

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

Worthy Of Emulation

WHOSE place is this? came the questioning voice of a visitor to our town a few days ago as he walked up the street by the millinery shop of Mrs. Callie Hall. "Isn't this fine. If everybody in town would fix up their places like this you would have the cleanest town in America," continued the stranger.

Mrs. Hall's example is worthy of emulation. Everything about her place is neat and trim. It is almost spotless. It is attractive and inviting within and without. Flowers and vines surround it on all sides. If the other business houses of the town would only do half as much as Mrs. Hall has done, truly we would have the most remarkable town in the country. It would be a town we could boast of with a just pride and one that would attract visitors. All of us like to be in a wholesome and inviting atmosphere and we can make our town such a place if we will each do our part. It will require some work—Mrs. Hall will tell you that—but nothing is worth having that does not require effort. (We can't call names, but Mrs. Hall's next door neighbor could profit by these suggestions.)

I Am Yaur Town

MAKE me what you will—I shall reflect you as clearly as a mirror throws back a candle beam.

If I am pleasing to the eye of the stranger within my gates; if I am such a sight as, having seen me, he will remember me all his days as a thing of beauty, the credit is yours.

Ambition and opportunity call some of my sons and daughters to high tasks and mighty privileges, to my greater honor and to my good repute in far places, but it is not chiefly these who are my strength. My strength is in those who remain, who are content with what I can offer them and with what they can offer me. It was the greatest of all Romans who said: "Better be first in a little Iberian village than be second in Rome."

I am more than wood, brick and stone, more even than flesh and blood—I am the composite soul of all who call me Home. I am your town.— Selected.

Is Tucker as indolent as people claim? Indolent! That fellow's too lazy to follow the line of least resistance—American Legion.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked!" exclaimed Pat. "Not a bit of it!"—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Factories—Chapter 6

THE News last week carried a story to the effect that Pennsylvania manufacturers of knit underwear had looked over the field and because of more attractive propositions elsewhere, passed up Hendersonville and located in Murphy.

This gives Hendersonville lots of food for constructive thought. Our climate is good. Our water is in abundance. We have paved streets. We have lands at reasonable prices. Our climate is all that could be asked for. The surrounding farming country would enable us to feed a mill town at little expense and at the same time give us a good market for our produce, which has been rotting in the fields.

What's the trouble? We scanned the pages of the Murphy Scout to see if it would reveal the secret and it did so with a big streamer across the front page telling of the establishment of three factories there within a period of only three weeks. On a little further we look to see what we can discover. We find that the business men of Murphy agreed to erect a building and lease it with privileges of purchase at cost. We found that other business men having large realty holdings made some attractive concessions. We further found that local capital was invested. Herein lies the secret. Hendersonville must ante up if she expects to get factories. It takes a little more than climatic, hot air gushes, mountain water and suitable sites. We must learn to embrace the opportunities about us. We are not a wealthy people but we will have to reach down and somewhat lift ourselves out of the mire by our own boot straps. We must not expect others to come along and do for us what we have for all these years failed to do for ourselves.

We are going to have a community of smoke stacks when we deserve them. We will not deserve them in the largest sense of the word until we are willing to help establish them.—Hendersonville News.

A Banker Appraises Us

YOUR president surveyor of the First National Bank, New York City, is not collecting detailed information for a book in North Carolina's resources spirit, but he is observing closely what are the forces heretofore at work and what may reasonably be predicted from their operation.

The New Yorker tells Asheville, in this first address in this State, that North Carolina is not overdrawing its credit; that its natural wealth entitles it to even larger loans if the proceeds are used as wisely as they have been, if the State continues its policy of turning over to counties and cities their own local revenues to be used for local improvements.

This appraisal is made by a man not accustomed to boast where boasting is not due. He is a banker trained to look for facts and not for enthusiastic unsupported by reality. Mr. Swear's praise for what he finds in North Carolina's forward movement ought not to arouse any reckless spirit of haste or imprudence; it should, however, confirm the people in their determination not to stay the hand from the plow of progress.—Asheville Citizen

An absent minded man was being married. When the preacher said, "This is your lawfully wedded wife," he turned and said, "What is her name?"—Brown Jug

Columbus certainly was a prophet. How so? When he first saw America, he yelled, "See! Dry land!"—Burr.

Boy—No land, father; no country life for me. Father—But why not? Boy—Because they have thrashing machines down there, and it's bad enough when it's done by hand.—The Bystander.

Sims—So you cured your wife of the antique craze. How did you do it? Jones—Gave her a 1914 car for her birthday.—N. Y. Sun.

May—Would you wear a rented bathing suit? June—It depends where the Flamingo.

"Buy a truck, Pat," said a man. "And what for should I buy a truck?" rejoined Pat.

Know North Carolina

AN ALABAMA VERDICT.

WHAT is the process by which North Carolina is enriching itself so rapidly that its recent history is attracting widespread comment? The Houston Post answers that question by saying:

A bale of cotton leaves us, and we distribute among producers, ginner, country merchant, tax collectors, railroads, and compressors, about \$130.

"It comes back to us in products for which we pay from \$500 to \$5,000. We lose the difference between the \$130 and the sum we pay for finished products to others who do the work that could be done right here at home by people who have nothing to do."

Commenting upon the example of North Carolina, the Birmingham News says:

This state offers to cotton mills the most attraction of any of the Southern states in the way of natural resources. Cotton must now be hauled long distances to supply Carolina mills; they use far more than the state can grow. Alabama cotton is going to Carolina to have that value between \$130 and \$5,000 added—and left in Carolina as profit.

"We have a great surplus of cotton and will have for many years. It can be delivered at mill platforms with no freight on it, and the grower can be beneficiary of a bettered price thereby. We have abundant and well distributed cheap hydro-power. We have a fine class of native citizenry to work in these mills. One of the main reasons Eastern mills want to come south to get away from the foreigner as operatives. They are bolshevistic, turbulent, excitable, and seem to prefer trouble to peaceful work."

No Southern state is naturally more inviting to cotton mill industry than Alabama. No other Southern state has the waterpower resources of Alabama.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Expansion and Population

OUR neighbor, The Citizen, has very little encouragement for those who would find an example for Asheville in Greensboro's recent expansion of her corporate boundaries. "Asheville," it assures its readers, "is not seeking mere population. It wants quality rather than quantity."

This argument which the Citizen elaborates at some length is not altogether without merit. Numbers do not make a city great. The real secret of any city's distinction is not to be sought for in such externals. Rather it is to be found in the public-spiritedness of its citizens and in those larger achievements which reveal the real soul of the community.

For all that, population is infinitely desirable. It enables a city to enjoy all the superior advantages of large scale production of municipal benefits. It makes it possible for a community to have those cultural and recreational facilities which are not possible in small and sparsely settled cities.

The Citizen admits as much in its masthead. These it carries every day a statement of "some of the Citizen's ambitions for Asheville and Western North Carolina." At the climax of this list stands its hope for "a population for Asheville of 75,000 by 1930."

"A population for Asheville of 75,000 by 1930?" Well, if this ambition is to be realized, it will be necessary for Asheville to follow Greensboro's example and to annex that suburban territory which can be quickly and profitably assimilated. It is foolish to hope for a population of 75,000 by 1930 in one breath and repudiate the idea of annexation in the next. The two propositions are hopelessly irreconcilable.—Asheville Times

They have dug up a king 3400 years old in Egypt, so some day they might get around to the soldier bonus.—Hagerstown Mail.

Are you master of your own house? Ill say I am. Henrietta goes out every day and leaves me absolute boss of two cats, four gold fish and a canary bird.—Exchange.

Lady—Is this a pedigreed dog? Dealer—Pedigreed? Why, if that dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Human Interest Stories

By Brownlee Frix

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

THE objects of Human Interest Stories are not to entertain, not to instruct, but to make better people and to make them think. Sometimes the best way to find the truth is to state an error, which then disproven establishes the truth. Let us then freely admit that what is herein said is based on error, but the writer and perhaps tens of thousands of others would like to have the truth explained.

A farmer went to town and drank himself about one-third full of corn liquor. He met a stranger who aroused in him an ungovernable desire to fight. He walked up to this man and said, "Partner, I don't know who you are; I never saw you before, but I just don't like your looks." It took about fourteen men to pull him off of his (unknown) enemy. They literally had to peel him off. Too much liquor! that is what the judge said. But was there a deeper reason for his actions?

A bachelor had decided never to marry. Then he visited a town and saw a girl, just passed her, and said, "There goes my wife!" When the two were introduced they seemed to understand one another from the very beginning. They have been living together for over twenty years, and that wife understands her husband better perhaps than he understands himself.

You have perhaps met people, for the first time whom you liked and others whom you disliked without knowing why. "Intuition," you said. We are "congenial spirits," or "incongenial spirits." Perhaps you are correct, perhaps that fully explains it.

A music dealer, an obscure fellow, happened to meet a governor in a hotel. When the two were introduced their spirits seemed to say, "Why, look who's here! Where have you been since we last met? Glad to see you again!" Neither, however, admitted any such feelings, they merely shook hands and passed a few pleasantries. That day the governor spoke and into his regular political talk were sandwiched some remarks to the effect that every father should provide his children with a musical instrument. He seemed to want to help a friend. That ex-music dealer now has a son named after the departed ex-governor.

A real estate man located many thousands of acres of cheap land along a little railroad and decided to colonize that country with farmers. Such a project meant health and prosperity for the little road and its officials were greatly interested in its success. But when the real estate man met the president of that road, the bristles on their heads began to rise, as it were. They tried to be pleasant, tried to smile, but their lips puckered as if they had been eating green persimmons. Something in their souls said, "You can't fool me. I KOW you!" There seemed to be an ancient hate revived. Doubtless each of those men wanted to be fair in their dealings, but they could not get along together and neither could give a valid reason for his feelings.

Alexander Hamilton had a little daughter whom he firmly believed was his own mother, reincarnated. From the time the child could talk she started and astonished him. Alexander Hamilton, that fiery tempered genius who was destined to do so much for the development of the Government of the United States, and destined to die of a bullet wound, needed a mother all his life. And a mother with such a son as was Alexander Hamilton, do you think she could be satisfied in Heaven so long as her son was on earth? Did the Lord, in answer to her pleadings, let her come back to be with her illustrious son in his trials? We do not know, and there are many things in this world we do not understand.

A beautiful girl with blue eyes and curly golden hair and dimpled cheeks, tried to live in a house with a step-mother who hated her. Never did that step-mother miss an opportunity for hurting her feelings and trying to crush her proud American spirit. At last, the girl went away, headed for somewhere, anywhere, just to get away. She found a position in a lace factory and lived in a nearby boarding house under an assumed name until the police located her and sent her back. But she swore to her father and step-mother that she would not, could not stay. The step-mother persuaded the girl's father to send her to a reformatory and the institution to which she was consigned was in partnership with a gang of white slave traders.

The Fat Man's Corner

Restus had lost an arm charging a 'sheen gun nest.

"How come yo' so disregardless of yo' health yo' charge dat 'sheen gun nest?" "Well," said Rastus, "dey 'pointed vol-unteers an' I was one of dem."

A rookin was traveling to town on his first leave.

"Say," said the conductor of the train, "whaddye keep salutin' me for? I'm no army officer."

"I know you ain't," said John, "but anything will do to practiet on.—American Legion.

Tramp—"Howdye keep so plump, Dusty?"

Another—"I eats, I goes to de kitchen door an' offers to saw wood fer a meal. When de lady faints I helps myself."

A Seattle milkman was arrested for not putting enough milk in the water before delivering it.—Hagerstown Mail.

Notice in Western paper: Reverend Ezekiel Hammil preached a sermon against poker playing to a full house Sunday Night.—Troy Times.

Hostess (to small guest)—"Come along, Molly, you must have a bite with us." Molly (politely)—"Thank you, I've bitten."—Albany Journal.

A lady visitor said to a little girl: "My dear, what do you expect to be when you are a grown up lady?"

She replied: "I am not sure, but I think I will be a widow; they wear such pretty clothes and look so happy."—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

Headline—Man Accused of Stealing Fies from the Police.

Some people will steal anything.

"Insane Prisoner shouts for water" says headline. Draw your own conclusions.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Do you believe that people follow the same occupation in the next world that they do on earth?

My mother-in-law won't. She makes ice cream.—Twin City Sentinel.

Sam asked his boys for a horse and buggy to take his girl to church.

"Does your girl love you?" asked the boss.

"Dunno if she do, boss, but she do lak she do."—Richmond Evening Dispatch.

probably under their control. And this girl was sold into a life of shame. Then the pious-faced hypocrites reported that she had run away. A few years later she died of tuberculosis, or was it of a broken heart?

Assuming that this story is true, it may or may not be true, do you believe that she was consigned to an eternal hell? Do you believe that she, whose sins were as scarlet, was sent to heaven?

In imagination I can see her given another chance, see her back on earth again, wiser now, and with greater patience. Perhaps she becomes a step-mother and she says, "I am going to be the very best step-mother that is possible to be—a step-mother such as Abraham Lincoln had." Nothing but the faintest shadow of a recollection of her former life remains, but in her soul there is a fixed determination to snatch the mask from the hideous face of Sham; to clean up "reformatories" that are not what they claim to be; to leave the world a little better, a little cleaner for having lived in it. Then with the yearning of her soul satisfied, she goes to her earned reward.

In imagination, I can see primary classes and post-graduate classes and classes between, in the school of life, some foolish and some wise, but all learning in preparation for that "Far off divine event to which the whole creation moves." When we can stand the tests of honesty, virtue, adversity, prosperity, and I many others, then we will go to our rewards.

Pure imagination! Pure bunk!! Nothing else is claimed for all this, but it does seem unreasonable that an unlearned soul should be subjected to divers temptations and then condemned to an eternal hell for yielding. There is a whole lot of wasted material in that process.

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