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KINSTON, N. C., November 14, 1902.

The number of cases for petty offenses sent up to the superior court in this county for this term, is a strong argument in favor of giving to the lower courts a larger jurisdiction. In reading a report of the proceedings of the court one is struck with the number of petty crimes, such as carrying concealed weapons and fighting with deadly weapons, in which no serious injury has been inflicted, which has to occupy the time of higher courts. This it seems to us could be made much better by giving to justices of the peace larger powers with proper safe guards for the administering of justice. The jails are filled long before court convenes with a worthless crowd of vagrants who do not regard with any horror or dread, lying in jail for a time, but if absolute jurisdiction were given to magistrates these chronic offenders could be used to advantage on the roads instead of being a great expense to the county in feeding them.

The resolutions adopted by the quarterly conference of a Methodist church in Greensboro a day or two ago is in the nature of a well merited rebuke to Dr. Kligo, president of Trinity college, for his wholesale charge in a recent article in The North Carolina Christian Advocate, that the members of his and other churches, of high position, were guilty of acts in elections unbecoming a Christian, in fact charging them with theft of ballots. It is a well known fact that the atmosphere in which Dr. Kligo lives is not conducive to the health of those sentiments which are dear to the hearts of the masses in North Carolina, that of freedom from oppression from the evils with which he is so closely allied (we have reference to the trusts) and this being the case, it is perfectly natural that he should feel a certain chagrin that the principles for which he stands should receive such a slap in the face as the recent elections showed, but the fact that he has used his position as a great preacher in North Carolina and the official organ of Methodism in the State to vent his spleen, will not make for him any more friends.

Christian Buoyancy.  
Hope is Christian buoyancy as well as the means of salvation. It abides when faith has been finally crushed. Its ministry is always gentle and kind. It has brought luster to many an eye dimmed with tears and gladness to hearts that have been crushed and broken. It is possible for one to lose faith in another and yet remain hopeful of his final destiny.—Rev. George Lloyd, Congregationalist, St. Louis.

Man's Dual Obligation.  
Every man, whether he will or no, is under inexorable obligation to God and man. The old preachers used to argue that we all belong to God by right of creation, by right of redemption and by right of preservation. One greater than they, St. Paul, declared that "we are not our own, we are bought with a price," and therefore expects us to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are God's.—Rev. Dr. Alonzo Monk, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Solution of Life's Problem.  
It is God's power making man's peace, God's fatherhood making men brothers, God's voice settling all disputes, sweetening all bitterness, reconciling all enmities, and when it shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea then shall be solved all the social and industrial problems that make the world a military parade ground, for the world is not yet conquered, and there is still work for the conquering gospel.—Rev. Dr. Willey, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Whom Shall We Reverence?  
Now, what man shall we reverence? The perfect man. I admire the theology of Paul, the logic of Aristotle, the precepts of Moses, the code of Napoleon, the wisdom of Plato; I thrill to the eloquence of Pericles, the courage of John, the devotion of Stephen; I marvel at the brilliancy of Newton, the erudition of Darwin; I love the music of Beethoven, the poetry of Shakespeare; I stand in awe before the sphinx and the pyramids, "Transfiguration," the Dome of St. Peter's, I cover, but one man, and that is the Man so endowed with all the virtues we hope to see in man and women that it is no empty title to call him Master, Sarjant, Lord, etc. through nature to me, through men to the Man Jesus Christ, through Him to God.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brink, Episcopal, Philadelphia.

# Mouths Increase Faster Than Food Supply

By Dr. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS of the University of Nebraska



**M**OUTHS INCREASE FASTER THAN THE FOOD SUPPLY. This, in short, is the Malthus theory, and, while I criticize Malthus on many points, in substance his theory is right. Statistics show that the population increases at an alarming rate and that WERE IT NOT FOR THE DECIMATING PROCESSES OF WARS, DISEASES AND FAMINES THE WORLD WOULD SOON BECOME OVERCROWDED WITH PEOPLE. It has been shown that the population of the world doubles every fifty years.

One of the peculiar things about the rapid increase in population is that AS MORE MOUTHS COME FORTH TO BE FED FOODSTUFFS SEEM TO BECOME HIGHER. I HAVE NOT THE LEAST DOUBT THAT FOODS WILL BE HIGHER IN THE FUTURE THAN THEY ARE NOW. I do not think that meat stuffs will ever be as cheap as they have been before. Meats will cost more in spite of the fact that probably the future populations, considered as a whole, will be less able to buy them than they are now.

How to keep down the population of the globe and keep the earth from becoming overcrowded with people is a great problem. There must be checks put on the increase in our numbers. There might be two methods—one called the privative and one the positive method. By the positive method we mean by wars and disease and, if necessary, by immoral means, but this will not do. The only way, then, is by privative means, or, in other words, by preventive methods. This privative method must also be a moral one.

THE PROBLEM OF KEEPING DOWN THE POPULATION IS BEFORE SOME NATIONS TODAY AND WILL SOON BE A PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. SOME MEN OUGHT TO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO WORKING OUT THIS PROBLEM.

# Popular Education's Failures

By CHARLES W. ELIOT, President of Harvard

**I**T IS A REPROACH TO POPULAR EDUCATION THAT THE GRAVEST CRIMES OF VIOLENCE ARE COMMITTED IN GREAT NUMBER ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, in the older states as well as in the new, by individuals and by mobs and with a large measure of impunity. The population produces a considerable number of burglars, robbers, rioters, lynchers and murderers and is not intelligent enough either to suppress or to exterminate these criminals.

The nature of the daily reading matter supplied to the American public, too, affords much ground for discouragement in regard to the results thus far obtained by the common schools.

SINCE ONE INVALUABLE RESULT OF EDUCATION IS A TASTE FOR GOOD READING, THE PURCHASE BY THE PEOPLE OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF EPHEMERAL READING MATTER WHICH IS NOT GOOD IN EITHER FORM OR SUBSTANCE SHOWS THAT ONE GREAT END OF POPULAR EDUCATION HAS NOT BEEN ATTAINED.

A similar unfavorable inference concerning popular education may be drawn from the quality of the popular theaters of today. The popular taste is for trivial spectacles, burlesque, vulgar vaudeville, extravaganza and melodrama, and THE STAGE OFTEN PRESENTS TO UNMOVED AUDIENCES SCENES AND SITUATIONS OF AN UNWHOLESOME SORT.

# The Value of the Theater

By SARAH BERNHARDT

**I** AM A PASSIONATE LOVER OF THE ARTS, BUT OF THEM ALL THE THEATER IS THE ONE WHICH I PREFER, AS IT COMBINES THEM ALL.

Painting, sculpture and music are its collaborators. It is indeed a need of every nation, people and human being.

THE DRAMATIC ART, DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF CERTAIN PEOPLE TO LOWER IT, REMAINS LIVING, VIBRATING, POETIC, ENCHANTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The theater is a kaleidoscope, which presents to an attentive public the cowardice, crimes, vices and flaws of mankind, the errors of civilization and the ridiculous side of society. It shows evil and its causes, and THE SPECTATOR, AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE DRAMA OR COMEDY, OFTEN REMAINS CONSCIENCE STRICKEN AND WILL PROFIT BY THE LESSON. The theater, indeed, is a temple in which the adepts keep the sacred fire of art in all its forms and manifestations.

# We Need More Money

By JAMES R. KEENE, the Bull Leader of Wall Street

**T**HERE ARE NO SIGNS OF DIMINUTION IN THE GENERAL PROSPERITY.

Our foreign debt is smaller than at any period of our history, and our resources are immeasurably greater. The industrial and railroad outlook of the country is thoroughly satisfactory.

THE GREATEST MENACE IS OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM. WHEN OUR BUSINESS IS EXPANDING AND THERE IS A GROWING DEMAND FOR FUNDS, THE UNITED STATES TREASURY WITH-DRAWS MONEY FROM CIRCULATION.

The financial stringency which we have passed through has not been due to lack of prosperity; it has been the result of it. WE MUST HAVE CIRCULATION SUFFICIENT TO MEET THE GROWING BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY.

# Bandit Of Early Times

# Career of Sam Mason, the Freebooter Of Natchez Trace

There was recently discovered among the archives and state papers of Mississippi a worm eaten old French manuscript which gives some interesting and historically valuable details of the career of Samuel Mason, a desperate and famous freebooter of early times who plied his vocation in the lower Mississippi valley.

In the beginning of the last century the immense stretch of sparsely settled country in the more southerly part of the great Mississippi basin was a paradise for freebooters of all kinds. The lack of population and social organization and the consequent failure of police protection, together with the immense stretch of country over which they could extend their operations, afforded them the utmost liberty in the practice of their nefarious profession. Samuel Mason was the most notorious of the robbers to whom the situation of the country gave rise and afforded comparative security. His career covered a period of many years, and his name was a terror to the peaceful traveler, often forced to make inland journeys over narrow forest trails. Mason covered a vast deal of territory. Evidence was piled up to fix crimes upon him from as far north as the "Illinois country" to the southern part of the then Louisiana territory.

The legends that are still afloat about him are in strict accord with piratical conventionalities. He is reported to have been a man of tremendous strength.



MASON WAS CAUGHT IN THE TRAP.

with a face whose natural fierceness was enhanced by a black beard. In physical aspect and in cruelty and daring he was well fitted to be the leader of the band of cutthroats that terrorized the whole countryside for years. Four sons of his bearing a striking physical resemblance to him were the chiefest ornaments of the bloodthirsty band of ruffians he gathered around him after going to Mississippi territory.

At this period the overland route from Natchez to Nashville led through an almost unbroken forest, chiefly under the control of the Choctaws and Chickasaws. Houses of entertainment along the route were few and of the most primitive kind, being usually log structures having two rooms, with a hall between. Protection of life and property there was none. The traders had to form themselves into sufficient companies to protect their persons and property against the highwaymen, who filled the forest, or employ men for that purpose when starting out from Natchez. Along this route Mason and his band began a career of crime almost without a parallel. The "Natchez trace" became a perilous road and swallowed up many a peaceful trader trying to make his way back to the south with the proceeds of his thieft.

Murder was the usual accompaniment of these robberies, and it was committed not only where there was a resistance, but in many cases out of mere wantonness.

Mason soon began to find things hot for him and his band. Numerous crimes were fixed on them by evidence simply sufficient in those days. The whole territory was aroused. He now threw off all disguise and gloried in his reputation as a desperado. In the forest, near where robberies were committed, he had a habit of carving his name "Mason, the Man of the Woods," was the self adopted sobriquet which he vaingloriously carved almost wherever he went. His daring knew no bounds. At last Governor Claiborne offered a reward of \$2,000 for the capture of Mason.

The gang determined to quit the Mississippi territory, where they were being hourly hunted by state militia, United States troops, citizens and Indians.

During the early part of January, 1803, the party reached La Petite Prairie, a settlement on the Mississippi south of La Nouvelle Madrid, the French civil and military post. They signified their arrival in that section by robbing some flatboats which were going down the Mississippi river. To the inhabitants they said that they had come with the intention of settling and cultivating the land.

Evidences that the party, which consisted of eight men and a woman, was not what it should be began to accumulate, and the commandant of the military post was informed that it was believed that it was the band of Samuel Mason.

He thereupon ordered that Dr. Pierre Antoine Laforge and Dr. Robert McCay, officers of militia, go at once to the scene, investigate who these people were and if necessary arrest them and bring them for further examination to New Madrid. These men, accompanied by the interpreter of the post and a militia squad, went at once to the settlement. They kept their movements as secret as possible and managed to arrive at the house of Dr. Francois Le Sieur without letting the news get out that they were there in force.

His capture was effected by means of a ruse. Never dreaming that there was any military in the neighborhood, he went without hesitation to the house of Le Sieur, evidently with the idea that his crimes were not so well known this high up the country, and he would therefore be able to satisfy the commandant's envoy as to his good intention. This strange confidence cost him dear. Mason and five men of his band went to the house, met the official, and Mason began an explanation of his intentions, which were, he said, entirely honest and commendable. Dr. Robert McCay listened a minute or so until the soldiers could surround the house and then cut him short, curtly telling him that he could make his explanations later on to the military commandant at New Madrid. They were told that the house was surrounded and resistance would be useless. Caught in the trap, there was nothing to do but submit, and this they did with considerable grace.

At the conclusion of the subsequent examination, which had lasted thirteen days, it was decided to send the record and the prisoners to New Orleans to be dealt with as the governor general there should think proper.

At this point the record ends as far as the manuscript in the possession of the historical department at Jackson is concerned. There is nothing extant to indicate what disposition of them was finally made by the authorities on the other side. From various circumstances, however, there is strong ground for the belief that they were either released by those authorities or, what is much more probable, that in some manner the prisoners made their escape from custody.

However this may have been, the account that Claiborne gives of Mason's end would indicate that he got away in some manner and returned with a part of his gang to his old haunts in Mississippi. The usually accepted account of his death is tragic in the extreme. One day he and his gang robbed a traveler. In searching him they found a copy of the proclamation of the governor of the territory offering the reward for his capture. This was the first intimation seemingly that his confederates had of the value of his capture. Shortly afterward he had a falling out with two of his men—Sutton and Harp—and they only waited for the opportunity to betray him to his death.

One day it came, and they killed him. In order to prove his identity they cut off his head and with it went to Greenville, Jefferson county, where court was then in session. They succeeded in getting a number of people who knew Mason well to identify the head as that of Mason and were in a fair way to establish their claim and get the reward without exciting suspicion. While the matter was still in debate, a traveler rode into the town and recognized the two men as the robbers who had waylaid him on the Natchez trace a short time before. He



THE TRAITORS CUT OFF MASON'S HEAD.

was the very man from whom they had taken the governor's proclamation which gave them the idea of murdering their chief and obtaining the reward.

This bit of judicial justice was conclusive. The two men were at once arrested, and, now that suspicion was raised, it was found comparatively easy to identify the pair as Harp and Sutton, two notorious outlaws. To handle with them, they were subsequently tried and hanged. The falling out between them was not a happy one, and the two men were not on good terms.

# Lost In Black Forest

**F**ive Terrible Weeks In The Woods of Pennsylvania

The marvelous adventure of Mrs. Mary Button, a woman eighty-two years old, who wandered five weeks in the Black forest of Pennsylvania, with only roots and berries to eat, is unparalleled in modern history.

One day in August Mrs. Button left the home of her son John in Haneyville, Clinton county, Pa., to pay a visit to her other son, Charles, who lives at Hector, in the same county, thirty-five miles away.

She began her journey early in the morning, and that night found her at the lumber camp of Ben Heritt, in the Black forest, above Slate run. She was made welcome by the lumbermen, and early next morning she started out again.

That was the last time she was seen for five weeks. When a week had elapsed, John Button wrote to his brother in Hector and received a reply that their mother had not as yet reached Hector. Then a search was begun, in which nearly all of the many



A SNAIL WAS STANDING OVER THE OLD WOMAN.

hundred woodsmen of the section joined. Day and night it was kept up for two weeks. Then it was abandoned as altogether hopeless.

"The bears have her by this time," the old hunters said.

But they were mistaken. Five weeks after her disappearance Joseph and John Sweese, brothers, who reside at Sunderlinville, started on a hunt for ginseng root in the Black forest. The second day out they found the body of the old woman in a pile of leaves. She was a pitiable and forbidding sight. Her bones in places protruded through her skin. Practically no flesh was left on her body. Her hair was a tangled and matted mass. Her clothing was in tatters. She seemed, in fact, more like a corpse than a living creature. She was taken home and by careful nursing gradually restored to a semblance of her former self.

In relating her terrible experiences the old lady said: "Some days I got so lonesome that I would just sit on a log and try to twitter like the birds—seemed to think if I could catch one to keep near me it wouldn't be so bad. "But one day everything sort of became dim. All I recollect is I was so weak I couldn't walk any more. "I felt then my hour had come. "I was burning up with fever; my head was splitting. I heard the roar of a stream and tried to drag my body to it. Sharp thorns and briars pricked my hands. Gnats and mosquitoes just swarmed about me. Five or six times I lost my senses, but somehow I kept crawling on. "Then something horrible happened. The old woman covered her eyes with her hands as if to shut out a dreadful vision. "Before I realized what I was getting into," she continued, "my hand touched something slimy. It was dreadful, dreadful, but the horror of it recalled me to my senses, for I knew that I had crawled into a nest of hissing rattlesnakes. I could see the creatures wriggling in a slimy and sickening mass and hear them hissing and rattling all about me. "I threw the snake that I had touched away from me, and, seizing a broken limb, I fought the others till there was a clear space about me. Some of my strength had returned, and, with another despairing effort, I rushed toward the stream. But I can't recollect about reaching it. Everything got dark then.

The horror of Mrs. Button's narrative made her pause for several minutes. "I don't know," she continued, "how long it was after that—it might have been days—but anyway the sun was shining through the trees when something woke me. I looked up, and there, standing over me, was a big black bear. He was licking my face. "Whatever strength I had left me at the time the sight of the creature landing upon me, I fainted again. When I awoke I found myself lying on my back, and a man was sitting by me.

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