

Regain Their Health by Going Without Clothes

Peculiar Methods of a New Jersey Colony of Invalids—"Back to Nature" Their Motto.

THE quest for health may drag a man around the world; it may tempt him to drink the waters that smell to heaven and taste of the other place; it may convert him into a patent medicine repository; it may lead him to set up a health-food experiment station; it may plunge him into the whirlpool of athletic fads and new fangled physical exercises; it may make him a barefooted disciple of some German doctor, or the bare-headed follower of some other school of health promoters. In fact, there is no telling where the man who has lost the companionship of his good friend Health will not go in seeking him or what he will do to regain his hold upon him. Health is a priceless boon. The poet exclaims:

"Ah! what avail the largest gift of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health."

The man who has lost his health realizes the enormity of that loss, and is willing to go to any extreme in the hope of regaining it. And because this is true, a curious colony of "no clothes" men are found in New Jersey—men who

ture as we can," said the "doctor," as he pulled a basket of nuts towards the guest and heaped up the nuts about his plate. Already several nut crackers were at work. "Nuts are not indigestible when eaten in this way," he continued. "We have no cooked food, except bread. Will you have some butter-milk or some fresh milk? Take either you like." The pitcher of fresh milk was passed along and a cupful poured out. "Animals live on this food and are rarely sick. There is no other kind here. The only use we have for fire is to heat water for washing dishes and for heating the building. It solves lots of problems. There is no bother about the menu. Whenever you come home your meal is ready for you. It's no trouble to get it, and you don't need servants."

After dinner the "doctor" led the way across the open space occupied by the "graves" to the brow of the hillock and down a pebbled path.

"This is the path to the Rockaway river," he said. "The first thing in the morning, each one comes down here for a bath. Some people don't like the bath. This morning I had to persuade a new patient that it was the thing for him to do. It was so cold, he said. I told him it would be all right. Then I gave him his bath, and he felt so nice that he



BURYING THEMSELVES IN THE GROUND.

believe that Nature's clothing and Nature's food are sure health winners.

A visit to the colony at Milton brings curious sensations. To sit down at the dinner table with all the other diners wearing less than nothing, save perhaps a tan which has been generously spread on the skin by the friendly sun and the shifting breezes, and to partake of nuts and milk and graham bread, the latter the only cooked food supplied, is certainly unique, but after several hours spent with the inhabitants the impression grew that there was a good deal of common sense in going back, at least for a season, to the primitive conditions of the prehistoric days of the human race, as they were doing.

The "doctor" who conducts this novel health resort has run the place now four years, and during this past summer has had 60 persons as patients spending more or less of the time of the open season in its sunny confines. Between November 1 and May 1 the place is closed. There are 75 acres enclosed within high board fencing. Entrance is gained through a gate that is built high and closes tight. As one steps within the park, for this is what it really is, a small lake is seen shimmering in the sunshine, its edges covered with lily pads, and two hills rising on either side. On the crest of one of these hills could be seen a small wooden house. This was the common dining hall, and surrounding it were grouped beneath the pine trees a number of frame structures covered with weather-worn canvas. Each was entered by means of a screen door and ventilated further by triangular transoms at either end, just under the ridge. A glance within showed that each was occupied by two single iron beds. But these shelters are not used at night except during inclement weather, for the health-seekers prefer the open air and the lap of nature beneath the sweet-smelling pine trees to the luxury of iron beds and confined atmosphere of the canvas houses.

One of the oddest features of the grounds was the burial ground at the front of the tents. A burial ground, we say, for we can think of no more fitting term to use in describing the hollows in which the inhabitants daily take part of their treatment. Into these hollow places in the ground the patients crawl and cover themselves with the earth piled up loosely on each side. It was a startling almost shocking sight to see here and there a human head protruding from the mounds of black earth. It was very suggestive of the graveyard where the hollows are dug a little deeper and the head sinks from sight forever. But these sun-browned patients seemed to enjoy the novel burial, and claimed it did them good.

"We believe in getting as near to na-

ture as we can," said the "doctor," as he pulled a basket of nuts towards the guest and heaped up the nuts about his plate. Already several nut crackers were at work. "Nuts are not indigestible when eaten in this way," he continued. "We have no cooked food, except bread. Will you have some butter-milk or some fresh milk? Take either you like." The pitcher of fresh milk was passed along and a cupful poured out. "Animals live on this food and are rarely sick. There is no other kind here. The only use we have for fire is to heat water for washing dishes and for heating the building. It solves lots of problems. There is no bother about the menu. Whenever you come home your meal is ready for you. It's no trouble to get it, and you don't need servants."

After the bath," he continued, as he went down the hill toward the head of the lake, "the patients walk around until they are dry. We never use soap. If Nature had intended that we should use soap she would have provided it. There is no morning meal. The first one is the meal at noon. Some of the men



ONE OF THE SLEEPING TENTS.

receive clay packs. The moist clay is put on the parts of the body which are diseased. The patients lie down in the 'graves' for a couple of hours, a thin covering of earth over them. About 11 o'clock they get up and go down to the river and wash off the clay. Then they are ready for dinner. About three o'clock these patients who require it receive clay packs again and lie down in the 'graves' for an hour or two. Supper is at six o'clock. Then games are played until bedtime. Most of the patients sleep out of doors on the grass with a blanket and mosquito hood over them. The sleep you get out of doors is different from that you get in a bed. That is a dead sleep. Out of doors, when one wakes, one is wide awake all at once. When it rains in the course of the night you can see every one taking up his bed and making a bee line for his tent."

By the time the visitor was ready to leave the strangeness of seeing persons naked had worn away, and he went away impressed with the thought that health was worth having, even at the expense of the heroic "back to nature" treatment.

HOW TO FIGHT GAPES.

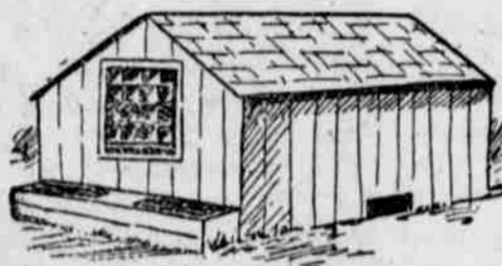
Preventive Measure and Remedies Usually Produce the Result Most Desired.

It may be well to call attention again to some of the less known causes of and remedies for gapes in chickens. As is well known, gapes are caused by a small white worm in the windpipe. These worms breed in dirty or stagnant water and in damp or filthy yards, especially old chicken yards that have been used a long time. It has also been noticed that strong, well-fed chickens are able to cough up the worms. It is only the puny chicken that keeps trying without success. Under all these circumstances it will be seen that this is only another case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Generally the first step, if there are many cases of gapes, should be to obtain a fresh, high, dry yard, and plow up the old one and use it for some other purpose for awhile. The chickens should have free range in the daytime, if possible, and be confined in coops or houses with clean board floors at night. Sprinkling the yards and floors well with lime will help destroy the worms, eggs and other disease germs. To a certain extent, the trouble is contagious when once started. It is thought that eggs are coughed up into the food or drinking water by the ailing chicks and then absorbed by the others. To remedy this, add a few drops of carbolic acid to their drinking water. One successful poultryman keeps gapes away by giving drinking water tinctured with tar two or three times a week. Green garlic or onion tops cut fine and mixed with their food is a help to both sick and well chicks. Another remedy and good preventive is powdered asafetida, a teaspoonful to a dozen chicks, mixed with their food. Sometimes the fumes of burning sulphur will kill the germs so the chickens can cough them up. Putting a grain of wheat which has been soaked in turpentine down the bird's throat is said to be a sure cure. Another remedy is to place the birds affected in a box and blow amongst them, so they must inhale it, a powder composed of equal parts of pyrethrum and powdered camphor gum.—Prairie Farmer.

CHEAP POULTRY HOUSE.

Just the Thing for an Orchard Where Fowls Have Plenty of Green Spring Pasture.

Who can accommodate 100 fowls better within a house 14 by 16 feet and six feet high, than the one here shown? The floor is two feet from the ground, and the roost platform two and one-half feet from the floor, four and one-half feet wide and the whole length of the house. The floor is divided into



DURABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

three parts by a 12-inch board set edgewise. Under the roost is kept 'chaff'. In the middle aisle is kept ear corn and water vessels. The door goes in from the north side, the nest drawers are made on both sides of the door, which makes it handy to gather the eggs.

The front or south side has a big window in the middle above the floor. There are two small windows extending out two feet from the house and 14 inches high from the outside. A small opening in the middle of the east side is for the fowls to pass in and out. This is a nice house to build in the orchard where the fowls have plenty of green pasture in the spring.—Orange Judd Farmer.

TIMELY SWINE NOTES.

Don't keep 'em in a narrow, nasty little pen.

At ruling prices the breeding up of choice droves should be given a great impetus.

Keep the sow for a breeder until she becomes awkward and too heavy if she produces good litters.

Next to grass nothing grows pigs so fast with skim milk as cornmeal, says the New York experiment station.

Ring the pigs that are in the orchard. Then protect the tree trunks if they manifest a disposition to peel them.

If the pigs root out dig a trench one foot deep beside the fence and tack poultry net to the posts. Their sensitive noses will avoid it.

Sure Sign of a Failure.

Last winter I passed a field where a \$15 plow was standing in the last furrow made. There it had been standing for months, red with rust. Stock and handles were black with mildew. The man's wagons were left in the yard. An expensive reaper was divided, part in the yard and part in the field. His farm was under mortgage for the fertilizer he had used to make cotton enough to pay for the tools and implements he bought.—T. J. Cupstid, in Farm and Home.

The Northwest Mounted Police of Canada

A Villiant Body of Men Who Have Figured Prominently in the Development of the Country.

LIKE the Texas rangers of our southwestern frontier the northwest mounted police of Canada has for years stood between the widely scattered settlement of the big Canadian territories and the roving bands of Indians. Not that the Indians have caused trouble, as they never have, save in the instances of the Reil rebellions, but it is what they might have done had the protection not been there.

The northwest is a land of romance and adventure. It is mixed with the soil, it savors of the fur trader and the trapper, but none of this romance and adventure is more interesting than that contributed by the mounted police. Here is the story of its first encounter with the Indians of what was then a no-man's land, as it was told to me by one of its old commanders some time ago:

In 1874 the Blackfoot nation had camped upon the Cypress hills, and from that eyrie their warriors kept watch upon the Canadian plains. Far to the eastward they saw the smoke of camp fires at dusk, and by day the herds of buffalo disturbed, while scouts rode in reporting a new tribe of the Long Knives, the American cavalry, on the war trail, rapidly advancing. The Blackfeet sent their women to the rear, painted for war, performed the solemnities of the war dance, appealing to the Almighty for aid in battle, then

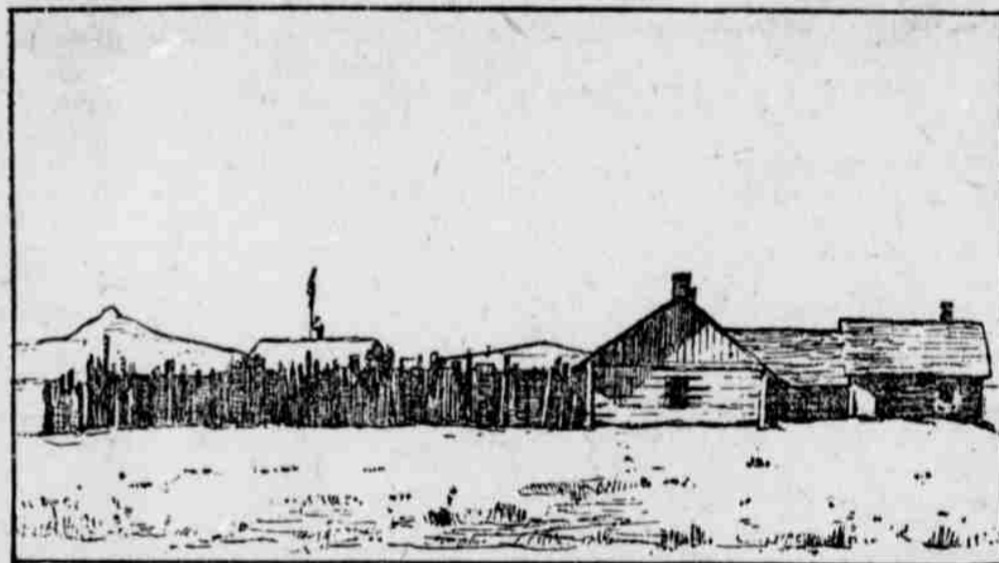
with 3,000 warriors. In 1876, having wiped out Gen. Custer's force of American cavalry, they found that they were suffering from too much United States army, and retired hastily to the Canadian plains. Here they discovered a little fort, sat down in front of it, and said: "Hand out your food!"

"Come and take it!" said the little fort, throwing its gates open.

So the Sioux swarmed into the fort, where they saw a couple of officers armed with switches, who stood smiling blandly by the guardroom door. All round the square were log buildings, loop-holed and bristling with rifles. The Sioux force was neatly trapped by a garrison of 30 men, and at a word could be massacred. They bolted.

Two days later, Sitting Bull sent word from his camp to the officer commanding: "Who are you, anyhow?" "Northwest Mounted Police." "Well," said the big chief, "it's no use killing men who are not afraid to die."

Now as soon as the Blackfeet heard that the Sioux were at Wood Mountain post they came down for a fight, but were told by Maj. Walsh to camp and behave themselves. The little stockade was now surrounded by 6,000 savages, all howling for blood, and resolved either to fight each other or to join hands, and wipe out the police. To begin with, the Blackfeet stole 30 ponies from the Sioux, and Sit-



MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS AT PINCHER CREEK.

set their ambush ready, while they watched the enemy—vedettes, advance guard, transport, rear guard—winding like a little snake over the waves of the golden grass. Could these be Long Knives? The strangers had no "long knives," no swords, so they were not hostile American cavalry to be wiped out. Then it was seen that they wore red coats—so they belonged to the Hudson's Bay tribe! That scarlet coat, worn by a Hudson's Bay company's officer when he sat in judgment, was known to all the red Indians as the symbol of stainless honor and of fearless justice. Because of the sign of the scarlet coat the terrible Blackfoot nation came out of ambush, and gave a brotherly welcome to the northwest mounted police.

The Hudson's Bay company had ceded all Rupertsland, 2,000,000 square miles or so, to the Canadian Dominion. The government hardly knew how to enter upon and occupy so gigantic an empire,



A NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

but acted under the advice of a retired chief commissioner of the company. This was Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and at his suggestion 300 hundred young Canadians were enlisted and drilled to form a body of cavalry, the Northwest mounted police. In 1874 they marched across the plains, met the Blackfoot nation, and formed that singular alliance which enabled them to seize the territories without the shedding of blood.

The liquor traders had been among the Blackfeet, so that they were sorely reduced by hunger and pestilence; but at once the sale of alcohol was made penal, so that the Indians are now increasing yearly in numbers and in wealth. A truce was arranged between the Blackfeet and their ancient enemies, the Crees, which put an end to inter-tribal war. These red Indians of the plains, supposed to be the most formidable savages on earth, and numbering 32,000, were subdued by 300 men, and in solemn treaties made allies of the Empire.

A little to the southward lived the Sioux nation, ruled by the statesman, Sitting Bull, and the soldier, Spotted Tail,

ting Bull, their chief, brought his complaint to Walsh. "Wait," said the major; then told off six men with orders to bring the 30 stolen ponies out of the Blackfoot herd. In those days the Canadian lads thought no more of red Indian than they did of blackbeetles, so the six riders romped down into the Blackfoot herd; not knowing one pony from another, they took good measure, rounded up 180 horses, and gaily drove them past the Blackfoot camp, which seethed out in furious pursuit. Then the six policemen having robbed and defied 3,000 warriors stampeded the plundered horses straight for the stockade, and rolled in just in time.

Inside the fort the six troopers were paraded up to see Major Walsh, and they blushed and simpered because they were going to be praised. "Don't you know," said Walsh, "that you've declared war against the Blackfoot nation? I've a mind to give you each three months' imprisonment!"

Within an hour the Blackfeet surrendered their 30 Sioux horses to get back the 180 which the police had stolen.

Such were the beginnings of this mighty regiment.

To-day the numbers of this police force are comparatively small. Numbers are no longer needed. Civilization has taken the place of the painted warrior of the past, but there is yet enough of them to preserve order in the vast territory that stretches almost from Winnipeg on the east to British Columbia on the west, and from the American boundary on the south into Dawson city on the north. Little posts of a dozen men are scattered here and there over the broad plains watching the interests of the settlers and the government.

One small band is detailed to care for a struggling herd of buffalo around the shores of Lake Athabasca, some 300 miles from the nearest civilization, and under their watchful care this herd is increasing rapidly, and promises to once more populate the far northern plains. Another small detachment keeps the peace at Dawson, still another keeps an eye on the Indians at Calgary and the surrounding reservations, and so on throughout all the vast territory.

They are soldierly men, these mounted police. They are more soldier than police, and as I talked with one of their old commanders at Calgary he impressed me as the ideal American cavalry officer. His life had been spent in the saddle, performing by peaceful means what we had had to do by force—subdue the Indians.

They are a hospitable lot also, and no traveler need fear asking for food and shelter at their posts. With these qualities it is needless to say they are gentlemen. Soon there will be no need for the organization, but, like our American cavalry, its history will ever remain in the annals of the northwest.