

SOUTHERN PINES

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VOL. VI No. 41

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1909

5c. COPY \$1 YEAR

THE ART OF FORGETTING

The Wear and Tear of Life Much Reduced by Forgetting Many Things—Forget Little Annoyances and Fix the Eyes on Big Things

CARRIE MAY ASHTON

It was James Lane Allen who said: "How exquisite in life is the art of not seeing many things, and forgetting many that have been seen."

That of forgetting is much more of an art than that of remembering. The person who has truly learned the lesson, who can forget the disagreeable, irritating things that are constantly heard, who does not remember the gossip, the slights, or the pinpricks that are all about him, who has learned that forgetting is of much more value to him than Latin or Greek, or anything taught in the schools.

How many we meet on the journey of life who will neither forget their own troubles or allow anyone else to forget them.

What is more refreshing than to find now and then a wholesome, optimistic, broad-minded soul who is both blind and deaf to the petty trifles of everyday life, who talks only of the brightness and goodness that is everywhere about us?

Morbidness and over-sensitiveness are trying traits to possess, but they can be conquered, if one only sticks to it.

Supposing one of Mr. Adams' friends did not speak to him when he passed him, is it any reason for stirring Mr. A. up, and indirectly his whole family? Perhaps he was preoccupied, or he may have been near-sighted. At any rate, why not give him the benefit of the doubt until one finds out the truth of the matter?

Alas! that so many are ready, like one judge, to pronounce the verdict before the testimony is listened to. Human nature is seldom as bad as it is pictured.

The tribulations and trials that daily come to our ears in the way of complaints, intolerance, wrongs, errors, humiliations, injustice, and a score of other short coming are enough to wear out heart and brain, and would fill the pages of several volumes.

How can we combat this evil? Only by forgetting our own slights and worries, by living above them and dwelling only on the big things of life, and striving to always lend a hand can this be done. When we put self in the background we have accomplished much.

The Patch & Richardson Building

The Patch & Richardson Building is being pushed with all speed, and will be finished in ample time for the winter's business. The building is two stories high, with the walls carried a few feet higher for the inclined roof. The first story is twelve feet high and the second ten. The front is of pressed brick, a trifle darker than those of the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company's building, which it adjoins. The building is flush with the sidewalk and

not set in as are most of the older structures on Bennett street. The building is thirty feet wide and seventy feet long, or 4,200 feet of floor space in both stories.

The entire front, windows and doors, will be of plate glass, and the supporting posts of iron. The structure will be fire-proof, and Mr. Patch is authority for the statement that thieves cannot break through nor steal. It is hard to believe, but he ought to know. The large floor space and the high walls will give space for a large stock of goods and for their most advantageous display.

The use to which the second floor will be put has not been decided. It would make a good entertainment hall. It would be a fine home for some lodge. Patch & Richardson may soon need it in their business. The entrance will be in the rear, from New Hampshire avenue, and there will also be a stairway leading from the northwest corner of the store. The inside work will be hastened as has the exterior, so that none of the busy season may be lost.

A Home Scientist

Not many people in Southern Pines realize what really distinguished service Rev. Abram Herbert Manee, a resident of the town, is rendering to entomological science. His work has drawn the attention of many scientists this way, and every now and then some man clad in tramping outfit may be seen, whose name stands high among the savans. Mr. Manee himself is finding many rare things hereabouts and is making valuable contributions to the current and permanent literature of the science.

For a long time the writer has had in one of his office drawers a copy of the Entomological News in which Mr. Manee has considerable matter of great merit. The Tourist gets at it in this way: It would not be in that scientific repository if it were not meritorious, and then it is so far beyond the Tourist's understanding that it is easy to believe that it has great value. One full-page illustration is Manee on *Bolboceras* and *Anurogryllus*. Another full-page illustration is Manee on *Bradycinetus Ferrugineus*. Who would have believed that there are such fierce beasts roaming the fields of this quiet region? Perhaps, like some others, their names are the worst part of them and that after the introduction is over they are pretty good fellows.

Ready for the Machine

The September issue of the Baseball Magazine is of absorbing interest to all lovers of baseball. "The History of Baseball," by William T. Rankin, is the most complete and accurate chronicle of the great national sport that has come from the pen of any writer, and no one is better qualified to treat of this subject than Mr. Rankin, who has always kept well in touch with it.

Edward M. Thierry, a well-known Pittsburg writer, writes on the "Slang of Sporting Writers." Many will be interested to read the article of Paul Freely on "The

Passing of a Veteran," who is none other than George Van Haltren, for many years a crack major leaguer. The veteran, Ted Sullivan, still young in baseball, has a word say about baseball writers. Zane Grey and J. S. Woodhouse contribute stories of the game. Actors are proverbially fond of the national sport, and such lights as Lulu Glaser, Sam Bernard and Fred Stone, of Montgomery and Stone, show how carefully they have followed baseball, and their observations thereon. Pictorially the magazine is immense, and there are other features that cannot but make a hit with the reader.

Commissioners' Meeting

A regular meeting of the Board of Commissioners was held in Firemen's Hall on Wednesday, September 8, at 4 P. M., with Mayor French in the chair. Members of Board present—Messrs. Burgess, Clark, Richardson and Thomas.

The minutes of the last regular meeting was read and approved.

The following bills were read, audited and ordered to be paid:

W. Lee, street work	5 30
W. Medley "	3 00
B. Leslie "	5 25
Charles Hafer, surveying services	17 00
J. J. Farrey, material	10 89
J. T. Scarboro, hauling litter	22 50
J. T. Scarboro, hauling material	11 85
A. J. Thomas, hardware	11 25
C. W. Mills, assisting surveyor	2 00
The Tourist, printing permit blanks	1 25
John T. Hesser Coal Co., coal	46 75
Henry Armstrong, road work	20

It was moved and carried that two orders of \$7 each be drawn in favor of Geo. Brower for work as engineer at pumping station for the weeks ending September 15 and 22, respectively.

It was moved and carried that two orders be drawn in favor of William Lee for street work, one for \$5.50 and one for \$6.

It was moved and carried that the Mayor inform the Township Supervisors that the Town Commissioners unanimously approve of working the road from Broad street on Maine avenue to Bennett street, thence on Bennett street to the town line.

It was moved and carried that the water rate be made 30 and 40 cents per 1,000 gallons, those using in excess of 20,000 a quarter paying 30 cents per 1,000 gallons, and those using 20,000 or less a quarter paying 40 cents per 1,000 gallons.

It was moved and carried that the rates for installing water taps be as follows: For one-half inch taps, \$5.50; for three-fourth inch taps, \$6.50; for one inch taps, \$7.50.

Adjourned.

G. W. MARTIN, Clerk.

September Strawberries

Some time ago the Tourist mentioned the fact that out at Sunnyside Fruit Farm Mr. J. D. Sayer had picked strawberries every month in the year. On Monday night, September 6, the Tourist received a box of ripe strawberries, picked on that day at Sunnyside, with Mr. Sayer's compliments. They were not as large as in May, but they were good average berries, red and juicy—real strawberries and unusually sweet.

The Lighter Side

Everybody's picks up some of the best jokes that are turned out. Here are a few that are not so bad:

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read: WET PAINT.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you'r a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

"My opponent's argument," said Senator Dolliver in a recent campaign, "has about as much logic—Did you ever hear about the young woman in Fort Dodge? One spring morning she sat on the piazza of her pretty little home sewing a button on her husband's coat. The husband himself appeared and she said, fretfully: 'It's a perfect shame the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you.'"

Dennis was doing his best to speak respectfully of the dead.

"Yes," he said, "Mike was a foine mon. Honest, straightforward, hardworkin', gin-erous—"

"Ginerus?" questioned Barney, rather doubtfully. "Did ye ever know of his treatin' any one in all his loife?"

"Well, he nearly treated once."

"Nearly treated?"

"Yis. I remember once he dhropped in to Cassidy's when th' boys were all there. 'Well, lads,' he sez, 'what'll we have?'—wid a wave of his hand toward the bar. 'What'll we have?—rain or snow?'"

A chocolate darkey and his "yaller" girl were walking along together.

"I'se skeered mos' to def, Rastus."

"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I'se skeered yo'se gwine to kiss me."

"How can I kiss yo' when I'se got a bucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"

"Oh, well, yo' fool, I wuz thinkin' yo' could set de bucket ob watah on de groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot over him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms around me an' des hep yo'self."

Ah, you tell me, Charles Augustus, that your love will never die, that your passion is eternal as the stars; you would write my name, you tell me, on the reaches of the sky, you would brand it on the crimson face of Mars; you would dare the Hyrcan tiger, you would brave the arctic snow; you would face at least a dozen kinds of death; but I ask no such devotion—it is this that I would know: Will you love me when there's onion on my breath? You have named a hundred horrors that you'd meet with dauntless breast, if you thought such deeds would make me love you more; you would slay the fiery dragons in the mountains of the West, you would drown the foul enchanters in their gore; you would scorn the mystic terrors of the Arab's Thousand Nights, you would harry all the witches of Macbeth; but the one doubt still assails me, and my gentle soul affrights—will you love me when there's onion on my breath?—Walt Mason, in the Washington Herald.

Who struck Billy Patterson gives way to who reached the pole first. It's your guess.