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HERE and THERE By Haywood E. Lynch When I was a boy in school it seemed like the weeks would never roll around to Saturday and Sunday so I would not have to go to school. Now that I am older it seems like the weeks fly by, and I have to write this weekly (also weakly) column almost every other day. You remember when you was a child it seemed like ages from one Christmas until the next, now they come around almost monthly.

Preacher Hamm, made the suggestion to the Men's Club the other night, that they buy a page ad in the Herald and see if my lost moustache could be located. I told him after the meeting I would donate one half the page in trying to find him some hair for his head. One thing about it I can grow another moustache, but I have a very serious doubt as to whether the jolly preacher can grow some more hair on the place his hair is missing. How about it Preacher?

You know, laying all joking aside, Rev. Hamm is one of the finest citizens in The Best Town in the State.

A certain young lady is certainly seeing a lot of a certain young man about town.

Mrs. P. D. Herndon almost embarrassed me yesterday. She had charge of her Study Club, and decided to ask a series of questions on Kings Mountain. She stumped me right off the bat with a question about the number of different denominations in our fair city. By the way she is going to let me publish her questions and answers next week.

Pretty Sight: The new Town Hall now under construction.

And talking about that new Town Hall, way back yonder when it looked like Kings Mountain was going to be completely slighted as to some Government money, I bet Charlie Dilling a crate of drinks we would not get that Town Hall. So, I lose, but this is one bet I have made in my life that I am glad I lost. It is a case of winning even though you lose. Charlie, I will send you your drinks in a few days. Maybe I can float some kind of a bond issue to pay for them.

Drunken drivers are often released after paying relatively small fines. Some juries are notoriously derelict in bringing in convictions.

The drunken driver should never be allowed to pay a fine and he should be denied the right to use the public streets and highway. If such a program were carried out through out the country, one of the gravest menaces to life would be greatly minimized.

ARE PLATFORM PLANKS MEANINGLESS? According to present official estimates, it will be at least two years before it will be possible to systematically start to reduce the gigantic national debt.

Without criticizing these estimates which are necessarily predicated on personal judgments as to future demands on the Treasury — especially in the matter of relief spending — it is certainly reasonable to suggest that Congress do its utmost to hold down appropriations so that the program of debt reduction may start much sooner.

The debt is now approaching the \$35,000,000,000 point, and it will be at its all time high in less than six months, when the fiscal year ends. One of the largest Federal expenses is the servicing and amortizing of that almost unimaginable sum. Every dollar outstanding bears interest. And while it is true that the government has found it possible to reduce the interest rate paid, to unprecedentedly low levels, hundreds of millions annually are required to pay the interest bill. Over a long period of time, the interest cost of a bond issue may rival in amount the size of the issue itself.

The cost of Federal activities — regular as well as emergency — can be pared without reducing the quality of governmental service. Many departments have fattened far beyond their proper size. Others could be dispensed with entirely, the need that created them having passed. Others overlap in their functions at the expense of the taxpayer.

Such programs as that proposed to the President, whereby departments and bureaus would be consolidated to increase efficiency and reduce costs, should be encouraged. It is the plain duty of Congress to make reduction in the cost of government a reality, not just a meaningless plank in political platforms.

Explorers Led On Merry Chases By Polar Mirages

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 13.—Prof. William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, explained how "polar mirages" led early explorers on a merry chase to locate land he had "discovered," confused their map making and caused colleagues to cast suspicious eyes on their reports.

In a speech before the annual meeting of the Association of American Geographers, Prof. Hobbs declared these "polar mirages" accounted for wide differences to opinion among early explorers and sent them off on map making expeditions that brought conflicting results.

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ence with the image as clear as earth plane observation of 20 miles. Hobbs said that the extremely high visibility of the polar regions, where the air is relatively free from dust and moisture, accounted for the great distances that the mirages were visible.

"There goes the band leader that composed music while in bed." "Goodness, what kind of music can that be?" "Sheet music."

"I never clash with my boss." "No?" "No, he goes his way and I go his."

Judge—"Do you challenge any of the jury?" Defendant—"Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

Warranty Deeds At Herald Office

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald NINETEEN YEARS AGO FEB. 7, 1918 The R. E. Lee Literary Society of the Kings Mountain Graded school met Friday and elected the following officers: James Swaringen, president. Helen Smith, treasurer. Susie Beach, first critic. Lawrence Lovell, second critic. Garrison Ware, monitor. Miriam Goforth, news reporter. Capt. F. Dilling returned last week from his hunting preserve at Hilton Head. —THE HERALD \$1.50 A YEAR— CROP LIENS — HERALD OFFICE

JUST HUMANS By GENE CARR



"Can't Caddy for Yeh Today. I Sold Yeh to This Kid!"

Engineer Sails 1,500,996 Miles With One Line

New York, Jan. 18.—When the liner Santa Clara docked at New York January 12 from Valparaiso, Chili, Chief Engineer Charles H. Elliott completed exactly 1,500,996 miles in 23 years with the Grace Lines. During that period, which includes two years transporting troops through the submarine infested Mediterranean, he has never met with a disaster at sea. The worst that ever befell him was the loss of a couple of propeller blades when they tangled with submerged wreckage.

Born in Philadelphia, Elliott started his career at sea at the age of 24. He is 53 now. His roster of travel reads like a page from a geography book. One of the first men to go through the Panama Canal he since has traversed the 'big ditch' more than 200 times. He has been around "the bottom of the earth" — through the Straits of Magellan — the Atlantic a dozen times to take troops and supplies to France and then to bring them home after the war.



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Kings Mountain Furniture Co. CASH — TERMS

Samuel Goldwyn presents EDNA FERBER'S COME AND GET IT! with EDWARD ARNOLD JOEL McCREA FRANCES FARMER

Barney Glasgow had risen from shanty boy of Sius Hewitt's lumber camp to the richest and most powerful man in Wisconsin. His loveless marriage to Emmy Louise Hewitt had been the stepping stone to his timber kingdom and now, at fifty, Barney had two grown children, Evvie and Richard. On a trip north to see his old friend Swan Bostrom, Barney became infatuated with Swan's nineteen-year-old daughter, Lotta. In order to have Lotta near him he brought Swan and the two women to Butte des Morts. People were beginning to talk.

Chapter Five

"Ah—ah—I'm Richard Glasgow, Miss Bostrom." Richard stood on the doorstep of Swan's cottage, nervously fingering his hat. "Pa's gone for a walk with Aunt Karle," Lotta informed him. "Then I'll tell you what I came to say," said Richard, and his words came quickly, heatedly. "The Glasgow family won't stand for you or any other yellow-haired vampire making a fool of my father! I stand ready to pay you any reasonable sum to leave town—I'm assuming, of course, that it's money you want." He delivered the speech with all



From her father, her confidant, she could no longer conceal the truth.

the pompous dignity he could summon. Lotta's face was white with fury. Before Richard could say another word her hand shot out against his cheek with resounding impact. As he staggered back in pain and surprise, she rushed after him, striking and kicking like a mad woman. Richard lost his footing and collapsed awkwardly on the grass.

"Why you... you... I'll kill you! I'll kill you if you don't take that back!" Lotta almost sobbed. "Pa! Pa! Aunt Karle! Come quick—" Richard poked himself up and brushed off his clothes, staring at Lotta curiously as he did so. Her outburst was so obviously spontaneous that he was beginning to wonder if he had perhaps misjudged her. Why, she didn't look capable of—why, she was just a kid, innocent and kind of sweet. And beautiful! His anger quenched now, Richard looked at her speechlessly, as stunned by her extraordinary beauty as he had been by her attack a moment before. Humbly he offered her his abject apologies.

In an hour he had completely ingratiated himself, and together they pulled Lotta's hot molasses candy. Richard delivered an oration on the ancient art of paper-making. Beneath her rapt attention he grew expansive and fell deeper and deeper under the spell of her beauty. Lotta was impressed by his knowledge and his charming manners. Soon they were calling each other by their first names and Lotta had forgiven him.

Meanwhile Swan and Karle were taking serious counsel. As they walked home along a country road Swan made his decision. "Don't say nothing to Lotta. I just tell Barney next time he comes I'm kind of homesome to get back to Iron Ridge."

Karle and Swan were not the only ones in Butte des Morts who were troubled about Barney and Lotta. Emmy Louise had been watching Barney the past few months, growing more and more suspicious. Especially was she convinced that something was amiss when Evvie ran breathlessly into the house one afternoon and announced that she had broken her engagement to Orville. She would give her mother no explanation. But from Barney, her confidant, she could conceal the truth no longer.

"Breaking your engagement

(To be continued.)