

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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Teapohose Interference

Youth of all races love to dance. There is no evil we can see in this. But there is evil of very real and serious kind in the dance as interpreted by modern followers of the Teapohose. For this reason the Dispatch finds itself squarely behind Professor James W. Vines, principal of the negro schools and leader of thought among these negroes of our community who care for other than the empty things of life, who yesterday refused use of the school rooms for dance purposes and is striving to prevent the holding of future dances in a building close by.

Recollection of the degrading influence of public dances held by white people in Dunn until a short while ago is still vivid in our minds. We remember that a mass meeting of citizens called upon the Board of Commissioners to prohibit the holding of such dances because of their evil tendencies. We remember that the commissioners acceded to this request and that the public dance was banned in the town of Dunn.

Unfortunately the colored schools and the buildings surrounding them are out side of the town limits and therefore beyond municipal jurisdiction. The town can aid Professor Vines only in a moral sense. The Dispatch hopes that this aid will be given and this appeal is not directed to white people. Professor Vines has done wonders for the negro schools. He has outlined a program of wonderful merit which, if he is permitted to carry out, will bring enlightenment and prosperity to the negroes of this community. He does not want his work hampered by public dances which will distract the attention of his pupils from the tasks he sets for them. He wants a clean negro community as well as an enlightened negro community.

If he is to attain the goal he has set for himself and his followers, he must have the wholehearted cooperation of the negroes of the community. He cannot have that if his people divide their attention and allegiance between the dance and the school.

Off with the Dance

Reclaiming the Sure Crop

In traveling through the wooded regions of the Dunn District we have often noticed the scrubbiness of lands that obviously were cut over years and years before and wondered why the trees had not attained greater growth. We were given an answer to the puzzle yesterday by W. Darrow Clark, of the forestry division, North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, who was here to enlist the aid of the Chamber of Commerce and other agencies in a plan to save the forest of North Carolina.

Forest fires! That is the answer. Cut over lands, protected from fire, will reforest themselves within twenty years, according to Mr. Clark, who is a native of Missouri and has been shown. He pointed to an instance in Duplin county where twenty years ago a man bought a large tract that had just been stripped of its timber. He paid \$5 cents an acre for the land. Then he let the trees grow, using care to keep fires away from them. Now he has one of the most valuable bodies of timber in that county and can get at least \$100 for the timber on each acre.

In Harnett County there are approximately 175,000 acres of untitled land classed as "timbered." Really only 34,000 acres of it has timber of any value upon it, although a large part of it was cut over a generation ago. Fire has kept the little pine trees from maturing and in twenty years has cost the county approximately \$15,540,000 in possible timber wealth.

Mr. Clark, however, has a plan to save further waste of the community's timber. The State, which he represents, offers to aid the counties in saving the timber. On Monday, January 2, a mass meeting is to be held in Lillington. After this meeting Mr. Clark and representative farmers and business men of the county will go before the Board of County Commissioners and ask for its cooperation in a plan to save the public wealth.

On our desk this afternoon when we returned from luncheon was a pretty package, covered with Chinese figures and characters, filled with "Ying Mee," a delicious tea packed in China. It was a Christmas present from our quiet neighbor, Sing Jung, the laundryman, and was the first physical reminder that the Christmas season was at hand. And it was mighty thoughtful of Sing. It was way last summer when we expressed to him a desire for some real Chinese tea. He had placed the order then in time to get it here for Christmas. He made several similar presents to other friends in town.

It is good to see in town again most of those boys and girls of Dunn who are building in the higher schools and colleges of this and other states foundations for success. They are so happy and care free, smiling, laughing, so glad to be home as we are to have them home. Dunn misses them much in those months that they are at school and welcomes them with open arms when they return. They add much to the season's cheer and make glad the hearts of fond parents who are striving to give them the best that life holds.

A voice from the distant past—a pathetic reminder that those who were the flower of the Confederacy's youth sixty years ago are fast approaching the end of their journey—an old man, decrepid, weak, weary and worn alighted from a Coast Line train here the other day and asked if there was a local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He had been bound for Durham from some point that he could not recall, but he was asleep when his train passed Selma and had gone on to Wade, whence he was returned to Dunn by a kindly conductor. He wanted to see "Jule" Carr at Durham on some important business, he said, and was confident that the General would make some provision for his care. Mrs. McHolliday, president of the Chocora Chapter of the U. D. C., was appealed to. Mrs. Holliday and Miss Sallie Purdie entertained the old fellow—who thought his name was J. C. Mansfield—until the evening north-bound train came. They gave him food, money and a ticket to Durham and he left promising them that the "General" would see that he had a merry Christmas.

Who among the hundreds of readers of this paper wants to adopt a boy or girl during this season of good cheer? A letter yesterday from John J. Phoenix, superintendent of the North Carolina Home Society, Greensboro, informs us that the society has four boys and two girls it wishes to place in good homes. The boys range in age from ten months to six years. The girls are ten and fourteen years old respectively. The society will be glad to place these children in the homes of worthy people who can guarantee them comfort and a fair chance. Requests for information concerning them should be addressed to Miss M. E. Holt, matron, 624 Fairmont Street, or to Mr. Phoenix, 207 Southern Life and Trust Building, Greensboro. Here is an excellent opportunity for some childless home to bring cheer to itself and happiness to a child's heart.

Is liquor drinking peeing upon the "periodicals" who reside in Dunn? Vines within the Teapohose—The Teapohose follows who have been in the habit of wandering off the straight and narrow trail have confided to us "hat they wanted to quit—that they were disgusted with themselves and all of their associates who drink from the cup that degrades as well as cheers. And they added that they would have to leave town and start anew in other fields because it was next to impossible for them to quit here. Part of their resolution is a fine thing—that part which has to do with quitting. But in each case the quitting is to come after Christmas. Just one more fling, a parting celebration to Old John—that is what they promise. We thought, while they talked, of the thousands of others we have seen in various parts of the world who were always "going to quit" after Christmas or after New Year, or St. Patrick's Day, or All Fools Day or after some other day. Few of them ever did. The way to quit, fellows, is to quit—now, this very day. And Dunn is just as good a place to quit in as any other town—and the glory of the good deed will be greater. Why not organize the Society of Former Boozers Heisters and hold the first meeting the night before Christmas. You'll feel a whole lot better Christmas morning and the melody of Sunday morning church bells will be sweet music instead of a noise that jangles your nerves.

The White Christmas. Our Sunday Schools have a glorious opportunity to give the youth of our country the real meaning of Christmas by teaching the value and happiness of unselfish service to others.

In that incomparable prose poem "The Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens, which everybody ought to read once a year, this lesson of giving to those in need is beautifully enforced. Old Scrooge lived a narrow, bleak and miserable life as long as he thought only of himself and his own personal interests, but when in his old age the Christmas spirit kindled its flame in his soul, he was transformed from a selfish skinflint into a joyous and useful man. Life became to him a new and real thing. He was changed from a receiver into a giver.

It is all proper and right to make the children happy in their homes by inviting the old Christmas King down the chimney with his precious load; and we have learned that our own highest happiness comes from making the little ones happy. But as a Sunday school we have the opportunity to teach the children the lesson we have learned, namely, that the shortest road to happiness in this world is our service to others especially to those in need. In every community there are

homes where the merry lights of Christmas never comes. No bulging stockings greet the sparkling eyes of the little ones awakened by the dawn of Christmas day. But disappointed and depressed they begin the day that rings with joy for the more fortunate clean round the world. To bring light into these darkened homes, and joy into these desolate hearts will mean more to our own children than all the Christmas presents ever made. And this is the mission and meaning of the White Christmas which, we are glad to say, is coming more and more into public favor.

That first Christmas in the long ago, they brought Him presents, gold and frankincense and myrrh; and in this day of gladness and of light we bring our gifts to Him when we place them in the trembling hands of His poor and needy.

Every child in North Carolina ought to shout and sing for joy on Christmas day, and yet while some children are surfeited with costly toys others with sore hearts sob silently because they have been forgotten.

The White Christmas not only dries the tears of sorrowing childhood and floods the dreary home with light, but it teaches the invaluable lesson to our children that they are their brother's keeper; and in keeping their brother they find their own highest joy.

Those who have plenty in their homes do not need the gifts of the Sunday school; those who are pinched by poverty do need them, and it is the plain duty of us all to divide our Christmas gifts with those who cannot repay us.—Charity and Chil-

dren. Mr. Fred White says, "Don't lie because You See One Rat." "I did, pretty soon I found my cellar full. They eat my potatoes. After trying RAT-SNAKE I got 5 dead rats. The rest later. They pass up the potatoes to eat RAT-SNAKE." If there are rats around your place follow Mr. White's example. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Wilcox & Lee, Hood and Grantham and Butler Brothers.

Under the pepper tariff we can get a nice coat and "Watch the rest of the world come buy."

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SANTA CLAUS The bearded little gentleman who comes from the North every year to spread cheer through the Christian world has made his preliminary visit to our store—and he left a great stock of cheering and cheerful things here for you and yours. It matters not what your age may be, there is something here that Old Santa designed especially for you and other folks who are like you. The stock includes all the pretty toys that the children will expect in their stockings on Christmas Morn; it has dainty toilet sets for mother and the girls, good books for all; nicely bound Bibles; pretty ornaments, novelties, dolls, candies, perfumes and the like. About everything that would be acceptable as a Christmas present for any member of the family can be found in our stock and we will be mighty glad to show it to you. It will be well to make your selections now, because in another week the stores will be crowded with belated shoppers who will make it impossible for you to buy intelligently. We have plenty of time and help to serve you well now. Make your selections while selecting is easy. WILSON and LEE

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