

**WILL STUDY BOLL
WEEVIL CONTROL**

**Conference For Discuss-
ing Pest To Be Held
In Goldsboro**

Kinston, Oct. 4.—A district wide boll weevil conference has been called by the directors of the Eastern Carolina Chamber of Commerce to be held at Goldsboro October 24th at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of discussing ways and means of offsetting the effects of the weevil in Eastern Carolina for next year. All authorities agree that some of the most effective work along this line can be done in the fall and the Eastern Carolina Chamber of Commerce feels that a meeting called at this time to arouse interest and public sentiment will be well worth the while.

Hon. A. W. McLean, ex-chairman of the War Finance Corporation, will be one of the main speakers on this occasion. Mr. McLean has a well defined plan for securing concerted action that will, in his opinion, eventually overcome the disastrous effects of the weevil. This plan of his was submitted at Memphis this year and has also been endorsed by several of the cotton growing states further West. Other speakers, each one an expert in his line, will be on the program also. No thinking man doubts the wisdom of having open discussions, having for their purpose the working out of a plan that will as far as possible be effective in defeating the weevil, and it is for this purpose alone that the Eastern Carolina Chamber is calling this meeting.

There are forty-six counties in the territory covered by the Eastern Carolina Chamber of Commerce, and it is hoped that every county will be represented at this meeting, and every effort will be put forth to this end. Mr. Geo. C. Royall, president of the Eastern Carolina Chamber of Commerce, of Goldsboro recently said, "This conference should mean the saving of millions of dollars to Eastern Carolina next year if properly attended by repre-

sentative citizens of these forty-six counties." Every county is urged to send representatives to this meeting.

**R. N. Hackett Loses
Suit In Divorce Case**

**Divorce Granted Mrs.
Riker In Nevada De-
clared Valid**

Statesville, Oct. 2.—The suit of R. N. Hackett against Mrs. Lois Long Riker was tried in Wilkes Superior Court today before Judge Finley and a jury. The issues in the divorce case were found in favor of Mrs. Riker and a decree signed by the judge upon the issues establishes the validity and regularity of her divorce in her suit against Hackett in Nevada and is a judgment of the Superior Court of Wilkes and entitled to a full faith and credit in this State and credit in this State and elsewhere.

As to custody of the only child of the marriage, 16 years of age, the decree as to this matter for the time puts custody in her grandfather, Judge B. F. Long, and in her uncle, Gordon Hackett. The decree also provides that the child continue in school for the scholastic year at Hillside, Conn., where she had been placed before this action by her mother. It also decrees the right of visitation by the parents. As to the suit of Hackett against Judge Long and his wife and Franklin Riker, he took a non-suit at his own request. Mrs. Riker left tonight for her home in New York City.

Eat Pearce's --

*Mitty Nice
Bread*

Now is the time to get the winter garden started. Head lettuce, onion sets, carrots, beets, turnips, and various greens may all be planted now.

**WAITS LONGER TO
MEET DEATH; LIVES**

**Fate Or Call Of Moon-
light Upon Road
Saves Man**

One day this week, there came into Monroe, a man—a piece of human driftwood—a creature that had been rudely broken at life's wheel. In one pocket was an envelope with three tablets of arsenic in it and a corner torn off, all that stood between him and his Maker. In the other pocket was sixty-five cents, all that stood between him and starvation in a land that was strange. He was wildly disheveled, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot, and his body shaking as from an ague. He had been picked up by a traveler in the early morning on the Charlotte highway nine miles from here, young, broken, hungry and helpless and taken to one of the local ministers.

Somewhere in Southern Alabama, a young wife with a seventeen-month-old baby had waited through the terror and heartaches, and tortures of seven days of suspense for a word that would help solve the mystery of a father's sudden disappearance.

It was the age-old story—a young man caught in the vortex of gambling and drinking, without the power to renounce his insatiable desires, and at last going on one colossal spree, overtopping it with too much bad liquor. For seven days, he wandered into unknown places and when he came to himself he was shoveling coal on a freight engine in Charlotte.

He was thirty-two years old, was born in the West, educated in law at Chicago University, and at the time of his disappearance, was secretary to a large lumber corporation with mills through the South and middle West. From a mind distorted in its reasoning power, he had conceived the idea that he could not return to his home and friends, and had resolved on one course—suicide, first taking the arsenic as a means of certain death, and then lying on a railroad track to be mutilated beyond

recognition. With this end in view, he purchased the arsenic, went to the station and began walking down the Seaboard track. He had reached the underpass just this side of Charlotte where the Monroe road runs under the track, when he took out the envelope containing the arsenic, tore the cover off, preparatory to swallowing the tablets, and hesitated! Perhaps his eye fell on the road under-neath, gleaming and unfolding in the moonlight like a silver ribbon, beckoning him to new life; perhaps it was the prayer of a far-away waiting wife who refused to give up hope; per-

haps it was the stirrings of a latent courage, born in the face of naked death that made him want to conquer what in life had been his undoing. Who knows what stayed his hand? As he himself said, "I just thought I would wait a little longer." And so he dropped from the bridge to the road and began following it, walking all night until early morning, when he was picked up by a passerby and brought to Monroe, wretched and repentant.

He has gone now. Gone to his home and to the exhalation of his wife's assured love, with a telegram

in his pocket from the corporation assuring him of his place again with them.

It might have been Fate that sent him wandering on a public highway at night when watchmen drowsed, or it might have been God that brought him to one of His ministers but whether Fate or God that directed him, it was the touch of a human hand, sympathetic in its understanding, uplifting in its contact, and faithful in its guidance that made him forget his regrets and shame, and misery, and embarrassment of past follies, and gave him the desire with

the fortitude and courage to turn about and start again.—Monroe Journal

**Triss Poison On Cat
And Then On Himself**

Akron, O., Oct. 3.—After trying poisoning on his cat to find if it caused quiet death, Joseph Decker, of Herberton, took a dose of it himself and was found dead a few minutes later by his wife, with whom he had quarreled. The cat's dead body was at his feet.

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