



LOCHMOOR

Capt. E. J. Parrish, Home Builder.
By BION H. BUTLER

Durham, June 5.—From Genesis we learn that the work of creation reached its climax when man was produced. No matter how abundant may be the other resources of any country or community the principal asset is the gray matter found under the hats of men.

The progress of Durham is so well known that it is accepted as a fact without much effort to analyze the cause. But if we look for the reason it is not because Durham has come forward through natural and inanimate resources principally. Durham commenced to attract attention about the time the Dukes, the Blackwells, the Carrs, the Parrishes and those men began to do things that lead people to notice.

But the mere building of big tobacco factories, and capacious warehouses, and costly fine banking houses, and things of that sort is not all that goes to make a proper community, and so Durham has discovered, Capt. E. J. Parrish needs no introduction to the people of North Carolina, but it is not a bad idea for North Carolina to get a little better acquainted with some of the things this man is doing which are not in the line of developing the material resources of the community or of expanding American trade on world-wide circles.

Experience Like Romance.

North Carolina, which has not seen Capt. Parrish at home, puts him down as a business man, a hustler and a trade promoter. His pioneer experience in the tobacco trade in Durham read like romance. His years abroad as the head of the bright leaf interests in the Orient tell of his tact and ability. His manipulation of a concern in which millions were involved at a time when war overtook Japan, and Japan concluded to absorb the tobacco plant, affords a story as exciting and amusing as the most fascinating work of fiction, while his return from Japan with much of the proceeds of the sale of the factory guarded in a valise because banking facilities were interrupted by the war, contains thrills enough for all purposes.

Capt. Parrish has had adventure like Othello. Yet he makes little of them, and insists that the virtue of life are in the living. He is one of the Confederate Army that has not yet surrendered. As Grant closed in on the remnant of Lee's army at Appomattox, Parrish, a young cavalryman of 18, was a courier on the staff of his brigade commander. With his captain and a bunch of others it was decided that a wiser move than to stay and surrender would be to head for the southwest and join Jo. E. Johnston and fight another day, so they made for the Staunton river, and after narrowly escaping capture two or three times they finally crossed the Dan and into North Carolina, only to find that Lee surrendered at Appomattox and Johnston at Durham and that the war was practically ended. Parrish worked around to his home in Durham county, and after one of the most interesting and eventful careers he is the apostle of the quiet life in one of the most agreeable country places that the gods provide for deserting man.

Example in Home Building.

I am going to pass up all of Capt. Parrish's business achievements and the part he has taken in making Durham the busy place it is, for that is pretty well known to the business and industrial world, and there is no new lesson to be drawn from his work in that line just at this minute. Neither is the story of his adventure the feature that impressed me by this man. Adventure is not the thing that North Carolina needs most at this day and age. Beyond his business experiences and helps and his adventures and romantic career Capt. Parrish has done something that ought to appeal to the State more than the others, for he has set the example of home building which opens to North Carolina a Paradise of possibilities, and shows one of the most valuable assets of the South, that of home-making possibilities.

"The best of life is the living," this old campaigner remarked as he was showing me over his handsome place

five miles out of town. And I looked over his farm, forgetting all about him and his home and his business relations, and thinking what that farm Lochmoor, might tell the farmers of North Carolina if they could see it and understand it.

I have no idea how Capt. Parrish came to select the knob on which he lives as the place or his home. Before him came another man who had already picked the spot as suitable, and there had pitched his tent. Capt. Parrish found the place, and improved on it by building a much bigger house, elaborating on the plan, and making it as attractive a spot whereon to live as skill and good judgment could suggest.

Lochmoor.

It is hardly any use to undertake to describe the home at Lochmoor. It is enough to say that it is a handsome house on a rise of ground, with big oak trees shading a roomy lawn which slopes down to the road which leads into town. The lawn is guiltless of anything but trees and grass. It is a lawn. But off of the lawn are hedges of roses of all kinds and varieties. Climbing roses, tea roses, monthly roses, familiar old favorites, fashionable new varieties, thousands of bushes, and hundreds of thousands of blossoms, more roses than most people ever saw in one garden. Perhaps there are twenty rods of hedges of roses, perhaps more, perhaps less. No matter. The fact is that long stretches of roses line the fences, and at the foot of the rose bushes are borders hundred of feet long of jonquils and daffodils, and of blue flags, and of other smaller flowers. Beds of tulips and beds of poppies and borders of sweet Williams, and bachelor buttons, and the old-fashioned flowers are there.

It is a right big house, old-fashioned with some new-fashioned things. Running water all over the house, bath rooms, running water in the sleeping rooms, acetylene gas, open fire places and furnace heat also, these and other things are features at Lochmoor. Now do you know why I tell you about this country home? Because it ought to be an example to other people to make more country homes like it. As a pleasant home just outside of Durham a few miles this home is a diverting sight as viewed from the road, or as seen from the inside by the visitor fortunate enough to share its hospitality. As a wayside feature it helps to make the ride out the road an agreeable event. But it is as a vision of the future of rural North Carolina that it is most interesting. Farming at Lochmoor is an incident. The main thing is the home. The occupant is a business man of Durham. The friends and neighbors of the Parrish household are Durham people. They are of Durham's social and industrial atmosphere. Thanks to three or four things Durham is not confined to the city limits. A wire is not cut off by feet in length, so a telephone can reach to Lochmoor farm as readily as to the fifth block in the city. A good road is a distance compressor. Five miles out in the country on a good road is not much more than a half a mile or a mile. An automobile never argues about four or five miles on a smooth road. So a man who is in business in town can go five miles to his home in the country in ten minutes more than he can go a mile or two to his home in town. His wife can come to town in about ten minutes more than it takes her to come down from her home in town. A country home is not out of town in these days of good roads, automobiles, and telephone wires.

Homes On Roads.

The deduction from this is that it is not to be long until a city like Durham is to be flanked on all the good roads by homes of the type which Capt. Parrish has offered as the pioneer example. It is a reasonably safe guess that in not many years Durham is to be linked to the country by a succession of handsome homes occupying from two or three acres to ten or fifty acres, lining every

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PARAGUAY IN 1915

Frank G. Carpenter Describes a Great Meat and Fruit Land of the Future.

A Country Like Illinois With a Climate Like Florida—It Raises Sugar Cane and Oranges and Its Pastures are Undeveloped. Some Americans Are Exploring the Territory—They Have Bought 1,000,000 Acres and Have 30,000 Cattle Turned Out to Graze.

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Asuncion, Paraguay. I am in the heart of another meat land of infinite possibilities. I am in Paraguay, a country that lies midway between Manaos, the metropolis of the central Amazon river, and Buenos Aires, the great city at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Of all the South American republics, Paraguay and Bolivia only have no sea-coast. Bolivia is shut off from the Pacific by one of the greatest deserts on earth. It is a land of snow-peaked mountains and lofty plateaus. Paraguay is only a few hundred feet above the sea. It is a country of perennial green. It lies in the arms of amorous rivers that are always ready to carry her products out to the ocean. It has soil of astounding fertility, pasture lands as good as those of the pampas lands of Argentina, and it promises to be one of the bread lands and wheat lands of the future.

In coming here from the Atlantic ocean, I have traveled on steamers 1,300 miles, and the last 300 was on the Paraguay river. I could go on the same river a thousand miles further north into the heart of Brazil, and there is a good cattle country along both banks of the river all the way.

Just opposite where I write these notes the Pilcomayo flows into the Paraguay, and several hundred miles off in the opposite direction is the Alto-Parana, which enters the Parana proper at the Paraguay's mouth. Each of these streams is enormous. I have written you of the Parana proper. It is double the size of the Ganges, three times that of the St. Lawrence, four times that of the Danube and five times that of the Nile. The Alto-Parana is one of its branches, and it extends 600 miles from where it joins the Parana to its source in the Goyaz mountains of Brazil.

The Pilcomayo is about 1,500 miles long. It rises in the Andes not far from the source of the Madeira, that mighty branch of the Amazon, and winds its way through an unknown wilderness until it empties into the Paraguay opposite where I am now. The Pilcomayo forms the southern boundary of the Chaco, the wild west of the Paraguay republic, or rather it divides the Argentine Chaco and the Paraguayan Chaco in half. It is a winding stream running through swamps, great forests and mighty pastures on its way from Bolivia down to Paraguay. The Paraguay river proper is a still greater stream. It is navigable from here almost a thousand miles northward, and it is so long that if it were stretched upon the United States, with its windings uncoiled, it would reach from Boston to Denver and connect the salt waters of the Atlantic with those of the South Platte, river, that little stream that washes the feet of the capital of Colorado.

I was a day and a night in coming from the Parana proper to the mouth of the Pilcomayo. The Paraguay river is about as wide as the Mississippi above St. Louis, and its waters are of about the same color as those of our great river, before the muddy Missouri flows in. The stream is winding and its banks are a wilderness. For the most part they are covered with jungle. You ride for miles without seeing a house, and the only signs of life are the birds that fly here and there along the shores and the great black alligators that bask upon the banks. In the Argentine Chaco on the western side of the river there is but little else than virgin forest. Bushy trees hang out over the water and, it is said, you cannot travel a miles back from the banks without finding tapirs, pec-

caries, jaguars, monkeys and wild hogs. On the opposite banks in Paraguay you now and then pass a small town and here and there see a farm that has been cut out of the woods. Here and there are cattle feeding along the banks, but often you travel for miles with no living thing but the alligators in sight.

The Paraguay river runs through one of the forest regions of this part of the world. As seen from the boat, the trees are knotty and gnarly and but few of them are more than a foot in diameter. They are bound together with vines. Farther inland is a dense jungle of vegetation through which it would be impossible to make your way without an ax or a knife. As you approach Asuncion the land rises and the boat, now and then, stops at a Paraguayan town whose only communication with the outside world is the river. Such towns have unpaved streets, in which the grass grows. The houses are all of one story. They are mostly of stucco. They have roofs of red tile and they are painted in the brightest of colors. Continuing your voyage, you by and by, land at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. It is a city of about 100,000 people, and is the social, political and financial center of the Upper Parana system.

But before I describe the Paraguayan capital I want to give you a general idea of the country. In the first place, its location. Paraguay lies in the heart of the South American continent, much the same as Illinois lies in the heart of the North American continent. It is at the junction of two mighty rivers, having great waterways that carry its products out to the sea.

The country is divided into two parts by the rivers that wash it. On the east is Paraguay proper, a territory more than twice the size of Indiana, lying in the arms of the Paraguay all told contains 171,000 square miles. It has enough land to make three Alabamas, four Virginias or three Kentuckys, with Arkansas thrown in for good measure. None of the country has been carefully surveyed, and some of it has not been explored. It has millions of acres as wild as when Sebastian Cabot first sailed up the Parana; and some of its territories have never been trodden by the foot of white man.

And still great country has only a few more people than either Baltimore or St. Louis. It has perhaps 500,000 and there are in addition about 50,000 wild Indians whose census has never been taken. The bulk of the inhabitants live in Paraguay proper. They are a mixture of whites and of a cross between the white race and the Guarani Indians. The first whites were Spaniards, many of whom intermarried with the Guaranis, and it is their descendants and those of the Spaniards who form the Paraguayans of today. In addition to the native population there are perhaps about 25,000 foreigners made up of Italians, Argentines, Brazilians, Germans, English and French. There are 10,000 Italians, a little over 9,000 Argentines, perhaps 2,500 Germans and not to exceed 50 Americans. The Americans are chiefly in the northern part of the country, where a colony of them has large cattle lands. Their leader is G. L. Rickard, who is said to have made a large part of his money as the promoter of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight.

The most of the population of Paraguay is scattered widely over the country. There are but few cities of size. Asuncion has nearly 100,000; Villa Rica, which is several hours' back from the river by rail, has 25,000, and Villa Concepcion, thirty hours' north of Asuncion by steamer, has 20,000 or more. Altogether there are a half dozen other towns

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