

The Cherokee Scout

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 Name of the writer will not be published unless agreeable, but we must have name of author as evidence of good faith and responsibility.

A Tribute To A Dog

In a speech made by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbor, Vest represented the plaintiff, who demanded \$200 damage, says the New York Exchange.

When Vest finished speaking, the jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded the plaintiff \$500. The speech follows:

Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may be traitors to our faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure sets its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him and the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hands that have no food to offer; he will lick the sores and wounds that come with encounters with the rough world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the Heavens. If fortune drives his master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against the danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even until death.

NUGGETS

From The Dablonaga Nugget, Dablonaga, Ga., W. B. Townsend Editor and Publisher.

Girls and Bananas

Courtships are worked in many mysterious ways. We learn that a certain man in our town wanted to work a plan by which he could gain the love and friendship of a female acquaintance. So a few nights ago he approached the door, named the article. No admittance. The next night he carried a bucket of honey. It failed to have the desired effect. Then he went with twelve dozen bananas. Had hardly reached the house when the woman smelled the Florida fruit and the door sprung wide open for him.

Rubber Heels and Advertising

Last week newspapers heralded the death of Humphrey O'Sullivan, the inventor of the rubber heel. Beside the fact that his rubber heel invention made walking easier for millions of humans, and will for years to come, the high point of Mr. O'Sullivan's success, and the main point for the business men to let soak in, was the fact before he died he stated that his success was due to the large sum he spent for advertising. How many rubber heels would anyone suppose Mr. O'Sullivan would have sold if he had not told the world about his rubber heels, in newspaper and magazine

A TRIP TO PALESTINE

By Rev. Howard P. Powell

After riding in cars for about five miles from the city of Cairo we selected camels on which to continue our trip to the pyramids. This was a new experience for many of us. The camel is very kind and humble beast. They will kneel for you to mount them. When the camel starts to get up one thinks he is going to be thrown over backwards. At one moment, and the next he is going to stand on his head. Once you get seated and "up in the air" you are all right. Riding a camel is far more comfortable than riding a donkey and being higher it makes the scenery accessible to one's view. These camels were owned by some of the natives, who kept them for hire. To many of us it was interesting to see the competition between the men and boys as they tried to get their passengers or riders. It reminded us of some of the taxi men as they are parked near American railway stations seeking passengers. Each of the men and boys tried to convince us that they had the best camel.

After selecting our camels we rode across the sands to the great pyramid. This pyramid contains about 2,300,000 blocks of stone each weighing some 2 1/2 tons, put together with service joints almost equalling the accuracy of modern commercial optics. This pyramid is said to be the tomb of the Cheops, the second King of the fourth dynasty. Its present height is 451 feet, but originally, including the nucleus of rock at the bottom and the apex which has disappeared, it measured 482 feet, or more than 50 ft. higher than St. Peter's at Rome. The pyramid covers a space of nearly 15 acres. There was an expert climber at this pyramid who offered to climb to the top and back in ten minutes. We took a collection for him and he started climbing, and within seven and one-half minutes he had made the trip to the top and back to the ground. He made the trip adorned in the native dress of Egypt, which was a white robe.

The pyramids were used as tombs for the Pharaohs only after each pyramid had been superceded by a more perfectly or higher one. They stand there to day to testify to the esteem in which these leaders were held by their people. To many people it represents a great waste of money, but they are not the only peoples who

advertising? Moral: If you have something good, advertise it.

Bean Fields and Altars

We understand that one of the recent weddings in this county was performed in a bean field. We never married any parties in a bean patch, but have tied the nuptial knot on every road leading out of Dablonaga, in the court house, jail and various other places not used for marrying ground and it did just as well as if a big to do had been held and an apron presented to the bride with a smile and a kiss. Likewise with the bean patch wedding. Answered just the same as if handfuls of rice had been cast at them. We have seen this tried.

Waking Up the Preacher

A minister once asked a famous clergyman how to keep his congregation awake during the church services. The famous clergyman remarked that probably the first thing to do was to wake up the preacher. He needs in some way to give more impression of activity and original thought. Relates an exchange. We heard of some boys putting much activity into a preacher once, after near two weeks dull meeting. He wore a robe. And one night after services were over they carried largely inhabited hornets nest under the church and placed it near a hole they had bored through the floor into the pulpit. The next night when the preacher, donned his robe the boys crawled under the church and moved the stopper of the nest, when the hornets began crawling out, through the auger up both the pastor's pant legs. Then the activity commenced. He would slap first one leg and then the other. The hornets grew more active. When out of the pulpit the poor fellow jumped crying aloud: "Brethren, I have the Lord in my head, and the devil in the seat of my pants."

Ants and Lizzards

There are two ways an ant can make a lazy man hustle. One is by example and the other is by crawling up his pants leg. Says the Montezuma Georgian. What about a lizzard? They generally ascend the back way and a man has to shed his pants to get rid of one.

Pretty Girls and Fever Blisters

Two more beautiful young ladies from Athens, came to see the town and the Editor last Tuesday. It has been very embarrassing to the editor this week, being unable to smile on the arrival of visitors on account of a fever blister on one of his lips.

Dog Days and Snaks

Dog days are now on at a time when all poison snakes are said to be blind and more dangerous than at any on account of striking at anything that gets near them. Never have studied on Snakeology and so cannot vouch for this report.

have been guilty of wasting time and money.

The earliest of these great monuments was created not long after 3000 B. C. and the latest a little later than 1800 B. C. The richest superstructures of stone masonry now known, they represent the origins of architecture in stone, at a time when civilization elsewhere possessed no other architecture than that of wood and brick.

Standing near the great pyramids is the Sphinx, "a great wingless crouching lion head cut of solid stone, 172 1/2 feet long and 66 feet high. Between the two extended paws is a granite altar with inscriptions apparently indicating that it was built in the Fourth Dynasty, possibly 3750 B. C." It is said that this monster, famous in Greek mythology, was erected here to protect the neighboring tombs from evil spirits. It has the head of a woman, and the body of a lion. Many of them we are told, have the head of a woman, the body of a lion, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a serpent.

One member of our party, for reasons of her own, had never married. The man, from whom she had selected her camel, asked her why she had never married. We did not get her answer, but she did tell us that the man who asked the question said that he had three wives. Some member of the party asked how he managed to support three wives? The answer was that it took three wives to support him.

Just now the writer must pay tribute to an unknown friend in Cairo. Two of us left the party at the Nile River Bridge in order to get some pictures of the river. Continuing our journey to the hotel walking we soon lost our way. After a number of unsuccessful attempts to locate ourselves we asked a kindly looking business man who was sitting in front of his place of business, how we could find the way to the Victoria Hotel. He directed us the best he could in Broken English. We started and walked for eight or ten blocks when we started to make a turn. Just as we turned we felt a light touch on our shoulder, and turning to see we found that our business man was following us to see that we did not lose our way. Such kindness has not been shown the writer and his friends in American cities.

We are now leaving for a boat-ride on the Nile.

(To be continued)

ITALIANS FEATURE SAVAGE HORSE RACE

Strange Spectacle Annual Event at Siena.

Washington.—A masked ball, a masquerade dance—familiar enough—but did you ever see a costume horse race?

Siena, Italy, has one. It has one annually, and has just announced this year's event for July 2.

The strange, almost barbaric, horse race is run as a feature of historic Siena's annual civic festival, known as the palio.

In a communication to the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society, Marie Louise Handley describes this strange race. She writes:

"The horsemen ride bareback in the palio, armed with a punishing whip, the nerbo, made of twisted, hardened ox sinew and measuring about three feet.

"This whip plays an important role. In the olden days a long, flexible one was used, and the competitors were allowed to wield it so as to entangle their opponents and throw them; but this practice is now forbidden.

"The good Siense, however, anxious to preserve the joust-like character of the race, have decreed that their champions may belabor one another with the heavy nerbo whenever the chance presents.

Thrilling Sight.

"No sooner does the starting gun sound than the excited jockeys begin to ply their whips, and the resultant spectacle may be imagined: Ten high-strung, fear-crazed horses racing furiously around the hard, slippery, stone-paved course; ten riders recklessly urging their mounts to greater speed and raining vicious blows at each other the while. It is thrilling, savage, fantastic.

"On the day of the race, we repaired to the campo to watch the parade, and it proved an imposing sight.

"Following the parade—a striking pageant inherited from the Middle Ages—there was a silence on the big square, a silence of vibrant anticipation. With quickening pulse, every man and woman awaited the sharp crack of the pistol, which was to release the eager horses fretting behind the barrier.

"It came suddenly, almost unexpectedly, and the blood leaped into

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action at the sight which followed. "In hurried ranks the racers sprang forward, moving at terrific pace, their riders sitting as if a part of them—knees tight, bodies swaying nimbly, arms waving the wicked whips and administering great blows right and left.

"Spirits and sand flew from the horses' hoofs; the crowd leaned forward without a sound, thrilled and expectant.

Threats and Curses.

"Harder and harder the pelting horses strove, as the last lap was entered. But now the crowd had come to life and hurled frenzied yells of encouragement or bloodcurdling threats and curses at the riders. Our own contrada entry, was leading, neck to neck with the Montone entry, and, thrilled to the marrow, I forgot all decorum and added my voice to the shouting chorus, carried away by the electrifying enthusiasm all around me.

"Montone pressed forward at the turn, and a fierce exclamation broke from the crowd, to be followed immediately by a cry of joy; for Morello, our hope, responded valiantly to the challenge and again drew abreast of his rival.

"Nose to nose they thundered toward the stretch—now one, now the other a few inches ahead; then, on straightening out, Montone made his last bid, and I grew suddenly cold, for his head soon showed clear.

"But it was the dying effort of the game creature. Ten lengths from the post Morello began to creep up, eye aflame, nostrils quivering. For a moment he hung beside the rocking Montone; then with a wonderful leap he sprang forward and floundered across the line a winner!"

Saving It

Some people have such a respect for the truth that they never dare make free use of it.—New Orleans Times-Picayune



If you own an Insurance Policy

You owe it to yourself and to your dependents to give careful attention to the transportation problems that confront America today. You should protect your protection by patronizing the railroads, for the great life insurance companies of America have invested practically 20% of the money that you have paid them in premiums in railroad securities, and unless the railroads are restored to a sound earning basis, the value of these securities will be seriously lessened.

The magnitude of the investment by life insurance companies in rail securities may be appreciated when these facts are considered: Each man, woman and child in the United States is, on the average, protected to the extent of \$900.00 by life insurance and each family to the extent of \$3,900.00. At the time this announcement is being prepared there is an astounding total of one hundred and eight billion dollars worth of life insurance in effect in the United States, with a total of sixty-eight million individual policies. If you are one of these policy-holders, you are in reality a part owner of the railroads and therefore you should be exerting every effort to preserve the safety of your interests.

Railroad operation and earning capacity are being threatened by the unfair and poorly-regulated invasion of competitive transportation agencies. The railroads are not attacking any form of transportation, but are simply appealing to the fair-mindedness of the American people, so that all public carriers shall be operated under the same restrictions and regulations, and with equalization of taxation. Travel by train, ship by train, patronize the steam railroads of America, and you will not only be getting the finest, safest and most satisfactory form of transportation the world has ever known, but you will also be protecting your protection, by assisting the railroads in earning a fair return on their properties.

The railroads built this nation. They must continue to be the backbone of its transportation system. See that they get a square deal.

The Railroads Must Earn To Spend

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.