

The Cherokee Scout

The Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Subscription Rates

ONE YEAR	\$1.50
EIGHT MONTHS	1.00
SIX MONTHS	.80
FOUR MONTHS	.60

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE

Display Advertisements, 25c per column inch; legal advertisements, want ads, reading notices, obituaries, cards of thanks, etc., 5c line each insertion. Contract rates will be furnished immediately upon request.

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Entered in the Postoffice at Murphy, North Carolina, as Second Class Mail Matter under Act of March 3, 1879.

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.

The Special Session

IT LOOKS as though the Governor has finally made up his mind to call the legislature together to take some action on the report of the Ship and Water Transportation Commission. The latest announcement from the executive mansion is that the solons will be asked to refer the matter to a referendum.

It will be terribly trying on the members of the law making body, especially from the west, to sojourn in the capital city during July, when, in all probability, the session will be called. The weather certainly will not be conducive to much mental activity to say the least. And while the members of the legislature will have better opportunity to study the report of the commission and take intelligent action on it, it might not be a bad idea to leave the matter up to the people. There is this danger that the general populace will not grasp the full significance of the problem. However, this is a democracy, and no grave danger has yet arisen where the people have the voice. On the other hand, the people elect representatives to act for them, and if those representatives are willing to take the responsibility for their action with regard to the shipping commission's report, they should settle it in the legislative halls at Raleigh. They took the responsibility for the road program, which is many times as important in point of money involved, as is the state-owned ports and ships proposition.

Georgia Wants Roads

THE convention of the Nacoochee-Hiawasee Road and Recreation Association in Hiawasee Monday demonstrated that the people of Georgia, especially of North Georgia, were the people have had an opportunity to view the roads of North Carolina, are not going to be content much longer with poor roads and no roads. At that convention some 2,500 people went on record as favoring a hundred million dollar bond issue for roads in the state of Georgia, and undoubtedly this sentiment will spread throughout the commonwealth to the south until the demand of the people can no longer be refused by the Georgia solons. The legislature has defeated the road program several times. Many believe that the last time the Georgia legislature turned down the proposition of road bond, or a popular referendum on the matter, that it was due to the influence of the Governor. Our sister state to the South now has another Governor who, it is generally understood, is in favor of roads. If that is the case, and if the sentiment of the Hiawasee convention spreads throughout the state as it undoubtedly will, the summer session of

the Georgia legislature will find it difficult to turn the road program down again. In the meantime, however, the bordering counties in North Georgia are spending what money they have available, trying to connect some of their links with the North Carolina system. The power of example is mighty. North Carolina has blazed the trail for the Southern states in road building, and the other southern states will follow from time to time. The sooner they all join the ranks the better it will be for all, for then the citizens of any state in the South can travel to any other state by road without any fear of being delayed or of no getting there. This paper wishes the neighboring state well in its ambition program.

Opening of New Church

THE opening of the new Methodist Church marks a distinct advance in the moral and religious life of the community. A town is largely judged by the schools and churches it maintains. The new church would be a credit to a town many times the size of Murphy. It occupies a commanding position at the end of Valley River Avenue, looking from the public square, where it can be seen by all who come to our town. The Methodist denomination are to be congratulated on their vision and zeal that inspired the undertaking of this magnificent structure; and their energy and sacrifice to bring it to the point of use are worthy of emulation.

Congress To Adjourn

THE first session of the 68th Congress is to adjourn Saturday night of this week. Like all congresses in election years, little has been accomplished. The bonus bill and the tax reduction bill constitute the chief legislative measures. The bonus is of doubtful benefit to the exservice men as it does not provide any immediate aid except to those who were in the exservice less than fifty days. Just what effect the tax reduction measure will have on the country, of course, remains to be seen. This congress might properly be known as the "Congress of Investigations." It more than any other, has taken up most of its time in investigating some bureau or department, individual. It might also be called a "Congress of Usurpation," as it has assumed many judicial and executive powers in its prolonged investigations.

Letters From The People

Editor The Scout:
The citizenship of Murphy is made up of a great lot of physical conditions, fully up to or above an average, but we have a lot some that have seen their own homes go up of women of care-worn and shattered nerves in smoke and flames and others that have witnessed such sad and nerve-wrecking scenes. We have a hospital full of unfortunates and withal, we have patriotism and neighborly welfare deep seated so that when the fire alarm sounds, people of all classes, some full of energy, some out of curiosity, and anxiety, and some hysterical women and crying children rush out of beds of ease and comfort because the alarm says:
"THE TOWN'S ON FIRE!"

Business men and their families wonder if it is their own business, those in the hospital and for other reasons away from home wonder if it is their homes or a neighbor's that must lose all he has and probably endanger their own homes.

This nerve rendering signal is a disturbance for almost every family in town and all the surrounding county for from five to seven miles of the corporation line.

I have known dogs that were called out of curiosity and for naught till they would refuse to come when needed, much such as was pulled last Monday night would ruin the interest, not only of the fire department, but the sympathizing public, besides.

If the fellow that started that disturbance would have his head X-rayed I think he would find that the root of a hair has grown down and is pressing to possible dislocation the little gray matter in his noodle.

WM. P. PAYNE.

One advertiser writes: "I must say your little paper sure does get the business. So much, in fact, that I am having trouble filling orders, etc., etc."

If this out-of-town advertiser can get results like this, home merchants can. Next time you have what the people want they will see it in The Scout.

Making Sawdust of Presidential Timber

(From Current Opinion for June)

THE Constitution of the United States in determining who may become President contents itself with a few simple restrictions. The candidate must be a citizen born in America, who has resided here for 14 years, and who has reached 35 years of age.

Custom, however, has continually been adding unwritten limitations on the selection on the selection of the nation's chief executive, and these have become so numerous and so inflexible as to narrow the choice down to a very few eligibles.

Frank E. Kent in the Baltimore Sun has drawn up a list of these traditional restrictions as they apply to the coming selection of a Democratic nominee. In brief it may be said that no Southerner, no Jew, no Catholic, no corporation lawyer, no one beyond the middle cities in age, and no wet stands much chance of nomination or election. Inexperience in public office, far from being an impediment, is rather a help, as this means a man has few political enemies. Long experience in the public eye is almost sufficient of itself to eliminate a man; he is shop-worn.

Here is Mr. Kent's list of Democratic candidates and the reasons why they are, by custom, objectionable:

- John W. Davis—His clients are too rich.
- Oscar W. Underwood—Too far South, too wet, too anti-labor.
- Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana—Too old.
- William G. McAdoo—Sprinkled with oil and opposed by the business interests.
- Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York—A political lightweight and a newspaper doctor.
- Senator Carter W. Glass of Virginia—An able but unadvertised Southerner with a testy temper.
- Gov. Jonathan Davis of Kansas—Merely a local Kansan who got to be Governor.
- Senator Joseph T. Robinson—He is from Arkansas.
- Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago—A Catholic.
- Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York—A wet Catholic.
- Homer Cummings of Connecticut—No record, except he was once chairman of the national committee.
- Governor Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska—Brother of W. J. Bryan and an echo.
- Governor Albert C. Ritchie—Too wet and from too small a State.
- James M. Cox of Ohio—Defeated by 7,000,000 majority.
- Senator A. O. Stanley of Kentucky—Too wet and too little known.
- Cordell Hull of Tennessee—A Southerner with a local reputation.
- John Barton Payne of Illinois—No local support and no other support, either.
- Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana—A Catholic.
- Governor Sweet of Colorado—A local lightweight, spoken well of by Col. E. M. House.
- Governor Neff of Texas—Not big enough to be seriously discussed.
- Senator James A. Reed—Rejected by his Joseph Daniels—Impossible.
- own State of Missouri.

Rev. B. M. Martin

IN THE passing of Rev. B. M. Martin on the 31st of May, Southern Methodism lost one of its foremost preachers and workers. Although Dr. Martin was born and did most of his pastoral work in Tennessee, he received his early educational training in Clay County and was widely known and loved in Western North Carolina as one of her own sons. Like so many sons and daughters rose to a position of leadership and prominence in his chosen field of endeavor. His pervading religious influence, his energy and enthusiasm, his unusual capacity for accomplishing things, and his wise counsel and leadership will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Levinski took Sammie to a concert. As the soprano began to sing, Sammie became greatly excited over the orchestra conductor. "What's that man making his stick at her for?" he demanded, indignantly. "Sh! He's not shaking his stick at her." But Sammie was not convinced. "Then what's she yelling about?"—Friends' Intelligencer.

The Sunday School Lesson June 8, 1924

Ezekiel Encourages the Exiles.

Instead of giving an exposition of the chapter under consideration this week I beg the privilege of copying from a book by an eminent minister concerning a shepherd's opportunity. In many churches there is a bit of restlessness that is strikingly similar to the condition of the people to whom Ezekiel spoke. Like Ezekiel we are dealing with a church problem. Unfaithful shepherds had brought ruin; the good shepherd regathers the flock by seeking the lost and leads them to showers of blessings.

Varied efforts have been made to deal with a similar situation. One man has said "let us enrich the service of the church.

People do not come to church because the service is thin and bald." Another has said: "Let us revise our creed. It is too long and scholastic." Another has said: "Let us advertise our services." Still another has said: "Let us organize our men in leagues and clubs." Another has said: "Let us send for an evangelist, a man who has the genius for catching the public ear. Let us organize mass meetings with a great and glorious choir and by the sheer attractiveness of the program let us compel the unwilling to come in." Another has said: "We can do nothing with our present preacher—he is a good man but he can not preach. He means well but his tongue is tedious."

All six have agreed in this that the one thing essential is an attraction strong enough to draw men inside a consecrated building. Their common assumption has been that the work of Christ is really prosperous only when crowds are assembled in his name, and that the supreme problem of the church is how to devise a Sunday service so attractive that the people cannot stay away. And so in many a field one or two or more of these expedients have been tried. The service has been enriched and made still richer. It has been embroidered, flounced, and tacked. The creed has been whittled down until nothing at all remained. The advertisements have been large and vivid and printers' ink has flowed in rivers. The men have been organized and reorganized and drilled in the art of holding dinners at which only expert speakers gave eloquent advice. Evangelists of vast prestige have delivered their stirring messages and then hurried on their flaming way. One minister has succeeded another in the hope that Chrysothem the Golden Mouthed might finally appear. But, alas, in many instances, after all the remedies have been tested the last state of the church has been worse than the first.

It is a stiffnecked generation with which the church today has to deal and these promising experimentations have failed to bring it to Christ. Now and then some one has ventured to suggest that the church should go to the people instead of the people coming to the church. The minister has locked up his church and gone into the tent bringing his message to all who would hear. These have proved highly successful for a little while apparently but the permanent prosperity has lingered and usually after a spasm of zeal the coolness crept in again. There were crowds for a season, and then the old empty pews were as conspicuous as they were at first.

The solution of the problem lies in the shepherd. He must be one who will go where the sheep are with a heart that loves and solaces and heals. He must live with the people, think with their mind and feel with their heart, see with their eyes and hear with their ears as well as suffer with their spirit. He must bear their griefs and carry their sorrows. He must be wounded for their transgressions and bruised for their iniquities. The chastisement of their peace must be upon him, and with his stripes they must be healed. They all like sheep have gone astray and he must be willing to lay down his life for them; all. When the Good Shepherd appeared in Galilee, the contrast between his and other shepherds was perceived at once. There was a sympathy in his stone, a gentleness in his touch, which proved at once that he was with the people in their sorrows and upward strivings.

When the Shepherd idea becomes a part of the bone and fibre of the ministers of the 20th century then the Lord will make with his people a covenant of peace, and will cause the shower to come down in his season, will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land and people shall dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods and there shall be showers of blessing.



Until very recently such an announcement was enough to start a municipal celebration in a small town, which for a period of enthusiasm was difficult to beat. The coming of the railroad has meant business, civilization, social intercourse, everything to communities which had not rail communication.

But a new era dawns. Today the cry is "the good highway is coming to town." And in at least one instance, a town didn't wait for the highway, finding it was being missed by the road, left the railroad and moved bodily to the highway!

Reno, a small community, six miles east of Paris, Tex., reversed the time honored custom of towns following the railroad, and moved away from the railroad to the new concrete highway that runs east out of Paris. This town, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, saw only four trains a day passing through it, while a half a mile away a steady stream of traffic passes over the concrete highway. So the town packed up all of its three business houses and moved over. Only a swimming pool was left.

There is no real reason why every town shouldn't have a good highway running through, and away from it. What other town are doing to improve their roads, all towns may do.

The good highway means today as much to any town as the railroad did ten, twenty, fifty years ago. It means quick transportation, increased markets, better business, finer schools, more comforts. All this being so—and it is not disputed—why should not the nation help, not by helping build seven percent of the mileage existing, as under Federal aid, but by a comprehensive building program, which will gridiron this nation, north and south, east and west, by a system of national highways which will give every town the transportation it needs? True, not every town in the Union could be reached on, let us say, a two hundred and fifty thousand mile trunk system, but every town would be so close to one or another link of such a system as to make connection so inexpensive that no town could not afford to make it!

FAT MAN'S CORNER

Percival came running to his grandma one day asking for a drink of water. "Quick, quickly, grandma," he said give me a drink of water quick!"

After he got his drink he said: "The reason that I was in such a hurry, I thought I swallowed a worm while eating an apple, and I wanted to drown it."—Delineator.

The wrestling match was a whirlwind and hotly contested affair. Every fan near the ropes was on his feet wild with excitement and yelling with every ounce of lung capacity—all but one frail little man, who was sitting totally oblivious to both the bout and the bedlam, in an attitude of a man who is vainly trying to recall something.

Finally, with a hopeless sigh, he looked up and glanced casually at the wrestling. Then he sprang up and elbowed his way through the crowds. "The osteopath!" he shouted wildly. "That was it! I have an appointment with the osteopath!"—Legion Weekly.

An applicant for work at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employee if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up production by using fewer men.

The veteran replied: "Most certainly, in fact," he continued, "I just had a dream which illustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly the procession stopped. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened he sat upright, and, on seeing six pallbearers, cried out at once: 'Put this casket on wheels and haul off five men.'"—Wall Street Journal.

Aunt—Oh, Bobby, how cruel! Why do you cut that poor worm in two?

Bobby—He seemed so lonesome.—Bobby Transcript.