

# THE DUNN DISPATCH

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## LATE PRESIDENT IS LAID TO REST UNDER HOME SOD

### Simple And Impressive Funeral Services Mark Final Tribute

## MRS HARDING BEARS THE STRAIN BRAVELY

### President Coolidge Cabinet Officials and Other Notables Join With Cosmopolitan Throng In Saying Final Farewell To Former Chief

Marion, O., Aug. 10.—(By the Associated Press)—Harding, of Ohio, is home tonight; sleeping time away near the mother at whose knee his first childish dream of greatness was prattled.

Before his tomb, as the chiming voices of the choir sang softly among the trees, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," another tender, brave woman stood with aching heart, her veiled face lifted to the sky. A moment later she stepped a meager moment into the dim vault where the dead husband's journey of life had ended. Then she turned away, brave to the last, to face the lonely years ahead. She waited not to see the iron gates close softly upon her dead.

### HOME FOREVER

Harding is home forever from life's high places, where the restless, where the heady winds of ambition blow; home beneath Ohio soil, for above him the vaulted roof is mantled with grass-grown sod; home among the friends and neighbors of his youth, the kindly people of a kindly town. Time is ended for him, and the shouting and clamor that surrounds the great is done.

It was a long road to that silent vault about which there closed tonight a guard of the citizen soldiery of his own State. There was endless ceremony of the nation's and the people's making to mark the way. But it ended simply, calmly,

### SIMPLE AND IMPRESSIVE

Aside from the multitude that waited the long way from his father's home to the vault and those others close-packed to make a living setting for the funeral rites, there was not much to mark it as the burial of one who had held highest power in his grasp. There were the tanned men of his guard from the sister service of the nation, the admirals and the generals who formed his honor escort, the friend and comrade, who is now President in his stead, the colleagues of his grief-stricken Cabinet. That was all, except at the last distant gunfire as he came to his tomb and the soft tones of a bugle sounding a soldier requiem as the gates were closed.

Otherwise, the funeral service was that of a simple and much loved citizen of Ohio. For all Ohio seemed to have come today to bid him farewell. Throgs whose number will never be known passed beside his casket and looked their last upon the dead face before the time for the last journey came.

### NO SOLEMN PAGANT

From his father's house he went out again carried by the steadfast men who have stood constantly to guard a dead commander. No solemn music of bands or military pageant marked his going save the great flag of the President drooping in mourning and carried before him to the gates of the tomb as he went.

In cars behind the simple hearse that carried now this honored leader came President Coolidge, the Cabinet, and the friends and the close-kin. There, too, came Chief Justice Taft and General Pershing. Last to leave the memorial house was Mrs. Harding, in black, with veil drawn close, and just ahead of her walked the old father, his face plainly showing the agony of his grief. Through the silent, face-walked street the cortege passed and around the corner to the quiet cemetery. As it came toward the gates the guns spoke afar in honor.

### THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

The vault stands ivy-wrapped with little space before it. So the funeral train was halted at a distance and the casket lifted down to be carried to a resting place before the open entrance of the tomb. Already a group of Senators who knew this dead President under the Capitol dome before he passed to the White House were gathered in waiting in line across the roadway that runs before the entrance. With them stood the comrades of campaigning days, Ford, Edison and Firestone.

The Cabinet family came to a stand closer, at the foot of the casket with their new chief standing

## CITY DIGS WELL AND FINDS GOLD

### Discovery Of Precious Metal On Court Square Starts Talk

Shelby, Aug. 12.—City aldermen and county commissioners seem to have started something when they decided to have a deep well drilled on the court square, for gold, real gold, has been found in the hard granite rock through which the well digger's bit is slowly passing. What will be the result is a matter of question.

About 60 feet the drill went before rock was struck and a little over 10 feet has been gone in solid granite. About 10 feet in the granite and folks who were around the drilling outfit noticed that when the water and muck was pumped out there were numerous quantities of yellow sand interspersed with the particles of blue granite. There was much discussion but nobody seemed to take the matter seriously. However, T. W. Hamrick, jeweler and member of the board of aldermen, decided to satisfy his own mind. He took a handful of the muck over to his store and tested it. Gold, he says it is, and his reputation as a jeweler, coupled with his known conservative mind stopped all controversy.

There is not gold in any tremendous quantities, thinks Mr. Hamrick, but he believes that the amount found in the rock is easily enough to justify the belief that somewhere nearby there is gold in commercial quantities. While there will probably be no rush equal to the Klondike affair there is every indication that folks are going to watch for evidences of gold in every branch and in every other place.

## NEGRO CONFESSES TO KILLING SWEETHEART

Wilson, Aug. 12.—John Townsend, Wilson negro, who cut to death Grace Simms, at the home of Cleo Gilmore in South Wilson Saturday afternoon and who was captured three hours later by Police Officer Fulghum, near Roanoke

from the city lockup to the county jail, he made a voluntary confession to Police Chief H. A. Warren, saying: "I killed Grace because I spent all of my earnings on her and because I loved her. When I begged her not to go with other men she laughed in my face and said she would go with whom she pleased. It was then I pulled out my knife and killed her."

sorrowfully among them. The admirals in gleaming white lined the way to the left, the generals to the right and beyond, behind the Cabinet, stood the little party of intimates and friends who made the Alaska journey that death broke so suddenly.

### FATHER AND WIDOW

Then came Dr. Harding with the snows of his eighty years showing on his bare head, and then the brave widow walking to her place at the right of the casket with Secretary Christian and the members of the grief-bowed family.

Within the shadow of the door-tomb their place and from the shrubbery that screened them the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light." The last service for Warren Harding had begun.

Prayers followed spoken by an old friend of the dead President, the Scriptural passages that hearten men in sorrow were read and again the choir sang. The last hymn of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and as the softly blending voices came to the last chords. Mrs. Harding slowly raised her veiled face and stood as though in prayer to Him above that the dead husband who in a moment would be shut away from her forever might know that peace beyond understanding which God's mercy holds out to humanity at the last.

The voices died away, and with lifted hand, Bishop Anderson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, pronounced the benediction: "Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever more. Amen."

### SILENT MOMENT

The funeral party and the hundreds who ringed them about stood motionless and silent a moment.

Then the soldiers and sailors and marines who have kept the honor watch all the way from San Francisco and who alone have carried this casket, stepped forward, facing the tomb. They lifted it slowly and slowly bore it in through the shadowy doorway. And at that moment the nation stood silent in sorrow. Back to the dim depth of the crypt

## DUNN HONORS THE DEAD PRESIDENT

### Many Attend Impressive Service At Metropolitan Opera House

Citizen of Dunn joined hearts with millions of other Americans Friday afternoon and paused for an hour to pay a heartfelt tribute to the memory of a fallen chief—Warren G. Harding. Practically all business in town was suspended while a large number from every walk in life gathered at the Metropolitan opera house to pay homage, love and reverence to the memory of the nation's illustrious leader, whose mortal remains were at the time being laid to final rest in Marion, Ohio.

The impressive service, fostered by the Dunn Ministerial association, consisted of several short talks, appropriate music and prayer. On the stage was a large portrait of the one in whose memory the service was held.

Members of Palmyra Masonic lodge attended in a body and the service was opened with "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung by members of the lodge. Rev. A. R. McQueen, pastor of the Dunn Presbyterian church, presided, and in a few well chosen words explained the purpose of the meeting.

The outstanding feature of the service were the short talks made by Rev. E. N. Johnson, pastor of the First Baptist church, on "Harding, The Christian," Ex-Congressman H. L. Godwin, on "Harding, The Legislator," John A. McLeod, on "Harding, The Man," and Z. V. Snipes, on "Harding, The Mason." Each of the speakers delivered a splendid and touching eulogy, in which they paid high and glowing tribute to Mr. Harding. Some outstanding characteristic in the life of the former President was also outlined very forcibly by each of the speakers.

Singing by the audience of several of Mr. Harding's favorite hymns and "Lead, Kindly Light" by a mixed quartet

Strickland, Dr. J. R. Butler and G. W. Gardner, also were pleasing features of the service. Dunn's public tribute to Mr. Harding was most impressive and in keeping with the solemnity of the hour.

## RAILROAD SUED FOR KILLING OF CONVICT

Shelby, Aug. 12.—Mrs. Clarence Robinson, wife of the Cleveland county convict, who escaped from the Mecklenburg county roads and was killed by a Seaboard train last week, has started suit against the railroad to recover damages, it was learned today. What amount she will ask is not known, since the complaint has not yet been filed. Robinson, who escaped from the chain gang early in the night, was killed as he slept on the track. Mrs. Robinson had entered suit for divorce following her husband's conviction on a statutory charge.

of stone and earth the bearers went with their burden, then turned to file out again and stand stiffly at attention in double line forming a corridor of honor.

Mrs. Harding raised her veil slightly and swept the moisture from her brow and lips. It was still and hot where the light breeze was shut off by the crowding, sorrowful people about her, but it did not seem even now that it was tears she wiped away.

### FINAL FAREWELL

As the bearers came out, she leaned to whisper to Secretary Christian. Then she stepped forward on his arm to pass just within the ivy-grown doorway beyond which lay the flag-draped casket; hardly visible in the dim vault. She halted but a moment in this final farewell, then turned down the roadway to the waiting motor car that rolled her swiftly away.

After she had gone, President Coolidge stepped to her place within the doorway, they, too, standing but a moment. As they turned to pass out, the great iron barrier was swung softly shut and Warren Harding was at home forever in the town he loved.

Down beyond where a green lawn stretched under the trees, the khaki tents of the guardians gleamed. As the sorrowing company before the vault moved away to the waiting cars, the guardsmen again took their places before the vault flanking with the beauty of the flowers that banked it about as the hundreds who had stood to watch a simple American in the keeping of his God, drifted slowly away to leave him alone when dark fell for the sleep that never end.

## OUTING ENJOYED BY DUKE PEOPLE

### Delightful Outdoor Program Given At Park

(By Wade H. ... Duke, Aug. 11. One of the most interesting and educational programs ever put on in Dunn was one Thursday night in the Erwin Park, and one which more than eight hundred folks witnessed and thoroughly enjoyed. The first event was a "Good Health" pageant in which were about 150 children between the ages of eight and fifteen years working under the direction of Misses Rosa Warren and Lula McGee, musical director of the Erwin Cotton Mills Co., and librarian, respectively. In this tiny town, with the aid of a telephone artist behind the screen, depicted the good and bad ways of living. Outdoor exercise, fresh air and plenty of fresh vegetables were among the many things stressed, and showing the results therefrom.

Next came a vocal duet sung by the Misses Rosa Warren and Elsie Coey with Miss Mabel Woodworth accompanist. Then the second pageant representing the "Flowers in Season" presented by a number of the local Girls' Glee Society in which they depicted the growth of the beautiful blossoms and what great good the flowers were brought to their attention a very striking example of what a flowerless home was like. Following this Miss Warren again delighted the crowd with her rendition of a touching Scotch melody causing many eyes to grow watery.

With the completion of this program the "fun" of the evening and one of the most enjoyable events Dukeites have seen a long time came when W. A. Erwin, Jr., manager of the No. 2 movie, escorted the well-known banjo player, "Uncle" Tom Askew, of Winston, to the orchestra and introduced the old

man. The old banjo player, who probably has seen many great events come and go in his time on the Chowan, proceeded to tune his instrument to the proper tone to get his voice in order to sing. Finally this quaint old man told Mr. Erwin he was ready, and then he began to sing several well-known folk-songs of long ago. To say that the crowd enjoyed these numbers would be the least if they literally roared as the banjoist's mouth kept tune to his banjo.

When "Uncle" Tom began to tire and asked for a brief resting period another very popular comedian of Duke was led forward by Mr. Erwin, who informed the crowd that he did not need an introduction, but would introduce himself. This was no less a personage than Bert "Humpty" Fry, Fry, terpsichorean artist, monologue de-luxe, and comedian of much ability. He picked up where his predecessor had left off, and immediately the audience was enjoying laughs every minute. Finally his repertoire of jokes was exhausted, and he begged the crowd for rest, which was granted. The evening closed with an open-air movie show and band concert.

John M. Lynch, teacher of the Bible class of the local Presbyterian Sunday school, gave the members of his class and officers and teachers of the Sunday school a toothsome barbecue supper last Wednesday evening in the school auditorium. About thirty people were present to enjoy Mr. Lynch's hospitality.

## KILLS TWO AND THEN ENDS LIFE

### Septuagenarian Slays Two Women Before Taking Own Life

Battle Creek, Aug. 7.—The body of Mrs. B. H. Stewart, 58 years old, was found by a posse of searchers late today ten miles southeast of this city, bringing to three the number of persons whose deaths are blamed on John H. Wells, 70, retired merchant and reputed to be wealthy.

Wells early today shot and killed his wife, Ella 68, and himself. He left word with a nephew that he had killed Mrs. Stewart and placed her body in a clump of bushes some distance from this city.

Jealousy is the theory advanced by police as the cause of the triple killing. The bodies of Wells and his wife were found in their apartment when detectives, called by neighbors, broke down the door. Both the man

## WILSON'S HEAD BOWED IN GRIEF

### Former President Doffs Hat As Young Voices Rise In Song

(R. Talley in Washington News) Behind somber panoply of arms and the sad roll of muffled drums, Woodrow Wilson, himself close to the shadowy border, today rode down Pennsylvania avenue in President Harding's funeral procession. His black turing car, top upraised to shield him from the sun, crept along behind the black-draped caisson that bore the mortal remains of this successor in office.

The heavy caisson rumbled slowly over the cobblestones in front of the district building. There thousands of little children in white waited with flower-filled arms behind a huge yellow cross of golden-rod.

From far down the avenue the strains of a funeral march waited back like a distant echo. Only this, the lumbering of the caisson and the tramp of horses broke the stillness.

Suddenly, from somewhere behind the cross of golden-rod, came the strains of music—soft at first, then swelling into louder volume: "Nearer, my God, to Thee. Nearer to Thee— Even though it be a cross That raineth me, Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was the music of the band, but it sounded more like that of an organ, so soft and sweet were the tones. At a signal the children joined in the song.

This was the spectacle that greeted Wilson as his creeping auto reached the scene.

He was in the rear seat, on the side closest to the singing children. Mrs. Wilson, beside him, fanned him with a broad, crepe-covered fan. In front of her sat Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, his physician.

The second verse of the hymn found the auto abreast of the white-laid chair. Slowly he removed his tall silk

He bowed his head. Mrs. Wilson said something to him but the crowd was too far to hear.

His gray head was bowed. He looked like he was crying. The creeping auto passed on. The crash of the music of another military band broke the stillness.

Once before since his breakdown Wilson rode down the avenue between miles of uncovered heads and sorrowing faces—at the funeral of the Unknown Soldier. Some day, he will ride down the avenue again.

## TWELVE PASSENGERS SLIGHTLY INJURED

### Atlantic Coast Line Train Derailed And Blocks Main Line In Florida

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 11.—About twelve passengers were slightly injured this afternoon when three day coaches, the mail car, engine and two Pullmans of Atlantic Coast Line train No. 80 were derailed one mile south of Loughman, Florida, according to advices received tonight at the railroad's divisional office here. None was injured seriously so far as known here, it was stated.

The train left Tampa at 12:15 o'clock this afternoon, bound for Jacksonville, where it was due at 7:25 o'clock tonight. Two of the day coaches turned over, as did a Pullman, according to advices received here. The cause of the derailment has not been learned. About twelve hours will be required to clear the main line, it is said. The passengers were transferred to an improvised train and started for Jacksonville, where they are due to arrive shortly after midnight.

and the woman had been shot through the head, and a revolver was gripped in Wells' lifeless hand. Mrs. Stewart was last seen this morning when, according to those living near the home, she drove away in an automobile with "an elderly man."

Police are working on the theory that Wells drove the woman to the woods, shot and killed her, and then returned, killing his wife and himself.

This theory is partially corroborated, police say, by the discovery of blood stains on the gear shift of Wells' automobile. Also, it is said, Wells told his nephew, Charles Riddell, that if any one inquired for Mrs. Stewart, she could be found five miles south of the city at a little stone bridge.

Mrs. Stewart was the wife of an electrician, Bert Stewart. Wells came to Battle Creek two years ago from Oklahoma.

## DYNAMITIZ STORE IN WAKE COUNTY

### Owners Received Two Warnings Signed K. K. K. Prior To Explosion

Raleigh, Aug. 10.—Sheriff Bryant Harrison and his deputies, J. E. Stell and Will Mangum are today investigating the dynamiting of a little country store owned by Mr. and Mrs. Zack Jackson, living 12 miles from the city, the explosion having followed warnings signed by K. K. K. to leave the community in which they were regarded "undesirable residents."

The dynamiting of the little country place which has been for a time something of a gathering ground for the community, was not known to Mrs. Jackson until after breakfast, though neighbors heard the explosion and looked for fire which did not come. Mrs. Jackson sought an attorney's advice when she received the letter warning her to leave within 48 hours, but the lawyer advised her to take no thought of it and she really did not.

The reputation of the Jackson couple in the community is good, and Mrs. Jackson has been a leader in community work. Nearly two months ago she received the first letter indicating the difference of opinion as to her desirability as a citizen. The lawyer advised her to ignore this communication. The second was so treated without advice. The Jacksons were in a community which had a school row, and they may have made some enemies by reason of their interest in improving conditions. The little store was generally kept open until well in the evening, but if there had ever been a whisper against the couple nobody knew it.

The neighbors say the K. K. K. writer told Mrs. Jackson that the gossip at the store was not exactly what the writer thought it should be, and it was the opinion of the writer that she should leave. Neither she nor her neighbors got excited.

The wreck was a complete job, and merchandise was scattered all over the place, lodging in the trees, falling far away from the center of the store, and every article breakable going up in a smash. The sheriff takes two of his best deputies, and they hope to lead to a clue which will settle this thing on somebody—Raleigh Correspondence, Greensboro Daily News.

## THREE BIG MILLS IN SOUTH CAROLINA SOLD

### More Than Two Million Dollars Involved In Textile Deal At Greenville

Greenville, S. C., Aug. 10.—Stockholders of the Victor Monograph Company, in annual meeting Thursday, voted to sell the Ottaway, Seneca and Wallace plants of their chain of eight mills to three Eastern buyers for an aggregate of \$2,320,646, an average price of \$38.20 per spindle and \$160 per share for the stock of the company represented in the three plants. Plans for the sale had been approved by the board of directors of the company, and lacked only the approval of the stockholders to close the negotiations.

The plants sold, their buyers and other facts follow: Ottaway plant, Union, S. C., 24,740 spindles, 540 looms, together with tract of land and all machinery, sold to G. H. Milligan, New York city, for \$963,456.

The Seneca plant, Seneca, S. C., 19,840 spindles, 450 looms, with tract of land on which mill village is situated, with all machinery and equipment, sold to Goddard Bros., Providence, R. I., for the sum of \$773,840.

Wallace plant, Jonesville, S. C., 15,980 spindles, 424 looms, with tract of land on which mill and village is situated, with all machinery and equipment, sold to J. Ridley Watts and Company, of New York city, for the sum of \$623,220.

The transfers will be made as soon as deeds can be drawn, but not later than September 3, 1923.

## BERGDOLL SHOTS ONE ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPER

Eberbach, Baden, Aug. 11.—Grover Bergdoll, the American draft evader, shot down and killed one man and wounded another last night when men concealed in his hotel apartment seized him in a kidnapping attempt.

Two other men, waiting outside in an old American automobile with an American shield on the side, were arrested after being menaced by a crowd. The German authorities said one was an Army lieutenant and the other a Russian prince.

Both of Bergdoll's assailants were identified as Frenchmen in the

## CAPTURE LIQUOR AUTO AND MEN

### Run Running Car Wrecked And Robbers Officers Take It In Hand

Lumberton, Aug. 10.—Harman Mendeloff, white, and Perry Heath, a negro, were lodged in jail here and a Packard twin-six touring car was taken in custody late this afternoon by Sheriff R. E. Lewis and Deputy A. H. Prevatt in a big haul made near the Cumberland county line when the men, car and about 200 quarts of alleged hauled in load liquor were captured. Officers were advised about noon of the run runner, the advice stating that a big car loaded with liquor had been wrecked one mile north of Midway, 22 miles north of here, and that it had been abandoned. According to those who saw the ditching of the big car it was said to be traveling at a terrific rate of speed, and the bursting of a tire caused the wreck. The men jumped out of the car and ran through the woods, but were later captured by the officers near Parkton, a station on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line, where they were evidently trying to catch a train. The automobile was brought back to Lumberton. It bore a New York State license number 366,804. It is believed that there was a pilot car ahead of this car containing one man and two women. A passerby who saw the wreck called Sheriff R. E. Lewis over long distance, who deputized the informant to watch the car until officers could get there. It is believed by the officers that a large quantity was broken or stolen while the message was being transmitted to him. Mendeloff has not made a statement and his real identity could not be determined. However, a chauffeur's license was found in the clothing of the negro, and gave his address as 616 McKee St., Wilmington.

Solicitor of Recorder's court F. Errell Carlyle, issued three warrants for the men, charging possession, transporting and having whiskey for the purpose of sale.

## TO USE NORFOLK AS EXPORT BASE

### Cotton Co-ops Prepare For Warehousing And Shipping New Crop

Raleigh, Aug. 13.—Making preparations for the handling of the new season's crop General Manager U. B. Blalock was in consultation yesterday with J. F. Bruce, President Norfolk Warehouse corporation; A. King, Port director for the city of Norfolk, and S. Wright, representing Travel, Plant & LaFontaine steamship agents and ship brokers of Norfolk. These gentlemen came to Raleigh to discuss with General Manager Blalock, Traffic Manager I. M. Porter and the Warehouse director D. D. Traywick, of North Carolina Cotton Growers Co-Operative association, their needs and the matter of storing cotton in Norfolk the coming season.

The purpose of the association is to use Norfolk as an export base and arrangements will also be made to use Wilmington for storage of cotton for export. During the past season the association exported cotton chiefly through Norfolk and Wilmington with several thousand bales sent through Charleston.

Last season the association was greatly handicapped by the inadequate warehouse facilities. Every bale of cotton handled by the association must be warehoused, and expecting to receive even more cotton than was handled last year, plans are being made for more adequate facilities.

New warehouses are being built or old ones enlarged at points throughout the cotton belt, among them Wadesboro, Salisbury, Tarboro, Rockingham, Lumberton and Weldon. No association cotton was stored in Raleigh last year because of the lack of warehouses. This season, however, the association expects to be able to take care of 20 or 25 thousand bales in Raleigh. One warehouse has been erected by N. E. Edgerton for the capacity of 12,000 bales exclusively for the use of the Co-Operative association, and one or two warehouses will likely be licensed very shortly.

"Feed and Weed and Breed" are the three guiding stars in dairying, said one speaker at the recent farm convention in Raleigh. Of the three, he declared that feedings is the most important.

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service of the Americans. Bergdoll said the man seized him but that he succeeded in breaking free and then drew a revolver and fired.