

HOW TO BREATHE.**Health and Longevity Come From Proper Use of Lungs.**

Pure invigorating air is one of Pinehurst's greatest attractions, and proper breathing will assist very materially in deriving benefit from it, thereby placing the body in the best possible condition for resisting disease.

It is not enough to tell people to breathe, says the *Youths' Companion*, but to tell them *how to breathe*, for many with the best will in the world, do not know how. It is not enough to sit in a chair and take a deep breath from time to time; nor can any one always be taking full inspirations, for that requires thought and special effort. We must breathe in the ordinary way most of the time, and supplement this by certain special exercises at given periods.

Any form of exercise properly taken calls for increased respiratory effort, and so may be called a breathing exercise; and this applies particularly to rapid walking, which is the best all-round exercise that is given to man to indulge in. But we can augment the utility of rapid walking (by which is meant a gait of from three to four miles an hour) by combining with it a special breathing exercise.

Many persons, walking in the city, make it a rule to fill the lungs as full as they will hold of air each time they come to a street-crossing, holding the breath until the farther side of the street is reached. This is an excellent habit to form, but it is not always possible to observe the rule while dodging cars, cabs and automobiles.

The best time for special breathing exercises is at night before retiring and in the morning before the bath. Standing upright, with the head thrown back, the mouth closed and the arms at the side, rise gradually to the tiptoes, raise the arms slowly to the horizontal position, and keeping them well back of the body, breathe in as deeply as possible; then slowly lower the arms to the side, and come down flat-foot while expelling the breath as fully as possible. Repeat these movements about four times a minute. Begin as before, but do not stop when the arms are horizontal. Continue to raise them until they are stretched as high as possible, the hands not being allowed to come together, but kept apart the width of the shoulders or a little more. Continue to inhale until the hands are as high as possible, hold the breath for two or three seconds, then exhale slowly and fully as the arms are lowered to the side.

These exercises and many variations of them grow easy with practise, and if performed night and morning in a well-aired room will increase wonderfully the vital capacity.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the weekly whist party at The Berkshire. Mrs. S. A. Thompson, Norwood, Mass., won the first women's prize. Mrs. C. E. Moorehouse, Fair Haven, Vt., second, and Mrs. A. S. Moore, Lynn, Mass., third. The "men's" prize was won by Mrs. F. W. Jenkins, Barre, Mass. Judge Edward F. Johnson, Woburn, Mass., secured second, and Mr. S. B. Williams, Rochester, third.

THE VALUE OF PORCHES.**Loafing on Them Will do Wonders for Overworked Men and Tired Women.**

Sit on Them and Watch the World Go By--Read a Little, Dream a Little and Listen to the Birds.



THE Village of Pinehurst is abundantly blessed with porches. They are features of all the hotels, add a quaint charm to the cottages, and are much appreciated by the visitors here. In this connection the remarks of a veteran New York doctor who is famous for repairing people with a rather odd prescription. Overworked men and nerve-wrecked women, all out of sorts with life, come to him in an ever-lengthening line and beg to be set aright. He looks them very closely in the eye for perhaps a minute, and then says, leisurely, with great, genial heartiness that in itself is almost a cure on the spot:

"Well--well--I wouldn't lie awake nights worrying very much about it, if I were you. You're all right, every bit, only you've gone a trifle 'stale,' as the boys say in college athletics. What you need more than anything else is to do a little judicious loafing. Something in the way of a sun bath daily. In fact, the very best thing I can recommend for you is a piazza in the Berkshires in the summer, or at Pinehurst in winter! Just sit there for a month or two and watch the world go by. Read a little, dream a little and listen to the birds, but don't you dare do a single useful thing. And the longer you sit there the surer the cure."

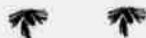
A piazza in the Berkshires or at Pinehurst! The old doctor knew what he was talking about, for a piazza anywhere will do, even yours or mine, and the bigger and sunnier and more enticing it is the better, and in this latter particular Pinehurst porches excel.

It's a pity we Americans don't make more of our piazzas. They beat us badly at this sort of thing over in southern Europe, along the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Even the poorest Italian and Spanish peasant there knows enough to have his little vine arbor and to bask in it when the sun is high in the summer skies. As for the villas of the better endowed, they would as soon be without such a thing as they would be lacking fruit to eat or wine to drink.

All the way from Barcelona to Capri, and especially along the Riviera, every one has pergolas or balconies overlooking the sea, on which they sit at all possible hours and watch the waves roll in, and the flowers bloom, and listen to the music of the strolling players. They are wise enough to know how necessary, both to mind and body, daily repose is; wise enough to know that life should not be turned into merely a business affair.

If we could only, here in strenuous America, do a little of the same sort. We're such awful grubs, with our noses forever in the dirt after the dollars. And the longer we bury ourselves in the com-

mercial tombs of the slaving cities the worse we get. Nerves come and digestion goes, until presently we find ourselves disgruntled old parties, with our skies always overcast and our bones always aching. And then, when it is too late, we sigh for a sight of the green things out in God's country. Which would never have happened, you know, if we'd only done a little judicious loafing on some piazza, as the years were slipping by.

**THAT'S THE ENTRY.****Strange Things Done by Newly Rich at Swell Hotels.**

There's a fashionable hotel--there may be more--where the frescoes on the ceiling, and the gilding on the white paint seem to add fifty per cent to the bill of the guest who is brave enough or rich enough to enter its portals.

Everything in the hotel is in keeping. The clerks are magnificent young men, the porters eye one with an air of condescension; and the chambermaids wear their caps as if they were diamond tiaras. Everything in the place is expensive, particularly the waiters.

To this summer receptacle for gilded aristocracy came two of the newly rich, accompanied by a maid, a valet, a poodle, and an array of luggage that made the clerks stare, and the porters say things that would sound better in Chinese than in English, provided that subtle language is elastic enough to stand the strain of translation.

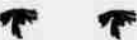
These two guests were father and daughter, the former a nice old man without pretensions of any sort, who regularly at meal time eclipsed his diamond pin with a serviette tucked under his chin; and who occasionally betrayed other symptoms that would lead the on-lookers to fancy that in his early youth "success" rather than "etiquette" had been his watchword.

The girl was of an entirely different mould, and what she did not know she made a heroic pretense that she did. Her parent in studying the menu needed the aid of glasses, which he sometimes forgot; she needed a French accent which she usually mislaid.

It was their first dinner at the hotel, and she was trying to make an impression, while her father made his way steadily through whatever the waiter gave him, the glasses as usual being on his dressing table instead of on his nose.

When an entree was placed before him he sniffed at it, and prodded it, and then said suspiciously to his daughter, "What d'ye call this, Mayme?"

Mayme looked unutterable things while scorn wrinkled her nose until from severely Roman it became retrouse. "Why Poppa," she said, with a superior air, "don't you know? Why that's the 'entry.'"

**Punctuation Problems.**

It was and I said not or.
That that is is that that is not is not.
Woman without her man would be a beast.

NOTE--Answer in editorial column.

WATER A BEAUTIFIER.**Women Should Drink Much of it Every Day.**

The Village is particularly fortunate in its abundant supply of pure water, and while this is generally appreciated by all who come, one feature which is not fully understood by women is that pure water is one of the greatest of beautifiers.

One of the simplest and best aids to good digestion, and hence a clear skin, is the liberal use of clear pure drinking water, which, by the way, very few women drink one-quarter as much as they should in the course of the day. Physicians tell them so repeatedly, but they don't form the habit, they are not thirsty, and so many an entire day passes in which they do not drink a glass of water, except at meals, and then often in such a manner as to retard rather than aid the digestion.

To do its work properly the liquid should be taken between meals, and at least three pints--or six ordinary glasses--a day should be the average of an adult. It may be said, though, that ice water taken in this quantity will do harm. The water should be chilled, but never iced.

This scientific taking of water, which will do the system real good and which many women have tried with much benefit, begins as soon as one wakes. Drink, then, a glass of water--hot, if troubled with indigestion, or cold with a half teaspoonful of powdered charcoal dissolved in it, if the digestion is good.

Don't drink with meals. If food is eaten slowly and well masticated, it will soon be possible to eat without drinking, and the meal will digest far better than when swallowed and washed down with liquids.

About half an hour after a meal drink a glass of water, and from then until half an hour before the next meal, take it frequently. The quantities must be decided by the individual, but the end must be to absorb three pints before bed time.

A woman whose skin is the envy of others, and who is believed by many to resort to all sorts of "beauty" devices, attributes it entirely to the plentiful use of water, both internally and externally. She drinks it a glassful at a time almost every hour.

Hot water, if taken a cupful on rising and another when going to bed, will help to reduce the weight of a stout person. Cold water unless taken with meals, will not increase flesh, but has a tendency to harden and make it firmer.

Another simple beautifier is the freshly pressed juice of some fruit, as much as three glasses a day, which will have a marked effect on the system and the complexion.

None of us eat as much fruit as we should, and if grapes and apples were always substituted for heavy puddings, pies and French pastries, most of the beauty culturists would have to retire from business.

While drinking these juices, of course so much water could not, and need not be taken.