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Haywood E. Lynch
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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
times 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, get-
ting 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 air-
mail 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 ap-
pealing features of this wonderful
movement. And it is a "movement,"
for the simple reason that it steady-
ly 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 your-
self that among that group you find
your community's ablest, most de-
pendable and most patriotic, not to
mention the unselfishness and the
wide-awakeness shown by these wor-
thy citizens." — The Uplift.

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Edward Small
PRESENTS
MY SON, MY SON!
FROM THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL BY HOWARD SPRING
MADELEINE CARROLL
BRIAN AHERNE LOUIS HAYWARD

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG:
Having succeeded as a famed
novelist in spite of his early
adversity, Edward Small
...
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
cynical eyes got smeared! That's why
...
Caught hands down, he at-
tempted to shrug it off, while
anger and my sense of mis-
disillusionment 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 — every-
thing he dreamed of. And that's
what I did for you — may God
forgive me!"

Chapter Five
Oliver took the news of my
engagement to Livia in such ap-
parent 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 hap-
piest man in London.
We did not at once set the
date for our marriage, but I in-
tended 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 Heron-
water, idling on the beach and
painting seascapes from the near-
by cove.
Toward the close of one of those
long, lazy June afternoons Livia
returned from a day of painting
visibly ill at ease and disturbed.



"You love her like that — and yet you'd marry me!"
She had accomplished almost no-
thing 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 din-
ner. "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 noth-
ing 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 irreproach-
able. 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 magnani-
mously, 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
sized the sweater from his hands



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"Things Are A Lot Better
For Mother and Me!"
"We got us a little farm out on the edge o' town
Apple trees, flowers and everything. Not very
big or very grand, but plenty for the two of us.
Bought and paid for—mostly out o' my savings.
"Many's the time Mother and I have been thank-
ful for the sensible savin' habits of a life-time. I
wonder just what would have happened to us
when I lost my job back in '32 if I hadn't had a
tidy sum in my savings account at the First Na-
tional Bank. But that's all water over the dam—
we're set an'secure for the rest of our lives—
an' my advice to you is save a part o' what you
make, regular as clockwork."
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