

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

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## The National Health Service.

The Perkins bill, now pending in congress, seeks to extend the scope and enlarge the facilities of the marine hospital service. It calls for a change of name, provides for a proper status for the officers and also asks that the laboratory work of the service be brought into relation with the scientific work of the war, navy and agricultural departments.

The marine hospital service has outgrown its name, and the designation of the "United States health service" suggested in the Perkins bill is entirely consistent with its work and aims. The latter term would lend a dignity commensurate with the duties of the organization, which are in fact to safeguard the health of the nation. The change of name would not imply a change of functions, but rather an enlargement of them. The treatment of seamen, the management of epidemics, the medical inspection of immigrants and the publication of sanitary reports and statistics would continue to be functions of the United States health service, but under the bill its efficiency would be greatly increased.

One of the most important results would be co-operation between national and state authorities in matters relating to the public health. Every year has made apparent the necessity for closer union and more harmonious work. This is especially manifest in the handling of epidemic diseases, which do not respect state lines and which need a centralized authority to direct the control.

There is no branch of the public service more important than that of guarding the public health, and no one familiar with the administration of quarantine regulations and the means taken to prevent the spread of epidemics, with the skill and courage displayed in fighting yellow fever, cholera and other scourges, can fail to appreciate the good work done by the marine hospital service. It ought not to be handicapped for lack of facilities and legalized prerogatives.

## Empire Builders at Odds.

The fact that the name of Joseph Chamberlain does not appear in the list of trustees under the will of Cecil Rhodes while that of Lord Rosebery heads it occasions some comment in London. In this connection it is recalled that when Mr. Chamberlain entered the colonial office there was a struggle between Mr. Rhodes and himself for supremacy in South African policy. Mr. Rhodes, with his imperious will, forced the hands of one colonial secretary after another and retained the mastery of the situation. When Mr. Chamberlain entered the office, he determined to have the "empire builder" understand that there could be but one cock of the walk in Downing street, and the result was an estrangement between the men who have had more to do than all others in shaping the recent British policy in South Africa.

Upon one point they were, however, agreed, and that was in the extension of British empire over the continent of Africa. What would have been the result if they had worked more in harmony to that end is a matter of speculation.

The statement that Lord Rosebery is going to South Africa to study the situation there with the view of submitting his impressions to the king is significant. Lord Rosebery is a close friend of King Edward, and his visit to South Africa would be in the nature of a personal representative of the British sovereign. What he may be able to accomplish, of course, remains to be seen, though taken in connection with the visit to South Africa of Lord Wolseley, also a close friend of the king, Lord Rosebery's journey gives hope that peace may be effected. It is well known that King Edward is extremely anxious that the war shall be ended before his coronation, and to this end it would appear that efforts are being directed.

An Italian organ grinder arrested in New York the other day for begging on the streets is much offended because he was compelled to pay a fine of \$5, though he had at the time about \$200 on his person and confessed that he had \$12,000 stashed away in a bank in Rome, besides lately having sent \$2,000 to his daughter in Italy, who is going to marry a count. The organ grinder, who is sixty, says he will retire from "business," having created a competency. He thinks a man should retire at sixty. In this respect he takes the high ground held by some eminent economists and philanthropists.

And now the hostilities open between the man who wants to have a garden and his neighbor who keeps chickens.

Miss Stone has been captured again. Major Pond is the bold brigand who did the trick this time.

# KALIKAI of HILO

By MARY WOOD...

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The applause had not yet died away. Across the footlights the slender figure of the Hawaiian leader still bowed in acknowledgment. Animated, eager, he furnished a curious contrast to the apathy of his fellow singers. His dark eyes rapidly scanned the circling tiers. Slowly, slowly, the light of expectancy died from his face. He shrank back, and the contrast was gone. He had sunk to their level, a paid singer in a foreign land.

The strangled instruments twanged. The picturesque figures in snowy white and red sashes swayed slightly to the plaintive melody as they sang, always softly, always as an echo from a far-away land.

Kalikai sang listlessly. The glare of the footlights hurt his eyes. He coughed occasionally, and a dull pain woke in his chest. But worse than physical discomfort was the ache at his heart. This audience of cold, unfeeling people



A WOMAN'S CRY OF TERROR RANG OUT ABOVE THE APPLAUSE.

—how he hated them! This cold and bleak country—how he hated it! Oh, for the sunshine and the flowers, the dancing and the light laughter of his island home!

His face softened as he thought of it—the blue sea foaming against jagged rocks, the blue sky cut by peaks as jagged, the rustling palm trees above the gleam of yellow sand, the scents of the warm night and the dancers wreathed in flowers. One of them, a dark eyed girl, had flung a wreath round his neck. She loved him. He had thought he loved her, but that was before, the other came.

He was singing alone now, and an unconscious feeling crept into his voice. The song was the same he had sung over a year ago to the fair American girl. He had taught her the song, and she had taught him what love was. Again he was bending nearer and nearer, while his eyes told the story his lips dared not speak. Then the bitter year of seeking! Ah, he would remember only the golden days that came before!

He was silent as the others echoed the refrain softly, and his ear caught a rustle in one of the boxes. Mechanically his eyes followed the sound. A party of three had just entered—a gray haired, distinguished looking man, a plump, comfortable matron and a third. Kalikai trembled. He knew them all. And the third, the golden haired girl, was the lady of his dreams. Even as he looked her eyes, as if attracted, met his, and a quick wave of color rose to the masses of curls. She recognized him, was glad to see him!

Again he must sing. As he began the Hawaiians turned in surprise. Listlessness and hesitancy were forgotten with the audience. He sang for her, and his eyes never left her face. His voice was vibrant with tenderness as he sang of the weary search, glad and triumphant as he sang of the joy of meeting.

The last notes swelled into silence. But a woman's cry of terror rang out above the applause. Kalikai had fallen forward on his face, and there was a splash of scarlet on the white of his blouse. As they rang the curtain down the golden haired girl heard a voice say: "That's the way all the poor fellows go when they come over here. Consumption gets them sooner or later."

She had risen and was speaking softly, impetuously: "Father, don't you recognize him? It is Kalikai, the young Hawaiian who was so good to us at Hilo. And years ago he taught me that very song. He was so kind, to us there when we were strangers in his land, and here he knows no one, and he is ill." Her voice choked, but she went on eagerly: "We must go to him. We may be able to do something for him. No, no! We won't wait. We must go at once, or we may be too late."

She always had been a spoiled child, and so at last they yielded to her wish. And that is why when Kalikai woke as from a troubled sleep and murmured "Alice!" her face bent over him. She pressed a glass to his lips as she said, with a tremulous smile, "Drink."

He did not question her presence. He lay back and looked at her, and again swift color flashed into her cheeks. Yet even as he looked a shadow fell across his face, for she had changed woefully. It was no longer the girl

who had teased and played with him, but a woman whose beauty had somehow hardened in the ripening. There were shadows under the eyes and bitter curves around the mouth that had been absent in his dream picture. Unconsciously he sighed and closed his eyes. The meeting so long prayed for brought more sadness than joy. Lying there, he did not see her face soften or her eyes shine with tender feeling. With an impetuous movement she bent over and pressed her lips against a lock of the dark hair that lay against the pillow. As she raised her head her face was dyed scarlet with blushes, which faded as her glance fell on a ring on her finger.

She was silent, her hands pressed tightly together. When at last he opened his eyes and looked at her, she smiled bravely, while her finger motioned him not to speak. Her voice was low, but steady, as she said:

"This is a strange meeting, my friend, after many days, and we have both changed. I have learned many things since we parted. I am married." He started, but she went on hurriedly: "My husband is not here tonight. He seldom is. He is too much absorbed in business. American husbands often are that way. But I am happy, quite happy. My father and mother live with us, and you know how dear they are to me. I am a very fortunate woman. But you—you have changed too. Oh, why did you ever leave your lovely island?"

His eyes told her the reason, but she gave no sign that she could read them. "You were always happy there. I was happy. Every one was happy. But it is not too late for you. You can go back. Promise me that you will go back, and the warm sunshine will make you strong again, and you will forget this country of cold and mist."

He could not see the storm raging beneath her forced composure. He did not guess why she spoke almost curtly. He only thought that she had grown cold and hard. His dream was shattered.

So he went back to Hawaii and the dark eyed girl who was waiting for him. With her he learned to forget even the pang of lost illusion, and the golden haired American became but a pretty memory.

## Thackeray's Ideas of Corsets.

Thackeray, who detested "wasp waisted women," once told a young relative who was much in love to take his betrothed to a physician before purchasing the engagement ring.

"What for?" his companion inquired in considerable astonishment.

"To see whether that wasp waist is an inheritance or a consequence," he replied.

"Consequence!" exclaimed the young man. "What do you mean?"

"Corsets," said Thackeray laconically. "Miss — has the most beautiful figure in England," said the infatuated lover.

"She is deformed," Thackeray responded. "If it is a natural deformity, she may be a moderately healthy woman. Even humpbacks are not always delicate, you know. Mind, I say moderately healthy. But if that girl's figure is the result of corsets you might better go and hang yourself rather than risk the evils that will inevitably follow."

A cable dispatch from Nice reports the capture of a one hundred and four foot whale near that place, the first ever seen in the Mediterranean. Apparently the seaside resort press agent has struck the Riviera. He is to be commended, however, for refraining from the introduction of the ancient sea serpent.

## THE FASHIONS.

Black and white are among the favorite trimmings for spring hats.

The prominence of stripes and small checks in all the new spring and summer materials is very marked.

The latest stock collars are of light silk and lace lined with flexible material and have the lower front end pointed.

Sleeves are increasing every day in size, and before the summer we may be wearing the flowing sleeves so fashionable in the early forties.

A new offering in the millinery line is the Du Barry rose. It consists of a blossom in which two entirely different colors are combined. One of the combinations is yellow, merging into pink.

Among the newest effects in embroideries are those obtained by silk on sheer materials. These are all of the washable variety and adapted for dressy gowns, separate skirts or waists.

The use of ribbon as a trimming and a garniture for all kinds of gowns seems to have taken a new lease of life, and it is introduced in one way or another upon countless gowns and bodices.

## FOR THE COOK.

Potatoes for salad should always be boiled and sliced while quite hot. For Boston baked beans you must get the regular brown bean and not the sow bean of commerce.

A menu for a high tea at 6 o'clock consists of cup bullion, chicken croquettes, mayonnaise of celery, rolls, coffee, sliced oranges and lady fingers.

To canned tomatoes add a little sugar (but only enough to correct the acidity, not enough to make them taste sweet), salt, a little white pepper and a generous allowance of butter.

Apple mayonnaise is made by mixing a transparent apple jelly with mayonnaise, which gives a shiny yellow jelly, which can be used for masking meat, fish, poultry or salad mixtures.

## Start Girls Right!

Many beautiful girls become invalids for life, because at the crucial period of puberty they pay no attention to the laws of health. Mothers should protect their daughters' health by giving them necessary information and proper treatment. When the menses come on a girl unawares in her inexperience she is either frightened into convulsions, or scared into trying to check the flow. Many girls have checked the flow and it has never started again. And as a result they have grown pale-faced, with "crow-tracks" on their cheeks, and dark half-moons under their eyes. A dose of

## WINE OF CARDUI

taken every morning after a girl is twelve years old will bring the menses on properly and keep them regular. It will help her to develop into attractive womanhood and equip her for the duties of wife and motherhood. All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

The Hollywood, Ashbury Park, N. J., February 2, 1902. I read your advertisement in regard to Wine of Cardui in the Baltimore American, and it so favorably impressed me that on my visit to Baltimore during the holidays I purchased a bottle of it for my adopted daughter, who was suffering with female troubles. She had been under the doctor's care for some time, and when her periods would come on her suffering was something terrible. I induced her to try it and the first dose brought on her menses. She took it regularly according to the directions, and was greatly relieved. To use her own words, "It saved my life." J. WESLEY CROSS.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

**DR. THOS. H. FAULKNER,**  
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## Tailoring Establishment.

I have just brought to Kinston a fine line of Woollens for Spring Suits. The goods are now open for your inspection. Will run an up-to-date, first class Tailoring Establishment in Kinston. Ask a trial for your work; Bear a reputation well known in this part of the State for the best of tailoring. A fit guaranteed.

**S. J. WALLS.**  
 In Loftin's building, upstairs opposite Western Union Telegraph Office

## Half-Sick People

Just sick enough to feel heavy-heeled, lazy and listless; to have no appetite; to sleep badly; to have what you eat feel like lead in your stomach. Not sick enough to take to bed or call a doctor, but just sick enough to not know what to do.

## Take a Tonic

That's what you ought to do—a good sensible tonic that will sharpen your appetite and put new "go" in your nerves and muscles. Come today and begin taking it right away. You'll find just what your system needs here.

Ask for I. Q. and S., the "Morning Bracer."

**DR. G. B. WOODLEY & CO.**  
 THE RELIABLE DRUGGIST  
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## The Spring Hat

is next in consideration and we invite your inspection of our line. Our prices are within the reach of your pocket. Our stock of

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is always complete. Bear this in mind and when you need anything call on us.

## Our Out of Town Friends

are cordially invited to see us whenever in Kinston. They are reminded that we keep constantly on hand full lines of General Merchandise, and that we will be pleased to supply their wants.

## TUNSTALL & HILL.

Brick Block, No. 49. Next to Temple-Marston Drug Store.

## Stevenson Property!

By order of court we will on the 6th day of April, 1902, offer for sale at the court house door in Kinston, N. C., at the hour of 11 o'clock noon, to the highest bidder for cash, all of that property situated on the north corner of Queen and Gordon streets in the town of Kinston, N. C., better known as the John H. Stevenson property. Fronting Queen street with one hundred feet, running back one hundred and ten feet, making a frontage on Gordon street one hundred and ten feet. The object of the sale is to make division between K. H. Stevenson and Mary A. Stevenson. Sale will be made subject to approval of court. This the 6th day of March, 1902. T. C. WOOTEN, A. D. WARD, Commissioners of Court.

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or cut it out; anything so you won't forget that if you need anything in the

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## IT WILL CURE YOU!

The man or woman who has used Harris Lithia Water has made a discovery. Case 12 1/2 gallon bottles, \$4.00, delivered. One dollar allowed for return of bottles. Harris Lithia Water carbonated in quarts and pints. As a table water it is unexcelled. For sale by dealers.

LOCAL DISTRIBUTORS: TEMPLE-MARSTON DRUG CO. AND J. E. HOOD.

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