annonnon nonnon annonnon annon annon annon ann THE SIMPLE LIFE IN GOTHAM'S WOODS

Deer-Trailed Forests Within Ten Miles of New York's City Limits-Burat Simplicity of Nearby Long Island

-Experiences of a Chicago "Open Air Fiend."

Special Correspondence.

New York, July -- Camping out in the wilds of Greater New York is a pastime the very idea of which suggests amazing contrasts. That it is possible to leave behind the roaring metropolis. with its marble canyons and its millions of inhabitants, and in the course of an hour's journey become veritably lost in forests where the trout are snapping at dragon flies and where the wild deer are running among their primeval haunts, may seem incredible to anyone in the south or west who reads the per lodic statement that New York is fast becoming the greatest city in the world. The fact is, however, that the smoke of the great city as it sweeps eastward to the sea, passes over vast solltudes that embrace untracked woods and unbridged streams.

The recent experience of one of Chi cago's most prominent lawyers, who found it necessary to be in New York on business that required his attention every two or three days for about two weeks, strikingly illustrates these con-trasts. The Chicagoan is what might

called an "open air man" and, as the weather was insufferably hot and he had little desire for the ordinary run of overcrowded summer resorts and roof-garden existence did not appeal to him, he expected to have rather a stuffy time of it. A friend who took luncheon with him ralfrierd whostook luncheon with him rai-lied him on his despondency. The man from fillinois explained the cause. "You see," said he, "I have always been a believer in the way the Eng-lish have of dropping their work and getting out into the open for two or three days. Over there they take a rowboat and a small camp outfit on Friday afternoon or Saturday and go away up the Thames over Sunday. So Friday afternoon or Saturday and go away up the Thames over Sunday. So common is the practise, that for several miles up the river the banks are dotted with little white tents that spring up every Saturday and disappear Mon-day morning. I often spend the week-end in that way about Chicago. But what chance has a man in this part of the country, which seems thickly of the country, which seems thickly built up all over?"

man. He rolled

trousers.

thick woods,

"I have a camp outfit; borrow it and try your luck down on Long Island,' suggested the New Yorker. The westerner jumped at the chance, though, as he confessed, with little expectation that he should find a place that would appeal to a veteran woods-

pound, and they helped out his roue rolled a flannel shirt, old extra clothes, blanket and tine provisions in fine shape, Occasionally the Westerner visited a

tent all into a rubber poncho, making an almost incredibly small bundle, while his cooking outfit, revolver, lan-tern, fishing tackle and other accesfarm house near his camp and pur-chased milk, eggs or even a chicken, but only once during the week did he descend upon the village again. The occasion was a certain morning when he appeared in the general store and asked for 'n quart of corn meal, a cup of doug two two subiespreaming a suger cories were compressed into a suit case. Then he boarded a Long Island railroad train, rode out along the South shore for about 27 miles, jumped off at a station bearing the picturesque name of Wantagh and disappeared with a long breath of relief into some of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of sain, all mixed in together." "Hoy?" gasped the astounded store-keeper, thinking the costomer a mad-

The nature-loving Chicagoan wond rustling through the woods, noting the varieties of trees, birch, oak and ma-ple, with the eye of a connoisseur, un-The Westerner explained that he was camping and had been smitten with a sudden appetite for corn pone-a deli-cacy which, he declared, he was com-

pie, with the eye of a connoisseur, on-til, after a short tramp, he came upon a pretty little brook flowing gently be-tween its wooded banks. Here he pitched his tent, and here he set about preparing his own dinner. His poncho package and his suit case appeared to be veritable magic bags, from which he prepared an estimation would be petent to cook himself. A great deal of the time the camper spent in wandering over the country and it was on one of these occasions and it was on one of these occasions that, as he subsequently expressed it, he discovered Jerusalem. Striking out of the woods, he came upon a quaint, sleepy, little white village of prim cot-tages, the inhabitants of which were attired in Quaker garb. The Western-er learned that the name of the place was Jerusalem, and indeed it looked old enough and sufficiently out-of-the-world to have been the original. Set in a grove of trees in the village produced an astonishing variety of food and cooking utensils which he food and cooking atensits which he handled with great dexterity, and soon had a fine meal prepared. Then he leaned his back against a tree, and, with the aid of a pipe and book, pro-ceeded to enjoy the solitude. Ourse or twice a railroad train rumbled by in the distance, but otherwise the silence was as unbroken as if he were in the heart of a wildernass. All night the

world to have been the original. Set in a grove of trees in the village the explorer found a clapboarded, white-washed, squat old "meeting-house." It had been one of the first buildings erected, he learned, when the settlement had been established, over 100 years ago. While trying to get into the church, he discovered an old Qua-ker pair who had celebrated their gold-on wedding anniversary several years ago. "Dost thee wish to go inside?" asked the old woman, When he re-plied in the affirmative, she reverently unlocked the door, throw open the heart of a wilderness. All night the Chicagoan, wrapped in his blanket, slept like a ground hog who has seen his shadow. It would not be altogether interest-ing to note in detail how the Chicagoan spent his week as he related the thing to his friend on his return. He was astonished, on waking up one morning, to spy a full-grown deer drinking at the stream, and astonished again, after

back.

casting a random dy in the stream one evening, to have it taken by a good-sized trout. He caught several of these weighing from half a pound to a unlocked the door, threw open the blinds and let a flood of sunshine into the dust-covered interior. Everything it had been a century

A great partition divided the meetings

A great partition divided he meeting-house into two large compartments, one for men and one for women. There was a big wood stove for cold weather on either side, and tin candle hangers were ranged along the walls. The westerner thought of some of the gorgeous modern temples of religion and smiled. For the second week he changed his camp to the shore of one of the bays that traverse Long Island's south coast. He hired a cathoat from one of the na-tives and lived in it by day and slept at hight in camp on the shore. The young bluefish called "snappers," were now the sport of his rod, and he found that when fried in bacon grease they were all that an epicure could desire. "Well?" demanded the Gothamite friend, when the westerner returned, friend, when the westerner returned, sun-browned and hearty-looking, st

sup-browned and hearty-looking, st the end of the fortnight. "Well, I succeeded in losing myself in some real country and getting loose from the city," replied the camper, "and I think I have more respect for the east now than I ever had before. I did have to slip into town twice on busi-ness, but I didn't mind because the rail-read towneav was only about an hour read journey was only about an hour. Your country about here is certainly

"And the funny part of it is that you were at no time more than 19 miles out of the city limits," replied the Gothamite.

Cured of Bright's Disease.





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