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 Haywood E. Lynch
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OUR NATION'S PRAYER
 O Lord, a sacred peace we crave:
 For this, with all our leaders brave
 We pray that Thy Almighty Hand
 Will guard and guide our wondrous land.
 We'll melt with love the swords of men
 To make of them the noblest pen.
 With this, dear God, our hope and aim,
 Let us enshrine Old Glory's fame.
 For us our fathers died by sword,
 And loved ones spent their lives, O Lord.
 Give us unselfish hearts like theirs
 To prove our worth as loyal heirs.
 Direct our thought to holy deeds,
 Let love abide among all creeds;
 Pray, keep us in Thy watchful care;
 We seek, dear Lord, Thy help in prayer.
 —Rev. F. C. Young

GIVE TO THE RED CROSS
 The time is fast approaching for the annual Red Cross roll call, and no citizen of the county should neglect this opportunity to give something to a worthy cause by enrolling in this organization. The Red Cross renders vital aid to citizens in this community year around, and is deserving of the support of every citizen in Kings Mountain.

A GOOD COACH—A GOOD TEAM
 A coach shows his ability by taking raw material and working it into a smooth-operating, efficiently functioning machine, and the fine work which Coach Cline Farthing has done at the high school is revealed in the vast improvement which has been made in the high school football team. Already having won four games the team goes up against a strong Forest City team Friday. Whatever the outcome the boys can be counted on to turn in a good performance. We feel that the citizens of the Best Town in the State should attend as many of the remaining games as possible, to show their appreciation.

NEW BEGINNINGS
 Every morning is a new beginning—every day—another chance to prove yourself as you go on your way—another opportunity to show what you are worth. Each time God paints a dawn upon the dark and sleeping earth. Calamities will come—you may be sure of that, my friend. It's life—you never know what's waiting just around the bend. But these are only challenges to put you to the test—to face them with a trusting heart—and He will do the rest. And if you fail or falter, or weaken by the way—look up—don't despair. God always sends another day.—Selected.

A SWARM OF WORDS
 The Frenchman was disgusted with the English language. "For example," he remarked, "take the word 'crowd.' This means a lot of people. That is easily learned by a crowd of ships is termed a fleet, while a fleet of sheep is called a flock; on the other hand, a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves called a gang, while a gang of fish is called a shoal. A shoal of bullocks or buffaloes is called a herd; a herd of soldiers is called a troop; a troop of partridges is called a covey; a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde. A horde of logs is called a heap; a heap of oxen is called a drove; a drove of blackguards is called a mob; a mob of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm!"
 A swarm of words must be an essay.—Exchange.

THE RED CROSS
 The Red Cross is a unique sort of organization. When one thinks of how far reaching it is, and the variety of people taking part in its program, did you ever stop and think of how few criticisms one hears against this wonderful organization? Did one ever hear of any money scandals regarding this custodian and dispenser of millions of dollars? Did one ever hear people talk of politics in the Red Cross? Or favoritism? Of petty dealings? We have not. And we believe we know some of the reasons.
 The aims, the program and the deeds of the Red Cross are pitched upon a high plane, so much so that it makes an appeal to the best of

Here and There . . .
 Haywood E. Lynch)

I understand the sale of small light bulbs has taken a sudden increase in Kings Mountain, I wonder why?
 One loyal reader of this column came in the office last week and said the only thing wrong with it was that it is entirely too short. Well, I would like to make it much longer if I could only find enough interesting items to fill it up.

Now if everyone would be as considerate as Mrs. Floyd Jenkins, I could fill this column every week.

day afternoon to show me her fine son, Patrick, who is only eight months old and weighs 27 pounds and 14 ounces. And yet they call his father "Skinny."

Street Scene: "Skimp" Stowe standing on the corner Halloween Night waiting to see a fight, that did not quite come about.

I stopped in to see Ross Roberts this week. We had a good chat. He told me about some of the fine homes Mr. Lee Rameau built back when he was a lively contractor.

The Election is over. I wonder what the newspapers will write about now except war.

Harold Hunnicutt, now that he has sold his plane, still has to be near his airport, Hawk Haven, so he is now plowing the field nearby, getting ready to plant grain.

E. M. Costner was the first man to cast his ballot in the East Kings Mountain box Tuesday.

Charlie Sheppard, the congenial, efficient County Officer, had a hard time getting elected Tuesday. He did not have any opposition.

Wilkie wilted, and Roosevelt is rosy.

His Honor J. B. Thomason was all smiles Wednesday morning with the results of the election.

A copy of the Herald left here airmail last week for Bill Davis who is now in Fort Worth, Texas, with the Army Air Corp.

our people. The voluntary helpers, the lack of niggardiness in handling funds, yet the careful accounting for everything spent and the quality of work demanded even of voluntary helpers—these are some of the appealing features of this wonderful movement. And it is a "movement," for the simple reason that it steadily goes forward to bigger and better accomplishments.

We have said many times, "Be at any gathering of the Red Cross be it in committee meetings, large gatherings, banquets or what not, and you have only to look over the group there present to assure yourself that among that group you find your community's ablest, most dependable and most patriotic, not to mention the unselfishness and the wide-awakeness shown by these worthy citizens."—The Uplift.

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG:
 Having succeeded as a famed novelist in spite of his early poverty, Edward Small proceeded to waste upon his son, Oliver, all the luxuries he himself was denied in his youth. As a result of this indulgence, and despite the protests of Essex's wife, Nellie, the boy grows up completely spoiled, selfish and unprincipled. Essex meets and falls in love with Livia Vaynot, beautiful young artist, but sends her away abruptly because of his obligation to his unloved wife, Nellie. Shortly afterward Nellie dies, and young Oliver, now twenty, brings Livia to Essex's home as his sweetheart. But she still loves Essex, and refuses to let him give her up for the sake of his son. Essex realizes that he cannot live with her.

Chapter Five
 Oliver took the news of my engagement to Livia in such apparent good part that I felt an overwhelming sense of relief. He professed to be philosophical about it; the best man had won, that was all. Now truly Dermot's toast seemed to have come true, for I felt that I was indeed the happiest man in London.

We did not at once set the date for our marriage, but I intended that our engagement should be a short one. In the meantime my beloved Livia came to spend the lovely weeks of that early summer of 1914 with us in the big rambling house at Heronwater, idling on the beach and painting seascapes from the nearby cove.

Toward the close of one of those long, lazy June afternoons Livia returned from a day of painting evidently ill at ease and disturbed.

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and numbly looked at the paint. "Oliver," I burst out at last. "You're a liar and a cheat! You were with Livia! That's how her canvas got smeared! That's why she sent me away! That's why she ment!" That's what all your gibes meant at dinner!"

Caught hands down, he at tried to shrug it off, while anger and my sense of misadventure heightened.

"When I was a boy," I told him, "I was poor and cold and hungry. But I had a dream that kept me warm. One day I would have a son—and my son would have everything! I'd give him all the things I'd missed—everything he dreamed of. And that's what I did for you—may God forgive me!"

Oliver packed up and left the house, refusing to come back or to see me in his lodgings. My abject misery increased; for though I had become fully aware of the boy's true character, the hold he had on my deepest affections remained. As the summer passed and the autumn wore on I ceased working; I saw Livia less and less frequently; I tried in a thousand ways to see Oliver or at least to get some word to him, but in vain.

The events of that fateful summer made their impact felt upon us all. When war was declared and Kitchener issued his first call for volunteers, Dermot's son Rory came home from a protracted visit in Ireland and promptly joined up. Oliver joined with him in the same regiment. Maeve threw herself with all her vast energy into a rigorous round of entertainments for soldiers on leave; and I heard vaguely that she was seeing a good deal of Oliver in London.

It was from Annie, Maeve's old servant, that I learned of the girl's plight. On the evening of Oliver's

and Rory's departure for France the good old dame came to me, tearfully.

"I did everything I could to stop it," she sobbed. "Oh, sir, whatever are we going to do? She's been ill so much lately. I thought you ought to know. After all, he's your son."

I went at once to see poor Maeve. With calm courage, almost matter-of-factly, she admitted to me what had happened.

"You mustn't blame Oliver, darling. I began all this."

"But why Oliver?" I cried. "You never even liked him! What's behind all this, Maeve?"

"You see, when Oliver left you, I thought I ought to keep an eye on him. That if he didn't lose touch with all of us he might come to his senses and make it up with you. So I saw him—often. And, naturally enough I suppose, he came to think I'd been leading him on. Perhaps I had. At any rate—"

The solution, the only one possible, seemed clear to me. She had done what she had done for Oliver's sake—and mine. Oliver, she insisted, knew nothing of her present situation; but I did, and I was there to make the only possible form of amends. I told Maeve that she must marry me immediately—on the morrow.

"But what about Livia?"

I could not answer; but my agony must have shown in my face. Maeve burst into tears and threw her arms around my neck.

"You love her like that—oh, man you make me proud!"

(To be continued)



"You love her like that—and yet you'd marry me!"

She had accomplished almost nothing all day; and when I teased her about it she amazed me by bursting into tears.

During dinner her distraught mood seemed to continue. But Oliver, who had been out sailing during the afternoon, was in rare spirits. He proposed an ironical toast to his "dear stepmamma"; and on learning that Livia had wept on returning from the cove, pressed her mercifully to tell why. I listened, perplexed, and when dinner was over I asked to speak to Oliver alone. He led me to his room.

I asked Oliver to explain his conduct toward Livia during dinner. "You weren't with her this afternoon, were you, Oliver?"

"Why, I was out sailing."

"You didn't come ashore, by any chance, and join her?"

"Of course not, father. If Livia's upset about anything, I had nothing to do with it. I've tried to make this relationship between the three of us as congenial as I could. And I thought my conduct toward Livia had been irreproachable. If I went too far tonight, I'm terribly sorry. You do believe me, don't you father?"

I did believe him, and said so. Soon I found myself apologizing to Oliver for having mentioned the incident. He forgave me magnanimously, and we shook hands on it. I settled back in my chair with a vast feeling of relief, and asked him for a cigarette.

Oliver reached into his sweater—the one he had worn during the afternoon—for a package of cigarettes. On one sleeve of the sweater I saw a smear of blue paint—plainly the same paint Livia had been using that day. I seized the sweater from his hands



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