

Scout

Murphy and Cherokee County, North Carolina

Editor-Manager

Associate Editor

EVERY FRIDAY

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Right to refuse advertisement of suspicious character or to mislead our readers.

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WANTS THE SCOUT TO SEE IN MURPHY AND CHEROKEE COUNTY

In Murphy: Active Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturing Industries, Passenger Stations, Union Station, Improved Streets, Regular Library Hours, Reading Club.

In Cherokee County

System of County Roads Supplementing the State Highways, Better Cattle Raising and Breeding, More Fruit Growing, Scientific Poultry Raising.

Burning the Woods After Frankenstein

THE student of Physiology by the name of Frankenstein, is made in Shelley's romance of the same name, to construct a monster out of the remnants of a church yard and dissecting room and so forth, through the agency of galvanism...

Co-operation A National Need

CO-OPERATION on a self-help basis succeeds in Denmark and the principle passed entirely beyond debate a quarter century ago in this little country.

The Reynolds Foundation

THE chartering of the Reynolds Foundation by the Secretary of State on Monday has the possibility of untold good to the State and this whole part of the country.

Community Loyalty

IF A community is worth living in, it should command all of one's loyalty in every sense of the word.

At regularly recurring seasons great loads of mail order catalogues come into North Carolina, many of them to this section, to entice business away to the larger cities.

The Plowman

Across the field the plowman goes And turns the brown earth up in rows, And then he pulls the horses 'round...

A Great People

IN A free republic a great government is the product of a great people. They will look to themselves rather than government for success.

TARHEEL TATTLE

By Carl William Bailey

The Vacant Lot

Just around behind the stores, Along an eastward street, There's an open vacant lot...

Not Even the "Devil"

The Carolina Mountaineer announced that it was a day late last week on account of the snow breaking the electric wires...

A Lil' More Cider, Please!

H. H. Mason, of Stonewall, Ga., our friend and former fellow-scribe, writes that he is still "a-makin' cider" and sings thusly:

Boy, Page Doc, Cook!

The Paragrapher of the Asheville Times shivers and says: "The more we see of winter, the less respect we have for the sanity of arctic explorers."

The Lane Will Turn

Honey, don't worry 'bout de mud What's on de highway, The sun'll soon be shinin' An' dry it all away.

Wayside Pebbles

Jes' 'bout de time you gits settle an' "studdy in de boat," sum'uns gotta wiggle an' rock it.

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WHEN John Loudon Macadam, in 1810,

began to experiment with broken stone for building roads, he met with much opposition from the "stand-pat" road builders, who contended that the expense would be prohibitive and that anyway, broken stone in courses of assorted sizes was no better than broken stone of one size in one course.

Time proved the merit of Macadam's idea, although the century and nine years which have elapsed since his first practical experiment was tried at Bristol, England, in 1815, have greatly altered the practice of macadamized road building.

Up to the advent of the automobile, Macadam's principles were employed in their entirety, the broken stone being bonded with rock dust and water, the former replaced by the impact of iron shod vehicles and hoofs, the latter by rain.

When the automobile, with its rapid movement and broad rubber tires, sucked the rock dust from between the stones in spite of the gentle bonding effort of the water, it was realized that something was lacking in the roads used for fast, soft-shod traffic, which lack was not felt under the steel-shod traffic.

Today, all macadamized roads are built with the bituminous oil or tar binder applied during the building, but the basic principle of larger foundation and smaller upper course, topped by a wearing surface of fine crushed rock and dust, bound in place by something, is still employed.

Sobered By Responsibility

David Lloyd George believes that power is having a very salutary effect on the impetuous members of the Labor party. He is not alarmed over the situation.

It is undoubtedly true that the Labor statesmen are being sobered by responsibility. Authority is cooling their ardor and softening their radicalism.

As long as the Laborites were only an opposition minority, they could preach their extreme doctrines. Then they were under no obligation to measure their words or to weigh their sentiments.

A club member of Jones County made 85 bushels of corn on one acre at a cost of \$35. He is investing his profits in pure bred Duroc hogs and next year will be both a corn club and pig club member, reports County Agent E. F. Fletcher.

FAT MAN'S CORNER

The Janitor was called "Midnight" by all his white friends, for he was very dark. But he did not like colored friends to use this nickname.

"Hullo, Midnight." "Shut yo mouf up, boy, youse 'bout a quarter to twelve yo'se'l."

Slow thinkers live longer, says a psychologist. Not if they cross a street.—Judge.

Mrs. Brown (buying a railroad ticket): What became of the clerk who used to be here? Ticket Clerk: He's in the lunatic asylum. Mrs. B.: You don't say so. What is the reason? A shock. Shock, eh? Yes, a woman came to his window, bought a ticket, and went away without asking a string of questions.—Los Angeles Times.

Mr. Ludenberg and wife were looking for a site for their home. After a while they came to a place, and Mrs. Ludenberg exclaimed: Oh, Adolph, this view strikes me dumb! Well, dear, I think we will select this.—Kasper.

She was deceived in him, poor girl! "Deceived in Jack?" "Dreadfully. She thought that love made him pale. But it was only that he went without food to buy her presents."—Boster Transcript.

Waiter—Pardon me, sir, but you need not dust off your plate when you eat here. This is a clean restaurant. Customer—My mistake; force of habit. I'm an umpire.—x.

Minister to Flapper—Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement? Flapper—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox trot?—Ex.

"Deacon White," said Parson Jackson, "will you lead us in prayer?" There was no answer. "Deacon White," this time in a little louder voice, "will you lead?" Still no response. Evidently the deacon was slumbering. Parson Jackson made the third appeal and raised his voice to a high pitch that succeeded in arousing the drowsy man. "Deacon White, will you lead?"

The deacon, in bewilderment, rubbed his heavy eyes and blurted: "Lead yourself—I just dealt!"—Pipe Stories.

An Armistice Day meeting was being held in a one horse town and the chief speaker was waxing more rhetorical than versation concerning the exploits of the local hero. "Let us never forget the valor of your Clarence McEffery," he roared. "It was he who led the successful attack upon Lorraine! It was he who took Nancy by surprise! It was..."

Advertisers are teaching lessons which nations might take to heart. If they would advertise to each other we would have no more war.—Lord Leverhulme.

"Neglect taxes" are the taxes paid for not keeping the farm equipment and buildings and in repair.

Work with tobacco was a new feature of extension activity by agricultural workers of the State College last year. At 36 demonstrations in growing better tobacco were staged by the tobacco working with the county agents.

Tom Tarheel says he doesn't know where he would be without his newspaper and agricultural paper. One brings the news before his eyes, the other helps him take his part in it.