

THE DUNN DISPATCH

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L. RUSSELL POPE

Dunn, North Carolina

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CASH IN ADVANCE

Address all communications to The Dispatch. All departments of The Dispatch can be reached through telephone 166.

Communications upon live topics are invited, but under all circumstances the sender of such communications must furnish us with his name. It is not necessary that the name be published, but we insist that it be given as an evidence of good faith.

Short accounts of weddings, entertainments, club meetings, etc., are invited.

WITH HOME FOLK

Somebody asked us the other day why we preferred Dunn over larger cities as a place in which to live.

Needless to say, that person was not as well posted on Dunn as we are.

In the larger cities a newspaper plugger has a certain work to do.

On his regular assignments he meets the same people every day practically.

They are fine people, but when the day's work is done they have scattered over the city and he sees them seldom in those moments he has for recreation.

There is in the larger cities a lack of that neighborliness peculiar to the small town—especially such one as is Dunn; and there also is absent that feeling of nearness to the things your neighbor are doing.

In the big town one merely is an observer and a chronicler—not a part of the things one observes and chronicles. There is a feeling of detachment from the world of the layman which breeds cynicism and selfishness.

In Dunn, however, one has the feeling that he is really helping. He feels that he is a part of the community, working with his fellows to make that community the wonderful thing all of us wish it to be.

There, too, is about a town like Dunn pleasant features not possible to the larger cities. For instance, this week there came Eldredge Lee, who runs the little grocery at the fork of the Benson and Fairground roads and a small truck farm a little way in the county, with a dozen giant onions gathered from a five-acre patch which will produce 40,000 pounds of such vegetables this year, to tell us about his crop and to ask us to try these onions on our table.

Now, that is a thing that never would happen to the city editor. We are interested in Eldredge's crop. He is interested in us. That is one of the fine things about being a country editor.

Then came good old Ed Warren, who treasures for the Harnett County Agricultural Fair Association when there is anything to treasure with. Ed brought us enough roasting ears to last our little family the rest of the week. Who would swap a job that brought such friends as he to the office for one in a stuffy city where the only vegetables one ever sees are days old when they get there.

Nearly every day some good friend wanders in to tell us about his crops, his stock or about other things which interest him and us. These visits give us all the joy needed by one who does such work as we do. Only the other day Eugene T. Draper, who is one of the community's best farmers, director of the agricultural department of the Chamber of Commerce and Cashier of the State Bank and Trust Company, has been reading in the Country Gentleman about what country newspapers should do for their readers. Here is what Gene told us:

"The ideas brought out in this story are great; to me they bring a realization of other responsibilities than those of a local newspaper of a town like Dunn. The town as a whole, every business and every civic and commercial organization, has its responsibility.

"The quicker that the people of our town realize that its future welfare depends not upon the expansion of the resources within its corporate limits, but upon the development of its surrounding agricultural district—the development of agriculture, in all its forms, to its highest state—the better it will be for us. We must give more thought to the social and financial welfare of the farmers—upon whom we solely depend, for our existence. We must not forget the old obligation.

It is one of the blunders of many city dwellers that the farmer owes it to them to procure their food and the raw materials for their clothing. This blunder crops up whenever the farmer seeks to better his condition. No such obligation on the part of the farmer exists; rather there is quite a contrary obligation.

"The first farmer we first saw," said Harnett, and added that it is well for each man to have a feeling that "this is the original calling of the race; that he himself is only carried from it by some circumstances which made him delegate it for a time to other hands."

The fact can be no better expressed.

pressed. The first duty of every man, no matter where he may live, is to produce food for his family.

All the trappings of civilization may fall away and the race will continue, as in the primitive times have survived, but there can be no survival without food.

A man in the city is excused from the production of food only that he may produce in equal measure, some other article that the race finds useful. And he should be mindful of the share of food production from which he has been excused needs, of necessity, to be delegated to someone else. The man who obtains his 'excuse' from the 'original calling of the race' should be mindful, too, that his departure from it does not impose too great a burden upon those who are left to perform it for him.

"The latter are entitled to the same degree of satisfaction and comfort as those who have been permitted to withdraw from the ancient and necessary calling. It is the desire to obtain this same degree of satisfaction and comfort that is back of all the farmer movements for betterment. These should be understood and considered in that light. A poor type of American would be the farmer who failed to seek for his family the best that modern life affords.

"The obligation rests not with the men who have stuck to the original calling of the race—food production—but with those who have been excused from it. These latter must justify by their works their release from the labor of their forefathers. It's up to the city man.

"Our coming Fourth-of-July Celebration which will give entertainment and recreation, free, to many of our country people at considerable expense to the people of the town, shows a fine spirit.

Let us keep this spirit alive, and co-operate in every way we can to help our farmer neighbors—through service, co-operation and encouragement—to better their conditions and environments. Let us be real neighbors. By so doing we will get more of the good things out of life ourselves.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

When Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer in Illinois he received a letter of inquiry from an Eastern merchant regarding the responsibility and character of a fellowtownsman. Lincoln's reply contained one of the best sermons ever preached on thrift. It was as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Yours of the 10 received, I am well acquainted with the gentleman named, and know his characteristics. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Then he has an office, in which there is a table worth about \$1.50, and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a rat-hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, Abraham Lincoln."

Stop the leaks. No man should allow every insignificant source of waste to exist, either in his business or in the management of his personal affairs. It was this thought that Lincoln had in mind when he called attention to the rat-hole.

No doubt the man in question considered that he was quite successful, and that such revenues as he had experienced were due to "bad luck." If anyone had criticized him for the existence of the rat-hole he would have felt that a great deal of censure was being applied over a seemingly worthless matter. But the existence of the rat-hole was a key to his character. He was slipshod. Money slipped through his fingers. He neglected opportunities. He kept no account

of his income and expenditure. He was neglectful of the thousand and one little things that mean progress and upbuilding.

Without being tight-fisted or av-ericious, put a stop to the little leaks. No form of waste is so small that it should not be eliminated.—Philadelphia Record.

HE FEEDS HIS FAMILY HIMSELF

Curtis Dowdy is a North Carolinian who wasn't nominated for any office in the recent primary election, but Bion H. Butler contributed a column about him on the second page of the Raleigh News and Observer Monday morning.

Mr. Dowdy hadn't contributed anything to the discussion concerning evolution and he has advanced no theory as to how the world was made, but he has demonstrated how a man can feed his family off the land and not out of a grocery store.

He was once a landless man but he now owns land paid for by industry and thrift and has bought more land with what he has made his other land yield as a result of his work on a line leading straight to independence.

Farmer Dowdy does not bore with a big anger but he is one among millions who can't lay claim to fame and independence in the particular that Bion H. Butler considers of the utmost significance.

He never bought but one sack of flour in his life and that was because he didn't produce quite enough of his own flour one year to supply all the family needs. After logging that one sack of flour home from some store he abandoned all idea of ever letting any store feed his family. Since then he has annually produced his own wheat and the family sits down to a well filled table supplied by the Dowdy farm and garden. We get the idea from

farm, whether it be large or small, and whether cotton goes up or down it does not in the least affect the living of the Dowdy family.

One of Mr. Dowdy's neighbors attributes his success to the fact that he considers that the first object of a farmer is to make a living and then make something else. He always knows where his flour and bacon is coming from and he knows the home need of milk, butter, eggs and chickens and the bread and other things which go on the table. His neighbor says he is the right kind of citizen because he is a landowner and home-owner. "I have seen considerable of Dowdy," he declared, "and when you see a man like him picking up a few chickens, you know it is a sign that he is a good citizen."

For the encouragement among the farmers of New Hanover county who have not yet been able to do something here, New Hanover county has given \$25,000 to \$30,000 of land this year and will give \$25,000 more next year. This will add \$30,000 to the New Hanover county's farm income.—Wilmington Star.

Can You Tell? Why it is hot just before a hail storm? It is hot just preceding a hail storm because it would be impossible to have a hail storm without this attendant heat. The hotter the air is, when the air is full of moisture, the greater chance there is for the rain which is about to fall to turn into hail. Warm or hot air has a constant tendency to rise, and the hotter the air the more quickly it will rise. At times when the air is full of moisture and when, for that reason, rain is about to fall, if this hot air rises quickly as it always tries to do, it naturally strikes the upper and colder strata of air which contains the rain-giving moisture, and the moisture in the air condenses.

In the operation of condensation it is whirled about and forms into ice in the shape of our familiar hailstones, which some times fall to the ground with considerable force. The hailstorm does not make the heat.

Miss Smith's radio will be closed during the month of July. Miss Smith has gone to take special course in marriage and copying at the Southern School of Photography. The studio will be reopened immediately upon her return.

"I Got Real Mad When I Lost My Setting Box," Mrs. Harnett

"I went into the house one morning and found my favorite setter dead. I got real mad. I went to the store, bought some RAT-SNAP and set it out for the setter. Everybody who raises poultry should keep RAT-SNAP. These sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by—Butler Bros., Hood and Grantham, Wilson and Lee.

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**The Dunn Package House**

Invites the attention of all celebration visitors to its big warehouse filled with food and feed on which all can save money by trading with it. The salesroom is located on Cumberland street in the block east of the Christian Church.

**H. M. PITMAN, Manager**