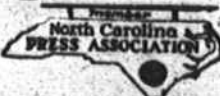


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HOUSE AND HOME

A house is built of bricks and stones Of sills and posts and piers, That stand a thousand years; A house, though but a humble cot, Within its cot may hold A home of princely beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold.—Selected.

THE USEFUL WOODPECKER

The woodpecker and his immediate relatives constitute a very useful group among our bird friends in spite of some persecution which has come to them. With his chest of tools always handy he does the carpenter work, not only in establishing his own home but also in providing homes for a long list of his neighbors, including bluebirds, nuthatches, chickadees, wrens, tree swallows, starlings, house sparrow, and screech owls. His man business is to police the community and rid the trees of borers, spruce bark beetles larvae of the codling moth, pine weevil, hairy caterpillars, and ants. Even though he spots up the trees with holes yet he does no damage; instead the trees are benefited. He is a diligent official, working early and late, and refuses to leave the insect clean-up job on a tree until he knows it is finished. He does not sing at his work except that his resonant drumming on a sounding hollow limb or the tap-tap as he digs out an unlucky borer in his way of resorting to pure exuberance of joy and vigorous living. He attacks wormy fruit, not for the fruit but for the worm. The downy woodpecker is the most useful of the group and is especially beneficial to the orchardist. The hairy woodpecker does his good deeds more in timber lands than elsewhere. The flicker frequents fields, orchards and open spaces and preys extensively on ants. The entire family serves our protection because they are practically indispensable to the forester and the orchardist.—John H. Joliffe.

Cagers Open Season With Double Win

Friday night, Jan. 5, the Kings Mountain High School boys' and girls' basketball teams got off to a flying start by defeating the Golden Tornados from Forest City in a twin bill in the home gymnasium. It was the first double header the locals have won in several years, and is the first time in recent history that both boys and girls have won the opening contests.

Tuesday night, Jan. 9, the Kings Mountain High School boys' and girls' basketball teams divided a double header with Cherryville at Cherryville. The Mountaineer girls defeated the strong Cherry sextet by a ten-point margin, while the boys lost a heart-breaker by two points in a bitter struggle.

Last Friday night in the home gymnasium Kings Mountain High School cagers bowed to the Newton Red Devils in a double bill.

The local girls sustained their first loss at the hands of a fast, powerful Newton sextet; a smooth working conference too.

The boys, after leading by one point at the half, slumped and allowed the Newton quint to nose them out. The battle was bitterly contested throughout, and the lead changed hands frequently.

The Shelby Lions will invade the home premises Friday to take on the locals in another double header cage program. Local supporters feel sure that the recent defeats, one for the girls and two for the boys will prove to be the "hypodermic of fight" that will force the squads on to victory over the arch rivals from Shelby.

Coaches Suggs and Smart have been drilling the squads long and hard, and, along with the players are very anxious to redeem those losses.

SCOUT COURT OF HONOR TONIGHT

A regular meeting of the Boy Scout Court of Honor will be held tonight at 7:30 at the court room of the City Hall. Scout Executive Schiele will be present for the Court. Court is in charge of Rev. P. D. Patrick as chairman. A good group of Scouts are expected to be present to make advancements.

W. K. Mauney, chairman of the Kings Mountain District, has called to meet after the Court all members of the Kings Mountain Committee and all Scoutmasters and assistants. All Scouts, Troop Committee members and Scouters are urged to be present for this meeting of the Court of Honor.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the many friends for their liberal kindness in helping me to raise \$10.10 for the Christmas tree at the colored Presbyterian church. May God's richest blessings rest upon each and every one.
 Hattie Thompson. (Col.)



SYNOPSIS
 A. J. Raffles, secretly the notorious Amateur Crackman, despite his desire to go straight, decides to steal his hostess' famous necklace in order to help Bunny Manders, brother of Gwen, Raffles' fiancée, out of a financial scrape which may mean prison. He outwits Inspector Mackenzie of Scotland Yard, also visiting at the Melroes. But, finding that another thief is also after the necklace, Raffles hides and lets him steal it, then overpowers him from behind and snatches the prize away. Crawshaw, the thief, however, has seen Raffles' wrist watch and, when he is caught, drops a hint to show Raffles that he recognizes his assistant. Just as Raffles is about to leave for London, there is an outcry from Lady Melrose, who has just discovered her loss.

Chapter Five

Mackenzie's suspicions were partially confirmed, especially when he noted Crawshaw's mysterious behavior with respect to Raffles. He pressed Raffles for an explanation of his whereabouts at the time of the robbery.



They exchanged agonized looks as Mackenzie's hand went to the jar.

an exclamation. She knew very well that he had not been in his room; Mackenzie also remembered the empty room.

"I don't want anyone to leave the house," he announced to the assembled guests.

Raffles nonchalantly sauntered out to the terrace. He had to think. Gwen found him there.

"There's something going on that I don't understand," she said.

"Oh?" he said with noncommittal lightness. "What?"

"A. J.," she pleaded earnestly, "why have you been telling lies? You weren't in your room last night. I know it. And I've been talking to Lady Melrose—I know what you told her, too. There was a long pause.

"What else do you know?" He was no longer trying to act.

"A. J.—it wasn't you!"

"Gwen, if you were anyone else in the world, I'd deny it. I can't lie to you. She began to cry.

"Oh, why? Why?" she sobbed. "You must give it back."

"I can't," he said. "There's a reason, Gwen. A very good reason—for once. And I simply can't tell you—least of anyone."

"Supposing I give you away?" she asked.

Raffles laughed. "That's one possibility that never entered my head. But Gwen, dearest," he went on earnestly, "if this had come off, I would never have done it again. I'm sorry you had to know. But if you give me away, I shall have to make you look like a fool. I shall have to. You'll hate me, but you'll have to now, anyway. I think perhaps I might say good-bye."

They looked at each other for a moment and then she looked away, tears blinding her, as he turned and slowly went into the house.

When Mackenzie had pondered over his problem, he decided to

let Raffles go to the city instead of detaining him, and in the meantime to let Crawshaw escape. If he were correct in his surmise, Crawshaw would find Raffles somehow and attempt to get at the necklace.

Raffles, unaware of the trap, returned to his apartment in the city and sent Barralough off to the Airways Office for a seat on the next plane to Amsterdam.

He had been home a short while when the bell rang. It was Gwen! She brushed past him into the room. "There's something I've got to tell you," she announced breathlessly. "Crawshaw's escaped—Mackenzie let him—come to you—I heard him say so—'Set a thief to catch a thief'—his exact words." She let that sink in while she recovered her breath. "You'll have to get away," Raffles nodded. "That's all I came to say, Goodbye."

"Gwen!" Raffles stopped her. "If only we'd met ten years ago—it might have been different. You and I—" They were interrupted by the bell again.

"That can't be there," she cried. "I'll go and see." Wait! He took the necklace from his pocket, looked around an instant for a hiding place, then opened his tobacco jar and dropped it in, stirring the tobacco to cover it. He pointed to the guest room door and Gwen slipped past it.

Raffles opened the door and found Mackenzie. He was in a rain-drenched hat and a volumi-

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"G'mon, Sadie, Take Y'loud Speaker, I Gotta Go to th' Little Mothers' Meetin'!"

Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

What the Congressmen now seek is a "painless" tax—a tax that the average voter pays without realizing it. The truth is that already more than half the government's income is collected that way. Secretary Morgenthau recently calculated that consumers paid 63 per cent of 1933 taxes. These were levies like those on tobacco, gasoline and what are called "excise" taxes but which actually are sales taxes.

Of course the New Dealers like taxes of that kind. They can spend and spend and the average citizen does not realize that he is paying taxes which the government gives back to him in the form of relief or benefit payments or a new post office, after deducting the cost of handling the money.

In short, the taxpayer thinks he is getting something for nothing. Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, once Speaker of the House of Representatives, paraphrased the remark of a noted French expert on finance on one occasion to explain this philosophy. He said:

"The ideal method of tax collection is to get the most feathers with the least squawking of the goose." Secretary Wallace, who is arguing for a revival of the processing taxes under the disguised name "certificate plan" is a follower of that school of thought. The other day he was quoted as saying at a press conference:

"The great advantage of the certificate plan is that it does not appear in the budget. If it appears in the budget people point to it and say: 'My, how large the budget is!' In other words, what the people don't know wont hurt them.

An interesting sidelight on the whole system of hidden taxes is that a Washington newspaperman several years ago was the innocent suggester of a means by which these hidden taxes were increased tremendously. It happened this way. The House Ways and Means Committee was battling with the tax problem. It had boosted income taxes as high as it thought it could; it had burdened corporations with all the taxes they could stand; and it still needed money. One Committee member explained this to the newspaper reporter who, after thinking a minutes, asked: "Well, why don't you put a tax on electric refrigerators?" The Committee snapped up the suggestion. It worked out a system under which consumers pay millions

in taxes annually without knowing it. The government now not only taxes refrigerators but radios, auto mobiles and accessories, chewing gum, lipstick, cold cream, shotguns, and dozens of similar things.

It wasn't so long ago that Attorney General Murphy said that a billion dollars a year could be saved in government costs by lopping a million employees off all public pay rolls. But less than a month ago, the total number of people on the Federal payroll reached the highest figure in history. And just since Murphy made that suggestion, the Federal debt has increased more than a billion and a half dollars.

Experts, even including some in the Treasury, say taxes in many fields already have reached the point of "diminishing returns." By that they mean, in effect, that the tax rates are so high that they bring in less money than they would if they were lower; that some people don't care to make more money because they'll just have to turn it over to the government.

Statistically, the truth is that in the 20's only 12 cents out of every dollar of income produced was taken in taxes for purposes of government, but today the figure is 21 cents. That is progress—toward a government which takes all of everybody's money and does with it as it sees fit.

EASIER ON MY SKIN!

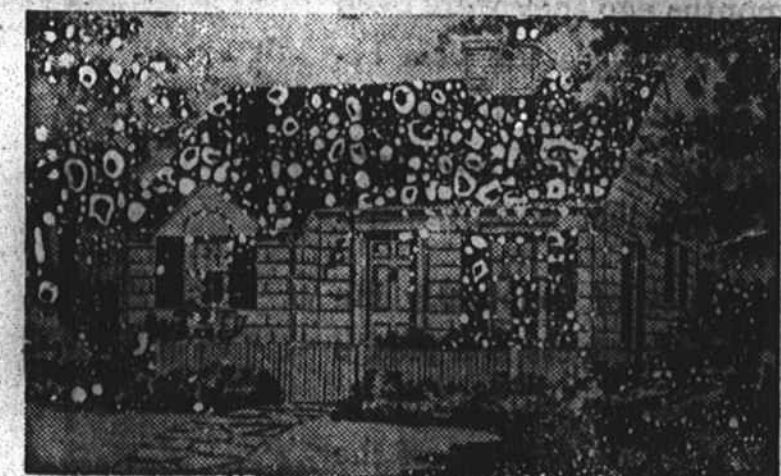
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