and PWA mean Nil. It has been a mystery to us why some project has not been started here. It has come to our attention this week that workers from Kings Mountain are at work on projects in Shelby. We need streets. We need sewer lines, and other worth-

**One Dollar Income: Two Dollar Outgo!**  
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN  
National Chairman  
Sentinels of the Republic

With Congress well launched into its present session, the public is watching eagerly for evidence that pledges to reduce extravagance in government are to be fulfilled.

Thus far the evidence is scant. There have been the usual number of "private bills" to increase individual pensions and the like. There has been talk of huge appropriations for various projects obscure both in scope and in purpose. It begins to look as if enough plans to spend the taxpayers' money will be offered this session to run the total high into the billions—as has been the fashion at Washington during recent years.

Naturally all these efforts on the part of legislators to spend the people's dollars cannot hope to be enacted into law. But the persistence with which such attempts recur indicates something worthy of consideration by all of us who pay taxes, whether direct or "hidden."

It is, that while office-holders like to picture themselves as the people's business agents in government, actually many of them seem to play quite the opposite role. Probably that explains why the Federal public debt has reached an all-time high; why the government is spending almost two dollars today for every dollar it takes in.

What the office-holder should remember is that the ability of any business agent is measured not by the number and the magnitude of the bills he runs up for his employers to pay, but by the efficiency and economy with which he administers the affairs of those he represents. Helping to run up a public debt that would take thousands of years to pay at the rate of \$5,000 a day, doesn't quite fit the picture. Yet that, statisticians say, is what reckless spending in government has done to the United States and its people.

Big appropriation bills may help put a legislator's name on the front page—but they don't remedy conditions if they also help put a lot of other men's names among the bankruptcy notices.

Why, Oh, Why Can't Kings Mountain get their finger in the pie? While projects.

**LET'S LOOK BACK**  
From The Kings Mountain Herald  
20 YEARS AGO  
JAN. 27, 1916

Mrs. B. M. Ormand went to Charlotte Tuesday.

There has been lots of work on our streets for the past week removing the surplus soil occasioned by the sewer ditcher, and restoring shape to the surface.

C. Q. Rhyne is representing the High Point Furniture Co. in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee.

The Cleveland County Farmers' Union meets in the Court House at Shelby, Thursday, February 3, at 10 o'clock. All locals are expected to be present.

Mr. Bun Patterson's little daughter was sick during last week. They live in the Patterson Grove section.

Mrs. Wright Harmon of the Patterson Grove section visited relatives in Kings Mountain last week.

**OPEN FORUM**  
An open forum for our readers, but no letter can be published if it exceeds 500 words. No anonymous communications will be accepted. The name of the writer will not be published however, if the author so requests.  
To The Editor:  
I would like to join with our alert editor in the worthy endeavor to give the people of Kings Mountain a library. In so doing, I am certain that there are many others who want to do the same thing. The value of selected reading is too apparent to even argue. There is one objection that bobs up immediately which must be removed: I have more reading already than I can possibly or properly digest. Of a great many of us this is true. And little do we realize the good fortune that is ours in keep-

ing company with good books. But there are many hungry minds in our vicinity of whom this is far from true. There are other minds who lack, but they do not know how far a book will go in the filling of it. One cannot even imagine the possibilities if our hungering minds could sit down for us. Long years ago, Thomas Moore wrote, "My only books—Were woman's looks—And folly's all they've taught me."

He was not decrying reading. It was the substitution of something else for this essential tool in the development of the human personality, that caused his cry. In this day of hurry and greater leisure, we need to know what Longfellow accounted so dear:

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks  
And all the sweet serenity of books."

I think our only problem is the method of procedure. If each Civic and Study Club will endorse the idea and appoint a representative to meet with Mr. Lynch, I feel sure that some practical plan can be launched immediately. In fact there is nothing wrong with the editor's idea after we get a representative group back of it. The Minister's Association will make this appointment. Let each club do it at their February meeting.

Did you know that a friend loaned Andrew Carnegie a few books that changed his life and drenched his soul with the dream that every young person should have the opportunity to read? Carnegie Libraries were born from those few books. I'd like to have a part in feeding ambitious minds with good substantial food. Wouldn't you?

Interestedly yours,  
W. M. Boyce.

**DIXIE GEM**  
THE NATIONAL FAVORITE  
**Dixie Gem Coal**  
The National Favorite  
For more than a quarter of a century, DIXIE GEM COAL has been used in thousands of homes in Kings Mountain and has radiated "Heat, Health, Happiness and Hospitality."  
**Kings Mountain Ice & Coal Co.**  
PHONE 124

**Sale Specials**  
JUST RECEIVED 2,000 Yards Slub Net Curtain goods, all colors and shades. 25c quality, short bolts—  
**15c Yard**  
1,000 Yards Slip Cover Material, all colors and shades, short lengths, 50c quality—  
**29c Yard**  
100 Pairs New frilled Curtains. Plain and combination colors—  
**48c Pair**  
100 Pairs 9 inch frilled Curtains. Plain and colors. 2 1/2 yards long—  
**87c Pair**  
**Belk's Dept. Store**  
THE HOME OF BETTER VALUES

**FASTER SCHEDULE**  
Through the **PIEDMONT SECTION**  
Improved Service and More Convenient Daytime Arrival at Points in Virginia, The Carolinas and Georgia  
**TRAIN NO. 29**

Lv. New York, Pa. Sta. (E. T.)	(P. R. R.)	10:05 PM
Lv. Philadelphia, Pa. Sta., 30th St.	"	12:01 AM
Lv. Washington	(Sou. Ry. Sys.)	3:30 AM
Lv. Lynchburg	"	8:05 AM
Lv. Danville	"	9:45 AM
Ar. Greensboro	"	11:00 AM
Lv. Greensboro	"	11:10 AM
Ar. Salisbury	"	12:20 PM
Ar. Charlotte	"	1:30 PM
Ar. Spartanburg	"	3:30 PM
Lv. Spartanburg	"	4:25 PM
Ar. Greenville	"	8:55 PM
Ar. Atlanta, Peachtree Sta.	"	9:10 PM
Ar. Atlanta, Terminal Sta. (E. T.)	"	8:10 PM
Ar. Atlanta, Terminal Sta. (C. T.)	"	8:10 PM

**EQUIPMENT**  
Air-Conditioned Sleeping Car New York-Atlanta  
Modern Through Coaches Washington-Atlanta  
Dining Car serving all meals

**EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS**  
At Greensboro for Durham and Raleigh, also Winston-Salem, and intermediate stations.  
At Salisbury for Asheville and intermediate stations.  
At Spartanburg, receiving connection Carolina Special, northbound, from Charleston, Columbia and intermediate stations; southbound from Chicago, Cincinnati, Knoxville, Asheville and intermediate stations; also connects at Spartanburg with the Carolina Special, northbound.  
At Atlanta, connecting with the Royal Palm and Kansas City-Florida Special for Macon, Jacksonville and other Florida points.

**It's Quicker and Safer to Travel by Train**  
For Fare, Sleeping Car Reservations and Information regarding through train and local schedules, consult Passenger Traffic Representatives and Ticket Agents.  
W. E. MCGEE, A. G. P. A., Columbia, S. C.  
E. E. BARRY, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.  
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FRANK L. JENNINGS, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Washington, D. C.  
**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM**

**Carole LOMBARD**  
**Fred MacMURRAY**  
**HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**  
Adapted by Wallace West  
from the Paramount Picture of the same title, based on Vina Delmar's story.

**SYNOPSIS**  
Regi Allen, a manicurist employed in the barber shop of a swanky New York hotel, has ambitions to marry a millionaire. Although she attracts the attention of Allen Macklyn, young millionaire paroled from the waist down in a plane crash, Regi has eyes only for Theodore Drew III, a society playboy. Drew disappoints her when he tells her that he is leaving for Bermuda for a short vacation, after which he plans to marry a wealthy society girl. He misses the boat, however, when he gets drunk at dinner and Regi has to put him up in her apartment. The next day, he tells Regi that his father lost all his money in the crash and that he isn't worth a cent. To cover up the fact that he missed the boat, Ted calls his sweetheart from Regi's apartment and tries to make her believe that he is calling from Bermuda. But the girl on the other end of the wire isn't fooled.

**CHAPTER V**  
SINCE he did not dare let his fiancée know that he was not in Bermuda—Mr. Snowden objected to people who missed boats—Ted spent another night on the couch in the living room. The next day he insisted that he would cook dinner for Regi when she returned from work. It was pouring down rain when she came out of the subway. She turned up her coat collar and was preparing to get wet when she saw Ted flagging her wildly from a taxicab near by. She ran for it, head down.

"Don't ever say I don't think of you every moment," he laughed triumphantly. "I've been sitting right here for two hours reserving this cab. Aren't you going to say it was nice of me?"

"Have you?" asked Regi weakly. Then catching sight of the meter, which read \$4.25, she added dryly: "Yes, I see you have. It was lovely of you! But taking taxis . . . when you haven't any money . . . isn't it a little foolish?"

"Foolish! Why, I had to take a taxi. I couldn't come out in this pouring rain . . . and take the new crease out of my pants."

"Where's your overcoat?"

"Oh, it's spending a little while in a . . . to put it frankly . . . pawnshop."

"Why did you pawn it?" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Why, to pay for the taxi, of course!" His tone was hurt.

"James," he called to the driver. "The nearest delicatessen."

After loading up with delicacies, which used up all the money he had after paying the taxi fare, Ted escorted Regi home in style . . . to a meal "worthy of an Allen and a Drew."

They were washing the dishes when a ring came at the door, and a messenger boy delivered a huge bunch of daffodils.

"Ah, Spring has come to a hundred and twentieth street," beamed Ted.

"They're from Mr. Macklyn," exclaimed Regi, examining the card.

"Who's he?" Ted's voice was sharp.

"He's my best friend. He says daffodils remind him of me."

"I thought your big idea was a man you'd remind of orchids." He couldn't keep a twinge of jealousy out of his voice.

"At least I don't remind people of pineapples."

"Ough!" Ted clutched his chin as though he had been socked. Then, after a little pause: "Your 'best friend,' is he rich?"

"Sure."

"That's nice. Fits right in with your plans, doesn't it?"

"I haven't any plans."

"But your ideas about marrying for money haven't changed, have they?"

"Certainly not." She picked up the flowers. "Have yours?"

"Nope," he answered blithely as he brought a vase. "Once a heel, always a heel. That's our slogan." Then he added staring at the flow-

"I'm scared to think what Nona would make that add up to. Well, here goes."

"Hello? . . . Hello? . . . Hello, Miss Snowden," said Regi in a typical operator's voice after the connection had been made. "Bermuda calling. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready," answered a silken contralto.

"Go ahead with Bermuda," said Regi.

"Hello, Vivian," began Ted. "Can you hear me?"

"Hello, Teddy. I can hear you perfectly. How are you? When are you coming back?"

An imp of mischief suddenly took control of Regi. She leaned over and called into the phone: "Hello, Westchester 28396? . . . Bermuda calling Miss Vivian Snowden, please. . . ."

Ted was dismayed but helpless. Vivian was furious.

By this time, Ted was flat on the floor and Regi had collapsed against the wall. They were hysterical with laughter.

"You know they are kind of like you, at that."

Suddenly he gasped as though cold water had been thrown on him. "Oh, great grief," he cried, "I'm in Bermuda!"

"Good. And I'm in Greenland."

"Don't be superficial!" His tone was frantic. "I'm supposed to be in Bermuda right this minute and Vivian might telephone. What'll I do?"

"Telephone her first."

"What? From New York?" Then, as the idea sank in: "I shall make you the general of all my armies for that suggestion. Only you've got to tell her I'm calling from Bermuda. You'll be the operator."

"What's her number?" Regi's eyes were sparkling with mischief.

"Westchester eight-two-seven-nine-three."

"Operator!" she exclaimed. "I've got Bermuda! Please get off the wire. Hello! Hello! Ted? . . . Oh, Operator! Go easy!"

"Yes, I can hear you." He was trying to fend Regi off with one arm but laughing at the same time. "Hey! Lay off!"

"What did you say, Ted . . ." came his fiancée's furious voice. "Yes, Operator! I've got Bermuda! Please get off the line. Hello! Hello! Ted? . . . Oh, Operator! Go easy!"

By this time Ted was flat on the floor and Regi had collapsed against the wall under the telephone. They were hysterical with laughter.

They could not know that Vivian, after flipping the book some more, had finally gotten a real operator and been informed that there had been no call from Bermuda, but that it had come from New York!

To be continued