

TRIP TO WASHINGTON CITY

By C. S. POWELL

Editors of The Herald:

In behalf of the 56 Confederate Veterans of Johnston County who attended the Re-union at Washington, I desire to thank you and other papers for the generous use of your papers in disseminating the glad news that our generous Board of County Commissioners would pay our Railroad fare. I am sure every one enjoyed the trip, and to say that I did, but feebly expresses my feelings. My measure of enjoyment and pleasure was filled, and with your permission will try to tell of some things I saw and learned. The trip to Washington through our old service grounds in the Sixties at Weldon, Petersburg, Drewry's Bluff, Richmond, Hanover Junction, Manassa, and Fredericksburg was remembered with pride.

Arriving at Washington, everything was in a turmoil, but under such efficient organization, soon straightened out. We were undoubtedly as green as goslings, but on deck. A new world had opened to us. Everything looked big, and was big, even the hash house and dormitories. The District of Columbia is located at the mouth of the Anacostia river and on the Potomac, one hundred miles from the Chesapeake Bay and one hundred and eighty miles from the ocean, and contains 70 square miles. The City of Washington was laid out by George Washington, assisted by a French engineer in the continental army about 1790 and was fashioned after some French city. The site of Washington, the capital from which the avenues radiate, intersect the streets at various angles. Straight lines run through the center of the building, dividing the city into four sections and known as North, South, East and West. The streets running east and west are lettered, while those running north and south are numbered. Various circles at cross streets and monuments, fountains and flower beds adorn them. All streets are beautifully shaded and well kept lawns and rose vines at all houses. The trees of low growing habit are well pruned and sprayed. The government of the city is complicated and not understood by me. The assessed value of all property in the District in 1910 was \$324,000,000, and the population at that time was 331,000, one-third of whom were negroes. The great Capitol, the finest in the world, the dome of which is visible for miles day and night—electric lights around at different angles—reflects brilliant light all night. The building is an immense structure of marble and reached by several flights of marble steps and landings. The Senate chamber (where the nation's Solomons meet) and House of Representatives (where the lesser Solomons meet) with the great dome and corridor in the center, ornamented from bottom to top, with busts, statues, monuments, and pictures of distinguished Americans, events and scenes. A stone in the floor of the rotunda is called an Echo Stone, and you can talk back to yourself. (I wish every woman in the land had one at times). Both houses were in session, but seemed to be doing business to empty seats and bare galleries. I visited Senators Simmons and Overman, and their office force, Capt. Ashe, Messrs. Jernigan and Martin. All had a friendly greeting. All were busy. A great tunnel connects the two wings, and car service is maintained by an electric gyroscope running on two wheels. A huge elevator lets you up or down. I saw the White House only from the streets. The surrounding grounds are elaborate and beautiful in landscape. Flowers, green lawns and dense shades at every view. I only saw President Wilson while passing the reviewing stand in the parade, which was two hours passing. The sidewalks and every available vantage point was a mass of cheering humanity. The old Rebel yell brought incessant cheering. I guess some of the old G. O. P. knew what that meant at one time and imagined things had broke "loose in Georgia" again. Refreshments were served at the conclusion and Boy Scouts carried cantons of water at all times. I counter-marched thereby seeing the whole push. I was a guest at the home of Dr. Wade H. Atkinson, a native Johnston County boy, and the prince of and host and hostess were his wife and self. Not a moment of time hung heavily on me. On their automobile they personally checked the principal streets (which were all) pointing out and explaining innumerable public and prominent buildings of interest, including foreign Embassies, millionaire residences, former homes of ex-Presidents, places of worship, the National Soldiers' Home—a plot of five hundred acres, a beauty in

landscape and perfect roads, beautiful meadows, clover and alfalfa plots, upon which a large herd of registered holstein milk cows grazed, and were housed in fine barns and dairy equipment. Two of the finest bulls I ever saw headed the herd, all electrically lighted. The buildings and equipment for the decrepid soldiers were models of comfort and convenience. Rock Creek Park and Zoo was especially interesting. The finely graded and built roads were models of beauty and covers an area of five hundred acres, on every foot of which is something of interest.

I visited the Ichthyological Building, and saw millions of young shad, bass, perch and pickerel in the hatcheries as well as many varieties of fish in fountains. The Congressional Library at night was beautiful beyond my powers of description. It is also of marble and brilliantly lighted, winding stairs, and a maze of pictures everywhere.

The Pan-American Building in which Secretaries Lansing and Daniels shook hands with along line of folks, and called it a reception, was also interesting. The Washington monument fifty-five feet square at the base and five hundred and fifty-five feet high, ascended by winding stairs and elevator of thirty men capacity, is an imposing structure, operated by electricity two hundred yds from the base. A mark around 100 feet high indicates the cessation in building during the Civil War, the finishing being finer stone. For 40 feet inside the walls are elaborately carved. Two search lights play on it from a distance, and is visible a long way. The Botanical garden, a paradise of flowers, with variegated rose fence six feet high, and exquisitely pruned, was a thing of lingering beauty. Statuary Hall and Art Gallery was beyond my limited powers of understanding. A mythological student, only could appreciate, though I remembered the Greek Slave, Lavocoon, Vulcan, Ceres, Flora and some others as well as canvass pictures and sculpture draped and nude, interesting and reflective. In this hall I met an old comrade that I had not met in 52 years, yet, he recognized me as Adjutant Powell. Our greetings were warm, and he called a street photographer and had our pictures taken, giving me one. His name is J. C. Sullivan of Union County. I attended a reception, by the North Carolina Society of Washington. Speeches by Senator Overman, Representative Stedman and Governor Bickett and general handshaking. Here, Mr. Parker Anderson, a North Carolina newspaper reporter, invited Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson and myself to lunch, took us to a swell hotel and called for a "gin phiz" and "crab cocktail." I acted pretty wisely but I didn't know what I was eating and drinking. The next morning my head was a little offish and a dry finish in my mouth. These 12 M. lunches are not fitten for scopanger like me.

A visit to the biggest market in the world was wonderful. Every imaginable edible in meat, fish, vegetables, berries and flowers galore. The keeper said if the supply was stopped, three days would clear it out. Other market places looked big to me.

A pleasing visit to the Museum and Smithsonian Institute, where ex-President Roosevelt's collection of African animals is exhibited, along with every known animal, bird and reptile, as well as many skeletons of prehistoric and extinct animals. Indians, Esquimos and the Cliff Dwellers of Mexico and Arizona are all represented in many poses of life and characteristics.

The celebrated Marine Band dispensed fine strains of music, including "Dixie" which never failed to bring prolonged cheers from the great throng. One lady diked in divers colors and badges, asked for some one to pat a jig. I told Dr. Atkinson to hold my hat, that I had been to a few hoe-downs and corn-shuckings and we would see about it. I gave her "Juba around the kettle of fat." She hopped in the air, knocked chicken in the bread tray, wired, heeled and toed, broad-shuffled, backstepped, Johnnie get your hair cut and every other move that a "Jimberlack" could cut. The whole house roared with delight. I asked for her card. She gave it and her name was Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, of Washington, D. C., President General of United Daughters of the Confederacy and Matron of Honor for the Re-union. She was a typical representative of Southern beauty and vivacity. I met her next day. She gave me a copy of the Confederate Veteran published in Nashville, Tenn., with her picture in it. I felt like singing, "I wish that gal was mine."

May she live long and her happiness last eternally.

A call at the home of Mrs. W. H. Green, the mother of our townsman, Mr. Alex Green, was very pleasant. We were school-mates in the fifties and she said she remembered me as dancing up the path of the "White school house."

An apartment house in the city houses more families than are in Smithfield and Selma. It's a big one. Many high-schools here. I visited one with a corps of 97 professors and teachers and nearly 2,300 pupils. Many hospitals in the city, more hotels, one being an inmate of one with convalescent scarlet fever. I just told him "howdy" from the balcony.

A trip to the Great Falls, the source of water supply for the city, 17 miles up the Potomac river by automobile, across a million dollar concrete bridge through Fort Myers, of beautiful grounds and elaborate quarters for men and officers as well as extensive drill grounds and along the National or Government road, guarded from end to end, was much enjoyed. The falls, a ledge of rocks 20 feet high with its incessant roar and rainbow-hued spray was grand. Electric cars run here and it is a fine picnic ground with huge boulders all about for table and seats. The Chesapeake Canal is here, and boats are raised by locks, which is interesting. A swinging bridge spans the river here. Above here opposite Lexington, Va., I crossed the Potomac with Lee's army, in 1862, was at the capture of Harper's Ferry and battle of Sharpsburg, Md. Many more places of interest was visited by courtesy of my most excellent host and hostess, but space forbids mention, and then a vivid description is hard for me to undertake and can but say as Queen Esther did when she visited King Solomon, "the half has not been told."

Again thanking all who contributed "their bit" to us old Confederates in these our declining days' pleasure and wishing them every one a full measure of comfort and pleasure in this life and life eternal at last, I am Very respectfully,

C. S. POWELL.

NEW CANADIAN PAPER MILLS.

Plant Will Be Producing 195 Tons Daily by First of Year.

A report from the American consul general at Vancouver to the State Department reads as follows:

Installation of the plant of the Pacific Mills at Ocean Falls was begun about 12 months ago, but it is only within the last few days that the first unit has been put in operation. The mill is now turning out 75 tons of news print daily. By the end of the present year a second unit with a capacity of 120 tons of paper is expected to be in operation, and the daily production will then reach 195 tons.

While the present program of development ends with the starting of these two units, it is regarded as probable that there will be extensions to the equipment and a still further increase of production before very long. Meanwhile the plant will be worked to its full capacity.

The Durham Hosiery Mills at Durham, has been awarded a contract for 300,000 pairs of socks for the navy department. The contract amounts to \$61,000.

You put a lid on waste every time you seal a preserving jar.

COL. JEFFERSON R. KEAN



Col. Jefferson R. Kean, director general of military relief of the American Red Cross, expects to take direct charge of the six base hospital units which the American Red Cross will send first to Europe. Colonel Kean is given credit for having prepared these units for immediate service.

Printed Stationery

The use of Printed Stationery is no longer confined to the business or professional man---Farmers, Contractors, Builders and in fact men in all walks of life are beginning to realize that Printed Stationery costs but little more than the unprinted kind and that every letter they write is a silent representative. Come in and let us talk it over with you and tell you what it will cost to have your stationery artistically printed.

Beaty & Lassiter

Smithfield, N. C.

Billions of Dollars

That heretofore have been stored away in vaults and safety deposit boxes are being taken from hiding and loaned to our Allies in this war.

The Vast Sum

Will not be spent out of the country. It will be spent here for foodstuffs and the thousand and one other supplies that must be sold to our Allies for the support of their armies and civil population. The articles must be raised and made in this country, by our own people.

Millions of Americans

Will be employed in this work, with factories running over time and farmers utilizing every hour of the daylight. Much of that money will even find its way right into our own local community, and every citizen will be proportionately benefited.

The Shrewd Merchant

Will heed the doctrine of commercial preparedness, and will begin now to advertise his wares in this paper, for it is a self evident fact that the spender will go to the merchant who makes the most attractive bid for his business, whether that merchant be local or foreign.

Keep it at Home

If the merchants of Smithfield and other Johnston County towns want the money that is sent to the mail order houses they must go after it with the same vim and vigor that the mail order houses do. They know the value of Advertising.

It's Time For All Home Folks to Wake Up

BEATY & LASSITER
PUBLISHERS SMITHFIELD