

THE DUNN DISPATCH
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L. BUSBEE POPE, Publisher

Three months.....\$3
Six months.....\$5
One year.....\$10

Traffic Too Heavy At Cotton Yard.

Traffic through Broad Street between Fayetteville to Railroad Avenue has become so heavy since the cotton season opened that Clarence J. Smith suggests that all town people who have occasion to travel to and from the western portion of town use other streets. This appears to be a good suggestion.

Frequently farmers with heavily laden cotton wagons are caught in such a jam that their horse become frightened and cause trouble. Authorities will find that a detour through King Avenue to Divine Street, thence to Wilson Avenue is just as convenient as the trip through Broad, and that it will prove more pleasant for the farmers.

Give Clerks and Salesladies a Chance.

Clerks and salesladies of Dunn want a chance to attend the greatest fair on earth. They admit it. A communication addressed by them to The Dispatch is at hand. Their case is set forth fully and a request is made to have all stores and offices closed during certain hours of some day during the fair.

The Dispatch is with the salespeople. It is seldom that they are given an opportunity to celebrate with others, when others are making merry they usually are making money for their employers. During the Dunn Fair everybody else is going to be at the Fair Grounds during the afternoon. There will be few people indeed along the main thoroughfares while so big a thing as the Fair is in progress.

By all means, lets give the workers a chance to see the Fair.

The Barnes Hospital.

Right on the heels of his return from a long stay in the hospital Jeff Barnes offers to start a movement to establish a hospital here for the benefit of men and women who are not able to stand the present expense of such good treatment as he received in Michigan.

Mr. Barnes says he will give \$50,000 toward building and equipping such an institution. Ernest F. Young says he will help. Many others are of like mind. All that is needed is to the movement properly organized. In a short while the hospital could be built and placed in operation.

Land Values Climbing.

Recent land sales around Dunn show that the era of low-priced soil has passed. Real estate values have passed beyond the wildest dreams of the first boomers who followed the lumber camps of 1890. Farms in this locality are now worth \$200 an acre and upward. They are willing for that, at least.

Some say farmers can not till such land at a profit. Those who have bought it, however, say differently. One farmer who resides in town says he has made some \$200 a year more than pay for themselves in the last two years. His case may be exceptional by reason of the fact that he is an intensive farmer. His land is seldom idle.

He proves, however, that prices are not unduly inflated—that real estate hereabouts is worth all that is being paid for it to the man who will work it for all that it will return. He proves, too, that some golden opportunities have been lost in the past. Lands that will yield so large a profit could have been making dollars in former years when they made only pounds.

With farm land selling as it now does the farmer is foolish to be satisfied with the returns he has been accustomed to getting. Such land should be under cultivation all the time.

Jeff Barnes Back on the Job.

"Jeff" Barnes, beloved of Dunn, is back on the job. After months in a Battle Creek hospital, where he was "rumbled" into the vigorous man we know him to be in the earlier days of Dunn, he breezed into town last week just a few minutes before the Dispatch went to press. Then we had no time to express our happiness over seeing him looking so well and hearty.

The community—the Dispatch—everybody who knows this genial man who has played so large a part in making Dunn and its environs what they are, is glad to welcome him back home. He has had a hard fight against a serious ailment. With his usual determination to win, he has won.

It is good to see Mr. Barnes on the streets again. Providence is good. May he be spared to us until he reaches the age of Uncle John Shell, the Kentuckian who has defied the ravages of age for more than 120 years.

RECOLLECTIONS and OBSERVATIONS

Although the Borden and Wells have been making brick in Goldsboro as long as one can remember there is a dearth of the commodity in that good town at present. There are no bricks a-tall there, not even a few "bair." This is attested by one Rufus Jernigan, gentleman of color and undoubted truthfulness, one time resident of Dunn who is now domiciled in the city which suffers a famine of Irish confetti.

Rufe imparted the information to Chief of Police Page while here a few days ago. Rufe was the invited and welcome, but unwilling, guest of the Chief. He was being entertained at City Hall pending examination of an almost-leather traveling bag which dangled in Rufe's dainty, ham-like hand when the chief welcomed him to town.

Rufe had carelessly relinquished hold upon the bag when the copper greeted him. Another cop gave it a "heft" and found it heavy—extremely heavy. That was why Rufe was invited to City Hall.

The inquisitive police opened the bag. Its contents was about fifty pounds of brick bair. It was upon this discovery that Rufe imparted the sad tale of Goldsboro's plight. "You know chief," he said, "my wife is a terrible sufferer from neuralgia. The way that 'oman does get mis'able with pains in her face is jes awful. Down to Goldsboro th'aint no bricks a-tall which she can heat and put s'iden her face when it huts. You know, sah, th'aint nuthin' that'll cure neuralgia ceptin hot bricks. So I jes had to come down here and get them're what you sees in the bag. Yasuh, thass sho the truth. Yasuh, thank you, sah; nawwah, I aint got no likkort; yasuh, good bye."

You Never Know. Beauties of heart and mind are often found in surprising places. We pass a man on the street. To all outward appearances and from conscious actions a fine individual we might think that here was a villain, a bum, a sot—one without a single saving virtue. Yet the heart or mind of that man might contain gems to adorn a royal diadem throughout eternity. You never can tell.

A casual observer would never look for beauties of mind in Bob Johnson, nor would he expect to find anything lovely in the heart of Mack Baldwin. For those of you unfamiliar with the Dunn of yesterday when "Squire Lee or the late Taylor Young was mayor and Henry Anderson was chief of the police force, which numbered himself and Vick, we will explain that Bob Johnson was a sign painter who owned a mule, a two-wheeled cart and an unquenchable thirst. Whether or not Bob is now in the land of the living, we know not. If he has passed out we are confident that, despite his apparent depravity, a kindly ruler of human destiny has justly rewarded the old fellow for the good that was in him. He has at least us for a mourner.

Mack Baldwin, negro restaurateur, was probably known to most present day Dunn folk for four years ago he was still doing business.

Building now stands. Something over a decade ago Bob built a little paint shop fronting on Fayetteville Avenue, although the front door was never known to be open. Bob always catered by the alley, which led from Mack's back door to his own. He slept in the back room, where he also did most of his drinking. We have spent many hours there with him. In his mellow moments he would quote Shakespeare, Tennyson and others by the yard.

He was a graduate of the North Carolina University and as a young man had given much promise of success. Then he had married, to lose his young wife a few months later. This was a heavy blow to Bob, although he never directly alluded to the sad occurrence. Frequently, however, he would quote:

"I never loved tree nor flower,
But 'twas first to pass away."
Then his eyes would fill with tears as if his mind had traveled back through the corridors of time to witness scenes of happier days saddened by some great blight. After a few minutes he would begin to upbraid himself for his failures, finally finding surcease in the bottle which would soon have him quoting poetry of a more optimistic turn.

Once, after an absence of several weeks we went around to see Bob. He was on his couch, just a shadow of his former robust self. For weeks he had been suffering from typhoid fever, but he was recovering. We asked him how he had been faring and how he had managed to pull through after all his years of drinking.

"You want to know how I pulled through," he asked. "Well, you see that big black devil over yonder in his back door. He and his wife and little niggers nursed me and fed me. That's how I came through."

No you never can tell what is in a man's heart. The "big black devil" at that minute was grinding up scraps of salt western bacon with odds and ends of beef to sell to his customers as fresh pork sausage. He was Mack Baldwin.

Engagement Announced. Linden, Sept. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. D. Elliott, of Linden, announces the engagement of their daughter, Emily, to Dr. Henry L. Sloan, of Roanoke, Va. The wedding will take place early in December. Miss Elliott is a sister of Mrs. Henry M. London, of Raleigh.

FALCON

Rev. T. H. Rousseau and family left Goldsboro on No. 80, Thursday, to begin their travel toward China, where they expect to spend the remainder of their days as missionaries under the auspices of The Pentecostal Holiness Church.

Miss Lucile Strickland and Magdalena Robinson, and J. D. Messick, have entered Fayetteville Conservatory of Music as outside students, the former two for Piano and the latter for voice culture.

Rev. H. H. Goff was taken suddenly ill one night this week, and for a time was in danger, but is out again now.

J. T. Matthews has purchased the home formerly used by Mrs. M. M. Boyd, of Meigs, and uses it for the purpose of boarding his children here while in school.

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Rev. and Mrs. G. Sigwalt, who have been in the Boys' Orphanage for some time as managers, leave that work now for evangelistic work. It is reported that they will be succeeded by Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Smith, of late, but is better at this writing who were here formerly. C. H. Randall was here to visit his family this week. His youngest boy, the property of Mrs. Jennie E. Goss, being sick with fever. Spaulding, and will make this his home. Plenty of cotton to pick in the territory. Prices given for picking arethink of the past and moonlight of from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred, the future!

Notice to FARMERS

If you want money in amounts from \$1000 to \$30,000, on terms running from 5 to 20 years, for purposes stated below:

- (a) To aid in providing loans for the purchase of land for agricultural purposes.
 - (b) To provide for the purchase of equipment, fertilizer, live stock, etc.
 - (c) To enable land owners to invest in buildings, drainage, and for other improvements of farm lands.
 - (d) To liquidate and consolidate the indebtedness of farm owners, etc., into long term loans payable in easy installments.
- or for any other legitimate purpose, come to see us for further information.

State Bank & Trust Co.

TOWN TAXES DUE

Your town taxes for 1919 are now due and the books are in my hands for collection.

All tax payers are hereby notified to see me and settle at once.

All poll and personal property tax payers are notified to pay before Dec. 6, or I will be obliged to collect by distress.

One per cent discount if paid during October. No discount during Nov. and Dec. One per cent monthly will be added to all taxes after Dec. 31, 1919.

Pay Now and Save Discount

U. S. PAGE, Tax Collector
Town of Dunn, N. C.

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