

# Desert Tent Life for Women The Latest Cure for "Nerves."



Camp Sunny Sands Scottsdale, A.T.

Learning to ride on an old Army Mule.

To a Near-by Ranch for Supplies.

**T**ENT life on the desert calls for neither fussy frocks nor floating frills. Hence its charm.

Worn to a "frazzle," with all the complexities of an involved and highly convoluted civilization, bristling with pomps and vanities, the woman who elicits a "frazzle" and becomes for the time being primitive man; but it is a new departure for women. That it has found favor and is rapidly becoming popularized is attested by the growing number of camps and camping outfits in our own Southwestern deserts, to say nothing of the ultra-fashionable element that has taken to the deserts of Egypt for the same object.

Men have long appreciated the mental and physical healing that comes from an occasional creeping back to Nature's heart and becoming for the time being primitive man; but it is a new departure for women. That it has found favor and is rapidly becoming popularized is attested by the growing number of camps and camping outfits in our own Southwestern deserts, to say nothing of the ultra-fashionable element that has taken to the deserts of Egypt for the same object.

Not every woman cares to try the camp life alone. Usually it is mother and daughter, husband and wife, sisters, aunt and niece, or a patient and her nurse. Yet occasionally the desert dweller comes alone, and this from choice. "I was so nervously worn out," said a California woman, who spent four months alone last summer in a tiny camp near one of the Tusayan cliff villages in Arizona, "that I felt that I must get away from even my nearest and dearest of else go wild. My husband and friends offered to go with me, but I said 'No.' So they helped fit me out, and I went my way alone, with only my dog and my horse for company.

"On the long trail across the Painted Desert I had to have a guide, who also drove a small pack train with my camp supplies, but that was all. When I reached the Moqui village he helped the Indians put up my tent and two wataws, or brush sheds, one for me and one for my horse, and then he left me, and I have been here alone ever since. I am near enough to the Indians so that they can 'pack' the water up the trail to me



A Desert Picnic.

every day from the springs a half mile below. I can watch the primitive village life from a distance, and all the time I have the most wonderful panoramas in the world spread out before me.

"Afraid? Oh, dear me, no! I have been used to camping trips all my life. My husband and I have covered almost every part of the Territory at various times, spending months in the Grand Canyon country, so that the desert is home to me, and I am happier in it than in any place in the world."

The site of the little camp was indeed idyllic. Just on the edge of a high, rocky plateau it stood, the Painted Desert, with its magnificent coloring stretching out for miles below until rimmed in the distance by the background of garnet, wine red, terracotta, sapphire blue, bright lilac or fire red mountains capped with snow or tipped along their serrated edge with a running line of gold. Across the desert marched the whirling phantoms of sand storms, meeting, passing, fighting for precedence, lifting long columns of dust skyward, or turning half the heavens into a luminous red, while in the sky, from day to day, the mirage hung its wonderful picture gallery of dissolving views. "Small wonder," she declared, "that the Indians cling to these cliff-tops of their fathers, although the government has tried repeatedly to induce them to migrate to the plains below, where their tiny cornfields lie spread out in green checker-like squares."

The tent was small. On the floor was a Navajo rug. A cot covered with the same soft rug and plenty of pillows spoke of rest. On the walls were a number of the gay colored Moqui plaques and lovely Navajo bridge baskets. Outside, under the protection of the brush shed, were the camp stove, the Arizona ice box, which has no ice but depends upon evaporation to keep things cool; the big olla, or water jar, of native pottery; a box with curtains for the paper cover and wash basin, a cupboard for necessary dishes and cooking utensils (and these were but few), a trunk covered with another blanket,

a home made table, a hammock and a chair. On a fork of the cottonwood post which formed one of the supports of the brush shed hung the saddle and its trappings, the lantern and a little shelf for a half dozen books.

Similar camps, some more elaborate, others less so, may be found all over the Territory. In the winter it is on the desert hemming in the Salt River Valley that the white tents spring up as rapidly as the fabled crop of dragon's teeth.

In the summer it is in the pine clad hills about Prescott, in the Grand Canyon region, about Flagstaff, and in this one case upon the Painted Desert itself.

The desert being no man's land, it is never necessary to ask permission to camp. Squatter sovereignty prevails. Most campers prefer to be near enough to a ranch or other base of supplies to insure a plentiful supply of water, milk and fruit. For other things distance does not matter so much, for desert roads are almost uniformly hard and level, and almost every one prefers to keep a horse. As horses, for saddle or driving or both, can be purchased from five dollars up (the "up" ones are better) this does not mean a great expense, especially as they nearly always can be sold when one gets ready to return.

Tents may be large or small, with or without a fly, purchased or rented. Prices vary according to the season or the demand, but

are seldom exorbitant. The absolute essentials for housekeeping are limited in the extreme. An old Arizona saying is to the effect that "the woman who can't keep house, given plenty of runnysocks, baling wire, empty beer bottles and boxes, is no housekeeper," and is not so far wrong after all. The less one has in the way of household goods the less one has to look after, and if one is going to hark back to primitive living superfluities must be lopped off. There is one thing, however, that most women cannot stand, and that is the desert fly. To escape from his attentions the tent must be screened. Fortunately there are no mosquitoes, and as the flies cease troubling at sundown the sleeper out of doors (and every one sleeps under the stars for the most part of the year) has nothing to disturb her repose unless she objects to the eerie "Ha! ha! ha!" of a prowling coyote, the plaintive call of the desert hoot owl or an occasional call from one of the wandering herds of Indian ponies feeding for their living on the desert.

If one longs for the fishpots of Egypt to stay him in his desert sojourn, they are not difficult to obtain. Artificial ice may be had at all nearby villages, while in the larger cities the most delicious beef and mutton in the world, the entire roster of fruits indigenous to the tropics or temperate zones, the very choicest of melons and the choicest of groceries are to be had for prices not much in advance of those obtain-

ing in New York. In the matter of meats they are indeed much less.

When it comes to clothing, oh, what joy for the women tired to death trying to decide what to put on! Here no choice is necessary. A short corduroy skirt for cold weather, and serge or brilliantine for hot, plenty of plain shirt waists that do not require ironing, a sweater and a warm steamer wrap for the cool evenings when one sits round the camp fire, high shoes, a sombrero for a desert walk in the sun, a Mexican belt that fastens with a cinch, plain underwear of gauze or linen mesh, and plenty of pretty neckerchiefs and ties, and essentials are accomplished.

"Oh! Auntie!" was the daily morning Te Deum of a small California boy, who was camping with his aunt, "just think! Only two things to put on! My shirt and overalls! Don't I wish the boys home could see me? Wouldn't they be mad?"

For the little girls who sometimes accompany their mothers (this combination of campwear, a cotton shirt waist and overalls fill the sartorial bill. If one tires occasionally of her own company or that of the birds and queer little desert creatures that invite and repay study, there is no end of delightful trips that may be taken with one's neighbors. There are acres of prehistoric mounds that invite superficial digging, with the certainty of finding plenty of broken pottery, and often genuine treasures in bone and shell amulets, turquoise and beads. There are horseback rides and picnics to the Indian reservations, to pictured rocks and Paradise Valley, to the ostrich farm and sheep camps, to orange groves and almond orchards.

There are fascinating parties, where each one gathers her own firewood from the desert's drift, camp fires and watermelon parties. And so the days speed on all too quickly, while the nights are such dreams of bliss that one feels inclined to say, "Oh that the day would never dawn!" And so cradled, soothed and healed on Mother Nature's kindly breast, the object for which one came is accomplished, and the erstwhile victim of "nerves" returns to take up her duties among the children of men.

Yet in the crowded car, among the rushing throngs, the din and turmoil of a great city, the heart goes back to the desert, and beats responsively to Balzac's definition of its charm:—

"In the desert there is all—and yet nothing. God is there and man is not."

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

## Bags and Bands to Secure the Bather's Jewels.

**T**HE lady in the bathing suit has taken possession of the sands. The safe in the bathing pavilion, or perhaps some kind individual, heretofore has been in possession of the lady's rings and watch, but no longer need she leave her jewels to the care of the disinterested. There are ways and means of carrying them into the water with her where they will be as safe, if not safer, than in the pavilion, or with a friend who wanders up and down the board walk, her hands full of trinkets that make her life miserable for the period the lady in the bathing suit is in the water.

There is a watch bag that can be worn in the bathing suit with the perfect assurance that the watch will not be lost and cannot be hurt by the water.

If the bather wishes to make these bags herself she may do so by procuring some oiled silk, chamamois skin, or the smooth top of an old kid glove, and lending to these materials her own ingenuity, she will have as good a bag as any in the shops. First a bag is cut from the chamamois skin to fit the watch, and this is sewed up on three sides

chamois. After this the upper bar is clasped and the watch is as safe from water and "Artful Dodgers" as though the bather were on dry ground with the watch in her pocket.

It would be very inconvenient to wear the rings in a bag—they would hurt the flesh, and again might be heavy enough to pull the clasp open, giving the fishes and mermaids an opportunity to bedeck themselves in the lost and found jewelry of some summer girl. It is never safe to wear rings on the fingers in the water unless they are guarded. The water will invariably loosen them, and before one realizes it the rings are gone. If they are confined to the care of some young woman who prefers the sands to the surf they may be lost, so many prefer to take them with them, wearing a guard that holds them securely on the hand.

This little guard is made of rubber with a bracelet-like affair of rubber which slips over the wrist. In buying one it is well to make sure that it fits the wrist, so that it cannot slip off. From this bracelet three extends three or four separate strips of rubber. On the end of each piece, which is just long enough to reach from the wrist to the

things, if she is imaginative. The clasp on the wrist does away with all this. The rubber bands before the strip has been attached to the ring and it usually hangs from the palm of the hand and cannot slip further up the arm than the wrist.

A pocket handkerchief in the surf may sound out of place, but there are many times when a bathing girl would give up her next day's bath for a pocket handkerchief. A bag covered with the prettiest of chintz and lined with rubber is now made, and the summer girl adds this to her list.

This bag is just large enough for the pocket handkerchief, and has about the top of it a string to pull it tightly together. The rubber, if it is the soft white kind, will not crack. Around the bag, about two inches below the first gathering string, is another cord run through a piece of the chintz that has been machine stitched on the outside of the bag just wide enough for the cords to run through. The first cord is pulled together and the second pulled and tied. This secures the bag against the penetration of the water, the first opening being guarded by the second draw string. The little bag is not large, and can, if the bather wishes it, be made of the same material as her bathing suit. It is better to use a round silk cord, which sheds the water and will not break as easily as the tape. This bag is caught just under the collar of the suit or at the waist.

The safest way to secure the bag to the suit is to make three firm buttonholes about half an inch apart, cut lengthwise in the suit and running across it. Through these lace the cord, and there is no possible way of losing it. The bags should be tied very firmly, and to avoid any possibility of coming undone it is best to leave the bag on the suit, as the knot that has been tied becomes firmer with each wearing.



by a machine, a flap like that on a mail carrier's bag being left to hook over the top. A cover is made for this of the oiled silk. These are sewed together on the machine to make the bags as tight as possible, the oiled silk bag slipping over the chamamois and having a flap to correspond. The flaps are fastened with a small snap such as is worn on waists and skirts.

Then there is a third bag made of oiled silk, large enough to fit over the other two. It has a flat top, and on it are sewed two straps that are fastened with a clasp to the bathing suit, just inside the collar.

The oiled silk and chamamois bags with the watch inside are slipped inside the last one, the open side of the first bag down. No water can possibly penetrate the silk and

finger base, is a clasp large enough to secure two ring bands in its circle, the rings are caught in this, and unless the bold sea urchin takes lady and all the rings cannot be jerked off by boisterous waves or gently coaxed off by soft swells.

The clasp is used for other purposes. The old method of strapping a bathing house key about one's neck may be very safe, for unless one's head suddenly shrinks or the rubber breaks there is no way of getting it off, but like many things that are "secure" and "practical" it is not very beautiful. The rubber band is not ornamental on the neck of a fair bather, the key will make a mark that is hard to get off, and when that key suddenly twists around to the back its cold metal leads the bather to believe all sorts of

## Woman's Ogre—The Waiter

**O**F course the blasé young damsel who is in the habit of lurching, dining and supping at Sherry's, the Waldorf, or other equally elegant eating places, is not overawed by the sombre magnificence of the omniscient and omnipresent waiter.

Not so, however, the girl whose town outings and restaurant visits are marked in the calendar with flaming red. She endeavors to appear at ease and manages very well before the maids and hall boys, but when at last she is seated at the table her courage oozes out at the patent leather tips of her smart little shoes, her hands grow cold and she wishes that she had run into one of the hundred resorts of women shoppers where there are no such superior beings to take away appetite.

Before she had reached the hostelry she had determined that she was not going to be frightened into selecting some of the every day routine of things to eat, just because she could order them without that trying ordeal of reading the menu under the glassy eyes of the waiter. She was determined on a culinary treat, yet nine times out of ten when she is under the hypnotic spell of the waiter she will order beefsteak, hashed brown potatoes and a cup of tea, when her soul was longing for frogs' legs, saucy tartare, champignons fraise and baba au rhum. When she pays the bill for her steak, &c., she is furious at her timidity and disappointed that she permitted the ogre to destroy her pleasure. If the waiters would only learn to be unobtrusive under these conditions their attentions afterward would be doubly appreciated by many a feminine patron who regards eating in a restaurant as an event of more than ordinary importance.

## Concerning Your Ancestors.

**576.—LIVINGSTON — HERALDRY.**—The accompanying illustration is the coat of arms of the Livingston family, described as:—

**Arms**—Quarterly, first and fourth argent, three gilly flowers gules, within a double tressure fory, counter fory; second, quarterly, one and four gules, on a chevron argent a rose between two lions passant combatant of the first; two and three azure, three martlets argent; third, sable a bend or; between six billets or.

**Crest**—A demi-savage proper, wreathed about the head and middle with laurel, holding in the dexter hand a club erect, and in the sinister a serpent vert.

**Motto**—Si je puis.

Few have risen, at various periods, to greater power and higher honors, or have possessed larger estates, or have more nearly rivaled in feudal power the mighty house of Douglas than the Livingstons. They first gained prominence on the accession to the throne of the House of Stuart, when the fortunes of the two houses became closely linked together. The confidence placed in different members of the family by the Stuart sovereigns secured for them appointments to the highest offices in the Kingdom. Sir Alexander Livingston of Callendar, in 1477, had the custody of King James II. during his minority. Alexander, fifth Lord Livingston, was one of the guardians of the infant Mary Queen of Scots. Alexander, seventh Lord Livingston, afterward Earl of Linlithgow, had the care of the daughters of James I. of England. The Livingstons acquired in the male line three Earldoms, Linlithgow, Callendar and Newburgh, and two Viscounties, Kilsyth and Teviot, and many minor honors, Livingstone, Falkerk, Almond, Kynnauld, Campsie and Flacraig. The Rev. Alexander Livingston was the first Reformed minister of Monyabroch (Kilsyth), which position was presented prior to March 15, 1590-1591, by William, sixth Lord Livingston. His son, the Rev. William Livingston, of Lanark, was the spokesman of his party in their welcome of the Marquis of Hamilton into Edinburgh as the King's Commissioner, in 1638. He died in 1641, leaving a son, the Rev. John Livingston, of Ancrum, who died in exile at Rotterdam, in 1672. His son Robert, born Ancrum, Scotland, December 13, 1654, became the founder of the principal American branch of the family. He married July 9, 1683, Alida, dau. of Colonel Philip Pieterse van Schuyler and Margareta van Schlichtenhorst, his wife. Died at the manor April 21, 1738. He was first lord or proprietor of the manor of Livingston, Secretary of Indian Affairs, 1755-1771; captain in the Provincial forces, 1693; member of the Council, Province of New York, 1698-1701; member and Speaker of Assembly, 1709-1725, and colonel in 1716. His son, Philip Livingston, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Livingstons in America have always claimed descent from the old Scottish Lords Livingston. (Vide "The Livingstons of Callendar and Their Principal Cadets," Matthews' "American Armory" and "Some of the Livingstons.")

**577.—SICKELS.**—Parentage wanted of

Phebe Sickels, who lived in New York city about 1800. She married Grant Thorburn, of New York. E. T.

**578.—LOWERY.**—Wanted, ancestry and coat-of-arms of the Scotch-Irish family of Lowery. Came from Donegal, Ireland, about 1730 or earlier. Alexander Lowery, of Marlotta, Donegal county, Pa., was a large land owner and Indian trader. Colonel of the Donegal Guards in the Revolution. Member of the Provincial Conference held at Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia. W. E. S.

**579.—WRIGHT.**—Edward Wright came to America from England 1690, settled in Somerset county, Md., near Barren Creek Springs. His son Jacob married Elizabeth Bayley Wright, their son Joshua married Sally Wright and their son Turpin married Mary Holland Harris. Crest and war records wanted. N. L. D.

**580.—HARRIS.**—Wanted, coat-of-arms of the Harris family. Three Harris brothers came to America in 1690; Zachariah and Abraham came from London and Stephen from Scotland. Stephen settled in New-town, Md. He had a daughter Josephine, whom Harris married Directore Butler, settled in Accomack county, Va. Had son, Major Burton Harris (of war of 1812), who married dau. of Zachariah Harris and Tabatha his wife. Desire a war record. N. L. D.

**581.—MOORE.**—Parentage wanted of Jane Moore, who married one Peck (WILLIAM H. I think) about the beginning of the nineteenth century. What relationship did Jane bear to Bishop Moore? P. E. C.

**582.—BARTHOLOMEW.**—Can any of your readers state whether John Bartholomew, brother of Captain Benjamin Bartholomew, of Chester county, Pa., was married, and to whom? Who are his descendants? John Bartholomew, born 1748, died 1814, was major in a battalion of Flying Camp, of Chester county; was also lieutenant colonel and colonel of Chester county militia. His monument stands in the burial ground of the Great Valley Baptist Church, Chester county, Pa. F. J. N.

**583.—OGDEN.**—Please state if the following description of the coat of arms (supposed to be the Ogden) is correct:—Quarterly, within an Escutcheon bearing an oak branch accented ppr. First and fourth, a sinister arm in armour embowed ppr., couped at the shoulder and grasping a sword. In the second and third a charge, of which I do not know the name; foot resembles the capital letter F, rising from a mount. Crest—Out of a coronet a dexter arm in armour, embowed ppr., couped at the shoulder grasping a sword. I desire correct description and if it is the Ogden arms. The writer has a seal cut in brass bearing the above arms. It was formerly in the possession of Dr. Benjamin Ogden. J. L. R.

**584.—LEEKE.**—Will J., who kindly answered query 131, January 11, 1903, Leeks, send me his address? C. H. M.

**585.—CONKLING.**—Wanted, ancestry of Hiram Conkling, of Orange county, New York. His son Ezra died in 1874; came to Philadelphia in 1822. They were a New York family. Ezra's uncle was the father of Roscoe Conkling. W. E. D.

**586.—MADDEN-WADE.**—Ancestry wanted of one William Madden, born Limerick, Ireland, about 1815. Came to this country in 1849, from Dublin. Married Margaret Wade, grandniece of William Jay, preacher, who

died 1833, born in —, England. Was he of the same descent as the American family of Jay? The Wades were of English descent. Margaret's father was a shipowner in London in the early part of 1800. The Maddens were connected with the educational institutions in Dublin. W. J. M.

**587.—HUBBARD.**—The family coat-of-arms asked for; so was if any of the descendants of the four brothers who came to America in the ship Fortune married a Miss Hallock. Desire names of these four brothers. F. W. S.

**588.—SHAW — LEVERICH.**—Elizabeth Shaw, born 1720, a dau. of Nathaniel Shaw, of Plymouth, Mass., and married Alexander Whaley in 1757. Was Nathaniel Shaw a descendant of John Shaw, one of the Plymouth colonists in 1627? Alexander Whaley, Jr., of Bushwick Crossroads, L. I., married (7) Leverich of Newtown, L. I. Her maiden name wanted, and was a descendant of the Rev. William Leverich, who came to America in 1630 and was the first minister of Newtown? Information wanted of all the above mentioned. M. E. W.

**589.—FAIRCHILD — SEABROOKE.**—Thomas Fairchild, merchant, left London, England, and settled in Stamford, Conn., 1638 or 1639, died 1670. Was the first civil officer of Stamford. Married before leaving England a dau. of Robert Seabrooke, one of the first settlers. What was her first name? Ancestry wanted of Thomas Fairchild and Robert Seabrooke, where they resided prior to going to London, and how was Thomas connected with the English Fairchilds? J. R. F.

**590.—HUTTON — PRATT.**—Dorothy Ann Hutton, born Manchester, England, lived later in counties Armagh and Tyrone. At sixteen came to America and at twenty married John Ferguson Pratt, in 1851. She was dau. of James and Nancy Jane Hutton. All information of her requested. E. C. P.

**591.—BERRIAN.**—The illustration is that of those of the Berrian family, of French origin. The family came from the Berrian, a town in the Department of Finistere. It is stated by tradition that the ancestor was a Huguenot who was forced to flee and take refuge in Holland during the civil wars of France. The first of the name in this country was Cornelius Jansen Berrian, who settled on Long Island in 1693 and married Jannette Stryker. Desire full information of this family prior to their coming to America. CURIOUS.

**ANSWERS.**

**376 (Answer).**—COOPER-BAILEY.—Stephen Bailey, of Somerset county, Md., married Mary Dashiell, of Somerset county, Md., March 6, 1777. Had children—Jean Dashiell Bailey, born December 22, 1777; Matthias Bailey, born June 30, 1782; Peggy Bailey, born March 7, 1785; Stephen Thomas Dashiell Bailey, born February 23, 1789; Henry Dashiell Bailey, born October 25, 1791. I have the Bible records of Bailey family. W. L. D.

**396 (Answer).**—TERRY.—The description of the Terry coat of arms, as follows:—Arg. a cross between four martlets gu. Crest—A demi lion ppr., holding a fleur-de-lis gu. H.