

**THE DUNN DISPATCH**  
 Published Every Wednesday  
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**OUR TERMS:**  
 One year ..... 1.00  
 Six Months ..... .50  
 Three Months ..... .25

L. BUSBEE POPE, Publisher.  
 Dunn, N. C., June 2, 1915.

**THE SCARLET WOMAN**

There are few things for which we have a more profound pity than the woman who through misfortune or through natural depravity has fallen to that low level which places her forever beyond the pale and makes of her a moral and spiritual outcast, to be shunned by all who would not be contaminated; but, among that few we number first the community upon which she inflicts her morality-destroying presence, and the men and boys who fall victims to her practices.

Dunn has suffered from many things in the few years since the forest was cleared for its present site; many mean and low things have been done here, and their influence is still felt. But, barring one brief exception, the community has spared the presence of the Scarlet Woman until quite recently. The town has been fortunate in that respect. With all its faults it has never grown so depraved that it would tolerate this most awful of all vices—segregated or otherwise—knowingly.

In recent months, though, a new factor—a bear-eyed monster whose tentacles reach out in every direction to entwine the souls of our young men and pull them to moral destruction—is said to have reared its head above the slime of Lucknow. There where Demon Rum first held sway over the little saw-milling village which was to become the Dunn of today, a new industry is alleged to be flourishing. It traffics in human souls, and offers to Dunn that reward which inevitably comes to all communities whose people allow such an industry to exist among them. The police department is powerless to act. Real evidence is hard to get, and arrests are useless unless conviction is sure. The evil is certainly there—a cancer upon the civic body—and it will stay just as long as the community remains indifferent to its danger.

Can Dunn, in the light of what happened through the brief visit of a similar menace some years ago, allow this thing to stay?

The Carolina and Western Railway Company has arranged to start preparing the right of way for the extension of its road from Lillington down through Harnett, Johnston, Sampson and Wayne into Mount Olive. It is thought that actual work will begin immediately and that the project will be rushed to completion rapidly. This reminds us that the Durham and Southern seems to have taken no steps toward laying the extension from this city into Sampson. If the opposing road taps the territory first it will mean that much of Dunn's Sampson trade will be turned toward Benson, and it looks as if the local chamber of commerce might find some profitable work to do along this line.

**A LESSON FOR FARMERS**

And Every Man And Woman Who Fails To Trade At Home.

Here is a human interest story worth reading. It is a little bit of personal experience written by Hans Garbus, an Iowa farmer, which every man and woman in North Carolina can take home and apply to his or her own case. The moral need not be pointed out. It is plain to every one. Here is the story as related in the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin:

"We farmers need awakening to the fact that we have unmistakably reached the period where we must think and plan. I am one of the slow German farmers that had to be shown and I am now giving my experience that others may profit, for knowledge is more expensive now than ten years ago.

"Twenty-nine years ago I began my farm career. I had an old team and \$50. Our furniture was mostly home made chairs, cupboards and lounges made from dry goods boxes, neatly covered with ten cent crotonae by my girl-wife. We rented eighty acres. Being a boy of good habits I got all needed machinery and groceries of our home merchants on credit, until fall crops were sold. The first year was a wet season and I did not make enough to pay creditors. I went to each on date of promise and explained conditions, paying as much as possible, and they all carried the balance over for another year. They continued to accommodate me until I was able to buy a forty-acre piece of my own.

"As soon as I owned these few acres the small order houses began sending me catalogues, and gradually I began sending my orders change to them, letting my accounts stand in my home town where I had gotten my accommodations when I needed it.

"We had then one of the thriftiest little villages in the State, good line of business in all branches, merchants who were willing to help an honest fellow over a bad year, and a town full of people who came twice a week to trade and visit. Our little country town supported a library, high school, ball team and we had big celebrations every year.

A farm near a live town soon doubles in value. I sold my forty acres at a big advance and bought eighty, gradually adding to it until I had 200 acres of the best land in Iowa. I then felt no need of asking favors, and found it easy to patronize mail order agents that came almost weekly to our door. I regret to say that I was the first in the county to make up a neighborhood bill and send it to a mail order house. Though we got hit every once in a while, we got in the habit of sending away for stuff.

"Gradually our merchants lessened their stock of goods for lack of patronage. Finally we began to realize that when we needed a bolt quickly for machinery, or clothing for sickness or death, we had to wait and send away for it, which wasn't so pleasant. One by one our merchants moved to places where they were appreciated and men of less energy moved in. Gradually our town has gone down; our business houses are 'tacky' in appearance, a number are empty; our schools, churches and walks are going down, we have no band, no library or ball team. There is no business done in the town, and therefore no taxes to keep things. The hotel is closed for lack of travel. Go down to the depot when the freight pulls in and you will see the sequel in mail order packages.

"Nine years ago my farm was worth \$190 an acre; today I'd have a hard matter to sell it at \$67 an acre. It is 'too far from a live town'—so every farmer has said who wants to buy. He wants a place near schools and churches, where his children can have advantages. I have awakened to the fact that helping to pull the town down has cost me \$5,600 in nine years."

**The Moonlight School.**

We are glad the good work of giving the man a chance who missed in his youth, is growing. Thousands of good working men who would not go to school if they could, and who could not if they would, are yearning for the opportunity to learn to read and write, and who may find it in the moonlight school. It may have been the fault of those people that they did not learn to read in their childhood, or it may not have been; that is not the question. The fact that they are blind to the world of beauty is enough for us to know, and we who have had our eyes opened should find joy in giving them the vision. There are in the town of Thomaville scores of grown men and women who cannot read a word, and it is pitiful. They dress fairly well, and are making a living somehow, but it is sad to think how large a part of the joys of life they are losing. Some of them feel the loss and long to learn; others live on in blissful ignorance of the wider sweep of vision that is hid from their eyes. In either case it is our duty to supply this need as far as we can. We were talking only the other day with a young man just out of college. He devotes three nights every week to teaching the grown men and women of his town the rudiments of education. He does this work absolutely free, as there is no provision made by the municipality or the State for work of this kind; but as he told us about it his face lighted up and he did not need to tell us that he was amply compensated. We must not wait for the school teachers to do this work. They are busy with their own work at night as well as in the day time. It is our business to lead these people out of darkness into light. We business men, we professional men, this is our task, and instead of sitting around the drug stores and talking business and politics, we ought to employ the idle hours between supper and bed time, in helping the blind to see. It can be done without working the least hardship to anybody. Let half a dozen agree to give one week to this work; or if the class is too large for one teacher let two or three go together and divide it up so that the burden will be equal. And let the women do the same thing for their sisters. Here is a place to let your light shine.—Charity and Children.

**A Good Sermon.**

Rev. Angus R. McQueen, of Dunn, at the Baptist church Sunday, preached one of the best sermons to the graduating class of the high school we have ever heard. It was full of good advice to the young people just finishing their high school education. He urged them to get the right ideals of life and make of themselves useful men and women. "After that," he pointed out, "there was still a future state; one that meant more than all of earth's good things, the eternal home on the other shore." Our province is not to preach, therefore we are unable to give the subject in full, but will say you missed much when you failed to go hear him.—Moore County News.

**Rev. H. L. Godwin left this afternoon for Wilmington.**

**A "Lover's Quarrel."**

That was a pathetic story the news dispatches carried out of Denver the other day, about the old bachelor millionaire on his deathbed, who sent for the woman to whom he had been betrothed forty years ago.

When both were young, and poor, they loved each other, and a day was set for the wedding. Before it came they quarreled over some trifling thing, as lovers always quarrel, and in the heat of his anger he went away.

The years went by and James M. Wilson became a millionaire. But his love for Carrie Hurd remained, and he never married.

When he was dying last week his mind went back to the sweetheart of his youth, to the strolls with her in the starlight down the flower-scented lane, and he saw her face raised again to his, and heard her merry laughter, and there surged into his heart a feeling of remorse. Perhaps he had wronged her leaving her so, and a great longing came over him to see her once more before he died, if she was yet alive.

No doubt she had married, perhaps she had forgotten him. No matter, he wanted to see her.

And so to humor him, they sent word back there to the old home town. But she was not there. Long years ago she had gone away. Where? To Denver.

They found her there, where she had lived for years, just to be near the man she loved, where she could see him once in a while without his seeing or knowing that she was near.

His last hours were consoled by her presence and his will gives her a fortune. But that does not atone for the suffering that a trivial "lover's quarrel" was permitted to bring into their lives. It is a curious trait of human nature that so often men and women will allow some minor disagreement, under the stress of a foolish pride, to bring them misery. Only those who are really wise learn how essential it is to make compromise, to overlook faults and failings to make sacrifices in recognition of the surpassing value of friendship and love.—Kansas City Star.

**By Toss of A Coin.**

Down at Maxton, where the good old Scotch take their whiskey straight and strong and politics light by a municipal contest has just been determined by the flip of a coin. There were two candidates in the race for mayor. When the votes were all in and counted, 124 in all, it was found that each aspirant had received 92.

Most any other town in the State where would have rejoiced in the necessity of a second contest at the polls, especially so under such circumstances. Think of the opportunity to spatter mud, to air mired lines and to trot out family skeletons in a municipal contest so evenly matched. But in Maxton, it seems, the good old game of "flip" or of "crack-a-toe" yet prevails. No sooner was the suggestion made than the candidates agreed to take the matter out of the hands of the people, the voters, and to place the fate of the good town of Maxton in the hands of that vacillating mistress of Chance, Dame Fortune.

So a coin was produced, one candidate cried heads, the other, per force, took tails. A third party flipped the coin skyward, it struck earth with a thud—and T. M. Parsons was the mayor of Maxton. Miss Fortune, as fickle as ever before, smiled not upon L. L. McGirt.

In so far as we can hear Maxton is thoroughly satisfied, so we see no reason why outsiders should display too great concern over the Maxton way. But suppose, dear reader, just suppose, such a thing had occurred in Raleigh or in Greensboro, or most any other town. We'd be willing to bet a rusty pocket knife to a Charlotte ball club that there could be found even to this day, some gentleman of the old school abiding in Maxton or environs, not averse to the once popular sport of cock fighting. But after all what cares Maxton for the scorn of the reformers, the wail of the crusaders, so long as she has her T. M. Parsons as mayor.—Everything.

**Trinity College Commencement.**

The Senior Class of Trinity College requests the honor of your presence at the exercises of Commencement Week June sixth to ninth, nineteen hundred and fifteen Durham, N. C.

Commencement Program:  
 Sunday, June 6, 8:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Address, President William Preston Few, L. L. D.  
 Tuesday, June 8, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, The Reverend James Wideman Lee, D. D., St. Louis.  
 Tuesday, June 8, 1 p. m.—Alumni Dinner, Address, Bunyan S. Womble, '95, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 Tuesday June 8, 9:30 p. m.—Graduating Orations.  
 Wednesday, June 9, 10:30 a. m.—Commencement Address, Owen Wister, L. L. D., L. H. D., Philadelphia. Conferring of Degrees.

Mrs. E. Owen Primrose and her children have returned to their home here after spending several days with relatives at Lillington.

**NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE**

By virtue of the powers contained in two mortgage deeds executed to me by Lilly Stewart and wife Lory Stewart and duly recorded in the Registry of Harnett County in Book No. 100, page 210, and Book No. 111, page 46, on the 5th day of March, 1914, and the 5th day of May, 1914, respectively, default having been made in payment of the notes secured by same I will offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder at the court house door in the town of Lillington, North Carolina, on the 22nd day of June, 1915, at 12 M. the following described lands, to-wit:

Beginning at the East prong of Black River and runs North 47° East 72.30 chains to a stake, A. Johnson's corner, thence North 81° West 16 chains with J. S. Cobb's line to a stake, thence South 47° West 52.50 chains to the East prong of Black River, thence down said river to the beginning and containing one hundred acres more or less.

Second Tract—Beginning at a stake in Charlie M. Stewart's line and runs North 23.60 chains to a stake in J. S. Cobb's line, thence North 89° West 22.70 chains to a stake, J. S. Cobb's corner, thence South 33° East 31.25 chains to a stake in Charlie M. Stewart's line, thence North 70° East to the beginning containing thirty-four and one half acres more or less.

Third Tract—Susan Cochran Johnson's interest in her parents' estate adjoining the lands of Y. D. Stewart, formerly the Jeff Johnson land, it being on the North side, bounded on West by lands of J. K. Stewart, on South side adjoins Ferris Pollard and on East side Mrs. Betsey Stevens, Rosella Barber and R. Hockaday same deeded to Lilly Stewart by G. W. Denning and wife, deed recorded in Book F. No. 2, of deeds on page 363, in Registry's office of Harnett county, lying in Black River and containing fifty acres more or less.

Fourth Tract—My entire interest in Alonso Stewart, deceased, estate containing eighty-three and one half acres more or less.

This 12th day of May 1915.  
 ALONZO FARRISH,  
 Mortgagee.  
 BARBOUR & BARBOUR, Attys.

**VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE**

By virtue of a decree of the superior court of Harnett County in a special proceeding therein pending entitled Sarah Adams, Administratrix of Nathan B. Adams, deceased, against J. A. Adams, and others, and the undersigned commissioners appointed by the court will at the Durham and Southern depot in the town of Coats, Harnett county, North Carolina, on Friday, June 18th, 1915, at 12 o'clock M. sell at public auction to the highest bidder the following described real estate, the same being the home and farm of the late Nathan B. Adams, near the town of Coats, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a lightwood stump near Walter Matthews' home, and runs thence on the west side of the Durham and Southern Railway nearly East 75 links to the line of the right of way of said railroad to Walter Matthews' place with said Walter Matthews' place to a stake on the line of said railroad, thence with said McLeod's line and thence with the T. J. Matthews' line to a stake in an old back line; thence South 29° West 31.50 chains to a stake on a branch; thence as the old Weaver line South 24° West 4.90 chains to the old A. W. Denning corner; thence as the old line of A. W. Denning to the line of the right of way of the Durham and Southern Railway, just South of the sawmill pit; thence as the line of the right of way of said Durham and Southern to a point East from the beginning; thence direct to the beginning, containing 115 acres, more or less.

Terms of sale on fourth day up on confirmation of the same by the court, and the residue on or before the 1st day of December, 1915, the deferred payment to bear interest at the rate of six per cent, and to be secured by retention of title to the land until purchase price is paid in full. The successful bidder will be required to deposit with the commissioners ten per cent of his bid as a pledge of good faith on day of sale, the same to be returned if for any cause the sale is not confirmed.

This 14th day of May, 1915.  
 J. C. CLIFFORD,  
 C. J. SMITH,  
 Commissioners.

**N. A. TOWNSEND, Attorney.**

**Spirit of Childhood.**

Beautiful spirit of childhood.  
 Tender, delicate, sweet—  
 An ariel bloom of the willow,  
 A bubble on dancing feet.  
 A ripple of wind on water.  
 A silver of summer gleam;  
 A little laughter of April,  
 A golden singing of dreams.

Everie and evanescent,  
 Something around us blown—  
 May in a gust of morning,  
 Decked on her bloomy throne;  
 Joy in a silver echo  
 Of the singing rivers that creep  
 Down to the bourne of the bosom.  
 Of the ever-reverberant deep.

Ripple of sunbeam chatter,  
 Glory of sunlit song;  
 Helping us cry no matter,  
 Keeping us sure and strong;  
 A whirl in the summer weather,  
 A wisp in the moonless night;  
 A bubble and bloom together  
 Poised on a wing of light.

Forever our charm and portion,  
 Our medicine, healing life  
 Of its grudging, poisonous motion,  
 The sting of its daily strife;  
 Lips to be kissed on stainless  
 As ever lips could be—  
 Beautiful spirit of childhood,  
 Shines, sunny and free.  
 —The Bonnetowa Bard, in Baltimore Sun.

Let out as much truth in as few words as possible.

Marriage rings and prize rings often lead to the stage.

## Special Announcement.

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We take pleasure in announcing to our many patrons, and in the trading public generally, throughout Eastern North Carolina, that we are now giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE, to every purchaser of one dollar worth of any kind of merchandise in either of our departments, for cash,

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### One \$300.00 High Grade Piano One 10-piece Dinner Set 8 Gold Coins, value \$2.50 each

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FOR EVERY CASH PURCHASE OF ONE DOLLAR THE BUYER WILL GET A KEY WITHOUT COST. THE FIRST KEY OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDER TO THE HANDSOME \$300.00 PIANO ABSOLUTELY FREE. THE SECOND KEY OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDER TO THE BEAUTIFUL 100 PIECE DINNER SET ABSOLUTELY FREE. THE NEXT EIGHT KEYS OPENING THE LOCK WILL ENTITLE THE HOLDERS TO A TWO AND A HALF DOLLAR GOLD PIECE EACH.

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## Barnes & Holliday Co.

Dunn, - - - North Carolina

## Hail-TORNADO-Hail

AT SMALL COST YOUR HOME CAN BE INSURED AGAINST WIND STORMS AND YOUR GROWING TOBACCO AND COTTON AGAINST DISASTROUS HAIL STORMS

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THE HOME OF NEW YORK, THE BIG COMPANY OF \$5,000,000.00 CASH CAPITAL AND OVER \$18,000,000.00 SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS

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On the 7th of May, it seemed to us all that Providence was lowering the clouds only just in time to bless our labors in planting, that same Providence visited many sections of the Carolinas with terrific wind and hail storms, in many places completely destroying crops and demolishing dwellings and barns. At Manning, South Carolina, a portion of the business section of that nice town was practically wiped out. At Burlington, Sanford, Lumberton and Raeford the destruction was unprecedented. Even at our own door in the Little River Section of Harnett County, giant oaks were twisted off and uprooted and buildings demolished and crops damaged.

This same Providence has placed it within our power to protect our finances against these unpreventable disasters. Should we not avail ourselves of the opportunity left to us through the mercy of the hand of Providence in passing us over another time and protect our credits with Hail and Tornado Insurance?

Merchants as well as farmers should be interested.

Apply to the Agents,

## Dunn Insurance & Realty Co.

SOLE AGENTS FOR HAIL INSURANCE

**THIS BEAUTIFUL SILVER SOUVENIR SUGAR SPOON**

**FREE**

**ALFRED PEATS "PRIZE" WALL PAPERS**

Every lady who selects these will receive one of these Make your home attractive and distinctive. Five hundred artistic designs.

**J. E. BLACK**  
 Local Agency

## List Your Taxes!

I will be at Recorder's Court Room, Dunn, N. C., Friday and Saturday of this week and on Thursday Friday and Saturday of the three succeeding weeks for the purpose of listing town and county taxes.

Come and list your taxes.

## L. W. TART.

**What Makes a Girl Popular**

Every girl has the perfectly natural desire to be popular with the other sex, and every girl is interested in knowing the secret of such popularity. Some girls have the idea that the way to have a good time is to break away from the recognized rules of social life. The free-and-easy, reckless type of girl may receive a good deal of attention of a certain kind, but it is safe to say that men do not really care for such a girl. Certainly they do not have any respect for her. They may enjoy a summer flirtation with her, but such a girl never enters seriously into their thoughts. The girl who is kind and thoughtful to her parents is the girl whom they admire. The girl who is disrespectful to her parents will not long retain the respect of others. Men know very well that a girl who deceives her mother cannot be trusted. A good daughter has in her the making of a good wife and a man remembers this when he begins to think seriously of matrimony.—Leslie's Magazine.

Mr. A. J. Holmes, of the Holmes Jewelry Co., of Dunn, which company recently bought the stock and fixtures of the Boylin Jewelry Store, mention of which was made in The Robesonian at the time, has been here for several days cleaning and painting up the store and fixtures. The store will open after today, but the formal opening will be June 10.—Lumberton Robesonian.