

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

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

C. W. BAILEY . . . Editor-Manager  
MRS. C. W. BAILEY, Associate Ed.  
B. W. SIPE . . . . . Associates Ed.

Entered in the postoffice at Murphy,  
North Carolina, as second class mail  
matter under act of Mar. 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates  
One Year . . . . . \$1.50  
Eight Months . . . . . 1.00  
Six Months . . . . . 75c  
Payable Strictly in Advance

Legal advertisements, want ads,  
reading notices, obituaries, cards of  
thanks, etc. 3c line each insertion,  
payable in advance. Display and con-  
tract rates furnished on request.

All communications must be signed  
by the writer, otherwise they will not  
be accepted for publication. Name  
of the writer will not be published un-  
less so specified, but we must have  
the name of the author as evidence  
of good faith.



Dear Santa

Murphy, N. C., Dec. 9, 1926.  
Dear Santa:  
Let me tell you what I want you  
to leave at our house this year for  
me.  
I want a fountain pen, a ring, by-  
low baby, its blanket, a doll house, a  
doll carriage, a bathrobe, fruits,  
candy and nuts.

From a little friend,  
MARY KING MALLONEE.

Murphy, N. C., Dec. 10, 1926.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want a doll, a box of handker-  
chiefs, a box of candy, books, some  
apples, oranges, nuts, English wal-  
nuts, a wrist watch and a fountain  
pen.

Your little friend,  
MARY IOWA GIBSON.

Dear Santa Claus:  
I want you to bring me a toy wash  
tub and a doll, and Baby Ruth candy,  
and chocolate chips candy, and some  
oranges, and apples, and nuts.

G. MAE BATES.

Murphy, N. C., Dec. 10, 1926.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I will write you a few words to  
let you know what I want for Christ-  
mas. Please bring me a rain coat,  
a doll, cook stove, a carriage, and a  
piano, candy, nuts, apples and  
oranges. Now dear Santa be careful  
with your sleigh so you can visit my  
brother and me. I am very good at  
Christmas time.

JENNIE LEE SPIVIA.

Murphy, N. C., Dec. 13, 1926.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I will tell you what I want for  
Christmas. I would like to have a  
doll and a little trunk for its dresses,  
a story book, a pair of bedroom slip-

CHRISTMAS GOOD FELLOWSHIP IN  
MURPHY

Newspapers arriving in The Scout  
office this week are virtually all carry-  
ing news of the "Good Fellow"  
clubs in their respective towns, which  
as we all, no doubt know, is a com-  
munity effort to see that all enjoy  
"A Merry Christmas." This activity  
extends to practically every city,  
town and village in the United States.  
It is but a part of America's great  
charity and it is most commendable.

Here in Murphy the Good Fellows  
are again at work as they have been  
for many seasons. It is a foregone  
conclusion that their efforts will re-  
sult in a wider spreading of Christ-  
mas cheer—taking into needy homes  
remembrances of the day or neces-  
sities which will bring happiness to  
children's hearts—and grown-ups  
too.

This newspaper is heart and soul  
behind all such movements. It freely  
and gladly opens its columns to the  
furthering of all such activities. And  
this newspaper holds out its hand to  
all organizations which will give and  
work freely to the need—the peace—  
the happiness and the joy of our citi-  
zens and their children who may at  
this time be unfortunate.

Humanity has always been kind—  
despite all cynical phrases to the con-  
trary. Through all of the ages there  
has been that little spark of fellow-

pers, and a new coat. Also don't for-  
get to bring my little niece a doll.  
So don't forget me on Christmas  
night.

Your little friend,  
ELZA DEWESEE.

Murphy, N. C., Dec. 14, 1926.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a little train and  
a wagon. Also some other toys if  
you have them to spare. I am trying  
to be a good boy. I hope you will  
give all good children something.  
Good by Santa and thank you.  
PAUL POSEY.

The Judge's Joke



KISSING SHORTENS  
LIFE—  
SPECIALLY  
SINGLE—  
LIFE!

SMART FELLOW  
Postman: "Here's a letter for you  
—it has a black border."  
"Oh, my poor father is dead!"  
"But you haven't read it yet!"  
"I know, but he's dead. I re-  
cognize his handwriting."

NO WAY OUT OF IT  
Sam was charged with theft and  
the Judge was talking to him in  
court.  
"Now, Sam, you know what hap-  
pens if you don't tell the truth, don't  
you?"  
"Yes, Suh—Ah goes to hell and  
burns."  
"And now what will happen if you  
tell the truth?"  
"Ah'll done get 30 days!"

JUST WILD ABOUT IT  
Tommy: "Oh, mamma, look! There  
is a burglar."  
Mother: "How many times have I  
told you not to point?"

DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT  
"We'll take in a show—and din-  
ner."  
"Where will you meet me?"  
"On the corner of the public li-  
brary at 8 o'clock."  
"Fine—what time will you be  
there?"

HABIT  
Speed Cop: "How fast were you  
going?"  
"You'll have to ask my lawyer."

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS  
Judge to Prisoner: "You are facing  
trial and so far you haven't engaged  
a lawyer to defend you. Shall I ap-  
point one or what do you want to do  
about it?"  
Prisoner: "Well your honor, as far  
as I'm concerned I'm willing to drop  
the whole case."

FAIR ENOUGH  
Wife: "There was a poor old wo-  
man at the door today—begging for  
clothes."  
Husband: "Did you give her any?"  
"Yes I gave her that twelve year  
old suit of yours and the dress I  
bought last week."

ship which has never failed in the  
time of need.  
Christmas giving has always been  
most generous in one form or another  
—not to those near and dear only—  
but the fortunate to the unfortunate.  
Don't let us in Murphy pass all of  
the work of Christmas charities over  
to the "Good Fellows." A mere sub-  
scription to any organization does  
not by any means relieve us of our  
obligations to our fellowmen. Then  
too, the real joy of giving is in the  
personally searching out that one who  
should be made happy—and, in bring-  
ing it to pass.  
Such good work is not or cannot  
be restricted. Our school children,  
their parents, their grandparents—all  
should join in—and no matter how  
poorly situated any individual may  
be—most always they can find one  
who is more lonely more needy or  
yearning for that little personal touch  
of fellowship which means happiness.  
So let us all search out the needy,  
the lonely, the unhappy, and make  
it our duty to see that when Christ-  
mas morning dawns—each has some  
token of the day—a message of cheer  
and good wishes—a feeling that  
"somebody knows", "somebody  
cares"—and that as citizens of this  
community we all want to be happy  
together.  
Such Christmas giving does not re-

This Week



CHANGE TO TEARS.  
FIGHTER'S DRUGS.  
IN THE TURKEY'S CRAW  
PROSPERITY'S CHILDREN

If, as a big income taxpayer, you  
had prepared smiles for the \$250,  
000,000 refund, change your smiles  
to tears.  
The \$250,000,000 will not be re-  
funded.

Congress thinks the money  
would be better in the Pork Bar-  
rel than in the pockets of payers.  
There is demand for more pub-  
lic buildings.

And there is the Farm Block. It  
says that if Government has money  
to burn, it should spend some on  
solving farm problems, and cotton  
men want help to hold up cotton.

Santa Claus is not coming with  
his \$250,000,000 bag to the big tax-  
payers this year.

Captain Mabbutt, manager of  
Dempsey's training says the cham-  
pion fighter was drugged with poi-  
son in his coffee. That is possible.  
Prizefighting is not 100 per cent  
ethical.

But there is a drug: successful  
prizefighters absorb after they get  
the championship that is potent,  
apart from chemistry. Its ingredi-  
ents include: Too much money,  
self-indulgence, flattery. They all  
take these drugs and are all beaten  
by them in the end. And then  
there is Father Time; he drugs  
and knocks out all of us.

While this richest country, which  
solely believes that it won the war,  
tries to fly and can't, the de-  
feated German nation goes as far  
ahead of us in engineering as it  
was in chemistry before the war  
started.

A German engineer is at work  
on a superplane to carry 10,000  
H. P. engines, ten propellers, 100  
passengers, a crew of twenty-five  
and cross the Atlantic in thirty-  
six hours.

Merely hearing about that makes  
us dizzy in this country.

Investigation of watchmen on  
Long Island grade crossings found  
eighteen of them asleep. Fourteen  
"watchers" are found peacefully  
slumbering on Staten Island. The  
human is uncertain—more reason  
for persuading railroads to use de-  
vices that do not go to sleep.

The best is the raised or sunken  
grade crossing. A good one would  
be a sharp right angle turn in the  
road before every grade crossing,  
compelling drivers to stop and  
think. Swinging red lights and  
ringing bells help.

The public should have, but  
hasn't, intelligence enough not to  
get run over—and not to depend  
on watchmen.

William S. Roberts, of Butte,  
Montana, bought a turkey and five  
small gold nuggets were found in  
its craw. The turkey came from a  
packing house. Nobody knows  
where it used to eat. There is a  
tragedy—a gold mine somewhere,  
impossible to locate it.

But a worse tragedy is repre-  
sented by the man of genius. His  
brain contains intellectual gold  
nuggets of gigantic size.

But, like the turkey with the  
lumps of gold in its inside, the  
genius cannot tell where he got it.  
Cannot point to the celestial mine  
whence genius comes.

Four railroads have increased  
wages of shophen, showing intelli-  
gence in allowing crumbs from the  
prosperity table to fall within the  
reach of the workers. There is  
prosperity enough for all, and it  
will last longer if everybody has a  
little of it.

Prosperity's stepchildren are the  
cotton growers and the textile  
manufacturers. Women that used  
to wear yards upon yards of ma-  
terial now wear about as much as  
is used to wrap up a baby.

Northern textile workers worry  
about the removal of their indus-  
try to the South, and they may.

Coal and iron, side by side, took  
the iron mills to Pittsburgh. Cot-  
ton, cheap power and labor, side by  
side, naturally take the textile in-  
dustries to the South.

quire one thousandth part of the  
words as used here to convey the  
thought. You know, a slight token  
—a cheerful card, tells a story that  
cannot be covered in any book.

Organized charity has done and  
is doing a wonderful work. By all  
means support all such Christmas  
activities—then—go do an individual  
job of it by yourself and, you will  
learn the true meaning of happiness  
yourself.

SURE THERE'S A SANTA CLAUS  
By A. B. CHAPIN  
Illustration of a department store window display for Christmas, featuring Santa Claus, children, and various toys.

Dr. Frank Crane Says  
IT'S AN OLD JOKE, BUT TRUE  
Some jokes like a kitten, apparent-  
ly have nine lives.  
Dressed in new clothes, they ap-  
pear perennially.  
Such a joke is the old gag about  
the small town sport who stood be-  
fore an elite eating place at meal  
times chewing a toothpick to give the  
impression he had just dined within.  
Everyone laughs at the story, with  
perhaps softened malice, for to some  
extent he recognizes a kinship with  
the hero.  
The genuine, sincere, unassuming  
man, who is content to appear what  
he is and nothing more, is the mil-  
lionth man.  
What most people want is to be  
known as great rather than simply  
be great.  
Try this on yourself:  
If you were offered the chance to  
have all the power and greatness, as  
well as the responsibility, work and  
abuse, of a president of the United  
States and to have no one ever know  
you were president—never get credit  
for great acts if accomplished—would  
you accept?  
Isn't recognition and not just pure  
achievement the thing desired?  
Of course recognition is part of it,  
but when it becomes the most im-  
portant consideration, it assumes an  
evil influence.  
Not everyone who says he desires  
power and success really desires those  
things.  
They are synonymous with work,  
worry and responsibility.  
What those who say they want  
them to desire is the by-products of  
power and success, the toothpicks and  
not the meal.  
They want the yachts, the trips to  
Palm Beach and the Packard limou-  
sines.  
To really eat you must pay; to  
chew a toothpick costs nothing.  
To really achieve costs work and  
self-denial; to seem to achieve (for  
a time!) requires only a weak con-  
science.  
Every "show-off" desires the re-  
sults of achievement, but is unwilling  
to pay the price. He would rather  
chew the toothpick of fraud than eat  
the substance of paid-in-advance ac-  
tuality.  
To seem to be, to all but the  
shrewdlest eye, has all the attractions  
and none of the hardships of actual  
being.  
In Sunday School we used to sing:  
"This day the noise of battle;  
The next the Victor's song!"  
The noise of battle must precede  
the song of victory. The Royal Order  
or Toothpick Chewers try to reverse  
the sequence, and it can't be done.

About Your Health  
Things You Should Know  
Illustration of a man's face.  
by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.  
COLDS.  
Colds are not "simple ailments."  
Here are some things to be remem-  
bered:  
(1) All colds are infectious—  
contagious.  
(2) The careless "sneezer" must  
be shunned carefully.  
(3) Colds are the result of germ  
invasion.  
(4) They are invariably carried  
from person to person.  
(5) They are not caused by ex-  
posure to cold, or by changes in the  
weather.  
The latter statement may be  
doubted; but the fact remains that  
prolonged exposure to cold and  
wet, which is the resistance of the  
body, and permits the germs to  
multiply rapidly; we may carry  
germs for years, they never de-  
velop sufficiently to make us sick,  
because our resistance is capable  
of holding them in check. Then  
comes prolonged effort, or ex-  
posure, and the enemy asserts it-  
self.  
Colds are multiply, if the body is  
in first-class condition. Good,  
wholesome, nutritious food is a  
preventive. If properly taken,  
A ample, comfortable clothing, plenty  
of rest and sleep and a tranquil  
state of mind, will keep colds in  
the background.  
If you have a cold, correct the  
bowels and kidneys, and stay in-  
doors till well; you have no right  
to appear at gatherings, meet,  
sneeze and cough—to infect others.  
To sneeze in the general direction  
of everybody is a crime commensu-  
rable with the very immoral. He-  
lenoids, tons and foot-baths are  
old remedies, but very useful.  
Surface sterilization must be used  
and the cold skin brought  
back to normal.  
Next Week  
DISEASES OF CIVILIZATION  
born December 22.  
Mary A. Livermore, reformer,  
was born December 19.

Your Birthday  
Is it this Week?  
DEC. 19-25  
If your birthday is this week you  
are somewhat reckless and head-  
strong, and courage and determina-  
tion seem to be the most marked  
characteristic of your nature. You  
are self-confident, and at times self-  
willed and stubborn, particularly so  
when your plans are criticized. You  
are very intense, and throw yourself  
heart and soul into everything you  
undertake.  
You are very observing and have  
the faculty of acquiring knowledge  
from every source. You are quick  
and witty in conversation, and very  
original. You have a fine, active  
mind, but you are likely to be im-  
practical at times.  
You are impulsive and enthusiastic  
about everything you do, and make  
important decisions quickly. You are  
idealistic, artistic, and musical, and  
have a great deal of literary ability.  
Men born during these dates be-  
come political leaders, business ex-  
ecutives, orators, and lawyers. Wo-  
men born during these dates become  
teachers, musicians, artists, decora-  
tors, nurses, and actresses.  
Thomas Fitzgerald, journalist, was

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON ADVERTISING  
"Advertising is not an economic waste. It  
ministers to the true development of trade.  
It is, no doubt, possible to waste money  
through wrong methods of advertising, as  
it can be wasted through wrong methods  
in any department of industry. But right-  
fully applied, it is the method by which the  
desire is created for many things."  
—CALVIN COOLIDGE.  
Illustration of Calvin Coolidge's face.