

THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

Published Every Afternoon (except Sunday) at
Kinston, North Carolina.

THE FREE PRESS CO., Publishers

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Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter

AN AFTERNOON MEDITATION.

Too hot to crawl, too hot to creep,
Too hot to wake, too hot to sleep;
Too hot to stand, too hot to fall,
Too hot to laugh, too hot to walk;
Too hot to ride, too hot to bawl;
Too hot to whisper or to talk;
Too hot to starve, too hot to eat,
My head's too hot—so are my feet;
Too hot to write, too hot to think,
Too hot to drown myself in drink;
Too hot to live; too hot to die,
Too hot to work, too hot to try;
Too hot to kick about the heat,
Too hot for eggs, too hot for meat;
Too hot another line to sing—
Too daggummed hot for anything.
—A Warm Citizen.

THE LEISURE SEASON.

This week's issue of the Progressive Farmer contains editorial comment of much value on "how to help your neighborhood; some work for the leisure season on the farm."

On every farm there are seasons of more or less leisure, dependent upon the nature of the crops raised. While this season may not come to all farmers at the same time, it is well for all to lay plans in advance for the betterment of their personal condition and of their neighborhood at large.

There are several ways of bettering the neighborhood suggested by the Progressive Farmer. It says:

In the first place, we wonder if you have rural free delivery of mails. Your neighborhood is paying its share of the taxes to maintain the service; why not get some of its benefits? Every day some new North Carolina route is going into operation. We have 350 of them now, and there were only 11 at this time two years ago. The recent talk of more stringent regulations has been much aggravated. All that the government demands is that the route be approximately 25 miles long, that it serve 100 people or more, and that the roads be good enough to enable the carrier to make the trip in a day. We think you can map out a line that will meet these requirements, and if so, you can get a carrier to deliver your mail daily. To argue as to the merits of the system is unnecessary; they are self-evident. If you are interested, talk to your neighbors about the matter, and write to your congressman for further information. The carrier gets \$600 a year, and if you can find some one who wishes to get the appointment as carrier, he will probably make the canvass for signers to the petition.

Then comes the matter of looking after the public school library, and the school building itself. The improvement of the public highways is a matter of fundamental importance to every community; and no better time for making efforts to attain this improvement can be found than during the leisure season.

Speaking of the rural telephone system the Progressive Farmer says:

We wish you had the rural telephone system, with telephones all over your county. They put the farmer in touch with the world, and save time enough in a month or two to pay their most for a year. But Union is the only county that has a creditable system. The farmers there combined, put up their own poles, and now operate their own lines at remarkably small cost. About a year ago we published a letter from Mr. J. Z. Green describing the plan in detail, and we are going to republish it in a week or two for your benefit. While the Union county folks are pretty smart, we believe that you can make this plan work about as well as they have done.

Then there comes the matter of farmers' clubs; clubs made up of farmers—not "agriculturalists"—but men who till the soil, whose hearts are in the work and whose desire is for improvement. These clubs should let politics alone but should confine themselves to the discussion of practical every day problems of the farm and of the community.

OVER THE OCEAN.

Russia has both giving the powers a glimpse of her hand in the east. There appear to be four acres and a club and also Manchuria in it.—Blount City Journal.

The queen of Italy says she admires Americans, but her appreciative majesty cannot score a claim for originality on that ground.—Baltimore American.

Abdel Hamid is in an embarrassing position. He can't fight Bulgaria all he wants to, but the powers will not permit him to whip her.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With the diplomacy of repeating rifles and four Maxim guns the British government has just arranged with the monarchs of a couple of African tribes to take over the control of about 100,000 square miles of territory.—Toledo Times.

The SPORTING WORLD

Britt and Gans.
Indications point to an early meeting in the roped arena between Joe Gans, light weight champion of the world, and Jimmy Britt of California. Gans has announced his willingness to meet the Californian in a twenty round bout under the auspices of the International



JIMMY BRITT.

Athletic club of Fort Erie, Ont. The Canadian promoters have offered the crack light weights a purse of \$6,000. Gans has sent his acceptance of the offer to the club officials.

In order not to give the Californian a possible chance to evade the issue Jack Hermann, manager of the Canadian organization, has offered to pay the traveling expenses of Britt from California to Fort Erie. It is quite probable that the match will be made, as Britt is anxious to win the light weight championship.

The First Suburban.

The first contest for the great Suburban handicap took place at Sheephead Bay, New York, Tuesday, June 10, 1884. There were twenty starters. The value to the winner was \$5,045. The time was 2:11 1/4.

Dwyer Bros. pair were favorites at 5 to 2 against, but the winner, General Monroe, was a strong second choice at 5 to 1, having run several good races at Jerome park and very plainly shown that he was in form. The horse was owned by Edward McElmeel, a resident of Yonkers, N. Y., but was managed by his son and trained by Walter C. Rollins, who is the present trainer for H. K. Knapp and also owns Herbert, who himself is never an outsider even for such a race as the Suburban.

McElmeel was what was called on the turf a poor man. At one time he owned a fast sprinter named Navarro, but after some years dropped out of the game. His son has always had some connection with the sport. General Monroe prior to winning the first Suburban was noted the year before for the great number of times he ran second.

Is Prince Alert "All in"?

Among the other horses at Hartford, Conn., is the champion pacing gelding Prince Alert, 2:00. It is said that his owner, James Hanley of Providence, R. I., and his trainer, Mart Demarest, are both sanguine that this hobbled whirlwind will beat 1:59 1/4 in 1903. It is a possibility, for the Prince is a phenomenal performer.

Prince Alert, however, is now eleven years old and has seen eight consecutive seasons campaigning, and despite the fact that he made his record of 2:00 last fall at Memphis, where he also beat Sir Albert S. in that record breaking half mile dash in 57 1/2 seconds, it is generally believed that the Prince, if not "all in," is pretty nearly "marked for life."

The Big Auto Endurance Test.

Contrary to the general impression that the big endurance test to be promoted by the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers in the autumn is to be run on purely technical lines, an official of the association has said that touring conditions were to be reproduced as closely as possible and that the run would wind up with a series of races, hill climbs and other tests.

A Baseball Trophy.

Captain Ludlow of Cleveland has in his possession an American flag that was presented to the original Cincinnati Red Stockings by a coterie of young women who were supporters of the team. A plate on the staff reads, "Presented to the Cincinnati Reds by the Ladies of Cincinnati."

Look Out For Dunleavy.

According to the Chicago National players, Pitcher Dunleavy, secured by the St. Louis Cardinals, will surely score the pitching wonder of the season. He is said to have everything in the repertoire of a first class twirler and a tall mare leader.

ABBEY'S GLASS OF MILK.

An Amusing Story of the Famous Artist's Boyhood Days.

In the days when Edwin A. Abbey, the distinguished illustrator and painter, was a small boy he had the habit of critically scrutinizing every dish that was set before him at the table, much to the embarrassment of his family. His frequent dismissals from the table were but ineffective reproofs, and something had to be done to work a cure.

"Eddie," said his mother one day, "I heard thee speak about going to Cousin Martha's for dinner next Sunday, and I am afraid we will have to make thee stay at home until thee learns politeness at the table. Thy picking at food would mortify me."

This threatened deprivation reduced the boy to tears, and after he had solemnly promised not to look at everything according to his habit he was told that he might go.

The day came, and a large and merry family gathered to do justice to a tempting meal. Each of the little folks had a glass of delicious rich country milk at his place.

Noticing that Edwin was surreptitiously glancing at his glass, Mrs. Abbey observed, with a well understood meaning, "Edwin, why art thou not drinking thy milk?"

With a determined air the boy hastily picked up the glass and, shutting his eyes as tight as possible, gulped its contents down.

This sudden procedure attracted the attention of all the guests, and, fearing at least a severe scolding, the boy exclaimed, "I did it, mother; I—I swallowed it."

"Swallowed what?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Abbey, now more alarmed than amused.

"Those two flies that got in my milk. But I swallowed them, mother; I swallowed them!"—Isadore Hedges in Ladies' Home Companion.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Laying hens must have meat or milk.

Always feed some whole grain at night.

Early hatched chickens usually make the best breeding fowls.

Feeding a little at a time and often is better than overfeeding at any time.

A liberal use of ground bone will correct the tendency to laying soft shelled eggs.

Keeping fowls on hard floors will frequently cause swollen feet and legs. They must have some loose ground to scratch over.

Turkeys must have a good range to be profitable. They are insect eaters by nature and need a good range in order to thrive well and grow economically.

After the ducks and geese are picked regularly the time to pick them is when the feathers are ripe and before the fowls begin to lose them.

What a True Scholar Is.

The scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly and can carry his knowledge into action. With this he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship, whether attained in the university or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.—resident David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Epitaph Too Suggestive.

A man whose cheerful occupation is that of making tombstones is telling his friends about a woman who visited his place last week and said she wanted a nice tombstone put over her husband's grave, with some short, simple inscription on it.

He asked how she would like the word "Resurgam." She inquired as to its meaning, and when he translated it as "I shall rise again," she said, in a panic, "No, no, mister; make it 'Rest In Peace!'"—New York Press.

A Hard Road.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," quoted the earnest citizen.

"It is unquestionably," answered Senator Sorghum. "The way people have to employ lawyers and stand investigations is calculated to cut down profits terribly."—Washington Star.

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Restoring to Realize It.

"I never heard Dismore acknowledge that he was growing old before today."

"How did he acknowledge it?"

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Froggie's Escape.
You've doubtless heard about the frog who fell into a crock of cream.

The sides were slippery, alas!
No way to get out did there seem.
"I'm doomed, I s'pose," said Mr. Frog.
"But then I'll kick until I die."
He kicked until the butter came.
And from it hopped out high and dry.
—Boston Post.

Mentally Deficient.
"Is young Tutter so entirely foolish?"

"Well, he hasn't sufficient mental equipment to ever be in danger from parents."—New York Times.

Out of Place.
Daughter—Why, he actually dared to kiss me on the nose!

Mother—I hope you made him feel how entirely out of place it was.—Yale Record.

The Problem.
This is the apple Willie ate
As it hung upon its tender twig;

How was it, then, that in an hour
He had an ache about so big?
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Uncontaminated.
"What a pure, serene face Miss Fairchild has!"

"Yes, she does look as though she had never been to the theater in her life."—Harper's Bazar.

The Ready Answerer.
Teacher—How did the czar of Russia get rid of the Poles?

Pupil—He put the wires under ground.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Oh, Dear!
On the map is a place called Bulgaria,
Where they hatch out the howling war
scars.

One would think that to live
In that country would give
One a bad case of chronic hysteria.
—Baltimore American.

Effects of Misfortune.
"Didn't the loss of all your money drive you to drink?"

"No; only to thirst. It kept me from drink."—Kansas City Journal.

An Open Letter.
These fashions, dear girl, we are viewing
With dread;

They can't be expected to please
When you limp in high heels and you
carry your head
At an angle of forty degrees.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Absolutely Necessary.
She—Did the bride look pretty at the wedding?

He—Of course. Wain't she a bride?—Somerville Journal.

Even in Dreams.
I dreamt I stood beneath a money tree,
The leaves of which were fifty dollar bills.

I went about to climb it, when, you see,
A flame the lightning set it from the hills.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Way With Some of Them.
"I understand the new magazine has a high standard?"

"Yes. It went up yesterday."—Atlanta Constitution.

In the Jungle.
They plighted their troth beneath the palm,
But each was sorely vexed
When they were sure no one was near;
The rubber tree was next.
—Chicago Tribune.

One View of It.
"She married him to spite another lover?"

"Oh, I thought it was to spite him."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Status of It.
Though "fifty is akin to love"—
You've heard that old quotation—
It's never very much above
A very "poor relation."
—Philadelphia Press.

A Definition.
"Pop, what is an assassin hand?"

"An assassin hand, my son, is one which murders good music."—Yonkers Statesman.

Two of a Kind.
Now returns the gay mosquito,
Like the doctor with his pill,
Every time he gives you poison
He presents a little bill.
—Puck.

Not Ready.
Has she had the baby christened?
Marjorie—Good question; not she
hasn't had its photograph taken yet.
Judge.

Feminine.
The trouble with your sex, men say,
Is that 'tis yielding never.
The maids they want love but a day
And those they don't forever.
—New York Times.

A Note Appeal.
"Mamma," asked young curiously,
"when deaf and dumb people close
their fingers get tired?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Generosity.
The man who says he likes to work
We hold him in a special rare
We let him do his stint of toil
And likewise offer him our share.
—Washington Star.

An Expert at Such.
Client—I called to see you about a bill.

Lawyer—Make your bill!—Puck.

"Be Gentle," Etc.
Be gentle with your foot
So what you say and do
It can be true, but less likely.
Why, well be nice and good.
—Newark Evening News.

Nothing but Money.
"I would half a million, but I'll
do—yes, but otherwise his worth
less."—Newark Evening News.

Resting but Money.
"I would half a million, but I'll
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Owl Drug Store

This is the time when many people are going off on their vacations, hence we thought that it would be agreeable to you if we would select a list of the things which are useful at such times. We have arranged them alphabetically, so that you can go right down to what you may need.

Atomizers,	Infants' Foods,	Soap Boxes,
Bath Brushes,	Ink and Stationery,	Talcum Powder,
Bay Rum,	Mirrors,	Toilet Soaps,
Camphor Ice,	Mosquito Preventive,	Toilet Waters,
Clothes Brushes,	Nail Files, Nail Powder,	Tooth Brushes,
Combs,	Nursery Supplies,	Tooth Powder,
Corn Plasters,	Razor Straps,	Tooth Paste,
Face Powder,	Shaving Soap,	Tooth Soaps,
Florida Water,	Shaving Brushes,	Whisk Brooms,
Foot Powder,	Sponges,	Which Have,
Hair Brushes,		
Headache Powder,		

Of course there are a great many other things which you may want. There are certain remedies which you ought to take with you to counteract the effects of the drinking water, etc. Then perhaps you may have some special preparation which you are in the habit of having filled frequently, and it may be well for you to have a double quantity of that made up to take with you.

Whether you go on your vacation or stay at home, we should be pleased to see by your trade, and serve you to the best of our ability.

We will carry along in the fancy drink line found at a down-to-earth stand of the restaurant, etc.