

"CLIMATE WITHOUT ACTIVITY DOES NOT CURE."

"The search for the unearned increment in bodily health brings many to California who might better have remained at home. The invalid finds health in California only if he is strong enough to grasp it. To one who can spend his life out of doors it is indeed true that 'our pines are trees of health,' but to one confined to the house there is little gain in the new conditions. To those accustomed to the close heat of Eastern rooms the California house seems depressingly chilly.

"I know of few things more pitiful than the annual migration of hopeless consumptives to Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Diego. The Pullman cars in the winter are full of sick people, banished from the East by physicians who do not know what else to do with their incurable patients. They go to the large hotels of Los Angeles or Pasadena, and pay a rate they cannot afford. They shiver in half-warmed rooms; take cold after cold; their symptoms grow alarming; their money wastes away; and finally, in utter despair, they are hurried back homeward, perhaps to die on board the train. Or it may be that they choose cheap lodging-houses, at prices more nearly within their reach. Here again they suffer for want of home food, home comforts and home warmth, and the end is just the same.

"It is true that 'one-lunged people' form a considerable part of the population of Southern California. It is also true that no part of our Union has a better population, and that many of these men and women are now as robust and vigorous as one could desire. But this happy change is possible only to those who are in the first stages of the disease. Out of door life and physical activity enable the system to suppress the germs of disease, but climate without activity does not cure. So far as climate is concerned many parts of the arid regions in Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado are more favorable than California, because they are protected from the chill of the sea."

Thus writes David Starr Jordan, in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The extract is quoted here that it may serve the double purpose of warning and encouragement to such as are looking towards the long-leaf pine region of North Carolina as a place of cure for diseases of throat and lungs.

Let the warning be put first, expressed in pure kindness, and with the deepest sympathy for all who need it. It is embodied in one of President Jordan's pregnant clauses which I have used as the title of this article. "Climate without activity does not cure." This is just as true of the climate of Moore county, North Carolina, as it is of that of Southern California. It is utterly useless for people who cannot take a reasonable amount of out-of-door exercise to visit these sections or any other in the world in the expectation of cure, or even any relief that is worth going so far to seek. Steam-heated rooms are pretty much the same thing the world over, and there is very little advantage to the invalid who simply exchanges his steam heated atmosphere in New York or Boston for another at Pasadena or Pinehurst. It is the touch of nature that will heal. There must be out-of-door activity every day.

The body must soak in the sunshine. The lungs must fill with large breaths of pine scented air. The people with one lung who have obtained a reasonable amount of health and strength in the pine woods region, succeeded because they had brave hearts and a sufficient amount of bodily strength to back up their determination to keep in the open air until Nature should have a fair chance to do its beneficent work upon them.

But who shall say just when that stage is reached after which it is useless for the sufferer to seek another climate? It is often difficult, if not impossible, for such a person to judge correctly his own condition. The judgement of friends who are constantly with him may be equally at fault. In such cases decision must rest with the physician. And he cannot be too careful in the advice which he gives. He ought to use his conscience in this matter as much as his intelligence. He must not content himself by saying "While there is life there is hope," when he knows in his heart it is not so. It is such mistaken kindness as amounts to cruelty to send incurable patients a thousand or three thousand miles away from home to inevitable disappointment and homesickness. If the patient insists upon going in spite of what the candid doctor has said, that is another thing. The doctor has unburdened his conscience and may sleep as quietly as his night-bell will let him.

So much for the warning, but all the rest of it is encouragement. President Jordan says there are many parts of the arid regions of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado that are more favorable for health seekers than California because they are protected from the chill of the sea. He might have added the sandy upland of Central North Carolina to these favored sections, for although not so far distant from the sea as the regions mentioned, yet it is sufficiently remote for protection. The East wind's tooth is long and sharp, but he cannot bite through a belt of pine forest more than a hundred miles thick.

And for Eastern people this place of refuge is not a week's journey distant. As compared with California, or even Colorado, it lies just next door, or around the corner. The journey is counted in hours rather than days. If needs must, the invalid can get back to his home, or his friends can come to him, quickly. Expense and strength are saved, and one of the chief elements of homesickness is eliminated.

But, perhaps, the most encouraging picture that can be held up before the eyes of one who proposes to seek health in this "piney woods country" is the contrast in the conditions of life at hotels and boarding houses in such a village as Pinehurst, when compared with what President Jordan tells us concerning such life at the popular California resorts. If any one pays hotel rates at Pinehurst which he cannot afford it is his own fault, for he can have perfectly comfortable and home-like surroundings, a warm room and excellent food at a rate which is within reach of a very modest purse. Pinehurst has, to be sure, in the Holly Inn a luxurious hotel where a reasonable rate is charged for accommodations of the very highest order. But it has beside, in its many small home like boarding houses, its furnished cottages and suites of rooms, at varying rates

of expense, such thoughtful provision for the needs of "all sorts and conditions" of guests, as cannot be found elsewhere upon the American continent. At Pinehurst there is no need to purchase comfort for the body at such an exorbitantly high rate that comfort of mind is quite destroyed; nor yet to purchase only discomfort at the lower price within one's means. "From each guest according to his ability, to each guest according to his need," is the rule of this little New England village among the pines.

The sum of the whole matter is this: Don't go away from home to any place in search of a cure for pulmonary disease unless your physician can look you squarely in the eye and tell you that you have a fair chance of recovery. If you go, don't waste your money and strength in travelling three thousand miles or more if you can obtain better results less than a thousand miles from home. If you go, be sure you go to a place where you can get the comforts you need at the price you can afford. If you go make an iron-bound resolution that you will take active exercise out of doors every day of decent weather. Make it and stick to it. If you go, buy a ticket for Pinehurst, and go soon, before you get your next cold.

Pussy is Very Wise.

An East side woman has a cat that can tell when a letter comes addressed for her.

The owner of the cat spoke of its ability in this direction to a friend who was making a call.

"A letter!" exclaimed the caller in surprise.

"Yes, a letter, and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

The woman left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope addressed to Miss Pussy, No. — Bangor street, city.

"Now, said she, if you will kindly post that for me tonight and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery tomorrow morning you will see that I am telling you facts."

The caller mailed the letter as she was asked, and was at her friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Sure enough, pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

The visitor was about to express her surprise, when the woman of the house said: "Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much.

The envelope was filled with catnip.—*Augusta (Me.) Journal*.

Mr. J.—"What would you suggest, doctor, for insomnia?" Dr. Pillsbury—"I would suggest that you attempt to sit up with a sick man and give him his medicine every hour for a few nights."—*Harper's Weekly*

"Don't you think that Maud's affection for athletics is a pretense?" "No, I do not. I know she is engaged to a whole football eleven."—*Indianapolis Journal*

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