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REPORT ON COTTON CROP

A NEW FEATURE BY GOVERNMENT.

To Secure Quickly Accurate Statistics of the Cotton Crop.

Mr. Bruton L. Taylor, of Kinston, has been appointed a local special agent of the census office to collect cotton-ginning statistics for this county, and we join the government in urging the ginners to give Mr. Taylor their hearty support and co-operation, thus enabling him to make prompt and accurate returns. We would impress upon the ginners the fact that this agent is a sworn officer of the government, and that their reports are forwarded as given to him directly to the census office, at Washington, without passing through the hands of any middlemen. The information given is held as strictly confidential, and the operations of individual ginners are not divulged. Upon the joint co-operation of the cotton growers, ginners, and local agents must depend the success of the census office in this inquiry, and its ability to render this great service to the southern people and to all interested in the cotton staple.

The census office has demonstrated in three annual reports the fact that the ginners are the only reliable source of information as to the volume of the annual cotton crop. This is very complimentary to the ginners, who, no doubt, will feel pride in sustaining the reputation earned.

In recognition of this interest shown by the ginners, and of a general demand for more frequent reports through this source, congress, in the act creating a permanent census office, provided for the collection and publication of these statistics at intervals during the ginning season. For the crop of 1902 the office will issue three reports: the first two will cover the quantity of cotton ginned up to and including October 18 and December 13, respectively; and the final report will cover the total quantity ginned from the growth of 1902.

Realizing that the collection of the data for these reports is made at a season when the ginners' time is greatly taxed, and appreciating the necessity for prompt returns, the census office has located, in each county containing ten or more ginners, an agent, who will visit each ginners in the county and secure a report of the quantity of cotton ginned up to certain dates. In undertaking the frequent and hurried reports now sought, it is of vital importance that the returns be made with absolute uniformity, and that all be received at Washington at one time. This result could not be expected from individual requests made by mail of 30,000 ginners, at a time when they are engrossed in their ginning work. Furthermore, the census office must be kept advised of all changes in the management and operation of these establishments, and secure returns from all new and revived plants. To accomplish such results, it becomes necessary for the office to have local representatives who shall be charged with the duty of keeping in close touch with the ginning industry in each county, and of promptly reporting the quantity of cotton ginned.

The statistics for the October report will be collected during the week beginning with Monday, October 20, and ginners should keep such records as will enable them to furnish promptly the required information. These returns will be tabulated, and the result published within one week from their receipt at Washington. Cotton statistics collected through the commercial system, however accurately compiled, fall short of the demand of both producer and manufacturer—first, in that as they cover the quantity of cotton marketed between September 1 of one year and August 31 of the following, they are not statistics of a crop grown in any one year; and second, in the liability to error involved in statistics so compiled. Nothing short of official reports, made sufficiently early to form a basis of prices, will entirely satisfy the cotton grower or manufacturer. It is satisfactory to know that the south has the assistance and co-operation of the government in bringing about the result they desire—an undertaking the success of which now depends upon the cotton growers and ginners themselves.

Forty Years' Torture.

To be relieved from a torturing disease after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude of anyone. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mr. H. H. Conner, O. He says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years." Conner, a farmer, lives in the town of Conner, N. C.

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A WONDERFUL CONVENTION.

Annual Meeting of the Disciples of Christ at Omaha Will be a Record Breaker.

For the first time in the history of the United States every railroad has made a one fare rate to a religious convention. The convention in question is the annual international convention of the Disciples of Christ, which meets in Omaha, Neb., October 15-23, 1902. One fare for the round trip from every railroad station in the United States has been offered. Parties interested should consult the nearest railroad agent.

It is expected that upwards of 30,000 visitors will be in Omaha during the convention. Even lower than one fare may be secured from points within 200 or 300 miles if large parties are organized and excursion trains run. Try it from your locality. The convention will be held in the Coliseum, which has been redecorated and refurnished for the occasion. The Coliseum will seat comfortably 14,000 people. Restaurants will be conducted within the building. Rooms may be secured by addressing the chairman of the entertainment committee, care Millard hotel.

The Coliseum was erected for Patti to sing in and 22,500 people heard her. The first national convention of the People's party was held under its roof. William McKinley spoke to 30,000 people within its walls. The great Bryan-Thurston debate was held there, and 35,000 people crowded in. Its acoustic properties are unexcelled. It is an ideal convention hall and three lines of street cars are within three blocks of it.

The Disciples of Christ in the United States number 1,300,000. They have 6,500 pastors, 10,000 church organizations, 9,000 church buildings, hundreds of schools and colleges and numerous missionary stations in foreign fields. For full particulars of convention address C. S. Paine, chairman, Omaha, Neb.

THE ELUSIVE POLE.

To actually reach the pole would give an explorer enduring fame, but the world would be very little better off because of that feat.—Troy Times.

The north pole still stands in its primeval icefield, laughing at the efforts of man to reach it. Doubtless those efforts will be successful some day, and national pride leads to the hope that the man who makes the successful dash will be an American.—Pittsburg Gazette.

From Peary himself we have the word that there is no northwest passage round the pole and no sea of eternal ice in the same locality. There is plenty of ice and plenty of water, but neither is available for any practical purpose. This being the case, why sacrifice any more lives in pursuit of the useless? Nothing can be done with it even when it has been found.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

A horse cannot do much work after he is twelve or fourteen years old. The specimen of the Japanese hen in the Museum of Natural History, New York, has a tail twelve feet long.

An elephant has only eight teeth all together. At fourteen years the elephant loses its first set of teeth, and a new set grows.

An ostrich never goes straight to its nest, but always approaches it with many windings and detours in order, if possible, to conceal the locality from observation.

THREE KINGS.

Kaiser Wilhelm seems to have gone in to cultivate the Poles with an ex-Atlanta Journal.

King Alfonso acts as though he intends to be his own matchmaker.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The sultan of Turkey is not alarmed by the prospect of another ultimatum. He eats 'em alive.—Montreal Herald.

Fat and Lean.

HOAR—Do you like fat girls?
"Well, I rather lean that way."—Philadelphia Record.

Consolation.

"Take back your heart," the letter said. With tears his eyes were wet. Until he found the gift he'd sent. Must be with diamonds set.

Natural Anxiety.

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. It's attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such anxiety yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Liquidize the mucus, always inflammation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. F. S. McLaughlin, Hampton, Ga.: "A bad cold rendered me helpless just before an annual conference. I inhaled a whiff of One Minute Cough Cure. It removed my mucus in less than five minutes. J. E. Hood.

SHOT DOWN WITHOUT CAUSE

PROBABLY MORTALLY WOUNDED

Thought to Have Been Done by White Man Named O'Neal.

Orrel Huggins, colored, was shot Saturday night about 6:30 o'clock by one of two white men supposed in all probability to be Jim and Charley O'Neal, it being one of the most cold blooded crimes, and without provocation, that was ever committed in this community.

Although the crime was committed in the presence of a number of eye witnesses, the perpetrator has not yet been positively identified. The two white men supposed to be the O'Neals, drove up in a buggy to a colored restaurant on Queen street, in Tuckahoe section, kept by Adam Singleton, colored, shortly after dark, and in a boisterous manner demanded supper be brought out to them to the buggy. Singleton said he would not serve them unless they came inside, which they did. They continued their boisterousness and Singleton asked them to keep quiet. They then cursed Singleton who asked if one of his customers would not go for an officer. Huggins got up to comply with the request and was told by the white men not to go, but he kept on, whereupon one of the white men pulled a revolver and shot, but missed. Huggins turned and the man shot again, Huggins slinking to the sidewalk. Before it could be realized what had taken place, the white men got up in their buggy and drove off.

Huggins was taken to the office of Dr. W. T. Parrott, who gave temporary medical attention and was then taken home. Dr. Parrott at the first inspection, found that Huggins had been shot in the lower part of the abdomen. The doctor later went to the home of Huggins to operate, but the family preferred that Huggins take his chances without the operation.

The ball could hardly enter the place it did without perforating the intestines and probably entering an orator of the body. Huggins is living today but the chances are considered very much against his recovery. He had been working for the Gay Lumber Co. He is about 19 years of age, and does not have the reputation of being a bad negro.

There were a number in the restaurant at the time of the shooting who say they could identify the men, and the man who did the shooting, but did not know their names.

The O'Neals referred to were seen driving around the streets the afternoon of the shooting, drinking and carousing generally. They drove a biased face horse. Charley O'Neal was employed as blacksmith at the Gay Lumber Co's logging camp. Jim O'Neal had no employment at the time. Although of the same name they are not related.

Sheriff Wooten, Deputy Sheriff Sutton and Jim Cunningham drove out Saturday night to the Gay Lumber Co's logging camp for the purpose of arresting the O'Neals. Upon inquiry as to the whereabouts of the O'Neals the sheriff's party were told "damn it, go find them if you can." The sheriff's party were unable to do so. It is supposed that the O'Neals were given warning before the arrival of the sheriff's party. They were reported to have been seen in Jones county Sunday driving the same biased face horse they had in Kinston, and it is supposed they are making for the home of one of them in Craven county. Warrants have been sent to the sheriff of Craven and efforts will be made to capture them if they show up there.

Case of Deduction.

"Blister expects you."
"How do you know?"
"She told the maid she wasn't home."
—Town and Country.

No Balloon Route.

To reach the mountain of Wisdom. So all the sages say. You must cross the vale of Experience. For there's no other way.
—Chicago Tribune.

Protracted.

Bill—Did the giraffe have a long illness?
Jill—Yes; he had a sore throat.—Youkers Statesman.

Cupid's Luck.

Four Cupid is a lousy dog. Since his prison cell has come to pass. For who will have the soul in kids. When he turns down the costly gas.
—Baltimore News.

Her Loving Neighbor.

"Mrs. Nixdore is given to retailing gossip, isn't she?"
"Not she. She wholesales it."
—Boston Transcript.



AN INTERESTING GROUP OF WEALTHY FOLKS.

In this instance the camera has caught a group of persons who are interesting because of their great wealth and prominent social position. The man is Clarence H. Mackay, who by the comparatively recent death of his father has become the practical head of numerous great business enterprises. Behind him is his wife. The other young lady is Miss Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney.

According to Bertillon.

When Mr. George Griffith was studying the French prison system in New Caledonia, he was one day asked by an official if he would like to submit to the Bertillon system of measurement, used for the identification of prisoners. He agreed and was told to take off his boots and coat. This is his story of the process:

The official put me up against the wall, arranged me properly, lowered the measuring bar to my head and called to the clerk, "One meter, 516."

I was placed in a chair, the back of which was a measuring scale and the seat longitudinally divided by a ridge, and there my sitting height was taken. Then he measured my head with calipers in two directions, from back to front and across, and after this he descended to minor matters, such as ears, nose, lips, thumb and finger joints, eyelids and so on. He stood me on a box where a human foot was rudely outlined, and on that my foot was measured. My right arm was measured from the elbow to the point of the middle finger. After that a print was taken of my thumb and three fingers.

Then came the most trying part of the ordeal—general observation—during which I stood to attention and was looked through and through. No detail escaped those gimlet eyes. A scar, half hidden in the eyebrow, the result of football twenty years before, was discovered and noted. The scars of two old knife stabs in my hand and the trace of a parrot bite on my finger were set down. My eyes were examined and the color of the iris placed in the proper category.

Finally the clerk asked, "Intellectually?"
"Mediocre," said Mr. Gimlet Eyes, with a brutal frankness.

No Longer a Craze.

The passage of the American Bicycle company into receivers' hands is a token of the passage of the bicycle craze. The bicycle as a toy has been supplanted by the bicycle as a medium of travel, and as such does not command either the price or the patronage it did a few years ago. In the park and on the streets riders have materially decreased, and bicycle stores and repairing shops are now few and far between. In 1895 and 1897 the bicycle business was in a highly inflated condition. The bicycle took nearly every one by storm. All sorts of fancy prices were paid for all sorts of fancy wheels. It was not remarkable to hear that more than \$100 had been paid for this or that wheel. Now good wheels may be bought for \$50 or \$75. Chainless wheels were once held for \$100. It is now possible to buy one of this style for \$40, and the sales of these wheels are not so much to those who seek riding for pleasure's sake, but as a means of going to and from office or factory. There were twenty-eight bicycle factories in the American Bicycle company when it started; now there are six. These can supply all the machines needed just now.

The Season.

The football season now is on. And beauty, clothes and wit. Must backward go; the homely look. Now makes the greatest hit.
—Chicago News.

Speculation.

"A speculator?"
"Yes; same thing. He's getting tired on nothing at all."

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Promises.

Once when I was very sick
And doctor thought I'd die
And mother couldn't smile at me
But it just turned to cry.
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away And I began to mend And begged to eat the goodies That Grandma Brown would send They said beef tea was better And gave me grapes to Nell And laughed and said, "You're mighty cross Since you got well." —Century.

Thoughtless Girl.

Tess—He used to take me to the theater every other evening or so, but one evening when we were sitting in the parlor I foolishly allowed him to kiss me.
Jess—What has that to do with the theater?
Tess—Well, now he wants to sit in the parlor all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Gastronomic Triolet.

The man who writes of things to eat
Has, as a rule, a good digestion.
His cup of joy is full, complete.
The man who writes of things to eat
For telling truth is hard to beat.
His views are honest, without question.
The man who writes of things to eat
Has, as a rule, a good digestion.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Strange Being.

Grace—Is her husband a man of much sentiment?
Alice—Not a particle. He seems to think golf links were made to play golf on.—Town Topics.

Exit.

When fame seems the veriest bubble,
When fortune has passed you by,
When you would make light of your trouble—
Well, there is the gas jet anigh.
—Lippincott's.

No Wonder.

"There goes a man who draws great houses every day."
"Is he an actor?"
"No; an architectural draftsman."
—New York Herald.

A Fall Jingle.

Happy days'll come once more;
Don't cheer what they say.
Put some white sand on the floor;
Dance the world away!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Reliability.

"Is Wiggins a reliable man?"
"In one sense. If you tell him to do anything, you can count absolutely on his forgetting all about it."
—Washington Star.

Consider Well.

No girl should say too quickly "Yes"
When ardent lovers press her.
If marriage is not a success,
Divorce is a successor.
—Philadelphia Press.

A Careless Fellow.

"Here's an automobilist who got killed himself while running over a lot of other people."
"How careless!"—Life.

The Schoolboy's Sorrow.

He studies his geography
And thinks he has it fine
When some one brings the soldiers out
And moves the boundary line.
—New York Times.

As Usual.

"They say he has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."
"Yes. And he isn't doing it."

THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE

MAYOR'S COURT DOING BUSINESS

Turning Out Sentences That Swells Town's Exchequer.

At the mayor's court today there were quite a number to tell their troubles to his honor and listen to his words of advice, and also, when occasion justified it they were asked to contribute to the city's exchequer. Up to the noon hour there had been 13 or 14 cases disposed of, with various degrees of punishment befitting their crimes.

The first to occupy the attention of the court was Eli Bunn for being disorderly. Judgment suspended upon payment of costs.

Charlie Watts and Lucile Carrington were up for assault. As no serious damage was done to either person or property, judgment was suspended on payment of cost.

John Owens was called next, and asked to show cause why he should not be fined for being disorderly. John failed to do, and was fined \$2 and cost.

Mike Powell and Wright Bouse, who had come up from Dover to have a good time Saturday night, succeeded only too well, and Chief Bouse arrested them for being disorderly and on searching them at the lock-up discovered razors and pistols to beat the band. Of course the boys were bound over to court.

Nathan Day, for using vulgar and profane language, was fined \$2.

Mordcael Bell was fined \$2 for the same offense.

Bill Wooten, for indulging too freely in intoxicating beverages (in fact, Wooten owned to being drunk) was fined \$2.

Virginia Coleman, for vulgar and profane language, was fined \$2. Also Virginia had some trouble with Policeman Taylor, when she saw him leading her lord and master to the calaboose several days ago, and was fined \$3; and costs for interlocking with an officer while in the discharge of his duties.

All the parties above mentioned are colored.

The "Underground" in Sing Sing.

I was particularly interested in the underground tunnel, for I immediately perceived its great usefulness. This was the secret system by which contraband articles, such as whisky, opium and morphine, were brought into the prison. When a rogue is persuasive with the coin of the realm, he can always find a keeper or two to bring him what he deems the necessities of life, among which are opium, whisky and tobacco. If you have a keeper right, you can be well supplied with these little things. To get him right it is necessary to give up a certain recognized percentage, about one-fifth, of the money sent from home. This system is worked in all the state prisons in New York, and during my first term, nine months of which were spent at Sing Sing and the rest at Auburn, I had no difficulty in supplying my growing need for opium.—From "Autobiography of a Thief" in Leslie's Monthly.

Depopulation of Russia.

According to a recent report, Russia is in more danger of being depopulated owing to the extent of infant mortality than is France. In certain governments of the empire the proportion of the children who die in the first year is as high as 40 and even 50 per cent. In southeastern Russia it is even higher. It is also noted that the rate of infant mortality is much lower among the Mohammedan and Jewish populations than the Christian. The report ascribes this terrible mortality mainly to the ignorance of the peasants. The report also recommends that measures be taken to cause mothers, especially among the middle class, to care for their own children, as it is pointed out that the low rate of mortality among Hebrew and Mohammedan children is chiefly owing to the fact that in Russia Hebrew and Mohammedan mothers nurse their own infants.

London's Fog.

A leading English chemist, Dr. Redwood, says that if oil were generally used for fuel in London the great institution known as the London fog would absolutely disappear. The doctor says that the fogs are caused by unconsumed carbon suspended in the air and originating from the thousands of factory chimneys belching out smoke. There is no carbon or ash from oil. The doctor points out that oil has been successfully burned as fuel on sea and land and urges its compulsory adoption by the manufacturers of the great metropolis.

Only sixteen stones remain upright at Stonehenge. Only two of these belong to the inner circle.