

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.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING

THE county agent and leading farmers in this and adjoining counties are to be congratulated on their efforts to get co-operative marketing associations started.

Stock raising is admittedly not on a paying basis in the county. Farmers cannot afford to sell one and two year old cattle for from ten to twenty dollars...

The same is true of the potato industry. There is a possibility of this becoming one of Cherokee's best cash crops.

The co-operative association is a new thing in this section as it is all over the South. We must learn to work together.

HAS AMERICA NO IDEALISM?

IT IS a common charge laid at the door of America that she is mercenary, that she is a chaser of the dollar.

have turned to the finer things. But much progress has been made. An increasing number are finding sufficient leisure to devote their attention to the uplifting of the social status of the nation.

However, part of the public press and some of the so-called statesmen of the country are sneering at this effort.

The whole effort may fail to bring about the desired result. If no good is accomplished by the effort, however, it will be because the representative spokesmen of the public—the presse and the law making body in Washington—fall down on the job.

Let America assert her idealism!

IN DEFENSE OF BIG BUSINESS

THE opinion is general that big business is all bad. That it owes its growth to dishonest methods, that its stock and valuations are watered an d that it earns an enormous and outrageous return.

The announcement that the Southern Power Company has been granted the privilege of making a slight increase in its minimum rates in order to earn a reasonable dividend, as it would appear, is indicative of a change of attitude toward large business organizations.

A more liberal policy toward wealthy men and toward large organizations will rebound to the good of the State because as the State's resources are developed, the State goes forward not only in wealth but also in the fields of education, religion and social uplift.

BILLY SUNDAY PARAGRAPHS.

THE noted evangelist, Billy Sunday, is conducting an evangelist campaign in Charlotte, which is attracting large crowds from all over the Piedmont section of the Carolina's.

Every indulgence weakens your power of resistance. The accumulated force of habit makes it easier for you to do either right or wrong.

If you live to get all you can—and then can all you get, I hope you will die in the poorhouse.

If your idea is to amass wealth, without honest scruples, go ahead. It won't do you any good. You can't take it with you when you leave and if you could it wouldn't do you any good because it would all melt.

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK
By Carl William Bailey
THE clock ticks on the shelf,
Merrily singing a song,
Breaking the silence serene,
Hurrying the time along;
Its message is clear, distinct,
Melodious and free;
And this is what it sings:
'She's coming back to me!'
LISTEN to its ticking song!
'Tis music to my ear;
It tells me that ere long
That someone will be near.
Though my heart is yearning,
I gladly join with glee,
And we sing together again:
'She's coming back to me!'

There is more lustfulness in the world today than at any other time in history, I believe. America has not been struck by it so hard as have the other nations of the world.

A life is blighted in America every eight minutes.

If an indicator could be put on many men showing where they have been, few good women would speak to them.

The crying need of America today is the single standard.

I wouldn't wipe my feet on a society that makes a distinction between a man who sins and a woman who sins.

The virtue of our womanhood is the rampart protecting civilization. When you break it down—you're gone.

The man who buys whiskey is as dirty and low-down as the skunk who sells it. You know he's a crook when you buy it from him.

When you get the preachers of the country to preaching against corruption and they quit splitting theological hairs, you will see the cause of God move in earnest.

You wouldn't repeal the law against murder because it doesn't prevent murders. Don't say the prohibition law is not beneficial because it doesn't prevent drinking.

I will pay the carfare of any man to any town where I have preached in the 29 years I have been preaching and if he finds that I have not lived as I have preached, I will come down from the pulpit.



IT IS high time the legislative and judicial authorities began to consider the crime (the word is used advisedly) of drunkenness when driving a motor car as something infinitely more serious than is drunkenness under ordinary circumstances.

But drunkenness which can harm no one but the inebriated man is one thing; drunkenness which is a menace to all who use the streets and roads, and which via the car,

converts the otherwise innocuous victim of his appetite to a potentially wholesale murderer, is entirely something else.

Sentiment is swinging over to regarding the drunken driver as one who commits more than a misdemeanor; but it should swing faster and go further. The man who, drunk, drives a car or a truck, is a madman; a man without sense, without reasonability, without judgment.

Let judges once get through their precedent bound legal minds that it is not the drunkenness, but the drunken driving which is the crime, and our already crowded hard roads will be safer for us all; our children, our women drivers, as well as our sober citizens protected, as they have a right to be, from a menace which has no excuse, legal or social, for existing.

Letters From The People

Editor The Scout: I want to take this method of informing the people of Cherokee County of my present situation and the reason for it.

About two years ago me and my wife were living at Copperhill and I became so enfeebled that I was almost unable to work, and my grandson, Poley Bell, proposed to us that if we would give him our property in Copperhill, he would take care of us for the rest of our lives.

I do not want to do my grandson any harm by publishing this letter but I do want the people to know how he treated us.

T. L. WEESE.

THE SOLID FOUNDATION

FINANCIAL newspapers and financial authorities have been busy giving demonstration of the improved condition of the nation. These have generally followed a beaten path, to necessity of more or less reiteration.

The Fat Man's Corner

He (during the interval.)—"What did you say your age was?" She (smartly)—"Well, I didn't say; but I've just reached twenty-one."

"Was your landlady indignant when you asked her for another month's rent?" "On the contrary, old man, it was I who was put out."—Chaparral.

Conversation between husbands who wages for wives take effect: "What do you pay your wife?" "A hundred dollars a month, but you've no idea how hard it is to keep a good one."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

The stork delivered a fine baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Buzzard one day last week.—The Nicholas Chronicle (Summersville, W. Va.)

"What are you indignant about?" "They fined me for selling whiskey," replied the bootlegger, "when it wasn't whiskey at all."—Life.

Hall Boy—"Do man in room seem to done hang himself?" Hotel Clerk—"Hanged himself? Did he cut him down?" "No, sah! He ain't daid yet!"—Life.

An institute visitor saw a non-insulated water pipe running across the basement ceiling. It was dripping water upon the snakes which had congealed upon it from the atmosphere. Baking Technology (Chicago)

A scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had packed away. He leaped from his bed and ran for stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called downstairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot o' fthe stairs, quick."

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.—Bison.

Affable Clergyman (pinching a little boy's bare leg): "Who's got nice, round, chubby legs?" Little Boy: "Mamma!"

A young woman who through the losing her husband's affections went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut a fiat, about an inch thick, rub it with it. Put on peper and salt on each side over a red coal fire. Cook it three lumps of butter and two eggs of parsley and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.—Pipe Stories.