

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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L. BUSBEE POPE

Dunn, North Carolina

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Address all communications to The Dispatch. All departments of The Dispatch can be reached through telephone 165.

Communications upon live topics are invited, but under all circumstances the sender of such communications must furnish us with his name. It is not necessary that the name be published, but we insist that it be given as an evidence of good faith.

Short accounts of weddings, entertainments, club meetings, etc., are invited.

AT REST

McD. Holiday has gone to rest. Beneath the sobbing trees of Greenwood Cemetery his body lies, covered by tons of flowers sent by those who knew and loved him. At peace and serene his soul rests with his God.

His death is a frightful blow to Dunn. No man could have stood higher in the confidence and esteem of his people; none could have wrought better in community building than did the heart, hand and mind of him. Much of the best that is Dunn is a monument to McD. Holiday. Few worth while things about the town are without his mark. A great business stands as a part of this monument; our school, our churches, our spirit—all reflect the great influence he had upon our well-being.

This morning we walked into the offices of his company. The great stores surrounding them seemed empty without his presence, for he was the heart and soul of that business. Here were men who had spent most of their mature years with the man they loved, seeking after the three days the stores had been in mourning to gather together the loose ends dropped when the sad news of his passing was flashed over the wires. They were down-cast but not down-hearted.

Everywhere they were striving to carry on as they knew the "boss" wanted them to. His absence in the flesh was felt here, but there was a feeling that his spirit watched and guided.

The Dispatch needs very little of Mr. Holiday. His life and the influence he has left behind are sufficient in themselves. He was our good friend. We loved him. Any man of Dunn can say the same.

All of us have lost much. To his bereaved wife, son and daughters the community opens a great heart of love and real sympathy—the sympathy born of real suffering. He has left to them an heritage beyond price—the recollection of a pure heart, a clean life, a spotless soul. May this knowledge and the Great Comforter help them to bear their burden of sorrow.

**PUP IS FAITHFUL
EVEN UNTO DEATH**

New York, Sept. 28.—Faithful to his master until death, a bull pup stood by the side of John Bracken, watchman, trapped in the Long Island Waste company's plant in Long Island City today until flames choked the master's shouts and the dog's barks for help.

**DEATH OF ELEVATION MAN
CAUSES AN INVESTIGATION**

With the finding of Mr. D. A. Horton, of Elevation township dead in his horse stall and thinking that he had met his death by foul play, Mr. R. W. Barbour phoned to the sheriff's office in this city on Tuesday night about 9 o'clock and stated that they had found the man dead in his barn and that they feared that there was foul play and to get the coroner and come out at once. The coroner's report was that the man had died of epilepsy and it is alleged that he fell in the stall, face down, and was unable to get up and he smothered to death.

It seems that Mr. Horton had been in ill health for several days and that he had had several bad attacks of sudden sickness and that upon the day of his death he had one of the severe attacks but was much better and he was busy himself about the barn and was overcome by another attack which brought on the above result. He was missed from the house for several hours before a searching party started out looking for him. He was found in the stable of his barn.

The coroner went to the scene and made his investigation and stated that death was the result of smothering in the stable. No arrest was made. Mr. Horton's neighbors spoke nothing but words of praise about him to the officers when they started their investigation. He was 64 years of age and had been married twice. The first time he married Miss Agnes Dixon and to that union three children were born. The second time

he married Miss Hattie Thomas, who survives him. He is survived by his wife, one brother and two sisters and several children. His brother is Mr. Joda Horton, of Buies Creek. His two sisters are Mrs. Jennie M. Horton and Mrs. Martha Rainey all of Buies Creek.

Mr. Horton had lived in Elevation for about thirty years and was regarded by his neighbors as a naturally citizen.—Smithfield Observer.

"FATHER ON HIS VACATION"

In appraising the value of a modern and much up to the minute attraction the publicist is apt to become too excited or enthusiastic with the result that when the show eventually comes to town and fails to live up to all the good things said about it an irreparable injury is done, not alone to this particular offering, but those that might follow. However, in this specific instance, regarding the next entertainment at LaFayette Theatre, Fayetteville, which begins an engagement on Saturday afternoon, September 30, one is safe in predicting exceptional doings. The name of the play is "Father on his Vacation" and, as the title suggests, is based

upon the play "Father on his Vacation" by George McKinnis. Once again the beloved character who has been so far and wide and who has been so long in the flesh. The inclusion of Jiggs Mahoney, "Father" Mahoney, his tormented wife, Dinty, the nurse and the rest of the Mahoney clan. This time Jiggs has his own problem to solve. What is this problem? Well, Jiggs finds he has been made "the goat" long enough and like the proverbial worm completely turns. From all accounts the latest farce with music is the best that has come his way in season and no doubt will enjoy a vogue comparable if not better than all the previous "Father" series.

GILES MILL

Nothing ever happens while this writer is present and when it does happen everybody but one finds it out before we do, and that one has to learn of it and tell us. So you see we make a poor disseminator of choice news. If, however, we do ever tell something, first we learn later that it

was something the neighbors are all ashamed of that they didn't want to tell at all and just for that we managed to get left out when social functions are being planned. Last week though a sure enough fishing party was pulled off at the historic old Giles Mill Pond. The water was drawn off and the funny denizens of its shadowy recesses were routed out and taken in a seine by those indomitable piscatorial artists, A. A. Naylor and W. A. Gainey, and sold at prices that would make a bloated swarthy profiteer look like a piker. But he it known, each buyer priced his own purchase, which leads

us to paraphrase a certain well known couplet and say: A little prosperity now and then can make fools of the wisest men. Could the sunny nature and cheerful disposition of a man be so far-reaching and effective as to cause even the trees to bloom out of season? Maybe not; but listen: On September 28, we had occasion to pass the palatial colonial mansion of our friend E. J. Godwin just across the Harnett county line, splendid crops on every hand gave evidence of the executive ability and sound judgment of the owner, while the general appearance of the dwelling and its well

ordered surroundings might lead the passing stranger to conclude that here lived a professional landscaper; so well planned was everything. But the thing that seemed most beautiful and yet strange (Remember the date please) was an apple tree in bloom. We read of a place where the trees yield twelve kinds of fruit and bear every month, but E. J.'s tree is doing its level best to beat that record by bearing one kind of fruit twice in twelve months. Is it that the nature of the owner spreads perennial spring about his habitation?

D. B. LEE.

Dr. A. S. Rowell, Chiropractor

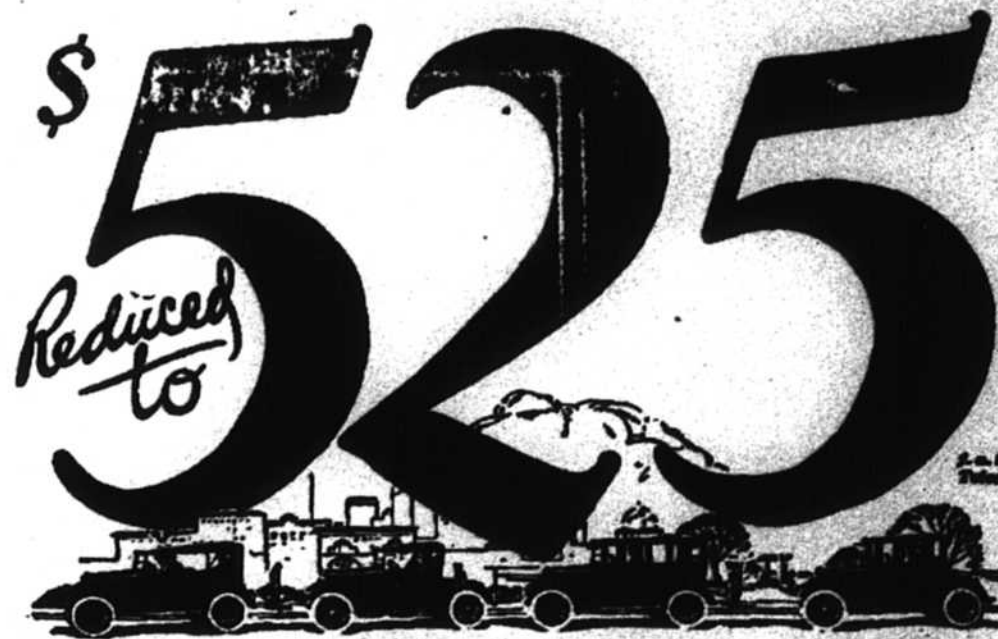
Of Fayetteville will be in Dunn at the residence of Jesse B. Lee on Wednesday P. M. October 4th. Consultations and examinations free. All suffering from spinal or nervous troubles especially are invited to see him.

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Dunn, North Carolina

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