

The Daily Herald.

VOL. IX.

FREDERICTON N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1904

NO. 194

WOMEN UNDER CANVAS.

How They Have Contracted the Camping out Fever.

VERY POPULAR PASTIME IN EASTERN STATES.

An Ideal Way of Spending a Summer Vacation.

MANY ADIRONDACK CAMPS ARE MODELS OF LUXURY.

(An American Lady in London Telegraph.)

Eve has invaded the camper's paradise of the United States. In greater and greater numbers every season women are flocking to the camping-grounds of the summer vacation seekers. Life under canvas in the log cabin of the woods, the mountain hut, the river camp, once the privilege of men alone, has now become equally the holiday sport of the more conventional sex. But the bareness of the old-time lodgings in the wilderness oppressed the feminine soul, and luxury has come, as ever, at the behest of the woman. One may hear her cry echoing from the lake in the woods to the lake on the mountain side, calling always for more and more embellishments, and for those of the newest pattern. She would import these things at unlimited expense of time and trouble into the heart of the wilderness, decorating her ephemeral shelter in the very face of Great Nature offering all around her surpassing and free "decorations."

Time was when the camper in the woods of America required only a rude shelter in time of storm, a bed of balsam boughs, and a camp fire. Then came Eve and the great American Eagle. "Away with rude simplicity," said this invincible combination, "We must live up to our station," declared Eve. "We must," echoed the eagle, sitting on the great American dollar, "create a station to live up to, even in the wilderness."

Then the standards of the old camping grounds changed. The men be he rich or penniless, who could hunt and fish, build a camp fire, and tell a story, was no longer King of the woods. Instead came a queen, who presided over the vast domains, half-million dollar camps, fifty thousand acres of land. These were her assets. She might not know the call of the open road, nor belong to the free brotherhood of fields and stream. She built herself, instead, a glorified camp—which was very like a palace. She did away with the camp fire altogether—and put steam heat in the cellar.

The great camps of the Adirondack regions, where the gentle touch of woman has been particularly felt, are models of luxury, lacking in no detail of comfort and completeness to be found in a country residence or city hotel. The free democracy of the woods is a thing of the past. Great staffs of servants are at the beck and call of these modern campers. The rules of fashion now govern there as invariably as at any summer resort. Besides this, the campers are "exclusive." One may not, any more than in town, know the campers who live just outside one's own domain, unless they too are exclusive.

As for the trappers and hunters, the fishermen and woodmen of old, they find themselves, to their great bewilderment, no longer either "free or equal." They have become, by the gracious grant of Eve and her followers, unattached game wardens, keepers and bards to the forest-ordinary—to shoot at command, and to tell long tales of hunting, when it is their good fortune to be summoned to the camp court for the entertainment of some weary Wall street guest.

Not that Eve has chosen exactly the same sort of furnishings for her camp in the woods as those which supply her city or country house. She has too poetic a mind for that, and she saw a way to have things even more expensive, more exclusive, and newer. She has modified and adapted the decorations of Nature for use in her mountain lodge. In this she has furnished the incentive

to the manufacture of an entirely new and most successful class of furniture for these forest retreats. Given the materials, existing in quantities in the forest, she has fostered industries which would create of them articles of furniture, almost as attractive as they were in Nature, and having exceedingly great advantage of being very expensive.

"Bark is very nice for the inside walls of a cabin," said Eve when she first entered the camping-ground and saw the roughened bark of the interior, "but it isn't expensive. She then set about to make it so, and now a bark wall covering is to be seen only in the richest camps. The logs no longer are permitted to show. They must be hewn, plastered, and then again covered with a prepared bark hanging, that, as she naively comments, "looks exactly like the old log cabins."

The bed of balsam boughs, endeared to woodsmen of many generations, was also instantly discarded. "Fancy," said Eve, "having the same kind of bed that the ordinary woodmen sleep on," and yet balsam bough beds have so poetic a sound that Eve was loath to relinquish them. She had taken into the woods all sorts of magnificent couches, and still the thought of the balsam bough bed appealed to her. Finally, she hit upon the plan of having the balsam made into regular mattresses, which might mount to very respectable and exclusive prices in proportion to the perfection of their make. Since then the balsam bough has reigned supreme in the luxurious tents of the vacationers.

Nor are luxury of appointment, electric light, sybaritic baths, &c., the only features which distinguish the modern American camp from the old one. Eve, being in camp among all these "glorious things, must entertain."

"But that," remonstrates her lord, "is just what we've come here to get away from. You can't do that sort of things in the woods. It was never meant to be."

"Oh, wasn't it?" comments Eve, calmly. And she continues to dictate invitations to her secretary.

Then comes a house party. One is supposed to wear short skirts, a hunting jacket and leather leggings in the woods, but these grow a little monotonous at a house party, and so, to tell the truth, there is quite a deal of dressing that might not do discredit to Newport or New York. And when one has a house party, big entertainments are, of course, in order.

"Who shall we invite?" asks the lord of the camp, gloomily. "We can as the birds and the squirrels and the deer."

"Oh," smiles Eve, "why all the people we ever knew are somewhere about here." She sends out for a guide to the region, who tells of the place of "Mrs. So-and-so," a little more in the heart of the woods, where, also, a big party is being entertained, and the guide, to whom this sort of knowledge has come to take rank with what he knows of guns and deer, runs over their names glibly.

"There," says Eve, triumphantly, as she hears of others stopping at the nearby camps. Soon the old social round of dinners and dances is once more in full swing. Shooting clothes must be worn, perforce, in the morning, and very becoming and expensive they are, too. As for the rest of the day it might as well be Newport.

So the summer camp in the Adirondacks, the great hunting and fishing ground of the Eastern United States, is becoming feminized. Here and there groups of men, who will not succumb to the new order of things, glide away into the still untouched portions of country with some old guide, whom great fees will not tempt to desert the true wood lovers. But for the most part those of moderate fortune, and even the poor, have followed the well-to-do where fashion led, into the family camp, or rather the ultra feminine camp.

Where great tracts could not be afforded, smaller tracts have been found to be equally possible for the maintenance of this picturesque play at camping out. Even near the city, on deserted farms, on scrubby woodlots, and beside the sea, bungalows, ranches, cabins and tents are serving for summer homes for thousands of those who, in the winter, dwell in the cities. Like the great camps of the Adirondacks these more modest establishments lack the simplicity which should be half their charm, and deal over much in canoe paddles—made for decoration only, antlers—alas, made of papier mache, and rustic furniture, manufactured, it is to be feared, in the densely populated sections of great cities.

Nevertheless, sad travesty though they be on the old cabins, they afford the delight to their possessors which the American people always take in a new toy. They have also solved one great problem in the industrial life of the country. They

have at last proved the usefulness of the American Indian. No Eve so unsophisticated, but that she knows it is "the thing" to have Indian blank for drapery and rugs in one's cabin, camp, or whatso'er it be. No Eve so far behind the times but that she hastens to gather stores of Indian baskets to make glad her cabin and arouse envy in the hearts of her sisters. Thus is the American Indian provided for, and so long as the craze for what might be entitled "fancy camping" endures, the Government may rest assured that the Indians' original industries will not only be encouraged, but pampered in their revival, without extraneous aid from Government or philanthropist.

And among all the imitation camping out that is now being done by American women, there are still many of them who do really go a-wooding in the good old-fashioned way. Not only do many of the most elaborate camps in the Adirondacks belong to Eve, but many of the simplest also are in feminine hands, and aside from the permanent camps there are great numbers of American women who now spend their summers in camps of their own contrivance, temporary affairs where they get for the smallest sums as summer outing not to be surpassed. Many of these live out of doors, with nothing but shelter tents or rude shacks in which to sleep. Others carry on a compromise camp and cottage life in abandoned barns or fowlhouses, with little other furniture than canvas cots or hammocks.

Two adventurous American girls camped out last year in the tower of an abandoned windmill, situated on a big meadow not so far from New York. In various parts of the country large numbers of married women, with their families, have put up shacks for living purposes, around big central shacks, where cooking is done and the meals are served on communistic lines.

But whether simple or elaborate, exclusive or communistic, American women, as a whole, have decided that camping out is the ideal way of spending the summer vacation.

CAPT. THACKER.

Canadian Expert Writes of His Observations in Japan.

Captain Thacker, the Canadian expert at the front in the Japanese-Russian war, has written an interesting letter to the director on intelligence of the militia department, in which many facts of peculiar importance regarding the Japanese army and its work in the field are given.

Captain Thacker, who is at present at Tokio, where he has been for the past four months, will leave the Japanese capital with the second group of attaches on the 20th inst, entraining for Shimonoski, and from there embarking for Dahly. He will eventually reach Port Arthur, but not, of course, before the Japs have captured that stronghold. The Canadian expert refers to his four months' stay in Tokio as being very unfortunate, in so far as the securing of any line information is concerned. The Japs very carefully guarded the secrets of the manner in which they performed field duties, even to mobilizing, embarking and entraining troops. Their medical arrangements were especially well guarded, although Capt. Thacker in his letter enclosed printed orders as to the burying of the dead on the field of battle. Miscellaneous notes on medical arrangements, by Lieut.-Col. McPherson, were also enclosed, as were copies of regulations as to prisoners of war.

An exhaustive treatise on "shimose" powder was sent along to the Canadian government. The next letter to the intelligence department is anxiously awaited, as by that time something of Port Arthur will have been learned.

Alleged Spy.

London, Aug. 18.—The London Times' correspondent at Milford Haven, Wales, telegraphs that news has reached him of the arrest of an alleged spy, who is now in custody in one of the outlying forts. The correspondent says:

"The suspicious movements of two strangers in the village, near the fortifications commanding the entrance to the harbor, attracted attention, and, by direction of the military authorities, a close watch was kept on them."

"The men hired a boat and rowed about Dale Roads, where the new submarine boats are carrying out daily exercises. It was also observed that they spent a good deal of time in the vicinity of the forts and search light stations."

"Under instructions from the military authorities one of the men was taken to Chapel Bay fort, where he remains pending enquiries. The other man is thought to have left the locality."

It is thought likely that the man arrested is the correspondent of a German paper, engaged, like several other foreigners, in observing and describing the manoeuvres, and that he lacked discretion in the exercise of his functions as a correspondent.

MARCH OF SCIENCE

Heralds the Death of Disease.

MANY DEADLY FEVERS NOW ALMOST THINGS OF THE PAST.

Typhus Shorn of Terror.

When ironclad vessels of war first superseded the old three-deckers, naval architects did not thoroughly understand the problem of ventilation, says London Answers. The stokeholds of the first ironclads were perfect infernos, and at times the smoke would fill them and render the firemen insensible. Men who had been half suffocated several times in this fashion developed a novel and terrible disease—a kind of fever, of which the first symptoms resembled typhus.

Then splitting headache supervened, and all power of speech was lost. Stupor and death followed, not one patient in twenty surviving. This affection, which became known as ironclad fever, has been completely abolished by the introduction of proper ventilating apparatus, and the steel warship of today is one of the healthiest vessels afloat.

Between 1848 and 1850 zymotic, or infectious disease, killed twenty-two per cent. of all the people who died in the United Kingdom. Today the mortality from this cause has fallen to fourteen in every one hundred deaths. For this decrease modern sanitation and science are directly responsible. One of the worst of the infectious diseases of our grandfathers' time was typhus, often known as camp fever or gaol fever. It was this which caused the Black Assize of terrible memory. On July 6, 1577, the assizes at Oxford were closed. Great discontent had been caused by the peculiarly cruel sentence passed by the judge.

On that day broke out a pestilence which, within the next fortnight, killed the chief officials who sat on the bench, the jury and some 300 others. It was black typhus. Typhus is not yet extinct, but it is now a comparatively rare disease, and instead of fifty per cent. of the patients dying, as used to be the case, the average now is fifteen per cent.

When the plague visited us recently people cried out in horror that the Black Death had returned. The Black death was doubtless a form of the Oriental plague, but it was as much more terrible as smallpox is worse than measles. The black spots on the body, the putrid inflammation of the lungs, and others of the worst symptoms of Black Death are absent in the plague as we know it today. Black Death was one of those awful visitations which modern science has practically killed.

Scarce one among a hundred that sickened escaped with life, says the old writer Holinshed, of the sweating sickness that fell upon this country in 1485, just after Henry VII had won the Battle of Bosworth. Two Lord Mayors of London died within one week. It is not known how many were killed by this fearful plague, but it has been called by historians "The Great Mortality." It was an inflammatory fever, which seemed to burn up the sufferer, while the whole body exuded a fetid perspiration. A fearful thirst was caused, but a drink of cold water killed it instantly.

This is another of the diseases which science and sanitation seem to have entirely abolished. That the plague itself will eventually be entirely conquered no one doubts. The new system of inoculation has already done great things in India.

Many others of the worst plagues to which mankind is subject are now feeling the killing grasp of science. One is cholera. Cholera is endemic in only one place in the world, that horrible jungle known as the Sunderbunds, through which the Ganges runs, and where decomposed vegetable matter stews in the swamps, mingled with the refuse brought down from Calcutta by the river. The drainage problem is in hand and cholera, though not likely to disappear yet, is more circumscribed in its area and less deadly in each successive year.

At present it kills its tens of thousands every year. Another triumph of science has been the discovery of

the cause of malaria, and now that war has been declared on the malarial mosquito, it is to be hoped that this disease, too, may speedily vanish.

Faded Women Need Richer Blood

It Stamps the Glow of Robust Health on Cheeks and Lips, How Blood is Made Rich and Red Enough to Beautify the Complexion.

A bright rosy complexion can easily be acquired. All that is necessary is to purify the blood and supply it with an increased number of red corpuscles. The simplest method of doing this is to introduce more iron into the system which is always lacking where the complexion is pallid or sallow.

Iron in a concentrated form, specially adapted for internal use is contained in its most efficient state in Ferrozone which is noted for marvelous blood building properties. No matter how weak or poor the blood may be, Ferrozone will enrich and nourish it. The immediate result is a better color which will improve steadily under Ferrozone.

Every girl that takes pride in her complexion will find Ferrozone of greater value than cosmetics or face powders. Its influence is lasting whereas artificial beautifiers are but a temporary aid. Thousands that have used Ferrozone are glad to endorse it strongly because it certainly is the best remedy for pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and poor complexion that money can buy.

Miss Minnie E. Stirling of Lancaster, writes, "I can recommend Ferrozone to everyone who needs something to clear up the complexion. Before using Ferrozone my skin was sallow and had a very unhealthy color. After the first box of Ferrozone there was a great improvement and when I had used three boxes I felt much better and had a satisfactory color in my cheeks."

Mrs. C. T. Warwick of Bradford, says: "My daughter was greatly benefited by using Ferrozone. She used to have a sickly color and never looked as if she was very strong. After using two boxes of Ferrozone she felt better and her color was wonderfully improved. This encouraged her to continue Ferrozone and in a few weeks she looked like a different person and had a clear rosy complexion. Ferrozone accomplished wonders for my daughter."

Kingarth.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald)

Aug. 16.—Mrs. Wm. K. Iburn of Central Kingsclear, gave a quilting party to a number of her young friends last week. All went home well satisfied with their afternoon and evening of enjoyment.

Miss Lena Good, daughter of Mr. J. K. Good of this place, has gone to Woodstock to teach school.

Miss May Minnie of Gibson, is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Sinford McKeen at Kingsclear.

The Central Kingsclear school house is undergoing repairs.

Miss Beatrice Fox, daughter of Mr. B. W. Fox of Central Kingsclear, is teaching school at Kingsclear, and her many friends will wish her success in her new duties as a school teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Mills paid a visit to Harvey this week.

"Quick lunch" is one of the commonest of city signs. The sign does not say "a healthy lunch of good food—the character of the food apparently is not considered. It's just a quick lunch—eat and get away. Is it any wonder that the stomach breaks down? Food is thrown at it, sloppy, indigestible and unwholesome food, very often, and the stomach has to do the best it can. Normally there should be no need for medical assistance for the stomach. But the average method of life is abnormal, and while this continues there will always be a demand for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the one medicine which can be relied on to cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not a cure-all. It is a medicine designed for the stomach, and to cure through the stomach remote diseases which have their cause in the derangement of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It cures when all else fails.

The woman who controls herself and one man could control an army.

HE DESERVED PITY

His suffering from sciatica was so great, but thanks to Nerviline he was cured. "I suffered for three years from sciatica," writes E. S. Jenkins of Portland, "and no man ever suffered more. I spent a small fortune on different remedies but the only one with real merit was Nerviline. I used a few bottles of Nerviline and was perfectly cured. I can recommend Nerviline as a sure cure for sciatica; it's excellent also for rheumatism and neuralgia." Try Nerviline, 25c. at all druggists.