

In a short while the question of issuing bonds for the improvement of the public roads of this township will be submitted to the people. An expression of sentiment will be obtained by the circulation of petitions throughout the township calling for an election to be held at some time to be appointed later on. If enough signers can be had the election will be called and the people will be allowed to express themselves through the ballot. To issue bonds is the only way to build good roads and it is up to us to either fall in line with the other good counties and townships of the state that have voted bonds and are building their public highways through this means or to continue as we have for some time trailing behind in the mud and sand. We believe there would not be a single dissenting vote against the proposition if everyone thoroughly understood the basic principles of the issue. We are ashamed to say it, but there are people right here within a couple of miles of Dunn who think that voting bonds means that their property will be under a veritable mortgage until they are fully paid, but this is not true. It will even be said that people cannot give a good title to their land in case they wanted to sell it, but this is not true either. At the end of the specified time every penny of the debt would be paid and nobody would be the worse for it. If we fully understand the issue it is our duty to inform those who do not. Let us do all we can to get the question before the people and to get them to see it favorably.

A gigantic undertaking has been attempted in emerging the counties of Cumberland, Harnett, Hoke, Bladen, Moore and Robeson into the Cape Fear Fair Area. This grew out of the Cumberland county fair which is one of the oldest in the State. The fair has been a success for many years and a territory for the advertisement of products, the putting before the state the resources and friendly rivalry that will spring up among themselves, will go a long way towards further developing this, one of the best sections of the State. The proportions of the fairs which will be held will be about equal to the North Carolina State Fair, for it is from this section that some of the best exhibits go. The resources are unlimited and there is no telling what good may be accomplished by the several counties working against each other for each other. The resources of Harnett county are not known to the people of the State and we can, through the Cape Fear Association, advertise our enterprises and thereby induce others to locate within our borders to aid us in our upward march. There are sixteen directors of the Association, ten of which are appointed from Cumberland county and the others come from each of the counties that are members. Mr. McD. Holliday is the director of this County and will be delighted to give any information that may be desired concerning exhibits, etc. Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, and in fact, anybody who cares to do so will be allowed to prepare exhibits of anything you are interested in whether it be an agricultural one, a mechanical one, or a living specimen of any kind of animal. Let's all pull for Harnett.

FOUR IMPORTANT FACTORS IN RURAL PROGRESS

Free Mail, Rural Telephone, Automobile and Good Roads

(R. E. Grabel in Charlotte Observer.)
Year after year the farmer packed up his household goods and moved from the farm to town, leaving his farm in the hands of shiftless renters thus decreasing the United States Crop yield from year to year till the matter began to take a turn of seriousness with the people and the government began to take notice. This movement from the country to town has gone on until in an address before the Farmers' Association in Buffalo, N. Y., last March, Prof. L. H. Bailey, former dean of the Cornell College of Agriculture said: "There is less than three per cent of our population on the farms today." Three per cent of our population having to raise enough to not only feed and clothe themselves but 97 per cent of the population which did not produce anything to eat or wear and beyond this we had to help to feed those of other countries who failed to grow enough to feed and clothe themselves. The Government became interested in the matter and instituted an investigation to discover why the farmer was leaving for town. After a careful investigation they came to the conclusion that one of the chief

reasons was because of the isolated condition of the farmer and a failure of the means to satisfy the demands of man's social side of nature. The Government said if we ever stop this farm desertion we are going to have to institute some means of keeping the farmer in closer touch with the world; keep him acquainted with the movement and progress of the times.

RURAL FREE MAIL

In order to put the farmer in close touch with the world the rural free mail system was established. With the rural mail the farmer is enabled to keep in as close touch with the world's progress as the man living in town. He can get his daily paper delivered right at his door, his monthly magazine each month to keep him in touch with the literary world all the time. He can get a letter each day from Uncle Sam or Aunt Sally and can dispatch a letter to them each day.

When we were a boy, living 15 miles from the railroad and three miles from the country postoffice, we were unable to get our mail except on Saturday night. Every relative in the world might have died during the week and we would have been none the wiser until Saturday night. The entire earth, except about a four mile square, might have slumped off and we would have known nothing about it until Saturday night. With the rural mail system it is different. We can keep in just as close touch with our relatives and friends as our town friends. We can know each day what the world is doing.

The rural free mail has come as a great satisfying as well as a great educational factor to the rural population.

RURAL TELEPHONES

The telephone saved time and money for the city resident, so the farmer asked why he could not do the same thing. The cost and upkeep was the first great objection but a few brave hearts resolved to try it. We remember the first rural telephone put up in our part of the State. A few good substantial farmers at Mesquite, Texas, got together and established a little stock company and built a line from Mesquite to their homes. They made themselves the laughing stock of the surrounding community but they had faith in their enterprise and pushed it to the finish; then one of the farmers asked a doubting Thomas, who lived in town to take down the receiver when very much to his astonishment he heard these words: "I will be in at 10 o'clock with several plow points to sharpen, can you reserve that hour for me, as I am in a hurry to get back to work." Doubting Thomas gave his pipe two puffs and said, "Well, it is a good thing if the thing didn't talk; but I don't believe he will be here at 10 with them plow points, for it is just some trick played on me."

Much to his surprise at 10 the farmer arrived with the plow points. The blacksmith stammered, turned and stuttered and said, "I knew them country telephones were a great thing."

The rural telephone has spiderwebbed the entire country till like many of our city ladies who feel they are not ready to enter society till they have been to a sanitarium for an operation, the good farmer feels he is not in good standing in his community till he has installed a telephone.

The telephone has come as a great comfort and convenience to the farmer's wife. Statistics show that 5 per cent of the women who are in the insane asylums today are farmers' wives. Why is this true? After a careful study of the question we have come to the conclusion it is because of the isolation and hum drum drudgery routine they have to pass through. On rainy days when the ground is too wet to plow we men can jump on a mule, gallop into town sit on a dry good box on the streets chew tobacco, spit amber over the pavement and "cuss" the Government and thus break the monotony of our isolated condition. Suppose our wives were to do the same thing—we would be suing them for divorce before morning. What of them? A rainy day is their hardest day. The children are forced to stay in the house, which gives extra work to do and the worry of their noise. Yes! Yes, let's make the farmer's wife's life as pleasant as possible for it is hard enough at best. What does she do? Gets up in the morning, cooks breakfast, washes dishes, milks cows and churns, then goes to the wash-tub till noon; cooks dinner, washes dishes, goes to the ironing board till supper; time, gets supper, washes the dishes, puts the children to bed and then patches the "old man's" pants till 10 o'clock. So it is, day in and day out, one continual routine of drudgery till one day her nervous system becomes drawn so tight that it snaps and her mind floats out into space and we consign her body to the insane asylum. Yes, let's make the farmer's wife's life just as pleasant as possible. The rural telephone has come as a great aid along this line. It helps to break up the isolated condition and give a breath to the fumes of existence. After the good wife has finished dishes she can run to the telephone, call up her neighbor across the way and hold a little chit-chat with her that will put a new glow on her cheek. She can inquire about the children; which one had the croup last night and also which she expects to have the measles next week. She can inquire from the milliner about the latest styles in hats, will have the feather

sticking straight up, to the back or to the front. She can learn from the dress-maker, in town about the latest styles in dress. Whether the latest edict from Paris ordaining that this Summer's dresses are to be cut off at the top or bottom, or at both ends as they have been doing lately. Yes, the rural telephone has come as a great comfort to the farmer's wife, in breaking up the monotony of her lonely life. It pays well for this if for no other reason.

The rural telephone is a great source of happiness for the young people. Let's make them happy. Our boys and girls have been leaving the farms in greatly increasing numbers and we have been inquiring why. The answer comes from nearly all of them that farm life is too dull and that the opportunities are not so abundant as in the city.

The time has come when we must provide the things that cause their departure. The rural telephone goes a long way toward this. When we were a boy living down on the ragged edge of the Van Zandt County, Texas, border rural telephones were unknown. When we wanted to accompany our girls to church we had to saddle our little sandy-tailed pony and gallop over to her home, usually being met at the gate by her brother Bill; the very last person we cared to see without it was our rival, Tom, who sometimes got there first. If Tom got there first we endured the chagrin of seeing him ride off with Sallie, while we accompanied her brother Bill; the very last person on earth we wanted to ride with. If we arrived ahead of Tom we hung around the doorstep till Sallie was ready to start for church and then by some kind of a telepathic operation we got together and rode happily to church, at least we were happy, but it was a terrible strain on our nervous system.

With the rural telephone, all this is changed. The young farmer can call up his girl during the week, and make an engagement for Sunday and thus knows exactly what he is going to do before leaving home. The rural telephone has come as a great source of pleasure to the young people. They must have pleasure if they remain on the farm. When a boy, we were forced at night to suffice our longings by scribbling our girl a note or sitting alone in our room and pipe-dream while imagination fancied her beautiful vision in the ringlets of smoke as it floated away into space then to awaken to find it was only a dream while a painful loneliness was throbbing our anxious hearts.

Not so with the rural telephone. After supper the young man can step to the phone and ring his girl and make a little conversation with her. Certainly, but it satisfies that anxious aching in his soul that nothing else can. Then, his convenience. He can talk to her just as sweetly in his blue overalls as in his Sunday suit. She can swing her awa-song back to him just as gently wearing her cook apron, as if in the latest style from Paris. It makes little difference with her whether the powder on her face came from the drug store or out of the flour barrel; whether her hair is on her head or on the bureau in the adjoining room. When the faraway ring of the telephone jingles, he turns away with a pleasant smile and gently beating of the heart that makes him satisfied with the world and at peace with all mankind. Yes, the rural telephone has come as a great source of happiness to the young people.

The rural telephone has come as a source of great profit to the farmer. With its aid he can call up the buyer in town and ascertain the price and close the deal before leaving with his produce for market. If the price does not suit he can unhitch from the wagon and send the hired man to the plow, thus saving the loss of much time, that would be worse than wasted if he had gone on into town found the prices unsatisfactory and had driven back, or as they usually do, sell for anything they can get.

With the rural telephone the farmer can make engagements before leaving home and not have to wait all day to get a plow-point sharpened or get a "turn of meal" ground.

AUTOMOBILES

While sitting in a Pullman rocking along through Missouri the other day we overheard a lady remark, "Oh! I just do say! All the world is going absolutely crazy over the tango. All respectable people are doing it." Yes but if she is not careful, the automobile will get there first, for we now see the tango and the auto going down the road side by side; if any difference, the auto is kicking considerable dust under the tango's dust pan. The automobile is destined to bring about a new open in rural life. It will afford social opportunities and educational opportunities that the farmer is now forbidden. With the auto he can take his family and run into town at night to hear a good sermon, lecture or a musical concert or opera and in a few minutes after it is over he back home. Several miles distance will not prevent the family attending a picnic or social center gathering. At night the young people can hop in the auto and run over to the neighbors for a little gathering and in a few minutes after it is over he back home and in bed, where, without the auto they are compelled to forego such social intercourse, especially during the winter nights. The automobile has come as a great

AT GOLDSTEIN'S

Our MID-SUMMER OPENING is
in full blast.

We are showing one of the most complete lines of Summer
goodsever displayed in Dunn. Our entire stock of goods is on display
and your shopping will be made easy if you call this week.

Don't forget we are
selling these goods at extremely low prices.

DUNN'S BEST STORE

aid to the farmer in business for with it he can get his miles into yards and his minutes and thus turn dimes into dollars. We farmers have not been considering our time worth anything but the time has come when we are going to reckon our time worth dollars and are going to have to make every minute make money. By crowding hours into minutes we can expand our dimes into dollars. The auto is helping us to do this thing. Where before it took us two hours to get to market we can now make it in 30 minutes. Where formerly with the two-horse wagon we hauled one ton with the auto we can haul two.

We could not suggest that the farmer buy the present used type so much. Our present pianobox type is alright for the person able to own one for pleasure, but what most of all the farmer needs is an auto that will take the place of the present two horse wagon. Something on the order of the truck that is manufactured now. It is not as stylish as the present car, but it is far more serviceable, and we do not need too much style anyway. A truck car that can be used during the week for farm work can be dusted up and used for church-going on Sunday. The automobile has come to stay, and the farmer will be the one greatest beneficiary by it in the long-run.

GOOD ROADS

As long as the roads are muddy, rutty and full of holes don't buy any kind of an auto, for it will be money wasted. First buy a road grader and put it to work on the roads leading out from your farm.

No farmer can make such progress as long as all the roads leading from his farm are in poor condition. The cost of getting his crops to market will be so great that he will never be able to lay up much money. There will be so little pleasure in going anywhere, he would prefer to remain at home to bumping over the tough roads. His children will become tired of trying to get over them and will leave for town where the streets are paved and their departure will leave an aching void that nothing can fill, so you soon follow them to town and the farm goes to rack. The rough roads debar your neighbors from coming to see you.

Build a good road. Make it easy and pleasant to get to town and back. Make riding comfortable, large loads possible, automobiles profitable and you will begin to take a new pride in your farm and community. Your neighbors will be glad to drop out your way of; evenings and spend a pleasant hour.

The desire to own an automobile has converted many a farmer to good roads and it is a laudable desire.

Yes, work for good roads, vote for good roads, build good roads and then buy an automobile.

CHANGE IN THE TIDE

Again, quoting Professor Batley: "Americans will never be a rural people. As the years go on we shall

AT JORDAN'S

Just now we are showing an attractive line of Watches, Lavalliers, Bracelets, Rings, Brooches, Vanity Cases, Chains, Etc., which we want you to see.

Also bring us your repair work

J. W. JORDAN, Jeweler DUNN, N. C.

THOSE WHO PASS AND YET PAUSE

Out of the big, wide world they come and pause for a word and go. Out into the world again and gone; gone as the leaves that blow down airy lanes, and their names fade out, but if they have only brought a smile, Then a memory of them outlasts their names and stays for the longest while; And you are glad that they climbed the stairs to get to your little den. And here's a sweetness you know not of when they have gone on again; They bring you stories of distant lands and stories of foreign ways And some are old and they tell you tales of the fargone days.

And one comes to you to tell you things of a boy that he had—who died, And another comes with a failure tale—he failed, though he tried and tried, But he believes he will win out and smiles as he leaves your den, With a courage fiercer than tempered steel, a courage to try again! And so they come and pause for a word, and turn to the door and go; And some of them bring you tales of joy, but most of them tales of woe; For when we are winning and life is glad, what need for a word or two? But how men group for a kindly word when all the world is blue!

And that's what makes it a good old world, his fellows who come and pass; Some look on life as a drunkard looks deep into his empty glass; And some are glad and it takes all kinds to make up the world of men. And it is good that they turn aside friends.

HARRY THAW STILL FACES LONG DELAY

Concord, N. H., May 8.—A bill of exceptions, filed by counsel for New York State in the matter of Federal Judge Edgar Aldrich's decision granted the petition of Harry K. Thaw for a writ of habeas corpus was received and allowed today by Judge Aldrich. Counsel filed a bond covering the costs of the transfer of the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, which will determine Thaw's legal status.

So far as it is known here, Thaw will remain in Concord, in custody of Sheriff Holman Drew, of Coos county, pending the Supreme Court's decision.

The case was removed from the United States District Court when Judge Aldrich signed an order dismissing Thaw from custody under the previous proceedings. Under the appeal of the New York legal representatives Thaw was returned to the custody of Sheriff Drew.

15 NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN IN SUFFRAGE PARADE

Washington, May 9.—Miss Minta Jones, of Charlotte, was marshal for the North Carolina forces in the woman suffrage parade demonstrated today. She had 14 other enthusiasts under her command.

Mr. Robert Jordan is in Raleigh today.

SHIPS OF MY SOUL
(By John Clark Parrish, in National Magazine)

I come each night to a quiet shore My thoughts slip out to sea. Without a goal those ships of my soul Sail out of the reach of me.

They fade so quick to the sylvan dim And many are lost in the deep. But some come back their outward track And into my visions creep.

My soul is tortured by the wrecks Where gallant sailors die; But I love the song of the happy throng When the pleasure boats come by.

From yonder ship a brother speaks, I see my father smile, Across the sea they call to me, And the years turn back awhile.

With sudden ache of empty arms I stand on the shore and pray, That the ship may last till the night is past, And at dawn ride into the bay.

But the ships of my soul are fated ships Whatever their freight may be, There is never a dawn but finds them gone For they all go down at sea.

Rev. O. B. Garris, of Watha, is spending a few days in town with men.