

THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

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AMUEL T. EDWARDS, Editor

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A BAD MISTAKE.

The pastor in charge of the Baptist tabernacle in Raleigh is reported to have made the following observations recently:

"They accused Job of being unfair and oppressive to the poorer classes. I think the people of this country have a whole lot to answer for the way they treat the negro race. I believe the time will come when there will be an insurrection and blood will run in the streets, and torches put to our homes. I do not believe in social equality, far from it. But the black man should be treated as a human being. I don't wonder that they steal when they are paid such small salaries, not enough to support a family; it is grinding that man down, and in the sight of God one stands condemned who does it."

The above inflammatory utterances are to be utterly condemned. It makes no difference whether they proceed from the political hustings, the red glove of an anarchist meeting, or from the sacred desk whose functions have been thus perverted, the effect is the same.

The utterances tend to stir up strife and dissatisfaction, and enflame whatever of smoldering prejudice that may be lurking in the mind of either black or white. The words thus uttered will prove baneful just in proportion to the respectableness and respectability of the speaker. If he is a common meddler whose chief delight is to stir up trouble, or an irresponsible gas bag whose words mean nothing, he may not be taken seriously, and the people of each race may let his words pass by. But if the words proceed from one who should be a leader of his people, one who should be conspicuous for the accuracy of his judgment and the wisdom of his advice on social and moral questions, much greater indeed is the damage resulting from reckless speech.

Mr. Massee, the offending preacher, may be honest in his opinions, but he is an offender nevertheless.

From the southern point of view—the point of view that must obtain in any rational settlement of all questions dealing with the subject—the clerical speaker is sadly mistaken. If honestly mistaken he is thereby shown to be utterly incapable of grasping the situation. "An insurrection and blood will run in the streets and torches be put to our houses," because of our inability to get along with the colored man, provided the misguided and fanatical so-called friends of the negro—but really his direst enemies—withdraw their hands and allow natural conditions, guided and directed by an Omnipotent Intelligence, to work out the problem alone.

The black man is treated like a human being. The door of hope and opportunity for him is not through social, and in his present condition as a race, political equality. But the door of hope that is swinging wide open to him is that of industrial equality. The black man is protected in the enjoyment of the fruits of his toil and is encouraged to accumulate.

Right here in Kinston are ample proofs of the truthfulness of this assertion. There are colored men living here who by their industry and perseverance have accumulated valuable property. They have erected creditable homes, and there are some in process of construction that would do credit to any town.

This is cited to show that our people do not withhold from the negro what is his just due, what his services are really worth. But the negro's industry is rewarded just so surely and in proportion to his service, just as liberally as is that of the white man.

True worth, industry and strict attention to business is always rewarded, and nowhere more fully than in our southland, and that regardless of race or color.

The fewer utterances that we have of the kind quoted the better for all concerned.

The Teachers' Interstate Examination Course.

Teachers wishing to prepare for examinations should write, at once, to Prof. J. L. GRAHAM, LL. D., Randolph Building, Memphis, Tenn., for particulars concerning his special Teachers' Examination Course.

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I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for more than 20 years and it has given entire satisfaction. I have sold a pile of it and can recommend it highly.—Joseph McElhiney, Linton, Iowa. You will find this remedy a good friend when troubled with a cough or cold. It always affords quick relief and is pleasant to take. For sale by J. E. Hood & Co.

A POPULAR PRELATE.

Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles.

Mgr. James J. Conaty, bishop of Los Angeles, who since his elevation to the episcopal chair a few months ago has become immensely popular in his diocese, is a noted educator and scholar and one of the best known prelates of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States.

Bishop Conaty succeeded Rev. Dr. Keane as rector of the Catholic university at Washington in 1896, retaining that position until named for the see of Los Angeles. He was one of the organizing spirits of the Catholic Summer school at Plattsburg, N. Y., and was its president from 1893 to 1897. He was made a domestic prelate by the pope by the late Leo XIII. and has been otherwise honored by the church. Two years ago he was consecrated titular bishop of Samos by Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore. This honor was in recognition of his labors in behalf of Cath-



BISHOP CONATY OF LOS ANGELES.

olic education. The title of bishop of Samos is entirely honorary. The see of Samos, from which the title is derived, having been extinct for many generations.

Bishop Conaty is a native of Ireland and is fifty-six years old. His parents were of good families and noted for their intellectual attainments. Shortly after his birth the family came to this country and established a home in Massachusetts. The future bishop was educated in Holy Cross college, Worcester, Mass., and St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, N. Y. After finishing his theological studies he returned to Worcester, finally becoming rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, which was

consecrated in his honor. He has a liking for good, broad American citizenship. It is said that he has been a sympathizer with the liberal wing of the church if not an actual member of that body. On the educational question he is a champion of parochial schools and for many years edited a weekly magazine in their favor.

In Irish national affairs he has taken a deep interest and in every way has shown a warm feeling for the land of his birth. A strong temperance advocate, he was for two terms president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Mgr. Conaty's success in the episcopal chair of Los Angeles is no more than was expected by his friends and associates.

MONUMENT TO NAVAL HERO

How the Memory of Ensign Worth Bagley Is Perpetuated.

The monument to Ensign Worth Bagley, the only line officer of the United States navy to fall in the Spanish war, which was recently unveiled over his grave in Oakwood cemetery, Raleigh, N. C., is of the finest Quincy granite, very dark and rich. Upon the west face of the shaft is a bronze medallion bearing the portrait of Bagley in high relief in uniform and with



WORTH BAGLEY MONUMENT, RALEIGH, N. C. cap on head. Below in bold letters of bronze is the inscription: "Worth Bagley, 1874-1898."

Worth Bagley, who was an ensign in the United States navy, was the first American officer and the only line officer of the navy to be killed in the Spanish war. He fell on board the United States torpedo boat Winslow during the bombardment of Cardenas, Cuba, May 11, 1898. Ensign Bagley was a native of North Carolina and was appointed to the Naval academy in July, 1889. In July, 1897, he was commissioned ensign, and in less than a year met his death in the performance of his duty.

ON THE EDGE OF BOHEMIA

By W. W. HINES

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Her favorite expression when speaking of herself was "by way of being a Bohemian." She thought it rather a neat phrase. This did no great harm since her clear gray eyes mirrored a soul so spotlessly white that you knew the land of Bohemia was unknown ground to her.

Her trade was painting and her output consisted of the most part of wistful landscapes and little marines in tones of dolorous gray. They were ill drawn, and the coloring often left much to be desired, but try as she would to make them realistic something of her own dainty, appealing personality crept into each picture—and sold it.

For the rest she was a devout little church woman, with a leaning toward ritualism and a taste for discovering unappreciated genius where none existed.

And that was what she thought him to be—a genius.

He was a handsome man. At least he believed he was, and many women agreed with him. The land of dirt, debt and doubtful morality—of Bohemia—was familiar territory to him.

A wife, staid, placid and middle aged, the possessor of a moderate income, insured his escape from the dirt and the debt, but lacking these two important requisites, he had established a firm foothold in Bohemia.

The yoke of financial dependence did not weigh heavily upon him. He felt that in serving him his wife was happiest, and he made her life as pleasant as he could without interfering with his own personal comfort and amusements. He was as amiable at home as he was immaterial in the scheme of domestic economy.

But the girl mistook his dissipation of energy for the eccentricity of genius and burned incense to the fragment of her imagination. The incense was to his liking, so he introduced her to his Bohemia.

She was quite willing to go. Perhaps all unconsciously she was learning to follow wheresoever he led. A sign of the times was the change in her work. She turned slowly but surely from landscape to figures and above the figures always one face, a thin, interesting face, with clearly defined eyebrows, olive coloring and thin, ascetic lips, and, love guiding the brush, painted out every hard line. She painted the head of a woman, too; a woman whose face held the anticipation of a joy too



THEY HAD BEEN DINING AT THE GONDOLIERS.

tender for expression in words, a radiance which illumined the eyes and made the lips seem almost a-tremble with happiness she could not hide.

It was just at this time that he invited her into Bohemia. He felt it to be the psychic moment.

They had been dining at the Gondoliers. A certain clique gathered there Saturday night, and after dinner there was an impromptu programme presented by men and women whom the public knew best through the columns of the illustrated press.

Her head was in quite a whirl from having seen so many notables, as she termed them, between courses. It ached a bit, too, from trying to drink the various bad wines which seemed to come as a matter of course with the soup, roast entree and salad. She had decided that as she was really in Bohemia she might as well drop childish things and sit with her elbows on the table, as the other women did. But she declined the cigarette he offered.

A square shouldered Hercules had just finished singing a ditty which he had written for a current Broadway attraction and was resuming his place at the table opposite their own, when the man, lighting a fresh cigarette, remarked: "Clever chap, that. Used to trot in the smart set quite a little until he had that trouble with his wife. Fellows in this sort of business oughtn't to marry."

She looked at him in mild surprise. "Are most of these men married?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of 'em. More's the pity."

"And their wives are home alone?"

"My dear girl, you don't understand. The average woman does not make the least effort to understand, to cultivate, the man she marries. I know a chap who meant to make something of himself, but he passed to get married, and he never did anything. He wanted to go into new countries and build railroads and pave the way for civilization. She wanted to buy new frocks and go to afternoon teas and be president of her club. At first he rebelled, then pleaded, then striped with her. After that he didn't care much. He tried to

do many things, wrote a bit, painted some, studying medicine. But he was bored just the same.

"Then he met a girl who changed all that. She was sympathetic. She understood somehow that his life had been a failure, and the spark still glowed far back of the cloak of boredom. She tried to fan it into a brave flame once more. But she succeeded only in starting a new fire. He loved her, and he knew it. She loved him, but she did not know it. He knows that if they go away together he will forget the old life and the shadow of failure. But he is not sure how she will take it when she learns the truth."

He bent forward eagerly—so eagerly that had she looked into his eyes she must have read truth there. But she did not glance his way. Her eyes were fixed on something he could not see in the space that stretched beyond clouds of smoke, swaying heads and garishly decorated walls. Then she turned upon him a glance so utterly impersonal that he was abashed.

"I wasn't thinking of him, no, nor of his foolish, selfish wife. I was thinking of the girl. If she thinks that she can make him all that she wants him to be, if she believes in him—think what it means to her! Tell him"—and her tones were the eager ones now—"tell him never to let her know the truth. Tell him to pass out of her life. Better that she live idealizing his memory than die knowing the reality."

His glass went splashing to the ground. The forgotten champagne sparkled and sizzled as it leaped down the folds of her silk skirt. His apologies seemed more elaborate than the occasion demanded, and then he rose and reached for her coat.

At the door of her studio he left her. She held out her hand.

"It has been a delightful evening—I owe you so many pleasant times, the pleasantest that came into my life. You will drop in tomorrow? I want you to see my new picture in a good light."

He looked into the clear depths of her gray eyes. She did not know.

"Not tomorrow, but perhaps the next day. Good night, and—thanks."

Killing Ants With Cannon.

Artillery charged with grapeshot has been employed to destroy great fortresses which the termites, or warrior ants, have made in many tropical countries.

In South Africa the termites work enormous havoc. They live in a republic of their own, and some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queens, however, have none.

The workmen construct their buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become, in point of fact, mere egg laying machines, which have to remain tied to one spot.

Their nesting homes are often twenty feet in diameter in shape. Catapults. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers, and native hunters often lie in wait inside them when out after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon and which run three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be 500 times as high as the ant's body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

City of Crocodiles.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various "cities of crocodiles," the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service."

This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and palm trees grow almost into forests.

Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference.

This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was burned in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed Labyrinth at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

Virtue of Potatoes.

One morning early we began to plant the shrubs. "Where will ye have the rosy dandrums?" was my greeting from Thomas as I entered the garden. Having noticed from the breakfast table that he had slyly buried something at the bottom of each hole prepared for the planting, I awaited my chance the first minute he was out of sight, dropped on my knees, felt around in the soft soil at the bottom of the hole and unearthed a potato. Another hole and still another was examined. Yes; there was a potato in each. He must have wasted a bushel.

"Thomas," I said when he had returned with a load from the compost heap, "what are these potatoes doing down here?"

"Divil a tree will grow in Ireland without wan," he explained.

"How is that?" I asked in darkened ignorance.

"Ye see, murr, the patraity sprouts first off; thin, begorra, it lifts the loife into the tree and obliges it to push up forward." As a matter of fact, we did not lose a tree or shrub in spite of the long drought.—Country Life in America.

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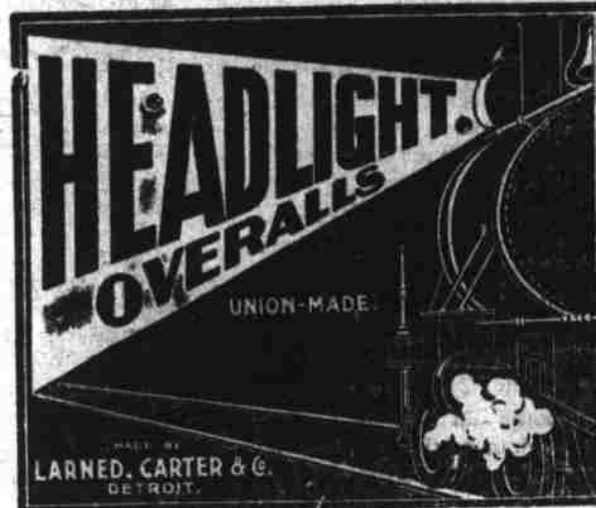
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\$11.10—BALTIMORE, MD. Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. Tickets on sale September 18, 19 and 20. Tickets must be deposited with Joint Agent in Baltimore immediately upon arrival, and upon payment of \$1.25 at time of deposit, limit will be extended to leave Baltimore not later than Oct. 3.

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