

THE DUNN DISPATCH

Published Every Thursday

Entered as second-class matter April 1st, 1914, at the post office at Dunn, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

L. BUSSEE POPE, Publisher

Three months \$5
Six months \$10
One year \$18.00

CREED OF THE DUNN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

I believe in Dunn. I believe in its people; in its boys and girls. I will make myself a committee of one to make of Dunn a good place in which to live and an mighty hard place to leave. I believe in Dunn. I believe in its institutions, in its government, schools, churches and stores. I believe in the street broom and the street flusher and in the paint bucket. I believe in never an empty can in the back lot, but many a full one in the larder. I believe in keeping all the cob-webs from our institutions and the weeds from our lots. I believe in Dunn. I believe in its trees, God's first temples, grass instead of ash heaps, flowers instead of weeds, progress instead of retrogression, and development instead of stagnation. May blessings come to the tongue that gives honest praise and commendation, and double blessings for the ear that is deaf to gossip and scandal. I believe in Dunn.

How's The Odeur this morning?

J. Pivius made it an even break on the Fair, giving us two damp and two dry days. B. Tiger, however, tried to make them all wet.

Dunn set a mark for all other Carolina communities too shoot at when it entertained nearly 30,000 visitors at its first annual Fair last week.

A Chamber of Commerce for Dunn is assured. Probably \$5,000 in annual dues will have been subscribed by Monday night when the first organization meeting is called to order.

The Dispatch assures its brothers who are laughing at Dunn's Odeur that the atmosphere will be purified soon. Even with its presence, however, we are still the "best town under the sun."

You young fellows may not love Chief of Police Page as much as one brother should another, but you will have to admit that "down town" is a much safer and pleasanter place for mother and sister since he came to town.

Of course the Chamber of Commerce is going to be put over any way, but won't you feel a whole lot better after all the shouting is over if you have lined up with the fellows who are determined to do something really worth while.

Harnett Pleased With Bob Page.

Although it had known and loved Bob Page, business man, farmer and congressional representative for many years, Harnett had his first opportunity to see and hear Robert Newton Page, candidate for the office of Governor of North Carolina, when he made the inaugural address at the Harnett County Fair. The opinion formed before his advent in the latter capacity was not changed by the visit. Every man who heard the Sand Hills man talk was convinced that the State will not suffer if he is elected its chief executive.

Mr. Page was not armed with the empty, high-sounding phrases carried by those to whom Carolina voters are accustomed to listen in every State campaign. He did not come to tell our people how great they were. His attitude was more that of a skilled surgeon diagnosing his patient's ailment before undertaking a life-saving operation. He was proud of our progress but more thoughtful of our future, pointing out the pitfalls that lie in our pathway and advising against those practices that are bound to result in evil unless they are curbed.

Mr. Page is a business man who has successfully conducted large industry. He is thrifty, safe and sane. He has a vision of what North Carolina can become through intelligent direction of its people's activities. His foresight also shows him what can be expected to come to the Commonwealth if the present thoughtless extravagance are continued by our folk. He advises economy, labor and thrift. This advice, if followed, will result in saving much suffering in North Carolina after the present privations are passed.

A Big Job Well Done.

Although no one who knows the Dunn Spirit had any doubt of the final outcome of the community's effort to stage a creditable Fair, none had any idea that the result would be so stupendous as that attendant upon last week's event here. Fully 25,000 people passed within the gates during the four days the exposition was in progress and of that number not one has entered complaint against

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BETTER THINGS

He dreamed of a better city, he longed for a fairer fame For the home of his daily labors, and he talked of a brighter name For the scenes of his children's playtime, and the place of his children's birth. And he talked as a man who loved his town, and was proud of his splendid worth. He told of her needs as he saw them, to him were her feelings known; And he wanted to build for her greatness—but he couldn't do it alone.

He was one of the many thousands who dreamed of a better day, With visions of greater splendors when they should have passed away. And each in his dream, unselfish, could picture a distant goal. When his city would rise in beauty and throb as a living soul. But the dreams would have come and vanished, and the vision from earth have flown. Had each of the dreamers tried to work for his city's fame alone.

You may think great thoughts for the future, you may fashion and build and plan, But you never shall see your dreams made real, save you work with your fellow man. And never a greater city shall spring into being here Save that many have labored together its fame to rear. Out of the hearts of our fellows has all of our greatness grown. Together they stood for this purpose—for no one could do it alone.

Stand off by yourself with your dreaming, and all of your dreams are in vain, No splendor of soul or structure can man by himself attain; 'Tis willed we shall dwell as brothers, as brothers, then, must we toil. We must share in a common purpose, as we share in a common soil. And each who would see accomplished the dreams he is proud to own. Must strive for the goal with his fellows—for he cannot reach it alone.

a single feature presented for public approval. Universal satisfaction was given. Surprise that the Fair was so large, gratification that it was so good was heard on every hand.

It is a big thing that the community has started—a thing that will grow with the years and accomplish good as it grows. While it was not the idea of those who took stock in the enterprise to make money, it seems that from the very beginning the venture is to yield a nice direct return on the money invested. The cost of the plant was approximately \$32,000. Revenues above the cost of staging the first Fair are believed to have been a little more than \$4,000, or about 12 1-2 per cent on the capital invested.

Above this direct return are the indirect returns to farmers, merchants and industrial men. The community has been given advertisements whose value cannot be estimated. Men and women who knew nothing of the community have been convinced of its greatness, have been shown its products, its culture and its Spirit and have been attracted to it. The influence exerted by this one event is above estimation and will live forever.

The undertaking was one in which all of the community had a part. All of the credit for success cannot go to any man or set of men. The community was with the workers all the time.

Henry Turlington, Ed. Warren, Ellis Goldstein, Lloyd Wade, Owen Odum, Mrs. William Thompson and Mrs. Horace Freeman were among the workers whose services were of inestimable value. They worked long and faithfully to put through the big undertaking in the little time allotted to them. But none ask credit beyond that given their brothers and sisters who made it possible for them to stage Carolina's biggest county Fair.

We trust, however, that these workers will allow The Dispatch to congratulate them upon a job well done and to extend to them the thanks of a grateful community.

Pearlstein Leaves Dunn Indebted to Him.

Dunn is grateful to William Pearlstein, merchant, president of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce, who Monday night came to town and put over an idea with which the community had been struggling for months, in an hour he did for Dunn what others—men had been striving to do for many weeks.

Through a short speech by the Raleigh man a few score business men of Dunn were moved to subscribe nearly \$4,000 for the annual upkeep of a real commercial organization here. All gave gladly, convinced by Mr. Pearlstein that it was their duty to do so and that their personal interests as well as those of the town demanded that they do so.

Within one week of Mr. Pearlstein's visit the Dunn Chamber of Commerce, duly chartered and with a guaranteed income of at least \$5,000, will have become a permanent institution. Next Monday night all details will be completed in a meeting of the entire membership.

It was gratifying to The Dispatch to see Dunn men show themselves so well before this big business man from the Capital City. We had no fear that the Dunn Spirit would

fail to show itself, but we were fearful that it would not come so strong. He carried a fine impression of the community back to Raleigh with him—just as fine as he left in Dunn of himself. Dunn thanks him. It will be glad to have him attend the Monday night meeting, when he can see the Spirit in full bloom.

The Odeur May Be Costly

"The Odeur" may be a humorous matter to dwellers in the more favored sections of Dunn, but to the Southsiders it verges on a tragedy. We have been given to laughing a little over the humorous way in which some of the citizens have emphasized the wretchedness of their state, but it seems that the time for laughter has passed.

Some of Dunn's most valuable men and women intimate that if conditions are not improved they will be obliged to hunt a pleasanter environment. They are not content with the promises made by the fertilizer officials that they will minimize the evils by refraining from shipping large quantities of fish scrap at one time during warm weather. These promises are not at all satisfying. They give no guarantee that the neighborhood will permanently be fit for decent people to live in—and all of those of the Southside are decent people.

Dunn's pioneer citizens are among those who are loudest in condemnation of The Odeur. Men and women who have labored long and faithfully to make Dunn a good town are those. The town owes them much. It is unthinkable that they shall be driven from the homes they have striven so long to create by an industry admitted to be so objectionable.

It is a costly industry indeed that will lose to Dunn the hearty support of such men as the Newberry's George Prince, the Lees, Dr. Coltrane, J. L. Hatcher and the rest of those good citizens who have entered protest against THE ODOUR.

ON THE SIDE

But for the innate kindness and goodness of Sam Jung, Christian Chines, a prominent lumberman, whose plant is located about a mile north of Dunn on the Atlantic Coast Line tracks and almost opposite the Fair Grounds, but whose name will not be made public, would, in all probability, be under indictment charging mayhem, defamation of character, verbal assault and other things.

Sam does the prominent lumberman's washes. He has been doing it well. Never in all their business relationship had the celestial and the 'Melican disagreed upon settlements or missing B. V. D's until about six weeks ago. Then came an unfortunate day when the P. L. missed a shirt of which he was much enamored. "Was a silk shirt—more precious than the coat of Jacob, resplendent as the rainbow with its many hues blending into a harmonious ensemble that was the envy of all the rice fields colored folks employed on the Little Colaric."

The colored grand dame who presides over the culinary department of the P. L.'s home deposed that she had put that shirt in the laundry bag and that the said laundry bag had been duly dispatched to the habitation of Sam. Sam so could understand. Tickets no any shirts in weeks. He makes 'em good.

The P. L. was missing the shirt. The Chinesman was obstinate. "Yesterday Postmaster Lee handed a package to the P. L. It was addressed to Dunn, S. C., and had been

sent to the dead letter office in Washington, whither, after several weeks it had found its way to the only Dunn under the sun. It contained the missing shirt.

The P. L. had left it at the home of a friend who . . . was visiting in Maryland.

Now he wants to buy Sam a box of cigars. But Sam don't smoke.

"Uncle Jere."

At the Fair we met many old friends who dwell in the Dunn of yesterday, but who have gone into other new towns to play their part in making new Duns. We were delighted to see them. Their presence here aroused memories both pleasant and sad. Often they would ask for mutual friends who have passed out "gone west," as the roughhew terms it. But, too, they had many happy memories of the old days when tobacco as well as cotton and lumber attracted new faces to the muddy lane that was then Broad Street.

Some know good old "Tilda" Daniels, Bill Meadows, Bob Lumsden, Tyler McLean, Mark Cummings, "Parker" Donohoe, and all that great host of youngsters who then made the old town lively.

And some—those who had not been away, so long—remembered "Uncle Jere."

For these there was an especially attractive spot in the section of Floral Hall given over to a wicker baby dress and a collection of Civil War letters. These had been placed there by Mrs. J. L. Hatcher and Mrs. Paul Hood, daughters of Jere Pearshall who made his home here with Mrs. Hatcher about three years before his death.

The little dress was of fine linen, carefully preserved by loving hands since the gallant and kindly gentleman most of Dunn and Sampson County knew as "Uncle Jere" was an infant. It was the garment worn by the young man upon the occasion of his first public reception in the Pearshall Manor over three-quarters of a century ago.

The letters were those received by Jere Pearshall, Soldier of the Confederacy, while he was confined in a Yankee prison.

Many were the pilgrims to the spot upon which these mementoes of a friend rested. And it would be pleasing to Uncle Jere to know his friends looked without sadness upon the little garment. A smile of friendliness, of recollection, of love lit the countenance of all who came to see.

To us they recalled a stalwart, silver-haired figure of a man who was jovial, kindly and friendly; one who loved his friends, his horse and his dogs; a natural fox hunter who loved the chase; one of God's noblemen.

Friends are grateful to Mrs. Hatcher and Mrs. Hood for this thoughtfulness.

Laughing With Harvest

Harvey McKay dispenses humor with drugs—and some times a lot of wholesome truth. Yesterday he explained why amoebic had for more than a century been known as an absolute preventive against children's diseases. "It's very simple," he said. "Tie a big hunk of the stuff to a string, wrap the string around a child's neck and then send him out to play. Every other child who comes within fifty feet of him will turn up his nose, stick out his tongue and run away. In that way a child so vaccinated never gets near enough to another to catch anything. But he is never what you might call a popular child."

Harvey never allows a customer—or any body else—to smoke a certain popular brand of cheroots in his store. He will permit it, but in exchange for permission to light up is asked. He says he has customers who will buy good cigars and who will be annoyed by the smell of the cabbage leaves. One customer thought it unjust that he was not permitted to smoke the things where they were bought, but, by a peculiar process of reasoning, the druggist convinced him otherwise and we have no permission to reprint it. Harvey tells it better any way.

Loafers around—bug pardon—lunatic of Mack's corner have noticed for the last few days a particularly fat and fluffy Maltese kitten lolling under the soda tables, but few know how she was acquired. As Harvey tells it a striking example of the high cost of living is given. Just as he was about to close up one night three weeks ago a little white kitten staggered out of the darkness, wailing as heart-brokenly and hungrily as any kitten could. It was a dirty, diseveled, disreputable looking specimen, but his heart was touched.

Across the street the dim lights of a grocery were blinking. In his pocket a jitney jingled against the store key. Then the thought of a cat's well-known love of cheese. Mounting the kitten continued to wail. So across the street he chased. Respectfully he asked the grocer to be permitted to make the modest purchase. Remembering his own less prosperous days the mighty man condescended to part with a mite of his wealth for Mack's jit. He had one of these new-fangled cheese machines whereby one chops from the precious block the exact quantity desired.

Mack watched the grocer closely while he adjusted his specks and prepared to quill the cheese. He did not cheat; exactly on the nickel notch did he place the mighty blade. Then, very solemnly he moved the handle downward—and missed the cheese a quarter of an inch.

"That," says Mack, "was all the cheese I could get for a nickel."

Have you paid your town taxes yet? If not pay now and save the discount. See Page.

DO IT FOR DUNN A Get Together Movement for the Chamber of Commerce

What it can do, with a strong membership and adequate working fund: 1. Bring our people together. 2. Show the folly of fighting. That energies wasted in useless opposition can be converted to dynamic forces in a common cause—the advancement of Dunn along all lines of endeavor. Make our people forget personal or business jealousies, and co-operate in community development.

2. Advise Dunn's many attractions and advantages; its strategic location and splendid transportation facilities.

3. Secure such industries as can be located in Dunn by reason of its transportation facilities, its available raw materials, its agricultural products and its proximity to the larger markets.

4. Develop a greater rural trade, through its trade extension bureau.

5. Make Dunn a sales center for live-stock of all kinds.

6. Aid in reducing the cost of living.

7. Secure Agricultural improvement for Harnett County, and conduct a "Farmers' Information Bureau."

8. Protect the public against unworthy soliciting schemes.

9. Be the chief advocate of Home Patronage.

10. Be a veritable information bureau on anything and everything pertaining to Dunn.

11. Be managed by an expert secretary-manager, a man who will devote all his time to the work—who will be on the job 365 days in the year, and whose welfare will depend on the success of the work he is to do.

12. Hold frequent public meetings for the discussions of local subjects and bring here nationally-known men to speak on important public questions.

13. Work in harmony with the Mayor and City Commissioners for every needed civic improvement for Dunn.

14. Be absolutely devoid of anything savoring of politics or sectarianism and will work for the welfare of the community as a whole, regardless of class or distinction.

15. Be free from old time methods of management and be organized to accomplish things with the least delay.

16. Be managed by men of matured business experience, successful in their own business, and whose time and services could not be hired if that were necessary.

17. Keep in close touch with the different branches of the State and Federal Governments, to learn without delay of anything beneficial or detrimental to Dunn and its people.

18. Issue membership cards that will be credentials wherever presented, and which entitle the members to privileges of all commercial organizations and many of the leading clubs of the country. This feature alone is worth the cost of membership.

ITS CHIEF AIMS—More industries and more trade for Dunn and co-operation between the people of the City and those of the County.

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METHODIST CHURCH Sunday morning at 11:00 a. m. the Home Department of the Methodist Sunday school will present the Biblical play to the church. The sermon will be especially fitted for the occasion. The place of the home in society will be the topic. Public cordially invited.

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For Sale by E. L. PARKER & SONS

American Gentleman Shoes for men

Widths B-EE. Sizes 5-11 Men's Shoes \$4.50 to \$10.50

American Lady Shoes for women Widths A-E Sizes 2 1/2-8 Ladies Shoes \$3.50 to \$12.50

RED GOOSE SHOES for Children

Try our all leather shoes for service and economy.

Sold and Recommended by

Geo. E. Prince and Son

NOTICE OF SALE TUBERCULOSIS SHOWS DECLINE IN CAROLINA

Pursuant to a deed made by H. N. Bissell and wife, Mary C. Bissell to D. H. Hood, R. B. Jackson and W. M. Pope, trustees of the Holiness Tabernacle of Dunn, N. C., we shall sell at public auction for cash, Thursday, December 4, 1919 at 12 o'clock M. at the Post Office in the Town of Dunn. The house and lot described in said deed, known as the Holiness Church lot in the Town of Dunn.

D. H. HOOD, W. M. POPE.

Have you paid your town taxes yet? If not pay now and save the discount. See Page.

PAY YOUR TOWN TAXES NOW

I will be in my office from nine to twelve each day until November 1 to receive your taxes.

Pay Now and save discount

You get one per cent off for payment this month. Next month you will have to pay par.

PAY PAGE NOW

Have you paid your town taxes yet? If not pay now and save the discount. See Page.

ROOFING And Sheet Metal Work

We will be glad to furnish estimates on any work in our line. All contracts filled promptly and efficiently by expert workmen. Place your orders now.

J. E. COLE Jr.

222 East Broad. Phone 276