

# LIVE IN A TENT AND BE BEAUTIFUL

# Society women go "back to nature"



A New York society woman does this every year

**U**PON the passenger list of a certain outgoing steamship you will see the name of a smart society woman. But if you were to search the cabin, the deck, and the staterooms of the liner you would not find this woman. More than that, when the steamer reaches the open sea, she will not be there.

She has an engagement in this country. It is a secret one. She is taking the tent cure. And though she has several friends who also are taking it, the story has not until now been told.

She has pitched her tent in a low lying range of the Adirondacks, and she is living in the open air. She is taking the rest cure in a tent, for this is New York society's latest fad.

This woman's baggage was carried to the tenting ground by a native guide, who pitched the tent, unstrapped the trunk, set it within the flapping folds of the new "home," and withdrew.

But before he went he took care to see that he had located near a spring. He also pitched the tent so that it

was open to the south breeze and the eastern sun. He set it strong and high and firm, so that it would not get damp underneath and would not blow away, no matter how hard the rain or how fierce the blizzard.

Later he returned, and, with the assistance of another guide, he arranged a wind break toward the north. Then, after cutting a large quantity of fresh pine twigs for a bed and after laying in a supply of hardwood for the kettle, he went away, taking with him all signs of human life except the solitary camper out.

The society woman, left alone, unpacked her baggage. It consisted of two short flannel skirts, a sweater, a warm jacket, a flannel blouse, a little peaked cap, and some warm underwear and big shoes. These, with a bottle of something to take in case the wind blew cold, made up the necessities.

### Well Equipped for Camp Life.

But one must not forget to make mention of the food, which must also be counted as a necessary. In the luggage there was a long packing case, which, on being set on end, proved to be a sort of cupboard and storeroom all in one. Here were strips of bacon, boxes of eggs in sawdust, dried fruits by the pound, cherries, currants, raisins, apples, figs, dates, and prunes. Here also were dried vegetables by the quantity, dried peas, beans, lima beans, squash, and corn, and all other vegetables that could be preserved by drying.

A kettle and a spoon and pan constituted nearly the whole of the cooking outfit, which, with a bag of salt and a bag of cornmeal, finished up the supplies for the department of the interior.

She had no pepper, for she had heard that it was bad for the complexion.

She had no coffee, for it made her sleepy and brought liver spots to her face.

She had no butter, for she was reducing and had to cut out grease.

She had no sugar, for sugar put on flesh, and she wanted to get thin.

And she had no pastry of any kind, neither crackers nor indigestible breads, for she knew that they would hold her back just so much longer from her self-appointed task of becoming beautiful.

This woman, whose bodyguard was a ferocious bulldog, went to bed that night upon pine twigs, covered by pine boughs, with a blanket spread over and under them. And she slept as she had not slept in weeks. "It was because I was so tired I could not keep awake," said she. But that did not explain how she came to rise early in the morning as bright as a dollar and as frisky as a deer. "You do not feel your tired muscles in that quiet, bracing atmosphere," she declared to the bulldog.

### Goes "Back to Nature."

This woman's work the second day was the cutting of pine boughs for a bed and the splitting of wood for a fire. She gathered her twigs, hung her kettle, and set the fire singing with the pot boiling above it.

It was her ambition to walk many miles. But she had come to take the complete rest cure, and she took it. For hours and hours she lay upon the boughs and studied the swaying trees overhead. And for hours and hours she slept in her tent, with the bulldog keeping watch outside. She took the rest cure, and for ten days she enjoyed it every minute of the time.

For ten whole days she did not see a living soul, and for ten days she rested her nerves, her mind, and her brain.

"The majority of women get worn out talking," her physician had said to her. "You need the complete rest cure." And she took it.

At the same time, only a mile away, another patient was taking the complete rest cure. Four of New York's most prominent society women had gone to the mountains in a body, and all four were tenting, all within pistol shot of each other, and all enjoying the complete rest and solitude cure.

Here are the self-made rules which they laid down and which they enforced, each member living up to her own part of the agreement.

Not to communicate with each other for ten days.

Not to fire a rifle unless in distress, the rifle shot being a signal for assistance.

Not once for ten days to make a perfect toilet, but to live in the short skirt and blouse or sweater all the time.

For ten days to speak to nobody and nothing, except to the bulldog, which accompanied each woman as a companion, guide, and protector.



She resolves to be a hermit - all alone - for ten days

For ten whole days to eat no candy, pastry, nor sweets.

For ten whole days to be quiet, roam the solitudes, and rest. No reading, no sewing, no card playing, no games of any kind.

For ten days to try to reduce, if too stout. To rest if too thin.

For ten days to live the life of a backwoods hermit and to endeavor in every way possible to return to the primitive, wholly healthy state, which is the delight of the girl who lives in the country, but seldom of the girl who lives in the city. A nervous country girl, a nervous girl of the woods is unknown.

For ten days the members lived in this manner, not seeing each other, though within rifle shot. And for ten days the Tent club was the most contented feminine organization in existence.

### Life Brings Health and Beauty.

On the last day the guides put in an appearance, pulled up stakes, strapped the luggage, and brought their fat backwoods guests back to civilization. Their improved appearance was the subject of much comment.

The result of the ten days' stay was remarkable. All



Pitching her own tent

Each camper out pledged herself to prepare her own meals.

To keep the fire burning and the kettle bubbling.

To gather twigs for a fresh bed of boughs every day, all assistance from the guides to be refused.

Not to read one line or syllable of any kind in any language whatever.

Under no circumstances to communicate with the outside world.

Not to write letters, to receive letters, to read newspapers, nor to allow such to be sent to the camp.

For ten whole days not to look in a looking glass. The hair must be loosely braided in schoolgirl fashion.

of the women had lost in weight except two, who, being too thin, had taken the pure air lung cure, and had put on extra flesh. All had improved in complexion and all were wonderfully benefited in health and strength. They had taken the rest cure, and, instead of going to Europe to live the life of fashionable women in Paris and London, they had gone into the wilds and lived the simple life, which brings the glow of health to the cheek. One of them, the most famous society woman of them all, has returned to the woods for another week of tenting.

The tenting out scheme is not a difficult one for any woman to carry out. She needs only the time, the tent, and the inclination, and to this may be added the courage.

# THE REAL CARMENS OF SEVILLE. Why Fat Husbands Are the Best.

## WORK HARD BY DAY AND FLIRT IN THE EVENING.

**S**EVILLE, Spain, is the home of the real Carmen. Here in the great cigarret factories, where 1,000 or 5,000 girls and women are employed, one may find without trouble many counterparts of the fascinating maiden whose loves and sorrows have been sung to half the world by Calvé and the other favorites of the grand opera. Here, working by day at the table covered with the tobacco and paper and flirting gloriously through the long, soft Spanish nights, Carmes may be found in real life.

Sometimes her name is not Carmen. More often it is Anita, or Mercedes, or Lola, or Dolores, or even Carmenita, but the name whereby the maiden is known matters not. She is the real Carmen after all, the Carmen of the stage and of the little, saucy shawl, which she twirls so seductively. She is like the Carmen of the stage in all things. She is quick to love, quick to hate, and lives in a world of pleasure and joy, where the word "tomorrow" suffices to smooth away many of the difficulties of life. A daughter of the sun and the soil, hasty in temper, variable in mood as an April day, careless, indifferent, and withal kind hearted, save where bulls and horses are concerned, Carmen makes the best of life with accessories that would be the despair of her more fortunate sisters.

### Sober, Steadfast, and Demure.

In the factory itself she is nearly always sober, steadfast, and demure. As she passes along the cool stone corridors on her way to the room where her work lies, she finds time to bend before the tinselled image of the Virgin that is to be found outside the door, and sometimes she places a few flowers before the little shrine.

In the long rooms where the girls work fiery is laid aside the mantilla is folded carefully, flowers are taken out of the hair and placed in a bowl or saucer with water. There is comparatively little conversation. Outside the posters announcing the next bull fight are shining in the sun, and before the cigarretas may hope to enjoy the corrido they must accomplish their set task. It is all piecework; they can come and go as they please within certain limits, but they are really industrious. Naturally the factory's discipline suffers from the incursion of tourists, and at seasons like the Semana Santa the cigarretas reap a rich harvest from strangers whose habitat lies across the Atlantic.

### Strive for Beauty After Day's Work.

The elder women are not too shy. They appeal volubly for gifts, sometimes in the name of the little children lying in the cradles at their feet, for the Sevillana who has nobody to look after her baby brings baby and cradle into the factory. Nobody seems to mind. With the end of the "hours of fire" the work is laid aside and the cigarretas remember her personal appearance. Little glasses are consulted carefully, all the dust of tobacco and snuff is brushed away, flowers are taken from their resting place and returned carefully to the hair, all who boast mantillas resume them, and one kind friend gives the finisher, touches to the costume at another. Then, with the record of a day well spent and a few pence earned, the girls troop down the stone staircases into the big courtyard, and thence to the gates where the tribes of men are assembled.

### Nearly Every One Has a Captive.

The elderly women and a small percentage of the others go off, looking neither to the right nor to the left; for the great majority of the younger girls somebody is waiting. Throughout the evening the cigarretas are much in evidence, from the Alameda of Hercules to the Gardens of the Alcazar, in the cafes of the Siervas and Genova, and on the river side road that leads countrywards from the Torre del Oro. She walks with an air, her clothes fit her admirably, she smokes with distinction, laughs with discretion, and carries some son of Spain captive for all the world as Carmen held Don Jose. Her accomplishments include singing, with a voice often pretty and never trained; she can play the guitar and dance like a "wave o' the sea."



TYPES OF THE CIGARET GIRLS OF SEVILLE.

## THE FATTER THEY ARE, THE BETTER THEY ARE.

**F**AT husbands are the easiest to tame. Fat men make the most docile husbands in the world. These opinions voice the sentiments of married women the world around. It is seldom that a fat man makes a poor husband. Why is it?

In the first place, a fat husband seldom troubles himself about the management of the household. He trusts everything to his wife. He pays her bills ungrudgingly. He doesn't worry over the children. He doesn't mind noise or confusion. On the other hand, the lean husband's nature is to worry over trifling details. He is apt to insist on running the household to suit himself. Generally he lays down the law. His wife is his servant. He is exacting, critical, sometimes fault finding—often times domineering.

To prove these contrasts look around in your own circle of acquaintances. Jones is fat and Brown is lean. Both are married and have homes of their own. Both are in well to do circumstances, with money in the bank.

### Consider Jones, for Instance.

Go into Jones' home. You see no furrows on Jones' brow, no look of care on the face of Mrs. Jones. The dinner is late—Jones smiles and says he can eat all the more when it does come. The steak is burnt—Jones says it makes him think of his camping days in the woods when he broiled his venison in the fire on a stick and it was always burnt. The children race up and down the hall, beat drums, blow tin horns, laugh, shout, cry—and Jones, with a placid smile, murmurs, "Bless their hearts." He never complains of the children.

The satisfied Mrs. Jones arranges her household adornments to please herself. She chats with callers—and lets the work take care of itself. When bills come in she takes them to Jones without trembling, for she knows that he never grumbles. She doesn't hesitate to ask Jones for money. In fact, his pocketbook usually lies on the dresser and she helps herself; and if she takes all there is she knows Jones will only laugh.

### But as for Lean Mr. Brown.

Now, go across the street to Brown's home. Brown is lean. He has a worried air. In Brown's house the furniture is placed where he wants it. The pictures hang where he wants them to. It is plain to be seen that Brown runs the house. He fixes the hours for meals. He hires the cook. He orders the groceries. He counts the laundry.

Brown, the lean husband, goes around the house in the evening to see that the gas jets are not turned too high. He prowls around to see that closet doors are shut, that bureau drawers are closed, that windows are fastened. It is Brown who compels the children to keep quiet in the house. He objects to some of his wife's callers. Others he forbids her to see. He finds fault with his meals. He makes himself disagreeable—although he hasn't the slightest idea in the world that he does.

Brown loves his wife fondly—but he makes her account for every penny she spends for dresses and ribbons. He admires her when she puts on a new gown or a new hat, but he always wants to know how much either one cost.

Yet, when all is said and done, it is not the lean man's fault that the fat man excels as a husband. The fat man seems to have been especially designed for an easy going domestic life. Nature has endowed him with many qualities she has denied to the lean man. She has made the fat man naturally indolent, both as to exertion and temper. He likes to move slowly, to rest.

### Restfulness of the Fat Man.

It is the restfulness of the fat man which makes a girl tolerably certain that if she marries him she will make him contented and be contented herself. She feels that he will be likely to give her that liberty and freedom that married women delight in. She feels that in marrying him she will not be giving up independence with his keeping. She knows that if she goes out to buy a spring bonnet her fat husband will not raise any objection. She knows that if her relations

visit her fourteen times a year he will at the most protest only feebly.

Best of all, she will know that as long as she studies her husband in respect to his likes and dislikes, and does not pester him to be constantly on the move, her career will be a happy one.

There is, of course, one drawback to the fat husband. It goes too far his usual good nature will have a relapse—and then your fat husband becomes sullen. He will not explode and free his mind in one burst of wrath and have it over with. Not he. He will go around the house as sulky as a bear. He will be glum and gloomy, and make himself generally disagreeable.

### Grow Fat and Laugh.

The wife of a fat man knows how to bring him out of these rare fits of sullen gloom. She knows of experience that fat husbands are susceptible to laughter as children are to the measles, and she does not find it difficult to guide him from the abyss of household gloom to the brightness of sunshine.

It will be well for young women who are contemplating matrimony—and what young woman doesn't?—to bear the comparative merits and demerits of fat and lean husbands in mind before making a choice. There are advantages and disadvantages to be noted in both fat and lean husbands.

If a young woman has made up her mind that she will wed one or the other she may tell by the way they propose whether their dispositions will be "fat or lean."

The young man whose tendency to be lean all through life will make a quick, nervous proposal and insist on having a prompt "yes" for an answer. He is likely to be a bold, impetuous wooer. His proposal is likely to be made unexpectedly. The girl is not likely to have any warning that it is even coming. All at once when she may think he is going to ask her to go to the theater with him, she discovers to her surprise that he is asking her to be his wife and expects her to say "yes" the next minute.

### When the Fat Man Loves.

With the fat wooer it is different. He goes about his lovelining with a ponderous ostentation that lets everybody in the neighborhood into the secret. He stalks his game as a hunter would a frightened deer. He makes no concealment of his intentions and seems to take an aggravating delight in showing the young woman upon whom he has fixed his attentions that he has selected her for his own, but that he is in no hurry to claim her.

His wooing progresses slowly but methodically. The young woman generally knows several weeks in advance the exact date upon which she may expect a proposal. When that date comes her fat wooer calls with ostentation of manner and placidity of demeanor. He is deliberate and unflinching. The young woman is not permitted to become flustered in the least.

The fat man's proposal is as deliberate as he has been his wooing. Generally he makes it something like this: "Miss Smith, I think you have observed for the last year that I have been willing to make you my wife. Having made no concealment of my intentions I now tell you that I love you and ask you to marry me. But I do not wish to hurry you. You need not answer me tonight. Next week will do just as well. Then, after thinking the matter over carefully, if you decide in your heart that you love me, I shall be one of the happiest men in the world; but don't hurry."

### She Will Do Well to Accept.

When the young woman receives a proposal of this kind she may look upon herself as singled out for one of the blessed of earth, for she may be certain that if she answers such a proposal in the affirmative she will secure a husband easy to manage and a home of quiet, comfort, and sunshine.

There may be some in this world who will not agree with the theory that fat men make the best husbands; but if you will look closely at the men who dispute the theory you will find they are lean and have a worried look.