

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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L. BUSSEE POPE, Publisher

THE LAW WILL AVENGE

Snatched from the hands of an angry mob intent upon his death, Rufe Cagle, alleged assailant of a Dunn young woman, rests safely in the penitentiary, where he will remain until the courts are ready to determine his guilt or innocence.

There are many who regret that the negro was taken away—many who even would have the guns of the State trouble and expense of trial. But, in the cooler judgment of the less excited present, there are many others who, while with the mob in the first hours following the negro's arrest, are thankful that Dunn and Harnett county have been saved the disgrace that would have been incident to the success of the mob's plans.

Rufe Cagle is just a negro. His life may mean little to the community at large. But in the eyes of the law he is due all the protection of that institution. Justice will be meted out. If Rufe is guilty, his guilt will be proved; and when it is proved the citizens of Harnett will not have to sleep their hands in human blood to avenge a wrong to womanhood.

IS OUR MORAL SENSE BLUNTED?

No police department puts itself to the trouble of nabbing the person whose delinquency is smiled at. For this reason we cannot attach to Chief Bass all the blame for the growth of lawlessness in Dunn. No other man would have done any better under like conditions. The fault is not entirely his. Rather it is with the community. Dunn, it seems, is suffering from a blunted sense of morality.

Whiskey is sold to whomsoever will buy; the rattle of the pebbles chig is as regular as the patter of the dew; commercialized vice is flaunted before the face of our womanhood; the skin game is rampant—and nobody seems to care. The police do not act because the community is too

These things should not be. They could not be in a properly adjusted town. They lead to disregard of all law and are a danger to the community.

It has gotten to be so that unless a man is naturally law abiding he goes to no pains to obey any of the minor laws of the town. For instance there is one fellow who has run his automobile for months without any license at all, and nobody pays any attention to traffic laws.

We like Chief Bass. We think he "has the makings" of a fine and efficient officer. We want to see him given a thorough trial with the sympathy of the community at his back. We believe a community awakened to the danger of present conditions will give him that sympathy. If he fails to then make Dunn a morally clean community, we will recommend that his baton be given to another.

FOR RELIEF OF THE WASTE BASKET

Our waste basket suffers a tummy ache induced by a too prolonged diet of prose notices sent out by the various boards established for war purposes. Every mail for the past several weeks has brought oodles of nice, crisp junk couched in what the boards confidently advise us is "news-paper style." This stuff is supposed to be prepared by newspaper men and is designed to inform the public concerning the activities of those who are helping win the war. Should we attempt to handle all of it, we'd have to order print paper in train lots and increase the Dispatch's size considerably—and then have no space left for other news.

There are some score or more press agents at work on as many boards. These press agents may be the best kind of newspaper men, but it is certain that they would never try to put the stuff over any editor whose pay roll was their meal ticket. One fellow takes 500 words to tell us that two men have been appointed to lead a certain movement. "A. F." would cut the story to less than 50. We can't see interest enough to justify the use of any of it. This is a fair sample of much of the rest that is sent to us.

There is much about the operation of these boards that the public wants to know—much that it should know. But there is a whole lot that doesn't give a hang about. If our young friends who are handling the dogs will fish around the real stuff and stick it out to us minus the trimmings, we'll be mighty glad to use it. Otherwise, we can't see it.

THE TIMES ON LYNCHERS

Has Miss Susan Lee turned police reporter for the Raleigh Times? or has Col. Gray deserted his editorial noisemaker to wield his trenchant pen

reportorially in defense of law and order? Certainly some one of more than ordinary ability has succeeded in making ridiculous the mob spirit as it was evinced in the recent outbreaks at Raleigh.

In Monday's edition of the Times we find under the heading of a "Most Unique Function is Given at Pen" the following:

"There must have been a thousand to twelve hundred present for the occasion at which so eventful a time was had. Gen. Lawrence W. Young had the leading role; but the villains and low comedians on the bill ran up into the hundreds.

It will be remembered that Earl Neville, negro assailant of a white woman, was taken to the penitentiary Friday afternoon. He was sent in custody to Charlotte; but the crowd which issued invitations to the necktie party was not convinced of that until it saw a score of Winchester rifles and had General Young's word for it that the guns were loaded with cold lead.

"Not all talked with the General, who stood in the gateway of the Central Prison. Hundreds lined the hills around about the prison, some even peered through knot-holes in the fences of abutting property owners. One spectator is alleged to have gone into a hole when the desperate crowd pulled a couple of boards off the fence but refused Gen. Young's invitation to come on in and stop the bullets.

"The General was wroth. He had been 'crused' for almost everything imaginable, and no one had responded to his challenge to come, out in the open and settle any personal grudge man to man. Rocks had been thrown, but were productive of no casualties.

"There was at this time apparent a willingness to let the visitors present from Henderson, who had come over in the hope of getting their own negro, who a week or more ago shot a white girl who is still living, and pulling off a double wedding among the rope-maker's daughters. Henderson, however, although fairly well represented, was not aggressive.

"An innocent bystander, in the interest of peace and good-will, went into to satisfy himself that Neville was not at home. It is not known whether even his word was accepted, but he also reported on the weight and location of the artillery inside, and the crowd lost interest in carrying the place by storm.

"True they continued to show their love for justice and unselfish championship of womanhood with oaths and obscenities, which may or may not have reached the ears of the several women who had ridden out in automobiles to see their protectors reach the ears of the defenders of law and order, who were beginning to realize that it might become a joy to pull trigger.

"A jug estimated by some of those who know—or, rather used to know—jugs to hold from one to three gallons, went the rounds, and a member of the New National Army, who is said to have been the nearest approach to a leader the mob had, kissed its lip clingingly. Some score or more had General Young 'covered' at one time; but every shot fired during the affair was aimed upward at space."

In the same issue we find the following, also:

"These brave and gentle spirits who are so imbued with the v. k. spirit of Southern chivalry that they wish to die in the defense of their womanhood—which they kept on a pedestal until short skirts became the rule instead of the fashion and made such elevation unnecessary,—can have their wish at the State's Central Prison any time now that they see fit. Thirty additional guards were on duty Sunday night, and a gatling gun, the invention of another martial North Carolinian, guards the approach to the donjon keep.

"Harnett county's bravest were billed to appear Sunday night to take from men sworn to uphold the law and honor of the sovereign State of North Carolina one Rufe Cagle, a 25-year-old negro, charged with attempted criminal assault on a young white woman of Dunn. They did not come, although a warm reception had been prepared for them. In a guard box on the wall overlooking the gate sat Adjutant General Young with a shoulder braised by a rock thrown by some member of the general gathering of Saturday morning.

"Ever and anon there passed in front of the prison gates curtained automobiles, and two men on foot scouted somewhat, but nothing came of it all. Perhaps there would have been a demonstration had the townspeople turned out in sufficient number to make a social affair of it; but these were worn out by attendance on previous functions staged by home talent. Surely men of other counties must understand that Raleigh cannot be expected to furnish the galleries for an indefinite period.

"Inside the walls of the frowning fortress lie prisoners whose lives have been declared forfeit by the self-constituted guardians of the State's chivalric ideals. Rufe Cagle, as has been intimated, is there; so also is a Henderson negro who was lately shot down a small white girl, and now there have been added Fulton and John Lowery, petty thieves and postoffice robbers from Elizabeth City, who were brought here for misbehaving after threats had been made against them by the in-

related populace, which probably feared that the price of two-cent stamps would rise because of the presence of the bold bad brothers.

"In fact, had it not been for the presence of a revival in Elizabeth City, it is asserted by The News and Observer's correspondent, there would have been trouble.

Items, Comment and Suggestions

By Rev. J. A. Hornaday

Pastor Dunn Methodist Church

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Waters came over from Wilson Saturday, and returned to Dunn on Monday. No services were held in the Episcopal Church Sunday morning, but Mr. Waters preached an excellent sermon to his people Sunday night. His theme was: "The Appeal of the Church to Men." In this sermon the fact that Almighty God wants MEN rather than MONEY. Of course when a man really surrenders himself to God, all that he possesses goes along with the MAN. This is an important truth, and one that is not emphasized as it deserves to be.

September the 13, an election was held in the city of Nashville, Tenn., in which three candidates were voted for for mayor of the city. Former Mayor Howe, who has been chosen to the best interests of the city in which he lives, and who has always stood for a Wide Open town, was one of the candidates. The present mayor, Ewing, and William Gaults, were supported by the good-government forces, and divided the votes of the best element in the city, giving to former Mayor Howe a plurality of the votes cast. But fortunately a plurality does not nominate in that city, so there is to be another chance for Hilary Howe in a grave so deep that we trust he may cease to trouble the good people of the city in which he lives. The two good-government candidates received a majority of something more than a thousand, and it is hoped that in the run-off Howe may be defeated. But the question is, why is it the better element of the people can not stand together as well as the other bunch?

Francisco Villa has been heard from again. He has been killed so many times he had hoped the world was rid of him. He now bobs up some where between Inde and Hacienda Zarca, in the State of Durango. He is asking for amnesty, basing his claim upon the alleged fact that was the cause of the overthrow of the bloody Huerta, now almost forgotten. As we recall it Villa did have more to do with that worthy deed than any other man, but he has so much to his discredit that we have no sympathy for him.

The series of evangelistic services conducted in the Presbyterian church last week, came to a close Sunday night. Dr. McClure, pastor of St. Andrews church in the city of Williamsport, Pa., did the preaching during the series. Good songs—songs heard Dr. McClure during his stay in Dunn, and were greatly pleased and edified. Only three persons united with the church on profession of saving faith in Christ as a result of the meetings, but this by no means measures the good that was accomplished. Indeed it is not possible to measure the results of such efforts by any human measurements, nor is it our business to do this. Our part is to put forth the earnest efforts, and then leave results with Him to Whom we all belong.

The Texas State Senate acquitted itself nobly last week when it ousted from the high office of Governor of the State James E. Ferguson. The vote of the high court of the senate for conviction was 26 to 4 for acquittal. In defending himself in an impassioned appeal to the court of impeachment Mr. Ferguson said: "I started out in life as a poor boy, washing dishes at twenty dollars a month, and it looks like I am going to be poor again." His address to the high court lasted two hours, but the case against him was too plain, and his eloquence served little purpose. It will be remembered that he was elevated to the governorship of the state by liquor interests, and the man who had hobnobbed with the lawless business may be expected to take a tumble sooner or later.

Mr. Webster's definition of a promise, briefly stated, is this: "A declaration, written or verbal, binding the person who makes it to do a specified act," etc. We some times wonder if the meaning of a promise is known generally among men. A great many people seem to think that the only meaning of a promise is to GET RID OF SOME BODY FOR THE PRESENT. Unless we are in error promises may safely be discounted at least to the tune of fifty per cent. Indeed it seems to us that only in exceptional cases are promises sacredly kept.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt gave United States Senator, Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, a deserved roasting in Kansas City a day or so ago. Among other things he said: "If I were this minute a member of the United States Senate, I would be ashamed to sit in that body until I found out some method of depriving Senator La Follette of his seat in that chamber, which he now disgraces by his presence in it." That is very plain talk, but that is the way every Senator must feel toward the man La Follette. At the conclusion of Col. Roosevelt's talk in Kansas City, he was presented with a gold quilt, with the reminder that the pen is mightier than the sword. The Col. grinned as he replied, "But I would rather have the sword."

John Furrow Mitchell seems to have won out in the recent New York primary for mayor by quite a narrow margin. He stood for the nomination of the candidate of the fusionists, composed of the best element of all parties. Tammy Hall dominating the Democratic primary in the city of New York, and tries hard to do just inside it in the State, and some times unfortunately succeeds. Judge Hyman is the Tammany nominee. In the recent primary the contest was between Mayor Mitchell and William M. Ben-

nett, the latter a Republican. Mayor Mitchell has to have won the election by less than two thousand majority. Now Mr. Bennett talks of running for mayor notwithstanding his promise to support the nominee of the primary. Should he do this it would insure the defeat of both himself and Mayor Mitchell almost certainly elect Judge Hyman the Tammany Hall candidate. As we watch such contests we can not but feel the deepest interest, even though it be in a city we never expect to see. Mr. Mitchell has made the mayor New York has had in a quarter of a century, and we would hate to see him defeated by the baser element in that great city.

For various reasons mob law is to be deplored by all good citizens, but we firmly believe that all unnecessary red tape should be avoided in dealing out justice to those who are guilty of such crimes as that which was perpetrated on Miss Adelaide Jeffreys last Friday night. Of course there should be no uncertainty about the guilt of the party, but when that is clearly established, justice should be meted out swift and sure. With the mob there is danger of visiting punishment on innocent parties, and for that reason, and many others equally valid, mob violence should be punished with other crimes. The first thing necessary is to find the guilty party or parties, and when that is done, let justice be swiftly meted out, and we believe there will be less inclination on the part of good citizens to take the law into their own hands.

Again the Honorable William Jennings Bryan has been heard from concerning the rights of American citizens in giving expression to their views on the great world war, and again he has uttered words that deserve to live in the memories of men. Speaking of those who continue to criticize our government in its methods of carrying on its part of the great war, Mr. Bryan said: "I do not know how long the war will last, but I do know that the quickest way out of it is straight through it, and any diversion or discussion now would simply prolong the war, and make it more costly in lives and treasure." It is well known that Mr. Bryan hates war as bitterly as any man living, but in spite of all that would be done to end it, we are in war, and Mr. Bryan's way of ending it is to utterly defeat Germany as quickly as possible.

After the evening sermon at the Methodist Church last Sunday a Church Conference was held. J. F. Wilson was elected Secretary of the Church Conference to take the place of Prof. J. C. Lockhart, who has transferred his membership from this Church. The chairman of the building committee made a report, stating that the work on the building had ceased for the present because of the inability of the contractor for the plastering to secure the services of skilled workmen to do the more difficult part of the work in that line. However, the work toward the completion of the building has not ceased, as the committee is now figuring with heating plans, and other parts of the building that are unfinished are ready for attention.

MRS. SNIPES ENTERTAINS MERRY DAMES

Mrs. Z. V. Snipes very charmingly entertained the Merry Dames Club and other guests on Friday afternoon Sept. 21st from 3 to 6, in honor of Mrs. J. M. Scule of Kenly, N. C., and Miss Dora Creel.

Embroidery bags of every color and pattern gave evidence of a very industrious crowd and knitting, crocheting, etc. was busily engaged in, while a babble of feminine voices kept time to the stitches. While the hostess, assisted by Mrs. W. E. Coltrane, was serving a delicious salad course they were interrupted by little newboy calling "Extra!" "Extra!" and presenting each guest with a copy of the important news. To the excitement and surprise of the crowd it contained an announcement of the approaching marriage of Mr. Hicks Templeton, to Miss Dora Creel, as follows:

GENERAL CUPID MAKES BIG DRIVE ON HEARTS PORT (Associated Press)

H. Templeton and D. Creel among the captured. General Cupid refuses their release and has assigned them as mates on the Battleship Love, which sails for the coast of Matamoros during the month of October, 1917. The newboy was no less an important personage than Miss Madred Hood, who absented herself from the crowd and donned the suit of a new-boy, making such a successful disguise as to have had the entire number of guests guessing.

A continuation of refreshments in the form of cream and cake followed after which the guests departed. The guests present were: Mesdames J. R. Butler, Mary Wade, C. D. Bain, P. A. Lee, A. L. Newberry, J. E. Smith, G. L. Wilson, W. E. Coltrane, B. O. Townsend, H. S. Freeman, J. C. Clifford, W. Thornton, H. O. Mattox, J. W. Whitehead, J. W. Sauls, Kenly, N. C., Misses Carrie Wilson, Dora Creel, Viola McNeill, Madred Hood, Brownie Emsell and Iva Pearson.

"BE PREPARED" SAYS PATRIA IN 15TH EPISODE OF BIG SERIAL

Victorious against the attack of the enemy, Mrs. Vernon Castle as the heroine of the 15th and last chapter of "Patria" is asked how she did it. "By being prepared," she answers.

This chapter is to be a feature at the Wilson Opera House, Thursday in it Villa and General Torrance upon a concerted attack on the United States to repel which Patria has been spending the \$100,000,000 preparedness fund left for this purpose by her ancestors. With boisterous hilarity and toasts to the death of Patria and all Gringos, the final orders are given and troops start for the battle field.

There is great activity in the Channing ranch house as Patria prepares to repel the attack. The leaders of the various companies of cowboys, Indians, artillerymen, and the like, gather in the living room of the big ranch house to receive their final instructions. A company of fighting cowgirls under the command of Beaumont, who has been riding the plainswoman who has been Patria's side-de-camp, is given an important part to play in the general plans for defense.

Patria's plan is to give the enemy the impression of panic in the ranch

First National Bank DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA. Helpful facts for use in the essay contest at Bule's Creek Community Fair in October. Subject: The Biggest Bank in the County. Premium: Ten Dollars in Gold to any boy or girl under eighteen years of age, writing the best essay on above subject. The First National Bank of Dunn was organized and opened for business in the year 1904 with a capital of \$15,000.00. It now has a capital and undivided profits amounting to more than \$75,000.00. In its second report to The Comptroller of the Currency, which was made on Sept. 6, 1904, the total deposits of the bank were less than \$8,000.00. At the present time they are above \$350,000.00. The business of the bank began upon an open counter without bank fixtures; no President's office nor Cashier's window, but today it owns one of the nicest bank buildings between Richmond, Va., and Charleston, S. C. The first Dividend was paid by the bank in July 1905, which was only 3 per cent on its capital stock, but since that time it has paid in dividends to its stockholders an amount more than three times as great as its entire capital stock at the beginning. The beautiful building now occupied by the bank is its own property, fully paid for, being built just after the beginning of the European war when all materials reached their lowest prices for many years, consequently the enhancement in value at present, above the actual cost of building then, would give a clear profit of at least Ten Thousand dollars in the building. The grandeur and cost of the Building indicates a permanency in business that no other bank in this section can show, and also manifests a faith in the future of Dunn and community that no other institution has approached, for it would do credit to a city many times the size of Dunn, but this only indicates a purpose to prepare for the building of a city proportionate to the bank, and the bank is contributing its share to accomplish such results. The First National Bank is not only of local importance in assisting its customers in their business and progress, but being a member of The Federal Reserve Bank of this District, associates it with the greatest banking system in the world, and makes it a factor in the finances of the Nation. This bank makes a specialty of lending money to farmers to assist them in the production and harvesting of their crops, thus saving them the difference between cash and time prices on Summer purchases, and this feature works the greatest possible benefit to the whole country, in that the farmer, who is directly helped, pays the merchant cash for his goods and this removes the necessity of the merchant borrowing so much money to conduct his business, and thus the credit of both farmer and merchant is raised to a higher standard, and the prestige of the community abroad is greatly enhanced. The bank has the names of more than two thousand customers upon its books, and ninety per cent of them are farmers; it makes more loans to farmers than all the other banks of this section combined; it is indeed THE FARMERS' BANK, but this one fact places its many benefits at the foundation of all business, as the help to the farmers strengthens the backbone of all business, and thus every legitimate business enterprise in the whole section is substantially helped. The First National Bank of Dunn was once the smallest bank in Dunn, but today it is THE LARGEST BANK IN THE COUNTY, and THERE IS A REASON. OFFICERS: P. S. COOPER, President J. A. CULBRETH, Cashier W. B. COOPER, Vice-Pres W. E. BALDWIN, Asst. Cashier S. D. PITTMAN, Asst. Cashier

SUITS, COATS and DRESSES. NEW ONES COME BY EXPRESS EVERY DAY. We have about as fine and pretty a line of winter wearing apparel as you will find anywhere, and every day it is added. Each express train brings us something new. You are indeed hard to suit if you cannot find something to please you in the stock we now have to show. Come over and let us show it to you. Don't forget that we also have as attractive a line of millinery as you are apt to see. We will be mighty glad to serve you in this department. GOLDSTEIN'S, Dunn's Best Store. forces. The cowboys are to make a show of resistance at the ford and then to retreat, drawing the enemy in pursuit out on the desert where the Indians are lying in ambush to receive them. A concerted battery of artillery is to open fire at the same time and when the enemy is thus confused the cowboys are to turn and complete the rout, the cowgirls taking part in harassing the flying column. Everything works out according to plan. Patria goes up in an aeroplane with a wireless operator who communicates her orders to a station on the ranch, whence they are telephoned to the various commanders. Hurold and Villa think the battle is won when they reach the ranch house, and prepare to celebrate. But the tide of cordance with the traditions of his battle runs, artillery opens fire and shells burst through the walls of the living room where the raiders are congratulating each other. They rush out and try to check the rout. The fight rages in front of the ranch house led by Villa and Hurold on one side and Donald on the other. Donald falls wounded and the Mexicans are hurried to renewed attack, when from the sky comes Patria's aeroplane with a machine gun in action scattering death on every hand. The attacking force give up at this sudden attack from the clouds and flee, Hurold and Villa in the lead. The river ford is checked with fleeing men. At a signal from Patria in her aeroplane, Hurold who has been waiting for it, explodes a mine that has been situated in the river and the destruction of the enemy is complete. Villa escapes, but Hurold, in accordance with the traditions of his battle runs, artillery opens fire and shells burst through the walls of the living room where the raiders are congratulating each other. They rush out and try to check the rout. The fight rages in front of the ranch house led by Villa and Hurold on one side and Donald on the other. Donald falls wounded and the Mexicans are hurried to renewed attack, when from the sky comes Patria's aeroplane with a machine gun in action scattering death on every hand. The attacking force give up at this sudden attack from the clouds and flee, Hurold and Villa in the lead. The river ford is checked with fleeing men. 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