

The Cherokee Scout

The Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

BRYAN W. SIPE, Editor-Manager
MISS H. M. BERRY, Associate Editor

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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.

Cultivate the habit of boosting.

Good roads is the forerunner of Progress.

The farmers of our section are not pestered with the boll weevil—nor the life insurance agent.

The coal man is beginning to wear a smile these days, while the ice man countenances a woe-be-gone expression.

When bad roads are abolished, the speeder and road hog appear.—Tri-County News. And so does the cop.

An East St. Louis woman has been married fourteen times. A modern Solomon of the feminine persuasion, one would think.

As vice-president, Coolidge was merely a figurehead, but since his elevation to the Presidency he is letting the party leaders do the figuring.

They have filmed "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," but the censors may change it to "The Face on the Drug Store Floor."—Hagerstown Mail.

An Irishman named Kennedy has just died at the age of 125 years. It is only fair to state that he lived in Canada all his life.—The Passing Show.

Another American explorer is planning to return from the frozen north this winter. We advise him to bring plenty of good warm clothes with him.—Life.

A recent Tennessee visitor to this section admits that the Andrews-Topton Highway is equal to the Kimsley Highway in Tennessee, if not really surpassing it in scenic grandeur.

Our neighbor, The Tri-County News, jovially remarks: "Happiness is success; misery is failure." It might be well to reverse it, too, brother: "Success is happiness; failure is misery."

The presidential race in Mexico is rather warm, and is acquiring such proportions that it might be termed "hot." At any rate, it is managing to occupy a little space on the front page of the American dailies.

The first number of the Redpath Lyceum Course proved quite a musical treat, and those sponsoring the course of five numbers were highly pleased over the outcome. Such wholesome entertainment is elevating and educational, and judging from the quality of the first number, the next one will be looked forward to with great anticipation.

The Lyceum Course

PROFESSOR J. RUSSELL SMITH, in listing the necessities of man in his text book on Commercial Geography, names as one of these necessities, Amusement. The staid person of a former generation would have been inclined to take issue with this assertion of Dr. Smith's, but now it is pretty generally recognized as true.

However, one imagines that Dr. Smith would limit the kind of amusement he would classify as being a necessity. Perhaps there is a time for all things—all classes of amusement as well as other things—according to King Solomon's statement; but one would imagine that it is the amusement that provokes "thoughtful laughter" that the Professor had in mind when he wrote the above statement.

It was this sort of amusement and this sort of laughter that the Oakley Trio Concert Company gave a Murphy Audience last Monday night. It was not mere entertainment. When one left the school auditorium he felt that he had passed through a great uplifting experience; and as one sat under the master music of these artists of the Oakley Company, he was made to feel a certain sense of incompetence, his nothingness, and within him there arose a desire to go ahead with all one's might and try to achieve something worth while. It is this sort of entertainment that is most worthwhile. It is this sort that the other numbers in the Lyceum course will supply and a great audience is predicted for the Edna Means reading course on the 21st of November.

The American Red Cross

THE West and Southwest can no longer boast a monopoly on tornadoes, floods and the many other little practical jokes Mother Nature is prone to play on poor mortals. In spite of the boll weevil, shortage of rain in some sections and too much in others, the year's crop of serious disasters in the South compares favorably with those of the most devastated areas of the country.

Figures gleaned from the annual report of the disaster work of the Red Cross received, which covers activities from June, 1922, to June, 1923, show that in the twelve months' period there have been fifteen serious disasters, resulting from terrific storms, floods, and fires in the South, which destroyed millions of dollars in property, took a toll of many lives, and inflicted serious injury to hundreds of people.

The year has been one of almost unprecedented natural calamities for this section of the country, the report states, and has necessitated the expenditure by the organization of over \$163,500.00 in extending relief to the thousands of people deprived of food and shelter, and left destitute without warning by a freak trick of nature. Relief given, it is stated, was administered in accordance with the policy of the American Red Cross, and was in every instance based on the actual needs of the individual.

Co-operation

CO-OPERATIVE cotton marketing is an indictment of the waste and sharp practice of the present system. We boast the efficiency of the American commerce, but it fails miserably in the supreme test, which is the total cost of getting the commodity from the producer to the consumer. The American farmer is the best farmer in the world in that he produces more per man, but he receives less of the consumer's dollar than the farmer of any other enlightened country. That is the damning charge which commerce must meet. The farmer is in revolt. He may be defeated in this attempt; he may fail by his own blundering, but he will win ultimately by one means or another. They are blind who do not see in the present movement a desperate resolution of those who feed and clothe the world's income and equitable share of the world's income and accumulation. Heretofore the American farmer has been conservative; his co-operative undertakings for self and self protection are conservative. Let commerce be careful not to make him radical.—Commerce and Finance.

Judge: "Rastus, so you are guilty of stealing Mr. Brown's chickens, last Saturday night?"

Rastus: "Yes, suh."

Judge: "The fine will be \$5."

Rastus: "Well, Judge, I'll just give you \$10, and that will pay me up for next Saturday night."—Steuenville Herald-Star.



IN ITS editorial column, The Industrial Index notes that "road building has developed into a great—a really tremendous—industry in America. It is an industry with many ramifications—the mining of manufacturing of road-bridge building materials; the transportation of these bulky commodities; the distribution of these materials by agents and jobbers; the professional energy of the many engineers who have made a special study of this branch of construction; the activities of thousands upon thousands of road and bridge contractors; the armies of workmen who are out on the firing line of these innumerable projects. The investment in road building, when considered in its various aspects, is enormous. And it will grow heavier with each passing year."

It will, indeed, grow heavier. Road building is shortly to be the premier industry (not considering farming) of the United States. It will be as much greater than is automobile making, in the men and money required, as that industry, now the first in this country, is greater, than railroading, which for so many years held premier place.

And as yet we have scarce begun to build roads! In all our years of national existence we have succeeded in building less than three hundred thousand miles of improved roads, although we have almost three million miles to improve! Of course, the need of roads was not felt until the automobile demonstrated the economy of a new transportation, but the automobile is already old; men and women now in college do not remember when there were no automobiles!

It is not enough that this country build roads; it must build roads which connect with each other, thus securing the maximum use of each mile, and it must build roads which last. As the several States have found that only a central State Highway Commission can lay out and construct State highway systems to which counties and town can build their feeder roads, so must the nation come to realize that only a central National Highway Commission can lay out and build (and forever maintain) a national system of roads, to which States can build, as a part of their own systems, those roads which will make the national system serve all the people.

Ten years ago any sort of Federal participation in road building was looked upon as chimerical idea. Since 1916, we have spent hundreds of million dollars of Federal money for Federal aid roads. In another ten or twenty years we will spend not hundreds of millions, but a billion or more, for a national highway system which will, indeed, lift American from the mud.

Increasing The Punch

WHEN a man has done big things in the pursuit of his own ambitions, he has demonstrated his ability to add grandeur to the destiny of his community. He is fit for great service. Each of the seven new directors of Western North Carolina, Incorporated, is a man of that kind. Moved by patriotism, they have volunteered to contribute their talents, their energy and the fruits of their large business experience to the organization whose sole object is to enrich and uplift our mountain counties. They will add mightily to the efficiency of Western North Carolina, Inc. They will give it a clearer vision. They will increase its punch.

Consider them and their qualifications: B. B. Dougherty, Watauga County, director-at-large, progressive and dynamic, the creative spirit of the training school at Boone; J. K. McClure, Jr., Buncombe County, director-at-large, a genius at organization and the strongest force for better farming in Western North Carolina; H. E. Buchanan, Jackson County, director-at-large, indefatigable in achievement and a disciple of progress; A. M. Kistler, Burke County, director-at-large, Highway Commissioner, for his district, one of the pioneers for good roads in North Carolina, a synonym of success; and B. W. Sipe, director from Cherokee County, Editor of the Cherokee Scout, Secretary of the Board of Trade of Murphy, formerly associated with Joseph Hyde Pratt in his Chapel Hill office, a clarion call to progressive effort; J. Dale Stenz, director from Haywood County, the ambitious big man, full of ideas for the betterment of this sec-

How and When and Why We Die

STATISTICIANS of national reputation, digging into the United States Census Reports, coroners' records and the experience table of big insurance companies, in their efforts to learn how and when and why we die, have unearthed these startling facts: 20,000 men in perfect health today will be taken to a hospital tomorrow.

Four out of every 100 employees are absent from duty every day in the year on account of sickness or accident.

Excepting only consumption and pneumonia, a person is more liable to accidental death than from any other cause.

15,000 wage-earners yearly leave work, permanently disabled.

Between suns, every day in the year, automobiles kill 39 persons, 27 are murdered, and 41 commit suicide.

Automobiles killed 14,000 people in the United States in 1922, which was one fatality every 38 minutes.

Between the ages of 20 and 60, one death out of every eight is accidental, and for every accidental death there are from 120 to 140 disabling accidents.

Five times as many people are killed and injured every year as die from natural causes.

There are 113 accidents to one fire. 57 automobile accidents every hour, 1,370 every day, 500,000 every year.

More than 5,000 people are killed every year by fires and over 50,000 injured; 6,000 drown; 7,000 die in railroad accidents.

One person is accidentally killed every six minutes; 10 every hour; 240 every day; 87,900 every year. This means that at the present rate 876,000 persons are sentenced to die by accident within the next ten years.

Twenty-three persons are accidentally injured every minute; 1,380 every hour; 33,120 every day; 12,088,800 every year.

Careful and painstaking research has demonstrated, beyond question, that 85 percent of our fatal and disabling accidents might have been prevented by exercise of ordinary care and foresight. The past cannot be helped, but the future lies ahead, and it is the duty of every citizen to do what he can to make North Carolina safe for life and property.—North Carolina Insurance Dept.

Letters From the People

Dear Editor:

As I have a great love for old Cherokee County and feel that we have many true friends in the county and a good Christian mother laid to rest in the old Peachtree cemetery, I can never forget the county. Since I have visited your county this summer and assisted two of your best pastors Brothers Hambree and C. F. Martin, in a revival meeting in the big Hangingdog vicinity. I became much attached to the good people there and shall never forget the kindness shown us by the good people, and shall always praise God for saving so many from sin and making happy homes. I long to see them again.

I was so glad to get your paper, and trust I will now get it regularly.

I don't know whether you get letters from my county or not, but I will say that Haywood County is on top for most all things—labor is good, and good kind people. We honor our people for helping of them means to build church houses and carrying on of the Lord's work, trusting they will do more in the future.

Well, I will make my letter short this time. As I am a subscriber, I can write again, and will do so. May God bless your little city and all the good people of your county.

Remember us to people of your county, Brother Sipe.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
L. F. CLARK.
Canton, N. C., Oct. 21, 1923.

Editor Cherokee Scout:

Please correct an error appearing in the Scout recently concerning Joseph Smith. He did not have any children. He only left a son, Joseph III, who was a member of the same family; and George F. Harper, director from Caldwell County, vice president of a bank, chairman of the Caldwell County Road Commission, progressive, of big vision, a prophet of big things.

Added to the force personified by the men already in Western North Carolina, Inc., they make up an assemblage that is a guarantee of success. They are known of all men in Western North Carolina. They impress upon the consciousness of our people that a greater and grander Western North Carolina is in the making.—Asheville Citizen.

The Fat Man's Corner

A certain young man from Lynn Was so exceedingly thin When he went to his tire To give it some air He slipped up the valve and fell in.—Ex.

In the old days when a man reached for his pocket the other fellow held up his hands and looked scared. Now the other fellow holds out his hands and looks happy.—Pithy Paragraph Film.

An old darkey got up in the meeting and said, "Brothers and sisters: Yo'all know, an' I know, that I an't been what I orter been. I see robbed hen-roosts an' stole hogs an' stole lies an' got drunk an' glashed folks wid mah razah. But I thank the Lawd there's one thing I ain't never done—I ain't never lost mah religion."—Storagram.

Teacher: "Bobby, how many times have you whispered today?"

Bobby: "Onct."

Teacher: "Johnny, what should have Bobby said?"

Johnny: "Twict."—Boy's Life.

Old Lady: "Doctor, don't you think I should go to a warmer climate?"

Doctor: "Yes, madam, but I'm doing all I can to save you from it."—Phoenix.

A trip that formerly took two hours can now be made in twenty minutes with the car. You can spend the other part of the two hours looking for parking space.—Canton Repository.

wife and relatives. He did not resist the officers only by running and while running one of Sheriff Odom's deputies shot him, as can be proven. It was Odom's deputies that caught him and not prohibition officers, though there were some near and came after the county officers had caught him.

MRS. J. J. SMITH.

Mr. Editor:

Is there room in your columns for the opinion of a mere woman? (Though I must confess from what I hear it must be the opinion of the multitude.)

The other day I stood and watched a very interesting scene; a scene in which a number of hotel patrons, salary drawers, non-taxpayers, (from the Lord only knows where and he won't tell) walk up and in an all too apparent pantomimic manner vote for a Librarian. The taxpaying element, the good old home citizens, were a mere sprinkle, as it were, conspicuous mainly by their absence.

I understand that no such things as the qualifications of the applicant or the welfare of the Library were considered, as not even mentioned. The liberal offer of \$15 for books which one of the applicants made in case of her election was not so much as mentioned. In fact her application stating same was not even read to the ladies, though addressed to: "The Woman's Club." In this instance the Club was acting in the lawful place of the City Council and should therefore have considered this from a purely business standpoint and taken up the best offer made them, considering of course the welfare of the Library. When the rights of all the applicants are not considered it is TIME for an election—not the proper authority, the Town Council. And right here, Mr. Councilmen! You are supposed to conform to the wishes of the citizens, not the boarders and salary drawers of the town.

The strangers within our gates should be welcome—but not to run the city, school, library, club, an hold the pulpit in the absence of our ministers.

library, club, hold the pulpit in the ab-changed over night without warning? Why were several of Murphy's best women, women who had worked long and faithfully for the Club's welfare and who, though its very backbone, were not allowed to vote because they were unable to cast their vote in person? (Heretofore it was perfectly all right to even mail votes) while a number of outsiders, new arrivals, and what-nots, compelled to pay their dues at the poles before voting, were bunched up en masse like a bunch of cattle and voted?

Murphy needs no Dictator, no Octavatta from the broom sage. Her women have brains, yet not one was called upon to take part in this meeting.

This matter is for the city council and should be taken in hand by it and will be, if it stands, as I think it does, for fair play and the welfare of the taxpaying citizens. LET MURPHY BE GOVERNED BY HER TAXPAYERS.

Respectfully,
A CITIZEN.