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OUR TERMS:  
One year ..... 1.00  
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Three Months ..... .25

L. BUSBEE POPE, Publisher.

Wednesday, January 13, 1915.

We read much of those women who work in the fields over yonder in the devastated countries of war-scarred Europe, and the word pictures painted of their toil-worn bodies is pathetic. We doubt not that many hearts in this town have been moved to pity by the accounts sent to this country of their desolation. But, by looking about us we can see that Europe's women are not the only ones who toil. Coming into town any day from the out-lying farms are many women whose knotted hands, bent backs and faded eyes tell more eloquently than any pen can write a story whose pathos is equally as stirring as the tales which drift to us from the other side. Farming has brought independence to many men in this locality. Free from the drudgery of the kitchen and the wash tub, many have waxed strong, healthy and rich out on the farms—but what of their wives and daughters? What has the farm done for them?

Our Republican friends over at the county seat have taken what appears to us a retrogressive step in abolishing the office of county farm demonstrator. Of course it's true they went into office under promise to run the county upon an economical plan as possible and are probably taking the view that their action is for the best interest of tax payers generally. But we would remind them that a people's wealth and progress are not reckoned by the money piled in the public treasury. Public money spent for any purpose through which the public benefits is not wasted—merely invested, the profits accruing directly to the tax-payer. Most really progressive Carolina counties are profiting through the demonstration idea, and we are certain that the money paid by Harnett for that purpose has been well spent. We trust that those good-intentioned men who form the county board will reconsider this action and re-establish an office whose functions are so vitally important to the agricultural development of the county.

James Marangales was just a plain, unassuming son of Greece—a cook in a small town restaurant. But, through the heroic deed in which he lost his life that two of his compatriots might live, he stamped himself a nobleman on the first water. Seated safely upon his kitchen stool he heard the fire alarm, rushed to the door, saw smoke issuing from a building in which two of his friends were sleeping. His first thought was for their safety. With the spirit of Epameinondas he fought his way to their bedside, awoke them, chased them to safety, then fell unconsciously upon the floor—to die alone. Marangales was better known to our folks as "Jimmie" and there are few of the younger men of the town who did not entertain for him a very high regard. Always courteous, affable and kind, he impressed us as being an unusually likable fellow. He was perhaps 47 or 48 years old, a native of Greece, and had been in this country several years. Many hearts are moved to sorrow by his sad and heroic death, and, if away across there where the balmy breeze comes up from the Mediterranean there are any surviving relatives we trust they will find comfort in the fact that Jimmie met death like a man.

Our young friend, Fred Denning, has at last reached the climax of his short life of indolence. Last week in Lillington court he was sentenced to one year in state's prison for robbery of Dr. Peebles, and along with him went Paul Wheeler, his co-worker in the little enterprise through which Doc lost the fruits of many horse trades. Frankly we are sorry for Fred, and for Paul too, though of him we know very little. We have always had a liking for Fred. We remember him as a brown-eyed little cherub who played about the streets of the old Dunn—the Dunn so careless of its morals and so indifferent to the welfare of its wayward children; the Dunn which started so many promising boys on the path Fred has trodden. He was not a mean kid—just a devilish little rascal who gloried in devilment. Thoughtless, care-free, full of life, without the tender guiding care enjoyed by most boys, it was inevitable that he progressed downward. The fault may be in a great measure with him, but it is with those good people who never thought to lead him a hand that the biggest fault lies. And we are hoping that as the years roll by Dunn will awaken to its duty along this line and permit no more of its children to wander into those pathways which lead to where poor little Fred now is.

TWO CHILDREN, THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AND A DOCTOR

Up in the western part of the State a man advertises that he wants somebody to adopt his two little children to save them from tuberculosis infection. The mother has been down with the dread disease for several months; most of the father's time is required to wait upon her and the innocent, bright-eyed tots are exposed to the plague all the time.

In the state capital a body of men are gathered ostensibly to enact laws for the benefit of those who sent them there. For two months they will argue over big questions, pass hundreds of laws which, so far as the general welfare of humanity is concerned, may as well not be written, and finally adjourn to return to their constituents with the firm conviction that they have performed their duty.

Over at Montrose is the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis. At its head is a fellow named McBrayer, a doctor who specializes in tubercular diseases and who has done much to awaken his countrymen to danger which confronts them in this accursed Early and late he has gone to and fro in the land telling the people how to recognize, how to avoid and how to cure the disease. He is curing patients right along up there at Montrose—but he is sadly handicapped. It is probable that he will go before the present General Assembly to ask appropriations for his work and it is possible that it will allow him something, but certainly not enough—that is if we judge the present by the past.

The poor fellow who wants someone to save his children would have saved his anxiety had a previous General Assembly acceded to Dr. McBrayer's plea for sufficient money to equip his sanatorium. Had the doctor's advice been followed, it is probable that the stricken mother would now be strong and healthy, a joy to her husband and a tender, loving, careful guide to the children who now face the alternative of going to live with strangers or dying of consumption.

CANNING CLUBS

Many clubs embodying many ideas have been formed in the rural south during the last decade, but we doubt that any have a more far-reaching influence among the young women of the farms than that which encourages them to conserve the product of their fathers through the canning idea.

Last year in 14 states 30,000 young women were registered as members of canning clubs. Of that 30,000 nearly all reported, and when the profits were footed up it was shown that the average was \$21.98 per member. A Mississippi girl made a net profit of just a little less than \$100. To get closer home, there is a club in one Sampson community, whose membership is nine. Last year that club filled 5,975 No. 3 tins and 102 glass jars with vegetables, fruits and juices. The value of their product was \$625, its cost \$162—netting a profit of \$51.45 per member. There are many other clubs in sweet Sampson doing just as well as this, and the thing that puzzles us is: why Harnett's girls have not fallen in line.

Our young women are just as smart as their sisters in Sampson, Harnett's farm products are just as good and will command just as big a price—so why should we not join the procession and show the folks how to do the thing right.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OPENS

Last week we journeyed over to Raleigh to see the solons gather in a rusty old state house for the 1915 session of the North Carolina General Assembly. We expected to be impressed—and we were. Edging into the Senate chamber just before that august body was called to order by Lieutenant Governor Daughtridge, we snook over to a quiet corner and eased into our shell with the least ostentation possible. The occasion was auspicious, the general aspect of the thing was calculated to awe so unostentatious a person as we are, and we were afraid the gaze of one of those solemn-countenance personages would be drawn to us—but we were left alone.

Presently Mr. Daughtridge heaped for order, and a reverend gentleman stood up to invoke the Almighty's guidance. Then a pleasant-faced chap arose emitted a series of grunts while looking at a piece of paper. Following each grunt one of the serious looking gentlemen seated at a number of desks arranged in a semi-circle and facing the rostrum, would repeat the grunt. This was kept up until everybody had grunted.

This grunting seemed to be a favorite pastime with them; for, after its first performance, a little bald-headed chap got up and split the dictionary wide open in eulogy of another fellow whose name we couldn't catch, and they went through with that same thing again. It was repeated several times, until the original grunter seemed to tire, and yielded his piece of paper to a wide-mouth youngster who could perform much more loudly.

After a while, though, the grunting abated, and those fellows right around the rostrum looked mighty

pleased. A man got up and said he'd like to have somebody go across the hall and tell the representatives that his end of the house was ready for business. He was told that the House of Representatives was not yet formally in session. Another fellow then arose and said representatives should be sent to New Orleans during the Andy Jackson celebration to show that North Carolina knew how to do the right thing by a function commemorative of its son's greatest victory. But another fellow said if expenses were to be allowed, he didn't want anybody else to be sent, and if they were not to be allowed, he didn't want to go himself. That settled the matter. Determined though to send somebody somewhere, it was resolved that messengers should be sent to the Governor to tell him that the force was ready for work. This done, a little argument was had as to whether the body was to adjourn or recess. It was finally agreed that recess was the proper word, so they all went to dinner—we boarded the train and came home, convinced that Carolina legislators are great folks.

JARVIS COUNTY

The Evening Times takes a fling at the system which has permitted so many new counties in North Carolina, and, coming at a time when our folks are making an effort to be allowed to form what is to be known as Jarvis county from portions of Harnett, Johnston, Cumberland and Sampson, its utterance gets under our skin, so to speak. It says that there are too many pauper counties and that the formation of no other counties should be allowed unless it is shown that they will be self-supporting, and beneficial to tax payers generally.

Now, so far as our proposition is concerned, we can see no valid reason why we should not have a new county. At the present, those portions of Harnett which would come into the new county pay much more than half the taxes collected in the whole county, and in return they get a very small part of the appropriations for public improvement, along with practically no representation in

the county government. Our people have very little in common with those on the other side of Cape Fear river. We would in no way attempt to disparage the achievements of those people who reside on that side of the river. One old sentiment which they think the part is beautiful, but it stands in the way of progress, and so long as those who possess it are given free sway, our own development will be retarded. Dunn, and by Dunn we mean the whole affected territory, is as foreign to old Harnett as the United States is to Russia. In the last two decades the possibilities of these environs have attracted a people whose ideas are as different from those of the old settlers as black is from white, and it is foolish to suppose that the two can live in peace and harmony when both are to be governed according to the notions of either. Jarvis would be a county with a progressive citizenship whose sole thought is development—industrial, educational and otherwise. It would link together dissatisfied sections of four counties and give to a large number of people an opportunity to work out their destinies in an environment free from that friction which is so seriously affecting them all as matters now stand.

Mr. Walter Page, of Duplin, was in town yesterday and was telling one of our friends of a big farm enterprise he is directing just over the line in Cumberland. Mr. Bradley Johnson, of Emporia, Va., and a company of associates have recently purchased that very fine tract of land known as the Dr. Roberson place owned, at one time, by Dr. J. L. Hudson, of Dunn. The tract embraces several hundred acres, but a comparatively small area was fitted for cultivation at the time of its purchase by the present holders. Since the purchase, however, a force comprising over a hundred negroes has been engaged in clearing, ditching and in other improvements. Mr. Page says that fully 400 acres will be placed under cultivation this year and that a diversity of crops will be planted, with a good deal of attention being paid to tobacco.

Report of the Condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

at Dunn, N. C., at the Close of Business, Dec. 31, 1914

Loans and discounts	.....	\$194,634.04
Overdrafts, secured 00	.....	170.13
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	.....	\$400.00
Commercial paper deposited to secure circulation (book value)	.....	\$29,520.48
Other securities deposited to secure circulation (book value)	.....	\$1,000.00
Other bonds to secure postal savings	.....	\$70,520.45
Bonds, securities, etc., on hand (other than stocks), including premiums on same	.....	\$1,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc., pledged as collateral for State or other deposits, (U. S. Postal savings excluded)	.....	\$2,647.22
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve bank	.....	\$3,600.00
Less amount unpaid	.....	\$3,000.00
		\$ 900
All other stock including premium on same	.....	\$400.00
Banking house, \$8,218.63; Furniture and fixtures, \$4,901.32	.....	\$13,119.95
Other real estate owned	.....	\$17,510.00
Due from Federal Reserve bank	.....	\$3,122.40
Due from approved reserve agents in central reserve cities	.....	\$1,717.25
Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	.....	\$6,649.30
Due from banks and bankers other than above	.....	\$8,266.55
Fractional Currency	.....	\$17,325.93
Checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	.....	\$192.74
Notes of other national banks	.....	\$369.60
Legal money reserve in bank: Specie	.....	\$2,855.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation)	.....	\$4,466.95
		\$300.70
Total	.....	\$339,300.94
LIABILITIES		
Capital stock paid in	.....	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	.....	\$10,000.00
Undivided profits less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	.....	\$11,107.52
Circulating notes, less amount on hand in treasury for redemption or in transit	.....	\$68,900.00
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	.....	\$405.27
Dividends unpaid	.....	\$1,500.00
Demand deposits:		
Individual deposits subject to check	.....	71,136.38
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	.....	26,198.40
Certified checks	.....	43.70
Cashier's checks outstanding	.....	1,550.38
Postal savings deposits	.....	412.63
Deposits subject to 30 or more days notice	.....	\$99,241.49
Securities (other than U. S. or other bonds) borrowed without furnishing collateral security for same	.....	\$98,189.04
Rediscouunts with Federal Reserve Bank	.....	\$4,500.00
Notes and bills rediscounted	.....	\$ 3,691.33
		\$33,460.14
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	.....	\$89,151.52
Liabilities other than above stated	.....	\$36,000.00
		\$165.50
Total	.....	\$339,300.94
State of North Carolina, County of Harnett, ss:		
I, C. S. Hicks, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.		
C. S. HICKS, Cashier.		
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of January 1915.		
V. L. STEPHENS, Notary Public		
My Commission expires August 22, 1916.		
CORRECT—Attest:		
P. S. COOPER N. A. TOWNSEND JOHN A. MCKAY Directors.		

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