

The Cherokee Scout
The Official Organ of Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

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We reserve the right to refuse advertisements of a shady or suspicious character, which are likely to mislead our readers.

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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.

WONT GET GOLD SEAL

THE New York World recently carried a news dispatch from Sunbury, Pa., of a little eight year old boy, Sherman Yoder, who accidentally shot himself while his parents were away and begged his little brothers and sisters not to tell.

The little fellow is suffering much from the wound but it isn't this, or even the fact that he might have killed himself, that is worrying him most.

Little Sherman won't get his gold seal, but he will learn a lesson that will be worth far more to him than the seal would be in the future.

THOUGHTFUL LAUGHTER

MUCH of the laughter-provoking entertainment heard today is senseless, mimicry and vain babbling, which tickles the fancy of the average American.

and number of the Lyceum Course given Wednesday evening at the school auditorium by Miss Edna Means.

Miss Means' readings provided plenty of entertainment, as will be attested by anyone of the three hundred in attendance.

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BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

Building and loan associations have been distinctly successful in furnishing the common meeting ground for the one who wishes to save and the one who desires to borrow.

Other thousands of persons desire loans on real estate security for the purpose of building homes, making improvements and similar reasons.

Someone must save before anyone can borrow, and thus Building and Loan Associations have been distinctly successful in furnishing the common meeting ground for the one who wishes to save and the one who desires to borrow.

So successful have these associations been in attaining the objects for which they were organized, that today there are in the United States more than nine thousand associations, having approximately five million members and assets in excess of Two and a Half Billion Dollars.

The value of these associations, not only to the investors and borrowers they serve, but to the nation at large, is so great that the government, through its Congress, has seen fit to exempt, to a limited extent, the earnings of investors in these membership associations from Federal taxation.

WHERE THE MONEY IS AND WHO HAS IT

Savings deposits in banks in the United States now approximate the stupendous total of 18 billion dollars, deposited by a little more than 30 million persons.

The savings total, equal to more than all the money deposited in the national banks largely the savings of persons of small or moderate means. The total of all deposits in the 30,300 banks in the United States is about 44 billion dollars.

This great advance in thrift in the American people is also shown in the next investment step, for 24 per cent more life insurance is being written this year than ever before.

More people have more money, more life insurance and more sound investment securities than ever before in the United States. This country and its people are a great deal better off than they realize and infinitely better off than the people of most other countries.

The Home Feast Day. NOVEMBER has come with its festival day, The sweetest home-feast of the year, When the little ones mingle in frolic and play, And share in the Thanksgiving cheer. And let us remember that tale of the past, Of the Pilgrims who gathered their band, And offered up thanks for the corn when at last It waved o'er the famishing land. For hunger had wasted those strong, patient men Who struggled and labored in pain, And the blessings of plenty which gladdened them then Gave courage and hope once again. And the fame of their bravery never decays, While year after year rolls away, Since the morning that ushered in prayer and in praise The birth of our Thanksgiving Day. Copyright, 1923, Western Newspaper Union. —F. H. Sweet

KEEP PIGS OUT OF MUD AND DAMPNES

The success or failure of fall pigs to pay a profit largely depends on their care during the fall and winter. With spring pigs, good weather conditions, plenty of green feed and the absence of mud make less careful attention necessary to obtain good growth.

With fall pigs the mothers may be fed with only a little in addition to grazing crops like peanuts, soy beans, velvet beans, cowpeas, etc., but when the pigs are weaned they need special attention, because the weather is frequently bad and grazing crops pretty well exhausted, unless some provision has been made with fall seeded crops for late fall and winter grazing.

Put the greatest obstacles to the growth of fall pigs are the mud and damp quarters during the late fall and winter. When the lots are muddy it is impossible to keep the sleeping quarters dry and clean without considerable care and constant attention.

THE MEASURE OF OUR THANKFULNESS

The season of Thanksgiving is upon us. Jus how thankful are you? The measure of your thankfulness is found in what you are willing to do, and will do, for those who are not as fortunate as you are.

If you are looking for some such outlet as this for the joyful spirit of Thanksgiving that is filling your heart, we recommend to your consideration the appeal of the North Carolina Orphan Association.

These orphanages are doing a wonderful work in North Carolina. Hampered by lack of equipment and money as they have always been, still they have added wonderfully to North Carolina's richest assets—her manhood and her womanhood.

BE INDEPENDENT AND FAIL, OR CO-OPERATE AND SUCCEED

Farming is unquestionably more profitable when co-operative marketing is practiced than when it isn't. In spite of this generally recognized fact, it seems that many have the feeling that it is better to be independent and fail than to co-operate and succeed.

The old haphazard method of hit-or-miss marketing is a losing game. There is much to be said for the saying that farmers are the most self-sufficient people on earth, and the old marketing methods are just as insufficient as the farmer is self-reliant.

GAL TWELVE—BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN

If North Carolinians make a poor record in a census of those who read books, it is largely because North Carolina boys and girls are not more often turned loose in good libraries.

No one questions the fact that good books scatter the seed of culture, of high ambition; that they nourish the seeds of genius.

As the winter season comes on, parents take care to provide for the bodies of their children warm clothing and nourishing food; but unfortunately in too many instances the minds of the men and women of tomorrow are left to get what inspiration they may by accident.

In all respects, these institutions are worthy of our support and we can do no finer thing at this blessed Thanksgiving season than to show our love and appreciation for them and for the thousands of helless children whom they are nourishing and bringing up under religious influences.

The Fat Man's Corner

In writing of the "Permanence of Change" Doctor Frank Crane is not alluding to any change we ever had.—Toledo Blade. An Irishman, not familiar with horse joined the cavalry and immediately found himself prostrate on the ground. His officer seeing him on the ground, shouted "From what quarters did you receive orders to dismount?" The Irishman replied: "From the quarters, sir."—Watchman Examiner. Old Masher: "Is the pleasure of the game done to be mine?" Flapjack: "Yes, all of it."—California Pelican. Mrs. Tibrow: "Did the Earl you had to dinner last night bring his coronet?" Mrs. Newrich: "I didn't even know he had one."—Washington Daily News. Helen: "If he proposes, I shall suggest that we postpone our wedding until things get back to normal." Her dear friend: "I wouldn't do that. That man might get back to normal himself."—Pittsburg Dispatch. John: "My uncle died from hard drink." Henry: "How was that?" John: "A piece of ice fell on him." Sunday School Teacher: "Willie, how many Commandments are there?" Willie: "Ten." Teacher: "That's right; if you broke one of them what would happen?" Willie: "There would be nine left!"—Louisville Courier Journal. "Ma, can I go over to play with Billy Kelly?" "No, you know we have nothing to do with the Kellys." "Then let me go over and knock the stub fin's out of him."—Hartford Daily Courant. Mother: "Going out, son?" Son: "Yes, mother." Mother: "Whither?" Son: "Yes, mother, with her."—Boston Transcript. Tom Sims says what this country needs is onions to polite to smell in company. Yabsley: "I know that fellow Dobson would make his way to the front." Timson: "And has he?" Yabsley: "Why, yes, he started as a conductor on a street car, and now he's a motor man."—Wit and Humor. "Is your new son-in-law a good provider?" "He can just about keep my daughter's gloves. I pay for everything else." "Then he deceived you as to his circumstances." "No, I remember he merely asked for her hand."—Boston Transcript. Observations of the oldest inhabitant: "I kin remember when it wasn't mince pie if it didn't have a kick."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Safety First consists in assuming that the driver you are meeting hasn't any more sense than you have.—Helena Independent. A procession of masked women marched through the streets of Atlanta the other day and all the good looking ones stood on the sidewalks and watched them march past.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. More Girls are taking up basketball. It is said to be excellent training for bargain counter rushes.—Washington Daily News. Tommy: Mother, do I have to wash my face?" Mother: "Certainly, dear." Tommy: "Aw, why can't I just powder it like you do yours?"—Oregon Daily Journal. Photographer: "You understand of course we do not deliver pictures until they are paid for?" Mrs. Smith: "What? Why, when I said for those you told me I might pay when ever I chose." Photographer: "Yes, that was merely to make you look pleasant."—Twin City Sentinel. Mistress: "Bridget, here's a letter for you from the dead-letter office." Bridget: "It's my old mother, I know. She's been sick for a long time."