

The Cherokee Scout

The Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

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SOME THINGS THE SCOUT WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN MURPHY AND CHEROKEE COUNTY

In Murphy

1. An active Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce.
2. More Manufacturing Industries.
3. New Passenger Stations—A Union Station.
4. More Improved Streets.
5. Regular Library Hours.
6. A Reading Club.

In Cherokee County

1. A System of County Roads Supplementing the State Highways.
2. More and Better Cattle Raising and Dairying.
3. More Fruit Growing.
4. Scientific Poultry Raising.

EDITORIAL

A fine Gathering

The banquet at the Library Friday night under the auspices of the Murphy Men's Bible Class of the Methodist Church was a fine thing. Its primary purpose was to interest those who are not attending any Sunday School class to join with the Murphy Men's Bible Class. Results were seen at the meeting of the class Sunday morning following. It is reported that about ten new members were present. That is fine.

But the gathering had another significance. It was not a denominational affair. It was not merely the Murphy Men's Bible Class. It was a gathering of about seventy-five representative male citizens of Murphy. And these gatherings cannot be held without cementing the bonds of friendship between one another, closer together and creating a greater spirit of unity in our town. It does us good to get together. It does us more good to dine together and to have our minds guided into one channel by forceful utterances like those of Dr. Sharpe.

North Carolinians Good Risks

A few days ago a supposedly learned doctor, addressing a gathering of textile manufacturers in Boston, Mass., took occasion to compare health conditions in North Carolina and the South generally, with those in New England, greatly to the disparagement of the South. The speech of this doctor was summarized in the phrase, "Young man, stay North." It was supposedly a sort of antidote against the movement of the New England manufacturers South. As Dr. Rankin, Secretary of the State Board of Health has promptly pointed out, the death rate in North Carolina is lower than it is in New England. The New England rate is greater than the average for the Nation, while North Carolina's rate is less than the average for the country at large. And, assuming an average length of sickness of seven days for every death, it would appear that there are fewer sick people in North Carolina than in New England.

Another evidence bearing on the health conditions in North Carolina is the insurance report of the State Insurance Commissioners for the previous year, just published. Life policies amounting to six hundred and fifty million dollars were in force in the State last year. Nearly twenty-three million dollars were paid in premiums on these policies while losses amounting to only five and three-fourth millions were

sustained by the insurance companies on account of the death or injury of insured persons. This would indicate that North Carolinians are good risks. Our New England friend has been muddying the water with false statements, but these will not keep any business man from the South, for business men do not place any credence in rumors, but investigate.

Home and Farm Ownership

The North Carolina Club Year Book for 1921-22 entitled Home and Farm Ownership in North Carolina has just been issued by the Extension Division of the University under the editorial supervision of Professor E. C. Branson. It is an octavo volume of 207 pages in eight point type, contains 11 illustrative plates and numerous statistical tables, and represents the careful study of seventeen students of the University in addition to studies by Professors Branson and Hobbs of the department of Rural Social Science and Mr. J. W. Bailey, of Raleigh. Copies of this volume may be secured by addressing the Extension Division of the University at Chapel Hill, N. C.

The Badge of The Great

The gifted man bears his gifts into the world not for his own benefit, but for the people among whom he is placed; for the gifts are not his, he himself is a gift to the community. That is the way Life gives gifts to the people; it wraps them up in men, and sends them forth.

If then the bearer purloins the gifts for his own use, and turns his ability to serve into an excuse for over-lordship and exploitation of those who need him, he is a traitor to the Universe.

Every kind of ability or superiority is an obligation. Here is the solution of all racial, national, class, and individual problems. Service is the badge of the great. There is no greatness without it.—Dear-born Independent.

An Emancipation Proclamation

Here's the story of China in a sentence. She discovered gunpowder and used it for firecrackers, invented printing and smothered its possibilities in an alphabet of forty thousand symbols. The Mergenthaler Linotype Company has just built a forty-character Chinese typesetter, which brings education a thousand times nearer to four hundred million people.

The destiny of an empire will be recast in that machine. The news reads like a trade note; history will write it down as an emancipation proclamation.—Herbert Kaufmann, in the Chicago American.

Men Worthy Of Honor

Two men I honor, and a third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes for man's venerable to me is the Earth; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, beset, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man, being man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly treated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrustated must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on, thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toldest for the altogether indispensable, for thy daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spirituality indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all men, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earth's sampan only, but inspired thinker, who

Know North Carolina

A GEORGIA VERDICT.

Mr. J. A. Hollomon, the tax expert of the Atlanta Constitution, has just delivered an address at the University of Georgia Chapel in Athens in which he called attention to the fact that the amount allowed the Georgia institution for maintenance is something like \$80,000, while last year the State University in North Carolina was given \$440,000, and under a new budget program, \$650,000 is being asked by that institution for its maintenance this year. "Negro schools in North Carolina receive more than the State University of Georgia does," he said.

When asked what form he thought the tax changes in the state should take, Mr. Hollomon said that he sees a classification tax with segregation of funds for particular departments like the University, the Normal School, State Asylum, etc. He believes that the property tax in Georgia will never be abolished, but he does see in the future a modification of this tax.

Mr. Hollomon did not say so, but in 1921 the State of North Carolina built four great dormitories and made improvements at her State University costing \$1,400,000, pushing the equipment of the University of North Carolina ahead of the University of Virginia, so that the institution of the Old North State stands today as the strongest in the country. They made room for 500 more students. There are now nearly 2,000 students at Chapel Hill. At the same time, the State enlarged the normal schools at five places.

The same day that Mr. Hollomon made his speech in Athens the Atlanta Constitution said:

"And yet Georgia is doing less for education, less for the maintenance of her higher institutions, less for good roads, less for the development of her State properties than any other state in the South in proportion to resources and population—a condition that is as regrettable as it is inexcusable."—The Savannah Press.

Letters From the People

SHUFORD JENKINS AT CLAYTON, GA.

On the first of April, we started a tent meeting here in Clayton. The interest has been highly pleasing. The weather has been bad, but the people have attended splendidly—they have surprised themselves. The merchants and business men are closing their stores and places of business daily and coming to the tent. If any of my Christian friends read these lines, I want to beg you to pray for us as you have never prayed before. Pray, pray, pray! Pray that not only Clayton may be taken for God, but pray that Rabun County may be made a new county.

Anxiously yours,
SHUFORD JENKINS.

IN RE. WARDEN'S DEATH.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 6, 1923.
To the Editor:

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the State Geological Board, held at the Governor's office in Raleigh, March 22, 1923, the following action was taken on the death of the Chief Forest Fire Warden of North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey.

In recording the untimely death of William Darrow Clark, late Chief Forest Fire Warden in the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, at his home in Chapel Hill, on March 17, 1923, the members of the Geological Board desire to extend to his widow and little daughter assurances of their deepest sympathy with them in their bereavement and to express their own sorrow at losing from the Survey staff such an intelligent, devoted and effective official. They feel that in his removal the State has lost a high-minded, public spirited citizen, and a conscientious and devoted public servant, one whose place it will be very difficult to fill.

JOSEPH HYDE PRATT, Director.

with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two in all their degrees, honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.—Carlyle.

Sows and litters should run on clean lot—keep internal parasites to a minimum.

Human Interest Stories

By Brownlee Frix

The Intellectual Sub-soil of America

A man who by his own efforts had risen from poverty and obscurity to a high station in life was asked what the difference was between him and another man whose ancestors were distinguished but who had tarnished the family name, and he said: "I am the head of a great family and he is the tail end of a great family."

Isn't the head of a great family just as much and more of an aristocrat as the tail end of a great family? We cannot choose the quality of ancestors that our posterity will have. By thrift, fair and square dealing, and will power, each man can climb to higher ground, morally, intellectually, financially, socially; can make his children, his grand-children and his great-grand-children proud of him.

If you happen to be a scion of a great family and are poor, your best policy will be not to mention the fact that you are a born aristocrat. Do not tell it, but by your actions prove it! The questions that your banker and your neighbors want answered are these: Will you do what you say you will do? Will you pay your debts? Will you pay them promptly? Are you pleasant or contentious in your dealings? If you "check up" in these respects and a few others you should win out whether your great-grand-father was president of the United States or whether he plowed an ox on a rented farm. Not who you are but WHAT you are is the question.

There are thousands of children in this country who are working twelve months per year and being denied opportunity to develop their talents, children whose veins tingle the blood of Revolutionary War heroes. The whiskey habit, and bad business management, the Civil War, or other misfortunes, have made them poor. Families rise and fall like sea-bills. Back in the old home town within the past twenty years there have been many changes. People who had nothing then—just plain, hard-working people—are now the leading citizens, and the leading men and women of that day are dead and many of their children have not held up the family names. The bottom rails are on top of the fence.

We cannot now would we change conditions. We are proud that this is the land of opportunity, proud that in the United States all aristocracy is based on achievement, that aristocracy cannot be deeded as can an acre of land, but can only be held indefinitely by achievement.

The Public School System is very young and imperfect, but in its short history there have been more great inventions, more diseases made impotent, more progress, than in all the long history of the world up to its coming. It is developing the mind of the common child and often the child is a genius.

A strange old man, who lived alone in the country, lay dying. It was supposed that he had money hidden somewhere, and his nephews, hearing that he was sick, went to see him and anxiously inquired: "Where is your gold hidden, Uncle?" The old man whispered, "It is in the sub-soil of the field behind the barn." They buried him, and then with picks and shovels they began to dig down in the sub-soil of the little patch. For months they kept it up until the land was pulverized for many feet down, but no gold did they find. They were loathe to leave that field with its hidden treasure, but they had to live. So they fertilized the pulverized ground and planted it in wheat, intending to dig still deeper in the future. People came for miles and miles to see that crop of wheat, the biggest crop per acre that had ever been seen in that county. The old man had told them the truth. There was gold in the sub-soil of the field behind the barn.

There is gold in the intellectual sub-soil of America. You have doubtless noticed a field of corn or wheat and could not tell exactly where there used to be a stable or a pig pen. That one spot would produce five times more than would any other spot of its size in the field.

If some one town or county should decide to give each and every child in that town or county a genuine education, should develop the talents that the Creator planted in each of those children, what a revelation it would be to the whole country and to the world! That town or county would become internationally famous and internationally helpful. No tongue or pen is

The Fat Man's Corner

How did you get that scar?
I got it jumping through a plate glass window on Harvard-Yale Night.
Why on earth did you do that?
Oh, I don't know. It seems a splendid idea at the time.—Boston Transcript.

Six Year Old Mary—Mamma, where do I trade my rabbit for a cat?
Mother—What makes you want to trade dear?

Mary—Well, I want something with handle on it.—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

Young Female Clerk—Let me show you some pretty stockings.

Young Male Customer—Now, now; that's not nice. Papa spank.—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

Why did you tip that boy so handsome when he gave you your coat?
Look at the coat he gave me.—Roomer.

He—would you rather take a walk or be kissed?

She—You know I have a strained ankle.—Sun Dial.

Suitor (waiting for lady)—Is your daughter coming out next winter?

Father—She'll come out when she gets good and ready, and if you set foot on my knock your block off.—Gaboon.

Professor (explaining magnetism)—Just how many natural magnets are there?
Jack—Two, Sir.

Professor (surprised)—Yes, and who are they?

Jack—Blondes and Brunettes.—Bouquet.

Actress—As I've always said, one must develop one's Talent.

Chorus Girl—Yes, indeed. I take my walks every morning.—Judge.

"Monkey glands did it," said the preacher, as he fled with the chorus girl in a taxi.—The Mainline.

If you can't travel, you can get the Paris man luxury at home. Just crawl upon closet shelf and stick a cinder in your eye.—Cottagesville Record.

They say elephants are small good, but you seldom see one that does.—Hagerstown Mail.

Rogers—Where did you get that black eye, old top?

Pete—That's a birth mark.
Rogers—Oh, I say now.

Pete—That's right; I started to get the wrong one.—Princeton Tiger.

Flapper's Prayer—Lord, make me a good girl, but not yet.—Our Navy.

He gave his sister's gift a quick glance and then he wrote her: "Thanks for the handkerchiefs—that's something I've always wanted."—Rock Mount Evening Telegram.

so eloquent and persuasive as a good example. The children of that fertile soil developed and broadened in intellectual stature would each be a living, breathing advertisement for higher education of the great human race. Great statesmen, great teachers, great scientists, great inventors would be developed on that spot.

Margaret Fuller Osseli, one of the first most American women of her generation had the habit of writing on the margins of the books she read. In a biography of Correggio which described him as "one of those superior beings of whom there are a few," she wrote: "And yet all might be such." Years later, William Hunt, a discouraged young artist, who afterwards came renowned, picked up that same book and leisurely turning the leaves, he saw what had been said of the great Italian painter and what Margaret had written: "They revived resolutions long fallen and made me set my face like a flint."—William Hunt.

Do not let poverty or discouragement bluff you. You can rise; you can be a superior being; you can become the head of a great family if you have the faith, the courage and the courage. You will be measured by the yard-stick of results. Is your selfish or unselfish? Are you useless or useful to humanity?

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