

**THE DUNN DISPATCH.**

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**L. BUSBEE POPE, Publisher**

**DEMOCRACY OF THE RED CROSS**

Time was, though it was never true, when folks might say that the Red Cross represented only a certain class of the American public. That is, that it was representative of the bankers and moneyed interests and the so-called society type of our cities and towns. But what can be the attitude today, when twenty million of our American people have voluntarily enrolled under the banner of the American Red Cross?  
This great multitude of people represents more than 20 per cent of our population. It represents the lawyer, the doctor and all the other professions. It represents those in the business walks of life. Big business? Yes, and little business, too. It represents the mill work, the clerk behind the counter, the fashionably dressed purchaser in seal-skin furs. A day now, with this great army of patriotic American citizens back of this greatest of all single movements in the world today, with a program rich in the variety of opportunity for service which it offers, the American Red Cross—your Red Cross, our Red Cross—will make advances absolutely inconceivable in a short time ago.  
Let us bear in mind, there represents a tremendous responsibility. It is a responsibility of measuring up to the opportunity of playing a real part in this World's War. While the Red Cross, through its vast number of volunteer workers in France and the countries of our Allies, is truly fighting the American fight, until our boys take their places in the trenches; while it is actually representing the Spirit of America until that time when our boys in khaki shall more clearly demonstrate the American Spirit, the great army of Red Cross members and workers at home must keep ever faithfully at it, in order to clearly demonstrate our ever willingness to support this great work. Membership is all right in its place, but service is more important still. Do something! There is a part for each to play!  
"Shun not the struggle. Face it. 'Tis God's gift."—Red Cross Bulletin.  
**CAP'S ORCHESTRA**  
Mr. Cappel has made orchestral music his life study. Through his inventive genius, he has been able to secure artistic effects, by means of a small orchestra, which are usually confined to larger organizations. This company is composed of five real American musicians, each of whom plays three or four different instruments. By frequent changes in the presentation of a single number, the widest range of instrumentation is secured. They will appear in two concerts on the opening day of the Chautauque, and will be one of the most attractive features of the entire three days.  
The purpose of Cap's Orchestra is to play a program that will entertain, uplift, educate, bring pleasant thought to some minds, and sweet memories to others. They desire to deliver a message of patriotism, inspiration, and happiness, and to make people glad they came to town. The appearance of this fine group of many fellows ought to do a great deal toward stimulating the musical interests of our community. The music which Cap's Orchestra will bring to us will not be so classical that it will not be popular, but it will not be so popular that it will be considered cheap. The familiar folk songs of the South, and the favorite airs of the operas are so arranged on the same program that the effect is very pleasing, and everyone is made happier on account of having listened to the music of these young men under the direction of Mr. Cappel.  
"Victory" Bread Must Contain Not More Than 80 Per Cent Wheat Flour  
Any baker will be permitted to advertise his product as "victory" bread if it contains not more than 80 per cent wheat flour. No stipulation is made as to what ingredients shall compose the other 20 per cent, so long as they are selected from the list recommended by the Food Administration, which includes corn flour and corn meal, barley flour, oat meal, rice and rice flour, potato flour, etc.  
Until March 3 rye flour may be used in making victory bread. After that date it will be placed on the same basis as wheat, as rye flour is now being shipped to the allies. Bread made of Graham or whole-wheat flour may be termed victory bread.  
**WHY NOT CORN?**  
"Why not ship our corn to Europe and keep our wheat at home?" This question is still being asked in many quarters. The answer involves many interesting economic problems.  
(1) As to shipping, cornmeal is

not a stable product—it spoils easily in shipping. Corn itself before grinding will not solve the problem as there are few mills in Europe for grinding corn. Again cornmeal and corn are less compact, and therefore take more cargo space than wheat flour.  
(2) Cornbread is a home product, and can not be handled by bakers. To be liked it must be eaten when freshly baked. Therefore America, where 60 per cent of the baking is done at home, can increase consumption of cornbread; while Europe, where practically all bread is baked by bakers, can not adopt the American cornbread unless housewives reconstruct their homes, for the ovens for baking do not exist in the average European home.  
(3) Our Allies are already using a mixture of wheat flour with potato, rice, rye flour and some corn, but this mixture can not go beyond 25 per cent (to 50 per cent at the outside) and produce a good bakery product. Corn flour as a further adulterant, is therefore, neither necessary nor advisable.  
(4) Still another reason for shipping wheat instead of corn is to supply the need a famine-stricken France. Military necessity does not permit experiments. Moreover, it is neither fair nor reasonable to call upon people under the pressure of war times, to make radical changes in their eating habits.  
These reasons must be kept clearly before us, for an understanding of facts means a complete co-operation on the part of America.—Southern Cultivator.  
**Potash at High Prices Unadvisable.**  
Recently we know of a 10-2-2 fertilizer, that is one containing 10 per cent phosphoric acid, 2 per cent ammonia, and 2 per cent potash, being quoted at \$44 a ton in car lots. At the same time a 10-2 potash left out entirely, was quoted at \$34 a ton in car lots.  
This \$10 difference per ton is too much to pay for the potash, except in special cases and for special crops. It means paying \$10 for the 40 pounds of potash in a ton of the 10-2-2 goods, or 25 per cent a pound. At such a price, with few exceptions, its use is inadvisable. Now let us note the exceptions.  
Roughly, by drawing a line from south central Alabama northeastward to about Norfolk, Va., we will have to the east and south of this line the area needing potash most. The soils of this region are mostly light sands or sand loams, and experiment station tests have very generally indicated the need of potash.  
But even within this area, it is by no means certain that potash is needed for all soils and all crops. We doubt if potash at 25 cents a pound will pay on corn or any of the small grains in this area and there may also be soils with a strong clay subsoil on which potash will not pay on any crops. Cotton and tobacco seem to be the crops most needing potash. In the area above defined, where cotton sometimes rusts badly, twelve or fifteen pounds per acre will probably pay well, even at 25 cents a pound. If there seems to be no tendency to rust, we would hardly advise its use.  
Everywhere north and west of the line indicated above, that is the Piedmont country, north Alabama, Tennessee and all States to the westward, potash is little needed for any of the general field crops. Certainly its use at present prices is not advisable.—Progressive Farmer.

**THE SERVICE FLAG**

William Herrell  
Dear little flag in the window there, Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star, Oh, what a wonderful flag you are.  
Blue is your star in its field of white Dipped in the red that was born of fight;  
Born of the blood that our forebears shed To raise your mother, the Flag, o'er her head,  
And now you've come, in this frenzied day, To speak from a window—to speak and say:  
"I am the voice of a soldier son Gone to be gone till the victory's won.  
"I am the flag of the Service, sir. The flag of his mother—I speak for her  
Who stands by my window and waits and fears, But hides from the others her unwept tears.  
"I am the flag of the wives who wait For the safe return of a martial mate, A mate gone forth where the war god thrives  
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.  
"I am the flag of the sweethearts true; The often unthought-of—the sisters, too;  
I am the flag of a mother's son And won't come down till the victory's won!"  
Dear little flag in the window there, Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star, Oh, what a wonderful flag you are. The Indianapolis News.

Through volunteers alone many colleges have already given to the Army and Navy 50 per cent of their students.

**A SERMON IN VERSE**

Text—"He frustrateth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise."—Job 5:12.  
God frustrates the devices of the crafty and shows himself strong in the behalf of his people.  
He frustrated the design of Babel, by confounding their language there. His brethren designed him evil, but Joseph preserved their lives.  
He frustrated the designs of Pharaoh against his people, Israel. He overruled the will of Saul, and enthroned the son of Jesse.  
He defeated the council of Ahithophel to overthrow wicked Absalom.  
He destroyed the house of Jeroboam, because of the calves he worshipped.  
He protected Elijah from Ahab, and destroyed the captains of Ashah.  
He heard the prayer of Henekiah, and destroyed the army of Sennacherib.  
He heard the cries of Aas, and slew the army of Zerah.  
He baffled the plots of Sanballat, and blessed his servant Nehemiah.  
He overturned the device of Haman, and spared his people, Israel.  
He delivered the prophet Daniel, but destroyed his wicked accusers.  
And what shall I more say? For the time would fall me to tell of Stephen, of Peter, of Paul, of John, and their persecutions; how God delivered them, protected them, blessed them; and of their triumphant deaths, by which they glorified God.  
Turn to modern history, and see his wonders there.  
He overruled the wrath of Mary, and forwarded the cause of truth. He overruled the wrath of Phillip, and destroyed his great armada. Napoleon devised his way, but God directed his steps.  
The empress Eugenia warred, but the cause of liberty won. His face is against the Germans, who began this hell-born war. Praise Him for His greatness, and bless him for his goodness.  
E. J. McKay.

**SOLDIERS AND GIANT GUNS WIN VICTORY BY TELEPHONE**

By David Wark Griffith.  
(Director of Artcraft Pictures, who has recently returned from the European battlefields.)  
Speaking generally, in a modern battle, the nearer you go the less you see.  
The men who saw Gettysburg and Waterloo were thrilled with the spectacle of troops of cavalry thundering across the line of fire at a full gallop; of charging infantry mowed down by shell fire on the open plain, and generals on foam covered horses waving their swords and rallying their troops. Battle flags were captured and recaptured.  
There is no such thrill in a modern battle as the advance of the Old Guard at Waterloo or anything like Fielet's charge at Gettysburg.  
From the front line trenches in a modern battle you look out across an open field of desolation. There is no enemy in sight—nothing but ragged tangles of barbed wire, shell holes, tumbled and torn ground with an occasional pitiful heap of storm stained clothing which shows where some poor fellow lies unburied in No Man's Land.  
**Nobody is Sight**  
A modern battle is fought with a fearful anonymity.  
The infantry seldom see whom they are shooting at.  
The artillerymen never see their targets. They sight their guns by mathematics at the behest of the air men, who give signals as they go weaving figure eights through the air.  
The general on the foaming charger is replaced by the crisp dry sputter of the wireless or by a desk telephone.  
Most of the generals do not ride horseback at all. When they are fighting a battle, they sit in an office with an oil cloth map upon which two draftsmen are at work with water color paints laying in the changing positions of the troops.  
**Awesome Mystery**  
There is a new and terrible mystery to it. Shells come from nowhere and snuff out your life.  
Without the slightest warning comes the queer and awful howl of a shell coming from you know not where. All you know about it is this frightful howling, unremembered voice snarling from the empty air above you; then a crash. Some unseen battery has spoken.  
One can sympathize with the attitude of some of the ignorant Cossack troops who, on one occasion, refused to fight.  
"We are willing to fight any number of men, however terrible, who may be thrown against us," they said, "but we are not willing to fight things that come out of the sky and kill us."  
**Death Moves Unseen**  
There is no experience I can think of so absolutely nerve shattering as

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to be shot at with guns you cannot see and whose location you cannot find out. It has the terrifying effect of a thunder storm. It is demoralizing in the sense that mystery is always demoralizing.  
I met many officers and men in the British army who had been severely wounded and sent back home to drag out the rest of their lives as semi-invalids who had never seen a German soldier. I met battery captains whose mighty guns had won great victories and who were, in fact, the mainstay of the army, but they had never seen what they were shooting at and had never seen their own victorious shell strike. All they knew about it was a voice that came to them over the telephone repeating certain mathematical formulae by which they adjusted the range of their guns. They began shooting when they were ordered and they stopped when they were told to.  
**Factory of Death.**  
The whole west front is like a terrible factory of death.  
As I have said, the actual front line trenches are less interesting, although more dangerous than the portion of the line four or five miles back.  
As you go back from the front line trenches, especially during a battle, the scene becomes more active.  
You are then with the guns. The work of these guns is a terrific spectacle. I was permitted to use one of the batteries as a setting for the picture I am now finishing.  
There have been pictures whose promoters boasted that the settings had cost a million dollars. The settings for this picture would be cheap at a billion.  
In the artillery attack that I spoke of we saw 36 guns standing wheel to wheel roaring out shrapnel and explosive shells.  
**Greatest of Wars**  
No war ever fought has seen anything to approach the intensity of artillery fire seen on the west front in Flanders.  
All the artillery fire is controlled from the reports of the airmen. The aeroplane scouts have a signal that corresponds to the S. O. S. signal at sea. It means that every gun in that particular sector is to concentrate its fire upon a given point. As showing the intensity of the fire and the stupendous concentration of heavy fire, I was told of the following instance:  
A small deserted Belgian farm house was selected by the general staff. Without previous warning one of the air men was directed to signal for an attack by artillery upon this little building. The S. O. S. signal was given and within a few seconds the fire of 1,200 guns was pouring down upon this little farm house. Of course it was reduced to the consistency of a glass powder.  
**Back by the Guns**  
Back by the guns you get into the real sphere of interesting action. Ambulances are tearing along the highways filled with wounded men often screaming in their agony. Prisoners are being marched by to the rear. Ammunition wagons and ammunition mules are hurrying to the front.  
Motorcycle messengers are whirling like wind. Wagon trains sometimes camouflaged with rows of saplings fastened to their sides are plodding their way along, looking like a moving forest of young trees.  
Back there it looks like a real battle. This effect is heightened by the fact that the German batteries usually devote their attention by day to an attempt to locate and destroy the concealed batteries. The infantry goes over the top at night time. During the day the infantryman are making a vain attempt to sleep in trenches swimming in mud and suffocating with terrible smells.  
**Rest of Troops**  
But of course these conditions do not continue. After a short tour in the trenches the troops are sent back to the reserve stations. Conditions are not harsh back there. In fact, the boys in this zone seem to be having a very good time.  
I met a young professional man who had left an office in London to become a surgeon with the army. He told me he hadn't had so much time in years for outdoor recreation. Like the troops he had occasional periods of intensive work; then came periods of sport and living in conditions by no means unpleasant, with plenty of good food, good clothing and pleasant companionship.  
The families of our boys now on the way to France can console themselves with the thought that War is neither so dangerous nor so filled with hardships as is imagined. On the whole it is a pretty good experience for a boy if he comes back, and the statistics go to prove that he has an exceedingly good chance of coming back.  
No individual licenses are now required by the War Trade Board for the exportation of horses to Canada and Newfoundland. Shippers will be given notice through the press if there should be a change in this ruling in

**Bank of Cape Fear**

at Close of Business February 5, 1918

Condensed Statement  
**RESOURCES:**  
Loans and discounts.....\$225,678.40  
Liberty bonds..... 23,500.00  
Furniture and fixtures..... 3,350.00  
Real estate..... 1,250.00  
Cash and due from banks..... 33,495.04  
Total.....\$287,273.44  
**LIABILITIES:**  
Capital stock.....\$ 25,000.00  
Surplus and profits..... 6,047.50  
DEPOSITS..... 256,225.94  
Total.....\$287,273.44

Upon the strength of the above statement and the backing of our Directors, we solicit your business. No account too small to receive our most courteous attention.

**Bank of Cape Fear DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA.**

**WITHOUT INSURANCE**

Every Fire, every death, every accident would be a calamity without recompense. Business would be disorganized and the individual wholly in the grip of fate.

**BUT WITH INSURANCE**

Business is stabilized and the income of the individual protected against chance.

LET ME SERVE YOU  
J. L. WADE, Manager,  
**Dunn Insurance & Realty Co.**

**To The Public!**

We appreciate very much the patronage our friends have given us since we opened up our store at 119 E. Broad street, and assure them that in the future we will have on hand the very best groceries money can buy. Give us your business and we will endeavor to please you.

**MORGAN BROS. HAYNES CAR FOR SALE.**

Haynes 5-Passenger Touring car, been run 3,000 miles demonstrating, and in first-class condition. Cord tires, Hartford shock absorbers and other extras.  
Will sell for \$1,250.00. The present price of a new one is \$1,844.00.  
**SEE US AT ONCE**  
**Parrish Auto Company.**  
Dunn, North Carolina.

**THE BLUE AND THE GRAY**  
George Morrow Maye, Gunmate U. S. Navy.  
Here's to the blue of the wind swept North,  
When we meet on the fields of France!  
May the spirit of Grant be with you all  
As the Sons of the North advance.  
And, here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,  
When we meet on the fields of France!  
May the spirit of Lee be with you all  
As the Sons of the South advance.  
And, here's to the Blue and Gray as one,  
When we meet on the fields of France!  
May the spirit of God be with us all,  
As the Sons of the Flag advance.  
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt 11:28.  
Oh, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;  
I shall be free when thou art through;  
Take all there is—take hand and heart;  
There must be somewhere work to do.  
Helen Hunt.  
It is never too late to be happy,  
It is never too late to smile;  
It is never too late to extend a hand  
And a cheerful word once in a while