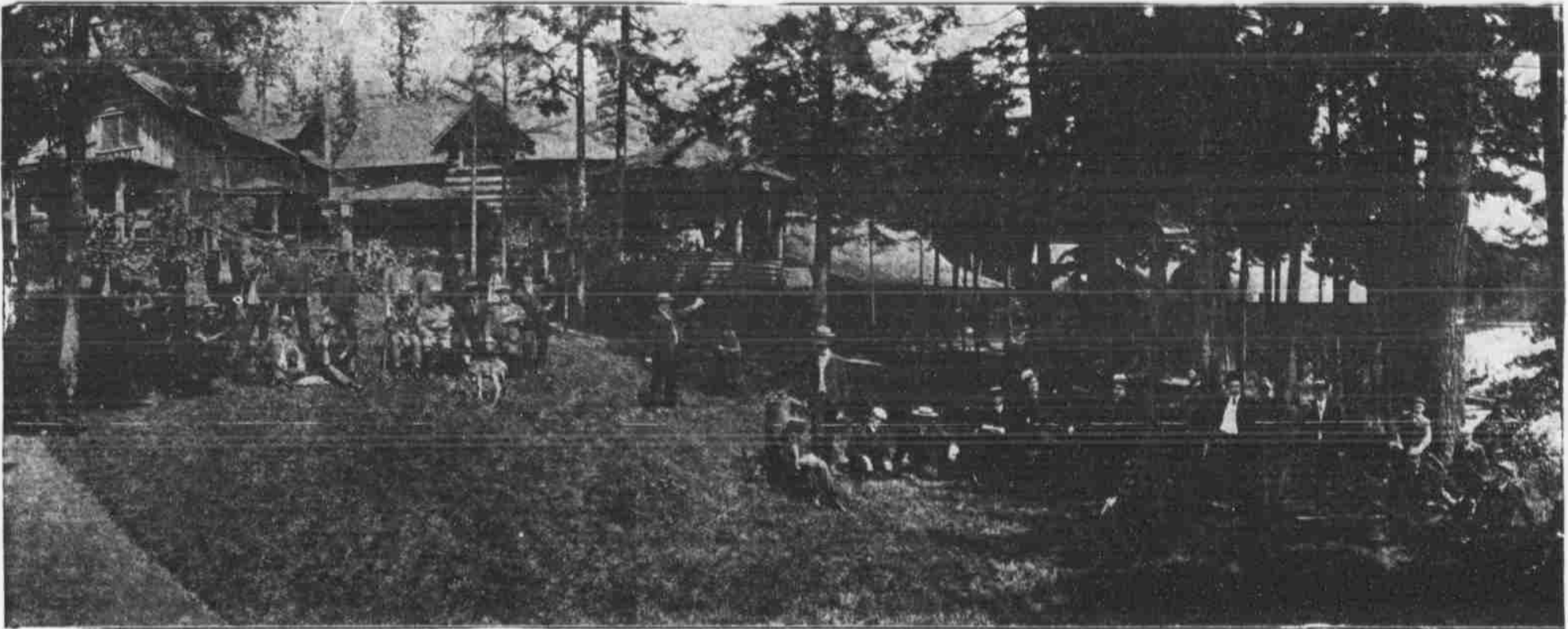


An Adirondack Stag Party

C. W. Eckerman's Story of
An Outing Last Summer



GENERAL PROSPECT AT KAMP KILL KARE

The Governor went to his island Kamp,
Whoop her up, Rebecca!
The fire was warm and the lake was damp,
Whoop her up, Rebecca!
He paddled after a big cow-moose,
Her nose hooked up and her lip hung loose,
And heading her off with many a ruse,
Cried, Whoop her up, Rebecca!

REBECA was a big, wild, stilt-legged, bump-faced, female moose, who broke upon us darkly in the early dawn, just as we were turning over for a final beauty sleep on the fragrant balsam boughs of an open island camp on Lake Kora, a part of Governor Woodruff's famous Kamp Kill Kare.

Every night the governor invited a small party of us to this island, far distant from the main camp, so that we might realize how deep we were in the heart of the wilderness. Lying here, with only the shelter of an open "lean-to" above us and a log fire blazing at our feet, we knew that all the strange denizens of the forest were prowling about us in the most approved "deer-slayer" fashion. If any of us thought we were drawing a bit on our imaginations, that idea was startled out of us when Rebecca loomed up out of the lake in the starry dawn, looking as big as a block of houses to our astonished gaze.

Now, moose is big game and bull moose is sometimes dangerous game, but the closed season and Rebecca's sex prevented any shooting. Rebecca disappeared for the time, but at daylight the governor sent guides to beat up the bush and drive her into the lake, where ensued a lively canoe chase, in which the governor skillfully drove the creature on to the shore, where one of the party managed to get a camera shot at her curious elongated physiognomy which here comes bunting so intrusively into the foreground.

The present story turns upon Kamp Kill Kare and the governor—or, to be precise, Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, three times lieutenant governor of New York, republican leader, successful merchant and manufacturer and enthusiastic lover of outdoor life.

If you read the papers you know that the governor is always doing something, but it is never his fellow man. If you imagine him as only or chiefly a politician, you miss the larger side of one of the most interesting and forceful personalities in American public life. Politics is only one item in his account. He is one of the few who can hold politics in one hand and business in the other without ever crossing his hands. He has won his way manfully step by step to prosperity, not through politics, but by unflagging energy in commercial life and sound business judgment. He started after graduation from Yale college as a clerk in a wholesale establishment downtown in New York City. He is now a director in many banks and trust companies and president and treasurer of a number of large manufacturing corporations.

Every affair he has touched has felt the force of his enthusiasm and industry. When the Smith Premier Typewriter company was reorganized last winter he was made its president and has accomplished the feat of putting up a factory building containing 200,000 feet of floor space in three months, when it was generally believed it would take eight to ten months. The company's branch office managers all over the United States became imbued with this spirit and were hustling for orders all summer as they had never hustled before.

"Now," said President Woodruff, one autumn day, "stop hustling for a week. Come up to Kamp Kill Kare and enjoy yourselves, every man of you. Get out of the heat and dust and grind; get away from bricks

and mortar, stone pavements and bargains and sales. Come to the mountains for a week and live." When the governor comes into that sort of game, the limit is off. They came from all over; spent a day at Syracuse inspecting the new big plant and then "plunged" per Adirondack special into the wilderness. For a week those forty men lived.

Kamp Kill Kare, on the borders of beautiful Lake Kora, is by long odds the most picturesque of the famous Adirondack camps. It is about ten miles from Raquette Lake station, and more than fifteen miles in every direction from any human habitation except the camps of Alfred G. Vanderbilt and J. Pierpont Morgan, each about three miles distant. The country is so wild that it cost from \$4,000 to \$5,000 per mile to build the twenty or so miles of wagon roads leading to these different camps.

Governor Woodruff's domain here consists of 1,500 acres and the main camp is situated in a clearing of perfectly kept grounds in the midst of fragrant mountain balsams, spruce, cedar and birch, and consists of nearly a dozen picturesque cottages and other buildings, large and small, built of well matched, rough-sawn cedar logs without, but finished and equipped inside to the limit of civilized comfort and convenience and consummate taste.

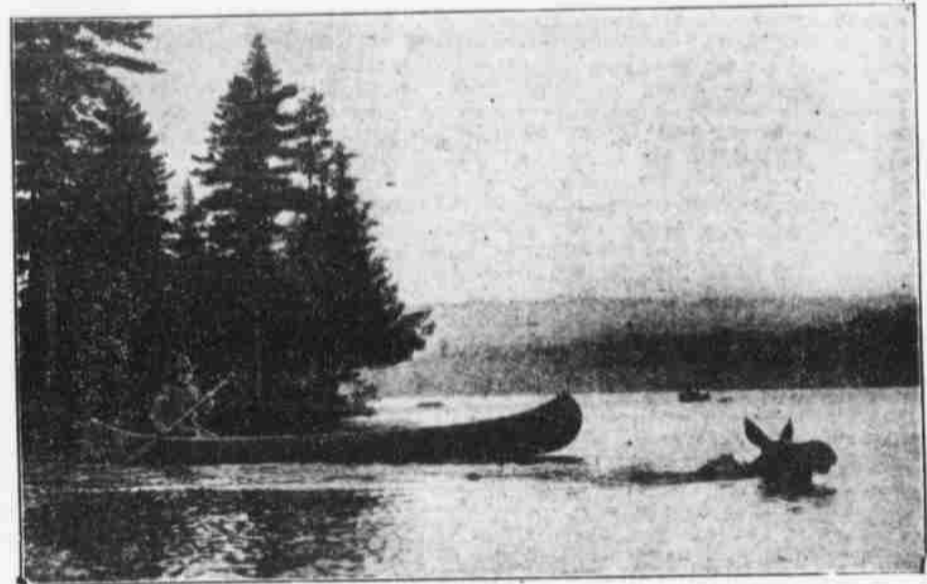
Some of the most prominent figures in public life have been among the fortunate guests of Kamp Kill Kare. When Frank T. Black was governor of New York in '97-'98 he was here a great deal. Governor Odell has been here several times, and twice for quite a visit with Senator Platt. C. P. Huntington, who had a camp in Raquette Lake, in which he died two years ago, often came here.

In front of the main camp a green slope reaches down through a balsam to Lake Kora, a mile long mirror, wherein the hill gods make their daily toilet, where the wild deer and moose swim unmolested till the hunting season opens, and specked trout joyously wag their little tails and sometimes swallow a gorgeous fly with a governor or a United States senator at the other end of the line. Two big black bears—Dick and Marie—are chained near the lake and a beautiful little spotted fawn trots confidently about the paths and grassy banks and even occasionally ventures indoors.

To this woodland paradise came the forty weary and dusty typewriter pluggers to "loaf and invite their souls," and, as one of the forty, the writer can attest that while our souls may have been along they never gave us a moment's uneasiness from the instant of entering the charmed domain. Our stomachs were the principal features in evidence. The air, clear, cold and tonic as rare wine, gives one a ravenous appetite and when we were not eating or drinking we were generally getting ready to.

We fished, swam, paddled or rowed, and roamed at will over the beautiful grounds, or, accompanied by proficient guides, ventured deeper into the forest. At night we were duly installed under much-needed blankets in the various cottages of the main camp, except those of us who preferred an open camp, or "lean-to," on balsam boughs before one of the roaring log fires, blazing everywhere about the camp, indoors and out, after dark until morning. And here we slept the sleep of the just-arrived.

One day we climbed the mountain west of the lake to a smaller camp with a balcony built over the sheer face of the mountain and from which we beheld a



ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE KORA.

magnificent prospect of shining lakes and hills beyond hills, stretching away, in all shades of green and misty blue. This wonderful observation point is well called "Krow's Kneest." (It is the fashion of the Kamp to spell everything possible with a "K.") It is perched on the backbone of hills which form the watershed between the Hudson and St. Lawrence rivers, and overlooks two or three lakes which mark the points of an equal-sided triangle, exactly two miles between each. One lake is a part of Mr. Morgan's camp, the second of Mr. Vanderbilt's and the third is Lake Kora, one of the headwaters of the Hudson and part of our own Kamp Kill Kare. Our own we called it, because our host and hostess made it ours with a complete and tactful hospitality which captured all our hearts.

In its general aspect the camp is similar to other large Adirondack camps, but a captivating note of individuality prevails throughout the entire scheme of Kamp Kill Kare and is manifest in every function of the exquisitely perfect entertainment offered to its guests. The Kamp is everywhere pervaded by the rare spirit of its unique host and charming hostess. You see and feel at every turn the hearty, spontaneous, democratic good-fellowship which has made Governor Woodruff at once a comrade and a leader of men.

To one who has not visited the Kamp it is impossible to convey on paper more than the faintest idea of its infinite variety of charm, both of nature and art. The site was evidently an old Indian hunting ground long before the days of Fenimore Cooper's famous heroes. Many of the interesting relics and oddities used in the decoration or construction of the Kamp buildings, such as arrow heads, axes, hatchets, knives and moose horns, were found in excavating for cellars, in plowing the gardens or in dynamiting stumps to make pasture. With few exceptions, all the rustic furniture and the curiously wrought iron work, everywhere in evidence, were made here by Governor Woodruff's force of handy men, all natives of the woods, who have learned to handle a saw or use a forge as well as an axe.

On the island in Lake Kora, reached by a long rustic bridge, lighted at night with hundreds of colored lanterns, is Kill Kare Kabin, a huge rustic playhouse equipped



WATCHING REBECCA

with every means of enjoyment and entertainment which a lively stag party could imagine or desire. Here the "boys" gathered daily on the wide piazza overlooking the lake and nightly around the great stone fireplace to swap yarns, or about the piano to acclaim melodiously that classic locality "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows" with appropriate illustrations drawn from a keg skillfully conveyed into the scene on a wheelbarrow.

One of the most interesting things about this whole hilarious expedition is the fact that it was a sterling example of the modern spirit in business affairs which brings the heads of great enterprises and their employes together upon a high plane of mutual respect and recognition, not only to the benefit of humanity and good-fellowship, but to the immense advantage of the business in which they are mutually interested. C. W. ECKERMAN.