The Kinga Mountain Hesald Published Every Thursday

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A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welsare and published for the enlightment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and tta vicinity.

TODAY

Today is all sufficient for The burdens we must bear, Today is ours, to live, to love, Our brothers' sorrows share.

Tomorrow never comes to us, And yesterday is gone, Therefore today is all of time We have to build upon.

Tomorrow is as far away As yesterday it seemed, So put your shoulder to the wheel And do the things you've dreamed -Selected.

SUCCESS

narrow and steep. And as onward you wearily pass You'll find that its pitfalls are many

and deep: It is known as the road to success.

It's a long, dreary climb to the top of that road. From the path it is easy to stray;

For the few that we find who can shoulder the load There are many who fall by the way.

climbing the hill Keep smiling, 'twill help you pull

through, on with a will

To the goal that is waiting for you.

-Author Unknown,

CAST A BALLOT

is the new farm act.

section of the act is that part have in a few minutes, and world-wide ing to do with marketing quotas on sympathy is extended to the victims cotton and flue-cured tobacco. When and their survivors. But when auto-Congress wrote that provision into mobiles crash and people die horrithe bill, it also cleared a way for bly as a result, we note the fact abfarmers to accept or reject a re-sently, and turn the page to the stricted production of these two comic strips.

In 81 of the State's countles, frow ers will journey to community polls March 12 to express their opinion of marketing quotas. If two-thirds of those voting want restriction on their 1938 tobacco and cotton crops, then the quotas will go into effect on this year's production.

In order to get a representative cross-section of the producers' wishes, then it will be necessary that every grower of these crops east his ballot. If you don't vote and are opposed to the provisions, the county committee can place quotas on your production anyway if the necessary majority want control.

Anyone who produced tobacco or cotton in 1937, whether he be landlord, operator, tenant, or sharecrop per, will be eligible to vote.

BE AN ORIGINAL

There are but few uses for carbon copies. As a rule carbon copies of originals are filed away in musty cabinets, remain forgotten and some times become lost. The carbo copy never gets anywhere of consequence.

And so it is with mannind. Those of us who are satisfied to be carbon copies of other men seldom get anywhere. The reason for this is easily understood. Men who originate gain confidence in themselves. They kow that they are capable of accomptishing something. And so they walk steadily onward.

Copylsts cannot gain confidence in themselves. This is because they have never planned, never attempted, never achieved.

This does not necessarily mean that one must be a genius. an inventor, a scientist. It does not mean that one must present the world with new and startling thoughts. But it does mean that one should stop attempting to emulate some character that he has taken a fancy

If we are to get anywhere beyond musty filing cabinet we must build up confidence in ourselves. We must learn that we have natural qualities that will allow us to ac complish worthwhile thigs.

Briefly, we must stop trying to be the other fellow. We must start trying to develop a personality of our owa which satisfies our own ideas

of what we would like to be. The Corrector. Lilli

SUICIDE BY TAXATION

The biggest problem facing the nation today," says Roger Babson, is not the recession; not the jobless; not the railroads. It is our taxation system." Unsound, excessive ad inequitable taxation coupled how can I correct the trouble? on unprecedented povernment ex A.—Practically all varieties

ravagance is slowly driving the na tion to commit suicide by taxation. to the present point of stagnation.

Mr. Babson points to ten different steps that should be taken immediately:

1. Broaden the income tax base. 2. Pare down excessively high in er products in the laying mash come taxes. 3. Reduce capital gains assessments. 4. Eliminate tax-exempt securities. 5. Tax government dried milk products at the rate of employees. 6. Remove the undistri one gallon of milk to each hens. made. buted profits tax. 7. Stop the present policy of virtual "emgezzlement is used at the rate of three gallons of social security funds. 8. Clamp down on special local taxes. 9. Lower real estate taxes. 10. Cut public spending.

These are concrete suggestions for a practical program of solvency and business encouragement which, if enacted, would stimulate the private citizen to forge ahead. Private enterprise would take a new lease on life. Employment and wages would resume their upward march in step with the constantly rising standard There's a long winding road, very of living that has characterized American progress for the last 150

THE MODERN JUGGERNAUT

Suppose that, on a given day, we rounded up nearly forty thousand American men, women and children herded them into a field, and there proceeded to slaughter them. Sup pose that, at the same time, we wounded, blinded, crippled and other wise harmed several hundred thousand more. Horrible? Impossible? More bar-

Thoug oft you may stumble while baric than the barbarians? Of course it is-but, in effect, that is what happens on American highways every year. The slaughter does Don't turn and look back, but press not occur on a single day, but over 365 days. And instead of killing the victims with shell and rifle fire, and gas and grenades, we use that well known servant of mankind which can also be a monster of destruction -the automobile.

If an airplane falls and kills ten The most talked-about subject a people the fact is headlined throughmong North Carolina farmers today out the country and millions feel a sense of horror. If a ship sinks and And perhaps the most discussed 50 men die, the entire world knows it

Seeds of Tyranny By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman Sentinels of the Republic

During the past few weeks Americans have watched with a sense of apprehension the ominous shadow of despotism lengthening across the map of

To many students of government, however, neither the latest coup nor its predecessors came as a surprise. It was the inevitable outcome of a willingness to let group hatreds and group ambitions overwhelm and supplant the spirit of free and constructive patriotism.

In the case of virtually every nation that has accepted the dictator's yoke, such students can recall a preceding period of internal strife, of warring blocs and pressure groups, each intent in gaining for its acherents special advantages at the expense of the people, or the nation, as a whole.

Out of the turmoil caused by the multiplication of such blocs, and the accompanying encouragement of hatreds among the people themselves, has emerged the man or the group that seized all power.

Sometimes the turmoil was stilledat the cost of all individual liberty. Sometimes it developed, instead, into tragic civil wars. Daily the headlines from abroad repeat the story.

In all this there is an obvious lesson

Here is a country that in a century and a half of national existence achieved a growth in territory, in population, in resources, in tolerance, and in influence unsurpassed throughout history. Here is a nation that through concerted efforts of all its people established a standard of living unequalled elsewhere on earth.

This advance was not achieved through the process of class warring against class, of group crowding out group. It was achieved through methods - sometimes interrupted - of progressive cooperation.

Here is something for the preachers of dissention to ponder as they scatter the seeds of tyranny. Here is something for the American people to remember when they are asked to relinquish a policy of cooperation for one of class hatreds and domination by political pressure groups.

To such demands, whatever their source, there is one conclusive reply. It

In the 26 years he has kept weath er records at Waterloo, Ia. Mayor Ralph B. Slippy has noted tempera ures, ranging from 33 degrees below ero to 112 above.

Farm Questions Answered

Q.-Why is it that my ten year old scuppernong vinec bear no fruit and

sterile and must be pollinated by a is here visiting his brother, Mr. A. Reform in government spending and male vine before they will bear fruit E. Cline axation is the crying need of the As your vines were propogated Mrs. J. K. Dixon and Mr. and Mrs noment. As Mr. Babson declared, from a productive plant it will be D. K. Jackson of Gastonia visited he only basic policy in our present necessary that you plant a male in the home of Mr. I. B. Goforth Sun system is an almost fanatical desire vine for pollen. These male vines day. occal taxes from the ultimate may be secured from many compayer — the consumer. Taxation has mercial nurseries and one male vino open instrumental in bringing pri-should be planted for each ten rate enterprise andustrial progress plants. Male plants produce pollen, but do not bear fruit, and it is nec essary that the bearing vines be pol linated before they will fruit.

Q.—Can skim milk of buttermilk be substituted for dried milk or othe

An .- Skim milk (clabber) or buttermilk may be used in place of the Where the skim milk or buttermilk

a day for each 100 birds it may be products, one-half of the fish meat, is declining.

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO

MARCH 13, 1919

Mrs. W. S. Dilling, regent, entertained the Col. Frederick Hambright Chapter, U. D. C., last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. E. B. Olive of Earl is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A Ful-

and one-half the meat meal. The success of these substitutions, however, depend upon the regularity in feeding the milk and unless there is an amule supply available at all times no substitutions should be

Enrollment in both rrban and rusubstituted for all the dried milk ral elementary schools of America



Chapter One

Viccy met him for the first time at the quay, the day she came back to Baikie. Just off the boat with bags and luggage strewn all about her, she thought how odd, how tiny little Baikie seemed after the big world of London, Paris. He broke in on her reverie.

"Get up, please."

"Get up, please."
She was startled. "What do you mean?"
"Get up!" His hair was sandy.
His eyes were no particular color,
but they had a nice, warm light in
them. He was lean and his mouth
had the quirk of a man who laughs

had the quirk of a man who laughs pleasantly.

She started to say, "Who are you?" but she got up. He bent down and carefully disentangled a half-eaten jelly apple that clung to her skirt. He bowed to the little girl who had been sitting head to her and sobbing, and presented the apple.

ness in her make-up, she was the wife of Horace Skirving, publisher of the Balkie Advertiser, Balkie's most important—and sole — news-

Lisbet cast a glowing smile on the provost. "I've come to say good-bye," she said.

"Be back in time for the meet-ing." he urged and leaned toward her. "I couldn't do without you on the platform." He gave her a signi-ficant look and his eyes held hers for a second. Vicey was grown up now. Vicey could see things. She decided that Baikie had changed— very much. very much.

She started to say, "Who are you?" but she got up. He bent down and carefully disentangled a halfeaten jelly apple that clung to her skirt. He bowed to the little girl who had been sitting that to her and sobbing, and presented the apple.

"Disgusting!" Vicey exclaimed and rubbed at the apot with her handkerchief.

"Would you like some spit?" he asked. She decided that she did not like him. But she told him he could help with the bags.

When he had struggled as far as the gate with the bags, her chauffeur appeared to relieve him. He gave his burdens up reluctantly.

He didn't like Lisbet Skirving either. He was Frank Burdon, come over from London to take a reporter's post on the Advertiser.

Horace Skirving had inducted him. He told him that the Advertiser published nothing sensational; that the paper was supporting Gow for Parliament; that the assistant editor was ill, and that Burdon would have to get an interview out of Gow, and that he would have to make up the paper and see it through the preses.

Lisbet had come in and he was introduced. She said, "How d'ye do" and ignored his outstretched hand. He knew he would never like Lisbet Skirving.

Then he went to the council meet-He didn't like Lisbet Skirving



His eyes had a warm, humorous light in them.

The grand hall rang with the cound of her father's voice practically a political speech. Tall, hawknosed and distinctly good-looking, he was on the fleshy side. "Viccy! Darling!" he greeted her and threwhis arms around her in exuberance. "I'm running for Parliament."

Bailile Callender turned surprised eyes on her. "Mon, but you've town. Changed times since you will in my pig-sty, hey?"

"Don't bother about pig-stys now. We've got to worry about council weeting," her father interrupted suppatiently.

"Talking about meetings," Viccy etorted, "you might have met me down at the pier."

The provost waved her impatiently aside.

"Your father's a busy man. There's great events foreboding," has provost explained to his daughter. "These are exceptional times and they call for exceptional men. Tomorrow I'm opening at the Croy cattle show, and I've got my big election meeting at night." He lowered his voice. "And thisses confidential. Lord Skerryvore is coming—the leader of the party."

Viccy met him for the third time in her father's car. There had been an interruption as the provost came out of the council meeting. "I'is about me Patsy, your Honor," she began. "Ye know all about me, and I know what ye're going to say. Ye can't make any exceptions, but where would I be getting the money to pay a fine of live pounds, and I can't live without me Patsy."

The provost explained to his daughter. "These are exceptional men."

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Viccy was more doubted the meeting. Then the clow of the council meeting. A distressed Irishwoman had rushed to him, and began an outpour in her flavorsome brogue. "It's about me Patsy."

The provost avoided her eye as he drew on his gloves. Burdon approached him.

"Oh, you're from the Advertiser, to you bo Baillie told her with a knowing nod.

"Don't you see why I'm running,"
the provost explained to his daughter. "These are exceptional times
and they call for exceptional men.
Tomorrow I'm opening at the Croy
cattle show, and I've got my big
election meeting at night." He lowered his voice. "And this is confidential. Lord Skerryvore is coming—
the leader of the party."

Viccy was more confused than
ever. "Why did you get rid of Janet,
the maid?" she asked.

The provost seemed embarrassed.

Why, she got impertinent and Lisbet dispessed of her," he explained.

"What's her name?" he asked the chauffeur. And when he learned it, he said "Viccy, Viccy, Victoria, nice name!" as though he relished it.

The house was littered with polifical posters. There were new maids. The grand hall rang with the pound of her father's voice practicus a political speech. Tall, hawknosed and distinctly good-looking, he was on the fleshy side. "Viccy! Darling!" he greeted her and threw his arms around her in exuberance.

"What's her name?" he asked the ing. Viccy met him for the second time. He was sitting beside her. The exchanged "Hellos." Provost Gow was presiding over the meeting. "Isn't he a pompous fool," Burdon said, sizing him up very accurately. Viccy looked startled again. The provost launched into a campaign business of the meeting. "That fellow gives me a pain in the neck." burdon was on the fleshy side. "Viccy! Darling!" he greeted her and threw his arms around her in exuberance.

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"You Say You're Out of Work. What Is Your Work When You're At It?"

"I'm a Santa Claus."

By George! .

(Observations in and about K. M. Hi-Sports Comment)

Bats cracking, gloves smacking, and Henry IV while Richard II was in the noisy hub-bub of some thirty H. Ireland. S. boys warming up for the forthcoming base ball season. That is Trains are required to stop at a can hear any of these warm spring Va. afternoons. Coach Moss called practice Monday and about 30 or 35 boys reported for practice. The boys pile extended from the Pacific ocean have set to work in earnest and the to eastern Europe. season promises to be a successful one. Practically all of last year's A general rain of one inch over team is back, and there are several the state of North Dakota would additions. The question of a catcher weigh five billion tons. seems to be the biggest problem. There are several aspirants for this position, including Burton Bennett, last year's rard hitting third baseman. (Better stick to that position, "Lula Belle"). The boys are only taking light work-outs now, but prac tice will probably start in earnest next week.

Strictly Gossip: "So Rare" has gone Sandlapperish on us-"Oh Billy my Billy"-And speaking of Billythe sophs seem to like that name -Wonder whether Aileen B. and B. L. R. are going to flip a coin, draw straws, or just plain compromise -Does it matter, Mr. Clark-?- Who is "Junior," M. J. P .- is he another on the list?-Things get screwien'r' screwier - The red-head and Mr. Wright stepped out with "Homer" and Cal last Friday P. M. while M. P took in a movie with the Page boy-Two of the "Musketeers" were there

OR GEM AND EVER READY RAZORS

also - without male escorts-1 Where were H. F. and Epple- We busted up a beautiful, budding romance last week (red-head variety) -ho hum.

The Duke of Lancaster seized the H. S. Ball Park-any P. M. at 3:30. throne of England and acceded as

what a visitor at the base ball park highway crossing in Lawrenceville,

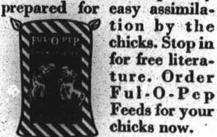
Genghis Khan's 13th century em-



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