

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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L. RUBBER POPE, Publisher

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THANKS.

The editor who devotes his time to the giving of the best newspaper possible to the public feels deeply grateful to the public for the appreciation shown.

NO DEBATE

Through the efforts of Robert M. Page and Governor T. W. Bickett, Harrison and Gardner have been induced to cancel the joint debate which was to have been held in Raleigh next Monday night.

Those of North Carolina who hold firm above the best interest of the Democratic party will regret that the honorable Max and Cam have been induced to call off that big debate which most of them were hoping would be held in Raleigh next Monday.

Frankly, we will admit that we were looking forward to this event with a keen sense of pleasure. We wanted to hear what Max had to say of Cam's political record and what Cam would say of Max's personal record.

But such is not to be. Party harmony has intervened. We do not know why Mister Bob and Governor Thomas Walter Bickett were so anxious to prevent the meeting. Somehow, however, we have a smacking notion that they feared there was so much that was bad to be brought out by such a meeting that John J. Parker's path would have been made easier.

We regret the decision. But we must admit that Democracy has suffered nothing. The good old party could suffer nothing more serious since its followers defeated Bob Page.

IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN

Lee, the old spotted dog who was a constant companion of our good old friend, W. Samp Jackson, is dead. Lee was one of our best friends. His soul went marching on more than three weeks ago while we were out on our political work.

Harriet McKay, that philosophical frank who drops out the tops propped by those fellows who know all about roots, herbs and ginseng down at the corner of Wilson and Broad, is not a good advertiser in the strictest sense of the word.

Of some poor mortal who had bowed his will unto the scepter of death's mighty arm. And as I passed I asked a native near how came that hapless mortal there to die.

Our Congressman is finding things to his liking in the lower part of the District. Yesterday in a letter from Wilmington he tells us that "conditions are good and victory will be easy."

Mr. Godwin might, too, have been reading the latest issue of the Saturday Record, a labor paper published at Wilmington and circulated among hundreds of union men in that part of the state.

That double-cross that Homer Lyon gave Judge Ricard spells his defeat if we can watch a straw point.

"When Judge Ricard and his friends get through 'the peering,' Homer Lyon will look like a plucked jay-bird. Rub it in, boys; the judge was given a rotten deal."

"Judge Ricard handled Homer Lyon some straight goods last week, and that abusive politician immediately put on the gas and headed for the marshes of Columbus."

"Follow the advice of our good friend Samuel G. fellow unionists, and defeat the enemies of Labor. Vote for the men who have indicated their friendship by agreeing to give us our pro-rata of representation if elected to Congress and the Governorship. These men are Hannibal L. Godwin and Cameron Morrison."

"James F. Mabon, chairman of the Executive Committee declares that he saw every answered questionnaire, up to April 27th, and that he has searched the files of his office and can find no trace of Homer L. Lyon having ever signed the questionnaire of the Farmers and Organized Labor, and that the telegram published in this paper on June 5th with his signature thereto was not sent by him."

The foregoing paragraphs, from the leading labor publication of the Cape Fear section, show that the Dunn man is far from a dead one, in so far as labor is concerned. His supporters in other than the industrial centers also are confident that he has gained much strength in their localities.

"Where's that infernal proofreader?" shouted an irate man with blood in each eye. "He certainly would be right hard to find now," said the editor unasily. "What's he done this time?"

Planning farm work well in advance is one way of saving labor.

Going Up Mrs. Getaway—Twenty seven dollars for that ticket! Why, I bought the same trip last year for \$20.00. Husband—But the price of postage has advanced since then. —Billings (Mont.) Gazette.

Passenger (after first night on board ship)—"I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?" Steward: "Where did you put them last night?"

"Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it." "Lor' bless me, air, that ain't no cupboard. That's the porthole." —New York Globe.

Danger! Beware! A woman who was too economical to subscribe for her home paper sent her little son to borrow the copy taken by her neighbor. In his haste the ran out a four dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty Summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, falling to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of fish from his anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants.

"Moral: Subscribe for this paper at once and protect yourself from such calamities.—Lakesville (Ind.) Standard.

Shocking An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple who were discussing the merits of their motor car.

"What color is your body?" asked the young man of the girl at his side, meaning of course, the body of her motor. "Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?" "Mine is brown with wide yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed: "When young people come to asking each other the color of their bodies at a dinner party it is time I left the room." —Exchange.

Everything Wrong The deals which Mme. Nature hands this sad and solemn race are certainly a pity, a horror and disgrace. She piles the ocean water twenty kilometers deep, which makes the famous liquid almost comically cheap. She stacks the plains and mountains twenty kilometers high and leaves the mighty country degenerate dry. —Steamboat Springs Colo. Pilot.

Long-Distance Call Mr. Tarzan Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was attounded to see in the paper an advertisement for a woman named "Hello, Smith?" he said. "Have you men the announcement of my death in the paper?" "Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?" —London Telegraph.

"That's the way he does biz." —Chicago Journal.

The High Cost of Language "Hey, Bill!" "What's in it?" "Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case & falsateness of the perimeter, and charge him accordingly." ordered the garage man. —

Once there was a woman who be-arc on the grass. lived that her husband's folks were quite as good as hers. Her name was Eve.—Winamac (Ind.) Democrat.

Another Sickness Tired Probational Reporter — Dooan't story convince you that I've got a good nose for news? City Editor—Not by a stick full. But it convinces me that you have a good neck for noose.—Buffalo Express.

Comedy in Make-Up Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stock spent Saturday and Sunday visiting the former's parents at Hays. Stock of all kinds look good. They came off the wheat pasture in fine shape and now Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspaper reported her marriage. Helen—Did it allude to her age? Doris—Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married the latter being a well-known collector of antiques.—Houston Post.

Reduction Sale

Still on at

JOHNSON BROTHERS

It Closes

Saturday, June 26, 1920

COMFORT

For the

KIDDIES

Baby suffers in the heat when his little furniture is of the old style

But you can add much to his comfort by buying the things we are disposing in our Broad Street windows. We have the pretty wicker swings, coops and other accessories to babies comfort.

THE BARNES & HOLLIDAY COMPANY Broad Street

Dunn, N. C.

A CEDAR CHEST

Will Protect Your Clothes, Blankets and Linens

Don't take chances this summer with your winter clothes, your blankets and comforts and of your nice linens. Before packing away for the summer months come down and select one of our chests and then pack your valuable garments and articles away in a genuine cedar chest.

All Sizes

The economy of a cedar chest is well recognized—once bought, it is your protector in winter and summer against moths, dust, etc. And you buy a chest as low as \$5—a good, roomy chest that is absolutely dust and moth proof.

BARNES & HOLLIDAY CO. DUNN NORTH CAROLINA