

KINSTON PUBLISHING CO.
 OWNER.
 W. W. HERBERT,
 Business Manager.
 C. W. FOLLAW,
 City Editor.
 RALPH HARPER,
 Reporter.

KINSTON, N. C., Dec. 14, 1910.

Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 Daily One Week, by Carrier, . . . 10¢
 One Month, . . . 85¢
 Three Months, . . . \$1.00
 Twelve Months, . . . \$4.00

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

New Yarns From Washington

(Special Correspondence.)
 Washington, Dec. 2.—With congress in session Washington is herself again. It is pleasant to see the many of whose faces are familiar through long public service, here in their places and to meet them again in the corridors and cloakrooms and listen to their stories and experiences, though some of these we have heard over and over for the past decade. However, this is to be expected, but the congressional humorists and story tellers have enough new material on tap to relieve the stress and strain of legislative activity. The everyday experiences in the national capital when congress is in session furnish many pleasing incidents, which when recounted in the capitol cloakrooms and hotel corridors with proper embellishments give zest and piquancy to Washington life.



HE WAS SHOWING VISITORS ABOUT TOWN. visitors about town pointed out a magnificent old residence built years ago by a famous and rather shady lawyer of his time.

"Why," asked one of the party, "was he able to build a house like that by his practice?"
 "Yes," gravely replied Senator Hoar, "by his practice and his practices."

"Private" John Allen, former representative from Mississippi and the recognized wit of several congresses, chanced to be in Washington while President Roosevelt was on his recent bear hunt in the ennobles of the former's state. "Private" Allen, who acquired that honorable title by reason of his frequent declaration that he was proud to have been the only private in either army, was met by a friend on Pennsylvania avenue while here.

"Hello, Private," said the friend jocularly, "how does it happen that when President Roosevelt is shooting bears down in your state you are keeping so far away?"
 "Sh-h-h!" said Allen mysteriously, and taking his interrogator by the lapel of the coat he led him into a doorway. "Keep it quiet," he whispered darkly, "but the reason is I'm a bear."

In view of the fact that the president bagged no big game on his late hunting expedition, it is inferred that most of the other Mississippi bears exercised the same sagacity as "Private" Allen and got out of the state.

Few government reports issued this fall have attracted so much attention as that given to the report and recommendations of the adjutant general of the army. General Corbin discussed the canteen briefly, but pointedly commented adversely upon the tendency of young officers to get married when their pay was scarcely sufficient for one, and recommended the instruction of soldiers in vocal music and the encouragement of regimental airs and ditties. Every one in Washington has been talking about that report.

"It isn't every day," said an officer in speaking of it, "that you can get a wine, women and song report like that."

father arrived on the next train the local Hawkshaw intervened for the young Jerseyites. Paternal wrath melted into paternal pride, and with the detectives as guides the enterprising youths spent a never to be forgotten day exploring the glories of the city.

When the runaways left Washington for their home, two more contented and self-satisfied youngsters could not be found anywhere and even the erstwhile angry father seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

There is already some word of mouth among recent boys who will look back to the next year's trip as the proper time to visit the city again.

Everybody knows, he is a prince of the blood." "I want a blood, but royal blood, just the same, such as it is, and is really the first sign of royalty to break into the American congress.

Very likely most of his colleagues will fall into the habit of calling him just as he is called at home, "Prince Cupid."

Those who want to avoid such familiarity may designate him as Prince Kuno, which is correct, though as the title of the representative of free and independent people it sounds somewhat incongruous.

Some may insist on Mr. Kalaulaole, but the name is so long and so intricate in vowels that few who are not acquainted with the Kanaka language would care to try it.

The prince is a good fellow and has some idea about republican institutions, which cannot be said of all the prominent Hawaiians. He is handsome, but dark skinned, with very black hair and mustache.

Speaking of the president and his hunting experiences, here is a new story about his recent turkey hunt on the Bull Run battleground.

The president left the turkey blind and started through a great stretch of woodland. He was guided by one of the mighty hunters of the region and was accompanied by William Hayden, whose plantation adjoins that of Representative Riekey, on which the president had been hunting.

The party walked several miles when Mr. Hayden, looking quizzically at the guide, said, "Mr. —, you are lost."
 "Not a bit of it," replied the guide. "What makes you think we are lost?" asked the president.
 "Well," replied Mr. Hayden, "there is the sun to the south. We all know that the sun is in that part of the heavens. To reach our destination we should be going due west. We are going due east."
 "That is enough for me," cried the president. "I always follow a man who steers in the woods by the sun or the stars."
 Mr. Hayden took the president home in a bee line.

Saved From Death In a Cattle Stampede

Few young women's lives have recorded more widely differing experiences than Betty Lieter's, although hardly twenty years have elapsed from the day she first looked upon the world out of a satin lined crib in a luxurious home in Brooklyn until one day last month when she was saved from a horrible death.

Miss Lieter became a schoolteacher in Wyoming when her father took her home in Sheridan, although much against her parents' will. Her home was three miles from the school on the prairie.

One afternoon in October she remained later than usual at the school house; then on her way home stopped



THE CATTLE CAME THUNDERING.

by a pile of huge bowlders to examine some curious inscriptions cut into the surface.

A low, rumbling sound startled her. She sprang to her feet. A large herd of cattle was coming toward her, their noses to the ground, their horns clanking together and enveloped in a cloud of dust. At the same moment her pony became frightened, tossed his head in the air and dashed away across the plains.

She uttered a scream and sank down. Yells arose from the cowboys. They rode madly into the herd, trying to check the onward rush of the leaders by firing revolvers in their faces. Betty crouched for a moment on the rock pile directly in the path of the stampede; then, impelled to make an effort to save herself, she rose and darted off the country ahead of the herd.

The cattle came thundering after her. Faster, faster, she sped, her bright skirts flying back in the wind. Louder, nearer, came the frightened herd. The earth vibrated beneath her. She heard the angry roarings, almost felt their hot breath, and, weak from exhaustion, blinded by the dust, she fell.

At that moment from out the clouds of dust dashed a snorting broncho, maddened by the gashing spurs of his rider. A few leaps, and he had reached the prostrate form, and bending down from his saddle, his strong arm lifted her from the ground, hardly checking his speed, and the sturdy pony swung forward under the double weight. She was saved!

They admit that while craved with thirst and their minds unhinged by their dreadful situation some of them prolonged life by drinking each other's blood.

Defeated Big Grizzly

WHILE sitting around a campfire in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies a short time ago old Bill Ellis, the famous Rocky mountain guide, related a rather amusing experience he once had with a big grizzly to a party of tourists who were out after big game and health under his tutelage. The incident he related took place in an Arizona canyon, and Bill didn't think it very funny at the time.

"I was out lookin' after stock," said Mr. Ellis, "and had left my horse a



THE BEAR SNARLED SAVAGELY.

short distance away, with all my shootin' irons on the saddle, when I saw a grizzly comin' in my direction. I at once started for a tree. Just as I started to climb that tree there was a roar from behind. I glanced around just in time to see a big wall of water come foamin' down the canyon, with sticks and brush a-dancin' on the white top of it just like on a big wave at sea.

"Then I realized that the bear was seekin' safety from a cloudburst and was payin' little attention to me. We both started to shin up together, the bear on the lower side, facin' the advancing wall of water.

"After ascendin' a few feet the grizzly in reachin' for a fresh hitch planted one of his claws on the leg of my trousers, thus pinnin' me to the tree. He seemed in no hurry to move on, waitin' patiently for the water to assist him on his upward course. The old sinner had doubtless been in-cloudbursts before and knew also that he could not climb a tree without assistance.

"But suppose he wouldn't climb fast enough when the water came? He could stick his nose a yard higher than I could and last longer on a single breath too. Just above us was a fork in the tree, and I hoped to reach that. In another moment the water came a-roarin' on us and patted me so fast to the tree that I couldn't climb if I wanted to. At the same time it pulled the bear away on the other side so hard that he stuck his claws deeper in the bark to get a firmer hold.

"And then the water began to rise, and the bear began to feel like climbin' higher, as I did, and took his foot loose just in time to let me get my nose out of water. I got my leg out of the way before he could snag it again, and by pushin' back I managed to get away from the tree far enough to shove up a bit. With a desperate effort I made it, and then the water patted me fast against the tree again, and I found my nose a-pokin' in one side of that crotch, while the black snout of the bear was a-pokin' in the other way. And the worst of it was there was no use in tryin' to go any higher, for the crotch widened out, while the forks were so much thinner that if the bear kep' on climbin' the other side he'd have his claws pretty near the middle of my back.

"All this time driftwood of one kind and another was pillin' up my back and buildin' a necktie around my throat, and once in awhile an extra big piece would come dancin' against my back and shove me forward so that I almost touched noses with the bear. Then he would growl and show his teeth.

Cloudburst In a Canyon Forces Hunter and Bear To Climb the Same Tree

risin' a bit, and if it rose just a little more we would both have to shift up higher on that tree. How much nearer that would bring the bear wasn't a matter of guesswork, but of too plain a certainty.

"Finally I made another attempt to stick him in the nose. I had to be very careful, for he was watchin' every move. By careful aimin' I got a fine thrust in one of the red nostrils of his black muzzle. The bear roared in anger and struck at me with one of his huge claws, but the branches prevented him from reachin' me.

"Again I jabbed, and then he went wild. With a roar that drowned the noise of the ragin' waters he raised both paws to come at me, but his rage had caused him to forget the swiftly downin' current, and the instant he released his hold of the tree he was torn away, and the last I saw of him he was disappearin' around the bend, buffeted by the furious waves and pounded against rocks, while he was bein' turned end over end among the trees and stumps that had been caught up by the sudden freshet. Whether he survived or not I never found out, but it is extremely doubtful.

"The water from the cloudburst subsided almost as rapidly as it came, and in about an hour I was able to descend and seek my horse, which I found quietly grasin' on the plateau above the canyon."

Trainer Attacked By Eight Polar Bears

Professor John Dudak, the famous animal trainer, said recently in an interview that his most perilous fight with wild beasts took place in a cage of polar bears. Here is Professor Dudak's story of the encounter:

"I have been with Hagenbeck for many years and have been more or less associated with wild beasts all my life. I like the profession of animal trainer very much. I handle seven polar bears each evening, and I must say that they are the hardest animals to train of any that I have ever attempted to subdue.

"I am scratched and clawed all over, but I bear no animosity to my pets, because I know it is their nature to be wild.

"I receive a scratch or two every night from Muffie, my wrestling bear. This same bear almost killed my assistant, William Carroll, in Indianapolis.

"Polar bears are very stupid, and what little I have taught them has taken six years of patient work.

"Originally I had sixteen bears, but seven of them died, and I had to kill two to save my own life.

"Two years ago during a rehearsal in New Orleans the bears made a com-

The condition existing in the coal mines of Pennsylvania as brought out in the testimony before the commission was such as to open the eyes of the public to the worse than slavery that exists there. The more that the commission probes into the matter the more the public is convinced of the justness of the miners' claims. The U. S. Baer contingent of "di-las trustees" have proven derelict in discharging their duties as such.

The recommendation for a child labor law, incorporated into the report of Commissioner Varner to Governor Aycock is along the right track and will no doubt go a long way toward alleviating the deplorable conditions existing in the factory districts as regards the working of small children in the factories, but it seems to us that the minimum age should be twelve years anyhow.

The consolidation of the great tobacco companies have had the anticipated results on the price of the golden product and great trepidation is felt among tobacco people in all branches that the worse has not come yet. Some steps are to be taken by the growers and independent handlers of tobacco to protect themselves against a further decline in the price of the raw material. A meeting is called by Col. John S. Cunningham, president of the North Carolina Tobacco Grower's Association, to take place at Rocky Mount next Friday, the 19th of December to discuss plans for their protection and all those interested should attend if they can, as some good may come of it.

Republican politicians in and out of the State have used the signatures of certain prominent citizens of Wilson, testifying to Vick's good character, as political capital, claiming that it was a petition for Vick's re-appointment over a white man, and this fact has aroused these leading Democrats of Wilson, who disclaim any such intention, but that they were merely testifying as to Vick's good character as a citizen only, which a Southern white man is always willing to do when they are justified by the circumstances. The white men of the South are ever willing to prove their friendship for the worthy negro, and this instance is merely one more evidence that the Southern white man is the negro's best friend and carries no political significance at all.

PINFATHERS.

Feeding oats to hens will aid to build up the muscular systems and strengthen the power of reproduction. The gizzard of the fowl masticates the food, but this can only be done with the aid of sharp, gritty material. Ground oyster shells or ground bone with meat scraps, chopped fine, placed within easy reach of the chickens is a good feed.

When selecting male birds, with a view to propagating flesh and prolific laying, they should be moderately short legged, unless the hens are very low in stature. Even when to be hatched in an incubator eggs should not be over two weeks old. Chicks hatched from old eggs are not so vigorous as those from fresh eggs.

POWDER AND BALL.

Soldiers three found guilty of drunkenness in one year will be summarily discharged from the British army under the new rules to be promulgated shortly.

Every private soldier in the British army is henceforth to be provided with a hairbrush. It is not many months since an official edict proclaimed that toothbrushes were to be supplied. Engineers and artificers for the French navy are to be trained on board an old transport which has been turned into a naval schoolship at Bordeaux. She will accommodate 400 cadets, who will go through a four years' course.

ADVERTISING.

"Everything comes to him who advertises" is the way the old adage reads now.—Newspaperdom.

How "Private" John Allen Escaped

Private John Allen, former representative from Mississippi and the recognized wit of several congresses, chanced to be in Washington while President Roosevelt was on his recent bear hunt in the ennobles of the former's state.

A Wine, Women, Song Report

Few government reports issued this fall have attracted so much attention as that given to the report and recommendations of the adjutant general of the army.

They Saw Washington Anyway

Among the recent interesting and interested visitors at the national capital were two small boys from East Orange, N. J. Their excursion was wholly without the knowledge of their fond parents, and consequently a couple of District policemen were waiting at the railroad station to greet them.

What Will They Call Him?

Everybody knows, he is a prince of the blood." "I want a blood, but royal blood, just the same, such as it is, and is really the first sign of royalty to break into the American congress.

Guided By Sun and Stars

Speaking of the president and his hunting experiences, here is a new story about his recent turkey hunt on the Bull Run battleground.

Wrecked Sailors Live Like Vampires

The survivors of a ship wrecked in the Indian ocean are likely to suffer for their bloodsucking propensities. Advice from Wellington, New Zealand, indicate that eight sailors, survivors of the wrecked steamship Ellengamite, who were rescued from a raft by the British survey steamer Penguin, may be punished for their cannibalism.

That Structure Cost \$1,000,000

The survey of the college came to an abrupt end, and with a sigh of relief Mr. Wu escaped to make his call.

Other's Blood Simultaneously

They admit that while craved with thirst and their minds unhinged by their dreadful situation some of them prolonged life by drinking each other's blood.

What Will They Call Him?

Everybody knows, he is a prince of the blood." "I want a blood, but royal blood, just the same, such as it is, and is really the first sign of royalty to break into the American congress.

Guided By Sun and Stars

Speaking of the president and his hunting experiences, here is a new story about his recent turkey hunt on the Bull Run battleground.

Wrecked Sailors Live Like Vampires

The survivors of a ship wrecked in the Indian ocean are likely to suffer for their bloodsucking propensities. Advice from Wellington, New Zealand, indicate that eight sailors, survivors of the wrecked steamship Ellengamite, who were rescued from a raft by the British survey steamer Penguin, may be punished for their cannibalism.

That Structure Cost \$1,000,000

The survey of the college came to an abrupt end, and with a sigh of relief Mr. Wu escaped to make his call.

Other's Blood Simultaneously

They admit that while craved with thirst and their minds unhinged by their dreadful situation some of them prolonged life by drinking each other's blood.