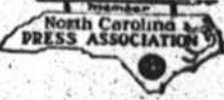


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HUMILITY

There was a time when faith began to slip.

When I had lost all that I had to lose—

Or so it seemed to me—I lost home, My job—

I had no house, no food, no shoes. Then, suddenly, I felt myself

ashamed,

For I, who talked of shoes, Then chanced to meet

Upon the busy highway of my life, A man

Who had no feet!

—Marcella Hoce.

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS

"Victory," said Napoleon, "belongs to him who has the most perseverance." And Plutarch said: "Perseverance is the best friend and ally of those who use properly the opportunities that it presents and the worst enemy of those who rush into action before it summons them."

"Perseverance," says the sage, is that faculty which gives us the power to accomplish a piece of work without allowing ourselves to be turned aside from our purpose either by the initial difficulties involved or by the obstacles that multiply themselves as we progress with our task."

The qualities of a man of perseverance are tenacity, composure, patience, activity, pose, attention. It is probable that in many of us lie dormant these qualities.

The man who stubbornly refuses to face the realities of life is doomed to fail in almost everything he undertakes. Failure is invariably the lot of a man who neglects to persevere according to righteous principles.

As we traverse life's way we observe those who have wooed and won success, material, and many times spiritual success. They persevered.

He who has attained material success may find happiness; but he who has attained both spiritual and material success has found happiness! And to attain genuine happiness one must persevere.

A man's perseverance can bring him amazing success and happiness or it can take him to the depths of hell. It all depends upon his principles.

For example, the great Napoleon was a man of perseverance, but his principles caused him to die in poverty on the Isle of St. Helena, an exile, a man without a country, even though once a conqueror.

Some of us have persevered, but our principles led us astray. We are destined to lead a more or less miserable existence as long as we continue to live erroneously. — Selected.

Miss Alice Kiser Dies

Funeral services for Miss Alice Kiser, age 76, were held at St. Luke's Lutheran church, near Kings Mountain last Saturday morning. The pastor, Rev. L. Boyd Hamm, conducted the services. Burial took place in the church cemetery.

Miss Kiser's death occurred Friday after several days of critical illness.

Miss Kiser was a daughter of the late Levi Kiser and wife, and a sister of the late John P. Kiser, well-known citizen of this section. She was the last of her immediate family. A niece, Miss Lucy Kiser, of East School faculty, survives. Three nephews, Rev. W. A. Kiser of Chicago, Ill., and A. S. Kiser of Kings Mountain, and Jacob Kiser of Hickory, also survive.

Will Attend State Teachers Meeting

Superintendent of Schools B. N. Barnes and High School Principal D. M. Bridges leave today for Raleigh, where they will attend the State Teachers Meeting which will be held there Friday and Saturday. Messrs Barnes and Bridges will be accompanied by the following teachers: Mr. A. E. Smart, Director of Health and Physical Education, Miss Faye Mauney, of East School, Miss Dorothy Patterson of Central School, and Mrs. John Gamble of East School.

They will return Saturday afternoon.

Here and There

Haywood E. Lynch

According to Fire Chief Grady King one of his volunteer fire ladders had promised his wife that he would stay home and keep the baby Tuesday night, but when the alarm sounded he forgot all about his agreement and away to the fire he fled.

I had a very safe place at the Lions Club Supper last week. I sat between Dr. Phillip Padgett and Druggist Don Blanton.

If you want to keep up with the news of Kings Mountain you can read it in The Herald or find it out at the Central Barber Shop. Most of the gang collect there each day and swap jokes and tell each other the low down. The Barber shops are like the Beauty Shoppes a place where you can gossip and talk politics.

The Superior Stone Co. is now located in the Superior Town in the State.

TEXAS RANGERS AT BETHWARE

The Texas Rangers, radio entertainers will appear at Bethware School next Monday, March 18th. A small admission charge will be made and the proceeds will go for the school. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Martin County growers are more interested in securing lime under the AAA program this year than they were last year, with six cars expected to be brought into the county.

By trap-neating his poultry, Lawton Woodie of the Nathan Creed community in Ashe County has been able to obtain hens laying more than 22 eggs a year for breeding work.

By GEORGE---

Probably I'm the innocent victim of some mental maladjustment, but I always see something humorous in the reactions of a crowd of people when some calamity threatens. When a mob becomes confused, or when one person in the center of a lot of activity becomes confused, here's no telling what the mob or he person might do. It was that way when Miss Carlyle Ware's house was burning Tuesday night.

Of course, there's nothing funny about a house, someone's home, burning to the ground. But some of the things people do are always humorous. Mrs. Bill Craig, who discovered the fire, hopped out of the bath tub, grabbed a robe and a coat, called the fire department — all with remarkable presence of mind — and then dug up her grade book, and stood in the door giving directions.

Now probably, to a school teacher, and Mrs. Craig is one, a grade book is awfully important. It spells the destiny of a lot of school boys and girls. In such a case as Mrs. Craig's, it might even say whether a boy does or doesn't graduate. But I believe I would have been worrying about other things. The school kids (most of them) wouldn't have minded if the book had burned. I wouldn't have minded when I was in school.

After the fire, and up to the school house we went, to see what kind of a job Mowes Charlie Thomason could be. He was a good one. And he large attendance was very encouraging. It just goes to show what a person can do if he works on the P. T. A. and with Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Howard, and Red McClain working with him, it was a cinch to put it over, despite a very bad night, climatically speaking. Charlie is the busiest PTA president I've ever seen.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM HERE AND THERE: Irvin Allen says the Lone Wolf will howl again — you figure it out. Floy Oates (Pardon me, I mean Mrs. Bus) wishes that she could appear as young as Mrs. Joe Neisler appears. (She says that when Mrs. Neisler is surrounded by a group of school girls, she appears to be one of the girls) ... and lots of women envy Mrs. Oates' wonderful personality.



Chapter One

I dreamt I went to Manderley again, last night. I dreamt of Manderley, and saw the house once again in its great beauty — a thing of grace, exquisite and faultless. Its clean, grey stone walls, followed by centuries, it looked down upon the bright gardens and trim velvet lawns which swept in terrace after terrace to the sea. Framed by the smooth grassland and magnificent trees, it surveyed the rich land which had been its own since Elizabeth reigned. We can never go back there again. The past is still too close to us. But sometimes in my dreams I do go back to Manderley — as to the strange days of my life which began, for me, on the top of a cliff, in the south of France. How different we are now, and how much time has passed since then! It is as though each of us can come to peace only after having endured the trial of fire and of our own particular devils, as we have. It is as though only in peace does each moment live its full, long life. He sits before me now, and his steady, well-shaped hands are peeling a tangerine in quiet, methodical fashion, and I remember him on the cliff's crest, in France. I knew then, that first moment, that he was in agony, was about to leave...

I saw him, from behind, and screamed; screamed lightly, to be able to at all, the moment seemed so desperate. He wheeled, and came away from the crest of the cliff.

Even then, in the light of day, his face was full of darkness and pain. There was light grey in his hair, giving his handsome face a

We spoke sparsely, half-gay and half-depressed, until he asked to know what I was thinking. "I'm thinking that you know everything there is to know about me," I said, "but that I know nothing more about you than I did the first day we met." "And what?" "That you own Manderley and that you have lost your wife." The car's speed increased. He said nothing, somehow tensely. "I wish I were a woman of thirty-six, dressed in black satin, with a string of pearls!" I burst out. "You wouldn't be here with me if you were." Then, to answer my empty, hungry look, he went on. "I asked you to come with me because I needed the past for me far more than all the bright lights of Monte Carlo. But if you think I'm just being charitable or kind, leave the car now and find your own way home! Go on, open the door and get out!" This was more than I could understand, and the tears came quickly. He gave me his handkerchief. "And don't call me Mr. de Winter," he stormed on, half laughing, half crying. "It makes me feel more aged than I am. I have several first names — George Fortescue Maximilian. You don't have to bother with all of them. My family calls me Maxim... I looked up at him, and was swept into his arms, to his kiss."

Mrs. Van Hopper very suddenly decided to leave for New York. We were to sail immediately. In the rush of preparations and packing, I tried frantically to reach Maxim on the telephone. Failing, I left everything and went to his room, and found him just out of the bath. I told him I had come to



"But you don't understand — I'm not the sort men marry."

lightness that must have been missing when he was young. He spoke gruffly to me, and I hastened away down the road to the hotel. A minute later he was driving up alongside, offering me a lift, which I refused. He drove away.

When I returned to the hotel (the Hotel de Paris, as I recall), I found Mrs. Van Hopper in a particularly ugly mood and most bitter over the lack of well-known personalities at Monte Carlo. I was in the employ of Mrs. Van Hopper, as a companion, and I suppose I endured her sloppiness and repulsive snobbery quite well. Not only was she my employer, but I was slight and very shy; she had few restraints before me.

After dinner, as we sat in the lobby, we saw him. I was terrified to see that Mrs. Van Hopper knew him; with some effort, she mobilized herself for a gushing welcome. As he made his way across the room, he looked right through me. "Why, it's Max de Winter," she whispered, and immediately poured forth: "Mr. de Winter! How do you do?" He seemed quite willing to avoid her, or us, but fell before her labbery rush of talk. He was harpooned, and also, apparently, somewhat piqued; to be rid of her, he made several incredibly insulting remarks, which she well deserved but of course did not notice. When he had left she told me that his place, Manderley, "couldn't be beat for beauty" and that she had heard he couldn't get over the death of his wife, who had drowned while sailing. The next morning, she came down with influenza.

The days that came, quickly, after Mrs. Van Hopper was taken ill are to this day strangely without number. I can only remember how much I enjoyed them, and how much I came to life with them.

I can remember that first morning, breakfasting without her, and suddenly with him when he commanded me to join him. Then, the long rides to the shore and to the cliffs, and the excuse of tennis lessons to Mrs. Van Hopper, and how he spoke of Manderley, with a great and lonely love. On Mrs. Van Hopper's last bed-ridden day, which was my own last day of freedom, we drove for hours.

say good-bye, and of the hateful journey to New York. "Why in Heaven's name go with her then?" he asked. "I've told you — I can't afford to lose my job." He picked up his clothes from a chair and went into the bathroom, leaving the door half open. "Which would you prefer — New York or Manderley?" I heard him say. "Please don't joke about it," said, Mrs. Van Hopper's waiting— "I think I'd better say goodbye." "I repeat what I said — either you go to America with Mrs. Van Hopper or you come home to Manderley with me."

"Do you mean you want a secretary or something?" "No, I'm asking you to marry me, you little fool." I sat dumfounded, and feeling unreal, with my hands in my lap. "But you don't understand," I said. "I'm not the sort of person men marry." "What else do you mean?" "Well, I don't belong in your sort of world — in Manderley — for one thing."

"I'm the person to judge whether you belong there or not. Of course, if you don't love me, that's different. A fine blow to my conceit!" "I do love you! I love you dreadfully. I've been miserable and I've been crying all morning because I thought I should never see you again."

He laughed, and gave me his hand. "I'm asking you for that," he said quietly. "All right then — it's settled."

I begged him to tell Mrs. Van Hopper, whose restraint over fury and snobbish surprise, when she heard, was remarkable. She was quite brutal and vulgar toward me when he left the room, of course.

That same day Maxim and I were married by the Mayor. We drove north to England, and to Manderley's great gates. Just as we were winding up the driveway — just before I first saw the magnificent house — it began to rain. The car was open, and my hair fell in wet wisps around my face.

(To be continued)



Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page) portant to people in Washington. For a long time, it was fashionable in political circles to criticize the inventor and to say that machines and inventions took away more jobs than they provided.

Now, with the benefits of invention coming clearly into focus, attacks upon it no longer seem safe. Demands to change the patent system, or to tax machinery out of existence, don't make the kind of reading that the folks back home want to see. The politicians, now that Lincoln's words about patents and inventions are being shown to have current bearing, are beginning to doubt the wisdom or popularity of "talking down" machines and inventions.

Washington itself is all set to celebrate the double-diamond anniversary of patents in April. But the attention of the country was focussed on the subject last week in New York, where a "National Modern Patents' Celebration," sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers, was being held. The "Modern Patents" in question were the industrial research men throughout the country who started the ball rolling to make more jobs, increase manufacturing payrolls, and make new products available to Americans everywhere. In all, more than 500 of these inventors have been honored at celebrations throughout the country, and the dinner at New York was the climax to the whole affair.

Some of the inventions of these men paved the way for industries that today employ thousands on their payrolls. Other made a humbler contribution. But when the number of direct and indirect jobs made possible by these inventions are all added up together, they make impressive reading not only for Washington politicians but for ordinary citizens everywhere.

The contribution of inventors, made possible because the Patent System offered them fair rewards and reasonable protection can never be completely measured. But just as an indication it's interesting that fourteen new industries developed because of inventions perfected since 1870 now provide an estimated 13 million direct and indirect jobs in the United States.

Thoughts like these must have been running through the minds of the two thousand people who gathered in New York City last week to honor the "Modern Pioneers." In that audience were senators, congressmen, educators, manufacturers and many others, and it was an impressive occasion. The mere phys-

cal presence of the many inventors who have contributed so much to making life better in this country and to increasing job opportunities for all of us was more effective than all the arguments in the world in knocking to pieces the attitude that machines take away more jobs than they make. You can't laugh off the presence of thirteen million jobs where none existed before.

That is the impression that is drifting back to Washington. The public should be interested, because this is a trend that may have an important bearing on national prosperity. It means that those high places should be less inclined nowadays to utter or approve specious arguments against machines. It means that the work of job-building carried on in the 2,000 laboratories of industrial research by nearly 50,000 laboratory workers should be able to go on at an accelerated pace. Industry and science, already spending at the rate of \$1,875,000 a month to find new products and uses, should not be hampered by legislation designed to cripple the Patent System. The signs — imitation public opinion, public demands — point that way. The temper of the times and the words of Lincoln are likely to be heeded.

In other words, 1940 is going to see more FUEL added to the FIRE of GENIUS — more progress, more products, more prosperity — if public opinion has its way.

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Advertisement for KRO rat poison. Includes text: 'KILL RATS WITHOUT POISON YOUR MONEY BACK IF RATS DON'T DIE', 'KRO is made from Red Squill, a rat poison recommended by U.S. Dept. Agr. (Bul. 1533). Ready-Mixed, for homes, 50¢ and \$1.00; Powder, for farms, 75¢. All Drug and Seed Stores. Damage each rat does costs you \$25.00 a year. K.R.O. Co., Springfield, O.'