

**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 Associate Ed.

Entered in the postoffice at Murphy, North Carolina, — second class mail matter under Act of March 3, 1879.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN CHEROKEE COUNTY**

One Year \$1.50  
Six Months .75  
Four Months .50

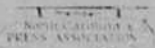
**OUTSIDE CHEROKEE COUNTY**

One Year \$2.00  
Six Months 1.00  
Four Months .75

Payable Strictly In Advance

Local advertisements, want ads, reading notices, obituaries, cards of thanks, etc. be one each insertion, payable in advance. Display and contract rates furnished on request.

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 Name of the writer will not be published unless so specified, but we must have the name of the author as evidence of good faith.



**"The Whole Town's Talking"**  
**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LOVE?**

By Edgar C. Price  
Connelly Springs, N. C.

If I were a poet, Love would be the title of my poem. If I were a writer, Love would be the title of my book, for it seems to me that there is no message that can compare with the message of Love. I shall ask you this question, what is Love? You say it is affection, charity, and tenderness. Someone has said, "Love comprises affection, tenderness, good will, attachment and benevolence towards the object beloved."

There is that love of parents for children. This, it seems to me, is the nearest to that heavenly love of any thing I know. That love that follows after the child and hopes for a bright future.

When I left my parents standing on the front porch, they were looking at me, wishing and loving for the safe return of their boy. They tried to keep the tears away in order to help my feelings, but I saw them just the same. They knew their boy had been called of God, and that he could never be at home as he once was. O, how they would love to have me around the kitchen to work with their hands, I would love to be there.

I have walked in at night, and heard my mother sob over and say, "Is that you Papa?" She was waiting and praying for her boy. This is a vague hint of parents love.

Listen to the tender words of your parents, remembering that you are to obey and honor them. Your mother went through much agony for you. She tasted death in the shedding of her own blood. Remember your father's father, as he stood over the bed of your mother, suffering with her, and longing for your safe deliverance. This is love.

"Love is a work with a desire to give." The love one sex has for another is a very holy and sacred thing. It should not be lightly considered. There is nothing more sacred than that true love in one person for another. When the bride and groom are led to the altar and both hearts are made into one. Willing to bear each other's burdens, is not this love?

Men, Women, are you true to your companions and the sacred promises you made? Do you have a loving smile for your husband when he comes in? Do you encourage him when he becomes discouraged? Do you cooperate with him to make peace reign in your home? Men is this all true with you? Can you answer in the affirmative?

I have taken the hand of my friends, and have seen the tears running down their cheeks as they told me how proud they were to see me. I have received many encouraging letters from them, and I thank every one of them a knowledge that I have of the interest which my friends have in me is a dynamic force that seems to push me on. The root of all this is love.

There is a feeling that we get confused with love. It is that thing which causes us to seek evil rather than good. We speak of a love for evil, which in reality is not true. If we have a desire to indulge in low and base things, we do not have a love for those things, but we love a lust. If we have a desire or inclination for evil, the seed of that feeling is in the devil. All love is of God. Some of God's creators are so low and carnal minded that they have a desire to tear down the whole superstructure of our civilization. This is not love.

I have a passion for souls. I love the poor starving sheep that are lost on the cold icy mountain of sin. It does me good to lend a helping hand to someone who is in trouble over their condition. O, how I love to give them the message of love, and watch them eat and refresh themselves. This is love, a very sacred love it is.

Here is a man who has committed a crime; when the law catches him, and even if he repents, the christian people have a tendency to look at him without any love or compassion. Perhaps it is a girl who has made a mistake. A carnal minded boy has taken advantage of her and caused her to sin. If she sheds her own blood and gets a taste of death, sin it the cause of it all. If she repents

to God and her sin is forgiven, the Christians are proud to look upon her as a low characted and unfit for the notice of a child of God. This is not right. It is contrary to the teachings of Christ. When one soul is saved through the blood of Jesus Christ, that soul it as pure as any other. What if God should hold your past sins against you? What if God dealt with us as we deal with our fellowmen? There would be no love, but the world would sink into eternal nothingness in a short time.

Let us love one another, remembering that God is love; and that love is that which God has given us by which we may reflect the great personality of God. Lets raise our standard of living by praying for more of the love, of God.

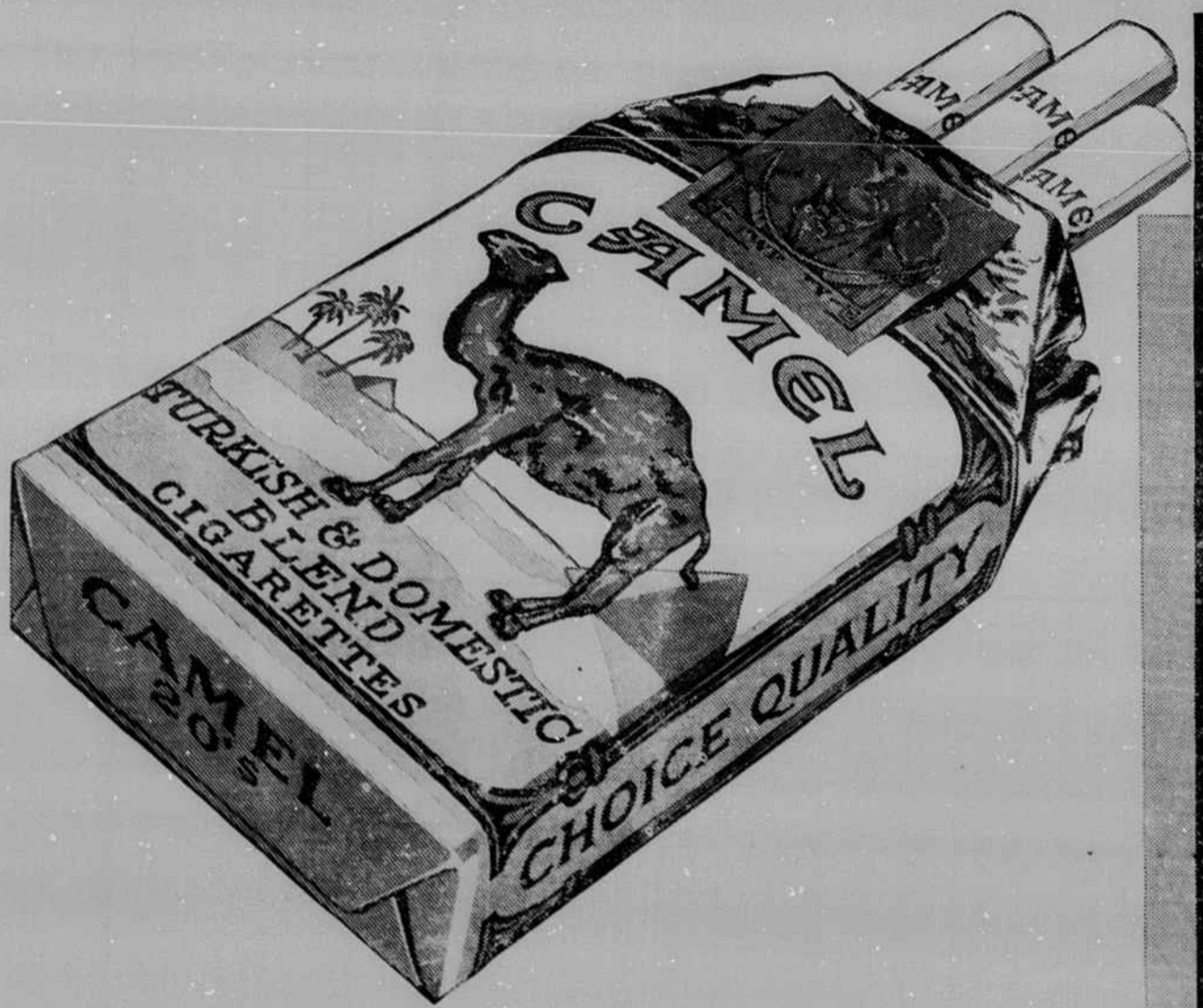
**RECIPE FOR SNAKE BITE AND HYDROPHOBIA**  
The following clipping from the Knoxville Journal several years ago is submitted to The Enterprise. Mrs. G. W. Tate of Mt. Vernon stated some time ago that she had tried the recipe for poisonous snake bite and found it a cure. The recipe was written by C. C. Bussell of Concord and is as follows:  
"A number of years ago there was an epidemic of hydrophobia in Georgia and an Indian gave the following formula which he said was a sure cure for hydrophobia or snake

bite, never known to fail on any snake bite except a cotton mouth snake, for which there is no cure:  
"Get an onion about two inches in diameter and about 5 cents worth of strong tobacco and two tablespoonfuls of table salt. Cut the tobacco up pretty fine with a knife; mix well then make a poultice and place on the wound. Make a new poultice every six hours. Apply as soon is possible.

"This recipe was taken from the Atlanta Constitution. All papers please copy." —Etowah Enterprise —"The Whole Town's Talking"

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on his should not perish, but have everlasting life"

FOR SALE OR RENT—One Electric Shoe Shop complete. Good Location. See Hadley or Fred Dicksey. (1)



# Standing out as the better cigarette

THE SINGLE IDEA of superlative quality was the inspiration for Camel Cigarettes.

From the time when the first Camel Cigarette was made that one idea has set Camel apart.

A policy of better tobaccos, combined in an incomparable blend, manufactured with the most exacting care—all to assure the utmost pleasure in smoking.

That is the ideal and the practice back of every package of Camel Cigarettes.

It has made Camel the most popular cigarette ever known. More millions have chosen Camels for smoking pleasure than ever accorded their patronage to any other cigarette.

# CAMELS for pleasure