

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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Still Much To Be

With all of the great powers agreed on the wisdom of Mr. Hughes' plan for curtailment of naval armament, there still remains the big problem of settling the various contentions of the several nations concerning affairs in the Pacific and the Far East.

"The trouble is," says the Greensboro Daily News, "it isn't exclusively a conference on the limitation of armaments." If it were only that, thinks the News, the whole matter would soon be settled along the lines set forth by Mr. Hughes. The News says:

"The Daily News thought and said when the conference was called that there was every prospect of success for a meeting that would discuss nothing but the question of limiting the burden of naval armaments from the backs of the taxpayers of the world. Owing to the brilliant work of Secretary Hughes that prediction has been justified more completely than we had hoped. Every one of the great powers has formally adhered to the American doctrine that armaments should be reduced, and there remains nothing but the working out of details—and the far eastern question.

"But there's the catch in it. We are all agreed as to armaments, but nobody seems to know just how to approach the thorny problems of the orient. The Chinese spokesman, Mr. Sze, has made an address. He seems to have done so with a certain reluctance, and solely because nobody else was willing to open the discussion. Mr. Hughes, assured, convincing, brilliant, on the question of naval disarmament, apparently had nothing to say on the far eastern question. Japan, standing pat, remains discreetly silent. Great Britain has no intention of burning her fingers by raising that particular hot poker. France and Italy, neither of whom like a navy formidable enough to command the eastern ocean, are in a position of spectators, confining their active participation to applause of what others say. Therefore since nobody else will make the first move, John Chinaman rises to submit a few tentative remarks.

"If nobody is interested in the question of the far east except China and Japan, why was it dragged into this conference? Why was not the purpose of the congressional resolution adhered to, and a conference called to adjust naval matters among the three great maritime powers?"

"Perhaps Mr. Hughes has an ace in the hole, but he has given no indication of the fact as yet. Still, it is inconceivable that a man who came to the conference so admirably prepared to deal with one question, should have given no attention whatsoever to the other, when he must have been aware that a failure on that end of the program was more than likely to compromise everything, perhaps disrupt the whole business."

Legion Feels Better

At no time since its organization more than a year ago has the Dunn Post of the American Legion felt so cordially toward the people of Dunn as it does right at this moment. This is a natural outcome of the zest with which the populace entered with the boys into the ceremonies incident to Armistice Day observance here: the boys were shown that, although folk have become tired of war and things incident to war, they have forgotten the service given the nation by those who answered the call to duty.

The post has been plodding along since its organization with little help or interference from those who were not permitted to enter the armed service of the nation. This, probably, led them to believe that they were forgotten. But now they know better. The heart of Dunn beats just as warmly for its boys who served as it did for them while they served. True, the hectic days when the sight of a uniform was sufficient to stir the community to unusual heights of enthusiasm are passed. Naturally they were bound to; for folk could not go on in the days of hero worship forever. There is work to do. Our folk must mind their business and they are doing it.

Occasionally — as on Armistice Day—they will mark time to pay homage to the living and respect to the dead of those who helped to save the world. Meantime, the boys must always remember that the rank and file of those who were civilians during the war are not forgotten and that they are just as grateful as folk can be. Dunn loves its legionnaires. It hopes they will live long and prosper and that coming generations will honor them as highly as we of this day do.

Counsel "Not Guilty" Knowing the attitude of the average male specimen of Har-tette toward woman suffrage a fellow asked Judge Clifford yesterday who of the lawyers asked the women of Dunn to swoop down upon the court while it was hearing the evidence in the Locknow Square suit. "I don't know," replied the judge; "But there is one thing certain—if any lawyer did the inviting, it was a railroad lawyer."

APPLE SAUCE

The "Silver Song"

Our friend D. B. Lee—the fellow who writes all these good stories from Spring Branch—sends us a letter telling about the sweet songs sung country folk by subscription agents, medicine vendors, stock peddlers and other pests who are the advance guard of the boll weevil and other pestilential visitors. We are reminded that country folk are not the sole sufferers. For instance: It is our custom to arise somewhat later than does the average citizen. The other morning we were awakened by a lousy knock upon the outer gate of our castle. A moment later a hearty voice was greeting our little daughter with a "Good morning, sister, is your mother in?" Mother was. Shortly, curl papers and all, she was at the door. The visitor was "taking" subscriptions. "Taking" is used advisedly. For three minutes, while we wrangled with a recalcitrant collar and tie we heard his sweet song of the glories of good reading and how through his work he was to be elected to a scholarship in a good college. Finally the missus managed to stop his song.

"We would like the magazine," she said, "but you must see my husband; he attends to such things." That did not phase him. "Certainly he would not object to your spending the small sum of a dollar," he wheedled. "No," she replied, "but he is here and will be out in a minute—you can ask him." That did stop him. When he entered the hall a moment later, he was well on his way to the next block. We haven't seen him yet.

This reminds us that all of the leading magazines are printing warnings against fraudulent representations of professed agents. It is possible that those who have been working in Dunn and its environs are all they profess themselves to be. But it will be well for the womenfolk to investigate before giving them money.

Maharajah Suspects Instructor

Ellis Goldstein, who fills in "Katcha Koo" the role of "Maharajah of Koch Behak" or some other outlandish title, is under a bit of a squall. So, for that reason, maybe, he is to be excused for investigating the claims of a strange young woman who came to his store to do a lot of shopping yesterday and presented her own check, drawn on the First National, for payment. "Do you live here?" queried the wily Goldy. "No," replied the young woman, "I am a stranger in Dunn." That in itself was suspicious thought Ellis. "Are you sure you have money in the bank?" he demanded. "Of course I am—call up and see," she said. Meantime all the clerks and customers had gathered around and the young woman was much embarrassed. A call on the phone was made to the bank. The caller pronounced the young woman's name in a way to make it sound like something else. The bank confirmed Ellis's fears. Such a person had no account there. Then the young woman was alarmed. She called the bank, displaying a little anger. The bank had been mistaken. Her check was good. She gathered her purchases, tendered the check and fled.

Last night Ellis was very much chagrined to find when he went to rehearse his part in the show that the young woman he had made so uncomfortable was Miss Dagna Carlson, directress of the thing. She accepted his explanations and apologies with much grace; then promised to make him the best actor in town.

Women Learning

Of course, no one could expect them to know that a courtroom with the smiling Judge Cramer presiding over ceremonies was any different from a political meeting presided over by Judge Clifford or a joint meeting of the Woman's Club and the Chamber of Commerce presided over by Ellis Goldstein. Politics and courts and such things are new to them—the women of Dunn, who are deeply interested in the outcome of the Locknow Square suit now (when this is written) pending in Superior Court at Lillington.

For these reasons, it was to be expected that the dear things were to applaud all that pleased them in court. Albert Surles was testifying. He had made a statement on direct examination in favor of the railroad's case. Charlie Ross was attempting to make him modify that statement. With his accustomed facility he squashed Charlie with the retort that had he meant to testify as Charlie wanted him to he would have done so in the first place. It was an effective retort. It pleased the women. They did not exactly rise in their seats, toss their powder puffs in the air and shout; but they came so near to it that the genial judge was forced to instruct the Sheriff to maintain order, and he told the audience that if

another such demonstration was made he would cause a mistrial to result. A little frightened and much hurt, one of the women apologized to his honor at dinner. He accepted the apology in all seriousness; then, with twinkling eyes, he saved the wounds with the promise that he would not send any of them to jail for the "crime" against the dignity of the state.

Lieutenant Schmidt's Feast

Our virtuoso of that magic baton with which one leads musicians through the hitting cadences of concert, Lieutenant Albert Schmidt, editor of The Benson Review and leader of der beeg Dunn Band, keeps a-harpin' on our feat in polishing off the platters upon which was served the memorable barbecue given the American Legion by its worthy chaplain, J. Edwin Cole. This admirable wielder of the baton avers that we did clean up the feast, when as a matter of fact he beat us by three trays and was halted in his gormandizing only by the union rules of the servers who were obliged to close shop at midnight when Albert had surrounded himself with a barbecue of bones so formidable that they could not reach him without a step ladder.

Last week when Albert and his fellow legionnaires staged a big celebration on Armistice Day special provision was made for our appetite, he says. And when we failed to show up. We regret this as much as Albert does, but plead that we had a good excuse. On the Sunday before we had dined with Jim K. Hudson at his home in Sampson and on the preceding Wednesday had partaken of a wedding supper at the home of Nathan Williams in the Fleet Hill section of Cumberland. If Albert could know the hospitality of these homes and the food they serve, he would understand that a man could not be expected to eat anything more for at least a week. All feasts of Banner township could not compare in down right goodness to the fine food prepared under the direction of Jim K's good wife or Uncle Nathan's fine aid life's partner.

With that, though, we are regretful that we did not visit Benson and see Dunn's brave band and Albert's brave fellows arrayed in their brave uniforms and displaying their brave appetites. Nowhere on God's good earth do people enjoy eating so much as do those of southern Johnston, nor do we recall ever having visited a spot wherein the people had so much to eat.

Next time, Al, ole deah, we'll be there.

John Doe versus John Smith

One hears much and reads much of the ways in which the landlord and the time merchant are doing to him. His condition is pitiable,

perhaps, but always for him there is hope—if not for himself, for the children he has sired who will be given better opportunities than were his.

To us the most pathetic individual in the farms of the country—especially through the old settlements of Virginia and the Carolinas—is John Doe, old, without hope, work worn and too often friendless. He comes from God knows where. He is going on a long journey. About every old farm in these parts has a John Doe. You see him about the fire-side on a winter's night, sitting back a little from the family circle and never joining in the family discussions. You notice him only when the master of the household calls his attention to the dying fire and he arises to replenish the fuel, or when madam sends him for water.

John Doe owns nothing, has neither kith nor kin; finding haven in the home of kindly folk, he works for his keep and awaits the end. Most JohnDoe's were tenant farmers or farm laborers in their youth. They were improvident with the little that they had. Old age finds them unprepared. Had they married and brought into the world a brood of children, they might have lived upon the toil of these. But they are alone.

Pity John Doe.

Dignity

Often the world is mistaken in its conception of a man. Man, however,

is wisdom in his conception of himself. Some are so thoroughly convinced that the sum total of their ability and real usefulness is nothing and are so anxious to hide that nothingness from the world that they rear a wall of reserve which they are pleased to call "dignity" around their mean natures and man it with a lot of wooden guns which look formidable but really are as futile as the suprious dignity is useless.

The dignified fool knows so well that he is a fool that he never dares to unbend toward those whom he strives to impress. Usually the dignified fool is an elderly person who has by some vagary of fate gotten himself in the public eye and feels that he must live up to some vague reputation for near greatness that he imagines he has acquired.

Sometimes, however, really nice boys—a little over-puffed with the schooling which their less fortunate parents have slaved to give them—varnish their hides with a pomposity very amusing and very appalling. With eyes "front," chest expanded, lips pressed tight, shoulders thrown back, brows contracted, they march through the streets much more solemnly than did old Samuel S. Solomon, himself, when he made solemnity the vogue among the crepe hangers. It seems to be their idea that the populace lives to be impressed and that they have had the divine call to do the impressing. And they do impress the populace—immensely. Old Peter P. Proletariat pauses every

time they pass and enjoys his daily college products, and then they get snicker all to himself.

The young ones, however, usually tify their good old parents lavishness, get over it. After they have brushed Meantime, they lose a lot of valuable against old Peter for a while, they trying to impress folk who have never see that a kindly God has not given er been impressed by anything but all the wisdom and fineness to the real stuff.

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