



Camps and Campers In the Adirondacks

How the "Nation's Pleasure Ground and Sanitarium" Has Become the Summer Resort of the American Money Lord



IN the eastern part of this land it is said that people with long purses go to the Adirondacks for their summer vacation, while those with short ones take their way to the Catskills and declare they like it better. Who wouldn't under the circumstances?

Hon. David B. Hill, urging the preservation of the forests of the Adirondack region, once called it the nation's pleasure ground and sanitarium. This may have been true when Governor Hill said it, but it is certain that the Adirondacks are fast becoming a pleasure resort chiefly for American millionaires. The hundred square mile tract included in the Adirondack mountain region comprises, roughly speaking, 4,000,000 acres of land, forest and stream. Of this nearly or quite 1,000,000 acres are already the property of American money lords. William Rockefeller owns 50,000 acres. He has a whole lake all to himself. Exclusive of buildings he is said to have paid half a million dollars for his estate.

On the shore of Sagamore lake Alfred G. Vanderbilt has an estate, which it is said cost \$500,000. Collis P. Huntington bought up thousands of acres of Adirondack mountain side, built upon his property a lodge which was one of the show places of the region and died there in 1901. J. Pierpont Morgan has a splendid summer home which he calls Camp Uncas on the shore of Mohegan lake. The late W. C. Whitney's Adirondack estate included a whole township along the borders of Upper Saranac lake. He bought out and out the village of Wawbeek as if he could put it in his pocket. There were 23,744 acres in his mountain farm.

A house that looks like a magnificent castle has been built by O. H. Cohn on Upper Saranac lake. The cottages and other outbuildings surrounding the castle are numerous enough to give the place the appearance of a town, yet it pleases the proprietor of the big palace to call it a cabin. Not in such "cabins" were the great Americans born and bred. Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, too, has an Adirondack home. It is on Upper St. Regis. Levi P. Morton's estate is on Upper Saranac. Thomas Carnegie, brother of Andrew, built on Raquette lake a mansion which is also one of the show places of the Adirondacks. Dr. W. Seward Webb at one time owned 77,000 acres of Adirondack land and fenced it all in. Many wealthy game clubs have purchased entire miles of forest, mountain and lake and have made log camps more or less luxurious to which they flee them in summer to fish from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15 to

shoot deer and in the dead of winter to hunt rabbits and spear pickerel through the ice.

The old Adirondack natives, families whose men folk for generations have made a living as hunters, guides, trappers and lumbermen, for well or ill are being driven out. They at first resented bitterly the notices posted every

where gamekeepers, hewers of wood and humble underlings on the very ground they and theirs had occupied since the year one. Such is the march of civilization. The North woods is the favorite section of the mountain region.

Much of the primitive Adirondack wildness is gone. Nearly all the lakes

with it. Ingenious miners used to make stoves of it. Wherever civilized man goes, there goes the tin can. When the north pole shall be discovered a baked bean can will be hung upon the end that sticks out. Hail to the tin can!

Occasionally friends in the cities lease land not yet included in the great

ins" and it is now only in the little family camps that a woman may still be comfortable and get rid of the wrinkles that trying to keep up with city clothes has plowed into her face.

The advent of women and millionaires in the Adirondacks has left comparatively few of the old time "stag" camps, where men who cared only for

keep the mosquitoes away and let the mixture stay there till it wore off. They got lost, they tumbled overboard out of their canoes into icy waters and did not take cold. Nobody minded, because they were out for game, these temporarily wild men. But—

They are all gone away! There is nothing more to say.

brood over disappointments even more terrible than crime. Who knows? At any rate, it may be a comfort to some to know that in the Adirondacks are still secret spots where a human being may hide from everybody.

A pathetic interest is connected with some of the Adirondack winter resorts. While various mountain hotels are open all winter and guests go to them from time to time for the fun of it, to enjoy tobogganing and skating and such other sports as are possible at 20 below zero, there are those who exile themselves in the frozen mountain forests hoping to escape the doom of the consumptive. It was these Governor Hill had in mind when he called the Adirondacks the sanitarium of America. Wrapped in the soft furs and blankets these invalids heavily sit in open verandas and play games or read and write with paralyzed hands. At night they sleep almost in the open air with the arctic cold all about them. Brave heart they keep up and cheerful, and it is pleasant to know that many a time they recover. Robert Louis Stevenson spent the winter of 1887-88 in a cottage on Lake Moody and wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" there.

One effect of what may be called the taint of the Adirondacks has been to bring women more and more into prominence in connection with the business of caring for summer resorts. It has been found that a woman can plan and conduct a summer camp better than a man can, especially where women are among its inmates. Scores of women now make it a business of this every summer. The millionaire families have brought pianos and oriental rugs and fashion plate gowns into the mountains, not women like their men to see around them to see after their wants.

To be a successful Adirondack camper a woman must know woodcraft and be a good shot. She must know how to serve as guide to parties seeking hunting and fishing grounds or to girl students who botanize or geologize or get object lessons in natural history. There is an ever increasing number of these among American college women. The Adirondack woman guide must be familiar with the name and habits of each bird and wild creature, must not be afraid of snakes, must know the course of the sun by day and read the constellations at night so as to guide her people. She must be familiar with every tree, plant and flower. Besides all this she must be a good cook and camp housekeeper. All this knowledge it is said women acquire sooner than men do, because women's eyes are quicker than men's.

LILLIAN GRAY



A TYPICAL SUMMER CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

forty rods around the millionaire game preserves forbidding any hunting, fishing or trespassing upon the very grounds that they and their ancestors had regarded as their rightful own for centuries. They resisted and made trouble. But what can poor mountaineers do against money, whether made in oil, embalmed beef, iron, railroads, Wall street, skinning or pills? Many of the natives finally accepted employment on the estates of the oil and pill American aristocracy and be-

came gamekeepers, hewers of wood and humble underlings on the very ground they and theirs had occupied since the year one. Such is the march of civilization. The North woods is the favorite section of the mountain region.

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Kate Clyde Continues Her Amiable Discussion of American Women; Some Minor faults That Might Easily Be Remedied

WHEN you come back to your own country from Europe you are apt to see things with unblinded eyes. Some things you are mighty glad to get back to, such as interesting magazines, Sunday newspapers, ice and cream sodas, not to speak of the American man, who seems pretty nice alongside of the European average specimen.

But, then, there are other things which don't strike you so favorably—the rush and scramble, the crowded

streets, cars and American ideas of politeness.

If you voice your disapproval they say Europe has gone to your head. The best thing is to keep your thoughts to yourself.

But there are one or two things I would like to criticize.

American women are "daffy" about clothes.

Now, clothes may originate in Paris, but they do not occupy the mind and conversation of the Parisienne to the exclusion of everything else as they do influence some women of my acquaintance.

The difference is painfully apparent when you come home from traveling on the other side. There you find charming salons where the sleeves of the mistresses of the house are perhaps not of the latest cut, but where wit and epigram sparkle, and you go away refreshed and invigorated mentally.

But in America, I am sorry to say, the subject of conversation where women congregate is more than likely to be frills, if it is not the servant question.

Sad, but True.

On all sides you hear snatches like these:

"Yes, we are late getting away this summer, but you see, the maids are disappointed and you have to have so many white gowns when you go to X-by-the-Sea."

"My blue pongee skirt? My dear, she has had it a month and only the skirt done and part of one sleeve."

"I would start Saturday. It is fearfully hot, and my husband is very anxious we should go, but I want to take in Cadman's special sale Monday. My dear, they are going to have

hats for \$3.75. Think of that! Oh, yes, I have quite a few dresses but I haven't a blue and I thought at that price I wouldn't matter if I didn't wear it more than once or twice."

"Oh, look at that woman crossing the street! How do you like that? I don't think it goes very well with—"

"Yes, they say she is a great actress, but, my sorrows, how tacky! She is off the stage! I saw her on Fifth avenue the other day and she actually wore a blue foulard with a tight skirt and one of those lace coats without a speck of chiffon lining in it. Give me a genius that knows how to dress!"

"Yes, she has a lovely disposition, but what hats she wears!"

Etc., etc.

Clothes Are Dominant.

The truth is we dream of clothes, we judge by clothes and we live for clothes.

The pity of it all is this mad desire "to peacock" takes our money, time and energy for better things. And it is not confined to the idle rich classes either.

Many a working girl goes hungry to buy herself a bit of cheap jewelry or a ribbon. Look at the noisome crowd of girls on their way to lunch from the office and you will be struck by the fact that they carry their salaries on their backs. Worse than that, the wife of a petty employee will put her husband in debt rather than go without a new gown she covets, even though her restricted social opportunities will force her to wear it on shopping expeditions in order that she may have a chance to show it off and that it may not go out of style hanging in the closet.

What grieve we women are, when there is so much else in the world which is really grand and interesting and worth while!

Then there is another thing.

The Modern Babel.

Some one has named New York the "City of Nations."

I never realized before how much we divided silence.

Talk about the volubility of the Latin races! Never in any French or Italian town have I heard the mixture of discordant tones I have enjoyed since my return home to my city apartment for awhile.

Please to believe in the first place that I live in a select neighborhood and not in a tenement, as you might infer by the choice and variety of sounds I enjoy.

There is the pianola to the right of

the phonola across the street.

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THE MAID THAT WOULD A-FISHING GO.

The very practical and pretty costume illustrated is for the woman who goes fishing. It is made of cream colored Russian crash. The short plaited skirt is simply hemmed at the bottom. The box coat is loose and comfortable and fitted with substantial pockets. Fashion is so schemed in our time that women have even a costume to go fishing in. This one is appropriate and becoming. Salt water will not hurt it. The only evil that can happen it is for it to go out of fashion.

out of rare engravings. One day rummaging through the attic, where were stored the accumulations of several generations, he ran across a box of old English prints, engravings and the like. He pored over them, realizing the value during the present craze for old time prints and sold them at good prices, and that gave her a start.

It must make some brides envious to hear that the wedding gown of Princess Nina cost \$10,000. The foundation,

is said the king of Spain took much interest in the trousseau of his bride and, while in the lists of Wight, received colored sketches of the wedding robe and five other gowns that were being made for her.

The plan of having an official purveyor for each public school has been adopted by the elementary school committee of the Philadelphia board of education. The object is to prevent the children from buying impure candy,

permitted to sell certain goods which the committee knows to be pure. All other peddlers will be excluded.

Nothing is so good for the complexion as milk if you can digest it. Many people who cannot take pure milk find no difficulty in digesting it if it is slightly diluted with barley water or if a pinch of salt is added to it.

It is said that Mrs. Wu Ting Fang, wife of the former Chinese minister to the United States, had an operation

performed by the Japanese army in

Elizabeth Rinfrey, head of the Mar-

ried Williamson hospital in Shang-

me and the pianola across the street. When they are not kept going both at once I esteem myself fortunate, but even when alternating I get them pretty thoroughly dined into my nervous system. Then there is the parrot four doors down. But what is a distance of four doors to a healthy parrot's voice? The little boys on the street will pass by in silence because it has come to be a recognized fact that boys are unable to play without emitting blood curdling sounds. But the little girl in the next house. Oh, me! Oh, my! What a loud voiced child! And where are the nerves of the people who live with her? She will converse in her cheerful tones by the hour all by herself if necessary or

will hold a spirited dialogue with some one whose replies you cannot hear and neither apparently can she, for her remarks are punctuated with loud "WHATS" every few minutes. It is apparently impossible for the child to talk or understand anything but a loud key. A man across the way thinks he can sing humorous (?) songs, and a soprano on the side floor (left side of elevator) is under the impression that she can reach yet another octave higher.

The telephone, the elevator, the dumb waiter and the front door bell do their share, often all at once.

The apartments in the third floor (right) and the first floor (left) have been sublet for the summer months to the kind of people that have all winter and save up that they may live in a white stone apartment house at a third of its rental during July and August and entertain all their friends.

Which, believe me, they do enough to last them all the year around.

But I wouldn't mind if near so much if I didn't hear the voices of women with that unusual laugh which, alas, is distinctly American.

What Will the Harvest Be?

My sorrows, what are we coming to? Are we soon to be distinguished as the noisiest nation in the world, with noisy music, as exemplified by the popular tune, and noisy laughter as you hear it on every street?

I actually read an article the other day in which a doctor begged mothers not to restrain their children. "For," said he, "if you hush their screaming

you will prevent their lung development, and if you teach them to be quiet and not talk so much you will retard the growth of their brains."

Well, I am far retarded myself then! It's my opinion that according to the doctor's reasoning we're going ahead as a nation much too fast.

Kate Clyde

New York.

SPAIN'S QUEEN.

A correspondent who had a rare view of Princess Ena in Paris writes:

A passing glimpse of the princess as she ascended the "queen's stairs" at Versailles afforded me this impression: She is very tall, fair, of a round face resembling the Duke of Connaught when he was her age, and with the cheeks, chin and something in the mouth of Queen Victoria, when young, good humored and inclined to hearty laughter. When the princess does not laugh she does her best to wear the air of her late majesty preserved at drawing rooms. The eyes are "des yeux qui conquièrent"—not large or expressive, but not dull either, and rather aggressive. It would be hard to describe the color of hair that escaped from the hat. I have seen autumn foliage as it varied from russet to pale yellow, comparable to it. A "touslon d'or" I cannot call it, but it might be that if the tress of russet were replaced by gold. But a Parisian hairdresser would know how to cast sunbeams on it, as Auguste did on the "lively autumn" hair of the Empress Eugenie. Princess Ena is to teach Queen Victoria's granddaughter not to be as much in love (and for that with Alfonso as he is now with her.

WHEN A JAP GIRL IS JILTED.

A Japanese woman, when abandoned by her lover, takes a peculiar and picturesque revenge. When she no longer has any doubt as to his faithlessness she gets up in the middle of the night and puts on a pleasing dress and the usual sandals. Attached to her bodice are carried three lighted candles, and accompanied by her neck hangs a small mirror. She takes in her left hand a small straw effigy of the faithless one, and in her right hand a hammer and nails. Walking gravely in the sanctuary, she selects one of the sacred trees and nails the effigy securely to the trunk. She then prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her wish is granted she will take out the nails which trouble her god, since they are fastened to a sacred tree. Night after night she comes to the tree, adding one or two nails, and repeating her prayers, persuaded that the god will not hesitate to sacrifice the man to save the tree.

HERE AND THERE IN FIELDS OF FEMININE ACTIVITY.

Large families of boys and girls constitute a good school. The girl comes to blush and look down each time she sees a coat, and honest, straightforward intercourse exists between the two. Again, the boy is a hundredfold nicer for having a sister.

Applicant—No, my dear, I couldn't work where there was children. Mrs. Keephouse—But we advertised for a girl who understood child-rearing.

That's why I wouldn't work where they are.

In one respect only are women permitted to serve the pope, and that is in the care of his wardrobe. As he always appears in white, even a few hours' wear takes away the freshness from the robes. Men attendants are not considered suitable for the work and it is entirely in charge of women.

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