

with Richfield Springs Golfers and in the Adirondacks



MRS. LESLIE CARTER AND HER FAVORITE TEAM.



THE CRACK SEVEN AT THE WIAONTA LINKS, RICHFIELD SPRINGS.



AN ADIRONDACK HOTEL VERANDA.



TWO JUNIORS OF THE WIAONTA GOLF CLUB, RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Richfield Springs.

Aug. 12.—One of the beauties of Richfield Springs is its many attractions. You are at the foot of the mountains. The Adirondacks are around you, and yet here is a great table land. You have the beautiful Otsego hills and the numerous rugged spurs of the Adirondacks; then there is Lake Canadago, one of the most beautiful bits of water in all New York, and numerous lakes in miniature like Allen's and Little Lakes. There are more drives around this vicinity than any other place I have ever been at. The drive around Canadago is twelve miles, and there you will find all the variations of mountain, forest and lake. Another drive is to Wialontha Mountain, another to Cooperstown, quaint and picturesque, on the shores of Otsego Lake, with mountain behind it; another to Springfield Corner, another to Maplewood, another to Caste Corners, around the rugged spurs of the mountains, and still another to Jordanville by Sunset Hill; and I have not told you one-half. With driving and riding—this is the land of the horse, into which let us pray no automobile may ever stray—and fishing and boating and passing delightful evenings at the hotels listening to the music, dancing and having a good time generally, what more can you want? It is the land of excursions, and you think nothing of going twenty and thirty miles and coming home and dancing half the night. With it all, it is smiling and enlivened, and now, with the great horse farms and the vast tracts of agricultural land, you have civilization when you want it and nature pure and simple when you are tired of the evidences of man. I once heard a woman say that music never sounded half so sweetly anywhere in the world as under the trees at Richfield, and I believe her. And then one must speak with reverence of the hotel piazzas. There are no such piazzas anywhere. They were meant for lovers, and many have been the engagements after a Summer at Richfield. This was one of Ward McAllister's favorite resorts, and he passed several Summers here. The older hotels are rich with legends about New York society, and if the trees could only speak, what tales they would tell. This Summer Richfield has been very gay. There have been several large dances, and the golf tournament has brought a large crowd to the Springs.

The freshest nook in the Otsego Hills, so charmingly garbed in Summer array! This month, with its sunlit mornings and cool mountain breezes, brings the Richfield season to its zenith. And this is what Richfield is enjoying now. Golf is king. Coaching about the Lake Canadago course, heading away to "Glimmerglass" on an August afternoon to partake of a game dinner at Five Mile Point, or, better still, to coach over to Cherry Valley, attended by many a historical nook en route, are all fashionable diversions, but the ancient and royal game towers over all. How is it to be otherwise? Society has so decreed!

The Wialontha Golf Club House is a delightful

place to while away an hour or two of a Summer forenoon. One must not think that only youthful drivers at the little white ball enjoy the fascinations of the club house. Quite the contrary. Here the summer meets General Patrick Andrew Collins, of the Hub, who, by the way, was our Consul-General at London under Mr. Cleveland; Robert Folger Westcott, president of the express company that bears his name, carries now and then to hear a Collins story or the narrative that President Robert W. Taft is sure to take over from his cottage, the Berkeley. Seated at the round table is Colonel Kane, of the army; Captain Yates Sterling, of Baltimore; Admiral F. E. McNair, Major de Courcy, a prince among Depuys; Colonel Higbee, of the Marine Corps, and if not too busy drinking iced tea, William Henry Harrison Lewis, of piscatorial fame, drops in on the circle, and the ladies—Richfield is blessed with a galaxy of 'em. There, on the course, a cool August morning, I called Mrs. Honora Seymour Rubens, a Southern girl of the pronounced Arian type, who was looked upon as a Washington belle at the last diplomatic season. Mrs. Rubens is a daring equestrienne, but golfs belimes in a quaint amateur fashion. Mrs. J. Lee Taft, with her two pretty sisters, the Sterlings, of Baltimore, is to be seen in company with the E. T. Mostert, Colonel Anderson's contingent, Dr. and Mrs. Ransom, the Quincey Shaws, Percy Kings and the Linzees, of Milton, near Boston, golfing for pleasure and bronzed complexion.

Richard Croker, Jr., can outstrip them all, and as far as outstripping goes, he is way ahead of Lee Taft in jumping hurdles. One day I journeyed over to Nestledown, the quaint old farm house on the stock farm, and there was "Rich" going in for hurdles with the avidity of a farrier. There is to be a series of gymnastics at the Driving Park beginning Monday, and I'll wager a Tammany Tiger against Captain Wilkins' new mascot "Mac" that the Croker boys clean out all the prizes before them. Sir Richard himself will be at Richfield in a few days, and then for animation at the farm. But of golf. The August tourney is just nicely started. Monday night the Tailors arranged a dance at Wialontha Inn, which was open to all the cottagers and the guests at the Earlington and St. James. A wreath of Japanese lanterns lit up the court yard adjoining the inn on the east, and here the dancers imbibed the punch which was served in rustic arbors. Mrs. Robert W. Taft, Mrs. E. C. Anderson, Mrs. Charles Cook Ransom, Mrs. George W. Tunncliffe and Mrs. Yates Sterling received. The dancers and lookers-on included Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Taft, Captain and the Misses Sterling, Admiral and Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Rubens, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Edey, Mrs. E. M. Earle, Mrs. Robert Layton Crawford, Mrs. Edgar Cary, Mrs. R. Reed, Mrs. H. E. Ranney, Mrs. Martha Wilkins, Mrs. Richard Andrews, Mrs. Oliver Drake Smith, Mrs. R. V. Jewell, Mrs. Alexander M. Orr, Mr. and Mrs. John Dittmar, Jr., Miss Fronda, Miss Weaver, Miss Bateman, Mrs. C. P. Worman, the

Misses Devotion, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Linzee, Mrs. J. Douglass, Jr., the Misses Swift, the Misses Carey, the Misses Shields, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bailey, Miss Bailey, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Borland, the Misses Greenman, the Misses Drake, Smith, Aithans, Moody, Peake, Fox, Brand, Campbell, Bernholz, Camp-Tunncliffe, Fisher, Keyes, Marion Smith, Orr, Seaton, Cobb, Anderson, Darrow, Tuller, Hinds, Elwood, Kinne, Hetrick, Ellison, Bennett, and the Messrs. R. Fleming, E. Robinson, Abren, Herr, E. H. Taft, R. Pemberton, D. McKay Frost, B. Livingston, D. Barrus, D. Lestage, L. Fishel, P. Worman, E. L. Brand, R. Croker, J. Shields, T. Hinds, W. Kibbey, C. Kibbey, Captain Murtaugh, F. Houghton, F. De P. Baldwin, M. Kinne, Dr. Bethune Stein and the Messrs. Garfield and Justin Ransom Swift.

Wednesday night the baseball boys had a benefit at the Summer theatre. Every one hit Richfield delights in the game played so well and, above all, gentlemanly by a corps of college men. Through the courtesy of the Earles, the Earlington orchestra was in attendance, also Miss Rosamonde Taylor, the reader, who is adept in her interpretations of Eugene Field and Riley. Alberto Mora, the bass, sang two songs in his finished style, winning prolonged applause at the rendition of the armorer's chorus from De Koven's "Robin Hood."

Mrs. Sara E. Swanson and Miss Annie Mattier presented a creole sketch, "Way Down South Before de Wah," so neatly interspersed with negro ditties that it became the hit of the programme. The Earlington bell boys sang two glees.

Richfield is not tardy in siding the local churches. Thursday night a carnival of dances was on, under the direction of Professor Charles W. Dolan, of New York, which was a complete success, and from the glance of the exchequer netted St. Josephs, a-top of Canadago Hill, a neat sum of gold. Misses E. M. Earle, T. W. Ward, C. M. Bache, T. O. T. Crain, Richard Croker, C. P. Worman and J. Keenan were the patronesses.

The Earlington musicale Wednesday noon was a grand affair. Stephen B. Townsend, the celebrated baritone of Boston; E. Ellsworth Giles, a New York tenor, and Rosamonde Taylor, of the Borough of Brooklyn, with the Earlington orchestra, made up the programme which was listened to by the cottagers also who came over as the hidden guests of Eugene Mortimer Earle & Son. Van Santvoord, of the Boston Symphony, conducted. A feature of the renditions was the swan song from Saint-Saens, which Edouard Mingsels, the cellist, played with fervor and polished touch.

Captain T. Kane, U. S. A., is at the Earlington for the month, where he will visit Colonel Higbee, of the Marine Corps.

Mrs. Henry Maurer, of Newport, is the best-dressed woman seen about the promenade at Richfield, yet Mrs. Lee Taft, Miss Scott, at the St. James, and Mrs. Clara Hoff, the occupant of Applecott, might strive for honorable mention.

The James Herman Aldriches have closed their cottage at Richfield and gone down to the seaside

villa Maycroft, at Sag Harbor.

Miss Mary V. McCormick is at Clayton Lodge, the magnificent country house of her sister, Mrs. Himmans Blaine.

The Robert Edwin Bonners are not entertaining much, owing to the recent demise of Robert Bonner. The William Cullen Brewsters have a house across the way, where Mrs. Lieutenant Remy is summering.

Heyday for the 'orn and the 'ounds! The hop fields are sallow, the hay crop is harvest and the Wialontha Hunt has a clear field, and no toll or barb wire fence to mar their galloping over the Otsego hillsides. The farmers are actually chucking because the runs begin to-day. 'Tis monotonous to the Richfield rustic to plod at farm labor seven days out of every week. Why, the prancing of pink-coated riders is hailed as a panorama of delight! Lee Taft is again the M. F. H. Jack Townsend is at Saratoga for a few days, but will join the chase early in the week, as will Clarence Levin, Ed Brand, Herr John Wahl, Jack Shields, Captain Wilkins, Theodore Haywood and Mrs. Sam Reynal.

The Adirondacks.

Saranac, Aug. 12.—This has been the Mecca of the Adirondack tourist this week. From here you go everywhere. Blue Mountain, Placid, and the other far-famed corners of this vast region are to be reached from beautiful Saranac. The only trouble is that when you arrive at Saranac you never want to go any further. It is like the land in the South of which the Indians said, after a long day's journey, "Alabama—here we rest," except that it is far more picturesque than any locality in the far South. The sports of the Adirondacks are among their chief pleasures, and these are so many and so varied, and there is so much always to do that one hardly has recourse to mere human inventions. Golf, of course, has found its way into this paradise, but it is almost too tame a game for the bracing air and rugged nature of the mountains.

There is one great point about this part of the Adirondacks—the scenery is not monotonous. It is so different at every turn, and mountain, forest and lake make so many happy combinations, that one never grows tired of nature. Sometimes you feel as if you could sit in a hammock and dream for hours, or drift slowly down the pure crystal waters of the lake, not even thinking of fishing, but simply resting. The early morning and the evenings are so cool that it is always necessary to have thick clothing, and for once you have a sigh of relief when you think that the spectre malaria is impossible and that the mosquito is a rarity.

All through the Adirondacks the atmosphere this week is cool and clear and filled with invigorating qualities. Hundreds of residents of New York, Brooklyn and other cities, east and west, throng

into the mountains every Summer for rest, recreation and enjoyment.

The occupations of the visitors are as varied as the individual participants. Boat rides on the cool, clear waters of some Adirondack lake; baseball, hay rides, driving, mountain climbing and three new sports introduced this season—hand ball, basket ball and archery. And after all of these—and each one of these sports has its devotees—comes golf, a strong favorite with young and old, maiden and youth.

Sometimes visitors enter what are known as the woods solely for fishing or hunting. The fishing for trout is good, though it is altogether too early received for hunting. So, for want of a better occupation, most of the men turn to golf, as either players or lookers-on in Venice.

The recent golf tournament held by the guests of the Grand View, Lake Placid, is the beginning of a new era of athletic sports in this region. The winners in the contest were: First, Daniel Wade, twenty miles around. Tournaments take place Philadelphia; second, Sinclair Cooper, Brooklyn. The Golf Committee of the Lake Placid Club will consist of William C. Beecher and L. A. Jones, of New York City, and Emmons Raymond, of Boston.

Work was begun this week on the forest courts here. The courts will be so built as to be surrounded by shade for nearly the entire day. The courts will be arranged for basket ball, hand ball, in quoits, archery, croquet and tennis. A bowling green will also be added. Amusements this week at the Placid Park Club were a Cinderella party given by the children, under the direction of Mrs. L. A. Jones, of New York. The youngsters were taken work drilling for several weeks. The costumes were very pretty. Saturday night dances here are now the thing. They are well attended, and invitations are much sought for.

With the month of August comes the rush to Adirondack resorts. Fourth Lake, in the Adirondacks, is becoming crowded. A trip through the lakes of the Fulton Chain suggests as pleasant a ramble by water as can be had. This year, for the first time, we hear the whistle of a locomotive, which marks the advance of the new railroad which is now being built.

Rev. R. Howard Wallace, in company with Rev. J. Willford Jacks, State Superintendent of Missions, visited the region about the head of Fourth Lake recently, with reference to the erection of another chapel.

I made the trip to Blue Mountain Lake and wondered at the remarkable change which will be effected at this lake when the new railroad is finished. The Raquette Lake Railroad will reach Blue Mountain Lake during the month of September.

The grading is now completed for a horse railroad over Marion River Carry, and a large steamer will be built this winter to run on Utopiana, Eagle and Blue Mountain lakes.

And now for another short treatise on golf, which, it appears, has entered the mountains to stay. Mr. W. W. Durant (everybody in this region

is acquainted with Mr. Durant either by reputation or personal knowledge is building and preparing extensive golf links, including an expensive club house and grounds adjacent of more than one hundred acres in extent. The trip to the new links is made by steamer through Sixth, Seventh and Eighth lakes and beyond.

Further along, and on Saranac Lake, the Amper-sand Hotel is doing a tremendous business this Summer. The Algonquin is a favorite resort for many, and Proprietor Harding is talking about enlarging his hotel. Golf is all the rage on Saranac, and for the time being trout fishing has received the go-by.

Elizabethtown, in Essex County, is becoming one of the main gateways of Adirondack travel, and here, as everywhere else, golf has worked its way in and become firmly entrenched. The Cobble Hill links and the pretty club house are right in the center of attraction for every one for twenty miles around. Tournaments take place every week. I heard a good thing the other day regarding golf. A gentleman who does not play the game, and has no use for any man or woman who does, remarked that golf was simply and absolutely a tad for "chasing a quinine pill over a ten-acre lot with a hammer."

Some of the costumes worn by the golf players in the Adirondacks are maddening. The correct costume in this region is a Rough Rider's hat with eagle quill and Roman scarf, and, of course, the inevitable short clothes for men. The girls wear stunning costumes and usually high-heeled boots. Uprighted shirt waist sleeves make one look professional, and those sunburned arms will mean all sorts of things when that maiden reaches home in the early Autumn. The golf walk and the golf back are things that the modern society mountain girl is now striving to acquire.

One pleasant feature of life in the woods is a corn roast, or concert, at what has become known through the length and breadth of the Adirondacks as a Raquette Lake open camp. It is at the resorts on this lake that the open camp is found at its best. Cottagers and guests at the various hotels get up a party and spend the most of the night within the three-sided precincts of the camp. A great fire of logs, shedding scarlet beams of light and forming lurid shadows among the pines, is burning out in front. The music of the banjo, mandolin and zither is heard, and now comes a mouthful of ragtime music and coon songs to vary the delightful evening's entertainment.

The Adirondacks is a great, big tract of wilderness, and there are hundreds of Summer resort hotels away in the interior, far from the madding crowd. Only in nine cases out of ten the maddening crowd succeeds in penetrating the wilderness, and social hops and festivities go on day and night just the same. At Taylor's, on Schroon Lake, one of the pleasantest mountain lakes in the mountains, society has its choice, either of a hop in the evening, or a stroll by the lakeside, or an evening boat party.