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A REPUBLICAN COMPLAINT

In this issue we carry a communication from M. B. Williams, owner of the Dunn Marble Works, big-taxpayer good citizen and a Republican. Mr. Williams complains that he and his fellow partymen are denied participation in the choice of town officials through the real evil of our primary law which permits no Republican to have a part in the choice of Democratic nominees who, in the nature of things here, are practically certain to be elected.

We are afraid that we cannot suggest a remedy that would be satisfactory to the Democrats. But there should be some such remedy. Our Republican friends certainly should have some rights; they certainly are entitled to some voice in the government of a town which they help to support.

The Dispatch would be glad to hear from its town subscribers on this subject.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

The women, bless their souls, are going to help for the first time in choosing the men who are to guide Dunn's destiny for another year. And they are taking the job rather seriously.

At least two possible candidates have been influenced not to run because the women were opposed to their reported stand on a question in which they were deeply interested. Some who are still candidates have, it is said, neglected to answer satisfactorily some questions propounded by the women. What effect this will have upon the primary remains to be seen.

We welcome the coming of women into town politics. They are bound to have a wholesome effect upon our future government. Women will demand cleanliness in department as well as in public action. No man who does not stand for the worthwhile things of life can succeed in local politics while the women are on the job.

Of course we expect the women will make many mistakes until they get a thorough grasp of politics and the various phases of civil government. But at least we can expect them to put heart into their work and to try their best to make us a better community.

Welcome to the women. Sham and pretense cannot succeed in the face of their opposition.

THE PRIMARY

Before another issue of The Dispatch goes to press the Democrats of Dunn will have chosen candidates for the various municipal offices. Next Monday afternoon that choice will be made.

There are nine candidates for the five offices. Nothing can be said against the conscientiousness of either. Every man, the public knows well, is a candidate because he believes he can do well for Dunn. Selfishness cannot enter into the race, for the reward is too little.

There are some differences of opinion, however, as to the fitness of each candidate. Some suit one faction of our citizenship; some suit another. Our folk are divided on several questions. They will vote according to their belief in the merit of these questions.

The Dispatch is convinced that Dunn's welfare will not be jeopardized by the election of any man who aspires to office in this election.

TOWN TOPICS
By G. R. F.

The Dispatch has in its possession a lengthy article, submitted for publication in this issue, which deals with the alleged direCTIONS of the Police Department. It contains no libelous charges that we have been able to find, and, to us, has no venom in it. The writer, who is a business man of means, has the backing of many other business men. He has no use to grind, we are sure—and we are extremely doubtful that he has ever had any business, directly or indirectly, with the town police.

The point that is brought to our mind, however, is that many of our good citizens are opposed to the methods of the police—and they are blaming the Mayor and the Board of Commissioners for these methods. It cannot be said that these men are opposed to the enforcement of the laws. They are our most law-abiding men—good Christian men and excellent citizens who pay a large part of the city's taxes. Personally, we have nothing against the police. In some cases we know they do not exercise the tact and cheerfulness that is needed. This, it is claimed, has been instrumental in making enemies of men who were once the best friends Dunn had.

Among the charges preferred against the police chief is that he has in some occasions constituted himself policeman, prosecuting witness,

prosecuting attorney and judge. This, if true, is the most serious offense he could have committed, in that it violates every principle of the bill of rights. It is also charged that he is too free to make arrests. That in itself is not a serious offense. Really, we might say, it is his duty to arrest when he sees the law violated. But it is further contended that he imprisons men without giving them opportunity to find bondsmen. That is a direct violation of the basic law of the land, and should not be allowed.

What we would really like to see is those who oppose the continuance of the police chief in office and those who want his service continued get together and strike some middle ground on which all can work in peace and harmony. The present condition is not conducive to healthful progress. Our people are good people. They have, by working in harmony, created a community which all of us love and of which we have every reason to be proud. Under present conditions, however, our folk are drifting apart, life-long friendships are being broken, unkind things are being said and we are not living in that peace and amity that was ours before we started to split on methods of law enforcement.

The Dispatch is not a disinterested spectator. The conductor of this column has his own personal convictions, but he has no place here. What we, as a newspaper, are working for is the good of Dunn and the peace, prosperity and happiness of its people. Until we get together on this police question there will be no peace, no happiness and not near so much prosperity as we will have with every man's mind settled and his heart and soul working for a bigger, better and busier Dunn. I thank you.

The spring poet is with us. The first offering comes from the pen of Wallace Armstrong, automobile washer at the City Garage. Wallace is a colored youngster who feels the spring-time's urge to express ones thoughts of the singing birds, the cavorting lambs, the blossoming flowers and all that sort of thing. Here is his "poem":

When the stars are shining bright
They light the meadow through the night;
When the day begins to break,
All arise for Heavens sake.

When little buds are growing sweet
Scattering blossoms at our feet;
When the little birds begin to sing
They tell us once again 'tis spring.

When the lambs are growing small
When withering leaves begin to fall,
When meadow birds begin to sing
We know that once again 'tis spring.

The Dispatch has in its keeping about 200 copies of that beautiful song made immortal by the inimitable Miss Leslie Rosebud entitled "The Bo Weever Blues." Because Miss Rosebud was unable to meet the expense of printing we are offering the copies for sale five cents a sheet—each sheet guaranteed to be good for what it says.

To the unsophisticated we will state Miss Rosebud was the darkest of those extremely brunetish leddies who graced the stage in Bill Stroud's "plant" show when he was here for the American Legion Fair some weeks ago. She was so pronouncedly brunet that the printers quit work when she came in the shop—thinking the sun had gone down and that supper was being served over at the boarding house.

Miss Rosebud featured the Bo Weever Blues on the several nights she and her brother and sister thespians gave their aesthetic entertainments for the delectations of those of us who patronize the arts. The song made a big—a decided hit. Whoever she appeared among the city's colored elite, she was impetuned by admiring swains to sing those blues again for their especial benefit. And she always complied.

The admirers of the young singer and those who remember the song will, we are sure, be grateful for this opportunity offered by The Dispatch. The price, however, is guaranteed for the present lot only. If we have to reprint the wonderfully entrancing ditty, the price will go higher.

Fayetteville, April 19.—Maj. E. R. MacKeithan today won in the Democratic primary mayor over M. B. Williams and William C. McLean by a majority of about 708. Mayor Williams tonight conceded Major MacKeithan's nomination, and in a talk from his office window urged the people to support their new mayor as he expected to do. Major MacKeithan led in every ward.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
The town of Dunn is beautifully laid out in squares made by streets running parallel to each other at regular intervals through the town from east to west, intersecting avenues, which are also parallel highways of travel traversing north and south. For the sake of convenience the streets and avenues are named and the houses are numbered. Can you give an intelligent answer to the above question? I deliver what I have to sell to the home of the buyer if I can find the house, very often a man will come to town and ask me to carry something to his house and when I ask him where he lives he begins to answer by asking if I know where Jim Smith or Jeff Barnes or some other prominent citizen lives. If I say yes, he proceeds to inform me that he lives somewhere in the same neighborhood. If you live in No. 801 South Wilson avenue, please acquaint yourself with the fact and say so when asked.
D. R. LEE.

PEACE

Henry W. Longfellow
Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!


Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, Peace!

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Greatest Great Neck Loafer
New York Sun.
At Great Neck there is an old man who has the rating as premier of all loafers. It is related of him that he is so lazy he refuses to eat until hunger drives him to it.
It was with some surprise, therefore, that a Great Neckian encountered the old loafer up early one morning. The friend could not sup-

KILN DRYING FOUND TO KILL WOOD BORERS IN LUMBER
Kiln drying is fatal to some if not all the wood-boring grubs, the Forest Service Laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture at Madison, Wis., has discovered. This fact is of considerable importance to users of ash, hickory, and many other woods which are attacked by insects. Manufacturers using ash lumber, for instance, are much annoyed by the injury worked by the red-headed ash borer. Air seasoning has no effect on the activities of these grubs, but, according to tests made by the laboratory on wood infested with them, any kiln-dried process which can be considered practical for seasoning ash of any thickness will put an end to the borers.

Preserves Food in Transit
During 1920 the specialists of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, carried on investigations in handling apples and pears in the course of harvesting, packing and transporting, and the determination of the stage of maturity at which they should be picked, also investigations to determine the factors responsible for the decay and deterioration in shipments of these fruits from the Pacific northwest. A study of the methods of precooling and refrigerating California oranges was undertaken in co-operation with the California Fruit Growers' Exchange.



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