

PROFIT SHARING AND PENSIONS.

For several years the capitalistic combinations and the labor interests of the country have slowly and quietly been drawn nearer together. They are beginning now to appreciate their natural and logical positions relative to each other.

From time to time we have witnessed fierce strife between the two. At times there has been war to the knife. Neither side has consented to give quarter to the other. But especially in recent years we have witnessed a tendency between these warring elements to compromise their differences, sink their prejudices and clasp hands with each other in the promotion of their mutual welfare.

Especially is this tendency apparent, and impressively so, in the occurrences of the declining days of the old year and in the opening days of the new year. What else is signified by the advanced wages allowed by the big railroads all over the country, and by various powerful industrial combinations situated here and there in the land?

Perhaps the best illustration may be pointed out in the action of the United States Steel Corporation. The plan advanced is two-fold.

One part provides for the sale to employees, on easy terms, of 25,000 of preferred stock at \$82.50 a share, with an extra dividend of 5 per cent. to those who take the stock and remain in the employ of the corporation. As the stock now sells for \$85 a share, the saving to the purchasing employee is \$2.50. This added to the 7 per cent. guaranteed dividend, plus the 5 per cent. bonus for faithfulness provides for a 14 1/2 per cent. investment.

There are various other points of interest about this plan, but it is not our purpose to outline them in this place, the scheme is cited simply to indicate the tendency of capital. It has become cognate. Not content with seeking stronger and more powerful alliances among members of its own family, it is reaching out yearningly toward that other, equally important, element of industrial prosperity—labor.

Now we do not profess to be able to discern the motives concealed in the advances thus made by capitalists and corporation managers on every hand. But one thing is certain, the tendency of the times is toward an alliance between capital and labor.

Negotiations toward this end must progress slowly. Bitter experience must teach the contending factions wherein their interests lie. The coal strike has proved to have been an educating influence in this respect. Each faction has learned the utter unprofitableness of war. This strike has not only educated the miners and the coal operators, but it has admitted the general public to the secret.

Suffice it to say that when this alliance between the capitalist and the skilled laborer is perfected, the mass of the people who belong to neither of the factions mentioned had better look out.

We are heartily glad to see an era of peace foreshadowed. We welcome the fact that corporations are beginning to share profits with their laborers, and to guarantee them pensions in old age. But while this is taking place we want to see if the people at large cannot be admitted to the profit-sharing scheme, and, figuratively speaking, to the pension system too.

The Free Press thinks that there are ways of bringing the public in as a beneficiary into this alliance.

ROOM FOR ANOTHER.

We are glad to learn that Kinston's business men are beginning to agitate the question of erecting a smoking tobacco factory in our midst. The time is ripe for such an undertaking, and its location here would augur its successful operation.

Raw material in abundance can be secured at our very doors without our having to worry about "freight discriminations" in getting it here. Labor can easily be had in any amount needed, and we are advantageously located in reference to reaching outside markets with the manufactured product. Our business men can easily command the necessary capital for putting the industry on its feet, and pushing it through to success.

Then why can we not add this to our prospective undertakings for the new year? Let everybody push it along. It will not simply benefit the promoters of the enterprise, it will benefit the whole community.

Don't Worry.

This is easier said than done, yet it may be of some help to consider the matter. If the cause is something over which you have no control it is obvious that worrying will not help the matter in the least. On the other hand if within your control you have only to act. When you have a cold and fear an attack of pneumonia, buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and use it judiciously and all cause for worry as to the outcome will quickly disappear. There is no danger of pneumonia when it is treated. For sale by J. E. Hood, dealer.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

Too much "rubbering" will probably cause a second story to be added to the new executive office west of the White House. The cabinet room in the new building is in the northwest corner, facing the White House grounds. The executive office was built low for the purpose of not detracting from the commanding appearance of the White House, and the windows open on the ground.

At the first meeting of the cabinet in the new building the big windows were surrounded by a gaping crowd most of the time, to the great annoyance of the president and his advisers. Several of the secretaries discussed the urgent necessity of securing more secluded quarters for a meeting place. They realized that when the White House grounds are thrown open again on the completion of the improvements the crowds around the windows at every cabinet meeting would be greatly augmented, and they felt they ought not to be so exposed. There is no other room in the building in which the cabinet can meet. The suggestion of adding another story to the building has been made, and it is being quietly, but powerfully, pushed.

Flags of the Confederacy.

Since the wave of excitement which swept over the country when Cleveland bronched the subject of returning the captured flags of the Confederacy these colors have reposed in the top of the war department. Year by year they have grown dustier, resting undisturbed. Recently one of the officials inaugurated a thorough cleaning up of the garret in which the flags were kept. The dirt of summers was swept out, and now in clean and tidy array there reposes a group of hundreds of banners, each furled around its staff and all resting back against the white-washed wall of the tiny room at the war department. Against the side of the wall nearest the door are many of those once taken by the Confederates, but recaptured and sent to the department. The great number comprises those which once led the Confederates to battle and are now ranged along the length of the room.

In this array there are 160 flags, thirteen having been captured from Alabama regiments, six from Arkansas, seven from Florida, twenty-two from Georgia, five from Louisiana, one from Kentucky, eleven from Mississippi, twenty-nine from North Carolina, eleven from South Carolina, five from Tennessee, four from Texas and fifty-four from Virginia.

"Uncle Joe" and the Portraits. Mr. Cannon was hurrying through the long corridor just between the chamber of the house of representatives and the lobby where members lounge and chat. He had recently had his iron gray whiskers trimmed more neatly than heretofore. It is the only badge of newly acquired honor that he wears. There was a group of congressmen and newspaper men at one end of the corridor, who detected "Uncle Joe" casting furtive glances at the walls where hang portraits of former speakers of the house. "Ah, ha!" called out a scribe. "You're looking up there wondering how you'll look when your picture takes its place among the others." Mr. Cannon actually blushed. "Well, boys," he said as he familiarly greeted every one in the party, "you know it was Mr. Dingley who said that he took a certain pride in his personal appearance, and if the governor, who was never accused of being handsome, could do so, why not I?" And "Uncle Joe" has never taken a beauty prize.

Henry's Shifting Birthplace. "Henry, where were you born?" asked a joking member of the house the other day of Henry Neal, colored messenger of the speaker and an interesting character about the capitol for many years. "Born, sah? Yes, sah. I was born in Illinois, fo' eash, sah," was the reply.

"Well, you'll have to revise that, Mr. Cannon was born in North Carolina." And the crowd of statesmen in the lobby broke into a hearty laugh at the messenger's expense. "Oh, that's easy, sah," was Henry's last word.

They tell of Henry that he has been born in the native state of every speaker since Mr. Keifer and has thus been able to land the office of messenger. It was all very nice and plausible in the cases of Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Crisp, who came from the south. It was quite a strain to shift way up to Maine when Mr. Reed became speaker, but Henry's most awful moment came when he learned that General Henderson was born in Scotland. He took the plunge, however, and retained his place.

Coal Operator Out of Fuel. Representative J. A. Beidler of Cleveland presents the unusual spectacle of a coal operator and wholesale dealer on the point of vacating his home because he is unable to obtain fuel. Mr. Beidler is occupying the old home of the late John Sherman in K street, a spacious dwelling four stories high. Several tons of anthracite a week are required to keep it warm at this season of the year. He has been unable to get coal from local dealers, and all efforts to get transportation from his stock in Ohio have been unsuccessful.

From his mines in the Massillon (O.) district about three-quarters of a million tons of soft coal are taken annually, but that is doing Mr. Beidler no good in Washington. Tens of thousands of tons of anthracite are also sold by his firm in Cleveland, but none of it is coming this way, and he will go to a hotel to live until the famine is over. CARL SCHROFF.

FOLKS WHO WRITE.

Booth Tarkington and the Doughnut Factory—About Doodles. (Special Correspondence.)

New York, Dec. 23.—Booth Tarkington was in town the other day looking very statesmanlike. Mr. Tarkington, you know, is now a representative to the state legislature of Indiana. He tells in connection with his campaigning many amusing incidents.

"A friend," said Mr. Tarkington, "stumping for me thought he would feel the sentiment of a crowd he was about to address at a crossroads."

"Are you going to vote for Tarkington?" he inquired.

"You mean that actor fellow?" asked a man in the crowd.

"Yes, that actor," said my friend.

"That's what," came the reply.

"Why?" he asked.

"Want to see what sort of a fool he'll make of himself," was the cheerful retort."

Probably the most amusing fictitious story told at his expense was the one that gained general credence concerning a doughnut factory. Mr. Tarkington owns a little corner piece of property in Indianapolis which he rents to a baker. The baker's next door neighbor objected to the smell of doughnuts baking and asked him to discontinue their making. The baker refusing, he brought suit, and Mr. Tarkington, as owner of the property, became co-defendant.

Then some one as a joke circulated the report that he had started a doughnut factory. It was published abroad, and his newspaper clippings increased threefold. His friends greeted him on the street with, "Well, Tarkington, how are doughnuts?"

The Indianapolis papers cartooned him rapidly eating doughnuts. He had occasion to come to New York and thought no one would know of the story.



"GOING TO VOTE FOR TARKINGTON."

ry here, but on walking into a club where three of his friends were playing pool he was hailed in chorus with, "Well, Tarkington, how are doughnuts?" "I do not expect," he said the other day, "to live that story down in my lifetime."

Two new stories about Lowell have recently been told by General James Grant Wilson. A lady asked him why he had not sent her a copy of his latest book.

"I could not afford to," answered the poet. "If my friends do not buy my books, who, pray tell me, will buy them?"

The other story concerns an autograph collector who wrote a short note to Lowell describing his collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph."

The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should" which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read: "Pray do not say hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige yours, truly, James Russell Lowell."

An enthusiastic masculine reader of Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene's new story, "Winstow Plain," writes to her to say that her mention of "doodles" stirred keen memories of his youth, of which one of the dearest delights was hunting doodles; that he has been pretty much over the world and has never seen them mentioned in literature before. He adds that they appear in no dictionary, and their scientific name he does not know.

Mrs. Greene says in her story that the "doodles" dwell in their little homes like ant heaps. They were not ants. They were mysterious underground dwellers with fore-boding horns and other fascinating paraphernalia. The boys used to lie with their faces to the earth. Mrs. Greene says, and call, "Doodle, doodle, doodle," and the doodle invariably appeared, even after a half hour's wait, gave one look at the boy and disappeared.

"Why was it," writes Mrs. Greene, "that this one look from his doodle was bliss to a boy and that thereafter he, too, returned inward to his slat and bench with a sense that some craving element of his life had been rounded into happy completion?"

Mrs. Greene knows why, if any one does, for as one man said, how a woman ever got so into the heart of a boy as she has done is beyond understanding. RICHARD TUFFER.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Promenade With a Tiger.

Among those remembered by the king in his distribution of coronation honors was Sir Edward Brad ord, chief commissioner of police for the city of London, who was made a baronet. Sir Edward has held his present position for ten years and has at all times displayed an unflinching tact and a broad capacity for dealing with the complicated situations which are so frequently presented for his consideration. The chief commissioner has but one arm. He lost the other in a hunting accident when he was a good deal younger than he is now. He was shooting in India and came to close quarters with a tiger. He fired at the animal, but the bullet only inflicted a slight wound. The tiger sprang upon him and fastened its teeth in his left arm just above the elbow. Sir Edward had presence of mind sufficient to realize that it would be fatal to struggle and in spite of the great pain actually walked a few steps beside his captor in the direction of the animal's lair. He was fortunately prevented from continuing this most unusual promenade by a companion, who shot the tiger, but the bitten arm was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated at the shoulder. One of the notable sights at the diamond jubilee of the late Queen Victoria was Sir Edward's management of his huge black horse in front of St. Paul's at the conclusion of the special service. The animal was somewhat restive, says the Brooklyn Eagle, but the maimed commissioner controlled him while he mounted by holding the brittle reins between his teeth. In this fashion he is said habitually to have handled his horse during his long experience as a pig sticker in India.

Napoleon's Rage.

A story is told of a sudden rage into which Napoleon I. fell one day just as he sat down to dinner. He had scarcely partaken of a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness, and, reeling from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his



CRASH! WENT THE DINNER.

foot. Dash! went the table. Crash! went the dinner. And the emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid strides. Dunand, his attendant, looked on, and quick as thought the wreck was cleared away, an exact duplicate of the dinner appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quickly announced by the customary "His majesty is served." Napoleon felt the delicacy of his attendant and said, "Thank you, my dear Dunand," with one of his inimitable smiles. The hurricane had blown over.

Distinctions With Differences.

In making the announcements to his congregation recently an Episcopal minister whose parish is not more than a thousand miles from San Francisco said: "Remember our communion service next Sunday. The Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening."

Here is another lapsus lingue which had its origin in a Sunday school out in the missions. The superintendent was making a fervid prayer a few Sundays ago and asked divine blessing upon each and every enterprise in which the school was interested. He closed his petition to the throne of grace in the following words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of the fold and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven. Amen."—San Francisco Wave.

A Promising Youth.

Dr. John Lovejoy Elliot, director of the Hudson guild, was instructing a class of boys from the "Double Fifth avenue" district. In illustration of some ethical principle the boys were asked to find their own examples, and one of them related a typical Sunday school story just bristling with goods and bads. When the boy sat down, it was evident he had made a very deep impression, and Dr. Elliot said: "That is very good. But is it a true story?" "No, sir," promptly replied the boy, "that's a moral story."—New York Times.

Not Acquainted With the Family.

"Who were the Goths?" the teacher asked. "I don't think I ever knewed any of 'em, sah," answered the frightened little boy. "We never lived any where but Mendota Ill we came here."—Chicago Tribune.

Rheumacide advertisement. Is a new and scientific compound made from roots, herbs and barks—contains neither opiates nor poisons. It purifies the blood and removes the causes of rheumatism and all blood diseases. Anyone can take RHEUMACIDE with absolute safety. Does not injure the digestive organs. TWO CURES. FLORENCE, S. C., Aug. 18, 1902. GENTLEMEN:—I began to suffer from rheumatism about three years ago, and had it very bad in my limbs. As times I could hardly walk. Was treated by a physician without benefit. More than a year ago, Mr. George Wilson, an engineer on the Coast Line, living in Florence, told me that "RHEUMACIDE" cured him. I got a bottle and it benefited me. I took five bottles and am now as well as I ever was in my life. I regard "RHEUMACIDE" as a great medicine. I know of others it has cured. Truly, S. T. BURCH. DARTMOUTH, S. C., Aug. 19th, 1902. GENTLEMEN:—About two years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered great pain and was confined to my bed for five weeks. During the time I was treated by two Physicians without permanent relief. Capt. Barker, a conductor on the Atlantic Coast Line heard of my condition and sent me two bottles of "RHEUMACIDE." I began to take it and in a week I got up and walked on crutches. After taking three bottles of the remedy I got entirely well and went back to my business. I personally know of a number of other bad cases that were cured by the use of your medicine, in this town and vicinity. It is all that you claim for it. Truly, J. L. BISHKRON. Sold by Druggists. Will be sent express paid on receipt of \$1.00. Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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