

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

Why Towns Grow

THE rapid progress which some cities and towns make has been the marvel of American life. People who are anxious to have their own towns grow ask how it is that certain towns and cities secure these rapid advances in population and industrial enterprises. Investigations show that such progress is not usually due to favorable locations. The citizens of such places have not sat down and waited for progress to come to them. They have done a lot of hustling themselves. Every new enterprise wants to come to a live town. When one is selecting a place to make a home he wants to know if the people in the community he selects are progressive or not.

The reputation that a certain town is a live town has a lot to do with its advance. People like to buy real estate or engage in business in such communities, as they feel that values will increase rather than decrease.

Chambers of commerce and boards of trade and other business organizations have had much to do with the advance of fast growing towns. The results that such organizations get is broader than what shows on the surface. The work that a chamber of commerce does cannot always be measured in terms of new factories and new business men, although they usually get their part of such.

What really counts for much is the fact that business and professional men are working and pulling together for new enterprises and better facilities and better advantages. And when the people of a community thus work together, it creates an atmosphere of progress and good will that is essential for the growth of any community.

And then, too, the activities of a chamber of commerce are reported in the newspapers, and discussed by travelers and residents. In this way, the idea gets abroad that such and such a town is a progressive town and a place of activity, where the people are working to accomplish things. When a place gets that reputation, it grows of its momentum.

The local Chamber of Commerce has acquired more publicity in the last six months than in any period of one year in the past. Tangible results of its activities are evident. No one can tell what will result from the advertising publicity Murphy has acquired in the past few months. People want to come to a progressive community. They want to be on the winning side—in a winning community.

The Ambusher Of Character

INVESTIGATING a system—or an institution—is one thing. Attacking the personal character, the integrity or the honesty of an official or an individual is another. The former is one of the prerogatives of the people. The latter is usually the last resort of the ambusher. During the past few weeks, the State's prison—or speaking more broadly yet, the entire North Carolina prison system—has been under the spotlight. Charges were started by E. E. Dudding of Washington City, who, up to this time, has declined to give the names of his informants. Dudding's motive, whatever it is, is one thing; the proportions the agitation have assumed constitute another. Here is the net result: At the request of the Governor, the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare will conduct a thorough survey of prison conditions in North Carolina. Under the laws of the State, this body is vested with the power. Here are the members of the board each an honorable, upright citizen, whose word would be taken in any court in North Carolina: W. A. Blair, Winston-Salem, chairman; Rev. W. L. Hutchins, Lexington; A. W. McAllister, Greensboro; Rev. M. L. Kesler, Thomasville; Mrs. Thomas W. Lingle, Davidson; Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, Wilson; Mrs. J. W. Pless, Marion. The commissioner of Public Welfare is Mrs. Kate Johnson.

So much for the "investigation." It is going to be held. And the report will be made to the Governor, who, there is not the slightest doubt, will demand that the most drastic measures be pursued if there should be any cruelty, uncovered. He is not a man to stand for inhuman treatment of anybody. The report, unbiased, made only after a careful, definite and systematic—but not hysterical—survey, will be made to him in person.

Now, as to the personalities that have entered the situation. From Washington have come some of the gravest charges ever made against a public official both veiled and open, directed at George Ross Pou, son of Congressman E. W. Pou, of the Fourth North Carolina District, superintendent of the State's prison at Raleigh. Pou has never protested an investigation. He has been quoted in the press of the State as declaring that he welcomed it. Nor has he ever claimed that our prison system is perfect. During the recent General Assembly he worked hard for some improvements which he thought ought to be made, but which he was powerless to make except by legislative authority. When after a stray shot here and there, which found its way to Raleigh, in the daily avalanches from Washington, personal charges were printed which Pou, as a gentleman, could not fail to resent, he addressed to the people of the State a message in which righteous indignation was expressed that those who sought to malign his good name and assassinate his character come out in the open, prove what they said, or desist. He used pointed language which cannot be mistaken. His statement was a challenge. It was not aimed at those who have thought a survey of prison conditions should be made, but it was in vindication of a good name. His action was cautious. His defence covered only points of attack. He made no counter charges. He made no threats. He only called upon ambushed assailants to come out into the open. In all this, he exercised a prerogative that should be denied none.

The honest press of the State has never editorially attacked Mr. Pou's character, either directly or by innuendo. None dared do that; and, aside from any stand on whether or not there should be an investigation of prison affairs, those who knew young Pou cannot refrain from indignation at the underhanded attacks that have been made on him. He has been charged with graft. He has been accused of giving liquor to parties at the prison, and of numerous petty things. Here's who put Pou where he is: the Board of Directors of the State Prison: James A. Leak, of Anson County; W. M. Sanders, of Smithfield; A. L. Bullock, of Rowland; R. M. Chatham, of Elkin, and E. B. Fiddle, of Greenville. No matter what honest opinion there may be upon their attitude toward the charges that the system of their institution was wrong, each is a man of upright character and integrity; and if any man should accuse any one of them on any of the things that Superintendent Pou has been charged with, he would be called to a personal account and would have to go to the court house and prove it; and

Letters From the People

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE "MYSTERIOUS LETTER SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY CHRIST."

Editor Scout:
I READ with much interest the letter on the above subject by Mrs. Corrie King in last week's issue of The Scout, and wondered if it was possible that people living in our day and age would still give credence to a fraudulent letter that has been extant for more than seven hundred years.

History informs us that Eustace, the Abbot of Flaye, in A. D. 1200, came to England and was very zealous for Sunday, but found few sympathizers there. It seems that his opponents demanded of him divine authority for keeping Sunday holy, as he was preaching it, and when he could not produce the evidence he left the country of England for the mainland, and next year (1201) returned with all of the proof that a people who had been groping in darkness for a thousand years could desire. (See Hoveden, who was living at the time, pp. 526-528). This letter had the sanction of Innocent III, who was Pope at that time, and thus was given throughout the world.

The Roman Catholic Church, and I am sorry to say, some Protestant churches, have never let an opportunity pass to palm off this same spurious letter, for such it is, in defense of the Sunday Sabbath. It comes out with more or less variation, but always ends with some dire judgment upon those who do not pass it on, but with blessings on those who propagate it. Such has always been Satan's method of counterfeiting Truth. He caught Mother Eve this way, and we all know it, and still he is able to get modern Eves in his net, and Adam, also, through this same deception. Like the quack medicine venders, he can always get a few testimonials to prove the genuineness of his statements.

We should be willing to read and practice the genuine letter (The Bible) from God, then when these counterfeits come along, that are not in harmony with it, we can know there is no light in them. (1st J. 4:20).

W. L. GARREN.

yet, Mr. Pou, whose personal integrity has never before been attacked, has been the target of shots from the dark. Whether his accusers are discharged guards, ex-convicts or present felons, they should have courage to put up or shut up. That is the only course through which the path of justice leads. It is altogether probable that the source of this personal slander will finally be uncovered. And, from the tone of Pou's pointed statement, it is, also, highly probable that unless these personal affronts cease he will take the proper legal steps to have them stopped, certainly if he discovers the source.

Along with Pou's statement was issued one from Mr. Sanders, member of the board, which was "calm, cool and collected," and in which he went into details as to the reputed sale of horses and mules by prison authorities. His statement speaks for itself. The transaction involves one now deceased, the late E. F. McCulloch, than whom there was not a more honorable man in North Carolina. It is plain that Mr. Sanders resents this alleged slander against the name of Mr. McCulloch who, although he served the prison only a short while, did so acceptably and was beloved for his high personal character.

Now, summing up the situation, it is this: An investigation is one thing and personal attack is another. We do not believe that the people of North Carolina will acquiesce in such methods—methods which do not involve the question of whether or not the prisoners are mistreated. Certainly, these methods always weaken any cause. The Governor adopted exactly the right course when he requested a prison survey and whatever the result is, one thing can be counted upon: Cameron Morrison will give it to the public, and if things are not as they ought to be, he will be big, brave and courageous enough to say so.

But let personal attacks upon honest men from ambush cease in North Carolina. Decent folk won't stand for it.—Charlotte Observer.

We used to know a young lady who could not carry her own fan and parasol when she went by with her beaux. The other day she went by pushing one baby in a tub, carrying another and hanging onto a bundle besides. Getting married tends to make some girls stronger.—Ottawa Citizen Herald.

Human Interest Stories

By Brownlee Frix

THE RESULTS OF A LIFE.

A NUMBER of years ago a North Carolina country boy was told to go to the wood pile and bring in a load of wood. He went out, he went out, passed the wood-pile and kept on going until after many hardships he reached the state of Massachusetts and worked his way through Amherst College. Several years later he returned to his old home and stopped by the wood-pile and took in a load of wood as he had been told to do!

Soon after the Spanish-American war a returned soldier was sitting out on the porch with his father and asked him this question: "Do you think that the United States will get into another war during your lifetime?" The old man did not answer for quite a little while. Years rolled by and the World War broke out in Europe. Then the Germans began to destroy unarmed American ships, and the old man said to his son, "Yes, I believe so!"

But the North Carolina boy fairly hustled with the wood, and the old man was quick on the trigger, compared with the oft-time results of a life's influence. Somewhere perhaps there is a man or a woman who is growing weary in well doing. Perhaps there is a school teacher or a Sunday School teacher who may read this who is wondering whether to continue the work or to give it up as a failure. And this message is directed especially to them. All others will kindly turn this paper over and read the want ads.

In the early days of the United States, a wealthy Southern man visited the City of Rome and purchased a famous painting, which was shipped to his home in this country. When the picture was unwrapped, a servant took the dry grass in which it was packed, out the back way and threw it on the ground. The next summer some beautiful Italian flowers grew on that spot: flowers whose delicate tints the greatest artists cannot paint; flowers which made the air heavy with their sweet perfume; flowers which have since multiplied into thousands of gardens all over this country!

A preacher conducted a series of revival meetings which he and the little congregation considered almost a complete failure. Just one little boy joined the church during that series of meetings. But in after years that boy grew into a powerful preacher and on account of his magnificent influence thousands "hit the trail." The influence of that meeting which was apparently a dismal failure, will perhaps go on and on until it lashes against the shores of Eternity!

In Colonial days at Williamsburg, Virginia, George Wythe taught a law school. His influence did not seem to go very far; he was just an earnest man in a little town. He looked with horror upon the importation of negro slaves into this country and set the slaves free that he had inherited. Doubtless he was considered by the people of Williamsburg as a good man but a little cranky on the subject of liberty. Instead of teaching law only to the young fellows in his school he cultivated in their souls the love of liberty and patriot and statesmanship of the purest and loftiest kind. A young fellow whose name was John Marshall was one of his students; another young fellow by the name of Thomas Jefferson attended; and another whose name was Henry Clay, and he fired the souls of those boys with the love of liberty, justice, mercy and high purpose.

Thomas Jefferson wrote into the Declaration of Independence the ultimate abolition of slavery, but that clause was stricken out before it was accepted. He believed that the negro should not only be set free but should be sent back to Africa. Henry Clay moved to Kentucky and with all the eloquence with which he was endowed he preached against slavery, but without any apparent success. Neither Geo. Wythe nor any of his students who advocated the liberation of slaves, lived to see their dreams come true. Since our grandparents would not accept money for their slaves and demanded to fight to hold them, perhaps it was a Merciful Providence that let these Southern men die before the Civil War. But see how the seed they planted continued to grow.

In one of his debates with Judge Douglas, Abraham Lincoln said: "I have no purpose to introduce political or social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon

The Fat Man's Corner

Clerk—Do you want a narrow Man's comb?
Customer—No, want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth.—Brooklyn Life.

"Tell me, sir," demanded the lawyer, "and mind what you are saying, do you assert that you were wounded in the melee?"
The witness pursed his lips: "I never said where I was wounded. It might have been in the melee and again it mightn't. All I know is that he hit me."—Spokesman Review.

"Say it with flowers," read the sign.
Picked Dumbell—Thasha good idea. Send my Aunt Tabitha a big bouquet, and—hic—better make 'em all sun flowers, for she's pretty hard of hearing.

What makes you think Polly has a wooden leg?
She stopped in a store to get some garters and come out with a package of thumb tacks.—Aurora.

A pretty girl in a fury,
Took her case to a judge and jury,
She said Trolly E
Had injured her knee;
But the jury said, "We're from Missouri.—Tennessee Mugwump.

Mother—What are you crying about?
Daughter—Oh, mother, Tom sent me a ring with the words: "With love to the last," engraved on it, and I thought I was the first.

Dependent (disappointed in love)—Oh, hang! I'm going down and jump off the bridge.

Room-mate (like a room mate)—Wait a minute and I'll go down and watch you.—Bearskin.

Have some peanuts?
Thanks.
Marry me?
No.
Gimme back my peanuts.—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?

Witness—Yes, your honor, that's where I met him.—Atlanta Constitution.

the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. . . I have never said anything to the contrary, but I hold that, notwithstanding all this, there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right of life and the pursuit of happiness. . . I hold that he is as much entitled to them as the white man. I agree with Judge Douglas he is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment, but in the right to eat bread, without the leave of anyone else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man. . . Henry Clay—my hero—ideal of a statesman, the man for whom I fought all my humble life—Henry Clay once said of a class of men who would repress all tendencies to liberty and ultimate emancipation, that they must, if they would do this, go back to the era of our independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return; they must blow out the moral lights around us; they must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate there the love of liberty, and then, and not till then, could they perpetuate slavery in this country."

You see, we may trace the teachings of George Wythe, a somewhat obscure member of the House of Burgesses, and a law teacher, through his students, into the Declaration of Independence and into the heart of Abraham Lincoln and into the hearts of millions! If you are teaching a Sunday school class and have only one pupil, do not think of giving up; teach him or her with all the earnestness and ability you have. If you are trying to do anything that is noble and pure and unselfish, do not look for results; just do the work the best you can. Whatever is pure and noble and right in you, if planted in human hearts, will multiply and blossom until the end of time!

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