

THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

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CRIME ON THE INCREASE

It is apparent to the most casual observer that crime of various kinds is on the increase in North Carolina, and especially is this so of homicide.

Men of more or less high standing in society and prominent in other respects, have with remarkable frequency flagrantly put at naught the injunction "thou shalt not kill," and without sufficient provocation taken the lives of their fellow man.

The SPORTING WORLD

Royal Golfers.

The claim of golf to be described as a "royal and ancient game" is well maintained by the support given to it by the present reigning house, says a London newspaper.

Monroe and Sharkey.

Jack Monroe, the doughty Montana miner-boxer who now makes more money every week in vaudeville than he earned in the mines in six months,



JACK MONROE, THE MINER-BOXER.

should make a good showing when he meets Sailor Tom Sharkey next summer.

Sharkey is confident, as usual, of defeating his opponent, but the miner is sure that Tom will go down and out in short order.

Big Driving Race.

The Gentlemen's Driving club of Cleveland has decided to offer a gold trophy valued at \$5,000 for the best horses that can be raced for it.

The contest will be open to amateur reinsmen, and an amateur is described in the deed of gift as one who never accepted wages or hire as a trainer or driver.

Paris-Madrid Auto Race.

Entries for the Paris-Madrid race, which starts on May 24, closed recently with the automobile clubs of France and Spain, though entries may be made up to May 15 at double fees.

Terre Haute and the "Big Circle."

President Ijams of the Terre Haute Trotting association says the association dropped out of the grand circuit meetings because Terre Haute is on the wrong place in the map and has had enough bad experience getting a tail end of the meetings and the bad weather after the middle of September.

Better "Get a Move On," Murphy.

Eddie Murphy is one of the most popular of St. Louis pitchers, but if he does not report in good shape he probably will be released, even though he has been a member of the National league team for two seasons.

Martin Home Again.

Jockey "Skeets" Martin has returned to Frisco after a profitable year in England. Martin first came into prominence while riding at the old Bay District track, not far from the Golden Gate.

Schreiber Buys Hand Ferguson.

Barney Schreiber has bought of Garnet Ferguson the Prince Royal mare Mand Ferguson. She will be bred to Sam.

Rode For "Lucky" Baldwin.

Emanuel Morris, who is now riding jumpers, was a good boy on the flat ten years ago. He rode for E. J. Baldwin.

THE WHISKERLESS FARMER.

[The Ontario (N. Y.) farmers' grange has passed resolutions to the effect that hereafter all members will "eschew the wearing of whiskers and beards."—News Item.]

And are the festive illacs doomed? Will goatees go no more? Are sideburns adretacked for all time? And gawags gone before? Farewell, farewell, bewhiskered face! Bucolic styles decline

That you're passe, though poultry's "dressed." The farmer's face goes bare! What will the comic artists do When drawing pictures of The victim and the green goods man— Those portraits that we love? How can we tell, without a tag, The guileless farmer's mug, Without the fringe we've grown to know— That human hirsute rug?

The century is on the move; Our ideals, shattered, fall, But of the changes we bewail This is the worst of all. And yet some men will benefit In dollars—likewise cents— For razors will be catalogued Among farm implements!

The winds of winter moan alone Unchecked by whiskers red, And Uncle Josh gives up his beard For anything for a bed. While on the page with plows and hoes, With rakes and drills, he sees

Send For Our Razor No. 9 and Mow Yourself With Ease.

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just in Time.



Poet—Oh, the beautiful sun— (1-2-3-4-5) —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Taken Orders.

When Miss Lucy wanted particularly fine chickens, she always drove over to see old Aunt Etta, who had a scrap of a farm and made a specialty of raising chickens for the quality folks.

One day, as the lady stopped in front of the cabin, Aunt Etta came out and hung over the gate.

"Chickens!" she exclaimed in answer to her customer's request. "Chickens! Why, law, Miss Lucy; don't you all know there's been a camp meetin' and preachers' conference down here? Why, I ain't got one chicken left! They're all gone entered the ministry!"—Lippincott's.

Close Quarters Preferred.

Helen—I wish I had some kind of enchantment to cast over him to keep him fond of me.

Ned—Why don't you borrow some? "Oh, dear! I'm afraid no one has any to lend."

"Why, yes. Distance lends enchantment. Have you tried there?" "No, and I'm not going to. I'd rather take my chances at close quarters."—Kansas City Journal.

Unnecessary Trouble.

Lieutenant (who has been inspecting the estate of a noble landowner)—And this beautiful estate will all be inherited by your noble daughter?

"Well, hardly. You see, I have no daughter."

"Indeed! Then what on earth did you want to tire me out for by this inspection?"—Pfliegende Blatter.

Wretch.

"George, did you ever love any other woman as well as you love me?"

"Oh, yes, dear; several of them."

"Indeed! Why didn't you marry one of them instead of me?"

"Well, I suppose I'll be asking myself that question, too, some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Involved Fuel Relations.

Nora—The lady next door wants to borrow a bucket of coal, ma'am.

Mrs. Blank—Nora, tell her that we are already borrowing our coal from the people on the other side of us.—Detroit Free Press.

Good Medicine.



Doctor—Did those pink pills I left for little Willie seem to do him any good? Mrs. B.—Yes, indeed, doctor. He's been a-sittin' up in bed all day a-playin' marbles with them.—San Francisco Examiner.

Convict's Daring Escape From Prison

Edward Cruse, aged twenty-five, a negro, made one of the most miraculous and fearless escapes from the penitentiary at Columbus, O., recently that are known to the present officers of that institution.

Cruse was a prisoner in the east cell block, the oldest part of the prison. During the time that a score of prisoners were enjoying corridor freedom he picked the lock of his cell. When night fell he mounted the stairs to the top of the cell block and after a dangerous trip across rafters, beams and insecure boards he reached a skylight.

Cruse crawled out on the slate covered, peaked roof. Earlier in the evening there had been a rain, and this froze as it fell. A slight snow followed, and even Columbus pedestrians strained their muscles to keep head upward on the smooth pavements. Cruse crawled up the sloping roof, which had an incline of at least 60 to 70 degrees, to the peak. The slightest hesitating movement or step would have caused a fall that would have precipitated him to the ground, seventy-five feet below.

Cruse carried out the remainder of his plans with the same daring that characterized his passage as far as the gutter. He moved along the gutter until he was directly over the main offices of the prison and in the glare of half a dozen electric lights. The building is four stories high at this point, and there are porches on the ground, second and third floors. He was twenty

feet above the uppermost porch roof, which is covered with tin. How he reached that roof the officials cannot explain unless with the assistance of a blanket which is missing from his cell. He then slid down the porch posts to the ground. Within twenty feet of where he alighted and at the main entrance sits an armed guard.



CRUSE SLID DOWN THE ICE ROOF.

Inside the building and not more than two or three yards from the convenient porch post are the night clerks of the penitentiary. The officers' and residence rooms of the warden are in full view of the point where Cruse dropped to the ground, and there were a dozen persons in the department.

The guard at the main entrance saw Cruse walk across the lawn. He knew that he was a prisoner, but thought he was a trusty going across the street to the supply house. Before the man got out of sight the guard became suspicious and notified Captain Woods, the night chief.

Captain Woods said that this was one of the most escapes in the history of the institution.

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