

THE CHRISTIAN WORK AND The Evangelist

Volume 78

New York, April 22, 1905.

Number 1992

*The Christian Work has The Largest Paid Circulation
of any high priced undenominational religious newspaper
in the United States.*

even "hustling" Mr. Shonts can work to great advantage until
the new problems are settled.



Taconic Lake, Grafton, N.Y.

Taconic Lake.

By Mrs. George Donaldson.

"Far away from the hot old town
And the thing the town calls duty,
Sailing away from the walls of gray
To a land of bloom and beauty;
Sailing away for a loaf and a play.
And it's good-bye to hurry
And it's good-bye to worry,
And it's good-bye to letters
From our lessers or betters—
And never a care have we."

For here we are perched on top of a mountain five miles up from the civilization of a small village whither we came via the Boston and Maine road two hours after we left Troy, albeit we are but twenty miles from that city by the stage route just west of us.

We "sailed away from the walls of gray" on the Troy night boat, a pleasant introduction to our journey. moonlight and searchlight, and the cool breezes of an otherwise very hot evening, making life seem worth the living after daylight glare and and dust and din. The grand old Palisades and Highlands never looked more picturesque as they towered grandly above us, bathed in the light of the full moon that silent night.

Arrived here after a long, long climb up to the heights, 1,700 feet above the sea, amid dense forests with here and there a hill-side farm, we found a temperature as far removed from that of the cities and towns below, as is the scene of quiet wilderness, where we suddenly realized that work and worry were useless occupations and we didn't care whether this letter ever got written or not!

The hammock was the first article extracted from the trunks—it seemed the only thing necessary. Within twenty feet of our cottage lay the beautiful little lake clear and silvery, three-quarters of a mile long, half a mile wide and perhaps that deep in the middle—no one knows—but shallow enough for a long way out to afford good bathing, and safe paddling also for the little ones. The shores are thickly wooded, and just opposite rises the brightest point in the country (1,800 feet), crowned with firs, from which three States can be seen, New York, Vermont and Massachusetts, in all their beauty of wooded hills and undulating meadows. It is a quarter of a mile back from the opposite shore where is built one cottage in this colony of seven.

That is a genuine Adirondack camp, a large frame building which serves as kitchen, dining room and living room, and two comfortable tents, high and dry, and full of beds to accommodate the coming and going friends of the hospitable host. Several cottages will probably be added to that side of the Lake by another year as the sites have been chosen by other members of this Association. On this side, six of us keep house in cottages

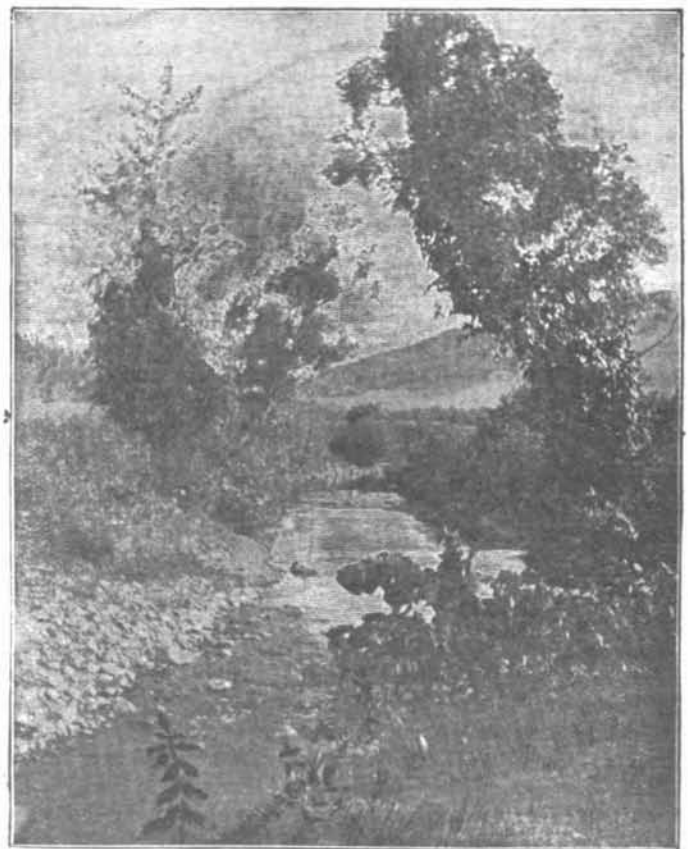
of varying size and cost, some log houses, some frame, all built on the same camp plan, however, which was new to me and may be to others. On the first floor, a large living room, a small lean-to kitchen and a commodious piazza, where we spend most of our waking hours at home.

On the second floor several bedrooms, divided by partitions about eight feet high, and over all the high-pointed roof, making us feel as we lie on our backs meditating, that we are in a big barn and it only lacks the smell of the new mown hay (our straw beds might fill the lack), and the usual sounds of a well regulated barn.

Walls are left in the rough, in some instances they are logs with plastered chinks, but smooth finished walls, frescoes and friezes are not necessary to house-keeping and a thorough enjoyment of life as we find by experience, neither are gas and running water, nor the fine regalia of dinner sets and kitchen utensils hitherto considered absolute essentials. After

all, a cup, a plate and a saucer furnish accommodation enough for the ordinary meal if many changes are not demanded. Decorations on the plates are not needed when they are so well covered with viands fresh from the farm, the woods or the lake, and as for kitchen ware, we soon found that we could make delicious cakes, puddings and pies without a flour sifter, an egg beater, or even a suitable pan. Biscuit and rusk can bake just as well on a saucepan cover as in their legitimate receptacle. Even a cake was baked on that much enduring cover, and, split in half, filled and covered with fresh raspberries, behold it presented all the appearance of a layer cake born of civilization, and eaten with thick cream, made a dish fit for the gods.

So do the cottage puddings and pies, with the same delicious



"Far away from the hot old town."

sauce, and as huckleberries, raspberries, blackberries and shad berries are to be had for the picking and grow most abundantly, we are able to satisfy ourselves with fruit to the utmost of our picking and eating ability. The shad berries, here called bill-

berries, are new to some of us, but are delicious, raw or cooked, in which latter state they taste entirely different, for the seeds have a bit of the prussic acid flavor of the peach pit, and this is drawn out in the cooking just enough to give zest to the whole. The berries are almost as large as cherries, and are such satisfactory picking for those of us who are constitutionally tired, for a quart is soon acquired and one tree will often be loaded, but the fruit seems to grow thickest at the top of these slender trees at least twelve or fifteen feet high. We are not to be baffled, however, and we soon conquered this difficulty in an original and effective manner.

Dorothy, aged nine, a little monkey as to climbing qualities, goes up hand over foot, where there really seems no foothold, almost to the top, hangs on a long branch and swings it down within reach of us tallest "creatures here below," who bring it down within picking distance, Dorothy's weight helping in the holding down process, as she rides her new and much enjoyed hobby horse.

It is well these trees are so supple or we and the billberries would have had, for the most part, but a distant acquaintance with each other. At our word of warning Dorothy drops from her low bending steed just before we let go, for the rebound would send her into space, equalling Pegasus himself.

Our seven-year old boy has a far-seeing eye for billberries that is unequalled, his vision probably being influenced by that other part of his anatomy, which is a most important feature of his sex at this fast growing period, and his abilities earn him the nick-name of "Bil-lee" during these excursions.

In August the berry pickers come in crowds to this rich region and camp out in the clearing back at a distance. They average about forty quarts a day, huckleberries and blackberries, and this at five cents a quart nets them a good income for pleasant, healthful occupation.

Every morning a man comes up the mountain road with a wagon bringing the supplies we have ordered the day before, from a package of oatmeal or a leg of lamb to a half dozen fish hooks or a spool of thread. He brings the ever welcome mail, too (we are glad to receive though too lazy to write), and he is the one tie between us and the world, where once upon a time we worked and perspired and hurried to and fro and had things that must be done, and clothes especially donned for the afternoon. This is the nearest like a sea voyage of anything we know, this dolce far niente life, and the expense for the whole season is less than a sea voyage one way, as far as bed and home are concerned.

No one hurries here, not even Walter with the wagon except when some poor benighted husband and father, who still clings to the traditions of the nether world, realizes that he must get a train Monday morning, and, being unable to shake himself free from that delusion, shakes off the dust of our camp from his feet—literally and figuratively—arrays himself in a collar and vest kept for these state departures and goes forth from our midst with reluctance and Walter.

Our newspaper arrives three days late sometimes, but what do we care? Preparations for the Pope's funeral were well under way before we really discovered he was dead, but we could not have been present anyway, and we could mourn him as sincerely though not as early as others, so what did it matter? The lake

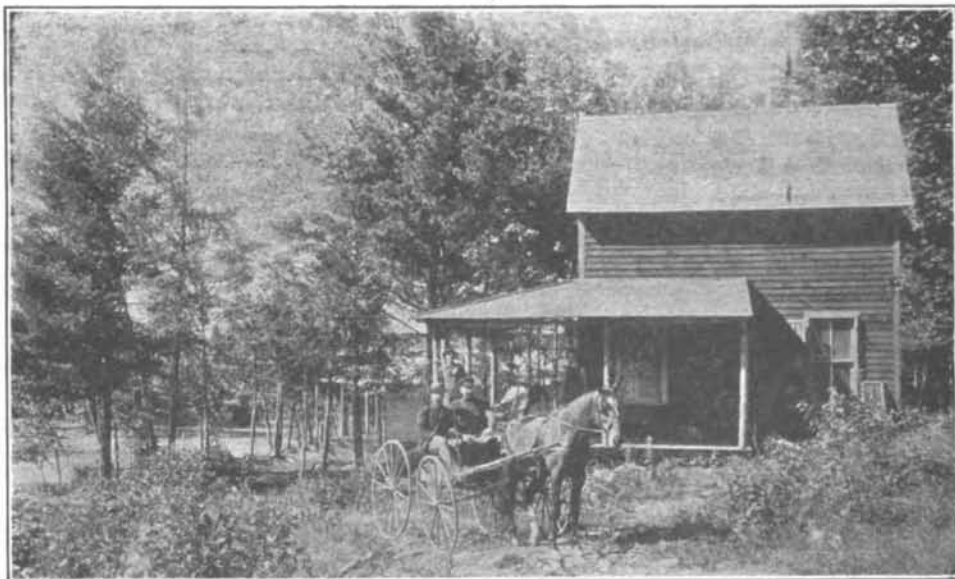
has been well stocked with fish (through the influence of one of the club members, an assemblyman), and these rise readily to our alluring bait on home grown fishing poles.

Each cottage has one or more boats, so we row and fish and make excursions to our heart's content. We use the boat to go to the spring for water, to go over to the other side for berries and to call on the next door neighbor. It is so much more agreeable than the indefinite paths, and what an ideal way to make calls in the still summer evening, paddling silently in the glorious moonlight or starlight to a neighbor's landing, rather than stumbling along on a rough country road in the dark shadows or in company with a prosaic and odorous lantern.

And how one can enjoy the starlight here. It seemed to me, upon the occasion of a night ride up our mountain, that a specially big convention of stars had assembled in our honor and specially big stars too, but I was informed that it seemed so because I had never before been so near them, and never seen so much of the sky at once. Our evenings are further brightened by music, for we have some good singers in our colony and two pianos adorn it. A horn, which brays loud and deep, might be added to our list of musical instruments (not to mention sundry violins, mandolins, etc., which tinkle melodiously over the waters of the lake), for with it a jolly boat load of people can raise echoes so marvelously clear and lasting that one and all regret that Echo Lake was not the name bestowed on this resort when it opened three years ago.

The other features that make life pleasant here are a colony barn for the use of campers or their visiting friends, and an ice house, whose contents, free to all, fulfil their usual functions of preserving and cooling our solid and liquid foods, as well as affording entertainment to the men of the colony in obtaining it.

We may as well mention, last but not least, the homely woodpile, which is provided with our cottage, for without it how could we live and move and have our being and



Headquarters, Taconic Lake Association.

how could we keep comfortable these cool evenings?

One owner of a cottage is the fortunate possessor of an enormous fire-place, in which he burns five-foot logs with a gay abandon engendered by the free and easy (not always) way of securing them.

When we build we will erect a big chimney and fire-place first, then an enormous piazza, and then, with the remains of our money and material, we will proceed with the remainder of the cottage.

There is a genuine Yankee farmer a mile away, who supplies us with new laid eggs, with fresh sweet butter, and well-fed, fat, delicious chickens, with cream, a good quart for—I am afraid to say how little money—and with milk warm from the cow, pouring out generous quarts for us besides treating us to glasses full apiece after we have watched him milk, and who presents us with the buttermilk that helps make our home-made bread and biscuit doubly light and appetizing. We can get all these from Walter, but prefer them fresh from their native haunts.

Our farmer was a most prepossessing change from the first—a farmeress—into whose hands we fell, who agreed to sell us milk at three cents a quart, and then failing to get rich rapidly enough on our many quarts and our other orders, gradually diminished our measure, none too large at first, and then brought matters to a crisis by suddenly presenting a bill for five cents to the astonished head of this cottage because "I heard yeou had a cook and an automobile, so I calculate yeou might well pay me more for milk

(Continued on Page 535.)



The Matterhorn, Switzerland.

The Simplon Tunnel Open.

Amid Great Rejoicing Trains from Swiss and Italian Sides Meet in the Middle of the Mountain.

The Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world, was formally opened on the morning of April 2, when from the Swiss and Italian sides the first trains passed through, meeting at the middle, where was the iron door which originally prevented the overflow of a torrent of hot water, and which was at this time opened for the first time.

The bands played the national music of the two countries, and a Swiss Bishop preached a sermon on the joyful occasion.

The train from the Italian end was the first to reach the iron door, but a little later the train from the Swiss end was heard on the other side of the door. A brief time was spent in communicating through the door by means of hammering, and finally the door was knocked down amid frantic applause and cries of "Long live Switzerland!" and "Long live Italy!"

The bands played the Italian Royal March and the Swiss anthem, and the two parties embraced and kissed each other in true national fashion. Signor Brandau shook hands with M. Rosemund, the engineer of the work on the Swiss side, and the Italian Bishop Novarea embraced the Swiss Bishop Sion. The Swiss Bishop then preached a short sermon, in the course of which he said: "The

Church blesses progress." In the true orthodox fashion he blessed then the tunnel, and wished for it success and the cause of greater prosperity for both countries. This is the longest railroad tunnel in the world, being twelve and a quarter miles in length, and it was constructed at a cost of \$15,700,000.

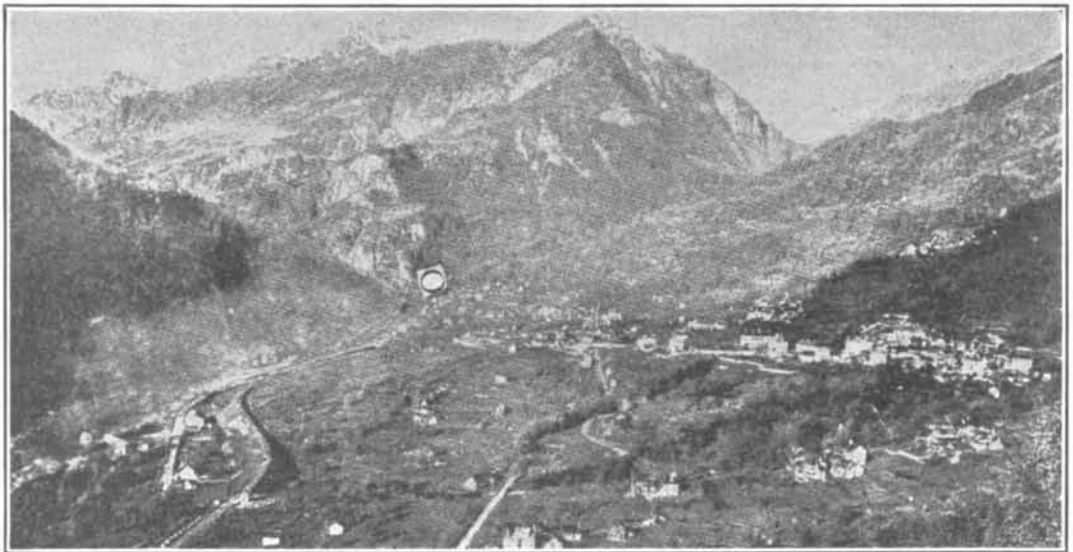
The weather at the entrance of the tunnel was springlike, though the surrounding mountains were covered with snow, but once inside the temperature became very high. The Italian engineer Brandau, who had directed the work on the tunnel, conducted the Italian train, which part of the way was lighted by miners with lanterns.

Some years ago the editor of The Christian Work and Evangelist made the excursion over the mountain range from Switzerland to Italy. A tunnel in this place was not thought of at that time, and the usual route was over the great St. Bernard at the top of the mountain, the celebrated hospice entertained all travelers, the only fee being whatever the traveler chose to give towards defraying the expenses of the hospice. Soon after that a tunnel was opened through the mountain, through which trains were running about five years after the work was commenced.

This tunnel was commenced two and a half years before the New York city subway, so it has taken about six and a half years in construction.

The mountain's greatest height above the tunnel is 7,000 feet, and, as our readers know, connects the Italian with the Swiss side of Mount Simplon, and is a part of the Jura-Simplon Railway.

The illustration given herewith is a correct representation, from a photograph, and was reproduced especially for The Christian Work.



The Longest Railway Tunnel in the World.

Lately completed, through the famous Simplon Mountain. A passage for the Jura-Simplon Railway, more than twelve miles long and costing \$15,700,000. The entrance to the tunnel, lighted by electricity, is seen a little to the left of the center of the picture.

Taconic Lake.

(Continued from Page 534.)

fresh from the keow!" An argument which, presented in a more alluring and less palpably grasping manner, or without the shrinking quart introduction, might have prevailed, though any one knowing cooks and automobiles more familiarly than by hearsay would have felt such genuine sympathy for our deplorable condition in maintaining both affairs as to openly present us with all the necessities of life, lest we be too impoverished to procure them any other way.

What a relief, after a sojourn in Jersey, to sleep with screenless doors and windows wide open, to sit out evenings and to light lamps with impunity and all the other pleasant adjuncts. Never a bite in these wilds, except on the lake, and there—plenty of them—from a legitimate source—for the fish are young and lively.

If this article seems to you principally occupied with things to eat, ways of obtaining them, and methods for cooking them, bear in mind that camp life is principally devoted to these occupations. And it is no small matter when one considers—or feels—the very

(Concluded on Page 545.)



The Jura Range, from the Italian side.

Tacomie Lake.

(Concluded from page 535.)

big appetite acquired either as a cause or a result of these exercises.

There are some legends of weird interest connected with our lake, as, for instance, that of the girl who was drowned through the thoughtlessness of her young companions, who pushed her away from the boat as she clung to it, sending it out, and, disregarding her cries, let her sink, not knowing until too late to what a fate they left her.

In spite of all efforts her body was not found until it rose after the usual lapse of time. This tragic incident occurred away back in 1840, but visitors are still told the tale with practically few embellishments, and we heard it directly from our farmer who was related to the unfortunate young girl.

There are stories, too, of a wonderful panther of enormous size shot in the woods within the last few years, and of a lynx which still roams at large, apparently with a charmed life, as he has survived so many years, a story which so impressed one of our young men visitors this summer that he declared one morning that he had heard the stealthy footsteps of that creature on the roof prowling around seeking whom he might devour, at midnight or thereafter, and then at daylight saw the tracks in the road around the house.

But as the tracks were the exact fit of the great dogs (fine specimens of the St. Bernard race), which belong to our lonely neighbor across the lake, and as we all hear steps on our roofs, which the birds and chipmunks use for promenades, the story was discredited and the laugh turned against the too credulous youth from the city of "cultcha" and baked beans. The whole matter of "wild animals we have known" in these woods simmers down to a few harmless deer, which are semi-occasionally seen here and there among the farms—and even a snake is a rare sight and a harmless one.

Years ago there was quite a population here, charcoal burners, who utilized the dense woods in their own way, and farmers, who used the good pastures in their way, but all are scattered and gone, and only the remains of an old house or barn here and there, and the surviving trees of an orchard tell the tale of those whom, in many instances, the Western fever attacked and drove away to make—or mar—their fortunes.

The association which has thus far developed this lake resort, originally consisted of four men who, appreciating the possibilities of the place and its attractions for city people, bought up four hundred acres of woods around the lake and built their cottages close to the shore, each cottage with its own little boat landing and special plot of ground.

Here they come with their families for a few days, a month, or the whole season, as the spirit moves them, and already they have added others to their number.

One of them, with a spirit of enterprise, has not only a cottage for himself but has also built one to rent, the only one especially designed for that purpose, hence our presence here, though the other owners have also rented when not here themselves.

To this same one we owe our knowledge of this secluded spot as he is the only one thus far who has given it any publicity, as far as strangers are concerned, for his enthusiasm would not allow him to keep a good thing to himself, and he is to be regarded, perhaps, as the cornerstone of the enterprise.

These "New Adirondacks" bid fair to rival their older brothers, which are so much further away from the principal cities, so much more expensive to reach and to live in, and yet with no more of the natural advantages of health-giving elevation, cool days, and cooler nights, pure water, crystal lakes and piney woods.

Cliffside, N.J.

American Standard Revised Bible

"I am using the American Edition of the Revised Bible, and find it superior to any edition in existence in the English tongue. I strongly commend it."

—Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

Issued in over 100 styles. For sale by all booksellers. THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Publishers, 37 East 18th Street, New York. We also publish the King James Version in over 400 styles. Send for catalogue.

CHEAPEST BOOK STORE

IN THE WORLD.
The Largest Collection of New and Second-Hand Books in the Universe.
AT A GREAT REDUCTION FROM PUBLISHERS' PRICES.
Send us a Postal Card, naming any book you may desire, and we shall quote price by return mail.
SPECIAL TERMS TO LIBRARIES.
Mammoth Catalogue Free.

AMMON & MACKEL,
SUCCESSOR TO
LEGGAT BROTHERS,
81 CHAMBERS AND 63 READE STS.
Four Doors West of Broadway.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

"To say that a Bible is
Yet the Oxford
The New Editions will

JUST ISSUED!

**OXFORD
Teachers' Bibles**

With New 20th Century Helps arranged in One Alphabetical Order.

**OXFORD
S. S. Scholars' Bibles**

With New Helps Under One Alphabet.

"The most complete and best
arranged of all the helps in various
Bibles."

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH
91 and 93 Fifth Ave., New York

an Oxford is sufficient.
keeps on improving.
prove a delightful surprise."
—Christian Nation, 1904.

JUST ISSUED!

"A quart in a pint measure."

**OXFORD
Brevier Black Faced**

Large type in small compass.

A TIME SAVER!

**OXFORD
Cyclopedic Concordance**

Containing Helps, Dictionary, Glossaries, Concordance, Maps, etc., in One Alphabetical Order. 75c. and \$1.

THE BOOK FOR ALL

**OXFORD
S. S. Scholars' Treasury**

Cloth, 25 cents.
"Should be in the hands of every
Sunday-school scholar in the land."
—Christian Endeavor World, 1904.

ASK FOR THE OXFORD EDITION



BUILD UP your Health and Strength with JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE,

a pleasant, potent, and permanent invigorator
for WOMEN, CHILDREN and MEN.

DRUGGISTS ALL SELL IT.