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

WHE DAY AND THE WORK To each man is given a day and his

work for the day; And once, and no more, he is given

to travel this war. And wee if he files from the task. whatever the odds:

For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the goes.

man, no other can do; So your work is awaiting: waited through ages for you.

- Edwin Markham

WHAT AM 1?

A bring new hope to the troubled and new ambition to the downtredden. Not often enough am I spoken. yet my cost is nothing.

I am prompted by a little thoughtfulness and sympathetic understand I am one of the most cheering in-

fluences in the world today. My opposited are bitterness and unkindness

I help in the formation of firm, lasting friendship. I draw people to those who believed in me as a magnet attracts steel.

I enrich the lives of those who use me quite as fully as I enrich the lives of those whose ears I am spoken. I sen a Kind Word .-- Home Journ-

ACCIDENT BREEDERS

The nation-wide reduction in highway fatalities this year challenges the mobilized forces of the traffic safety movement to go forward with a yet broader program to combat ex the Library of Congress, says that fisting maiadjustments, said Wallace Falvey, chairman of the advisory committee of the National Conservation Bureau, recently, Paying tribute. to the part state authorities have taken in saving lives, sparing hu- their interests. And the framers o. man enfering and protecting property on America's highways, he emphasized that greater uniformity of laws, regulations and administrative tion of power. It is interesting to practices of motor vehicle depart ficials charged with motor vehicle the sole power to tax. And to make control, but also legislators and the great body of motorists.

"The multiplicity of traffic con- elected every two years. trol devices and regulations which confront the motorist when he ven tures beyond his home territory, ere ate confusion and irritation." he declared, "And confusion and irrita tion breed accidents."

States and municipalities developed traffic control in a more or less calling. Even government econo helter-skelter fashkon. No effort mists say the upturn came too carl was made to achieve uniformity. The consequences are obvious. motorist traveling in a strange territory is confused. He drives through overhead control lights, because in his town the lights are placed on sidewalks, or roadsides, or on the pavement itself. He looks in the wrong places for Stop and warning signs. He violates laws innecently, and unknowingly takes 'risks that lead to accidents.

The time for a change has arrived. We have managed to start the accident curve downward. And the inauguration of a movement to standardto traffic control devices and regulatious would help keep it going.

Synthetic carn Offers **Vast Industry Impetus**

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.-(IPS).-A major development in American industry, believed by some experts to equal the most important developments of the past was predicted here recently when two large manufacturers of synthetic yarns set aside \$17,000,800 for construction of new

White no details were made pubthe, the products from the new plants are expected to be new synthetic libers adaptable to textile men. They are expected to comte with silk products, the raw materials for which the United States is dependent upon imports from foreign lands.

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Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

or the Majority Leader. This all goes to show how little the Washington youngsters know of what has gone on in the past. Thirty years ago there was no Rules Committee. The Speaker was the sole power. Old the Postoffice at Kings Mountain, l'imers will recall the phrase "Cannonism.' And they will remember the fight of the liberals of the Teddy Roosevelt era to break the one man control over House legislation. And eventually Cannonism was dethroned and the powers of the Speak er were diverted in the hands of a chosen committee. But apparently the Brain Busters never heard that.

But there are still member at the Capitol today who remember all about the Cannonism fight and they are still member of what is regarded as the Capitol liberal group. They could tell present day youngsters much they should but apparently don't know.

The new Wage-Hour Law is now in operation. It guarantees a minimaximum work week of 44 hours to all persons coming under the Interstate Commerce clause of the Con stitution. Washington at this date is still being deluged with requests for intofination concerning who is in interstate commerce and wind is not. Time only can answer many questions and that will be after certain points are decided by the courts

But the significant, thing is the manifest desire of business, large and small to cooperate with Administrator Andrews. But now that the nation is trying to set a minimum tay for its workers some are sugges ing and the number wil give that immigration should be stopped until all Americans are taken care of. Also, as suggested by Martin Dies, chairman of the House committee investigating Communism, Nazism, and the other Isms, it is time - that people here thought only of Americanism. And Dies adds that those who advocate the overthrow of A. mericanism should be DEPORTED

Note: The Isms group in this coun try refer to America's Democratic form of government. But the old Con stitution, now earefully preserved by whot we have is a Representative form of government. There's a lot of difference. That is why there is a Congress. People elect precents tives and Senators to safeguard the Constitution knew what they were doing. They had learned their lesson from King George III. Conse note that the framers carefully place ments would benefit not only the of- ed in the House of Representative. sure that power was used wisely members of the House must be re-

> SPEAKING of throttling. ington side-line spectators whether the new upward busine. trend is to be halted after the gener al elections by a renewal of nanto be caused by renewed govern ment spending, which won't be really effective until next summer. They believe, instead that cause was a breathing spell which coaxed business and money into taking anothe:

If business and money are fright-

Whose Money Is Being Promised?

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN_

As every voter knows, something new and foreign to the American tradition has made its way into campaign oratory during recent years.

It is the promise of large and regular grants of money, not necessarily to the unemployed or others in need, but to members of various groups and fac-

tions whose votes can help win victory.
In an earlier day, candidates pledged themselves to work for improved conditions for all their constitutents; for governmental processes which would offer every citizen greater opportunity

to advance and to prosper. And under that method America rose in achievement and in the general well-being of its people to heights ap-proached by no other nation in history.

But today many candidates seem to favor a different technique. This method is to promise to put money direc.ly into the pockets of special groups of voters, regardless of its effect on the nation as a whole. And in making these promises such candidates bask in a self-created glow of personal gen-

But who is being generous? That depends on where the money comes from. And, as everybody knows, it must come from the people. Today, as always, their earnings and their savings are the source of all government

In other words, what such candidates are promising is to give to the people money which they, the people, must supply, either through direct taxes or in the form of higher costs for all the necessities of life—now or in the future.

ened into the storm cellar again, then another spending program will be inaugurated. The debt will pile up, and unemployment jump.

The Dies Congressional committee investigating n-American activities has formally been denied the aid of federal agencies in its effort to expose Fascists, Nazis and Communists. Both the WPA and Justice Department in letters refusing to assign men to the Dies committee said ed Monday to Erwin, Tenn., after a they had granted help to the LaFol visit to relatives here. lette "CivilLiberties" committee. As one newspaper columnist remarked; ed themselves out of helping a fas-Dies committeemen "have the feel- cist- communist investgaton after ing that Messrs Hopkins (WPA ad- helping the LaFollettes pin a

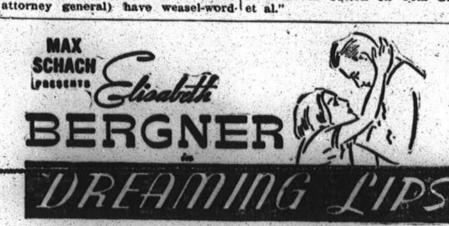
LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald NINETEEN YEARS AGO NOVEMBER 6, 1919

Mesers Joe Neisler and Will Ramseur were home from Davidson College for the week-end.

Mrs. E. L. Campbell is in a Charlotte hospital undergoing treatment Mf. and Mrs. T. G. Sherer return-

ministrator) and Arnold (assistont John Lewis button on Tom Girdler



BYNOPSIS

Gaby, the spoiled but devoted little Viennese wife of Peter, concertmaster of London's Philharmonic Orchestra, falls in love with Peter's old conservatory friend, Miguel del Vayo, who has become a famous solo violinist. Miguel, lonely in spite of his great renown, becomes madly attached to her and insists that she tached to her and insists that she divorce Peter and marry him. But Gaby cannot bear to hurt her husband who needs her so badly. Miguel is called to America on a concert tour, and Gaby promises to be waiting for him on his return. Seeing Miguel off at the station, Peter takes cold, becomes seriously ill, and requires an operation.

Chapter Five

Peter, convalescing from h operation, was far from a model patient. He resented his inactivity; he resented the pain he had been through; he resented his nurse, his doc.or, his treatments, everything but his beloved Gaby.

But the doctor was used to all that. "I assure you he is out of pain

Patiently she compiled. "September 4, 1936," said Gaby.
"I heard that!" cried Peter. "It

"I heard that!" cried Peter. "It was the last concert — when Miguel came here. Try another." "Eighty-four," said Gaby.
"Seven," said Peter.
"That's right," said Gaby. Anything to ease his mental anguish—to give him peace of mind that would enable him to get well and really regain his hearing as the doctor had promised.

tor had promised.

Peter clamored for more tests, but Gaby, afraid of tiring him, sternly insisted that he take his sleeping draught—the "poison" he had complained of — and soon he was sleeping quietly while she sat beside him, never moving, never taking her eyes from him.

In New York's Carnegie Hall the great continental virtuoso, Miguel del Vayo, had played the last note of the last engagement of his weary tour. He strode offstage with cheers and shouts echoing in his ears and refused to leave his dressing room refused to leave his dressing room. for more bows. "No message yehe asked his valet impatiently. letters? No cables?"
"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Have you looked up the next

Yes, sir. It sails tomorrow night."



on no account more than twenty drops," he said.

now," he told Gaby, "no matter how crossly he may act. Of course he is anxious about his hearing, and exhausted from lack of sleep."

Peter muttered, growled, and kicked the bedcovers about.

"Peeps, Peeps," pleaded Gaby.

"Please — ".

"Never mind" said the ablesses.

"Never mind," said the phicgma-tic physician. "I'm used to that. I'm quite satisfied with you, young man," he addressed Peter, "Even if you are not with me. Only don't go on pretending you aren't better, because we know very well you

For answer Peter growled some more, then buried his face in the

pillow.

"Go on giving him his sleeping draught," the doctor told Gaby. You can gradually lessen the dose—eighteen drops, sixteen, fourteen, and so on. But on no account give

him more than twenty drops!"

Turning to go, he looked at her haggard face, drawn with weeks of ceaselessly nursing Peter, ceaselessly wondering about what she would do . . . what she should do . . . "You will really have to take care of yourself wound woman" said of yourself, young woman," said the doctor, "I don't altogether like

the look of you."
She murmured some reassurance to him, and he was gone. Peter grumbled more than ever after the doctor had left. "Fat lot of good that old blighter did; merely patted himself on the back."

won't drink any more of that filthy stuff. It's poison. Why my own wife should want to poison me I don't "I won't poison you, Peeps," said Gaby in a low voice,

Peter then discovered that his hearing was impaired. It was the bendages over his ears, Gaby pointed out. No — he insisted that he could hear nothing; his career as a sessician was ruined; they would be propers. He demanded a test of his least of his

these blesse test me. Say any-these — dates, anything. But don't raise —our voice, and don't let me

"Make reservations at once!" cried Miguel.

Peter, despite his antagonism to doctors and medicines, was progressing splendidly. He was not quite out of danger, though still weak. And still he called constantly for Gaby to be ever at his side, and still she nursed him tirelessly, relieved now at times by Christine.

It was his bedtime, and they had just helped him from his wheelchair into his bed when the telephone rang in the next room. Gaby ran to answer it. It was Miguel, newly returned to London.

"No, Michael, I didn't get your cable," she whispered. "No, I havn't been to the Post Office in a long time, Peter is ill."

"Gaby! Gaby! Who is it?" called Peter from his bed.

"It's the doctor," she answered. Then into the telephone: "No, Michael, I can't come to you...

Michael, I can't come to you . . .
Peter is ill . . . No, no, it is impossible . . . I don't know when . . .
Peter is ill. Peter is ill . . . I don't

now when . . ."
"Gaby! Gaby!" Peter kept calling. The telephone at the other end clicked with angry finality, and was

"I'm coming, Peeps, I'm coming" She ran shakily, pale as a blank page, to his bedside.

"Gaby, what were you talking about all that time? Your place is here with me." "Yes, Peeps. My place is here with

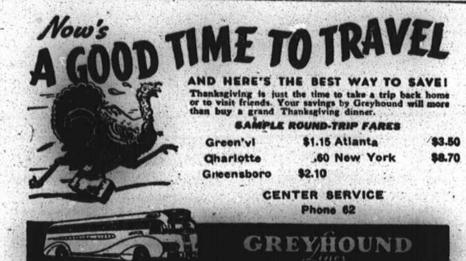
Peter soon drowsed off to sleep, and Gaby, sitting in an armonair near him, wrapped a bathrobe atomit her (strange how she shivered - warm a day!) and tried to ropresse herself to sleep too. But were the "Gaby! Gaby! Come to --- 19 ---

waiting Gaby

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