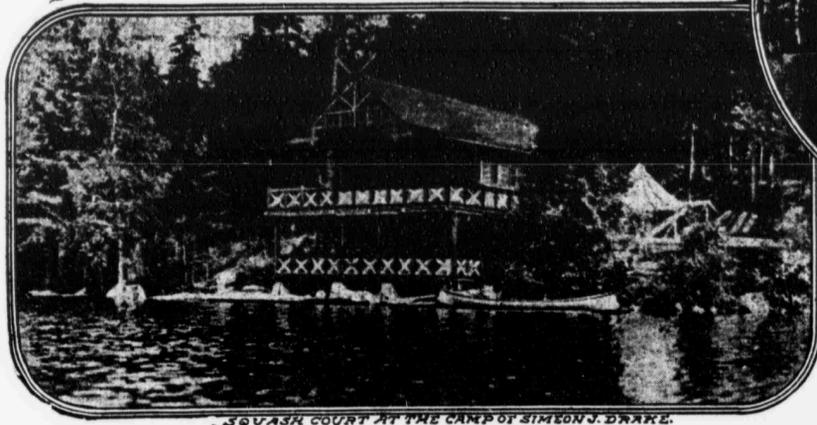
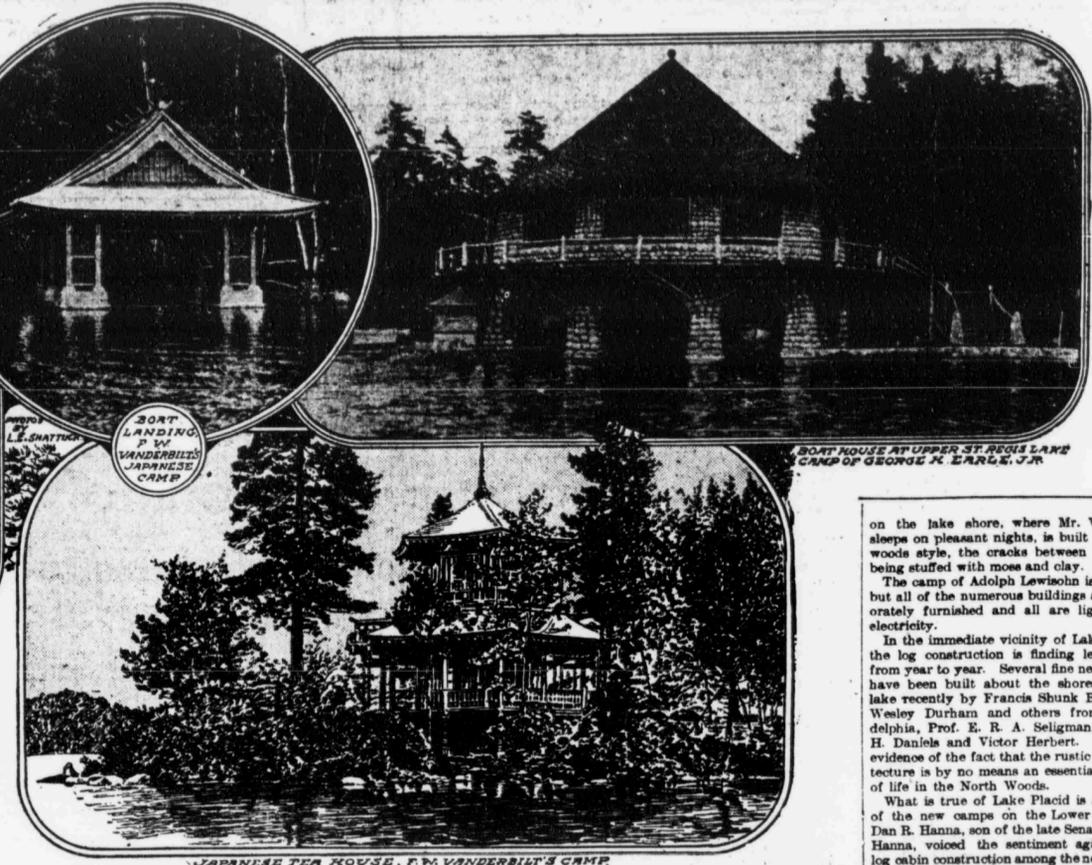


Adirondacks Getting Citified

The Log Cabin, Camp Passing and Beautiful Country Houses Taking Its Place



SQUASH COURT AT THE CAMP OF SIMON J. DRAKE.



BORT LANDING AT WANDERBILT'S CAMP.

JAPANESE TEA HOUSE, F. M. VANDERBILT'S CAMP.

There was a time when a summer camp in the Adirondacks not built of big spruce logs with the bark on was the exception. Half the charm of life in the woods was believed to depend upon such a dwelling.

The shaggy sides and rough overlapping ends of the logs seemed indispensable adjuncts to the life in the mountains. There was that woody feeling about them that marked them as the only proper Adirondack habitation. They seemed part of the silent forests, the beautiful lakes, and the mountains surrounding them on every side.

Life in such habitations seemed like getting back to nature, and the owners of such camps declared that in them was real comfort, comfort of the lasting sort. And yet in the face of this worship of the rustic in Adirondack architecture, the passing of the bark covered log cabin in these mountains is at hand.

There are several reasons why this is so, the principal ones being the fact that each year the logs are more difficult to get and that the campers have found that while the log construction is very pretty to look at while new, it is anything but attractive when, after a few years, the bark begins to dry and peel. There is still another reason, which old time campers in the mountains hate to admit. Plainly stated it is this: The Adirondacks are not to-day the secluded camping ground of years ago.

From the days of long ago, when New Yorkers first began the erection of camps along the shores of these beautiful lakes, up to the coming of F. W. Vanderbilt to join the summer colony there, the log cabin was the only form of camp habitation used. To the tired New-Yorkers their log cabin homes nestled among the trees bordering this beautiful chain of lakes seemed to express the nearest approach to perfect rest and contentment possible on this earth.

When Mr. Vanderbilt purchased Hamilton McK. Twombly's camp on the Upper St. Regis Lake he began by tearing down some of the old buildings connected with the Twombly camp. These a company of Japanese builders appeared on the scene, and when at last out of the mass of timbers odd little Japanese buildings emerged, poking their queer upturned eaves into the foliage of the Adirondack trees, all the St. Regis camping region looked on amazed. It was something unheard of, Japanese architecture in the Adirondacks.

Of course there was much criticism. Many faults were found with the new architecture, but in the end every one had for the reconstructed camp nothing but praise. It was so unusual, so beautiful and withal so comfortable; and strange to say it seemed to harmonize wonderfully well with the rugged setting of rocks and hills. Then and there the log cabin ceased to be the only accepted form of construction.

Philadelphian, who owns two camps on the St. Regis chain of lakes, one on Spitzire and the other on Upper St. Regis, has just completed a boathouse built entirely of stone in a style resembling that of old baronial castles of England. The structure is built entirely of round stones about a foot in diameter. These were selected with great care and Mr. Earle had men hunting for months before enough were found to complete the structure. They are laid in black cement and from the lake the building presents a striking appearance.

A squash court constructed by Simon J. Drake is another instance of the movement which will some time do away with log cabin construction in the Adirondacks. Like Mr. Earle's boathouse, it is built of smooth round stones gathered in the mountainous country round about at great trouble and expense. The style of the building is that of the Swiss chalet.

Mr. Drake gave evidence of his love of the rustic in camp construction, however, when early this summer he replaced one of the shore buildings of his camp with one of the prettiest bits of rustic architecture to be found anywhere in the Adirondacks. This is a little summer house so constructed over the water's edge on a big curved log supports as to resemble a pulpit, and as "Drake's pulpit" it has come to be known among the campers up and down the St. Regis chain.

tendency to break away from the old log construction. Years ago this would have been built entirely of logs. Now only its exterior is finished in rustic construction. Its interior is finished in matched lumber and it rests upon a very up to date concrete base.

A camp just erected by Mrs. Clarence Britton on the Lower St. Regis Lake is also in the Swiss style of architecture and in keeping with the general breaking away from the old time log cabin construction.

One of the most attractive buildings of the Vanderbilt camp is a tea house on a point of land jutting out into the Upper St. Regis. Another pretty shore building is the boathouse with its upturned eaves and timbers crossing above the roof ridge. The interior furnishings and decorations of all the buildings of the camp are in keeping with their Japanese architecture. Were anything needed to help out the illusion the presence of Japanese servants fittingly silent about the rooms would supply it.

The combination of Japanese art with Adirondack scenery presents a pleasing result. The camp must long rank as one of the show places of the Adirondacks. A type of construction that is finding favor

with many who, recognizing the disadvantages of the old log cabin, still hate to abandon entirely the charm of the rustic, is of spruce logs stripped of their bark and coated with a thin varnishlike oil. In this shape, it is asserted, log construction will last for many years.

Levi P. Morton adopted this construction in building his new camp on Eagle Island in Upper Saranac Lake. The logs stripped of their bark give a camp a very light, cherry appearance and the oil finish with which they are treated is said to preserve their color as well as prevent their decay.

William Rockefeller, the largest individual owner of land in the Adirondacks, is another who does not care for the log cabin type of construction. Indeed, Mr. Rockefeller's main desire seems to have been to make his buildings permanent, for all are solidly built and have shingled exteriors.

Each building is suited for occupancy in the early spring or late fall, as well as in the midst of the summer. Mr. Rockefeller's presence is situated along the line of the New York and Ottawa Railroad, the camp proper being at Bay Pond, where Mr. Rockefeller has a private railroad station.

On the other hand the old style log cabin

construction still finds favor with such camp owners as Adolph Lewisohn, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Timothy L. Woodruff. Mr. Vanderbilt's camp, Sagamore Lodge, includes a number of buildings built of logs in rustic style.

Some pretty effects have been secured by the use of cedar slabs with the bark on used in spots where the solid log construction was found impracticable. In the amusement hall, one of the prettiest buildings connected with the camp, the interior finish is oiled spruce.

Nearly every building in the camp is equipped with a great stone fireplace and the place has a very homelike and cheery atmosphere about it, especially on chilly, damp days when the huge log fire are started. Mr. Vanderbilt's preserve includes Sagamore Lake and about 1,500 acres of land.

Mr. Woodruff's camp lies to the north and east of Mr. Vanderbilt's. It is perhaps the camp most thoroughly typical of the once prevalent idea of rustic construction in these mountains to be found to-day. Kamp Kill Kare, as Mr. Woodruff named it long ago, is situated on Lake Kora. All of its buildings are of logs and the open camp

on the lake shore, where Mr. Woodruff sleeps on pleasant nights, is built in log-woods style, the cracks between the logs being stuffed with moss and clay.

The camp of Adolph Lewisohn is of logs, but all of the numerous buildings are elaborately furnished and all are lighted by electricity.

In the immediate vicinity of Lake Placid the log construction is finding less favor from year to year. Several fine new camps have been built about the shores of the lake recently by Francis Shunk Brown, J. Wesley Durham and others from Philadelphia, Prof. R. A. Seligman, George H. Daniels and Victor Herbert. All give evidence of the fact that the rustic architecture is by no means an essential feature of life in the North Woods.

What is true of Lake Placid is also true of the new camps on the Lower Saranac. Dan E. Hanna, son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, voiced the sentiment against the log cabin construction among the new camps on that lake when he built his camp a few seasons ago. An odd construction is that incorporated in one of the buildings at the camp of Dr. Walter B. James on Spitzire Lake. Though the lower part of the main building of the camp is of logs, the upper part is finished in weather beaten boards.

To secure these Dr. James found it necessary to purchase some old farm buildings of farmers throughout the mountains, erecting for them new ones in place of the old. The use of these weather beaten boards the rustic appearance of the camp has been maintained without the use of logs throughout.

By such means are lovers of the rustic in camp life striving to put off for a little longer what they know must surely come, the complete passing of the log cabin as a camp home in the Adirondacks. Whether it will be a matter of five years or of twenty-five no one is prepared to say, but those familiar with camp life in these mountains agree that the time will certainly come when what are now the camps of the region will have been converted into a series of beautiful country places in the construction of which will have been incorporated many of the best features of the architecture of this and other countries.

The Two Annie Cadells

Mystery of a \$100 Bill—One of Detective Cronkite's Cases.

"It is most unaccountable," sighed the Rev. Dr. Crozier.

"It must be accounted for, all the same," fumed Ezra Stacey.

Judge Marcellus shrugged his shoulders in mock despair.

"Look at this array," he said, pointing to the piled up briefs, cases and files on his desk. "They have been marshalling themselves against me during my vacation, and are now eager for action. And yet you ask me to interest myself in the trumpery loss of a hundred dollar bill if you weren't such old and valued friends—"

"Not trumpery to me!" began the clergyman, ruefully.

"You seem to forget that this young Dalton fellow is engaged to my daughter Agnes, by her will, rather than with my consent," thundered the merchant.

"Well, well," the Judge submitted, "the shortest way is the best. You say Capt. Dalton puts up at the Travellers' Club? Likely he's there now for luncheon. I'll just telephone him to step over."

With a proprietary air that attested his military training Edgar Dalton presently entered the private office, greeting the Judge and then turning with like cordiality to the others. Something in Dr. Crozier's drawn lips and Mr. Stacey's heavy frown, however, caused him to bring his extended arm smartly to his side and to stand at attention.

"Since it is a matter of business," he said to the Judge, "kindly state it without delay."

"Here's the situation," returned the Judge just as tersely. "These two gentlemen drove home together from the Cadell place after the wedding. Mr. Stacey rather joked with the Doctor over the smallness of his son George's fee, and the Doctor, in support of his contention that it was a goodly one, took a sealed envelope from his pocket and opened it. It was empty. He had received that envelope from you as George Stacey's best man."

"My God!" muttered the Captain, very pale.

"Yes, and I saw my son George put a new hundred dollar bill in that identical envelope and seal it just before he went downstairs to drive you to the Cadells," interrupted Mr. Stacey. "Do you deny that?"

"Tut, tut, young man," the Judge remonstrated good naturedly. "To stand mute is the worst possible course in law or morals. I know you young fellows were having high jinks up in the smoking room after the ceremony. Why not admit at once that you were not yourself and reimburse our good Doctor here for your carelessness?"

"I am sure," said Dr. Crozier hesitatingly, "it is furthest from my wish or thought to be censorious. I am apt to be absent-minded myself. Let bygones be bygones, I say."

"No!" shouted Mr. Stacey with a mighty bang on the desk. "Not by a little bit!

There is no room in my family for a thief, a drunkard or an idiot. Let him explain satisfactorily, or—"

But the Captain, choosing the better form of action for expressing the alternative, picked up his hat and marched out of the office. So hurried was his coming and so abstracted his going that at neither time did he notice as he passed through the outer rooms that a somewhat stolid looking man sitting at one side scanned him at first sharply and then sympathetically.

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"I know you lacked the courage to say 'No.'"

"We were thrown together."

"Agnes did the throwing, I'll vow."

"At least you are consistent," said the Captain resignedly. "I ask you to meet me for the last time, telling you that circumstances compel me to leave the country; yet you can't resist flouting, mocking."

"Because you are not sincere," retorted the girl with a show of animation. "Of course, you are making an excuse to follow Ethel. Haven't I always known—"

"It is not so, Annie. How unreasonable you are, you sweep the whole circle with your suspicions. I care for her, as I do for you, as an old friend, to whom I would be faithful—"

"Faithful unto death—isn't that the phrase? Ah, how well it applies. For as long as I can remember the shadow of death has overcast our home. Is it any wonder that I pretend, that I act a part? Why not? Doesn't an expressionless face denote an empty soul? Oh, I hate myself!"

"That shadow was never heavier than it is now, Annie," replied the Captain. "Listen, and you will see that I am acting for the best. You will feel that you must cooperate to make the explanation of my leaving conclusive, instead of by your honest doubt, your loyal indignation—oh, I honor your soul as I know your face, and I honor I trust them both—causing the very inquiry I would avert. You will help, as you always have, though rebelliously."

For a moment the two sat silent, mutually reviewing, mutually comparing, in that communion of secrecy which needs no utterance. Then Dalton related the strange complexities which had forced him into his present position, but in such low tones that, strain his ears as he might, Abe Cronkite, from his hiding behind the hedge, could not catch a single word.

"There," at length the Captain cried, springing to his feet. "I know I can rely on you, Annie, as I always have. And so, good-bye, until happier days."

The girl started to her feet, she stood watching with eyes strained, with bosom agitated, until the tall, straight form disappeared beyond the windings of the path; then, a dull no longer, she threw herself prone upon the bench, weeping as only a woman can, who knows at last, but hopes no longer.

The Judge looked up sternly as Cronkite entered the private office late that afternoon.

"I must say, Abe," he began, "that your conduct is singularly remote. You take advantage of a friendly interruption to absent yourself all day, though I had hardly stated a most important and exigent matter to you."

"You see, sir," explained the detective with a faint smile, "your friend Mr. Stacey is so vociferous when excited that I couldn't help hearing more or less while waiting outside. When the Captain came in anxious and went out dejected, I had a pretty true idea of the situation."

"But it's all right, sir; I kept close on his tracks. He's safe and sound in a sailors' boarding house down on the waterside, where he'll remain in disguise until the Antic, on which he has taken stateroom passage, sails. By that time—"

"You are incomprehensible, Cronkite," snapped the Judge. "What possible connection can there be between the flight of a discredited man caught in a surly act

and a case so pregnant with vital, I trust happy, issues—"

"With submission, sir, suppose you state it to me again. You had barely finished; it might well be that I did not acquire your judicial grasp of it."

"You do very well, Abe, considering," said the mollified Judge; "and I ought to remember not to expect too much. Let me recapitulate."

"Ten years ago all London rang with astounding reports about one of its oldest and most respected families, the Kimberley-Dells. It was said that the venerated head of that banking house had discovered the young and beautiful wife of his son and junior partner, James, in the very act of committing a theft, and that when he expostulated with her she had in a sudden fury stabbed him repeatedly."

"These rumors were unhappily verified. The condition of the old gentleman became so critical that the doctors would no longer consent to concealment. The authorities intervened and young Mrs. Kimberley-Dell was committed to jail without bail."

"She died there of shame and rage. Her husband, unable to endure the stain on his name and fame, left town with his two daughters for parts unknown, and has never been heard of since. Then his father died from the injuries, leaving a vast fortune."

"His will directed that it should be kept intact for ten years, and then descend to his son James or his lawful descendant, with the proviso that Anne, the daughter by this criminal second wife, should have no part or share."

"You didn't tell me that, sir," interrupted Cronkite.

"Possibly not. I, of course, tried to leave out superfluous details. The main point is that my correspondent wants me to find the fugitives, claiming that he has reason to suppose they sailed for this port."

"I thought as much, sir, from his having written to you."

"And consequently?"

"And consequently, sir, when it became evident that the captain was going out to the Cadells I went out there, too."

"I don't see the connection."

"But you will, sir, by reflecting on a very common idiosyncrasy. Men seem unable ever to escape wholly from the associations and sounds of their names. No matter how anxious a man may be to conceal his identity, in nine cases out of ten his change of name will be far from radical. Something in him seems to demand that the new name shall at least sound natural."

"Your homily is interesting enough, Abe, but again I say I don't—"

"And yet, sir, it is quite easy to derive the name James Cadell, from the name James Kimberley-Dell. Add an English estate and two daughters, and the coincidence is worth examining, I think."

"Even if that is so," said the Judge slowly, "it does not explain your interest in Capt. Dalton."

opened and daintily wetted into place by a woman, I should say. I concluded that in all probability while the Captain's top coat was hanging in the dressing room a fair kleptomaniac had gone through his pocket, that he immediately decided who the culprit must be and recognized his duty not only to protect her but to warn her to accept his sacrifice."

"Naturally I followed him, and this is what I learned." And the detective detailed faithfully the conversation he had overheard between Dalton and Annie Cadell.

In the Judge's face a struggle plainly showed between a new and amazing idea, and the judicial conservatism that would shun if not discard it.

"By Jove, Abe," at length he said, "there is no escaping the logic of facts. Dalton, as I know, has long been intimate with the family."

He is evidently party to a secret, the vital importance of maintaining which the girl finally admitted, despite her reticence. She said, remember, the shadow of death overhung the house."

"Don't you see what it must be? Cadell managed to bring his guilty wife over with him; he has kept her there in concealment ever since."

"It fits, sir," conceded Cronkite dubiously, "and yet it doesn't; though I believe the Captain thinks as you do. Money can do much; it might fetch a prisoner from an English prison; but the woman was officially declared dead; there must have been a substitution wonderfully like."

"And the way Miss Cadell talked—didn't it strike you as strange; and yet it was natural for her, only we don't understand the nature. Let me ask you a few questions; you are well acquainted with all the persons of the drama. What sort of a man is Cadell, burdened with care and sorrow, just as he would be if what I say is so, answered the Judge a bit testily."

"And George Stacey?"

"A fine, brave, manly fellow. He rescued the Captain from drowning once. He too has looked careworn of late. Don't you see? Coming into the family, he has been told."

"And his wife, who was Miss Ethel Cadell?"

"A noble young woman, her father's right hand, rather oppressed by responsibility despite her happy marriage. Can't you see, Cronkite?"

"And Miss Agnes Stacey?"

"As nice, whole souled and impulsive a girl as you could want to know, as fond of the Captain as he of her, and I couldn't say."

"Then Miss Annie Cadell's talk, sir, with Dalton, in which she hits and slaps at each and every one of these nice people, was hardly characteristic of a young woman who shared with them a common sorrow, even though petulant and jealous. Had I only overheard, had I not been an eye-witness, I should have thought that a mature woman, tormented by the yearnings of her heart, by the prickles of inexorable fate, neurotic rather than passionate, yet wakening into passion, was talking."

"Well, if it be so, and Miss Stacey is such as you say, the meeting of the two may force a revealing crisis. And then the provisions of old Kimberley-Dell's will, delaying settlement for ten years, as if in hope that death might remove a difficulty, expressly stipulating that Annie, the daughter of the guilty wife, should not inherit—Don't you see, sir, incredible though it seems? That woman—"

But the detective's declaration was cut short by the bursting into the office of Ezra Stacey.

"By the Lord Harry, Marcellus!" shouted that irascible old gentleman, "here's a pretty howdodd! You know I told you how strong headed my girl, Agnes, is."

"Well, I broke the news to her about Dalton as delicately as possible—pointed out her plain duty to forget him, and all that. But she wouldn't have it; no, not at any price."

"She didn't say much; she never does until afterward. But this afternoon she put over to the Cadells, and gave Miss Annie a piece of her mind, claiming, of course, that some job had been put up on the Captain there to ruin him."

"Well, sir, you never would believe it, that Cadell girl turned on my Agnes like a tigress, whipping a dagger from her bosom and slashing her on the upraised arm, raving and ranting about her own love for Dalton like mad, distorted, hideous."

"Why, Agnes says she looked like an old woman, and she—I never heard of such a thing—always so prim and lachrymical. You can't be my girl just put for home to her pappy, more scared by what she couldn't understand than hurt by what had happened."

"Now, Judge, you know me for a quiet, peaceful old codger, anxious to live on good terms with my neighbors and ready to do 'most anything rather than have a breath of scandal. But I can't stand for any such rambles; you know I can't."

"So I telephoned Cadell if he didn't meet me here in fifteen minutes with a full, free explanation and apology, I'd have the roof of his house, to say nothing of his hide."

By the Lord, here he is now."

An old man entered the office, white of hair and beard, with livid face, tired eyes and bowed back—a pathetic figure.

"Yes, I have come to explain, to atone," he said humbly; "but there is so much that is strange, unbelievable; my thoughts are in such a whirl, my nerves so unstrung."

He sank into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

"Let me help you," said Cronkite gently. "We know more than you suppose. You are James Kimberley-Dell?"

"You managed to extricate your wife from prison in England, where the charge of murdering your father is still pending against her, and to bring her to this country?"

"Yes."

"You were enabled to do this," continued Cronkite, with a tentative strain to his voice, "because your daughter by her, Annie, who much resembled her mother, died at that time, and her body was put in her mother's place?"

wife, her mother, was hid in the upper story and committed the pranks and misdeeds which she herself had committed. This is what our friend, Capt. Dalton thought; and the two often talked the matter over together."

"She accepted the situation with a strange lack of interest or excitement which kept her young and beautiful. But of late something affected her strongly, rousing dormant emotions—"

"I don't take stock in such psychological stuff," blurted Mr. Stacey. "The plain truth is, she is an escaped murderer."

"Hush," warned Mr. Cadell. "You voice the Philistine judgment, the cruelty of which more than justifies my care of her. But it is too late now. She is dead; dead by her own hand."

A DEAL IN CABBAGES.

Lesson in Business Given by a Pedler to a Woman Seeking a Bargain.

The huckster's wagon came slowly down the street, the setting sun sending its long beams ahead of the horse as he moved wearily along. On the seat sat the seller of vegetables, happy, despite his fatigue, in that the time was passing, and he remained of the heat of noon with which he had started in. He was an energetic, keen witted huckster.

The huckster's last head of cabbage was a good head, and its owner was keenly alive to the chance of selling it, although the hour was late. As he glanced from side to side of the street, seeking a purchaser, he was hailed from a doorway by a housewife who cried:

"What are you selling?"

"Whoa, Bill," said the vender to his horse, and to the prospective customer he called: "Only one cabbage left, missus."

She went to the curb and asked: "Is it a good cabbage?"

"Sure; as good as any ever came from Jersey."

"How much do you want for it?"

"It's worth a dime, lady, but I want to sell out, so you can have it for a nickel."

After peeling off one of the outer leaves to make sure the head was sound the woman accepted the cabbage and handed the huckster a nickel. The coin was transferred to his pocket, already well filled, and the cabbage was placed in the woman's arms.

As she turned to go another woman who had come up during the chattering said to the vegetable merchant: