

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.

THE FALL

FIRE SEASON

WITH the beginning of the rainy season, the forest fire hazard for the fall is about over with. On a recent visit of the district fire warden to this section it was announced that there had been very little damage by fires in this county. In some of the western counties, however, the damage has been great.

Two explanations are given for the slight loss from fire in the county this year. One is, that the county warden system has been able to accomplish its purpose and has been able to prevent or soon extinguish fires after they are started. The second explanation is that the people are waking up to the importance of the forests and are more careful about their protection. Both of these explanations are no doubt partly responsible for the slight fire damage in the county this year. The warden system was inaugurated in the county about two years ago when the Commissioners began to cooperate with the State and Federal governments in the work of fire prevention and the warden system is beginning to have its effect. On the other hand, as timber in this section becomes scarcer and lumber and wood increases in price, and as more and more information about the value of the forests, both as sources of wood products and as a protection to our streams and wild life, is distributed among the people, they more fully appreciate the need for protecting the forests and are beginning to cooperate with the county and state officials in the work. It is co-operation that is needed to completely stamp out the fire menace in the woods and the progress that is being made is certainly gratifying.

THE AMERICAN PEACE AWARD

ON NOVEMBER 14th the competition for the Edward W. Bok Peace award was closed and a jury of award of seven notable Americans is now going over the various plans to select one, which in their judgment is the most practicable. The plan in it entirely will be made public through the columns of The Cherokee Scout sometime early in January, according to the arrangements just completed with the committee in charge of the award.

The Bok award is a purse of \$100,000 for the best practicable plan whereby the

United States may co-operate with other nations looking toward the prevention of war. The jury of award consists of the following: James Guthrie Harbord, Edward M. House, Ellen F. Pendleton, Roscoe Pound, Elihu Root, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock, names which are familiar as national figures.

An interesting cartoon appeared in the newspapers a short while ago in regard to this peace prize. It made the announcement that the writer of "Yes, we have no Bananas Today," had received \$50,000 for the song and showed the whole family, including the servants, trying to write a song. The second part of the cartoon showed the Bok \$100,000 peace prize, but no one was taking any interest in it, save a beggar, who walked by and glanced at the purse. But some have taken an interest in the prize and a number of solutions to the problem of world peace have been turned in. One of these plans is going to be selected and the text of it will be carried in The Scout early in January.

An interesting thing about the award is Bok himself. He came to this country from the Netherlands with his parents when he was five years old. His parents had lost all in the old country and had come to America to seek their fortune. Shortly after their arrival, the father died and left the mother and two sons in sore need. Edward and his brother, in those days, would go out on the streets and pick up bits of coal and wood because the family did not have anything to spare to buy kindling with.

Edward went to school until he was thirteen when he secured work as an office boy and at seventeen he edited the Brooklyn Magazine, in which enterprise Henry Ward Beecher gave material help. He later started a newspaper syndicate and finally in 1889 he became editor of the Ladies Home Journal. He continued in this capacity until 1920, when he retired. Under his editorship the Journal came to have the widest circulation of any monthly magazine in existence. His recent book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," is one of the most notable books of the decade.

This one time orphan and penniless boy is now a wealthy man and a well known figure in American life. He is interested in world affairs as is attested by his \$100,000 Peace Prize. His life reads like romance, like an Alger success story. Even though of another country originally, his career has been typically American, and, therefore, interesting to all Americans.

NORTH CAROLINA LEADS AGAIN

ONE may justly take pride in the achievements of his state or nation, or any political unit or organization or institution to which he belongs. If one did not believe in such unit or organization he would not be a member of it. Every North Carolinian, therefore, will take pardonable pride in the announcement that his state is leading in the Red Cross Roll Call.

There is double reason for pride in this achievement. The mere fact that one's state leads in any good cause is sufficient reason; but also the fact that the state's heart goes out in sympathetic response to the great mercy organization of the world should make Tarheels especially proud. Such a record speaks loudly for the moral stamina of the people. It is a sign of healthy growth. It is a sign that commercialism is not ruling uppermost in our hearts.

ED FOUR—TROUBLE BEGUN IN WASHINGTON

AN INDICATION of the sort of work the new congress is going to do is found in the way it is beginning. The House is so evenly divided that the county may look forward to one squabble after another and it is doubtful if any constructive legislation can be passed during this term of the Congress. This is all the more likely since next year is an election year. One party

will fear to do anything, lest it make a mistake and be repudiated; the other will be afraid to allow the party in power to put through any important measure for fear it will meet with popular favor and continue the party in power.

For two days the House of Representatives has tried to elect a speaker and get organized so that the President's message might be received. On the third day a compromise was accepted and a speaker elected and the House officially organized. The organization was allowed to be consummated only upon the understanding that it was a sort of a truce and the so-called progressive group would be allowed to amend the House rules a little later. One discord after another may be expected until after the elections next fall, if the present start is any indication of what the 69th Congress is going to do.



WILL the united States stop building motor cars, close up its factories and return to horse-drawn vehicles?

Absurd question! Yet there is only one alternative; if we are not to lose the economic and social benefits of motor transportation, we must supply roads upon which the power vehicles may run.

It is impossible to separate the water from the wave, the gold from the bracelet, or the track from the locomotive. It is equally impossible to separate the road from the truck, or the passenger car from the highway. They are halves of a whole; transportation is never vehicle alone, or highway alone; it is both together.

Our roads were planned and built for a means of transportation which is gone. The earliest highways were for horse riders, the stagecoach came next, after which we had the buggy and the wagon. The narrow road, the steep grade, the soft surface were all admissible for these; none of them are economic for the swift powerful motor.

We have "improved" our highways—some of them—and widened a few, but we still build a road with the idea that it will "last" but a few years, and need "constant repairs." We still build in widths predicated upon slowly moving vehicles, and we still wind our highways up hill and down dale and around devious curves because it is "easiest" and "cheapest" so to do.

That era is gone! The new one is fairly here. We must either build our roads for our modern vehicles or scrap motor transportation. As the latter is unthinkable absurd, it seems logical to believe that the era of the wide, expansive, permanent, hard-surfaced road is HERE.

"NORTH CAROLINA" RECENT PROGRESS

THE imperial position which North Carolina is rapidly taking among the state of the Union is strikingly attested by the favorable attention which its growth is attracting throughout the country. The latest example of this national interest is furnished by one of the leading articles in the December issue of the American Review of Reviews. This story is entitled "North Carolina's Recent Progress" and its author is William H. Richardson.

No tar Heel with the scantiest of pride can read this article without gaining a new respect for North Carolina and without feeling at the same time that the full story has not been told. Mr. Richardson exercised admirable self-restraint when he undertook to write the story of North Carolina's recent progress. He avoided the language of exaggeration. The facts which he cites are undisputable. The conclusions which he draws are unassailable.

The chief value of the article inheres in the completeness, accuracy and simplicity

THANKSGIVING, 1923



By Carl William Bailey.

ON THE eve of Thanksgiving, Nineteen Twenty-three, As the twilight mellow gathered deep o'er the lea, And Nature settled down with a silence serene, Peace and plenty at the Dickey House reigned supreme.

A DELIGHT to the eye was the spacious dining hall, With a profusion of holly decorations about on the wall, Deftly placed and arranged with the skill of an artist's care, And the long leaden table bespoke the sumptuous fare.

THE newly gleaned pumpkins from the ripening field, Filled to overflowing with the harvest's golden yield; The Indian corn, the turkey mound, the cranberry fence below, Recalling the dedication by our Pilgrim Fathers of yore.

LADY DICKEY, with countenance most serene, was there In lovely attire, a bouquet of flowers arranged in her hair; She glided gently with the spryness of a youthful lass, Giving her blessings to the family and guests en masse.

WOODBURY gallantly rose to the occasion of the meeting With a few brief words and Thanksgiving greeting; A son of Old Erin responded to the call a la mode, Hoisting the banner for the wandering Knights of the Road.

FROM the quietness of the offering broke a tumultuous roar, As forty-odd souls on deck all pulled for the shore; The siege of the Dardanelles was vividly enacted again, As fell the stronghold of Turkey, just off The Dickey House Main.

ON THE eve of Thanksgiving, Nineteen Twenty-three, As the twilight mellow gathered deep o'er the lea, And Nature settled down with a silence serene, Peace and plenty at the Dickey House reigned supreme.



with which the facts are set forth.

It is a moving and trustworthy recital of the things that have been done during the past twenty years to make North Carolina a more livable and prosperous state. What has been achieved gains impressiveness from the manner in which Mr. Richardson has set it down.—Asheville Times.

A GREAT STATE

NORTH CAROLINA is a great state, up and coming and proud. The Tarheels are rejoiced by their progress and betterment and business and trade. A statistical story of the greatness of their industry has been appearing lately in the newspapers. Their state has the greatest damask and denim and pulp and underwear mills in the United States, the largest manufactures of aluminum and hosiery, of tobacco and towels in the whole round world; \$900,000,000 invested; 6,200 factories; 158,000 workers; yearly payroll more than \$127,000,000, or \$67 per month apiece! All that is great human achievement and a far cry from nursing hookworm and malaria on pine-clearing farm patches.—Collier's Weekly.

The Fat Man's Corner

Mrs. Holmes: "Don't call them jugs, Nora. They're ewers."

Cook: "Oh, thank you, ma'am, and are all them little bowls mine, too?"—Albany Journal.

Pearl: "Sarah, that beau of yours called on your father last night in a business suit?" Sarah: "That's all right, he meant business."—Florida Times Union.

Now that the skirts are longer, the flapper has something to flap.—Exchange.

A colored preacher, when the world was wet, exhorted his flock to be temperate. "Do as I do, mah breddern," he said, "bend de knees and not de elbow."

"Pawson, Pawson," chuckled a heckler, "How long you been drinking outen de bughole?"—Louisville Courier.

"You can say what you like about jazz music, but it's kept a lot of people out of jail."

"How come?" "Well, if it wasn't for the music they'd be arrested."—Goblin.

About all the Allies are saving in the Near East is their dignity.—Indianapolis Star.

Most of the women candidates were defeated in the English election, their fighting being now over all but the putting.—Duluth News Tribune.

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labeled: "No more colds! No more coughs! Price fifty cents."

A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, but was no better.

"Drunk it all," gasped the chemist, "why, man, that was an India rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."

Now that typewriters are being silenced, chewing gum will get a chance to be heard.—Duluth News Tribune.

"Have you seen May?" "May who?" "Why Mayonnaise."

"No, she is dressing and won't lettuce."—Sample Case.

"I believe a man should give his wife plenty of rope."

"That's what I did with mine and she skipped."—Pathfinder.

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr." She seemed such an aimable hephyr.

When the farmer drew near, She kicked off his ear, And now the old farmer's much dephyr.—Plumbers Trade Journal.

Tommy: "Mother's throwing plates at father."

Visitor: "Is she angry with him?" Tommy: "No, but she's working up to it."—Pathfinder.

Gwendolyn: "What caused M-rsie to divorce her husband?"

Genevieve: "A blue serged coat and a blonde-haired stenographer."—American Legion Weekly.

"Been to the colleg football game, eh? your son on the team?" "Judging by his looks, should my team was on him."—American Boy.