

The Pinehurst Outlook

Published Friday, Twenty-five Weeks
in the year, at

Pinehurst, Moore County, North Carolina.
(Founded by JAMES W. TUFTS.)

Leonard Tufts, Publisher.
Herbert L. Jilson, Editor.

Fifty Cents Annually, Payable in Advance;
Three Cents a Copy.

Address all Business and Editorial Communi-
cations to the Editor.

Make all Remittances Payable to the Order of
LEONARD TUFTS, Publisher.

Entered in the Post Office at Pinehurst, N. C., as
Second Class Mail Matter.

(Copyright 1902.)

FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1902.

IN THE DEATH of Thomas Brackett Reed, which occurred just after midnight Sunday morning, the nation loses one of her ablest statesmen and the State of Maine one of her most distinguished sons. It is such men as Mr. Reed that make a nation great and it is the loss of such that cause deep and sincere mourning on every hand.

Mr Reed's career as a statesman has made him famous throughout every State in the Union. As speaker of the National House of Representatives he made a name for himself which resounded half around the world.

Of mighty intellect, broad understanding and courageous convictions, he was bound to attain success in the highest degree. He was a statesman, not a politician. Original in thought and fearless in advancing his ideas, he was resolute and aggressive in executing them.

A man of Mr. Reed's characteristics was bound to constantly clash with political opponents and around him have centered some of the bitterest political conflicts in the history of the National House of Representatives. As the victor of these conflicts he was not altogether popular, but he made no real enemies and was universally admired and respected. Staunch and true as a Republican and American citizen, brilliant as a statesman, an astute lawyer, a kind and loving husband and father, all the nation will join with Maine in her grief—*Bangor (Maine) News*.

Thomas B. Reed was not only a great figure in American public life, he impressed himself in a striking manner upon European politics. He was the first to attempt reform in parliamentary procedure, and the success of his effort was so immediate and beneficial as to open the eyes of all enlightened countries. It was a remarkable achievement, demanding absolute courage as well as ability and judgment. He had them all in an uncommon degree, and he startled even his own party associates by his audacious use of them. Though the parliamentary revolution wrought by Mr. Reed occurred only a few years ago, it would seem strange now for a minority to endeavor to control the majority and arrest legislation.—*Baltimore American*.

CHRISTMAS will be given a fitting observance at Pinehurst. The celebration

will begin with informal affairs at the various hotels and boarding houses Christmas eve. Already plans are making at The Berkshire for Christmas trees. Christmas morning services will be held in the Village Hall and Christmas evening the same place will be used for a colored cake walk which promises to be unique, entertaining and instructive. The cake walk is typical of the negro; something that has been developed by him and it represents a true phase of the life that cannot fail to interest those who on the outside, catch only fleeting glimpses of his character.

NOT THE LEAST of the attractive features of the country-side 'round about Pinehurst, are the homes of the country people. Though often tumbled down, they are always picturesque and quaint, especially attractive to artists and photographers, and having a strange human interest for all. Often they comprise but a single room which serves alike as kitchen, dining, sitting and sleeping room, and in which the open fire is used for both cooking and heating.



"Picturesque and Quaint."

Education as Capital.

Take a man earning \$15 a month, and capitalize him like any other business enterprise at say six per cent, and he would be worth \$3000. Deducting one-third of this amount for the average chances of death, he would still be worth 2,000 dollars to himself. His value to his family would be further lessened by the cost of his personal support. Take another earning \$150 a month, and capitalize him in the same manner. He would represent a capital of \$20,000, ten times that of the other. This is not a mere financial conceit. It is practically the rule of damages followed by the courts in cases of death by wrongful act, taking into consideration the life expectancy of the deceased. It should be the rule to be substantially followed in the education of every child.

If a parent can educate a son from a \$15 hand to a \$150 hand, he has started him with a handsome capital most securely invested. If the father is unable to do it, and the State does it, is it not a profitable investment? The State recognizes it as such in its system of tax-

ation, inasmuch as it taxes a man both upon his head in the shape of a poll tax, and his personal earnings in the shape of an income. By education I do not mean exclusively scholastic training. I mean such training, manual and mental, as will best fit a child for the fulfillment of those duties in life which he will be called on to perform.

With increase of capital will come increase of power; but whoever would rightly reckon with the industrial forces of the South in the coming years must not overlook the human equation. Even in a material sense, the best capital a State can ever have, the noblest in its nature and the most permanent and productive in its results, consists in the educated manhood of its people—*Judge Robert M. Douglass*.

DECISIVE ACTION NEEDED!

The "Duck Degenerate" is Spoiling Maryland's Duck Supply.

"If some decisive action is not immediately taken by the sportsmen of Maryland," says John Henry Keen, a well-known hunter of Baltimore, "the wild

instruments of torture are an improvement upon the Indian fashion. They can, and do, rack every duck ground and feeding marsh in Maryland. The cowardly degenerate now snares the ducks by nets. These nets have meshes into and through which the tired duck dives for his food. The ground is first sown with corn. When the duck redives for the surface, his head and neck pointing upward, he comes with all his force and finds himself entangled in the meshes of the net. The duck misses the opening into and through which he first plunged. Before the break of day the duck degenerate fishes the net, and thousands upon thousands of these captives go to the markets.

"The naphtha launch fiend does not stand upon a much higher plane than his brother degenerate. He sails noiselessly upon the feeding rick, so screened that he cannot be seen, and when in range pours his deadly volley into the quietly feeding flock. Is it strange that the wild duck deserts his favorite famous Maryland feeding grounds?"—*The American Field*.

An Enemy of Superstition.

Mr. Holley looked at his grand on with a mixture of amusement and reproach on his shrewd old face. It was dusk in the barn, a time for confidences. "I dunno where in all the earth you got such notions, sonny," the old man said; "not from your ma's folks, or your pa's either. There never was any talk o' belief in signs and superstitions in either the Holley or the Fawcett stock, that's sure. It must have come from that foreign lady they had to teach you, I expect."

"And you don't believe there's any harm in a bird's flying into the house, or breaking a mirror, or seeing a black cat, grandpa?" asked the little boy, earnestly. "And don't you care whether a pin sticks straight up in the floor, or which shoulder you see the moon over, or whether you get anything on you wrong side out? Not any of those things?"

"All foolishness," said the old man, with a reassuring pat of the hot little hand. "I'm glad ye've talked it out with me, sonny. Now you just put it out of your head, and I'll tell you what I'll do. When we go up to the house I'll give ye a little old penny I've been saving for ye for a lucky piece. You jest carry it in your pocket all the time,—change it from one suit o' clothes to another—and see what 't'll bring ye."

"Do they really bring luck, grandpa?" asked the little boy.

"Course they do," said Mr. Holley, firmly. "When we get another spare time I'll relate to ye a few cases that's come under my own eye, of lives saved by 'em, and so forth. Course they do."—*Youth's Companion*.

POSSUM AND TATERS.

Season for This Famous Southern Dish Now at its Beginning.

At this time of the year a steady stream of fat opossums and Georgia sweet potatoes comes from the South to the New York markets, says the *New York Evening Post*. The trade begins in October and lasts until May. Originally it was caused by the yearning desire of homesick Southerners to have a reminder of Dixie upon their dining table, but so many were the Northerners who learned

duck history of this state must be shortly written.

"The epoch in the game history of Maryland is unmistakably in its decline. The epoch of the pothunter degenerate is unmistakably announcing its re-approach. The duck degenerate has shown himself extremely fertile in most diverse directions. Formerly this midnight assassin prowled to his prey with a dark lantern and heavily loaded swivel gun. Stealthily he stole upon the feeding grounds of canvasbacks, redheads, mallards and baldpates; at one fire the dead fowl lay scattered in drifting heaps.

"The present system of the duck degenerate is that of imminent perdition and destruction, and the duck degenerate now dominates every tried duck river and cove in Maryland. The new despoilers have appeared with an able body-guard even upon the flats at Havre de Grace, Northeast river and all the environments of that great feeding ground.

"No one throughout all Maryland, it seems, dares to molest or make the duck degenerate afraid. They pursue their own way with smiling serenity. Their