

THE PINE KNOT.

LIGHTED FOR THE ILLUMINATION OF TAR HEELS, BOTH NATIVE AND ADOPTED.

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THE REASONABLENESS OF SOUTHERN PINES.

An address delivered by B. A. GOODRIDGE before the Northern Men's Convention at Raleigh.

Every place where people gather in community, build dwellings and establish homes must have a reason for its existence. That reason may be plain to all or it may be far to seek. Here, it may be that a magnificent harbor and a confluence of far reaching water-ways will determine the site of a nations metropolis; there, the swift rush of a mighty stream will prefigure the future city of whizzing looms and spindles; and, again, when we find groups of human beings dwelling in regions most unpromising, we may be sure that nature, having denied all else, has here bestowed her treasures of gold and silver.

But ships loaded with richest freight safe in harbor, huge factories spinning fabric sufficient to clothe the nation, untold treasures of the mine cannot bring comfort to their owner if with all these he have not the blessing of health.

When we Americans get through our everlasting hurry, take longer than ten minutes for dinner, stop running after trains, (by which we get heart disease more often than the train) leave off bouncing up stairs two steps at a time, wear sensible clothing cease to act like candidates for a lunatic asylum, then it may be that every man's home will be his best and surest health resort. But the millennium is not here, and the maloneholy fact remains that our country, especially the northern and middle states, is full of invalids.

It is perhaps unfair to attribute all this invalidism to our manner of living. A fierce and impaleable climate is responsible for much of it. A commercial traveler was asked about New England, and replied that it was a country where there was nine months of winter every year, and the other

three months "pretty darned late in the fall."

Catarrh, rheumatism, throat and lung diseases of every kind keep up this dance of Death the whole year round. Go the rounds once with your busy physician in the city or country, note the hacking cough, the painful breathing, the thick, unnatural tones—you find them everywhere. New York city loses more people from pneumonia than from any disease on the list. Consumption is slaying her thousands, catarrh is rendering life a burden to thousands more, and rheumatism is breaking upon the wheel her tortured victims, even in lands flowing with streams of St. Jacobs Oil.

Well, what's the remedy? Shall I stay here and die, or shall I flee to some more favored land? the business man in the North asks himself. His doctor has shaken his head over him three times and he knows that it is a matter of life and death. He must go. That is settled. But to what point? Florida or Southern California? He groans at the thought of either place, for they are far, very far, from his beloved Northern home. To make such a pilgrimage means a breaking up of home ties, a wearisome journey, and perhaps years of exile from all that he holds dear. Then, too, if the point aimed at is Florida which, as Charles Dudley Warner says, will be a good state when they get it finished, there is a grave doubt as to the beneficial effect of its climate upon consumptives. Of the many that go there, few return except to die. But I am not here to build up North Carolina by trying to tear down Florida or any other Southern state. It is not necessary. Moreover, you may think that from the North to Southern Pines, N. C., via Southern California and Florida is not the most direct route.

But don't be impatient for here we are at last. We are 68 miles southwest from Raleigh, in the heart of the "piney" woods, 600 feet above the sea level. Here a town of about 800 acres has been laid out on the top of a huge sand ridge. This ridge slopes away in all directions, with beautiful undulations here and there which give a pleasing variety to the landscape. This sand is of great depth and acts as a perfect natural filter. Water disappears as soon as it strikes the ground, mud is a thing unknown and there are no standing pools to breed disease.

Eminent physicians, such as Dr. A. W. Bell, editor of the N. Y. Sani-

tarium, Dr. Morrill of Concord, N. H., and others declare that the natural sanitary conditions of Southern Pines are more perfect than those of any other place in the U. S., visited by them.

Springs of the purest water gush from every hill side and in driest times never fail. Some of them contain valuable medicinal properties. From February to December flowers bloom upon these ridges. But the crowning glory is the long leaved pines. Towering upward 60, 70, 80 feet, clear of branches until far above the ground, bearing leaves of "spills" often 16 inches in length, it is a striking figure in our landscape. But the poetical aspect of these trees is not the one in which we are most interested. We are here for health, and to the long leaved pine must we look for those active healing properties which, co-operating with a perfectly drained soil, anti-malarious air and the purest of water, effect those wonderful cures for which many people must thank God until the latest day of life.

Everywhere the healing virtues of the pine are known and recognized, but all authorities agree that the curative properties of the long leaf pine are far superior to those of the white. Generation of ozone, the great disinfectant gas, is much greater here than in white pine countries. Its presence is the best evidence of atmospheric purity.

Remember now that you are at Southern Pines, and, standing up straight with shoulders well thrown back, take such a breath as you have not taken for years. Inhale the rich aroma of the pine, let it tingle through every cell of your poor half starved lungs. Don't you feel better already? Certainly you do. You walked half a mile to-day. That was pretty well for you, but tomorrow you will walk a mile, and before you've been here six weeks you'll walk ten at a stretch and not brag of it either.

Enterprising manufacturers in the North have made a great success selling mattresses filled with pine leaves. Here, not only the bed you sleep on may be of pine, but the house you dwell in, the chairs you sit upon, the table from which you eat, all are of pine. Day and night you must breathe its life giving odor. The morning fire is kindled with it. The fresh morning air brings its fragrance to you from the forest, at noon the hot sun draws that fragrance forth and multiplies it a hundred fold; at night, if it is cool, you draw up beside a blazing fire of

pine knots upon the broad hearth. You are enveloped, saturated, steeped in pine. The consequence is that you forget all about that pet cough in a week or two. You eat—all you can get. You lose your languor and lack of interest. Life takes on a new aspect. In fact you are a new man.

Possibly some of you who listen to me may say, "This man speaks confidently, but where are his proofs? We are Yankees, and we won't believe that story of George Washington unless we see the hatchet. Well, I'm a Yankee too. Born in N. H., wore pinafores in Mass. jacket and red-top boots in Maine, fell in love once in Vt., (got out all right that time) tried to live in Rhode Island but found there wasn't room enough and so took to an island off the coast, and passed through Conn., on my way to N. C., I know my audience, therefore, and shall proceed to show proofs of all that I have hitherto claimed.

The parties whose names I shall mention are either now living at Southern Pines, or their addresses can be furnished if correspondence is desired. I will not ask your indulgence for statements personal to myself and family. I aim to give facts about Southern Pines, and I cannot reach that end more directly than by relating some personal experience.

In April 1885 I came to Southern Pines from Mass. In August of the same year Mrs. Goodridge arrived. A disease of the lungs had fastened upon her and for more than a year she had scarcely drawn a breath free from pain. Physicians said she could not survive another winter in New England. She began to improve at once and in three months her lung disease was practically cured. She is not a strong woman, never was, and it is not probable that she ever will be. But I know that Southern Pines has saved her life and that her health is better now than ever before. I speak of her case first as she is a lady in whom I've taken more or less interest for the past four years.

Dr. G. H. Saddleason came to this place in 1881. That was before Southern Pines was known or even thought of and it is very largely due to his sagacity in perceiving the remarkable advantages of the place for a health resort that the enterprise was undertaken and carried on. The Doctor received such marked benefit himself in a very severe case of pulmonary disease, that he wrote and talked on the subject until the matter drew the

Continued on last page.