The Open Air Medicine Sleeping Out of Doors

Splendid Results Obtained From Camping on the Porch or Tenting on the Roof.

[New York Sun.]

"It was just at this season three years ago that the doctor told us that our baby, a boy 4 years old, must sleep out of doors," a woman whose winter home is in a suburb of New York, explained to a friend, who commented on her healthful appearance. "He said the upper porch on the back of our house would make an ideal outdoor sleeping room and ordered the child's bed put out at once.

"That was all very well, but when bedtime came it seemed so cruel to leave the child out there alone that I moved out a cot for myself. Of course, my husband objected, saying the child was perfectly safe, but if anybody had to stay with him it should be the nurse. As I was not to be changed he let me try it, prophesying one night would be all for both me and the child.

"I am sure it had been twenty years since I had slept through a night without waking. Even as a young girl I had suffered from insomnia and the boy had inherited it from me, at least that is what we all thought. The next morning when I awoke I realized I had slept the whole night through and the child was still sound asleep.

"There was a tinge of color in his cheeks and lips, a thing that hadn't been there for two years. I called my husband out to look at him and was informed that he had spent the greater part of the night going back and forth to see how we both were standing the experiment and had always found us both fast asleep.

"Within a week I felt like another person and the improvement in the boy was even more marked. Then the other children began to beg to be allowed to bring their beds out. One by one they came until all three were sleeping on the porch, when my husband gave in and one evening he came home saying he had ordered another cot and would sleep on the porch to see what the charm was.

"He is there still, we all are, and I never hear the slightest reference to anybody's wanting to go in. All of the indoor bedrooms are just as they were when we moved out on the upper porch and occasionally we use them when there is a severe beating rainstorm, though my husband asserts that he is sure it wouldn't hurt any of us to stay out and get a little damp air. However, he comes in when I think it best to set an example for the children, because none of them is quite willing to obey when it comes to sleeping in the stuffy air of indoors.

"There is no furniture on the sleeping porch except our beds and a strip of carpet between them. We all undress and dress in our indoor bedrooms, and come out on the porch only for sleeping.

"My first night out there made me think it would be best to have something that would shut out the early morning light and at the same time not exclude the air. For this purpose I had the old green piazza screens that had been used on the front piazza the summer before put up at the east and south sides. As there were only two, the west was left open.

"Every morning I wake up just when it begins to be dawn and I lower these screens. That makes it quite dark enough for the sleepers until our regular getting-up time, as my children call it.

"After the family moved out my husband had curtains of tent cloth made for the three open sides of the porch, and they have been very satisfactory both for moderately severe rains and for the coldest weather, we have experienced so far. We can generally leave up at least one of these curtains, so we get good, fresh air.

"They are simply strips of tent cloth, the width of the opening, and have a piece of wood at the bottom like a window-shade. There are small brass rings on the sides through which is passed the cord by which they are raised and lowered.

"Aside from these curtains and my husband's cot our sleeping porch has cost us nothing and the results have been all that the doctor prophesied, or even more. Look at my complexion. You remember what a parched-looking skin I used to have? It was really nothing more than a skin, now it is a complexion, and I assure you I have not done a thing for it but sleep on our upper porch. Everybody is remarking on our complexions. They say the children inherited them from my husband and I, and I always reply we acquired them from the night air on the porch.

"We have never suffered from the cold, because we began just at this season of the year when it was getting warmer. When we came back from the mountains it soon began to get cold and blankets were added. A little later the doctor suggested that I would find a second mattress for each bed comfortable for the winter, so I had them put on.

Tenting on the Roof.

"Then the linen sheets were replaced by those of canton flannel and I began to wrap the children's heads in crochet scarfs, because my husband complained of the cold air on his head. These scarfs didn't work very well. Now all that is done is to stuff a pillow up between the pillow on which the head rests and the head of the bed. I find that entirely comfortable for myself and the children prefer it. My husband sticks to the crochet scarf and likes it around his neck and shoulders."

Another woman, who before her marriage was a trained nurse, explained the reason for moving her family into tents on the roof of their home as a precaution against an inherited tendency to tuberculosis.

"My husband's health had never been strong," she said. "Indeed he was so delicate that my friends remonstrated with me when they learned of our engagement. All of his life my husband had been going south at the first suggestion of cold weather and remaining there until it was warm again. We talked the matter over before our marriage and decided that we would spend the first year camping in the west.

"To make things more comfortable we bought a small, portable house. It was second-hand, and we paid only $50 for it, though originally it had cost five times as much.

"We lived in that house for thirteen months, having it moved from place to place as the weather and our desire to see other localities prompted. It was June when we returned here, and within a few weeks I noticed that my husband was losing both strength and color.

"Now it wasn't because it had been cold, for we hadn't had a single cold day or night. The doctor and I talked it over and it was decided to try sleeping out of doors.

"For the first few weeks he used a hammock couch, one of the kind that swings between its own stakes and has an awning over it. He began to pick up at once, and was looking so well and feeling so strong that he suggested that it might be well to let the baby sleep outdoors to insure it against tuberculosis.

"The baby was at the time just three days old. When it was three weeks old I took his suggestion, and, of course, went with the baby. We occupied a second hammock couch, but soon finding it too narrow, my husband planned and built a tent, 12 by 10 feet, on the roof and had two single beds with a crib for the baby moved under it.

"As the winter came on the question of going south came up, and much against our inclination we decided to go. With a nurse and baby we thought it would be impracticable to live in a portable house and we went to a hotel. It was only a few days before my husband began to look peaked and he admitted that he found our sleeping room, though there were large windows, not so pleasant as our tent on the roof.

Fine For the Baby.

"The baby also was restless at night, and even I, who hardly knew what nerves were, began to feel jumpy and find it hard to get to sleep at night. We moved from one hotel to another, but conditions didn't improve. When we returned north in May all of us were in a worse condition than when we left. Once at home we went back to the tent on the roof, and soon there was a noticeable improvement.

"The next autumn, being still afraid of having my husband risk a winter in the north, we went south and rented a house with a rear porch. On the roof of this rear porch we set up our sleeping tent and spent a delightful winter. Four years from the time I had married him my husband had become so strong and well that even his best friends say they hardly recognized him.

"Two winters ago we remained north and enjoyed it. Now my husband is in business and my children at school and we never think of going to a milder climate for the cold months. Instead we add more blankets to the beds on our roof.

"My husband and children use sleeping bags, but I have found a muslin nightdress and a light wool kimono all that is necessary. We all use knitted woolne hoods with capes coming well down over the shoulders. Every night about half an hour before bedtime a copper vessel filled with hot water is slipped into each bed between the sheets to have them good and warm when we get in. These copper vessels are long and about the shape of a flat-sided bottle. They hold about a gallon of water and remain warm all night.

"My husband uses woollen sheets because he has been accustomed to them for years, but the children and I find cotton sheets entirely comfortable. My youngest child has never slept a night indoors since she was five days old."

A young college woman, just beginning to work in her profession as a landscape architect was the next to give her experiences.

"My sleeping out of doors began in a girls' camp in the second year of my college life," she said. "I had a hard cold that winter and the doctor advised my parents to let me go into camp for my vacation instead of going home and attending the parties and picnics I had been looking forward to.

"I didn't like it a bit and must admit that my mother had some difficulty in getting me to obey. Before that vacation ended, however, I had promised myself never again if I could help it would I sleep in a house during the summer. From the very first night in that camp tent I slept every night and all night. In the morning I would get up feeling as if I had been made over new during the night.

"All other vacations they had hard work persuading me to come home until my father built a tent on the top of our back porch. While not so good as sleeping near the ground it was a good substitute and I got so used to sleeping there in the summer that I was loth to give it up when the cold weather came.

"Now that I have launched out for myself I have a tent on the porch of the little cottage that a friend and I have taken in the suburb. As soon as the weather becomes sufficiently settled, which is generally around the latter part of May or the first week in June, I have my tent put up and move into it for the season.

"I am sure I couldn't do half as much work if I attempted to sleep in the house. As it is I am up every day soon after the sun feeling fresh and fit. I didn't take a holiday last summer and I don't expect to take one this year."

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Rural England's Churches

How They Have Preserved History—Restorations and Slabs and Effigies.

[From the Living Church.]

It has been said that if all the histories of England were burned they could be entirely rewritten from the parish churches. They are full of records of the past, in stones, in brasses, in effigies, in windows and innumerable other articles. One can travel through this country for weeks, visiting every mile or so a fascinating little pile of stones full of curious old relics of every age of English life.

There was a book published a few years ago telling all about the many inns along the country roads, havens of delight to the weary walker or rushing motorists. Another traveller tells all about the country churches in a fascinating volume published a short time ago. It might be wise for somebody to try a combination of these two things. I have just walked fifty miles through the country, and the country churches and country inns are most conveniently situated so as to make splendid fofls one to another. After the inevitable breakfast of tea, bacon and eggs and marmalade, one can stroll a few minutes and come upon a charming old church that may be a few hundred years old and full of interesting records of the past.

Some of the churches show that originally they were erected by the pious pioneers of the Norman age. Times changed and the new conditions were met by busy hands of the Gothic period. It is easy to picture those busy scenes when years and years were spent in doing what, in these enlightened days of machinery, we can do in a few months, and do so badly by comparison. Then you can see how after generations spent in this labor on a parish church along came the generations of men who were much wiser and could see the folly of beauty. Smash, smash, smash, went the hammer, and now we can contemplate the results of their ruthless piety which would not tolerate beautiful statues and windows.

We see wonderful old figures of our Lord or the Virgin with the features quite broken off, or lovely windows through which the reformers threw big bricks in the interests of religion. And again we see the return of the religious feeling without the artistic spirit. The churches were somewhat "restored," and all sorts of hybrid monstrosities were placed in them. The old Gothic churches seemed to be structures carved out of single rocks. The decorations seemed to be growing on the walls and in the niches. Everything was in harmony. But in this age of restoration the slabs and effigies were plainly out of keeping with the general scheme of the buildings, great growths of inartistic, ugly designs and covered with flabby sentimentalities. One writer recently expressed his idea that the marble slabs in Canterbury Cathedral record "the fictitious virtues of a lot of nobodies."

One of these slabs which I saw was in a little church in the village of Nettlebed (where I slept merely to say that I had slept in Nettlebed). It is as follows:

Here lieth Judeth Harris, etc., followed by "Know Reader.

"That if Piety, Prudence, Witt, Innocence or Beauty could rescue from ye grave Shee had been Immortal. Since these are ineffectual, Dust and ashes. Read thy own Destiny and prepare to follow."

In Warborough, where the schoolmaster is buried, one reads:

The Lord himself instructed me In science of Astronomy.

My works have shown what I have done
About the Earth, the Moon and Sun.

Can't work no more and called away
To meet the Lord without delay,
I hope the Lord will pardon me
For all my sins what'er they be.

On the tower of this church one reads this charming palindrome:

Lewd I did live
Evil did I dwel
Robert Cox, 1666.

It was in Dorchester that I had a hearty welcome. I arrived after a five mile walk over the hills, looking like a tramp. But the vicar's wife was an American, and therefore forgot my appearance and took me all over the beautiful old church, explaining its many attractions. It is one of the best specimens in all England and has been fortunate in its preservation and restoration. One window, the Jesse window, is unique among English church windows. It has suffered but little and stands today with all of its remarkable tracery and little stone saints. The figure of the Blessed Virgin and that of the Crucifixion have both been demolished. Pious Puritans probably did it.

Today these churches are again the centres of the religious life of the people. Careful, reverent hands have done much to restore their original beauty, and they now stand as historical records of a lively past, as well as centres of a living religion today. And to the traveller who seeks for interesting research they more than repay his careful observation.

TERRIBLE CRIME OF ITALIAN STUDENT

Censor Suppressed Details—Revenge Upon a Professor Who Gave Him Low Marks.

The Italian press censor suppressed most of the details of the recent murder of Prof. Ghelli by one of the students at the Lyceum at Palermo. The police are convinced that a criminal association resembling the Camorra and Mafia exists among the students of the fourth class at the institution and that the murder was practically an "execution."

The murder was committed by a lad of 16, named Lidonni, the son of a Palermo lawyer, on May 17. Lidonni, when the class was assembled for the daily lesson in Latin, deliberately walked up to the professor and asked him in a commanding tone to give him better marks.

"My dear boy," answered the professor, "I cannot now alter the marks I awarded you. Besides, you know well that you do not deserve better marks. Try and do better next quarter and I shall willingly give you higher marks."

Lidonni, without saying a word, took a revolver from his pocket and fired. When he saw his teacher fall he sat down and calmly committed suicide. The professor was conveyed to a hospital, where he died three days afterward.

The police searched the body of the murderer and found a letter in Lidonni's handwriting addressed to his schoolfellows and marked, "To be opened after the misdeed." The letter was signed "Bonaparte," which evidently was Lidonni's pseudonym, and the paper on which it was written bore the emblem of a death's head. In it the murderer, after bidding farewell to his friends and comrades, informed them that he had accomplished his duty and said that he had purchased the revolver with money which he had made by smuggling.

The professor informed the police that for some time previously he had been receiving anonymous letters threatening him with a violent death, and that on the day before the murder Lidonni said to him in class: "Professor, tomorrow we shall go for a long voyage together, but you will start first and I shall follow you."

The police seized several other letters in Lidonni's house. One dated March 7 announced his appointment as a member of the society named "Pericula, fili, amenus," and was signed by the president of the society, "Carambolage," and countersigned by two names, "Lasco" and "Athos." Another letter, dated May 3, informed Lidonni that he had been promoted councillor of the society.

It has been ascertained that two students of the same class have attempted suicide within the last few months. The police are convinced that the society named "Pericula, fili, amenus," was a secret organization, and that its object was to intimidate the teachers and force them by means of threats to give good marks to the students.

Very likely the two boys who committed suicide were members of the same society, and there seems to be no doubt that the murder of Prof. Ghelli was decreed by the council of the criminal association.

PEN-PICTURE OF END OF THE EARTH

If a Comet Were to Strike It—Professor Newcombe's Description.

If ever a collision between the earth and a comet should be threatened the human race would be in the terrible position of knowing the exact moment of its doom. The end of the world can be imagined. At first the news would be laughed at, but later as the truth became known waves of terror would sweep the globe. International committees of astronomers would meet and issue daily bulletins to the panic-stricken nations about the steadily dwindling space between the earth and the approaching comet. Look at this pen picture of the end of the human race: As the comet draws nearer and nearer night changes into an awful nocturnal day. Even at noon the comet outshines the sun. There is no twilight. The sun sets, but the comet glows in the sky, another more brilliant luminary, marvellously yet fearfully arrayed in a fiery plume that overspreads the sky. The moon is lost, and the stars are drowned out in this dazzling glare. Warned by the astronomers, mankind takes refuge in subterranean retreats to await its fate. Long before the actual collision, long before the earth is reduced to a maelstrom of lava, gas, steam, and panetary debris, mankind is annihilated with merciful swiftness by heat and suffocation. "At the first contact with the upper regions of the atmosphere," says Professor Simon Newcomb, "the whole heavens would be illuminated with a resplendence beyond that of a thousand suns, the sky radiating a light which would blind every eye that beheld it, and a heat which would melt the hardest rocks." When the actual crash came molten rock and flame, pent up for geologic ages, would burst forth, and in a brief space of time the globe would be converted into a gigantic volcano, in the eruption of which the oceans would be dried up and the continents riven asunder. And in the eons to come the earth—a planetary cinder—would ride on through the starlit space desolate and dead.—George T. Watson.

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No. 362

GRAPE FRUIT AND ITS INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Frank Leslie Claims the Honor of Popularizing It.

Few of the thousands who daily enjoy the wonderful tonic found in those big, buttercup-yellow globules that have become a breakfast necessity to many know that they are indebted to a woman for discovering the value of the once-despised fruit as a table delicacy. Not more than 15 years or so ago the grape fruit was a thing without value—a product interesting because of its decorative appearance. Now the number consumed annually in the United States exceeds 4,000,000 boxes, which means approximately a half a billion grape fruit. About 1,000,000 of these are grown in Florida, from which comes the story of the grape fruit's bow to the epicurean world. The woman to whom grapefruit growers should take off their hats is Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Mrs. Leslie was on a visit to Henry Plant, the builder of the East Coast Railway, in Florida. James E. Ingraham was then, as now, the vice-president of the road, and it was in his car that Mrs. Leslie and her party travelled. On reaching the home of Mr. Plant, the travellers were first introduced to the delights of the refreshing citric fruit, which hung in clusters on the trees, bending the branches almost to the ground. Thousands of bushels lay on the ground under the trees, from which they had fallen. There was no market for them. Only a few of the native Floridians liked them, so the fruit that could not be eaten by Mr. Plant's immediate friends was left just where it fell.

Nearly every plantation in lower Florida had numbers of the grape-fruit trees, and under each one was the same display of golden-yellow balls which had fallen from the branches. Passing one of these plantations, Mrs. Leslie asked the planter what he would take for his crop. "Why, madam, there is no market for it. Nobody wants grape fruit. Help yourself."

The party helped itself, and grape fruit was thenceforth a regular part of the daily menu. So much did Mrs. Leslie appreciate the fruit that she decided to introduce it to her friends up north. She carried home several boxes, and later Mr Ingraham sent her 40 barrels, which she distributed among her friends, with instructions how to prepare them for the table. Encouraged by the unanimous praise which issued from each recipient of the fruit, Mr. Ingraham had a famous New York physician make an analysis of it, and to certify to its remarkable qualities as a tonic, especially in the spring. As a result of this combined effort of Mr. Ingraham and Mrs. Leslie, a demand for grape fruit grew rapidly, and in a few years after the first introduction in the north the Florida planters began to ship their crops and to realize a handsome return. Now Florida is generally known as "the grape-fruit garden of the world."

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