Goldsboro Weekly Argus

"This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep;

No soothing strains of Maia's son,
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

VOL. LIX — GOLDSBORO, N. C., THUSRDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1914 — NO. 49

BACK FROM JACKSONVILLE

Mr. W. G. Hollowell Tells of His Trip to the Confederate Reunion In His Own Original Way.

Editor Argus:—I am just back from "The Land by Orange Blossoms Shaded where Summer ever lingers on the air"—and I take this method of thanking my friends who generously contributed the funds to give your "Uncle Bill" an outing. Thank you all.

I boarded the train here Sunday night, in the language of Bill Robinson, Solus, Alone, for I believe I was the only Goldsboro man that attended the grandest reunion of United Confederate Veterans ever held, went to Wilson and changed to the Short-Cut, and aboard of a flyer shot through without stops and arrived at Jacksonville the next day at 2 o'clock. The trip was a pleasant one, barring one little incident that for the time did a little upset me. It was in this wise: When I got aboard I took a seat in a coach marked "white", filled, or partially so with white men. Pretty soon I coiled up on the seat (occupied by me alone) and went to sleep. I did not awake until next morning about 4 o'clock, near Charleston. When I awoke I found I was in a coach marked "colored," and my only travelling companion, was a negro woman. Here is where the mystery was, I knew it was a white coach when I entered, altogether white, not like Capt. Jack Collier's train when a chalk mark across the floor is all there is to distinguish a Jim Crow car from a first class car for whites exclusively—I was dumfounded for a fact. I tell you Joe, upon the honor of a man I had not touched a drop. Well, I have always contended that ghost sights and other mysterious happenings only needed to be investigated to clear them up, and I resolved that I would investigate. I called to the conductor (who happened to be passing through at the time) and asked him what was the matter, he seemed to be thunderstruck at my question, asked so seriously and said, "What do you mean?" I told him, I went to sleep in North Carolina where every body believes that a white man is as good as a negro; even Col. Baker used to say they were if they behaved themselves, and had waked up in South Carolina where I always understood that the same sentiment prevailed. Even Cole Blease, the present Chief Magistrate, held to that belief, for he said that no white man should ever be molested for killing one who committed certain crimes, (to which I said amen); although he has nearly emptied the penitentiary by pardon, pardoning a negro convict and discharged the guard because the negro raised his hat to the Governor as he was passing, and the guard flogged him for it—that in the space of a few hours, by some mysterious juggling, I had been turned to a negro placed in a Jim Crow car and given a negro woman as sole traveling companion and I assured him I had not touched a drop. Well, Joe, he explained it all just as nice, as the Dutchman said, "as never wus." He said that at Florence it became necessary to have a first class Jim Crow coach, so they covered the word "white" with the word "colored"—moved the white up a car, and he supposed I was overlooked, being asleep at the time. Now, Joe, this relieved my mind, the explanation was all satisfactory, I thanked him, took my grip, bid my companion good night and moved up and joined the boys again.

We arrived at Charleston about sun up. We were backed into the depot, remained there a very short time, pulled out and sped away towards Savannah. I did not see Charleston, of course, as we only went as far as the depot, which is not strictly in the city. Where, 52 years ago, our command changed cars for Coosahotchie Station, betwen Charleston and Savannah, on a side track, with marshes all around, is now a manufacturing district, the majority of which are fertilizer factories. I was anxious to see Old Coosahotchi Station and our camp of 52 years ago—it was there just as it was then, only more so, as the Irishman would say: the most God forsaken looking place you ever saw, and I am about ready to apply the same remark to the whole line from Charleston to Savannah, and even on to the suburbs of Jacksonville—how people live along the line I can't see. Where there used to be large bodies of land covered with long leaf pine, is now a barren waste. There is hardly pine poles enough along the line to make stack poles enough to hold the hay and fodder that could be raised on the same quantity of good land here, and what few there are, are boxed or cupped, for they use cups instead of cutting the box in the tree as of old time,—have to for they are not large enough to cut a box in. Joe, they are trying to get turpentine out of trees so small that I would not cut one of them if I was out looking for a tree to make Roosevelt another big stick, too small. Now this is no joke, I saw trees boxed and being chipped not as large as Arnold Wright's leg, and in some places they grow so sparsely that a man would have to dip over a mile square to get a bucket full. I thought, will this land ever be valuable again, hardly; especially so if the predictions of some of the present day wiseacres are to become true, that in such and such a year, some time in the near future, the whole thing is to be wiped out; if, however, as scientists tell us the world is millions of years old and in all probability will remain millions of years to come; this particular section of country may become the garden spot. For the present it is out of business for a fact. I thought what an easy job it would have been to have built the Panama Canal if they had just chosen this place for it, no cuts, no fills, simply a big ditch with no scarcity of water, for in some places they have to bank up around the pond to keep the water in.

(Continued from last Friday's paper.)

Now, Joe, you may say that I am giving this section a black eye, not so, it had it before; I am just telling it, that those who have never seen it may know it, for I flatter myself in believing that no body believes me to be an Annias.

Well, Joe, I am going to leave it for we are now at Jacksonville, inside of the surburbs and she is a city right—named in honor of Old Hickory, and if he could rise up out of his grave he would feel proud of his namesake. She is a hustler—it is, in fact, the metropolis of Florida—and while it is not in the orange belt, (I saw none growing), it is the key to that part of Florida that makes her noted, for oranges, grape fruit, citrons, pineapples, aligators, fish, etc., and now and then a good crop of northern health seekers who go there and leave their money to build her up. It is a great railroad center, a big city—the largest I ever saw—I will not dispute your word if you say that London and New York is larger, but you need not call upon me to prove it. Her citizens, if they are always like they were during the reunion, are the biggest hearted people I ever was among. They have spared no pains, nor money to make this reunion the grandest ever held. At all times her people were out insisting that you get into their autos and take a spin in and around the city, all free—it seemed to give them as much pleasure to ride you as did you to ride—I had several rides out to the different parks and places of amusement. Joe, did you ever see an alligator? I went out to the Ostrich and Alligator farm—I saw 50 or 60 ostrich, saw them nesting, saw them hatching, young ones in incubators and alligators I saw from a foot long, said to be one year old to 12 or 13 feet long said to be 250 years old; I did not find any one who could verify this for everybody said they did not see these old ones hatched, and I believe it.

Joe, I don't propose to give Florida the black-eye, it is Georgia and South Carolina I have been speaking of, but I was asking a gentleman from down in the orange belt how the soil was; was clay near the top in any places or in fact was there any clay under Florida, he said he did not know, he had never been to China, there might be clay there and that it was said to be under Florida, that he thought that if a man wanted clay from under Florida it would be cheaper to have it shipped over from China through the Panama Canal, than to undertake to dig for it, for it would be a d— big job to get it that way—it might be a shorter route but a more hazardous one.

Joe, I saw many things that are grand; the city is just an ideal spot and I would judge, a fine place to live at, if one had the means, but taking all in all, Joe, I did not come back fully impressed with the idea that it is my duty to sell my little home, humble though it be, and invest the proceeds in lands that I saw, especially in any that I saw from Charleston to the suburbs of Jacksonville. I'll not do it; I'll live and die in the Old North State and board the chariot here at Goldsboro; for the only better place, Heaven, and pray for a successful voyage. I have nothing but praise for the city and citizens of that grand city, Jacksonville.

Joe, I went because I wanted to go and because my friends wanted me to go; to them I am thankful for the opportunty.

I wished to look up a lot of our folks that had gone out there and settled. I saw some, but it is no small job to find a man in a city of 100,000 citizens augmented with 100,000 visitors, it was said there were that many there; but, Joe, I did find a friendliving in Jacksonville that did me good to corner of Riverside Ave. and May St., shake his hand—Col. Cay—he was at my home a few months ago with my good friend Jno. M. Grantham and Capt. R. P. Howell, and though it was the first time I ever saw him it left me with a desire to see him again. It had been arranged that I should accompany Capt. Howell to the reunion, and we were to be the guests of Col. Cay, but unfortunately, Capt. Howell's wife was very sick at Asheville, so he could not go and I felt that I would not be treating Col. Cay, my friends Grantham and Howell, right not to call on Col. Cay, while there. I went to his home; I found the Col. much improved from what he was when he was the guest of John Grantham, and the occasion of my acquaintance, (he was then on crutches), he now shuffles around all right and is looking well. It did me good to meet him and his good wife—God bless her.

I want to say to you, Joe, if you ever go to Jacksonville, call on Col. Cay, and tell him you are Jno. M. Grantham's friend; this is all the introduction you need, you need not pull your hat off. When he finds you are John's friend, he'll pull it off for you and sit you down so earnestly that you will thank your stars you are not made of glass. John loves Col. Cay and I believe the love is mutual, as an evidence of John's love, he named the most of his children after him and only regrets that he has no more to name for him.

The Colonel's house was heaquarters for Wheeler's Cavalry during the reunion. When I went in it reminded me of army days. There were a host of former colonels, captains, aids, etc. setting around, all courteous and clever. None of the haustiness of them days. I introduced myself as Private Hollowell from the Tar Heel State, and such hand shaking! The Colonel was not up, (it was early in the day), but when he learned through his brother that I was out in the piazza he sent me word to not leave until he could dress, and in a few minutes he was down—he had not been to breakfast and insisted upon my breakfasting with him—I had been to breakfast and declined to further mortify my stomach, but he would have me to go to the table and talk with him while he ate. After breakfast he would not be satisfied unless I would agree to be sandwiched in between two or three Colonels and Captains of Wheeler's Cavalry. I protested against his placing a private Tar Heel among such high ones. I finally consented provided he would use as excuse therefor that he put the Tar Heel in to make the cavalry stick, he said good and in I went. We were a little late in joining the parade and had to fall in in the rear and we had to wait one and a half hours for them to pass. It was said that there were 1,500 autos, numerous carriages, infantry and cavalry in the parade, constituting a column of 8 miles in length. This procession was witnessed by a throng of people spread out along this line of 8 miles, standing on each side of the street from 5 to 10 deep—it was the grandest parade I ever saw.

When I was leaving the Colonels, he handed me a bundle of cards to give out to his friends as souvenirs of the Jacksonville reunion, one of which I am giving to you Joe, and you may copy it with the endorsement on the back. I have given a great number of them out and while on the cars when I was giving some away, a couple of ladies, unknown to me, asked me for one. They said they did not know what it was but they were satisfied it was something good. I gave them one each, and after reading them they laughed and said they were Yankees from the state of Maine.

I told them to take them home and show them to their gentlemen friends and tell them that while we are reconstructed and would follow Old Glory and under her charge face hell with a barlow knife to protect her, yet not a few of us still sing that song.

The reunion passed off very pleasantly. I heard of one death. The old officers were re-elected, and Richmond named as the next place of meeting.

Joe, I never know when to quit extolling Jacksonville for its mighty effort to make everything grand. It was the finest decorated city I ever saw, flags and bunting floated from every place large enough to hold one and they were not through with it when I left—they covered the old soldiers with flags, buttons, in fact, everything. I saw men completely covered with paraphernalia. The Foreigners were there, of course, and there for the money there was in it. He could come along offering all manner of buttons, flags, etc., for only 10c. each and by the time these and those offering to pin others on gratis a fellow looked like he had been knighted by many nations. One fellow pinned a beautiful button to the lapel of my coat; while he was at it, I looked down and saw the word "welcome" on it, so I did not object. After he was through with me and a crowd around me, and was off to find others, I took a notion to investigate, and, Joe, what do you think it was? An advertisement for a wholesale liquor house, 4 full quarts for $3.50—I did not bring that card home with me, you bet. I did not think the old woman would appreciate it as a Jacksonville souvenir. And, Joe, speaking of liquor, almost every other house was an open bar. Said to be 500 in the city, not to mention the wholesalers, and yet there was little drunkenness. I have seen as many men drunk in Goldsboro at a circus or other big day as I saw there, and I was almost persuaded that it is the pure cussedness of men, wishing to violate the law, that makes them seek to get it from a blind tiger. I never wanted a drink while in the army until there was an order that it should not be carried into camp. So you see I got full of that same cussedness myself.

Well, Joe, I expect I'll tire your readers with my poor effort to give them a synopsis of what I saw and heard at the grandest reunion ever held, so I will quit. If you think best you can consign this to the waste basket.

Respectfully,
W. G. HOLLOWELL.

(The following is the poem on the card that Mr. Hollowell enclosed to us, which he mentions above.)

The Good Old Rebel.

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this "fair land of Freedom"
I do not care a dam.
I'm glad I fit against it—
I only wish we'd won.
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
This great Republic, too;
I hates the Freedmen's Buro,
In uniforms of blue.
I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss;
But the lyin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too.
I hates the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mars' Robert
For four year, near about.
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Point Lookout.
I cotch the roomatism
A-campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
And I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Befo' they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot;
And I wish it was three millions
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no mo',
But I ain't agoin' to love 'em,
Now that is sartin' sho';
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am;
And I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a dam.

(This was printed on the reverse side of the card:)

This poem was written by Major Innes Randolph, a Virginian, and of the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart. I beg to present it to my companions of fifty years ago as a souvenir of the Confederate Reunion in Jacksonville, Fla., May, 1914. To those who can forget Reconstruction, I advise they throw it in the fire! To those who remember, I have no advice to give! This clipping from a late magazine has been sent me by friends from Virginia to Texas, so they must think I need it.

Yours truly,
RAYMOND CAY.

The income tax law grants a married man $1,000 additional exemption—a consolation prize?

It's all right to decorate an old house with paint, but a cynical old face—well, that's different.

BARBECUE DINNER

Daughters of Thos. Ruffin Chapter To Feast Confederates On President Davis' Birthday.

As usual, and always unfailing in their thoughtful and generous consideration of Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of Thos. Ruffin Chapter of this city, will, on Wednesday of this week, June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, serve their annual barbecue to the Veterans of this county, on the Court House square, at 1 o'clock, for the preparation and serving of which the following committees have been appointed:

Barbecue—Mrs. Z. M. L. Jeffreys, chairman; Mesdames M. L. Lee, Thos. McGee, M. E. Bizzell, Jno. Slaughter, B. H. Griffin.

Slaw—Mrs. Geo. C. Southerland, chairman; Mesdames E. D. Pusey, W. E. Jenkins, Fred Parker, L. M. Michaux, Jno. Spicer, J. C. Collier.

Dishes—Mrs. Chas. B. Miller, chairman; Mesdames D. R. Kornegay, F. K. Borden, Eugene G. Hines, Jno. L. Borden, Geo. D. Bizzell..

Lemonade—Mrs. Jno. Hawley, chairman; Mesdames W. H. Cobb, J. D. Hardin, Chas. A. Humphrey, Misses Mary Emma Giddens, Caro Jenkins Mary S. Boyd.

Bread—Mrs. J. Wash Bizzell, chairman; Mesdames W. H. Huggins, Jno. R. Smith, T. I. Sutton, G. E. Crabtree, W. H. Smith.

Flowers—Mrs. Chas. W. Grainger, chairman; Misses Kate Jeffreys, Sallie Darden, Eunice Bizzell, Emma Jeffreys, Corrinne Washington.

Tables—Mrs. Chas. F. Taylor, chairman; Mesdames Thos. O'Berry, J. M. Allen, W. H. Allen, M. E. Robinson, Sue Bain, Misses Sue Collier and Lou Miller.

On this occasion Mrs. Marshall Williams, of Faison, State President of the Daughters of the Confederacy will be in attendance and will address the Veterans, and every Veteran in the county is cordially invited to be present.

It looks as if the chances of Texas ever invading and seizing Mexico are becoming more and more remote.

One thing that can't be successfully mediated at this stage is the wind-up of the 1914 baseball season.

Villa regards Huerta's followers as traitors and spies, whether they are generals or privates in the rear ranks.

VOTE ON TOLLS QUESTINO WILL COME BY SATURDAY

Both Sides Agree There is No Need to Prolong Debate

FEW SPEECHES TO COME

Appropriation Bills Can be Disposed of Quickly and Only the Trust Program Stands in Way Early Adjournment.

Washington, May 31.—The long awaited vote on the tolls exemption repeal bill will be taken in the senate before Saturday night unless all the plans of the leaders fail. Both opponents and those who favor the passage of the measure are agreed that there is no need for prolonging debate beyond the present week, and when the few speeches already announced have been delivered, action will be demanded on the bill and all the amendments proposed to it.

There is a prospect that the house will finish its trio of anti-trust bills by the end of the week and pave the way for adjournment in July if senate leaders can reach an agreement on the amount of trust legislation they believe the country needs and desires at this time.

The apropriation bills can be passed in senate and house in quick order, and practically only the trust program stands in the way of adjournment by July 20 as leaders desire. Senate committee in charge has put in a week's hard work on anti-trust bills before it and is expected to reach a decision on how much legislation it will recommend to the senate by the middle of the week.

DELIGHTFUL SOCIAL EVENING OF ELM ST. EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Last Friday evening at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carr, the "Gold Company" of Elm Street Epworth League delightfully entertained all members in honor of the recent victory of the "White company.' Through the painstaking and careful supervision of Miss Mary Daniels, captain of the "Gold company,' Miss Pearl Griffin captain of the "White company", aided all to push to the front as she did during the recent campaign and all did justice to Miss Daniels outlay. Indeed! it seemed as though Caesar had just returned from winning a victory. At any rate the "gold company" soon learned that the "white company" was there with the goods, ever ready to begin a campaign and add another victory to that already won.

Miss Mary Daniels presided over the punch bowl, and in her most graceful manner served each and every one upon their arrival.

The guests then repaired to the parlor and indulged in many interesting games.

Miss Flora Daniels presided over the piano and rendered many beautiful selections.

Refreshments were then served in two courses.

The decorations were many and very beautiful, the color scheme being displayed in the League's colors, old gold and white.

At a late hour, but all too soon, the guests departed, voting the "gold company" royal entertainers.

The Columbus, O., State Journal says the real backbone of the country has supper instead of dinner, which seems to be a reference to the "horny-handed sons of toil."

MRS. R. P. HOWELL

A GODLY WOMAN GONE FROM AMONG US TO HER ETERNAL REWARD.

It is with keen personal pain inexpressible in words that we chronicle today the passing of Mrs Ella Douglas, beloved wife of our good friend and townsman Capt. R. P. Howell, which occurred last week in Asheville, where she had been for months in the hope that climatic conditions would cause her to recuperate from a malady that, however, proved relentless, and now cometh this chronicle, while "the mourners go about the streets."

Mrs. Howell was greatly beloved by all who knew her, not alone for her sterling qualities of womanhood, but also for her brilliancy of intellect, and in the years of her home-life in Goldsboro, when she and Capt Howell had all their talented children around them—now scattered far and wide in varied avocations of life—their home was indeed a trysting place for kindred intellects to gather and find refreshment and uplift in the association they met with there.

Besides her devoted physician broken and broken-hearted husband Mrs. Howell is survived by eight children, four sons and four daughters—all grown—and in their sorrowful bereavement they have the tender sympathy of all our people.

The remains of Mrs. Howell will arrive from Asheville this evening, and the funeral will be held from St. Paul M. E. church, of which she was a member, tomorrow morning at 9 oclock, and the interment will be made in Willow Dale Cemetery.

THE SMOKELESS LOCOMOTIVE?

From Cincinnati, comes tidings of a great discovery—a locomotive which doesn't smoke within the city limits or which, if it smokes at all, does so with due regard to the public's comfort and health. Officials say that the device adopted for this purpose works steadily and well, and affords a remedy for one of the direst nuisances American cities suffer.

The Times-Star remarks in this connection that "after the great floods of last year, when most of the local railroads were out of commission, Cincinnati's atmosphere became clear as if by magic" and that if the faith of those who have observed the new appliance is justified, "there will be enough force in public opinion to compel its general adoption."

Certain it is that smoke trouble in most cities lies largely in the railroads. Nobody has yet developed any equipment that will satisfactorily control the smoke from all classes of locomotive and unedr all operating conditions. Consequently the only way to determine the efficiency of any such device is to try it, and that is a tedious and expensive process. The official handicap lies in the traditional reluctance of railroads to submit to any form of statutory regulation that they consider inconvenient, and in the impracticability of dealing directly and conclusively with any one official of a railroad.

It cannot be doubted, however, that persistent campaigning will eventually bring results in this as in other spheres of the smoke problem. Some years ago it was hotly denied that any form of smoke regulation was practicable, yet we find a number of cities that have reduced smoke to a negligible amount so far as stationary plants are concerned; and there are railroads, though unfortunately rare, that have made substantial progress in this reform.

UNVEILING JUNE TENTH.

Interesting Event of Great Moment to Come Off In Raleigh.

Members of Thos. Ruffin Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy are in receipt of the following invitation, and all who can atend are requested to notify Mrs. B. H. Griffin at once, in order that she may forward their names to the Raleigh Chapter:

The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter
United Daughters of the Confederacy
At Home
Wednesday afternoon, June the tenth
From five to six o'clock.
Mrs. Thomas J. Jackson, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, Mrs. Marshall Williams, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Mrs. Ashley Horne.
Residence of Mrs. R. B. Raney
Capitol Square, Raleigh. R.s.v.p.

If you recommend a man for a position and he acts badly it is doughnuts to fudge that you will be blamed for it all the rest of your days.

Colonel Roosevelt will be in a distressing fix if the Republicans won't indorse him and the Progressives can't produce enough votes.

T. R. calls for the bull moose party to save the country and is already so deep in politics that a river more or less means little to him.

While Sir Conan Doyle is in this country he may be able to get a few suggestions for some new stories from the vivid imagination of Detective Burns.