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KINSTON-JACKSONVILLE ROAD.

Senator Pollock has introduced into the senate a bill to allow the commissioners of Lenoir, Jones and Onslow counties to build a public road from Kinston through the above named counties to Jacksonville.

No more important public improvement could be inaugurated for the enhancement of the welfare of the three counties affected than this proposed road would be. An extensive stretch of productive country would be drawn nearer to an excellent market for its produce. In this way the farmer would realize more from his labor. He would save enormously in the cost of transportation. And he would always have ample, free and convenient means of reaching a market with his products.

Not only this, but the business interests of Kinston would receive an impetus that would hardly come in any other way.

Let the bill pass the assembly. And after its passage, let us avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded.

CONCEALED WEAPONS AND MURDER.

This paper has already called attention to the fact that our present law regarding the crime of murder is not satisfactory. The law must be amended before satisfactory results can be had.

The law as framed comes nearer assuring immunity to a would be criminal from paying the death penalty than to deterring him from the commission of a dastardly homicide. It would be better to have murder ungraded than to have the law and the rules of evidence such as to make it almost impossible to prove murder in the first degree.

Punishment is not so certain as it should be; and the degree of punishment is so uncertain that the offender is led to hope that he will be the beneficiary of the law's leniency.

The laws must be so framed as not to allow the ends of justice to be frustrated. Retribution must be made sure and swift; and we will find that such outrageous affairs as have occurred recently will disgrace us no longer.

THE CANAL SITUATION.

The New York Sun thus comments on the feats of Hon. John T. Morgan, of Alabama, in view of his attitude toward the ratification of the treaty with Colombia upon which depends the success of the Panama canal.

Mr. Morgan is 79 years old, but he can exhaust a staff of stenographers, one down 't'other come on, and dress an idea in as many different forms as there are ways of preparing an egg for the table, which, in the French cuisine, is 1,400. It takes a nimble mind to follow Mr. Morgan through the mazes of a canal argument and catalogue his propositions. In him the art of saying nothing about something in John-sonian English, and repeated in myriads of times without pausing for a word or a reply has been cultivated since 1845, when he was admitted to the bar in Alabama, and it has now reached its maximum of excellence. Mr. Morgan cannot, however talk the canal treaty to death, although he can turn the senate into a dormitory and compel some of his ancient colleagues to call in their family physicians. It may be the death of some of them if he persists in his monologue.

The old gentleman is very proud of his organ of speech and his physical endurance—as proud as he is of his record during the war as a "mounted ambulance." It is estimated that he saved 3,000 stricken Confederate soldiers by taking them to the rear on his horse and soothing them to sleep with a monologue. It is suggested to Mr. Morgan's colleagues that they allow him to break his record for long distance talking, when being complimented on all sides for his fluency he will capitulate gracefully and let the treaty be voted on.

Since the Panama route has been decided upon as the more preferable route, and since it seems that it is either Panama or nothing, we would like to be given a chance to accept Panama.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Morgan cannot waive his personal prejudices in the matter and heartily join in the movement to secure an improvement that means so much to his country. He has fought long and nobly for the canal; but he may cast a shadow over his record by undus opposition to the treaty.

The Stomach is the Man.

A weak stomach weakens the man, because it cannot transform the food he eats into nourishment. Health and strength cannot be restored to any sick man or weak woman without first restoring health and strength to the stomach. A weak stomach cannot digest enough food to feed the tissues and revive the tired and run down limbs and organs of the body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cleanses, purifies, invigorates and strengthens the stomach.

AMERICA STANDS FOR THE ROYALTY OF MAN

.....By ANDREW CARNEGIE



AMERICA has been first in electricity, although we began late. But the man who wins is the man who says to fortune and the gods themselves, "I don't believe it." It takes the electrical atmosphere of America to produce these great men. Graham Bell was a Scotchman. So even in electricity there's the north half of a little island in the North sea which isn't to be left out in the doing of great things.

THE AMERICAN, IN MY EXPERIENCE—AND I HAVE KNOWN BOTH LANDS WELL—IS THE MOST CO-OPERATIVE MAN THAT EXISTS TODAY.

There is this about an American of all men—he's fair minded, he doesn't want to overreach himself, he's not implacable—I think he's placable—he doesn't want to make enemies.

The test of popularity isn't the wideness of a man. It's what his fellows think of him. That is wanting in a nation that doesn't know how to assimilate in its social activity. When the man at the bench becomes your best friend, the enterprise on which your energies have been bent has behind it a force that is irresistible.

There is something beyond this individual quality. Our republican institutions are to be credited with much of the ability and success with which we are going forward toward the material supremacy of the earth. There isn't one right enjoyed by any one that is denied to another. We are not asking who your forefathers were. We're asking what you do.

THIS NATION HAS THE TREMENDOUS ADVANTAGE THAT IT STANDS NOT FOR THE ROYALTY OF THIS FAMILY OR THAT, BUT FOR THE ROYALTY OF MAN. AMERICA IS AHEAD BECAUSE ANY MAN'S PRIVILEGE IS EVERY CITIZEN'S RIGHT.

THE GENUINENESS OF LINCOLN'S FAME

By Ex-Governor FRANK S. BLACK of New York

LINCOLN'S name and his performances in the lines which he pursued have been cut into the rock of American history with the deepest chisel yet made use of on this continent. But it is not by the grandeur of his powers that he has most appealed to me, but rather by those softer, homelier traits that bring him down to a closer and more affectionate view. And Lincoln was never more imposing than when the milder attributes of his nature were exposed.

HE WAS GENUINE, HE WAS AFFECTIONATE, AND, AFTER ALL IS SAID AND THE END IS REACHED, WHAT IS THERE WITHOUT THESE TWO?

You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body.

THE ROBES OF POWER AND THE HUSKS OF PRETENSE WILL ALIKE BE STRIPPED AWAY, AND YOU MUST STAND AT THE END AS YOU STOOD AT THE BEGINNING, REVEALED.

None had less to fear from such a test than Abraham Lincoln, and his strength in that regard arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and their struggles, which kept his sympathy always warm and young. HE WAS NEVER SO GREAT BUT THAT THE TIES OF HIS YOUTH STILL BOUND HIM. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE HOME

By JACOB A. RIIS, Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

UPON the preservation of the home depends the existence of the country, for the home makes the man. The thought often expressed that men are unable to govern themselves is the direct result of the inhuman condition of the tenement houses.

A MAN CANNOT LIVE LIKE A PIG AND VOTE LIKE A MAN. BUT THERE MAY BE PIGS IN PARLORS, TOO, AS WELL AS IN NOVELS. STILL THE HOME IS THE MAINSTAY. WIPE OUT THE HOME, AND THE WHOLE STRUCTURE OF GOVERNMENT FALLS. IT IS A CHILD'S RIGHT TO HAVE A HOME.

What need makes mothers leave their homes for factories, locking up their children? This should not be. This is no home. It is only a place to eat and sleep. Why should the children work? Child labor tends downward. INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY BOUGHT BY CHILD LABOR IS A LOST CAUSE.

THE NECESSITY OF ORGANIZATION AMONG EMPLOYERS

By DAVID M. PARRY, President of the National Association of Manufacturers

WHEN capital is thoroughly organized, then will come the almost complete disappearance of the strike and the boycott, for they are but systematic manifestations of social disease growing out of imperfect organization.

WHEN ORGANIZED EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES CAN SIT DOWN TOGETHER, THEN MAY BE TAKEN UP TRADE DISPUTES AND OTHER MATTERS AFFECTING THEIR MUTUAL INTERESTS, AND THESE MAY BE DISPOSED OF IN AN INTELLIGENT, ORDERLY AND SCIENTIFIC MANNER.

As there is no national federation of employers at present necessity demands the immediate creation of one. There can be no industrial peace in the United States until a national organization is perfected, for, while labor is partially organized, capital is not organized at all.

TWO WAIFS

She, a timid little maiden, with slender, graceful limbs and a wealth of waving golden hair—just the kind of child a fond mother would love to have nestling at her side and clothe in dainty, childish garments. But Nellie had no mother to caress her—no tender, loving hand to smooth her tangled curls. Her home was a garret in a slum, and her mother had died years ago, when Nellie was a tiny blue-eyed baby. And now her only friend was a roguish little Irish lad, who, with his merry dark eyes and laughing face, had won her heart more than a year ago, when one bleak November day some rough street boys had wantonly upset her basket of flowers, and Mike had sturdily come to the rescue, scattering the offenders left and right with a flourish of his muddy broom.

Ever since that memorable day Mike had been enshrined as a hero in Nellie's heart. They were always together in their leisure hours.

Mike never tired of listening to her stories and her songs and would beg again and again for "just one more," his dark eyes growing wide and radiant as Nellie sang of the streets of gold and of the joys which awaited the children in "the kingdom called home."

"How can we get there, Nellie?" he questioned eagerly one day. "Do you know the way?"

Nellie shook her head a little sadly.

"We can't find out the way until we die. Then an angel with a golden crown will come and take our hand and show us the way."

Mike's saucy face grew grave.

"I wish we could go, Nellie—you and me," he whispered. "You could sing there, Nellie, without policemen telling us to move on, couldn't you?" Then anxiously, as a new thought occurred, "There won't be no policemen there, Nellie, will there?"

Another shake of the golden head.

"Of course not, Mike. There'll be no need of them. Everybody's good and happy up there. Oh, Mike, think of it!" clapping her thin little hands.

Mike watched his little comrade's shining eyes and radiant face and felt a strange sinking at his heart as he noticed how fragile the little arm had become and heard the short, quick cough which came from the pale lips ever and anon. Was Nellie going to die and leave him? he wondered vaguely. Ah, how dreary life would be without her! A quick sob rose in his throat, and he brushed his small, rough hand resolutely across his eyes.

All that night Nellie's little wan face haunted him, banishing sleep from his eyes. At length, as he lay tossing on the heap of straw which formed his bed, a brilliant idea entered his curly head. Nellie must go to the sea. He had heard of wonderful cures which a change of air had wrought. There was Tim, the lame boy, at the end of the court—why, he had not been like the same child since that three weeks' visit to Margate. And old Joe, the shoemaker, was never tired of telling how the fresh, pure air had "made a new man" of him. Yes, Nellie must certainly go to the sea, and he, Mike, must find the money. This settled, he fell asleep.

Early and late the little fellow toiled, carefully hoarding every halfpenny he could save, running errands, sweeping crossings, selling papers, counting no labor too much which brought an addition to his treasured hoard.

Meanwhile the bright summer days melted into autumn, the sunshine faded, to give place to chilling winds and damp mists. All this did not tend to improve Nellie's cough. A bright spot of vivid color burned on the white face, and the blue eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy.

Mike noted the change with great satisfaction.

"You're getting such a rosy face, Nellie!" he exclaimed gladly. "And your eyes shine like two big stars. There'll be no need of street lamps soon," he added, with true Irish gallantry.

Nellie smiled the sweet, patient smile which Mike loved so dearly. She would not pain him by telling of the sleepless nights and torturing cough, of the strange, chilly feeling at her heart and the weary aching of her wasted limbs.

With that divine unselfishness which characterizes some natures she bravely strove to hide from him the true state of affairs and would still try to tell, night after night, in faint, weak tones, the story they both loved so well.

One cold winter night, when the snow was softly falling, covering the muddy streets with a pure white mantle, Mike crept to the old familiar corner to hear yet once again "the old sweet talk."

Clear and bright were Nellie's blue eyes, and softly her low voice rose and fell as she told in tender accents of the fadeless flowers and the golden threshold where "children were always at play." And eagerly Mike listened, taking the little chilled hands in both his own, but soon "her voice began to falter, her face grew wan and pale," the golden head drooped wearily, and over the bright eyes a thick mist seemed to fall. Mike grew frightened.

"Nellie, Nellie!" he cried breathlessly. "Are you ill? Oh, Nellie, my own darling, speak to me!"

The old sweet smile flickered for an instant around the pale lips.

"Kiss me, Mike," she whispered faintly, and he knew that she was dying.

Inscriptions on Rings.

Not all persons who use Turkish and Persian rings realize that there are often amazingly interwoven in their meshes characters that are not only legible, but are capable of translation by those familiar with the Arabic tongue. These inscriptions, also called "Arabic," are usually worked around the center of the ring in such a manner

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