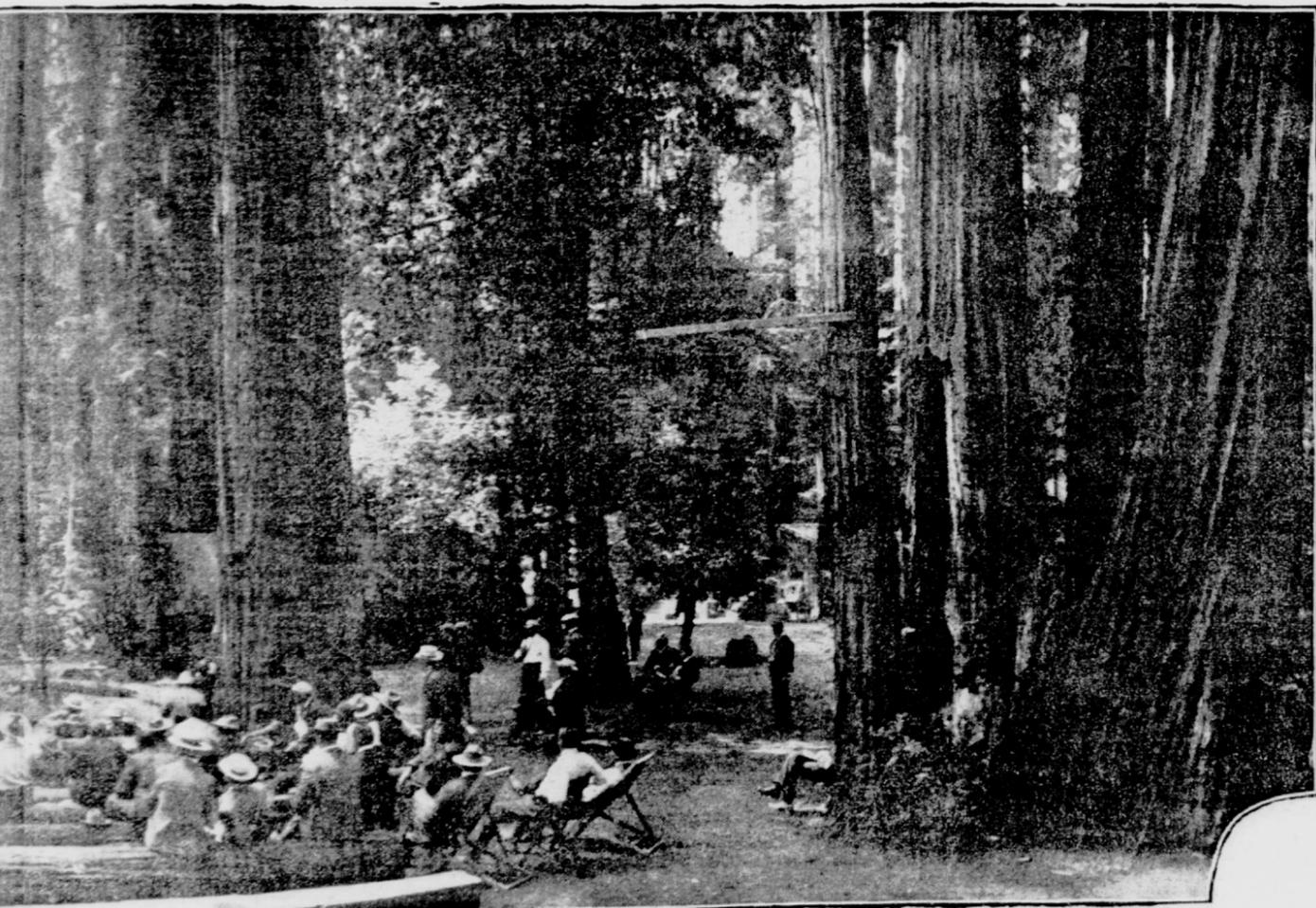




"LOW JINKS."



"HAMADRYADS."



AMPHITHEATRE IN THE GROVE.
R. J. Waters & Co.



"UNCLE" GEORGE BROMLEY.

Oldest member of the club and brother of the late Isaac H. Bromley of The Tribune staff.

The scene is laid in this grove, and the time is midsummer night of that year when the Greater Bear stood by the constellation Bootes; or, as mortals measure time, about the season when a people of white countenance and tawny hair first came over the great mountains. In that time the grove stood unsullied and unshorn. Not yet had mortals begun the war in which so many a mighty trunk, that had conquered the winds a cycle long, fell to ruin and gave back its soul, its gentle Hamadryad, to the Essence of Things. Since then, through patronage of Lord Apollo and mercy of the New Power, mortals of kinder sort have stayed the slaughter and restored these vales to their unseen ministers.

Here tell we how it came that Cronos set men spirits to this grove; how Lord Apollo loved these glades and how he was driven therefrom, leaving the gentle woodfolk in imprisonment and hard distress; how Meledon, Spirit of Care, vilest of the old divinities, being refused dwelling in Limbo, cheerless home of the conquered gods, and in Hell, came to plague the fairest vale of earth; how the New Power, being supplicated, sent deliverance, and how Apollo the far-darter slew Care, bringing joy to the woodfolk and beauty to the sons of men.

And to him who, filled with the later lore of righteousness, knows not the ancient lore of beauty, here tell we of Hamadryads. Spirits they were of brightness and joy, dwelling in the trees. Of like substance to the immortals, yet were they mortal, for each was born and died with the tree its habitation. All the gods they revered, but especially Apollo, who held tutelage of graves, and the wild wood god, Pan. In Hellas and Ausonian land they were women spirits, but in these groves men; and of these shall our tale relate.

This is the legend, fashioned in blank verse by Will Irwin, and set to music, some numbers of which will probably be heard in the New-York Symphony concerts, by another member of the club, W. J. McCoy, of whom the East as yet knows nothing. Imagine now the stillness of a perfect night, the circle of great redwoods, shutting in the audience of Bohemians, seated on logs or stretched on fresh ferns, awaiting the opening of the mimic scene; only a dim display of lanterns on the ground; the hillside stage darkly visible through a proscenium arch made by nature, as if in anticipation of these very celebrations; of two giant redwoods, whose foliage, growing sixty or seventy feet overhead, frames the natural stage. Above the grove the shining stars in a sky of cloudless blue are in-

termittently seen; the night is so warm that even coats are laid aside—and this is the auditorium and the audience.

From the hidden orchestra the music begins to come, and a spell seems to fall everywhere. Then the play begins, and no man may write the description of the wonderful beauty of that wooded hillside, while the calciums play here and there or on it all as the scene develops. The legend is enacted; the Hamadryads break from the trees through bark carefully fixed there, and seem all real. Apollo, Meledon, all the characters appear to be unearthly beings suddenly born out of the woods, and there grows out of all this a mysticism that one cannot forget in all his lifetime. Well spoken the lines, well sung the solos and the choruses, and finally it all culminates in such a brilliant illumination of the woods, such marvellous shades and tints on earth and tree and sky, that it makes one's nerves tingle with a kind of ecstasy which is indescribable.

Then Care is destroyed and with dirge and solemn tread a long procession of weird, cowed figures marches down the redwood aisles and forms a circle round the funeral pyre, from which, when Care is burned, there bursts a wild flash and roar of fireworks that signify the birth of Joy. There is no wonder that the visitor or she who has never seen a Bohemian midsummer "jinks" before goes almost wild. There can hardly be anything like it anywhere else, for Nature has given no other place such wonderful trees, and they play a large part in the effect; not only in their own impressiveness, but in the pictures they make possible in the night.

After the "high jinks" there comes what is called a "low jinks," which is devoted to fun, and includes a vaudeville entertainment based on some thread of plot, sometimes a travesty of the "high jinks," but generally taking an altogether different trend.

As for the creature comforts of this outing, they are thoroughly attended to. The grove, or the camp, as it is called, is opened a week before the "jinks." Any member can take his tent and go there as soon as it is opened, the club sending up the necessary cooks, waiters and provisions, and providing everything he needs to eat and drink. A large number of the members reserve their vacation for that season and spend it in the grove. Those who choose may remain there one week after the "jinks," as well. On the "jinks" day a special train conveys those who intend going only for that occasion, and sleeping tents are provided for them. The train arrives in the afternoon, the "jinks" is held in the evening, and the great majority are taken back to town on Sunday afternoon, after the Sunday morning concert in the grove, arriving in time for dinner, which is served, as usual, at the club. In the grove a fresco dinner and supper on Saturday and breakfast and luncheon on Sunday are served, and from three to four hundred men are thus provided for.

SAMPLE OF CLUB LIFE.

W. S. Burgess, the yacht designer, was talking at Marblehead about club life.

"Odd and amazing are the complaints that the house committees of clubs receive," he said. "I remember at a club to which I once belonged a letter of complaint about the restaurant that was sent in by a millionaire. This letter was so interesting that I took a copy of it. Here is the copy. I'll read it from my notebook."

Mr. Burgess then read:

Gentlemen: I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well known gourmets. Among the dishes that I ordered, an omelette was served which contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation as to generosity of portions, this naturally touched my pride; it was, moreover, embarrassing, because, in order to make an equitable division of the omelette it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or to forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in future when an omelette is ordered for four persons it should be served with either: (a) Four flies, or (b) no flies at all.

