The News and Observer.

—BY—

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MORNING TONIC.

(Dr. Johnson.)

The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.

MERITED TRIBUTE.

That was a well merited tribute paid to State Superintendent Joyner by the State Association of County Superintendents in resolutions unanimously passed commending him for declining the Presidency of the State Normal College and continuing his work as State Superintendent. To succeed McIver as the head of this great institution was no doubt a tempting offer and in declining it Mr. Joyner showed greater regard for the educational interests of the State than for his own comfort and promotion.

It turns out now that Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the artist who gave up his wife and son to marry his "soul's affinity," gave his wife twenty thousand dollars in cash and "legally safeguarded the legal rights of the little son as heir to his million dollars estate." This explains why the cast-off wife acquiesced. She preferred to go without a scene if she could keep her boy and safeguard his rights. Within a few years the socialist artist will be wanting to change his "soul's affinity" for his real wife and son. No doubt his wife understands him.

The Southern is doing everything possible to make the people believe they cannot live at the 2 1-4 rate. They went too far when the conductor put County Superintendent Vann off the train because his ticket had not been validated at Black Mountain. It was not his fault, but the fault of the railroad which did not furnish sufficient employes at Black Mountain to attend to its business. It seems from such acts that the Southern is wishing to compel men to criticize its inexcusable contemptuous treatment of the travelling public.

This Pitt County Edition of The News and Obscerevr was prepared by Mr. Andrew Joyner, our Greensboro correspondent, and two of the regular members of the staff, Mr. V. C. Moore and Mr. Edward L. Conn. No better trio can be found in North Carolina journalism. Mr. Joyner is a native of Pitt county and his story of his old home has the flavor of a loyal son. Mr. Moore and Mr. Conn are past masters in their work.

In all its calculations of running passenger trains in North Carolina, the Southern figures the price at one dollar per train mile, the estimated cost of the finest Palm Beach Limited. It only costs forty-four cents per train mile to run a passenger train from Goldsboro to Raleigh. The "experts" make the price double in all expenses when figuring for "confiscation."

Mr. Dooley is a wise man. When he has nothing to say, he says it. That accounts for the absence of the Dooley letter today. Most men who write a weekly letter grow dull after a time. Mr. Dooley never does. Why? Because he realizes that sometimes his thinker will not work and he states nothing. That makes everybody read when he does write.

If you wish to impose a burden of $5,000 a year on Raleigh for a theatre and city offices, with no suitable auditorium, you need not register. If you wish to kill that proposition and get an auditorium that will fill the bill at half the cost later on, register and vote against the bonds.

So far the State has shown that, whereas it costs $44 a day to operate a passenger train from Greensboro to Goldsboro, the comptroller charges it at $100. That's a specimen of the way expenses are padded to show that nothing is earned by the Southern in transporting passengers.

Morganton and Statesville both took in more cash in August, 1907, for passengers than in August, 1906, but the Southern Railway folks are trying to explain it away. The disease of Plantism seems to be a germ that attacks nearly all Southern Railway officials.

So far neither President Finley nor Vice-President Andrews has testified. They are the men who know the sums spent for lobbying, newspapers, lawyers, experts and other methods of trying to run politics and evade State laws.

You'll never make anybody who travels on the Southern believe they do not make big money on hauling passengers. Two many passengers have to stand up to make that yarn go down in North Carolina.

The colleges are all opening with large attendances. The people are learning that it pays to invest in immortal mind.

The Ryans, the Whitneys and the Schwabs are now trying to organize a type-writer trust. Will they make it spell correctly?

PITT A METROPOLITAN COUNTY.

Today's issue of The News and Observer is mainly devoted to the story of Pitt county—a metropolitan county of Eastern North Carolina, that has made such grand strides in material and educational development as to win the admiration of the State. In this decade that great county has developed another quality greater than any industria sluccess—the spirit of hearty co-operation and united action by every community and town in the county. The individualism of the Eastern people, the aloofness of the towns from one another seen in nearly all counties where there are a number of thriving towns, and the lack of town and county leaders working together for the uplift of the whole county have prevented that larger development which their natural resources called for and their highest prosperity demanded. Pitt has more towns that are growing along the lines of activity than any county in the State. It is in fact almost an empire in territory, and in every section there are live and growing towns that stimulate development that touches every part of the county. The county town, progressive Greenville, is growing rapidly and is destined to be one of the largest towns in Eastern North Carolina, but its enlargement is not drawing from the smaller, thrifty towns that go hand in hand with it in building new industries and developing every resource of the county. The county seat indeed rejoices in the growth of other towns and they in like spirit of county pride rejoice to see their county seat growing in population, in manufacturing, in business, in every element that makes for prosperity and that attracts investors and good citizens from other sections. This general progress in the county is the most healthful sort of growth, for it does not draw into one central town the cream of the county to the detriment of the sections remote from the county seat, but secures the equal development of the township remotest from the county seat as well as those sections near the biggest town in the county.

Another and most happy thing about Pitt county is the fact that while its many towns have grown surprisingly, the agricultural development has been even more marked. While some leading spirits have been drawn from the country to the towns, the farmer living in his country home remains the leading factor in the county, and the chief wealth for town and county has come from the better and more business-like development of agriculture. The farmers have been going to school themselves, as they have taken a new interest in the education of their children. They have learned and put in practice diversification of crops, intensive cultivation, better drainage, more scientific fertilization, seed selection, the use of labor-saving implements, the care of stock and the importance of good blood, and the other essentials to successful farming, and all over the county you will find model farms, small and large, yielding fair returns to intelligent cultivation, and farm homes that have the air of care and thrift and happiness. Pitt is blessed with fertile land. It is more blessed with industrious and thrifty and intelligent farmers who are making it yield not only enough for sustenance, but enough to send the boys and girls to school, improve the homes and lay up something for a rainy day. The story of the agricultural development of Pitt cannot be told by object lesson like the story of a town's expansion. You must ride through the country, see the better farm houses, observe the better cultivation, look at better barns and stock, and know the general condition of the farms to fully understand the real agricultural progress. Those who have done this—and representatives of The News and Observer drove over most of the county last month—marvelled at the splendid agricultural conditions in Pitt county.

The educational life of Pitt county is an inspiration. In every town there are flourishing public schools and several useful high schools under church or private management. They are doing a great work. But the rural district is not behind. The story of what has been done in building good rural school houses, lengthening the term, providing rural libraries and giving enthusiasm to teachers, children and parents is told in the article devoted to public schools in Pitt county. The whole State has been stimulated by the enthusiasm of County Superintendent Ragsdale and the patriotic Board of Education of Pitt county, backed up by the educational spirit of the county. The crowning proof of the dominant educational spirit in Pitt was seen in the contest for the location of the Eastern Training School, when Pitt county secured the location for Greenville. Its success was directly and chiefly traceable to the local enthusiasm for public education that had burned brightly in every rural district and in every town in the county. Ten years ago the educational spirit and earnest co-operation did not exist in Pitt as today, and no such militant and determined organization could have been organized in Pitt county as put forth the successful and victorious campaign that won the location of that important educational institution. That school will grow year and by year and become a great power for good all over Eastern North Carolina. The fact that Greenville won is due to the united action of its people, the free voting of the necessary money by county and town, and the Spirit of Progress it manifested will tell in every other direction for the uplift and growth of the town and county.

This PITT COUNTY EDITION of the News and Observer, is not published as in any sense an advertisement of the county, though it will make known to many the wonderful progress of Pitt county and its progressive towns. It is published rather as an interpretation of a modern agricultural North Carolina county. We have had many stories of factory life and town building, but few of those sections of North Carolina where tilling the soil is the chief industry and the main source of wealth. Pitt county is such a county and for that purpose this edition will have an educational value of the highest order. So much have the mills and industrial towns been written about that some people have obtained the notion that they are the seats of power in North Carolina. They are great factors in all that is today making North Carolina richer and giving it greater reputation, but the real seat of power in North Carolina and the chief source of wealth is on the farm. The earth is the mother on whom the State mainly leans for sustenance. The articles about Pitt county in this paper, show what Old Mother Earth is doing for those who understand her. The agricultural development of Pitt county has been more gratifying in the past five years than in the previous twenty years, and it is but on the threshold of larger growth and development. Quicker and better transportation facilities will give a mighty stimulus to truck growing and all other forms of agriculture, as well as help toward securing the factories and mills and other industrial plants which will give the desired diversification of industries that best promote general and steady prosperity.

Those who knew the Pitt county in the old days when its only means of communication was water transportation will find this PITT COUNTY EDITION of The News and Observer a revelation. It will prove also an inspiration to those in the county who in their quiet, well directed industry will be surprised to see the mighty things they have accomplished.

This edition shows, too, that North Carolina is making giant strides. Its progress is confined to no section of the State. Its people are moving forward, and nowhere is there more of the right spirit of progress than in the great county of Pitt or more certainty of the steady development that is just ahead of its people.

WANT THE EARTH.

When the Southern Railway lawyers ask Judge Pritchard to enjoin the prosecution of a suit in a North Carolina Court against a North Carolina corporation, they go a thousand furlongs further than they have yet gone. When asked to restrain as to the Southern, they could plead that it was a foreign corporation. They can make no such plea as to the North Carolina railroad, and if Judge Pritchard should grant this latest request he would go further than any Federal judge ever dreamed of going.

In the progress and development of Pitt county, so clearly told in this issue, no factor has been more effective than the Greenville Reflector, edited by Mr. D. J. Whichard, one of the best citizens of the county. He has had an eye single to every good cause that meant the betterment of his county and the Pitt folks fully appreciate his labor of love.

If the Seaboard is thinking of changing its chief offices, Raleigh is the place. It is near the centre of the system and the best paying town of them all. It has property here and would get a warm welcome.

The News and Courier is right in saying that Artist Earle ought not to be permitted to marry his "soul's affinity" in this country. This is no place for dishonoring the marriage ties.

The Asheville afternoon paper has increased its subscription rate from four to five dollars. The increased cost of printing newspapers is very great.

Three one cent papers have doubled the price lately. They must do that or get bigger pay for advertising to make both ends meet.

The only sure way of getting a suitable auditorium is to vote down the plan to spend $100,000 and then have no auditorium.

Old Nolo Contendere has bobbed up again. This time it is the plea of men charged with "moonshining"

THE WISE MAN.

It's folly, rank folly, to waste any breath
On the fellow who knows all about it;
He can tell you of life and the mystery of death,
This fellow who knows all about it.
He is posted on all of the stock Presidential,
He can travel to heaven without a credential,
And in sickness he knows just the dope that's essential,
This fellow who knows all about it.

If in trouble, he'll tell you just where you are at,
This fellow who knows all about it;
For argument's sake he will strain at a gnat,
This fellow who knows all about it.
He can tell of the government's ways good and bad,
And he knows to a T the most fashionable fad,
But he never finds work—there is none to be had—
This fellow who knows all about it.

He is there when it comes to political dope,
This fellow who knows all about it;
He can hand out a talk smooth as glycerine soap,
This fellow who knows all about it.
He knows all the laws, amendments, revisions,
Can tell you the court's most important decisions,
But—he can't keep his family supplied with provisions,
This fellow who knows all about it.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GRAND UNION HOTEL.

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THE ACTOR'S WIT

Bright Sayings Credited to Mansfield

How He Squelched Three Verbose Promoters—Quarrels With His Leading Women—Had a Terror of Empty Houses.

Richard Mansfield, the great American actor, the foremost of his day, who died Friday, was for 25 years almost constantly in the public eye. It was only natural that scores and hundreds of stories should have been told about him. Many delicious bits of wit were attributed to him, and other anecdotes were related which did not always reveal him in the most enviable light. His high-strung, nervous temperament often betrayed him into an apparent indifference to the rights and feelings of others, and caused him to give offence where none was intended. The anecdotes of Mr. Mansfield, which follow, clipped from various metropolitan journals, will be read with interest:

In answer to a comment on his manner printed in a New York newspaper, Mansfield said: "I am, I confess, a poor, fretful creature, moved by fortune since a child, and have earned my living by hard work in many professions from an early age. I have starved so often that an empty house terrifies me."

Among other stories told on Mr. Mansfield is that of his reply to the promoters who came to him for capital to float "the greatest scheme since Col. Sellers' time." They painted their prospects in more colors than the rainbow, and their optimistic verbiage was more brilliant than an autumn sunset.

Mr. Mansfield listened; then asked, with delicious sang-froid: "Do you know why the Lord said to Ananias, "Stand forth?'" Upon receiving a negative reply, he said: "Well, I don't either, unless it was that you three could stand first, second and third.'"

On one occasion he was drilling a super to rush on and cry, "The enemy are with us!" The poor dullard tried it again and again, but could not approach even remotely to the idea of the actor. Finally Mansfield rushed on and gave the line in his own best style. "There," said he, "like that."

"Why, sir," said the timid supe, "If I could do it like that I would not be getting only $3 a week."

"hat!" replied Mansfield, "do you get only $3 a week? At that price, my boy, say it any d—d way you choose."

Since the time when Mr. Mansfield was caught in a small railroad wreck fast trains were odious to him. In May, 1901, while traveling in his special train from East St. Louis to Kansas City, the speed annoyed him. He sent for the conductor and ordered the speed promptly reduced to twenty miles an hour. Dispatches were sent along the line and other trains were forced to wait for the Mansfield special to crawl by.

Self-possession which he had learned in adversity never deserted him. As an example, too, of his humor, if rightly understood, it is told that at the end of one of the acts the manager, then Mr. Palmer, came into Mr. Mansfield's dressing room: "Young man, you are acting superbly," he said.

"That's what I am here for. You must excuse me. I am very busy," and Mansfield proceeded with his make-up, touching up the lines of his face for his third act.

After an attack of typhoid fever, when he was to begin acting at the Garrick Theatre in 1902, the famous player was forced to relearn roles formerly familiar.

"Through this illness, Mr. Mansfield has forgotten the lines of all the plays in his repertory," wrote Frederick Edward McKay from the player's retreat at Lakewood. "In every other respect he feels remarkably alert mentally. But the parts that he has played hundreds of times are wholly strange to him."

Mansfield hired a private secretary a few years ago, but was compelled to discharge him because he could not spell, and was otherwise rather lame in the matter of education. When the young man had received the notice of his dismissal he went to the actor and asked for an explanation.

"The fact is," he was told, "your education is too meagre for the requirements of the position."

Greatly offended, the ex-secretary exclaimed: "Why, sir, my parents spent $5,000 on my education."

"Then my dear boy," said the actor, "I would advise them to institute proceedings for the recovery of the money. They were swindled."

In 1898, after a performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," Isreal Zangwill, the novelist, essayist and critic, visited Mansfield behind the scenes.

"Do you like my interpretation of Cyrano?" asked the actor.

"You are a really great actor," he said. "In the first act you are admirable— unsurpassable. But you do not hold the mirror up to nature in the last act."

"What?" said Mansfield, furiously. "Do you mean that, sir?"

"Most assuredly I do. Permit me to add, sir, Coquelin in the closing scenes is more artistic, more consistent than you."

Mr. Mansfield, sensitive about himself and about the American stage, defended both furiously.

"Coquelin," he said. "Coquelin! Why, we can give Coquelin, Irving and your so-called European stars points they never heard about. You dare to compare my Cyrano, the result of months of arduous study, to that of Conquelin?"

Whereupon he went into his dressing room without bidding the novelist good night.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield were entertaining a distinguished company at their dinner table. There happened to be present however, one who was rather a bore. He made much of his refusal to partake of wine. "You may take an ass to the water, but you can't make him drink," he said. "As you please," replied Mansfield, graciously, "then I won't press you any more."

Last of the quarrels which the great American actor had with the women of his company, through extreme nervousness and inability to tolerate the least of imaginary faults, was with Miss Emma Dunn, who was playing the part of Ase in "Peer Gynt."

Miss Dunn left Mansfield after the first act of a performance in New York last March, accusing him of trying to embarrass her by making remarks in an undertone while she was reciting her lines and of handling her roughly.

"There is a scene in which Peer Gynt," said Miss Dunn at that time, "throws his mother to the top of the roof of a mill house. Mr. Mansfield would do it with unnecessary vigor. Also he struck me on the back with his clenched fist, placing me on the verge of nervous prostration."

Because of quarrels with the highly strung star eight of his leading women quit him. They were Isabelle Irving, whom re called "crude and inefficient;" Margaret Anglin, who later praised him; Katherine Grey, who settled everything amicably; Myra Brooks, after he had said, "You are coarse and vulgar. You cannot play comedy;" Eleanor Barry, who was greeted with "Terrible! Terrible! Why, you are an amateur;" Florence Kahn, with ringing in her ears his "Awful! Awful! you will destroy my reputation!" Lucilli Flaven, to whom he said, "Who ever told you that you could act?" and Emma Dunn.

An anecdote of Richard Mansfield was brought over one summer by a member of his company who had it from an English player who was an associate of the actor in his early career. As this narrator teels it, Mansfield, though a mere boy, was playing the leading role in a tragedy, in the last scene of which he was strangled. Sometimes, however, the actor who was to simulate strangling him became too realistic. Several times he nearly incapacitated the principal player for finishing his great scene. It came to such a pass that drastic measures had to be taken. One evening, in the green room, Mansfield sidled up to the muscular player who was to strangle him. The latter noted a strange addition to Mansfield's costume. Instead of the collarette of lace it was his wont to wear, bound about his neck was a leather band thickly studded with prongs.

"And what is that for?" he asked.

"Oh, that?" replied Mansfield, with the rising inflection and a smile in his voice, "that is merely a trifle to defer the collection of my life insurance. Most inconveniently the healthy condition of my neck and my throat is necessary for the pursuance of my profession and the earning of my daily bread."

The other actor saw the point and apologized. Mansfield took off the collar and never after suffered at his companion player's hands in the big scene.

Some years ago Mansfield was appearing in his great part of Richard III. A company of Harvard students, some because they needed the money and some for the "lark," got places as "supers" in the company.

One of the students in the course of rehearsal on the afternoon before the performance did something which displeased the star. He broke forth with all the vitrolic force of his intense nature. The student was "mad clean through," and vowed vengeance.

That evening he slipped into the theatre a dilapidated wooden saw horse. When Mr. Mansfield proclaimed "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" the aggrieved youth dropped the saw horse in front of the actor in full view of the audience, then discreetly made his escape.

Mr Mansfield ordered the curtain rung down and offered a reward of $500 to anybody who would point out to him the man who had thus humiliated him.

When he was at school in England the boys gave a performance of "the Merchant of Venice," Mansfield acting Shylock. The Bishop of Litchfield was a guest that day, and at the conclusion of the play he asked the youthful Shylock to come forward, so that he might speak to him. Shaking the boy's hand, he said:

"Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become an actor; but should you if I mistake not, you will be a great one."

Many years later an interviewer asked the actor what he thought of his act.

"Since Garrick's time there has been no actor but myself," replied the actor promptly.

Where the reporter's sense of humor was it is hard to tell, for he wrote up Mr. Mansfield as a terrible example of theatrical egotism. Evidently he completely missed the twinkle in the actor's eye.

A few years ago in an address to thirty graduates of a school of acting Mr. Mansfield gave the following advice:

"I trust you are not adopting the stage for your profession because you can't do anything else. If you can't do anything else you may be sure you will not succeed upon the stage, for the stage, above all other professions, needs a variety of accomplishments.

"It is quite time that persons with the manner of a sea cook should cease to disport themselves upon the stage—especially in society dramas. At least you should know how to use your knife and fork, how to sit down, how to bow and how not to bow. Do not imitate the gentleman who enters the stage drawing room and places his hat on the mantelpiece, parts the tails of his coat and straddled a chair. Do not pull down your shirt cuffs or contemplate your finger nails. One day at a rehearsal in Boston I saw a gentleman arranging his finger nails with a penknife while speaking to a lady. I think he did it to show he wasn't afraid to exhibit his insouciance and that he was just as much at home in a drawing room as in a stable. And he suceeded.

"The other day in a play which introduces a scene at a dinner table, I called the attention of the actor playing with me to the fact that well-bred people do not cut up their food and then lay the knife on one side and eat with the folk, but retain the knife and fork in their hands. 'You don't mean to say,' exclaimed the actor, 'that you want me to eat with my fork in my left hand?' and he looked about at the members of the company with so expression that said: 'I wonder what this crank will want next?' The stage does not need recruits who are boors and ill-bred people."

This story was told by Mr. Mansfield himself: "Years ago," he said, "when I was starving more or less, in London, I had reached the pleasant condition of having had nothing to eat that day, and having my last shilling in my pocket. I was walking along looking somewhat covetously into the windows of the various coffee houses and pastry shops I passed, when I suddenly came upon a friend of mine, a vagabond like myself, but apparently just then in much better luck. He was gorgeously arrayed in all the black and white splendor of evening clothes. He had a dinner invitation, he explained, at Lord Cavendish's or some place of that sort; we'd go in somewhere and have a little something on the strength of it. We went into one of those Bodega places that are scattered all over London, where you get a very decent glass of champagne, on draught, for sixpence. They always have a huge cheese about, you know, from which you can help yourself, which is about the nearest approach to the free lunch that they have over there. Well, we tucked into the cheese, or at least I knew I did, and we had our glass of champagne each. Now, I don't know whether you know it or not, but there is probably not a mixture in the world that is surer to create hunger than cheese and champagne. I hadn't needed a hunger, for I had a huge one already, but after that cheese and champagne I felt a positive gnawing. I was mentally gloating over the shilling's worth of food I would go forth and feast on, when my friend, shuffling his hands nervously from pocket to pocket, turned to me and said:

"'I am awfully sorry, old man, but I seem to have left my pocketbook at home. If you happen to have a shilling about you—'

"And I had the satisfaction of paying out my last shilling for that hunger-raising cheese and champagne."

A Magazine Worth Getting Acquainted With.

The publishers of Lippincott's Magazine report a most gratifying increase in its circulation during the past summer—though the summer months are a season when the circulation of periodicals usually shows a falling off. Lippincott's good showing is probably due to the exceptional quality of the fiction which has appeared in it of late. The September number shows no let-up in the efforts which its publishers are making to please the public. It opens with a novelette which is sure to attract attention both for its own intrinsic merit and on account of the author Carlyn Wells. Miss Wells has won an enviable reputation for her humorous work, and now proves that she can write serious fiction just as well as that of a more frivolous type. The novelette is entitled, "Chain of Evidence," and the plot is based on a murder mystery which we believe to be unique in fiction, although scientists affirm that the possibilities thereof are by no means exaggerated. How the mystery is solved and the criminal entrapped forms a narrative that is so absorbingly interesting that the reader will feel genuine regret when he comes to the end.

Benevolent Old Man—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye.

Promising Youth—You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BABY TORTURED BY ITCHING RASH

Face and Feet Covered—Rest Broken and Would Cry Until Tired Out—"Cradle Cap" Added to Baby's Torture—Tries Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND SPEEDY CURE

"My baby was about nine months old when she had rash on her face and feet. Her feet seemed to irritate her most, especially nights. They would cause her to be broken of her rest, and sometimes she would cry until she was tired out. I had always used Cuticura Soap myself, and had heard of so many cures by the Cuticura Remedies that I thought I would give them a trial. The improvement was noticeable in a few hours, and before I had used one box of the Cuticura Ointment her feet were well and have never troubled her since. I also used it to remove what is known as "cradle cap" from her head, and it worked like a charm as it cleansed and healed the scalp at the same time. Now I keep Cuticura Ointment on hand in case of any little rash or insect bites, as it takes out the inflammation at once. Perhaps this may be the means of helping other suffering babies. Mrs. Hattie Currier, Thomaston, Me., June 9, 1906."

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