

The Kings Mountain Herald

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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.

WORDS

We might have left unspoken.
Some of the things we said
If we had just remembered
That words can't be unsaid—
That we had been reminded
That be they harsh or kind
Our words don't die, but always live
To echo in the mind.
Ill thoughts give way to better ones
Bad deeds can be amended,
But the sting left by a bitter word
Is never, never ended.
—Evelyn Ostlund.

CITY SCHOOLS

City schools will open on Wednesday, August 30, and preparations are being made to take care of a larger enrollment during the coming year. Kings Mountain's rapid growth means more children in school from year to year, and that means more buildings and equipment to meet their needs. We have every reason to be proud of our school system, for some very effective teaching and training work is being done here.

BUILD NOW

Considerable building has been done during the summer months in Kings Mountain and in the surrounding sections, and likely a great deal more will be done during late summer and fall. The fall months provide weather for building, and persons who contemplate building before cold weather should not hesitate to get their projects under way now. Regardless of the size of the home, the home owner who finally clears his home of debt makes a substantial citizen. We believe that more and more encouragement should be given to persons who can afford to invest only a few hundred dollars in a home on a small tract of land, big enough perhaps to provide a garden. A man living in a home that cost \$1,000 will make a better citizen than the man living in a house on which he is paying \$4 or \$5 per month rent.

SHORTEN YOUR LINE

When I used to fish in mountain streams, if I had a short line I could direct it easily, and throw it into this or that pool as I pleased; but if I let out my line till it was twenty or thirty feet long, I could not direct it, but I was the victim of every floating stick, and jutting rock and overhanging bough.
So, I have seen men wading down the stream of life, jumping from stone to stone, slipping on this rock and falling into that pool, because their line was so long they could do nothing with it—a line that reached down forty years sometimes. Now, if you would avoid these difficulties, shorten your line! Let it reach over one day only. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Henry Ward Beecher.

EVERYBODY PAYS TAXES

The idea that only a few persons pay taxes and that the ordinary citizen doesn't have to pay any is very widespread indeed, according to a recent inquiry made by the indefatigable Dr. Gallup.

According to the poll, three-quarters of all the citizens of the United States believe that they are not paying any taxes at all. The people of the "higher-income" groups are aware that they carry their share of the tax burden. Ninety-seven percent of those approached admitted as much.

But in the low-income group only three out of five voters knew that they were taxpayers, while people in the middle range of incomes, from \$20 to \$40 a week, are better informed in this matter of taxation.

As a matter of fact, the people with the smallest incomes pay out the largest proportion of their earnings in the form of taxes, though they don't realize it. It has been estimated that the \$20 a week wage-earner pays more than \$100 a year in "hidden" taxes, concealed in the price of everything he buys.

The storekeeper is the tax collector. Unless he is to fail in business, he has to get his own taxes out of the price of the things he sells. Then he must pay his share of the wholesaler's taxes, the taxes of the railroad and truck operators who bring the goods to his store, and back of those the taxes of the growers and processors of foodstuffs and of the manufacturers of all the rest of his merchandise.

What is needed is a system where by the exact amount, or at least an

Here and There . .

(By Haywood E. Lynch)

I'll try not to be so lazy this week and knock out a few items of interest to followers of Here and There.
There is still a good bit of interest in the talk about a new modern hotel for Kings Mountain. I understand Tom Fulton has registered for the first room.

Charlie Thomasson is having to take his son George to see the Double-header ball game. I feel kinda sorry for Charlie to have to make that long trip, just to take George. But it is like I have to do, you know, I just have to take my three "Queens" to see every circus that comes within 50 miles of the East Town in the State.

That Globe trotting P. D. Herndon is back, and I am going to try to get him to write up some of the events of his trip for Herald readers. You noticed I did not say everything that took place on that trip, you know Sally Rand was out there where they went.

The streets in Kings Mountain are in very bad shape. If something is not done to them soon, some are going to have to be rebuilt. Maybe the Town Fathers will take heed, "a stitch in time will save nine."

Bob Loving and his carpenters are the fastest I have ever seen on framing a house. He is now building one for Gene Matthews, the fellow who sets this stuff into type. One of Bob's sons, who they call Runt, is certainly no runt when it comes to turning out the work.

Don Blanton is still trying to find four wheatie tops. Someone told him it cost four tops to see the Double header ball game in Washington Sunday, but they forgot to tell him it took \$10.50 besides.

Clyde Bennett received a set of plans and specifications for the new Post Office building. The set of specifications is almost as thick as a Sears, Roebuck catalog.

Names of Kings Mountain citizens: Makers of bread; it's a spider's home; it takes 20 of these to make a dollar; he shaves you and cuts your hair; the opposite of black; all windows have them; mules live in them; used in building houses; you can get them stuffed or with seeds; the next thing to a real mother and daddy; I do not want this done to me, I had rather for the law to take its course; cars drive over them; strike a match and it; they fly around; Jack and Jill fell down one; he's in exile now; your town would always stay the same size without them; I like to have it in my pocket; you can see right thru this fellow; if you leave off the Mc fishes have them; Moffett Ware has seen thousands of these; most men like to be one as it gives them a good chance to get away from home; he's certainly not what his name says he is; one has lots of them before he gets to the top of the ladder of success; all hogs have two but Kings Mountain has several; cattle eat it; gloves would be useless without these; soldiers are stationed here; the more you have the richer you are; they hold on to what they get; everyone should be in this mood all the time; the U. S. had a visit from one recent ly; they make us our flour from wheat; all watermelons have it; if things did not do this they would last longer; this person should be more liberal with his words; it grow on trees and the bottom of the ocean; one who takes the skin off of fruit and vegetables; he watches over the sheep; some do this when they say their prayers; he did not pay his gambling debt; when you strum your banjo you hear it; leave the s out of this and you have a grain; there are lots of these in books; a preacher's home; some folks call their preacher this; the sun shining in your window; he is the toughest man in the army; to pack things away for awhile; it's not ivory soap but it floats; there are lots of these in Kings Mountain and they certainly use the yarn; if you always do this you will never be wrong.

To the first reader of Here and There who identifies all these local names I will give a one year's subscription to The Herald and to the next one a six months subscription, so put on your thinking cap and be first. Answers and winners will be announced in the next issue of Here and There.

AUTOGRAPHS

New York.—The official register of the New York World's Fair should be priceless to autograph collectors by the time the World of Tomorrow becomes the Fair of Yesterday. Already the register carries the autographs of Kings, Presidents, princes.

approximation of the taxes included in the price of every item purchased by anybody can be printed on the label or displayed on a poster where the goods are sold. Once the voting public becomes tax conscious, there may be found a way of curbing the politicians in office who spend the people's money so freely.

PROGRAM OF SWINE SANITATION LAUNCHED

H. W. Taylor, swine specialist of the State College Extension Service has announced a cooperative program of swine sanitation in the State to be conducted by county agents of the Extension Service, Farm Security Administration supervisors, vocational agriculture teachers, and veterinarians of the U. S. and State Departments of Agriculture.

The program will be concentrated in the 49 counties east of, and including Granville, Wake, Chatham, Lee, Moore and Scotland Counties. Hogs are grown in every county in the State but in those 49 Eastern counties 75 percent of the swine population of the State is found.

Federal and State veterinarians have been placed in these counties to relieve county agents and other educational workers of the duty of vaccinating hogs against cholera, as well as other disease treatment work.

The Extension workers, vocational teachers, and FSA supervisors will wage campaigns to control internal parasites and diseases of swine thru the use of clean pastures and hog lots, and other sanitary production methods.

The white county agents will serve as the chairmen of their county educational groups and will notify the veterinarians of the needs for their services. The Swine Extension office at State College will supply

LET'S LOOK BACK

From The Kings Mountain Herald

NINETEEN YEARS AGO
AUG. 19, 1920

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Everhart and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Everhart of New Holland, Ga., are visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Olive of Earl spent the week end here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Rhea and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Ware spent the week end in Newton.

Mr. Grover King of Charlotte visited home folks over Sunday.

Mr. P. D. Herndon and family returned Sunday from a visit to relatives in Virginia.

LOST CHILDREN

New York.—A clearing house for lost children under the supervision of 15 young police women has been established at the New York World's Fair.

TWO FARMS AT FAIR

New York.—Two full-fledged farms are exhibits at the New York World's Fair. One features complete electrical operation; the other features rubber tires on all the farm machinery.

subject matter material and will assist in holding educational meetings to stress the value of swine sanitation in lower production costs.

ALEXANDER KORDA presents FOUR FEATHERS IN TECHNICOLOR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Ten years after the murder of General Gordon in Khartoum, the Royal North Surrey Regiment receives orders to join Kitchener in the Egyptian Sudan. Lieutenant Harry Faversham, son of a long line of distinguished officers, can hardly conceal his distaste for what lies ahead; for Harry is quiet, sensitive, more devoted to books than to fighting. Harry's brother officers, Captain John Durrance and Lieutenant Willoughby, are surprised to learn from Lieutenant Burroughs that the latter's sister, Ethne, daughter of General Burroughs, has consented to marry Faversham. At the party at which the engagement is announced, Durrance, who deeply loves Ethne, forces her to admit that she chose Faversham because he is the weaker of the two.

Chapter Two

"I want you to accept this, sir."
Harry Faversham stood before the Regimental Commander and laid an envelope on his desk.
"What is it?"
"My Commission, sir. I am resigning my Commission."
"I don't understand you, Faversham."

Silently he plucked a fourth feather from her ostrich fan.

"I should have taken this action months ago. I accepted a Commission for my father's sake, because all his family were soldiers. When he died, my duty towards him was done."
"Your duty towards him," exploded the Colonel. "Have you no duty towards your country?"
"My duty towards my country is here and not in Egypt. When my father died I took over an estate on the verge of ruin. If I do my job here, I may save my home with a dozen farms and a hundred good men who are starving through my family's neglect."
The Colonel turned away from him bitterly. "I never thought I would live to see a Faversham play the coward!"

Fare more difficult than resigning his commission was the task of explaining his action to Ethne. True, they had discussed many times the senselessness and futility of war; but she was hardly prepared for anything like this. She tried to show her sympathy for his plight, but he could detect the undercurrent of disappointment in all that she said.

While they talked, Harry noticed a small package on the table. It was addressed to him, in care of Ethne. The box weighed almost nothing . . . some joke, no doubt.
Harry slowly opened the little parcel. Inside were three small white feathers, each one tied by a string to a calling card. One was from Captain John Durrance, one from Lieutenant Peter Burroughs, and one from Lieutenant Arnold Willoughby. Harry's face went white as chalk. He gave a last look at the feathers.
"It was cruel to send them," Ethne murmured.
"But you agree that it was just?"

No, you needn't tell me . . . I can see it quite clearly in your eyes! I understand, Ethne—there should be four feathers here, instead of three. Silently, he plucked a feather from the ostrich fan she had laid down on the table—the fan he had given her for her birthday. Then, taking his four feathers with him, he left the house.

It was a few weeks later that old Dr. Sutton, a comrade-at-arms of Harry's father in the Crimean war, chanced upon Harry while the latter was dejectedly watching the parade from the outskirts of a great crowd—a crowd that was wildly cheering another British regiment on its way to embark for Egypt. Seeing despair plainly written in the young man's face, Dr. Sutton insisted on having a quiet talk with him.

In his small, shabby hotel room Faversham told his old friend the entire story—the story of his resignation from the Army and of the four feathers.

"I am a coward, Doctor! I knew that my fate was closing in upon me, and I fought against it. I even made myself believe in my excuse for shirking my job. But I was wrong. The men who sent me these feathers knew me better than I knew myself."

"In there anything I can do to help you, Harry?"
"Yes, Doctor. I am leaving England tomorrow. If you hear nothing from me for a year you will know that I am dead. If that happens, I would like you to go to Ethne; tell her I tried to put right the shame and humiliation I caused her."

"Can you tell me where you are going?"
"Egypt!"

In the dingy little port of Suakin the bespectacled Greek doctor answered a knock on the door of his dark, unprepossessing house.

"Dr. Harraz? I understand that you are friendly with the English. I want your help to reach the army of General Kitchener. I want you to disguise me as one of the Bengalis—the native tribe whose foreheads were branded and whose tongues were cut out by the Mahdi. You know the brand?"
"All men know the brand of the Bengalis. But although I can stain your skin, I cannot imitate a scar to pass close inspection."
"That, too, I understand, Doctor. All I ask is that you allow me to rest in your house until the wound is healed."

A little later, when all had been made ready, three of Dr. Harraz' servants gripped Harry by the arms as he lay back against the cushions. With impressive face, the Doctor took the white hot branding iron from the fire and applied it to Harry's forehead. As it seared the flesh, Harry shrank back, shut his eyes and ground his teeth, while rivulets of sweat poured down his face. But no outcry issued from his lips.

A look of wondering admiration broke through the impassiveness of Dr. Harraz' features. "You are a brave man," he muttered.

(To be continued)

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"There Goes a Daredevil For You!"
"What's He Done?"
"Just Took His Fifth Wife!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

er point. The Washington hangers on remember that not so long ago the White House viewed with considerable alarm the threat of a late-summer European crisis. The official views with alarm argued that much broader powers were needed for the White House to deal with the expected situation; that the problem should not be left in the hands of Congress.

Now, however, the economists are making light of the "alarming situation." If they foresee any such serious crisis as was seen by the administration big-wigs, their business predictions would not be so optimistic.

If there was ever a time when the political wisdom of Washington were in agreement on a question, it is now on the subject of the CIO vs. Vice-President Garner. All agree that the battle-browed CIO leader blundered onto a political banana peeling when he made his unprecedented personal attack on the popular Texan.

That the political strategists are in agreement is unimportant, however. What is important is that the event may lead to many policy reforms in Washington.

Certainly it deflates CIO influence in Congress, meaning that Congressional groups who still found it expedient to follow the will of the CIO, will now find it difficult to convince more conservative colleagues that the CIO should have its way. Then too, the National Labor Relations Board, which is about to be investigated by a Congressional committee is expected to suffer a setback as a result. The CIO has been its chief defender.

Interesting, too, is the fact that big and political figures alike are trying to climb into the John L. Lewis verbal spotlight. Few can be found now who want for will accept CIO support for re-election. Rather, they believe their chances are stronger if Lewis will attack them.

Note, here, that at a White House press conference shortly after Lewis called the Vice-President harsh names the Number 1 boss carefully pointed out that the CIO had also attacked him once upon a time.

But, there were broad hints that the Lewis name-calling against Vice President Garner was actually cook-

ed up by Garner-haters within the Administration. Lewis a few days before having been a White House caller. Everyone agrees, though, that if Lewis did pull his stunt while acting as a White House Charlie McCarthy, he either got twisted up on what he was told to say, or should get a new ventriloquist.

OIL-LESS WELLS

New York.—Don't look now, but the only oil in the oil well derrick that pounds away day in and day out at the petroleum exhibit of the New York World's Fair is used to prevent squeaks in the machinery.

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