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MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1909.

DR. CALDWELL.

Erskine College, of South Carolina, has not only honored itself in conferring upon Editor Joe P. Caldwell, of the Charlotte Observer, the degree of LL.D., but it has proved itself circumstantial of the public men of the day and discriminatingly conversant with their ability, and in placing this badge of approval upon the learning of "Joe Caldwell" it has given infinite pleasure and satisfaction to his hosts of admiring friends who love him for his matchless ability in the editorial chair, his even and unflinching poise in dealing with issues affecting the public weal and the public mind; his dauntless courage in proclaiming convictions, though modest as a school-boy in his charming personality.

The Argus congratulates you cordially, Dr. Caldwell, and you know that when we say cordially it is in reality for the heart; for we have been the State and atwart it we groped for the touch of kindred souls with the courage or the wisdom—either or both, as you will—stand for the Democracy of the fathers and the integrity of its principles; in the days when "The Sheriff" was being assailed by self-constituted leaders, who now quote him as Democratic authority (God save the mark); when fusion with Populism was counseled, and "gold-bug" was a term of opprobrium; when policy and not principles prevailed and a fusion presidential electoral ticket was the nauseous dose prescribed and forced to a finality in this State.

And now, like retributive justice, the effect of that baneful dose manifesting itself in the political palagra that is dwarfing the party and needs hasty remedy to arrest results that are assured unless a speedy reaction be forthcoming. It seems, therefore, one of those fortuitous happenings with which the honest Democracy of this good old State has before, at times, been favored, that just now you should be commissioned "Doctor of Logic and Laws," and we call to you as the pal of yore, and with the patriotism that is not swayed by policy nor blinded by prejudice, to diagnose the present political situation in North Carolina and let us have your prescription.

THE INCOME TAX BILL.

Interest in the tariff discussion has at present centered upon the fate of the income tax bill, and there is reason to believe that if the Democrats will stand firm they may yet be able to adopt this measure.

The income tax is not only a fundamental principle of Democratic policy, but it is advocated by many of the "progressive" Republicans who recognize the wisdom and the equity of this measure.

We can do no better than to profit by the experience of other governments, and England has found the income tax to work well. It is one of the largest sources of revenue in the United Kingdom, and there is no disposition in any responsible quarter to do away with it.

It would be an easy matter to frame a measure which would be passed upon favorably by the Supreme Court. It is hoped and believed that the Supreme Court does not now consist of men who would change their opinions over-night, under such suspicious circumstances as killed the previous income tax enacted by a Democratic majority, and the same measure, practically, if brought up for review by the Supreme Court, would, in all probability, be sustained.

Even though it is necessary to adopt a constitutional amendment in order to pass such a measure, this should be done. There is but little doubt that it would be ratified by the necessary number of states, and as President Taft points out, we should be in a position to impose such a tax in case of war.

We know not how soon we may have to face exigencies of the most serious kind.

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The baker is one loafer who is able to rise.

Pinesalve, carbolic, thoroughly healing and cleansing, antiseptic, soothes and stops pain. Palace Drug Store and City Pharmacy.

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IN THE FAR EAST  
Mr. W. J. Visits Constantinople and Writes Interesting-ly of What He Sees.

The American Consular Service Is Below the Standard—Our Foreign Trade Interests Are Generally Neglected.

Dear "Joe Argus":

We are on our way to Constantinople, which is a run of about 24 hours from Athens through the Archipelago and the Dardanelles. We see very little of the former, as we make the passage by night. We find the latter quite interesting, especially on account of the history connected with it. The narrowest point is the Hellespont. At this place it was that Leander swam across to Heros Tower to meet his lady love, not an unusual feat for a good swimmer of today, as the distance does not appear greater than one mile. It is also at this point that Xerxes built his wonderful bridge of boats for his vast army when on his way to subdue Greece. Here we take on a pilot to guide us safely through until we reach the Sea of Marmora, and we reach our dock at the Galata quay at 7 p. m.

The great city of the East lies before us in its splendor as the reeling sun is casting its feeble rays on this beautiful panorama. I think if this is all we could have seen of this city we would have left with a much more favorable impression of its beauty, which on close acquaintance is dissipated and disappointing to a degree. We make our landing next morning and take a drive through part of the city. I say part because it is not practical to visit it all in one day, it being divided in four parts, to-wit: Stamboul, Galata, Pera and Scutari. Stamboul is the old town, lying between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. Galata and Pera lie between the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, while Scutari is on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Pera is occupied largely by Europeans and is in a much cleaner condition than the other parts of the city.

The most interesting objects I find are the Museum, the Mosque of Santa Sophia, the Blue Mosque, yet even these are disappointing. Still we see many interesting objects, and the Museum especially. Two Sarcophagi, both excavated during the last years of the twentieth century near Sidon, are in perfect condition and are acknowledged to be the finest specimens of Greek sculpture. One of these is supposed to have been made for Alexander the Great, but no account shows that he was buried at Sidon. The two Greek mosques are marvels of architecture and stood the ravages of thirteen centuries without apparent decay. Saint Sophia was built under the reign of Justinian in the sixth century as a Christian church, but is used as a mosque since the occupation by Mohammed. The figure of Christ as well as some Christian inscriptions are still plainly visible behind the Moslem paint. The Grand Bazaar is also quite interesting for a Western man. It is a labyrinth of streets and lanes arched over by low roofs and cupolas which the sun never penetrates. Here are shops of every description close to one another. Here you meet a crowd of strangely costumed people, the veiled women, for in this country you never meet an unveiled woman on the street—unless she is of such an age that her looks fail to fascinate members of the opposite sex. You can see camels and donkeys with their wares coming through these narrow streets so laden one is not sure whether it is a man or beast. You have to jostle for a passage. The class of merchandise here displayed is quite attractive to us, as many articles are of strictly Eastern manufacture and for the use of Eastern people. It is hard to get at the correct or lowest price a merchant sells his wares for. As a rule it is not generally safe to offer half of the asking price if you don't want the goods; quite often one-third or less of the original price will clinch the trade. On the following day our ship's company is invited by the Sultan to attend the Salamnic. This is the weekly attendance permitted of the Sultan at the Mosque for prayers. This is quite a big affair, as fully 100,000 soldiers, well armed, and many bands of music form the line of march from the Palace to the Mosque. When all the military are in position, a priest from the top of the minaret announces that the Sultan is coming and he soon appears in great pomp, with many outriders and guards, also accompanied by about eight of his wives who ride in separate carriages and go no further than the gate of the Mosque, for no woman is holy enough to appear in a mosque. We little thought at that time, that under the seeming quiet and the new constitution (forced on the administration by the Young Turks party, which every one seemed to look upon as a new era of happiness and prosperity, and so accepted by the populace) there lay a political volcano just on the eve of eruption. I have no doubt Abdul Hamid even then had his plans laid to outwit the new party and by a coup reassert his former power. He is ac-

knowledgeed by all what we may term in slang "a sick article." In the afternoon we went to see the dancing dervishes, a religious sect of Mohammedans who appear very devout in this interesting ceremony. Another interesting feature is the number of dogs in this city; they are estimated at 300,000, but this estimate is probably very conservative. They lie all around the streets and act as scavengers and are perfectly harmless, and none are allowed to be killed, the penalty being three years' imprisonment. I visited our consul-general here and to find him I had to climb three rickety stairs and finally find him occupying a few dingy rooms, one of which fronts the street. I did not feel proud of Uncle Sam in these quarters, nor did I later at quarters occupied by our official business representatives at Jerusalem and Cairo. While I am a thorough Democrat, I do love to see our country decently installed in quarters becoming a great nation, and not like beggars who seem to be unable to pay rent for quarters commensurate with our standing. Our consul is quite affable and gives me all the information regarding the Turkish country and the American trade. I am inclined to think that we pay entirely too little on securing foreign trade; our consular service gets too little attention from our Congress. Other countries are constantly reaching out for opportunities to extend their export business, and we are happily contented with what we have and what incidentally comes to us. A change must come if we wish to expand as a manufacturing country.

We have a pleasant visit to the Grosser Karfurst of the two princes, sons of the New Sultan. They examined our boat thoroughly for quite a while, took luncheon on board, also had their pictures taken. They are quite good looking young men, appear quite dashing. One of them was busy combing his mustache in a good position. The city cannot boast of many pretty buildings, nor are the streets kept in a clean and inviting condition. While our stay is five days, we make our steamer our lodging place, and are content to leave for the Far East, which we do after going through the Bosphorus and a short distance into the Black Sea. I would mention quite a pleasant feature of our Constantinople trip, which was meeting our young friend William Dortch here; he had just come from Cavalla, and by appointment we had the pleasure of traveling with him to Smyrna. His stay in Turkey gave him a good opportunity to learn the customs of the country and their language, and it was very interesting to listen to his experiences during his Eastern sojourn. We were quite loth to leave him at Smyrna. More anon.

Yours very truly,  
HENRY WELLS

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Col. Francis T. Bryan, of St. Louis, Once Presented Sword by City of Raleigh for Gallantry in Battle. Raleigh News and Observer.

Raleigh has the honor and the pleasure of having in its gates Col. Francis T. Bryan, now of St. Louis, Mo., and his son, Dr. Shepard Bryan, of the same city. They are at the Yarborough House, and are being greeted by many friends.

Colonel Bryan is in his eighty-sixth year, having been born in 1823. He is a native of New Bern, the oldest brother of Judge Henry R. Bryan, of that city, and an uncle of Col. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State. He married a daughter of President Zachary Taylor. Colonel Bryan was a distinguished soldier, and in 1847 the city of Raleigh voted him a sword in a handsome gold scabbard, because of his gallantry in the battle of Buena Vista. Colonel Bryan is a graduate of the University of North Carolina and of West Point, having graduated from that institution in the same class with President Ulysses S. Grant. His career has been a notable one, and he has taken part in many of the historical events of this country. He and his son are on their way to New Bern and they will spend a few days here.

Soon to Start for the Pole.

Paris, June 19.—Walter Wellman and the members of his Arctic expedition are now on their way to Tromsø, Norway, from which point, if conditions are favorable, the start for the north pole will be made within the next few weeks. The mammoth balloon in which the Arctic voyage will be made, is already at Tromsø. Several weeks will be required in putting together the frame and adjusting the mechanical parts. French scientists are greatly interested in the Wellman undertaking. Practically all of the parts of the mammoth airship in which the voyage is to be undertaken were made in Paris. All of the preliminaries have been followed with keen interest here, particularly by the Society of Aerial Navigation.

Sentimental Criminals.

In his home the typical criminal is sentimental toward his family; he is abjectly indulgent with his children, to whom he may not leave the heritage of a decent name, and who, he knows, are often made to share the social ostracism that he himself finds so bitter. If possible, he conceals from those at home the ugly character of his business.—July/Everybody's.

AS WE GO ALONG.

Ser. 1-12-13 Reflections, Wise and Otherwise.

Salt and along the way.  
Resolutely going.  
Life's a gamble, day by day.  
Thorns and roses strowing.  
Much there is to win, mayhap,  
Much there is to lose,  
But you won't go far, old chap,  
If you have the blues.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says Mr. Champagne of New Haven has married Miss Drinkwine of the same place.

A measly little earthquake in Sumatra killed only 230 people. An earthquake that can't kill more people than that ought to be ashamed of itself.

An interesting article by a French writer on the conversation of bees and ants reminds us that when they talk they talk business and don't stand around on street corners to discuss politics or baseball.

An Eastern man who aspired to eat a beer glass on a wager, gratified his ambition, also the undertaker who got the job.

A fearless court scolded a woman the other day for gadding about. It is not every court that has the nerve.

A good deal of nonsense is relished by the wisest women, too.

Frequently when a man acts as if he had plenty of money it's a good idea to keep your hand on your pocketbook.

When women go on an allowance they make short journeys.

Often when a woman says she would be gay if she were a man, it's a pity she's a woman.

It takes a wise man to know his own enemies.

It's the hen-pecked husband who does the most crowing when he's away from home so as to catch up for lost time.

It takes the average woman longer to say goodbye than to make a call.

The face value of a good many women depends on whether or not they can keep house.

It appears that there are not many cooks these days who are looking for permanent jobs.

When a man accidentally hits the market right he thinks it's because of his wonderfully superior judgment.

The man who has never failed hasn't got enough courage to undertake anything but a cinch, and deserves little or no credit.

Naturally, some people have to get warmed up before they can respond to a toast.

Every now and then you meet a man who is so uncertain about everything that he hangs his ideas on the horns of a dilemma.

Still, the truth wouldn't often hurt if spoken in an inaudible whisper.

A good many men form habits because they are too lazy to reform.

The average person who diets is reaping the results of former slavery to the stomach.

Many a man never sees his chance until his competitor shows it to him all wrapped up for keeps.

Some men think the only way to demonstrate their courage is to go out and get the stuffing knocked out of them.

Some men give themselves away by talking in their sleep, other by talking at all.

When a woman marries a man because she is sorry for him, each of them is apt to be sorry for the other sooner or later.

When a man gets it into his head that he is "the goods," it's about ten to one that he is the green goods.

When a man gets the worst of a bargain he becomes known as a good thing.

AN EXPRESSION.

Editor Argus: There are experiences that only those who have been through such can appreciate—"the vanished hand," the aching void in the heart, from which echoes "the sound of a voice that is still." When such come to us—as has recently come to me in the death of my dear wife, we appreciate most, though we may not be able to express it, the gentle kindnesses and tender sympathies of our friends, and I ask space in your paper just to say this, in acknowledgment to the good people of Goldsboro for their so great kindness to my dear wife during her fatal illness and for their wealth of sympathy and goodness to me and my family in the sad bereavement that has come to us. May God bless them all.  
Respectfully,  
DAVID VAN HOY.  
Engineer Borden Mill.

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Kenly, N. C., Jan. 22, 1909.  
Mr. H. M. Humphrey,  
Manager National Life Insurance Company,  
Goldsboro, N. C.  
Dear Sir: I take pleasure in inclosing herewith my check for \$65.93 and dividend voucher for \$17.85, in payment of premium of \$84.78 on account of my contract, No. 190,769, for \$3,000, and I wish to express to you my appreciation of this large dividend. This is the second dividend upon an ordinary life policy. The first dividend was paid at the end of the first year, which was also very satisfactory. The dividend of \$17.85 is more than I expected. I am also well pleased with the 69th Annual Statement of this company and recommend it to anyone desiring good, safe life insurance, as I believe I am getting a square deal.  
Very truly yours,  
R. H. ALFORD,  
Cashier The Bank of Kenly.

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