

Goldsboro Semi-Weekly Argus.

1.00 a Year.

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

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

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VOL. XXIV

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1909.

NC. 99

ENTOMBED SEVEN DAYS

Some Seventy Miners Rescued From the Burning Mines Alive.

Wild Scenes of Rejoicing Follow When Men Are Taken in Charge by Physicians — Faces Blackened by Smoke.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—After being entombed seven days, and weakened and emaciated by their harrowing experiences and lack of food, between sixty and seventy miners have been taken from the ill-fated mine which was wrecked by an explosion last Saturday.

The fact that the men are living is considered a miracle. They were too weak to talk coherently when rescued.

The rescue party this afternoon reached a wall of debris. Through this they dug, and behind it were found a number of bodies. At first it was thought the miners were dead, but one raised a hand, and it was soon discovered that the men were breathing. The rescuers rushed the miners to the hoisting shaft, where they were carried to fresh air and stimulants administered.

The men were black from smoke, and a number of them were badly burned. From those who were able to mutter a few coherent words it was learned that the miners, after discovering a fire stood between them and the shaft, waited themselves in a part of the shaft in order to protect themselves from the flames.

Wild rejoicing followed the rescue of the live miners at the mouth of the shaft and in the homes.

One week to the minute after the fire started in the St. Paul mine, entombing over 300 miners and bringing upon them what looked like inevitable death, seventy-eight were rescued this afternoon when the last ray of hope for life had faded away.

Pathos, tenderness, hysteria, and even humor were intermingled in the scenes incident to the deliverance of the men, who had sat during the slow passing hours and days with death at their elbow, into the life-giving air and into the arms of their frantic families.

In spite of their long burial and the accepted belief that a short time under such conditions seems an age, some of the men thought that it had been only twenty-four hours the fire started and that today was Sunday.

The men found themselves as they had saved themselves, and chance contributed to each event. Cut off by the flames in one of the tunnels last Saturday, the men had rushed in terror to the shaft where escape was impossible and then back to a chamber at the farther end.

Assembled here under the leadership of George Eddy, one of the mine examiners who was below when the fire started, the entrapped men, panting with excitement and fear, took counsel. Soon after they had arrived at the chamber some rocks and dirt fell into the passage, partly blocking it.

This fortuitous happening gave them an idea or helped them to carry out an idea they already had. The men under Eddy's direction began to add to the obstruction and make a barrier between themselves and the noxious gases which would in a short time certainly stifle them if permitted to enter.

EDUCATION AND MACHINERY.

Dr. Winston's Article in Thanksgiving Number Christian Science Monitor.

George T. Winston, LL.D., formerly president of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, the University of Texas and the University of North Carolina, will have an article on "Education and Machinery" in the Thanksgiving issue of the Christian Science Monitor, a daily paper published in Boston.

Dr. Winston retired from active work a few years ago and while traveling in Europe was notified of his selection as one of the beneficiaries of the Carnegie pension fund, established for the benefit of the great educators of the country.

Dr. Winston is now living in Asheville, where he is erecting a beautiful home on the side of Sunset Mountain overlooking the city. The many friends of Dr. Winston throughout the South will be glad to know that he is still active and the article referred to will, no doubt, show the intellectual depth of thought for which Dr. Winston's writings are noted.

PINE-ULES for the Kidney
BEST TREATMENT FOR SLUG

FOURTEEN MISTAKES OF LIFE.

If You Are Guilty, Get Ready to Cut 'Em Out January 1.

The mistakes of life are so numerous that it seems at first thought almost impossible to name them, and yet one writer says they number but fourteen. According to his enumeration the fourteen are as follows:

1. Setting up one's own standard of right and wrong and expecting others to conform to it.
2. Trying to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.
3. Expecting uniformity of opinion.
4. Looking for judgment and experience in youth.
5. Endeavoring to mold all dispositions alike.
6. Refusing to yield in unimportant trifles.
7. Looking for perfection in our own actions.
8. Worrying ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.
9. Not alleviating as much suffering as we can.
10. Not making allowance for traits in others which apparently unfit them for success in life.
11. Considering anything impossible that we ourselves cannot perform.
12. Refusing to believe anything which our finite minds cannot grasp.
13. Living as if the moment would last forever.
14. Estimating men and women by their nationality or by any outside quality.

As the first day of January is approaching it might be well to begin practice under this list of fourteen so as to minimize as far as is possible the list of mistakes to be sworn off on New Year's Day. The list of fourteen mistakes will be found to be more comprehensive than they at first may appear. At any rate, the man who can abolish from his life altogether the fourteen enumerated mistakes need not trouble himself with other mistakes on January 1.

THANKSGIVING.

Some Thoughts to Get You in Right Spirit of Observance.

Sir Moses Montefiore's motto was "Think and Thank." How often, if one but stops to think thoroughly and fairly, one's half-expressed complaint may be turned to a prayer of gratitude! There is no better motto to cure a fit of the blues than to "Think and Thank."

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.—Bible.

Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gifts.—Bible.

From David learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.—Jeremy Taylor.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures.—Addison.

He enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind.—Secker.

Blessings we enjoy daily; and the most of them, because they are common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and meat and content.—Isaak Walton.

I thank my heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love, I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to entold the whole world with a blessing.—Mrs. E. M. Child.

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.—Bovee.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.—Cicero.

Some eat and eat and canna eat. And some would eat that want it; But we eat meat, and we can eat. Sae let the Lord be thankit.—Burns.

O Lord, that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.—Shakespeare.

Champ Clark predicts that the next House of Representatives will be as Democratic as was the House elected in 1874. Mr. Clark is predicting on correct lines.

The twenty-three Democratic congressmen who jumped the traces to help Uncle Joe re-enact his rules will have to answer for it to their constituents next year.

Marie Corelli says that English prostrate themselves before American beauties because of their charm of manner. Miss Corelli's imaginative gifts are certainly unequalled anywhere.

DR. C. W. STILES

Goldsboro Honored By His Presence.

His Lecture Here Last Night Awakened a New Interest and Quickened the Consciences of His Audience.

From Saturday's Daily.

Goldsboro has had the honor of having within its gates for two days, counseling our people as a community and conferring with our physicians of city and county, Dr. Charles W. Stiles, the eminent specialist and philanthropist, who has undergone all sorts of hardships and exposed himself to most insidious lurking dangers while working out his analysis and diagnoses before giving to the world his proofs and his remedy that hookworm is a reality, the diagnosis simple and the remedy sure.

The visit of Dr. Stiles to our city had been heralded for some days, and his world-wide renown as a recognized specialist and authority combined to give an audience last night that taxed the large capacity of the Opera House and that was representative of Goldsboro, both as to intelligence and philanthropic interest in humanity.

Dr. Stiles was accompanied by Hon. J. Y. Joyner, of Raleigh, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and a member of the Rockefeller hookworm commission, for the eradication of which devastating disease, or parasite, among the poorer classes of the South who may be themselves unable to pay for the recognized effective treatment, Mr. Rockefeller has set apart one million dollars.

In the presence of the large audience Mr. J. E. Arent, superintendent of our city schools, welcomed in fine thought and well-chosen words, these two eminent gentlemen to Goldsboro, and concluded by presenting Mr. Joyner.

Dr. Joyner, our old-time "Jim Joyner" of happy and affectionate associations of yore and cherished memory, was, as he always is, most happy in his greetings to his old-time and abiding friends, and after a forceful presentation of the sublime work in which Dr. Stiles is engaged, he presented that gentleman to his audience.

From his opening sentence Dr. Stiles at once engaged the attention and held the interest of his hearers, who followed him from start to finish with ever-increasing concern over the conditions he unfolded and laid bare before them as existing in our very midst; and—practical man that he is, he did not stop with showing them these conditions; he as forcibly prescribed the remedies and urged their adoption. But he did not need to urge. The appalling conditions as he pointed them out emphasized of themselves the need—the necessity—of the remedy, and we feel sure that due and speedy steps will officially be taken into this end.

Dr. Stiles is indeed a rare man, a rare genius, a great scientist, a great physician, a greater philanthropist, and over it all the charm of a pleasing personality that is absolutely unconscious of self, and in all his talks, both last night, and before the physicians and Woman's Club this morning, there is the entire absence of the ego that so often mars the personality and retards the greater usefulness of men who have achieved great things.

It were useless to attempt, for it would be impossible to give, a resume of Dr. Stiles' lecture last night. It was not only a liberal education in the special line to which it was devoted, but it was, as well, in travel, in the differentiating characteristics of people, and in hygiene. Moreover, it was a sermon in its appeal for the preservation of human life and the amelioration of suffering humanity, and no one who heard him can ever henceforth in the tribunal of their own conscience get away from their personal responsibility to heed the cry and help in the good cause that he has inaugurated and is so heroically promoting.

Goldwin Smith has at last retired from newspaper work, leaving John Bigelow the unrivaled veteran of the service.

The taxi-balloon is due to arrive and aviate next season. The rate will, however, be higher than in the things that cannot fly.

Winston Spencer Churchill was horsewhipped by a suffragette, but thus far he does not seem to be converted to their theories.

Many a great hope is erected on a small foundation.

REV. JOHN B. TABB DEAD.

Professor in St. Charles College and a Poet of Great Merit.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 19.—Rev. John B. Tabb, known in this country and Europe as a poet of high merit, died tonight at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, of nervous trouble, from which he has been a sufferer for a long time.

Born in Virginia on March 22, 1845, Father Tabb received his education from private tutors. He always declared he was a Marylander by adoption. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the Confederate navy and was a prisoner of war from 1864 to 1865. After the close of the war he studied music in Baltimore and subsequently taught in St. Paul's School, this city, and Racine College, Mich.

While teaching Father Tabb became a Protestant Episcopal minister. In 1872, however, he entered the Roman Catholic Church about the time his boon companion, the late Bishop Alfred Curtis, became a Catholic, and in 1884 he was ordained to the priesthood. He had been professor in St. Charles College since 1875, if not longer.

Father Tabb.

Richmond Times-Dispatch.

There was a tinge of romance about Father Tabb. The reverent priest of St. Charles College, whose spiritual vision no blindness could dim, had been soldier, sailor, musician, philosopher, poet and Southern gentleman through all. Born under the spell of the old Virginia regime, he had been tutored in arms and tried in battle, and passed through the bitter trial of reconstruction and the woes of poverty, ere he retired to the peaceful shades of the old college. There, amid the gathering clouds of affliction, he found solace and peace in teaching boys and in writing those verses which give him his chief claim on posterity.

Father Tabb was not a great poet. What he wrote came from a heart that knew and felt the deeper things of life. But his verse never phrased the half of what he felt. The limitations of rhythm and the monotony of rhyme, to which he ever remained true, proved too great a burden. Only now and then, through a verse, or even a line, the deeper nature freed itself and found itself in words. Then the melody grew luminous with meaning deep and inspiring.

Perhaps Father Tabb—the lapidary among song-makers, somebody once called him—knew his limitations. Perhaps he was willing to heed Wordsworth's command—to shine in his place and be content. He found his themes in the birds, in the flowers, in the poetic of everyday life; and he clothed them with the imagery of a genial heart and kindly spirit. He saw the spiritual in the natural, and naturally voiced the spiritual.

DEATH OF EDITOR GILDER.

Mr. Gilder Was a Finished Literary Man of Charming Personality.

One of the most distinguished literary men in the United States passes away in the person of Richard Watson Gilder, the veteran editor of the Century Magazine, and the most gifted, perhaps, of a family of literary brothers and sisters whose work has carried their name around the world.

Richard Watson Gilder was born in New Jersey sixty-five years ago, and early in life showed the literary propensities which he was to gratify in full measure.

At the age of twenty-six he became the editor of what was then Scribner's Magazine, and when the Century was founded he became its editor-in-chief—a position he held uninterruptedly until the time of his death.

Mr. Gilder was not only a finished literary man, but he possessed a charming personality which made him a welcome friend and associate in a large circle of friends.

It is probable that he was the most intimate personal friend of the late Grover Cleveland, unless that honor was equally shared by Joseph Jefferson. At any rate, it was a congenial triumvirate—and now the last of the three has entered into rest.

Mr. Gilder leaves a brother, Joseph and a sister, Jeannette Gilder, editors of the Critic, who occupy a high place in the literary world.

Richard Watson Gilder issued six volumes of original verses. It would be mere fulsomeness to say that they will occupy a high and enduring place in American literature, but they are marked by delicate charm which reveal the real poet.

It was as the editor of a great magazine, which he conducted with skill and ability, that he will be remembered longest.

If Roosevelt decides to do the "Back from Elba" act it is suggested that he land in Chicago, where the anger over the bouncing of Crane is at fever heat.



Hot biscuit, hot breads, cake—the finest, most tasteful and healthful—made with Royal, impossible without it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THE ONLY Baking Powder made from Royal Grade Cream of Tartar

DEALT A BODY BLOW

Standard Oil Company Dissolved by Courts Decree.

Decree Becomes Effective in Thirty Days, When Stay Will Probably Be Granted As Case Will Go to Supreme Court.

St. Paul, Nov. 20.—In an opinion written by Judge Walter H. Sanborn of St. Paul, and concurred in by Judges Vandeverter, Hook and Adams, with a special concurring opinion by Judge Hook, the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri, today handed down an opinion declaring the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey an illegal combination, operating in restraint of trade and ordering its dissolution. The opinion of the court was announced unanimously in St. Louis and in this city.

In this decision the government of the United States wins a sweeping victory, and according to Frank B. Kellogg of this city, who was the government's special prosecuting officer, the government has won every point for which it contended.

The case will be appealed direct to the United States Supreme Court, as the judges who signed today's decree are in effect the judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, although they were sitting for the purpose of trying this case, as the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Missouri.

The decree of the court dissolving the Standard Oil Company becomes effective in thirty days, when, no doubt, a stay will be granted for the purpose of an appeal. When the decree takes effect, unless a stay is granted, an injunction will be issued restraining the Standard Oil Company from a further continuance of business under its present formation.

It appears from the concurring opinion written by Judge Hook that the company cannot do business under any other form with the object of stifling competition. For, says Judge Hook on this subject, it is thought that with the end of the combination, the monopoly will naturally disappear. But should it not do so and the members of the combination retire from it, except one who might perpetuate the monopoly by the aggregation of the physical properties and instrumentalities, it would constitute a violation of the decree of the court.

In the trial of the case the point was made that the Standard Oil Company was a beneficial corporation, in that it reduced the price of its product. This, Judge Hook says, should have no weight.

The suit terminated by today's decision was begun by direction of the Attorney General of the United States in St. Louis, November 15, 1906. Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul, was special prosecutor, assisted by Charles E. Morrison, of Chicago, Frank H. Poole and J. H. Graves, of the Department of Justice; W. H. Higgins, of Minneapolis, and Cordenio A. Severance, of St. Paul.

The Standard Oil's legal talent was led by John G. Milburn, of New York. Its defense was that the present organization of the Standard Oil Corporation was the result of natural growth of a great industry, and that no statute had been violated.

The Decision Creates Sensation in Washington.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 20.—The de-

HOMICIDE IN GREENE

Owen Ginn Shot Monday Night And Killed By Son In Law.

Deceased While Crazed by Long Drinking Ran Amuck and Wanted to Kill the Whole Neighborhood.

The news comes to us by phone this (Tuesday) morning from Snow Hill that Owen Ginn, a white farmer of Greene county, living some miles from that town, and who had been drinking heavily for some weeks, made a desperate assault upon his family Monday morning, and while attempting to do serious damage to his wife was intercepted by his son Luby, whom he shot and wounded; but the latter still defended his mother and struck his father over the head with a stick, driving him back. The sheriff of the county, later in the day, was sent for and Ginn, the father, was arrested and carried to Snow Hill, where he was given a preliminary hearing, and late last night was, unfortunately admitted to bail, \$500, which he furnished, and departed for home. On arriving home he armed himself with his gun and eleven o'clock last night (Monday night) he went to the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Sam Joyner, and breaking the door down he entered and opened fire on Mr. Joyner, who was in bed. The latter escaped the first shot and before Ginn had time to level his gun for a second shot, which he was in the act of doing, Joyner got in a shot and killed him where he stood.

At this hour (Tuesday morning) we are unable to give further particulars; but these are the facts.

Ginn was well known here in Goldsboro, where he did most of his trading, and was in good circumstances. He was a half-brother of our good friend and esteemed townsman and prosperous wholesale merchant, Mr. John T. Ginn.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH.

It is now claimed that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has not secured a majority of the stock of the Western Union, but that it has acquired sufficient stock to control the situation, and it proposes to utilize its newly-acquired power by using poles and wires already placed, especially in the boundless West, for telephone extensions. The difference in circuits is such that it is possible to telephone and telegraph over the same wires at the same time. This renders it possible to extend the telephone business without an expensive duplication of equipment, especially in sparsely settled districts.

This is said to be the true explanation of the recent merger, but the public is suspicious, and no doubt Congress will proceed to investigate the new story of the wires. Thus far the hand of the Postal Company does not appear in the merger, but quick changes may take place. The Bell Telephone people have wonderfully fortified themselves, and possibly that may be the extent of the effort. It may not mean a general wire trust. The people are in no mood to welcome a trust in the means of disseminating news and intelligence of all sorts.

The Lincoln pennies persist in remaining out of sight, thus cutting down the money in circulation.

Those who order prairie chicken at some restaurants know it is a lottery whether they get an owl or a chick.

Johndee was not the only one who struggled. The sugar trust did a good deal of struggling at the custom house.

New York will soon be the most betunnled city in the world. Not even Nevada has more holes in the ground.

The sugar trust did not mind the Roosevelt investigations, but it is distressed over those of the Taft administration.

Put a nice ceiling on your kitchen. We will furnish the lumber for 90 cents per hundred. Enterprise Lumber Company.

The Indian summer fly begins to wish it had not overstayd its welcome.