

SUMMER RESORT SECTION

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SOCIETY GROWING ATHLETIC.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

YOU would hardly know the average city man of last winter. He is tanned and sunburned, and has a stock of animal spirits and health to last him a life time, and an appetite to eat himself out of house and home. There never has been such a summer for living outdoors. To be athletic, to excel in all kinds of games and sports, to be first in everything, from driving a little white ball around a ten-acre lot, to performing feats of horsemanship and seamanship which would place any man in the front rank of the world's heroes, is the ambition of society. And the women are as eager as the men. Dancing and teas and dinners are all very well in their way, but from June to August, from Cape May to Bar Harbor, everything has been put aside for athletics. When society is not golfing, it is swimming; when it is not swimming, it is sailing; when it is not sailing, it is driving and riding; it is automobiling; it is playing polo; it is in for tennis, which is rapidly coming to the front again, and one sport succeeds another from early morn until late in the evening. Society is too tired or too busy to give attention to formalities. If there must be teas, well, let the people come to the club house and have their entertainments there.

For the older people at Newport and Bar Harbor, there have been state dinners and some luncheons, but, for any one who is not middle-aged, it is life in the open. And, what is more, there is to be no cessation of all this. Week after week sees people more enthusiastic than before. Arrangements are being made everywhere for a long line of tournaments of all kinds every week until the great international yacht races occur. Each sport has its followers, and those who are very wealthy and have nothing to do and like variety change from one to another.

The late Spanish war has had a great deal to do with this new phase of life. The men are now accustomed to living out doors and to roughing it. To have been a Rough Rider is almost a sure passport of membership to the Knickerbocker Club, the most exclusive in New York. Even in dress the men are adopting the free and easy costumes of the prairies and the comfortable costumes of Cuba and Puerto Rico. Jack Livermore, Hermann Oelrichs and a large crowd of men who are well known in fashionable society, are wearing enormous, broad brimmed straw hats, with conical tops and great sombreros. Jimmie Brees has introduced the fashion at Southampton, and you can see it all along the Jersey coast. The only sign of the haberdasher's art is the hose, which are of the most brilliant red, and white shoes have taken the place of tan.

This week the calendar of sports has been long, and for the coming week it is crowded with events of all kinds. Golf is given the first place in the rank, as it is universally fashionable, and is played everywhere, in the mountains and on the table lands, as well as by the seashore. At Cape May there has been a famous match in golf this week, and Philadelphia and Baltimore and a good part of New York have been down to see it. Coming up the Jersey coast one finds one of the most delightful and picturesque golf clubs at that beautiful spot, Deal Beach. There the conditions for a life by the seaside and in the open are perfect. The club and club cottages near the golf links allow you all the comforts of home, with none of the bother. And then, as Deal is by the ocean, you have sailing and swimming and driving and riding as well. Spring Lake has good links, and there are excellent ones also at Allenhurst, and right up to Long Branch, Monmouth Beach and the Highlands. One of the most picturesque sets of links are those which have been in existence for some years near the Rumson Road, just back of Seabright—at the Essex Club. Here golfers have been playing steadily every day for the Havemeyer Cup. Many of the great country houses in this region along the picturesque Shrewsbury have golf links of their own, and the red and green coats are seen all day. Men and women drive in them, giving an extra note to the color scheme, with the ocean and the Highlands as backgrounds.

The Hudson is one chain of golf links beginning at Inwood, skirting off toward the Berkeley Oval, and going up to St. Andrews and Ardsley, where some of the great contests have been held. There is not a day on which the links are not crowded. Crossing the river and going back to New Jersey, Dr. John A. Wells has brought the Englewood Golf Club into prominence. The Misses Hewitt play here frequently. There will be a tournament in September, and yesterday the preliminary round for the club challenge cup took place. Sheffield Phelps has presented the cup. Going back to Seabright just for a moment, I hear that there are to be cups contested for the gifts of Mrs. W. Gill Wyle, Mrs. George B. Howell and Mrs. W. P. Prentice. Mrs. Wilbur Hoodgood, Mrs. William Street and the Misses Fitzgerald have had large house parties down at Seabright for the golfing.

Staten Island is ideal for golfing, and between that game on the glorious links overlooking New York harbor and the ocean, and tennis and cricket at Livingston, the island is having a gay time this summer than at any epoch in its history for years. It is only a short sail over the bay, and men who have to stop in town flock to the links in the afternoon. Another popular golf club much in vogue is the one at Richmond Hill. Then the Meadowbrook people are always to be found at the Garden City place, even during the middle of summer, when you might expect them at Newport.

Southampton is almost the mother of golf in this country. The St. Andrews links, I believe, are older. I do not want to get into any dispute with golfers. I am only looking at it from its social standpoint. At Southampton the golfer is supreme. He and she, or she and he, are playing from morning until night. Last week there was to have been a golf dance in the moonlight; only prevented by the moon blazing upon hiding her face behind dense clouds, and heavens pouring rain the entire evening. The golfers danced inside the house, but their enthusiasm was as great. It was here Miss Bearlix Hoyt won her first championship games, and the golfers include the Griswolds, the Harrimans, the Benedicts and the rest. There you will find Jimmie Brees in his Rembrandt hat, Holbrook Curtis and De Lancey Nicoll, Willie Manice, the Harry McVickers—Madame always in the very Frenchest of costumes—Gertrude Barclay, Janet Henderson, the Lords, the Betts, the Parrishes, the etc., etc. Mrs. Harry May is an enthusiastic golfer and Mrs. Henry Trevor is at the links all day. There has been a match on for ten days, and just now they have stopped for a breathing spell and are having a little tennis.

But it is racing here and racing there, and we have gone race mad. We are flying past each other in our electric carriages, we are organizing a regatta on Lake George for electric launches, and we are holding contests with the Sandy Hook boats, and actually J. Pierpont Morgan last week tried to race with one of the Staten Island ferriboats, not finding anything else available in the harbor. It is a summer of sport and it is the best thing which could happen to us.

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