

SWISS COTTAGES, GERMAN COSTUMES AND EUROPEAN PASTIMES GIVE ELKA PARK A DISTINCT CHARACTER



A CELEBRATION OF THE BAUERNFEST, AT ELKA PARK.  
(Photograph by C. O. Bickelman, Tannersville and Brooklyn.)

The strong patriotic sentiment of the people, Judge David Sewall, the foremost jurist of his day, was a strong friend of John Adams, and played no small part in the stirring events of that period.

The legendary side of York history is rich in the originality and interest of its matter. The story of St. Aspinquid, an Indian missionary, is particularly interesting. He was supposed to have been buried on Mount Agamenticus, and his funeral was attended by the sacrificing of unnumbered thousands of domestic animals. William Dean Howells is authority for the statement that Aspinquid is the only Indian saint who ever lived.

The story of Old Trickey is equally strange. He was a noted character in his day, and died, only to return to the seashore, where he must bind sand with a rope forever. Old residents can hear him calling for more rope now whenever a storm lashes old ocean. Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil" was the story of a York preacher, the Rev. Joseph ("Handkerchief") Moody, who always appeared before his fellow men closely veiled. At his death it was learned that in his youth he had killed a companion by accident, and that he could not bear to show his face thereafter. Numerous other stories might be mentioned if space permitted.

Old York of to-day, with its unparalleled history, its monuments of past greatness, its wonderful scenery and natural facilities, stands as the result of nearly three centuries of growth and development. Her attractions have tempted the steam and trolley roads to stretch out arms to her beautiful shores; thousands of the nation's wealthy and notable people have covered her coast with summer palaces, but in spite of all this the quaintness and air of antiquity still pervade the whole place and secure to York the advantages she has acquired.

Here is the programme of the celebration:

**Sunday, August 3**—Union religious service of thankful commemoration, at the Congregation Church, York Village (founded 1662). Address by the Rev. Elihu Snow on "The Early Religious Life and Customs." Address by the Rev. Sidney K. Perkins on "The Churches and Ministers of the Town of York."

**Tuesday, August 5**—Artillery salute at sunrise and sunset. Grand parade at 10 a. m. The following is the order: Marshal, J. Perley Putnam; mounted escort, Marine Band from Kittery Navy Yard, floral parade, the public schools, historical parade, illustrating events and characters in the early history of York; at 2 p. m., on the village green, concert by the naval band; introduction of president of the day by the Hon. E. C. Moody; invocation, the Rev. D. B. Sewall; reading of Psalm cxv, the Rev. D. C. Abbott; commemorative hymn; citizens' welcome, the Hon. J. C. Stewart; remarks, Mr. Walter M. Smith, president of the day; oration, the Hon. James P. Baxter; singing, "The Star Spangled Banner"; short addresses by William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), President Tucker of Dartmouth College and the presidents of the New-England, New-Hampshire and Massachusetts Historical societies; singing, "America"; benediction, the Rev. E. K. Perkins; at 6:30, concert by the naval band; at 8 o'clock, illuminated boat parade on Lake Gorges; at 9 o'clock, grand display of fireworks, by Pain, of Boston.

HIS RULING PASSION.

A little old man, stooping and white haired, with a rusty hat and long used coat, was bending over the rows of volumes in a dusty, antique bookstore not many miles from East Twenty-third-st. the other day. There was about him something of the flavor of oldtime books and last century literature; he might have stepped out of one of those old engravings which show shabby collectors absorbed in their treasures, while small boys pick their pockets from behind, pockets already well drained, though, by the collectors' ruling passion.

Suddenly he picked up a book eagerly, blew off the dust, and poked his nose between the yellow leaves. A young man, himself a lover of old books, who had been watching the old fellow with interest and a certain literary affection, asked almost timidly, "Have you made a find?" "Sh, you young fool," said the mild old "collector." Then, in a whisper, he added: "I can get this book here for \$1; for \$1, I tell you, and sell it to a collector I know for \$5. The other day I picked up a book for five cents in a pawnshop and sold it for"—

But the young man was gone.

ELKA PARK, CATSKILLS.

THE UNIQUE GERMAN SUMMER RESORT NEAR TANNERSVILLE.

Tannersville, N. Y., Aug. 2.—In all the United States there is not a place more German than Elka Park, a cottage colony here in the heart of the Catskills. In front of the clubhouse fly the red, white and black bars of the imperial German flag, a constant reminder of the Fatherland. On top of the clubhouse, from a higher pole, flutters the American flag, for these Germans are intensely patriotic, loving the land of their adoption even more than the land of their birth.

The park, with its twenty-five cottages and spacious clubhouse, is on the eastern slope of Spruce Top, one of the spurs of Plateau Mountain. The nearest railroad station is Tannersville, three miles north. The cottages are half hidden among the trees with which the park is

obedient children. The German gardener has a way of making nature do his bidding. There are banks of beautiful roses rising precisely in their proper place, and brilliant beds of other flowers carefully boxed in. There are many acres in the park which remain as wild as they were when the German colony first found this paradise, nearly fifteen summers ago, and there are miles of wild and rugged mountain stretching away in every direction. Immediately around their cottages, however, everything is orderly.

The cottages themselves are distinctly German or Swiss. There are gilded posts on the house-tops and dormer windows with many small panes of glass. In the yard are log cabins and swings for the children, and the rustic summer house, with its round table for the beer glasses, and easy chairs for the master of the house and his guests. German is spoken everywhere, punctuated now and then with a bit of expressive slang in English.

The clubhouse, a towering frame structure with many porches, is the social centre of the

places in New-York, Brooklyn, Hoboken and Newark, and there is an endless round of pleasure. The various German feasts are kept religiously, men, women and children dressing in German costumes. The bauernfest and kinderfest are held nearly every year, and plans are now being made for another observance.

The officers of the association are Jacob Hasslacher, of New-York, president; Ferdinand Wesel, of Brooklyn, vice-president; B. F. Drakenfeld, of New-York, secretary, and William Keuffel, of Hoboken, treasurer.

Among those who own cottages at the park are Clemens Heitemeyer, Charles Zoller, H. Mehl, E. J. H. Tamsen, Mrs. Joseph Keppler, Adolph Hinze, H. H. Rolffers, F. W. Fink, Otto A. Krauss, A. Kurth, Otto Lehman and P. Goepel. The clubhouse is in charge of August Apel and H. Bischoff.

GOLF AND STAINED GLASS.

The aesthetic portrait painter and the enthusiastic golfer sat before a blazing wood fire in the lounging room of the country club. Having nothing in common they had tried in vain to entertain one another, and were now at a conversational standstill. A burst of sunlight streaming in through the stained glass window bathed the men and all about them in a flood of red, white, blue and yellow, causing both to look up, and giving the artist an inspiration.

"Did you ever follow up the evolution of the stained glass window?" he asked.

"No. I can't say that I ever did," replied his companion, bored but resigned.

"Well, the art in its inception dates back to the reign of Caligula, A. D. 37, but up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the colors were laid on with paints for the most part. Since the discovery of the art of staining glass by the use of chemicals while in its molten state, and of other modern processes used in connection with it, the making of stained glass has taken tremendous strides, opening up an entirely new field for the exercise of artistic genius which is being generally taken advantage of. For instance"—

"No. I never thought of that," interrupted the golfer, "but, you know, the game of golf dates back to"—

"Oh, golf be hanged!" exclaimed the artist, impatiently. "You don't seem to think of anything else."

And he went out to admire the beautiful October landscape, while the other man started to find some one who would play nine holes with him, muttering as he walked along: "Golf is a darn sight better fun than stained glass, anyway."

THE BILLS JUST BALANCED.

Many a man—in print—has paid for Christian Science treatment with imaginary checks, but it has remained for a Christian Science healer to put a similar device into actual practice. Of course, it happened in New-York. The first of anything always does happen in New-York. A Christian Science healer, gender feminine, age not polite to ask, came into the office of a prominent New-York dentist recently and announced that she wanted her teeth "fixed up."

"There's nothing the matter with your teeth," said the dentist. "You only think there is."

But the healer, ignoring the remark, sat down in the chair and winced and moaned, "even as you and I." There was a good deal the matter, so that before her series of appointments was over a bill of \$80 had mounted up against her. At the first of the month the dentist sent around his bill.

But he was not a sharp man in some ways. He had told her, while operating, that he was troubled with rheumatism, and in a day or two he received in reply to the bill a little note.

"My dear doctor," it read, "I have been giving you a series of absent treatments for your so-called rheumatism, and I find that our two bills just balance."

Then the doctor grew wise and let the matter drop. But he does not operate on Christian Scientists any more.



ADOLPH HINZE'S COTTAGE, AT ELKA PARK.  
(Photograph by C. O. Bickelman, Tannersville and Brooklyn.)

covered, yet each one commands a panoramic view of the Schoharie Valley and the Tannersville Plateau. From a quaint stone lookout tower erected near Ferdinand Wesel's cottage, the Mountain House, on the edge of the range, nine miles away, can be seen distinctly.

From the time one enters the toll gate, designed to keep outsiders off the hard, well kept drives of the park, one is reminded of a German summering place in the mountains of the Rhine. China dogs glare at one from points of vantage on the symmetrical lawns. A pink checked frau'lein of seven paddles along the broken stone walk in wooden shoes. An older girl, in a flowered sunbonnet, her short skirt showing a bit of purple stockings and the silver buckles on her slippers, comes toward you singing a German song.

At Tannersville you were told, "At Elka Park every cottage has its own gardener," and when one sees the ample grounds one knows that the truth was told. Every tree, every shrub, is growing just so, like so many

park. It has quarters for sixty guests, and a number of families who do not care to assume the responsibility of a separate cottage spend the summer there. The cottagers come here for their mail, and the men spend an hour or two in the kneipe. Each one has his own stein, which reposes on a long mantel until needed. The room is finished with a heavy timber effect, typically German, and the walls are decorated with scenes from the Fatherland hammered out of brass.

Near the clubhouse is the amusement room, where three times a week the men meet in a bowling tournament. On Saturday nights the young people gather there for an informal dance. If the afternoon is too warm the colony takes to the water in Poggenburg Lake. The first rule of the association is "perfect freedom of social intercourse, untrammelled by prejudice and restraint, through the week, as well as on Sunday."

August is the busiest month for the colony. Most of the men get away from their business