

Since Roosevelt has gotten rid of the Venezuelan question he can proceed to study the Wilson postmastership.

What was supposed to be the largest dog in the world died in Rutland, Vermont, a few days ago. He was ten years old, three feet high and weighed 284 pounds.

It is said that 9,000 Boers are preparing to emigrate to America and will settle in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. This will help to boost the population of New Mexico, and probably the territory will get the recognition for statehood it has so long sought.

Some people are still discussing whether Cleveland in 1894 or Bryan in 1896 lost the most votes to Democracy. Let us set our faces to the future and quit looking mournfully into the past. The Democracy in 1904 will not seriously think of selecting either as the leader.—News-Observer.

The inventive genius in which the American leads all other people still holds its own. The present year has been a record breaker, the number of patents granted exceeding that of any previous year. Of the patents issued 999 were to residents of England and 343 to residents of Germany.

STATE PRESS.

Durham Herald: After it has provided the amounts necessary for our State institutions we suppose that no one will object if the legislature can make an appropriation for the St. Louis exposition. But these things come first.

North Carolina Baptist: The late trains just now are a sight, or more accurately speaking, the folks wait for them as a sight. They are better than no trains, but many things that are better than nothing can be improved on easily. The increased receipts coming with increased travel and traffic calls for increased facilities on the part of the roads in handling their business—especially the express. To be sure the present force, with the present facilities, are over worked, but increased force and better handling facilities are necessary for the public's sake. Don't you think so, gentlemen of the railroad commission?

Raleigh Post: There is beginning to be more and more speculation now over the senatorship. The candidates now in the field are Locke Craig, of Buncombe; Lee S. Overman, of Rowan; C. B. Watson, of Forsyth; J. S. Carr, of Durham; S. B. Alexander, Mecklenburg; and Judge W. A. Hoke, of Lincoln. There are all kinds of reports afloat about dark horses coming in and in these rumors one frequently hears Mr. James H. Poy mentioned by some of his many admirers. The most astute politicians are of the opinion, it seems, that the senatorship is not any candidate's cinch by a long shot. The speakership in the house is not discussed so much as the senatorship. The candidates are W. C. Newland, S. M. Gattis, E. S. Able and Geo. T. Morton, while other names are often mentioned.

Good Enough For a Beast. A droll little story is told of Mr. W. E. Gilbert. He put up his horse one day at a small country inn, on the signboard of which was paluted conspicuously the notice, "Entertainment For Man and Beast." When his lunch was brought, he looked dissatisfied and surprised the waiter by saying, "This is all very well so far, but where is the entertainment for the man?"—London Tit-Bits.

Something Harder. Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so bad this morning? Jackie—M-ma m-issed some jelly. Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her suspicions fell on you, eh? Jackie—No, auntie; it was her slipper.—Boston Courier.

Too Valuable to Lose. "Reginald," she said to a wealthy young dandy who had been paying his attentions to her, "I would like to ask you one very serious question." "What is it, my dear?" he replied. "Would you object to marrying mamma if I refused you? You see, we really don't want to lose you."

Tommy's Trade. Mother (who had been out for the day)—Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to when I was away? Tommy—No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so I exchanged it with him for a sour apple.—Punch.

Instead of being put to ordinary jail tasks long sentence prisoners at Alsburt, Tennessee, are employed in the local botanical gardens.

An Odd Custom. Babies in Japan are counted two years old the first New Year's day after their birth.

THE IDEALOGUES AND THE NAPOLEONIC TEMPER

By Hon. JOHN MORLEY, British Statesman and Historian



NAPOLEON, WHOSE NAME I NEVER MENTION WITH ADMIRATION, HAD A GREAT CONTEMPT FOR PEOPLE WHOM HE CALLED "IDEALOGUES."

AN IDEALOGUE, A DOCTRINAIRE, IS A MAN WHO BELIEVES THAT THERE IS A RELATION BETWEEN CAUSE AND EFFECT AND THAT THERE IS SOME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.

Whenever a Napoleonic temper arises in a country, in a parliament, in a cabinet, the idealogue goes down. He is despised as the dupe of his own abstractions and of hollow sentiments. Yes, but I cannot but remember that the scene shifts and that THE TIME CAME WHEN NAPOLEON'S IDEALOGUES WERE AVENGED, WHEN ST. HELENA DISCLOSED THAT AFTER ALL IT WAS NOT THEY WHO HAD BEEN THE DUPES, BUT THE GIANT WITH THE SWORD; that it was not they, but the conqueror with his scourge, who had been the victim of his own chimeras and hallucinations.

WHEN WE THINK OF THOSE THINGS, WE WHO FOLLOW PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS WITH A CLOSELY ACCURATE ATTENTION TO THE FACTS MAY BE OF GOOD CHEER.

COLOSSAL FORTUNES THE CURSE AND THREAT OF OUR TIME

By Right Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY SMITH, Bishop Coadjutor of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania

THREE conditions make dangerous an untaught man in our time if he is simply the product of a material civilization and nothing more.

THESE THREE ARE INCREASED INFORMATION THROUGH A CHEAP PRESS WHICH FLOODS HIM EVERY DAY WITH HALF TRUTHS AND FALSE HISTORY; INCREASED POWER THROUGH THE TENDENCY OF ALL INSTITUTIONS TOWARD DEMOCRACY; INCREASED COMFORT THROUGH PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS AND CHEAP MANUFACTURES, WHICH GIVES HIM THE TASTE FOR AND KEEPS HIM ALWAYS LONGING AFTER SOME LUXURY JUST BEYOND HIS REACH.

Last of all, what is material civilization doing for the wealthy and educated? SHE IS ALWAYS TENDING TO INCREASE WEALTH, BUT HAS YET NO REMEDY FOR THOSE COLOSSAL FORTUNES WHICH ARE THE CURSE AND THREAT OF OUR TIME. She separates classes, making one fastidious and another envious.

She is the Cleopatra calling on Antony to leave his Roman virtues and their Sabine tasks and worship at the throne of mere beauty and comfort. This is the terrible indictment of material civilization as the word is generally used.

THE STATE SHOULD FIGHT THE GREAT WHITE TERROR

By Dr. HERMAN M. BIGGS, Bacteriologist of the New York Health Department

HERE are at present in New York city 30,000 cases of tuberculosis in a stage of the disease in which it could be easily vanquished by a competent physician.

THE STATE IS ANNUALLY SPENDING MANY MILLIONS FOR THE CARE OF THE INSANE, AND WHILE THIS IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY FOR HUMANITARIAN REASONS I HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING THAT FAR GREATER RETURNS WOULD BE OBTAINED FROM THE EXPENDITURE OF ONE-FOURTH THE AMOUNT ON THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

I have no doubt that measures first begun in a small way in this city fifteen years ago have resulted in saving the lives of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

If all discharges and expectorations of tubercular persons were destroyed at the time of exit from the body, practically the only danger of communication of the disease from man to man would be removed.

The frequent occurrence of several cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in a family is to be explained not on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited, as this is of exceedingly rare occurrence, but that it has been produced after birth by direct transmission from some affected individual. The house which has been occupied by consumptives may have been infected, and if parents are affected their relations with their children are favorable for the transmission by direct contact.

Professional Women Should Not Wed

By ZELIE DE LUSSAN, the Famous Diva

MY idea of woman's sphere is that she should shine in the home and should be a conservatory of beautiful flowers, giving forth fragrance of thought and act to her husband and children. WHEN WOMAN GOES INTO BUSINESS COMPETITION WITH MAN, SHE LOSES HER DOMESTIC FINISH, AS IT WERE, AND SHE IS APT TO BECOME SHREWD, CALCULATING AND DEVOID OF SENTIMENT.

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN—THAT IS, THE SINGER OR ACTRESS—SHOULD NOT BE MARRIED.

Matrimony ties her down, it causes petty, tiresome and dangerous jealousies, and, as the woman usually advances higher than the man, it makes the latter lose his self respect.

The ENGLISH BOXING DAY

[Special Correspondence.]

London, Dec. 17.—An American in England at Christmastide learns much that he did not know before. For instance, as Dec. 25 approaches he hears frequent reference to "boxing day." It is as much of a British institution as Guy Fawkes day. The English have no Fourth of July or Washington's birthday or Thanksgiving, which somehow makes an American pity them for being so poor in national historic holidays.

But when boxing day comes and goes the American begins to think he is the poor one. At first he wonders when boxing day is. He is told it is the day after Christmas. "Do the British then always have athletic games Dec. 26, rain or shine?" he asks. "Oh, no," he is told. "The name has reference to an old English custom."

If you are an American in an English town on Christmas day and if you have been lodging in one house three or four weeks, you naturally give presents—money gifts are generally most welcome—in quarters where you feel it is expected of you. You are in no doubt as to this either, for you feel it in the atmosphere. Maybe your landlady has taken a kindly liking to you. English landladies are often malign. The night before Christmas the kindly landlady perhaps tells you she is going to "put the 'all and drawin' room lights out early."

"Some of the church choir people is goin' around singin' Christmas carols, and if they see a light they'll stand there and sing and expect you to give them money for the poor of the church. They go from 'ouse to 'ouse singin' that way."

"So the singing of Christmas carols is a begging enterprise for charity, too, is it?" you say to yourself, and you also extinguish seasonably your candles, gas or lamp, as the case may be. The carolers come toward midnight and warble sweetly to a darkened, silent house. Nobody is at home, apparently. Next day, Christmas, you bestow your presents on the just and the unjust, so far as you think you should, and consider your duty done. You are in happy ignorance of what awaits you on boxing day. Early Dec. 26 taps begin on your door.

"It's boxin' day," says the maid. "The milk boy wants to be remembered." Another tap; the maid again. "It's boxin' day, the bread boy wants sixpence."

You stare, puzzled. Never have you set eyes, mortal or astral, on either milk boy or bread boy. They deliver their goods to the maid in the basement hall; their employer pays them, or is supposed to pay them, for doing it. They are no more to you than the pebbles by the sounding sea, yet here they are, and the butter and egg boy, the paper boy and the laundress join the importunate procession, too, all demanding boxing day backsheesh. You find out thoroughly then what boxing day is, and you never forget. It seems to an American in England on Dec. 26 that the wage earning portion of Great Britain is that day transformed into a nation of beggars.

But why call it boxing day? Well, you will be surprised. In the last ages of antiquity, when coined money was not plentiful, it was the custom for the



THE BOXING DAY PROCESSION.

rich to fling next day the leavings of their Christmas feasts to their inferiors. Their inferiors went about from door to door collecting these donations in actual boxes.

If you do not give money to the importunate who are after you on boxing day, their service for awhile thereafter is apt to be as poor and grudging as they can make it. They feel that you are a stingy curmudgeon, and they do their best, or worst, to make you feel it too. The only excuse for this unpleasant system of Christmas beggary is the pitifully low pay most of these poor people get.

One man more! Perhaps the landlady herself taps next at your door and tells you the lodgers are giving something to the postman. You pay the tax cheerfully, for the postman brings you letters from home, happy Americans, where boxing day is unknown. May it ever remain so!

BEN JOYCE

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