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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.

THOUGHT SELECTION

Beautiful thoughts do not arise in the mind of their own volition. You must choose your thoughts just as carefully.

As you choose a friend, or physician.

It is only by thinking and living each day.

On planes that are lofty and true. That beautiful thoughts and a noble soul.

Will come and abide with you.

Good thoughts are like flowers that grew from the seeds.

Which you planted one day in the spring.

And since you selected the seeds which you sowed.

You knew just what flowers they'd bring.

And so are thoughts which will live in your mind.

If you will permit their admission. The good ones will lead you to heaven and God.

While the others pave roads to perdition.

So choose well the thoughts which shall guide you each day.

Since you know what results they will bring.

Then yours will be truly a beautiful life.

Which will cause you to smile and to sing.

—Scottish Rite Magazine.

How To Be Happy

(By Rev. C. C. Parker, Pastor of Second Baptist Church)

Psalms: 1st chapter, 1st verse. I.—In this modern age.

(a) We need in these days as well as other days to be happy. (b) The Psalms tell us how.

II.—No Exception in Modern Age.

(a) We are not to walk in the counsel of the ungodly. We must be saved from the old crowds.

(b) The wise man said enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men.

We cannot go with the world and be happy. Christ said, "Ye are not of the world."

He also said the world would hate us if we were followers of Him.

(c) If we would be happy we could not stand in the way of sinners.

Christ said to the lawyers, woe unto ye lawyers for ye have taken away the key of knowledge.

Ye entered not in yourselves and them that were entering ye hindered.

To join the church and follow Christ in Baptism. You then run with the world and live like the world.

This does not only keep one from being happy, but hinders others standing in the way of sinners.

III.—We cannot set in the seat of the scornful and be happy.

The last thing, some people ever dedicate to God is their tongue.

David said, "I will bridle my tongue." Christ said, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

(a) The scorners, the tattlers, and the backbiters can do more to disturb the church than the pastor and the Board of Deacons can do to keep fellowship.

(b) No one can be happy who walks in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners or sets in the seat of the scornful.

IV.—What the Happy Man Does:

(a) He delights in the law of the Lord. David said, "Thy law is a light to my feet, a light to my path."

In it he indicated both day and night. Not in novels true stories and filthy literature but in the law of the Lord.

V.—What the Happy Man is Like.

(a) He is like a tree planted by the rivers of waters.

(b) A tree is unmovable.

1. It does not move from one place to another, but is planted by the rivers.

David said, "His leaf also shall not wither. He is an evergreen, he lives all the time. He is a fruitful, and bringeth forth fruit in his season.

He is prosperous; whatsoever he doth shall prosper. 2. This is a beautiful realm giving us a picture of the happy man who does not go with the world. He does not stand in the way of the scornful. He delights in the law of God and meditates in it both day and night.

(c) He is like a tree planted by the rivers. He draws his substance from the rivers of God's Grace. He is an evergreen, he lives all the time, because of his bountiful supply.

Jesus said, "Because I live ye shall live also." To the sisters of Bethany, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We can be happy if we are saved and will live consistent lives.

Here and There

By Haywood E. Lynch

The title of this little anecdote might be "Crime Doesn't Pay," or "Embarrassing Moments" or just plain "Smart Guy." And I would be the criminal, the smart guy, or the embarrassed gentleman. It all happened Monday night. My mother, who is visiting me, my wife, and myself started to the show. When we got to the stop light at Cleveland Avenue and King Street, it was red; but there was only one car behind us and none in front so I decided to take it. After I passed it I remarked to the wife that it would be funny if it happened to be the cops behind us. Imagine how I felt when the car pulled up side me and a policeman shone his flash in my face!

Jim Smith, the policeman, gave me a fine lecture, and all I could do was swallow my Adams apple and answer a weak little "Yes sir." And my mother in the car with me! I wouldn't have been quite so bad if she hadn't been there, but I really must hand my compliments to Jim Smith, because everything he said was true. Yours truly had found, much to my embarrassment, that Crime Doesn't Pay.

Charley Sheppard did a fine job of picking a jury in Recorder's Court yesterday. Among whom Mr. Sheppard called to decide the cases were Frank Summers, Glee Briggs, Arnold Kiser and Luther McSwain.

Yours truly had a bird's eye view of the town of Kings Mountain yesterday from atop the new bridge which is now under construction. It was really worth the energy expended to go up and look down and around. Mr. Riddle, the contractor, was very cordial and explained the construction to me in detail. It's like looking down from a skyscraper, with the business of the town going on down under you.

I stopped in the barber shop the other morning just in time to catch the tail end of a conversation about me and my mustache. Oliver Hayca, Jim Willie, Charley Williams, and the barbers were talking about it. O. T. remarked that he thought it look better with a goatee, and large rimmed specs to cover the rest of my face. He may have something there.

While on the subject of my mouse toche, that epistle I wrote last week was copied in Henry Belk's "Six Lights" column of the Goldsboro Daily News Argus. Thanks, Henry, for telling the folks in the old home town about the delicate operation.

Moffett Ware told me over a cup of coffee at Paul Long's Carolina Restaurant that I should never shave it off again. He said that since I goshed of it he's decided that I looked pretty good with it. His description of me without it would make Frank Onstein blush.

"Johnny-on-the-Spot" D. F. Hord was thirty minutes too early for meeting at the church last night, so he came down to the office and waited with us during the interval. It opened time. Come early again sometime, D. F., and let us have the pleasure of your company.

I haven't written anything about O. W. Myers in so long that I just have to mention his name. I don't know anything especially to write about him, but here are, O. W., "Hello".

No Place For Politics

By RAYMOND PFFCAIRN

Probably no recent report from Congress has been more disturbing to the American people than that from a Senate committee citing political activity in distribution of public funds appropriated to aid the jobless and unfortunate.

Such practices injure both the employed, who pay the taxes from which such funds are supplied, and the unemployed, whose needs they are appropriated to meet. They violate not only the American sense of justice, but our basic tradition of personal freedom, by threatening to make the recipients dependent on party politics for the necessities of life.

By increasing the cost of aid to the unfortunate, they retard also the very processes which would relieve the widespread unemployment that still afflicts America.

Public funds spent for political purposes, like all other public funds, must come from the pockets or the savings of citizens and producers. And the more money that is taken from these sources, the less is left to carry on the process of production, which, in the last analysis, is what creates jobs and prosperity.

Congress, as this is written, has evidenced its determination to look closely into methods of distributing the funds supplied by the taxpayers to help their less fortunate neighbors.

If Congress corrects these conditions, and then achieves a sound and practical reduction in the mounting costs of public aid, it will perform a valuable service—one which will benefit not only the recipients, but the Nation as a whole.

And in attempting this reform Congress will accede to a real and important demand on the part of all the jobless.

There is no place for politics in public aid.

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.

Kings Mountain, N. C., Route 3 January 17, 1939.

Dear Editor:—

Will you please publish in your Herald this week one enclosed announcement. The Legion Auxiliary appreciates your just courtesy. It is the best and quickest way to get news spread in town.

Yours truly,

Mrs. J. S. Ware. (P. S. Announcement appears elsewhere in this issue.—Editor)

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO JANUARY 22, 1920

Mrs. Lucy Hunteutt spent Wednesday in Charlotte.

Misses Kathleen and Helen Williams and Elizabeth Byrd, students at Linwood College, spent the weekend in town.

Mr. R. L. Mauney made a business trip to Anson county last week.

Mr. J. F. Hamilton of St. Paul, N. C., has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lee Herndon.

M. L. Sottemyre of Acme in Bladen County has built a large beef cattle barn and set aside some of his best cultivated land for permanent pasture so as to provide for his herd of Herefords. He says there is a better living from cattle than from crops.



FREDRIC MARCH JOAN BENNETT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Believing—as do the San Francisco police—that she is guilty of a murder she did not commit, Kay Kerrigan, a beautiful pianist, has fled to Honolulu. Sam Wye, a clever but woman-crazy detective, is sent to bring her back, with the moral Detective Blodgett as his watchdog. Not knowing Kay has dyed her hair, but using two clues—her March cigarettes and her fondness for a certain Chopin prelude—Sam trails her through Honolulu, Japan and Shanghai to Saigon in Indo-China. There he encounters Jeanie, an old flame, who knows Kay is in Saigon under the name of Mary Holden. Jeanie is also after Kay because of a \$100,000 reward that has been offered. Trickling Jeanie, Sam boards Kay's boat to Singapore, and for the first time meets Kay Kerrigan face to face.

Chapter Three

Those first few days in Singapore almost made Sam forget why he was there. The magic of that night on the boat, when he had leaned down and kissed Kay Kerrigan's neck as she played the



She made a last gambit—for all or nothing.

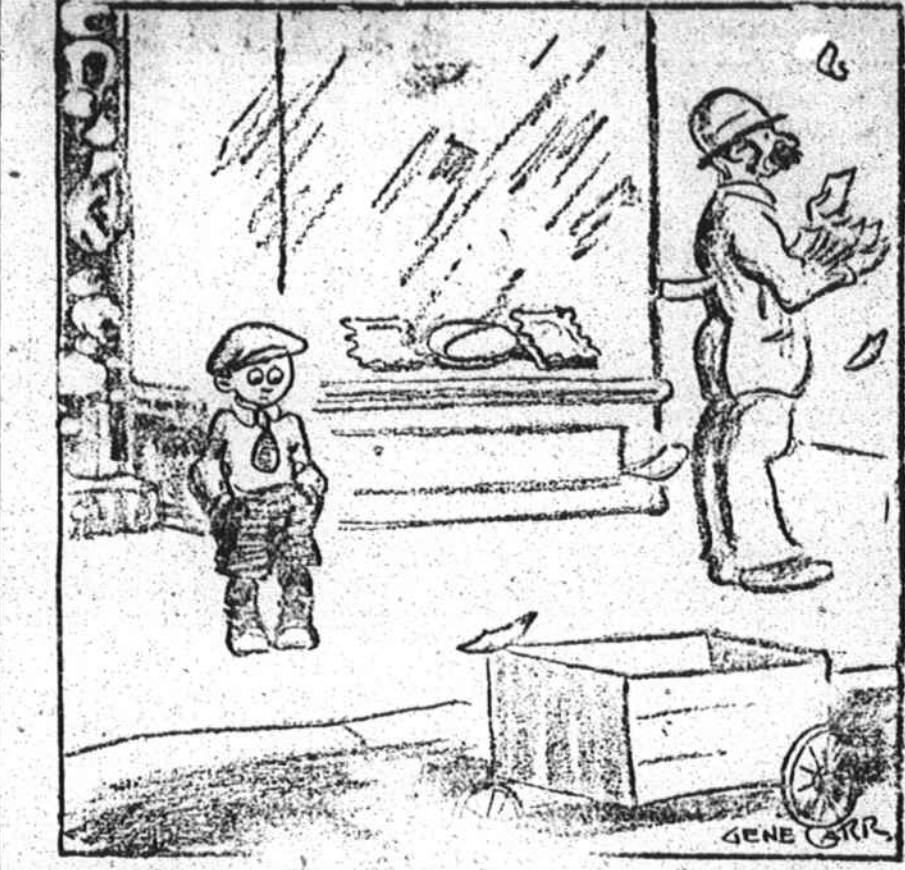
Chopin, had not faded but had become troubling to both of them. Once, out riding, he began his routine business about walking along the stars, and she said wistfully, "That, I believe, is what's known as a line. I'd hoped for something tailor-made."

"You're right," he blurted absently. "Even since I was a kid, when I was a kid, I've been thinking of turning it on and turning it off. Well," he smiled, speaking a line. "You're turning it off now—air good."

"Does speaking words make it certain?" she asked. "That's the way I've been thinking of turning it on and turning it off. Well," he smiled, speaking a line. "You're turning it off now—air good."

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS. By GENE CARP



"Gosh, T" "re Born!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) If it is finally approved, that agency probably will act as governments representative in the joint program. If any opposition arises to the plan it will have to come from some source other than businessmen or Congress, for business has for many months advocated a cooperative program for recovery and the new Congress seems to be thinking along the same lines.

Several factors will, of course, play important roles in the fate of the budgeting program. One is taxation. Another is Federal control of business activities. Observers say that if these two matters can be adjusted (taxes tabilized to permit industrial planning and Federal control minimized to boost confidence the program will be well on its way toward success.

It all boils down to this, in the thinking of the unofficial Washington pot watchers: business will be expected to give jobs; government, in turn, must not take too much in taxation because money that goes for taxes can't go into a pay envelope at the same time. Business will be expected to expand and create new jobs; government, then will have to ease up on its regulation of business so investors will be willing to finance the expansion.

It is an ambitious program, old timers around the Capital say, but one that will go a great deal further toward recovery than relief and pump priming. Spending, too, will be a factor in the final outcome of the scheme, for taxes and spending are synonymous for this purpose. And it is here that the observers believe they have detected a note threatening the one of cooperation. Pressure is still on Congress, they find, for continuing the spending. It is being applied from many directions, the strongest pressure coming from organizers of unions for relief workers and from advocates of the idea that America can spend its way out of debt.

If this pressure is made to prevail then more taxes will be inevitable, and in more taxes the proponents of the industrial re-employment idea see certain defeat for their plans.

A cloquet, Minn., correspondent has emerged from a maze of vital statistics census and industrial production figures with some interesting facts which he titled "What Happens in An Hour." In every sixty minutes of the day, he estimates, the following transpires: Sixty-two hundred babies are born; 2,500 couples are married and 85 divorced; textile industries convert approximately 1,000,000 pounds of silk and 800,000 pounds of rayon into fabrics; the world consumes 65,000,000 pounds of potatoes, 8 million pounds of meat and 80 million pounds of bread; hens lay 2,500,000 eggs; 1,500,000 quarts of wine and 500,000 quarts of beer are consumed; 50,000,000 cups of coffee are consumed; 700 new automobiles are built; \$1,500,000 is spent on tobacco; 170,000 barrels of petroleum are produced; the coffers of the world are enriched by \$12,000 worth of gold mined; 5,000,000 telephone conversations take place and over 65,000 telegrams are sent; the post offices of the world are deluged with more than one billion letters, post cards, etc.; 180,000 feet of photographic films are exposed; paper mills produce about 2,000 tons of paper and more than 1,000,000 copies of newspapers are printed.

Now we know why the economic theorists always fall when they try to plan our economic life. It reminds us of a beach comber trying to push back the ocean with a broom.

Advertisement for MUSTEROLE, featuring a cartoon character and text: "THIS WAS ADVERTISING BUY SALAGE... BUT NOW THE NEWSPAPER DOES IT BETTER... MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PASTER"

WHAT WILL NEXT YEAR BRING YOU? —

It's a safe bet that main difference between a good year and a bad year will be a matter of money. In other words, How much money will you have a year from now?

Start saving Now—systematically and regularly — and this will be a good year for you. Money isn't everything, but it smooths a lot of bumps and fills most needs.

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