

SOME HISTORY Where Confederacy Got Powder.

COLONEL Frank S. Woodson, veteran newspaper man and for a long time editor of the Danville, Virginia, Register, has been doing stunts these latter years on the Richmond Times-Dispatch, developing into a booster of the most modern school in presenting in very attractive form the splendid resources and business opportunities of the Old Dominion. The industrial section carried each Sunday by the big Richmond daily has been Woodson's work, and, we take it that the several pages devoted to the "magic city" of Hopewell (the name is significant) was a part of his assignment.

Mr. Woodson does not live entirely in the future, however. Occasionally he takes an hour off for a little excursion into the past; quits the grind long enough to become reminiscent and draw comparisons between the then and now. It was in one of these moods—suggested, no doubt, by the sights and scenes around the home of the Du Pont powder works—that he recalled an interesting bit of war history which appeared simultaneously with the Hopewell write up.

"Something over fifty years ago," says Mr. Woodson, "when the great War Between the States was raging, there was one mystery which the North sought to, but failed to solve until the close of the war. Mr. Lincoln, General Grant and the others at the head of affairs, knowing that they had all of the Southern ports blockaded, and knowing that the Southerners were not powder-makers, wondered how the Confederate government kept so well supplied with ammunition, for, as a matter of fact, it was as well supplied as was the North until after the fall of Richmond and Petersburg.

"Mr. Lincoln and his advisers argued that somewhere in the Confederacy there must be an immense supply stored away, and if they could find where it was, capture and destroy it at any cost, the end of the Confederacy would be at hand, but they never were able to find where it was, not even with the aid of spies, raiders and secret-service agents. But few readers of war history know to this day where the Confederacy had its powder and lead hidden away. The missing link in the chain of history can be supplied.

"Away back yonder, about the year 1810, Major John Clark, some of whose descendants still live in Richmond, built a foundry, or arsenal, for the manufacture of cannon and small arms on a commanding bluff in Chesterfield county, overlooking the James river.

"Small arms there for the United States government, and hundreds and thousands of the guns used against the British in the War of 1812 were made there by Major Clark.

"In 1813 the United States government bought the property from Major Clark.

"A square of two and one-third acres, was laid off and surrounded with high rock and brick walls, and within these walls, and in some cases forming a part of them, were erected substantial factories for the manufacture of muskets and other small arms, and there was also erected a large addition to the Clark cannon foundry and large forces of hands were put to work in them, turning out the man-killing implements. The place was named Belona Arsenal, and it is today known locally as 'Old Belona Arsenal.'

"Along in the late forties, or early fifties, when the railroads commenced to stretch out through the country, the government built other arsenals at places where the railroads could be taken advantage of, and Belona Arsenal was abandoned. A few years later, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, he ordered the Belona Arsenal property to be sold at auction.

"When Mr. Davis became President of the Southern Confederacy he foresaw probable blockades of Southern ports, and on his recommendation the Confederate government made haste to buy powder and lead and shells in Europe by shiploads and have them hurried to Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and any other Southern ports that had not fallen into the hands of the Union armies, or had not been blockaded. From these ports very many shiploads of ammunition were railroaded to Richmond.

"It was then that Mr. Davis remembered the old abandoned Belona Arsenal which he, as Secretary of War in Uncle Sam's government, had sold to Dr. Archer. He proceeded through his proper officers, to lease the property from General Coche, the then owner, put the cannon and musket factories to work again and filled the magazine with the powder and ball brought from Europe. Whenever ammunition was required the powder and lead were brought to Richmond and Manchester, where the cartridges were made and shells loaded and rushed on to the front. Old Belona Arsenal was re-opened and rehabilitated in all of its glory, but its existence and its operations were kept as much of a secret as possible, and, strange to relate, that with all of their spies and all of their friends on the south side of the line, the officials of the Union armies and the United States government never knew of the rehabilitation until the war was over. Then they knew for the first time where the blockaded Confederacy had kept so much powder on tap, stored away in the old stone magazine that was built nearly fifty years before by President Madison.

"At the close of the war Uncle Sam claimed the property and took possession of it, but finally it went back to General Coche. It changed hands several times within the next few years, and one of the purchasers tore down some of the arsenal buildings and some of the walls to use the brick in Richmond, but the most of them are there yet. W. J. Camack, a good old Chesterfield county farm-

PLANTING TREES.

Why Not Plant Something Of Permanent Value To State.

While we are building state and national highways and while our State Forestry association and all civic organizations are urging everybody to plant trees, why not plant those of permanent and constantly increasing value instead of those that serve no further purpose than to furnish shade in summer and perhaps please the eye if the bloom or foliage happens to be particularly attractive. Why not plant not only for the next generation, but the next, and the next, and the next—not only for your children but your grandchildren several times removed?

Some one has proposed to plant apple trees along the public highway, and the idea is good. Any kind of fruit tree that will live a reasonable length of time and produce something of value while furnishing shelter from the sun's rays is more worth while than those solely for ornamental purposes. But the apple tree is short lived, as the life of a tree is reckoned, and in sections where climatic conditions are favorable the English walnut would be infinitely more desirable.

Statistics show that we import from England and other countries every year over \$5,000,000 worth of walnuts and about \$500,000 worth of timber from the trees on which they grow.

In food value the English walnut exceeds all other nuts. There is more nutriment in a pound of good walnuts than in the same amount of beefsteak.

In England fresh walnuts, with the outer skin removed, are considered a great delicacy to serve with wine for dessert. They are also extensively used in pickles, catsup and preserves. In France every year many tons of them are crushed to make an oil which is a very satisfactory substitute for olive oil.

But the sweet-flavored and nourishing nuts are not all that the walnut tree produces. Its timber is more valuable than mahogany and is much used in the manufacture of gunstocks and furniture. It has a handsome grain and is remarkably heavy—so heavy, in fact, that when green it will not float in water.

What a splendid investment for future generations a grove of walnut trees can be seen from the fact that they will live and bear for centuries and the price of their nuts and timber is steadily increasing.

In England many fine trees may be found that are hundreds of years old. Some are nearly 100 feet high, with a spread of more than 100 feet and bearing thousands of nuts for their owners every year. One tree that is said to be more than one thousand years old produces more than 100,000 nuts a year and is a chief factor in the support of five families.

Due to its peculiar alkaline sap the English walnut tree has never been spread upon the San Jose scale or any other insect pest which attacks and ruins the trees in this country and agriculture are doing all they can to encourage the English walnut industry. In California the industry is already on a sound footing, more than 12,000 tons of nuts, worth about \$3,500,000, having been raised there last year.

Some States are considering the advisability of planting walnut trees along the new State roads after the custom in England and Germany, where practically all the walnuts are distributed along the drives or serve as ornamental shade trees upon the laws.

There is one avenue in Germany which is bordered on both sides for ten miles by enormous English walnut trees which meet in the center, thus forming a beautifully covered lane and at the same time yielding hundreds of dollars worth of nuts each season.

It is the custom in England and Germany to lease the trees to companies which pay so much for the privilege of harvesting the nuts, thus attaching to the trees a value similar to that of gilt-edged bonds, yielding a steady income to the owners, with no work involved.

WILLING TO DIE FOR HIM.

A Negro Father Begs To Pay Penalty For Wayward Son.

A human interest story is told in the following news item under a Wilmington date line:

"William Merrick, an aged colored man, begged Judge Daniels to order for court to let him pay death penalty for his son, Thomas Merrick, 18 years old, who was convicted of first degree murder of Mr. L. B. Hudson, a popular young white man of this city, some weeks ago, having shot him to death with a shot gun following a dispute over a hitching rein.

"The jury had been out 22 hours, when the verdict was returned. Feb. 10, next, was named as the date of execution. Attorneys for defendant took appeal to the Supreme Court. The father of the condemned youth is a butler in the home of a prominent family.

There are people who claim that the ties of blood are not as strong in the negro race as in the white—that the negro parent does not suffer the same degree of sorrow over a fallen son or daughter that the white parent does.

But it all depends. The average negro, of course, by reason of a more limited capacity for the higher and nobler sentiments, is less sensitive to disgrace and more indifferent to men's opinions. Occasionally, however, you find a case, like the one referred to above, where the love of the father or mother for the offending offspring is something pathetic and worthy of our deepest respect and admiration.

Few white fathers, when put to the test, would voluntarily go to the electric chair to save an erring son, and so we say all honor to the Wilmington negro, bowed down with the burden of a great sorrow.

er, now owns the property. He has converted the cannon factory into a grist mill, and the big brick arsenal buildings, with their loopholes, into stables and cattle barns, while the old magazine is well covered with vines and shaded with trees that have grown up within the walls.

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes passing fancies—maybe recalling happenings of forty years ago—maybe something of only a few months. All people live either in the past or the future. It is what you did yesterday or what you will do tomorrow. Never what you are doing now. This department is conducted simply to take care of those pleasant things that happened as we walked along the road that is now grown and impassable—the road over which we will never walk again.

The Union.

A few suggestions from the printers' union during the last few days brings to mind an experience or two I had in the early days with printers, and one of the experiences is worth relating in this reminiscent column. Way back in 1884 I purchased a half interest in a morning newspaper at Nebraska City—the Press, the oldest newspaper in that state. I had just come in from California, and I was to be the editor, and I edited. I wrote about all the paper. It wasn't much of a rag—we had only eight compositors. In those days types were set by hand and the men worked at so much per thousand "ems." We had a pretty good crowd of compositors—and the foreman was the limit. He was a Rochester, New York, man, and he was tall, of the sort and the east wind as well, and he was always springing something new and as it was a union shop I had to listen.

Couldn't Read Writing.

I had before furnished copy for newspapers and the compositors got along very well reading my chirography—although at first blush it isn't as good as that of the best printers have told me that when they once "got on to it" they read it just like they would read copper plate. But my writing wasn't plain enough, or, at least, it furnished an excuse for Doughty, the foreman, to make a kick. He was a fellow who kicked on the style heads I had adopted; he had kicked on the manner in which I marked the proof sheets, because I read my own proofs; he had kicked on a great many things and while I did not "kew him with a sharp" I felt that maybe trouble was brewing, and that some night if I stood my ground there could easily be a walk-out. And I decided to let it come if I was clearly in the right. After Doughty had kicked on all the things he could conjure up, he came into the editorial rooms one day about three o'clock and informed me—he had a whining voice which sounded like the voice of a sheep stealing dog would sound if the dog could talk—and he said: "Mr. Fairbrother, we have had a meeting and concluded that you write such a hard hand to read that we lose a great deal of time in trying to decipher it and we have voted to charge an additional five cents per thousand on all your manuscripts. I was utterly astounded because I knew that any intelli-

gent man could read what I wrote, and I told them so. I told them so, and they looked like they were very happy. Doughty wanted his underlings to remark again that he was a great man—that they had whipped the front office. In the town was a law firm, Watson & Woodhouse, and Woodhouse was agent for the Calligraph made by the American Writing Machine Co. This was the first writing machine on the market with the basket principle and for many years even the Remington people paid a royalty for the use of the principle. The Calligraph sold for \$80. Luckily Woodhouse had a new one in stock and I had Ben, Watson's nigger, bring it down to me. It was after four o'clock and I swore that I would hand one to Mr. Doughty. Now I don't know if I did it or not, but I ran a type writer you don't get up much speed the first three or four days—but my intense interest in what I was doing, and having written a few letters on the used machine in the use of the principle, it was possible for me to progress with what I considered surprising speed and accuracy.

The Copy Printed.

So I buckled down. Composition commenced then at 7:30 and when that hour arrived I threw about six columns of the pure stuff into the box and said nothing. I had not been to supper—and didn't want any supper. I was pounding that machine. And I kept on. And I finished all the copy. I wrote the heads for the front page and along about midnight I figured them out with a pencil and then put them on the machine. I never mentioned the introduction of the typewriter. I saw Doughty and I saw the printers—but never a word was said. I kept up the lick—and was always thankful to Doughty for forcing me to do something. My partner said that Doughty had said to him that I was a pretty hard fellow to get ahead of—but he never said a word to me.

Since then. Since then I have used all kinds of machines. I have two Smith Premiers in California; I have two Monarchs in this town and will have another in Arizona—and what may be interesting to all is the fact that that same old Calligraph which I bought in Nebraska City in 1884 is today in Petaluma, California, owned by H. I. Cameron and now and then he writes me a letter on it.

Of course this only interests those who have monkeyed with the unreasonably man in the union, in the church, in the community. There is always some kicker; some fellow who wants to upset all the pleasant relations that might prevail—and Doughty was one of them. And his counterpart is everywhere, and he isn't to blame. He was just naturally born that way and can't help it. But I beat Mr. Doughty to it—and have used a machine ever since.

Everything

MR. GILLIAM'S SMILE.

A Man Who Can Laugh In Face Of Success Or Disaster.

The Raleigh News and Observer hands this little bouquet to our genial friend and neighbor of the Protectionist, and all who know Mr. Grissom will agree that it is well deserved. And if, as the Raleigh editor claims, he is able to smile and be always optimistic in the face of defeat as well as in the hour of triumph, why doesn't he come very near measuring up to Mr. Kipling's definition of a "Man?" The News and Observer says:

"We confess that it is always a source of pleasure to us to see Gilliam Grissom at a meeting. He is the secretary of the Republican State executive committee and when he is at his writing—and talking—post at a Republican meeting he pleases the eye.

"For Mr. Grissom has a face that smiles with the smile that won't come off. It is the Republican smile of hope which illumines his countenance, for with or lose Gilliam Grissom carries the smile. Why, he even smiles when there is a majority of over a hundred thousand against North Carolina Republicans, and he smiles some more when the Republican party goes smash into factions in the State.

Gilliam Grissom's smile is the smile of optimism. No matter how bad an affair his smile says that it might have been worse. And so after the bumps on the rocks which the Republican party got in 1912, Gilliam Grissom and his smile were here yesterday. And it was so cheery a smile, so expansive a smile, so hopeful a smile, that we felt somewhat sorry for him in view of the swatting which is in store for the Republicans in 1916. But knowing Gilliam Grissom we know that his smile is going to survive and that he will continue to be secretary."

GUILFORD FARMERS MEET.

Pass Resolutions Endorsing Work Of County Demonstrator.

At an enthusiastic meeting of Guilford county farmers held last Saturday in the Guilford county court house, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That this meeting indorse the objects aimed at by maintaining a farm demonstration agent in Guilford county.

"That we commend the action of the county commissioners in supporting it up to this time and strongly recommend that this support be continued.

"That the meeting elect a committee of three to cooperate with a like committee from the chamber of commerce of Greensboro and representatives of the United States agricultural department and state extension bureau in selecting a farm demonstrator and that this committee consist of T. L. Grooms, B. S. Kimmery and Z. M. Sellers.

GETTING BETTER.

Mr. George T. Penny Says— Things Hum.

Mr. George T. Penny—he should be a Colonel, of the American Auction and Healy Co., tells us that things are again as they used to be in the real estate business.

He says his company has a sale booked for every day up to the first of the year—that people are buying and they have the money, and do not seem afraid to part with it.

He reports High Point booming now—factories on full time, and he predicts great things in the real estate market for next year.

There is only one George Penny in all the world.

Cold Pizen.

Miss Knealey, a London novelist, took a dose of cold pizen and died. Miss Knealey was suing a publishing house for slander and didn't win her case and she thought the best way out was the surest—and she drank the pizen and died. Poor thing.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

If you want your work done well call on the STARR DRESSING CLUB in rear of the Banner Bldg. in basement. We keep a first class place for ladies and gents. No loafing allowed.

W. M. HAIRSTON, PROF.
Phone 808 Rooms 8 and 9

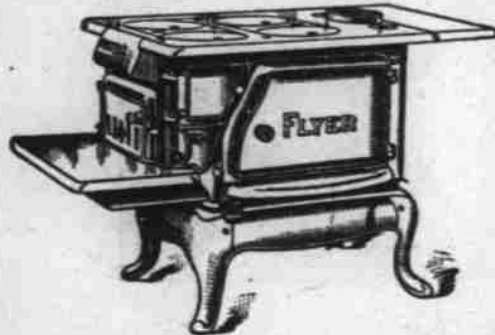
CANDY KITCHEN

We have opened an up-to-date Candy Kitchen and Ice Cream Parlor at 324 South Elm street and are ready to serve the public with fresh home-made candies. Come to see us. Give our candies a trial and you will be convinced that we handle only the best. This is the place where your money goes the furthest.

OLYMPIA CANDY KITCHEN

324 South Elm St.

Here is the Foster
Flyer, a truly great
Cooking Stove Value



This is one of the best constructed stoves we have ever sold. It has a duplex grate with sectional back and burns either wood or coal. Heats quickly and is an ideal baker.

PRICES \$16 AND \$18:50

Also have a big line of heating stoves now on display.

GUILFORD HARDWARE COMPANY
South Greensboro

"Promises And Progress"

The Artic Ice & Coal Company has reached its present position of prominence and strength through rigidly pursuing the following policy:

To get business on a sound basis and to offer no inducements that it cannot fulfill or live up to, by constantly fulfilling every expectation of its old customers, we have attracted the attention of new ones. Promises kept have been the keynote of this progress, and all business intrusted to us will receive the most careful attention. It will have the benefit of our great equipment and years of experience.

Telephones: 1822. 1823. 1824.

How About A Coat Suit?

Ellis-Stone & Co. want to supply your needs in coat suits and wraps and everything necessary for the comfort of a well-dressed woman during the winter season. The display is most inviting and the service such as to satisfy the most exacting customer.

Mrs. Iseley Passes.

Mrs. Sarah Angeline Iseley died last Sunday at the home of her son, Mr. Ira B. Iseley, in this city. She has been for years a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal church, funeral services being conducted from Centenary church and interment in Green Hill cemetery.

THE BROKEN FIVE DOLLAR BILL

Slips through your fingers as though the fragments were greased. You "break" a five dollar bill and with the change in your pocket it gets away from you—QUICK. With a Bank Account you write checks for what you spend; we do your book-keeping for you, and with no money to throw away you don't throw it away.

THE GREENSBORO NATIONAL BANK

Asks you to open an account and see how it will save you money.

Capital \$1,000,000. Deposits \$1,000,000. Assets \$1,000,000.

Member Federal Reserve Bank, Fifth District.
Corner South Elm and East Washington Streets.

Tobacco Higher

Tobacco is the highest it has been any time this season. We have not had a dissatisfied farmer for several days. Bring us your next load and we will please you too. We do not care where you have been selling and on what market we will guarantee we can get you as much or more than you can get anywhere else.

Best lighted house. Best force, and prices to be found anywhere.

Center Brick Warehouse KING AND AYDELETTE, PROPS.

---OVERCOATS---

We carry in stock a well selected assortment of tailored overcoats and can fit you out handsomely right here in our own shop. New patterns and styles just received this week.

If you haven't made arrangements for your winter suit we would be glad for you to make a thorough inspection of our patterns.

STOCKARD AND WIMBISH

FURNITURE AT COST

THIS IS NO FAKE SALE--BUT A FACT

We are absolutely going out of business. Everything in our store is for sale at COST.

Come see us. Get prices. Select what you want for today or for CHRISTMAS. Here is Opportunity.

Not an article reserved. Cash will talk here for the next thirty days.

MEDEAR'S FURNITURE CO.

Opposite American Exchange National Bank, Greensboro.

P. S.—Also 2 horses, 1 buggy, 1 furniture wagon and two sets of harness will be sold.