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DANIEL T. EDWARDS, Editor.

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TEMPERANCE REFORM.

It cannot but be gratifying to all true friends of public morality to know of the rapid growth of the temperance sentiment in the last few years. It is admitted on all hands that the liquor traffic has been carried on without sufficient regulation.

Bills are now pending in the legislature at Raleigh looking to a proper regulation of the traffic. It is generally thought that the passage of the London bill by the legislature would virtually mean prohibition for most if not all the State; because of its position that license shall be granted only upon written application and a petition signed by a majority of the qualified voters of the community. Or else it might mean the dispensary, and it is a grave question whether this would benefit the community morally or not.

The other prominent bill looking to temperance reform now pending is the Watts bill. This bill is by no means so far-reaching in its provisions as the London bill. It would merely drive the traffic from its hiding places in the country to the open light of publicity in incorporated towns. In this way the unprotected country districts might be rid of a nuisance, and the traffic might be held to a stricter accountability. This is practically the only relief afforded by the Watts bill. Still even in this respect the bill, as it stands, is weak and will prove inefficient; because a very small settlement may become incorporated, and the traffic may, consequently, receive practically no more supervision and regulation than it does at present.

The Watts bill, as published is scarcely more than the first step in securing adequate temperance legislation.

It is now up to the legislators to do something in the settlement of the question. While it is true that they can do much by enactment in the way of improving moral conditions, it is a fact that no man has ever yet been made good by legislative enactment. The statute books may be the means of throwing safeguards about the home and the youth, but these safeguards may, and—if unsupported—will prove entirely inadequate. The safeguards will merely make the environment more secure.

The only perfectly reliable means of safety lies in the enlightened conscience, the high ideals, the purity of life and heart of the individual. And the cultivation of such securities is the business, not primarily of the legislator, but of the home, of the church, of the school.

No legislation, whether for temperance or what not, will ever be worth the paper upon which it is written unless supported by a healthy public sentiment. And this necessary support includes more than merely seeing that the law is enacted. It demands eternal vigilance on the part of all citizens holding the elective franchise in making sure that such men are made office holders as will resolutely and impartially enforce the law when enacted.

A good law ineffectually enforced will not prove more beneficial than a mediocre law rigidly enforced.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Agnes Lewis, the real wife of George Henry Lewis, died near London recently, aged eighty-one.

Mrs. Squiers, wife of the American minister to Cuba, is trying to organize a society for prevention of cruelty to animals.

Mrs. Alice M. Ruble, member of the lower house of the Colorado legislature, made the nominating speech for Henry M. Teller for United States senator in Denver.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will soon place all her books and documents relating to the woman question in the Congressional library in a special alcove to be devoted to this purpose.

Mrs. Nellie M. Moore of East Pepperell, Mass., a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, is preparing a family genealogy. Her father was born in the same log cabin in which the great president was born in 1809.

Mrs. Caroline White in behalf of the Women's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Philadelphia, of which she is president, has lately presented medals to a number of policemen in that city who had rescued animals from cruel treatment.

Mrs. M. A. Biddy of Catawissa, Pa., has been appointed tax collector of Catawissa borough by the court to fill out the unexpired term of her husband, lately deceased. This position is held by no other woman in the state. She gave bond in the sum of \$30,000.

Mrs. L. H. Greenwald, the only woman weather forecaster, has just completed her sixteenth consecutive year as the observer for the United States weather bureau at York, Pa. She has the best equipped observing station in the weather department and is thoroughly conversant with the duties of her position.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Active Volcano in Utah.

What appears to be a partly active volcano crater has just been discovered by George McNamee and several other prospectors at a point about twenty miles north of Moab and two miles east of where Salt wash crosses Salt valley and about six miles south of Richardson postoffice.

On a high mesa the prospectors discovered steam or smoke rising some distance from where they were and on investigation found that it rose from a hole in the solid sandstone formation. The orifice is oblong, about 3 feet in width and 6 feet long.

A strong current of warm air carrying some vapor arises, but seems to have little or no gaseous smell. The sides of the hole are very black and sooty. A rock thrown in apparently falls a long distance. The prospectors working in that section will make further investigation.

This section has been prospected over for a number of years, and cattle and sheepmen have ridden over it for the past twenty-five years without discovering the crater. The prospectors who visited it say they would not have found it but for seeing the steam arise, as it is a place that would be unlikely to be passed. It appears to be an old volcanic vent that has been lying dormant for years and is just beginning to show signs of activity.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Camels as War Horses.

Among the native troops which attracted much notice at the grand durbar at Delhi, where King Edward VII. was proclaimed emperor of India, was a detachment of infantry from Bikanir. The army of that province is regarded as one of the most efficient bodies of warriors in Hindustan. Its cavalry is well mounted, and its infantry is remarkable and unique in also being provided with beasts for the carrying of the men. To every two soldiers in the infantry is allotted a camel, which is able to bear both of them as well as their arms, ammunition, camp equipment and provisions. Thus these favored men of war can make long marches without becoming footsore and exhausted. The camel feels himself and therefore requires but little care. Bikanir is a country particularly suitable for camel transport, as it contains vast stretches of sandy desert. This probably suggested the use of the camel in this manner.—Lealie's Weekly.

Old Time Table Manners.

Writers on the history of table manners have a great deal to say respecting the use of the spoon and fork and the habit of eating from a common dish, illustrating their narrative with numerous anecdotes. In 1580 Montaigne visited Switzerland and was surprised to remark that at table they gave always as many spoons as there were guests. Plates began gradually to replace porringers after the year 1600, but were used only for the solid food. The soups were still placed in a large vessel in the center of the table, and every guest ate from it with his own spoon.

Some writers do not wish to believe that such a want of refinement was possible as late as the reign of Louis XIV., but the proof is against them.

A Turkey Trust.

Reports are current of the existence of a turkey trust, not on the banks of the Hellespont, but in smiling Vermont, in microscopic Rhode Island and in other states of the Union celebrated for the nurture of the haughty monarchs of the barnyard and the roost. Whether or no there is a trust, it is known by melancholy experience that the most admired and appreciated of Yankee fowls has been hard to get and deplorably high in price this winter. Canvasback ducks and terrapin, lobsters and turkeys are becoming scarcer and costlier season after season, and fresh salmon and shad are exceedingly expensive even in their seasons. The epicures who revel in typical American viands have a gloomy outlook.—New York Tribune.

The Popular Thoroughbred.

The British turf goes on expanding and reaches further and further season after season. Official figures show that in England, Ireland and Scotland in 1902 almost 2,000 running races were decided, and the total amount won in stakes and purses and other prizes was in round numbers equal to more than \$2,500,000. The outlook for 1903 indicates still larger figures to come. King Edward is extremely fond of the national sport of his realm and spares no effort for its advantage. The thoroughbred was never in higher esteem and never more popular than now.

A Magazine Pencil.

A perpetual pencil is now manufactured in which conical shaped leads descend upon pressure of the cap into what is practically a split cone, and for this reason these pencils are held much more firmly than by any means heretofore known, simply because a cone within a cone naturally secures rigidity. A simple pressure on the cap gives a new sharp point. It is filled like a repeating rifle with small conically sharpened pieces of lead, and the magazine holds about twenty pieces when fully charged.

Aged While You Wait.

The ancient Persian carpets which many wealthy people tramp over each other to buy are now being manufactured in Persia and when finished are laid down in bazaars and tramped upon for weeks, according to the age required, by foot passengers and donkeys, mules and camels. When sufficiently battered up they are rolled up and shipped to the United States and

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Case of Ingratitude.

A number of members were gathered about the grate in the Democratic cloakroom discussing the trials and tribulations of a congressman's life. Under the head of "Are the Services a Congressman Renders His Constituents Properly Appreciated?" Judge Miers, who represents the Second Indiana district, said:

"It takes a campaign to find out your loyal friends and the ones who appreciate favors. There are many surprises in the number of ingrates and always people who challenge a man's motives. I recall an instance where an ex-soldier impudently me repeatedly to give his pension claim special attention. I did so, went to the department time after time, examined the files and put a personal statement on file commending his witnesses and urging prompt and favorable action.

"After four personal calls at the department his case was adjudicated and an increase granted, with about \$800 arrears. When election time came around he said that I had done a good deal for him, but that I did it to get his vote, and went around challenging my sincerity. He declared that he would not vote for me, that his vote could not be secured that way.

"I am glad to say, however, that such instances are rare in Indiana. Upon the whole the people are generous and appreciate the work of their representatives."

Washes For the President.

The dignity of labor has a firm upholder in a colored woman at Oyster Bay, Long Island, where President Roosevelt has his home. This woman is nearly eighty years old and has been the Roosevelt's laundress for many years, and as Mr. Roosevelt has climbed the political ladder her prices for washing have risen step by step, so that now they have gone beyond the



"I CHARGE JUST THREE TIMES THAT."

reach of Oyster Bay residents. A New York paper has this story to tell of a visitor who wanted some work done: "Well, I don't know, missis," she said. "You know I wash for the president?" "Yes, I know it," I replied, "but can't you wash for me also?" "I suppose I can," she answered, "but I get pretty good money for my work, 'cause I do the president's wash. What do you want to pay?"

I named a sum such as is regularly charged. Alice looked at me in disgust and for the first time paused from her work and drew herself up to her full height. "Well," she said, in a tone of disdain, "I charge just three times that. If you want your wash done by the same woman that does the president's I reckon you've got to have the money to pay for it. I don't do any common wash!" And with the last scornful sentence Alice went back to her work, and all negotiations were off.

A Reason For Endurance.

J. Pierpont Morgan's failure to secure control of the London electric railways has caused much satisfied comment among the British.

An American who thought that the Morganizing of London street cars would be a most progressive undertaking talked in reference to the matter with a British barrister.

In the argument which ensued the American said:

"When Mr. Morgan proposed to bear the expense for the illumination of St. Paul's by electricity, you permitted him to do so and made no objection."

"Yes," answered the lawyer, shaking his head ruefully, "and how true it is that St. Paul's has been named after the greatest martyr of the Christian church, who could and did endure all things for the sake of his religion."

Honor Where Honor Was Due.

The troubles into which baneful persons fall when they try to speak in public are well known. In a town not far from London the mayor was fined by his friends in grateful recognition of his continuance in office at a critical juncture. Having been duly toasted he returned thanks. "Gentlemen," he said, "I realize that you have assembled to

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

[Copyright, 1901, by Lillian C. Paschal.]
"Well, my boy, your catch isn't very big today, is it?"

June Devore was interested in the long line of boys fishing on the pier. She glanced down in amusement from under her ruffled parasol, not at the kneeling figure in knickerbockers, but at the small box, nested in seaweed, where squirmed some two inch killies.

"This isn't catch; it's bait," came in peculiarly smothered tones from under the golf cap.

A pair of twinkling, boyish eyes scanned with great interest the dainty arch of the colonial clad foot beside him, with the flaky foam of lace billowing above, while his brown fingers busted themselves with the bait.

But the sweet voice above him broke with pain and pity.

"Oh, some of them are alive, and they're such tiny baby fish. Please put them back in the water. Won't you, please?"

Now, Frank Truitt had procured the bait at considerable expense of time and trouble over in Shark river, some distance inland from the ocean, so he naturally hesitated. Seeing this, the girl opened her purse.

"See here," she said, with a winning smile; "I'll give you this if you do. It will buy enough taffy to make you and all your friends here ill." And she held a bright coin down toward the bashfully bowed head, her pitying eyes still intent on the baby killies.

Frank's friends were wont to say that his bump of humor was the most fully developed on his cranium. Anyhow at this particular juncture it strangled his conscience.

"By Jove, it's worth it—such a huge joke to recount at the club!" he thought as with apparent reluctance he dropped the innocent fresh water killies into their supposedly native element.

"The rest, you see, are quite dead," said he humbly, with the air of a remorseful culprit.

"It's too bad, but thank you so much. You are a nice boy." And for the first time she looked at him squarely, holding out the coin once more.

A slender brown hand stole up and grasped the money greedily. Then "the nice boy" rose to his feet, unfolding before her dismayed eyes as he did so five feet ten of masculine stature, while he doffed the cap and disclosed a clear cut, mustached face, whose mirthful eyes shot laughing glances toward her flaming cheeks.

"Oh, I thought—I never dreamed"—And she fled down the pier toward the hotel.

When last flutter of her white frock had disappeared in the crowd along the board walk, he replaced his cap and turned the half dollar affectionately in his hand, shaking the while with quiet laughter.

From examining the prize he fell to scrutinizing the hand which held it. It was fine, rather small, but deceptive, as some of his college opponents had learned to their sorrow.

"It is a kid's hand," he said in disgust, "or a woman's, but doctors often have undersized fists—I wonder why."

The question in biology remained unsolved, for his small nephew ran up with a catch, exclaiming:

"See, uncle, what kind of fish is this?"

"Blue, with brown splashes in 'em," was the reply which mystified Frank junior. "Come, my lad. I promised your mother to have you at the hotel by 5."

As the little fellow trotted by his side, carrying proudly aloft his string of three small weakfish, his uncle glanced down and said quizzically:

"My boy, your catch isn't very big today, is it?"

"More'n you've got," was the sturdy reply.

"I don't know about that." And the man's eyes softened with a gracious remembrance. "I caught a great deal today."

"What was it?" asked the boy breathlessly.

"A beautiful view, a glimpse into wonderful depths, a woman's soul!"

"I suppose you mean the mermaid," the child nodded wisely. He dreamed fairy visions too.

But Truitt did not recount his adventure at the club that night.

"Hurry, June, dear! Frank is tramping the library carpet threadbare in his impatience, and the carriages are waiting."

Aunt Sara was in high excitement. She hovered over the bride with little motherly dips.

"And to think it's all my doings!" she murmured, proudly surveying the girl's glowing beauty, a rosy aureole, with the filmy clouds of the veil about her.

"I always said you two were made for each other, and then when at last I did get you together down at Fern Villa you were so horrid to Frank! Why, I was almost in despair. But now go, and God bless you!"

"You are a dear auntie"—the tender lips pressed the wrinkled face—"and have been a mother to me, but I think our match was God's doing, not yours or mine." And she floated in her trailing clouds of glory down the stairs.

As he looked up and saw her coming something rose in his throat and choked the fastening words that would have risen to his lips. A great humility came over him, as it does to every manly fellow to follow when a woman forsakes all else.

As they turned after the solemn ceremony, arm in arm, and passed up the aisle to the jubilant strains of "Faithful and True," he whispered into the gray of orange blossoms that dropped near his left shoulder:

"I realize that you have assembled to

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