

Saratoga Springs

By LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE

SARATOGA SPRINGS has been the most famous summer resort of America since five hundred years before the birth of Christ. For twenty-five centuries this green plateau, nestling between the arms of the mighty Adirondacks that stretch out southward on either side to protect it from too biting winds, from east or west, has been the Mecca of tired bodies and fagged minds. This may seem a rather startling statement to make concerning a town whose charter dates back only eighty-six years; yet there is no legend of the once mighty Iroquois Confederation that anticipates the time when the Kayaderoseras was the nearest earthly ideal of the happy hunting ground, and Indian historians claim five hundred B. C. as the date of the founding of the great Indian Republic of the Five Nations.

It was to Saratoga in those long-forgotten, prehistoric springtimes, when the Hudson tore apart its ice fetters and thrust them down into the sea, that the bravest and the feeblest alike of the haughty Iroquois tribe, abandoning their winter tepees, made their way over trails so firmly trodden down that the visitor to-day may trace them, sometimes, for miles through the forests surrounding Saratoga.

By the time of the planting of the maize, the high bluffs overlooking Saratoga Lake were dotted with summer wigwams. The young braves found here game innumer-

able. The old chiefs tramped the four-mile trail by way of morning constitutional to High Rock Spring, then known as "The Healing Waters," whose discovery forms one of the most beautiful legends of the Iroquois.

The chronology of a nation without monuments and without written history, is, of course, a matter of conjecture. Indeed, the date of the founding of the Iroquois Confederation, which is here quoted at 500 B. C., is merely that given by the Indians themselves. Scientific students have sought to place it, taking the legend of an eclipse as their starting point, at about 1451 A. D. But be that as it may, no better evidence of the countless generations of Indian visitors to Saratoga could be found than the fact that on one of these high bluffs surrounding Saratoga Lake, which is now the site of a famous road house, known to all summer visitors as "Arrowhead," the ground, although plowed each spring for a hundred years, will still reward a five minutes' search by the find of a half dozen perfect arrowheads. Thousands have been taken away by curious visitors, thousands apparently yet remain, and still the space in which they have lain is barely three acres in extent.

What, it may well be asked, has been the magnet that has drawn man to this spot since earliest time? The proud Iroquois, treading with light moccasin the forest

trail, would have answered: "Game! for so many stately bucks and sleek-sided does, fierce wolves and fiercer panthers, never elsewhere did Indian see."

"Society," would have been the reply of the famous beauty, Betty Holcomb, travelling to the Spa by easy stage coach, from far Virginia, crowds assembling at each post station to catch a glimpse of her lovely face.

"The finest racing in the world," would answer the gentleman sportsman of to-day, leaning luxuriously back in his private car as it tears across the miles that lie between Wall Street and the Saratoga Race Track. All of these answers would have been right so far as they went, but the root of the matter would not be there, for the last analysis of Saratoga's greatness will show that the foundations of her fame lie in her wonderful mineral springs.

The history of Saratoga Springs reads thus: The wild deer came, licked eagerly the salty springs and came in ever increasing throngs again. Pursuing the deer, followed the Iroquois. Likewise finding the springs pleasant to taste, and healing of body, they also came again. Then the white man, pursuing the Iroquois, learned the secret of the waters and, with his fellows returned again. The first visitors of our own race were seekers after health, then followed fashion, and after fashion, wealth, until to-day two hundred thousand people count a visit to the Springs a necessity of the summer season.

According to the Iroquois, the springs of Saratoga were created in answer to the prayer of a despairing Mohawk chief seeking a cure for his beloved, who lay dying from a

plague that was devastating the tribe. Science has given a number of theories as to the origin of these springs, far less romantic, and so widely differing from one another that any true lover of romance is well justified in declining to believe any of them, and accepting instead the Indian version.

It is claimed by reputable authority, that Saratoga is built on the oldest land of this continent, perhaps the oldest in the world. Out of the great primeval sea the huge giants of the Laurentian range were the first to rear their craggy heads. Right on their shore line lay the future Saratoga. Indeed, the visitor of to-day may remove the wind-blown sand-speck from his eye with the consoling knowledge that he has been made miserable by a bit of what was, perhaps the first sea-beach in the world's history.

When the Laurentian range upheaved itself from the ocean bed, something had to give way, and as a matter of fact, the whole underlying strata of the sea bed was lifted and tilted several hundred feet above the surrounding sea.

According to one theory, where Saratoga now stands along the edge of this "fault" in the strata, some of the old Silurian ocean by some freak of nature, was imprisoned, and Saratoga is exporting to-day bottles full of this same pre-historic sea.

According to another theory, the sub-drainage of the Laurentian range, flowing along the underlying strata as through some huge water main, is stopped short in its course, and effectually dammed up by the "fault" at Saratoga. Both of these theories are at fault. If Saratoga's springs are merely veins of water

that have become impregnated with various salts from the decomposing rocks through whose veins they flow they do not account for those great pockets of natural carbonic acid gas at the southern end of the town so large in extent that of late years huge gasometers have been erected, and the gas, under a pressure of two thousand pounds to the

apart, show totally different minerals in their composition?

Be this as it may, it is certain that the springs are there; also that there is no likelihood of their giving out. Indeed new springs are discovered frequently. Only last year, when boring for water to supply the boilers at the Strong Sanitarium on the crest of the hill over-



BROADWAY IN JULY

square inch, is being shipped away in steel cylinders, by the Natural Carbonic Acid Gas Company, for the use of soda water fountains all over the world. (Carbonic gas as well as its water is also shipped by the Lincoln Spring in large quantities.) Again, if Saratoga lies over a reservoir of the old sea, why do two springs, not a hundred feet

looking the narrow valley, where all the previous springs have been found, water was indeed discovered, at a depth of four hundred feet, but not such as any self-respecting boiler would think of swallowing, so heavily was it charged with minerals and carbonic acid gas; and in consequence a new mineral spring was added to the list. Saratoga's



ENTRANCE TO WOODLAWN PARK

temporary and more widely advertised attractions will doubtless change in the future as they have in the past, to meet the fickle fashions of the hour. But, as has been said, the first visitor to Saratoga came to drink the water, and the last will doubtless be there for the same purpose, in the uncounted ages to come.

In 1767, the Mohawks determined in solemn council to reveal to Sir William Johnson, who was suffering from a wound received in the battle of Lake George, the wonderful healing powers of the High Rock. Taking their "beloved brother" (this was more than a figure of speech for Johnson married Mollie Brant, sister of the famous Indian warrior) on a litter, they carried him about twenty miles north of Schenectady. Here he found a curious formation where a spring, heavily charged with minerals, had built up a cone of tufa around itself, from whose

center the water bubbled up, as from the crater of a miniature volcano. Johnson stayed a few days, so far recovered as to be able to walk back to Schenectady, and promptly published the marvellous qualities of the waters abroad.

Saratoga did not wait long for other distinguished visitors. In 1783, George Washington, accompanied by Alexander Hamilton and Governor George Clinton, visited the Spring. Washington was so favorably impressed with its virtues that he made inquiries with a view to acquiring the land and building thereon a summer home, although at that time the spring lay in the heart of the wilderness, and one log hut sheltered all the inhabitants of the place. From this time on the rise of the town was very rapid, and by 1815, it had been visited by upwards of two thousand persons. Just a good day's business of to-day,

but a wonderful record for those times.

From this period the growth of Saratoga advanced by leaps and bounds. In 1819, the town of Saratoga Springs was incorporated. In 1831, the second constructed railroad in the United States was extended to Saratoga Springs, and proved so profitable that the directors paid ten per cent. dividends the second year. Traveling was more leisurely in those days, and as late as 1860, the departure of a train was signaled by the ringing of a bell in the cupola of the little station, half an hour before leaving, which enabled intending travelers to make their farewells and stroll down to the cars in plenty of time, or even if a little late, there was no hurry, the train would wait.

By 1870, almost every person of prominence in society, politics, religion or finance, had visited Saratoga, and the drinking of the water had already become a secondary ob-

ject, as compared to the fashionable whirl of gaiety so keenly summed up by Saxe in his famous poem, "And that's what they do at the Springs."

Joseph Bonaparte was numbered amongst the early visitors and revived Washington's idea of buying the land for a great country place, but found it too expensive to purchase. Gideon Putnam, an early settler and large land owner, erected the first hotel in 1802, and with rare public spirit so laid out the land in streets that the springs were to be reserved perpetually as public property. Unfortunately, at his death, his plans were not carried out, and it is only lately that the wisdom of a single ownership for all the springs has become so apparent that actual steps have been taken towards its consummation. Such, briefly, is the history of Saratoga Springs.

The town of to-day bears little resemblance to the old center of the



CONGRESS SPRING PARK

fashionable summer world, when low wooden buildings loomed large as palatial hostelries, and when the belles and beaux rode on horseback through primeval forests to the Lake or the more distant battleground of Saratoga. To-day, the three great brick hotels upon Broadway, great, even in these days of big things, accommodate five



A SARATOGA STREET

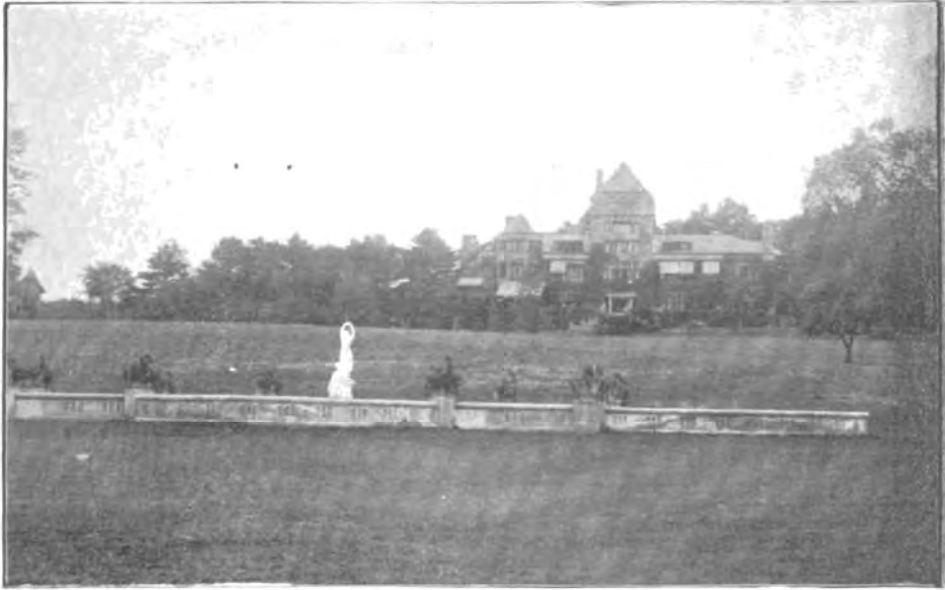
thousand guests. Nearby is found the popular American-Adelphi Hotel of generous capacity. Crowning the hill at the southern end of the same street, a half dozen smaller houses, including the well-known New Columbian, the Heustis House and the Linwood, hold two thousand guests, while altogether the hotels accommodate twenty thousand each August day, and almost

every house opens hospitable doors to receive twice as many more.

All during May, the inhabitants of what is then a quiet, pretty little village, boasting not over fifteen thousand inhabitants, have been making ready. By the first of June, the whole village, spick and span with new paint, with well-swept and graded streets, sits expectantly to greet the coming guests. Silently, quietly, almost unnoticed they slip in — wise old-timers, who have learned that June is the most beautiful month of the year at Saratoga, except possibly September. The small hotels now throw open their doors; on North Broadway the early comers fill the piazzas of the Vermont House and the Brooklyn, and each of the innumerable boarding houses boasts a guest or two. They are a quiet, health-seeking, rest-seeking folk, these early comers, drinking in the wonderful air that sweeps down pure and fresh from the Adirondack balsam forests and sets the nerves tingling with new-born life; driving perhaps to the not-far battle-ground of Saratoga, and the field where distraught Burgoyne gave up his sword and lost an empire for his country; climbing curiously up into the tall granite shaft that marks this spot, and thinking with pitying feelings of a brave man gone wrong as they look at the empty niche which proclaims both the patriotism and the treachery of Benedict Arnold. Or else, if this has all been seen before, they are taking long walks after the rare painted-moccasin plants that, in common with all wild flowers, grow so bountifully in this garden spot. The younger folk begin to throng the golf links and fill the tennis courts.

The summer cottager, a type of recent years, arrives, and putting his Lares and Penates in due order, settles down like the early arrival at the play, to await the never failing spectacle of the American idea of "resting," as exhibited by the August crowds. A convention or two arrives and fills the main streets for a day or so with much-beribboned members who stream like ants into the Convention Hall every day, and swarm out again a few hours later

of dollars have been spent by the owners of these mammoth hotels since the preceding year in order to keep up with the ever-increasing demand for more luxurious surroundings made by the travelling public. On Congress Hall, one of the best-known of the trio to visitors from New England, over \$25,000 has been expended this spring in additional bathrooms and open plumbing as well as electric light in office, parlors and dining room alone, and



YADDO, COUNTRY SEAT OF SPENCER TRASK

like a hive of buzzing bees. The road houses at the Lake entertain parties of fishermen, for there are bass, genuine small-mouthed black bass in Saratoga Lake worth coming miles to feel at the end of a supple rod. As July approaches, the great hotels strip off their winter garments, and before the last of the small army of house cleaners has wrung her mop, the first visitor greets the smiling clerk. Thousands

in the fall the new proprietors expect to spend twice as much more. "Cottage Row" at the United States Hotel, which is not composed of cottages at all, but merely individual suites in a long wing, now entertains an early millionaire or two who has run up to clear the Wall Street cobwebs from his brain. The great men in the turf world—Keene, Belmont, Hitchcock, Whitney—pay hurried visits to



ITALIAN GARDEN, CANFIELD'S PARK

their strings of thoroughbreds, each worth a king's ransom, which are being trained for the stakes, that will later be contested here. At the Grand Union Hotel, Victor Herbert, with no ordinary summer orchestra, but a special band of fifty trained musicians, begins his concerts, and the empty seats on the broad piazzas grow fewer each day. So gradual has been the increase in the crowds that one can hardly realize that the town has tripled its population.

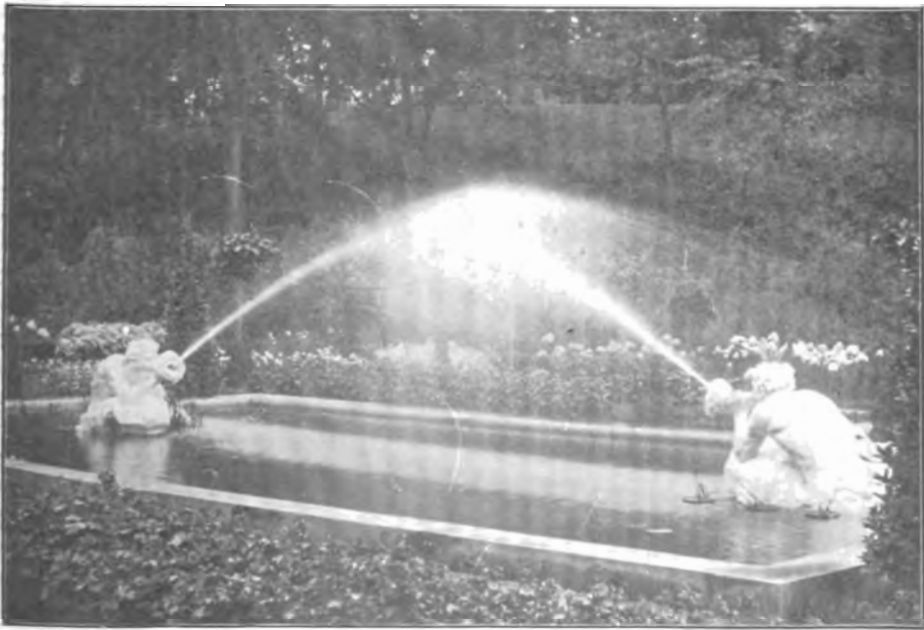
Then, suddenly, the first of August comes. For two days previous, a curious quiet has settled down upon the town. It is as if every one had stopped to draw a good long breath before plunging into the exciting days to follow. The old visitor notes with silent satisfaction the preliminaries of the

great half-comedy, half-tragedy that is to come. There are the long trains of Palace horse-cars—your modern thoroughbred must needs travel in Equine Pullmans now-a-days—unloading their freight each morning; and there is the famous stable of John Sanford, thorough-going sportsman, who races like an old-time English squire, walks his horses over-land from Amsterdam, disdaining cars of any kind, and parades down Broadway, accompanied by a small army of stable boys. Groups of famous trainers are early on the ground; the faces of famous jockeys commanding princely salaries are seen at the palatial Saratoga Bath House where, by numerous visits to the hot chamber of the Turkish Bathroom, they reduce their weight, (this bath house

being, strangely enough, the only place worthy the name where the virtues of Saratoga's springs can be tried externally as well as internally); and there is a general bustling about the race track. These the old visitor sniffs like the battle from afar, but to the stranger, the first of August brings with it a wonderful surprise. If he is lucky enough to have a friend who knows the proper thing to do upon this eventful day, he joins the crowd upon the piazza of the United States or the Worden Hotels where he can command a view of the short, wide street leading from Broadway to the station.

Five minutes before the arrival of the first "racing special" from New York, the street is deserted, save by a belated 'bus or two, careering madly toward the station lest it be late. Then there is heard the whistle of the engine and a minute

later a seemingly endless train of Pullmans draws in. Before it is stopped, the sidewalks are black with people, scurrying ahead to get the best rooms not engaged. There is a sound like an approaching charge of cavalry, and, racing three abreast, the vanguard of hotel 'buses sweeps wildly down the street, each loaded with human freight that clings to the steps or sits upon the top. Back again they rush for still other loads. The sidewalks become impassable, and still section after section pulls into the station to disgorge yet more. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world, this day before the races at Saratoga Springs. They are all well-dressed, this Saratoga racing crowd; there is no place here for the cheap sport or the tin-horn gambler, and the poorest of the lot could doubtless dig down into his trousers pocket and produce a roll, which in



FOUNTAIN, CANFIELD'S PARK



SARATOGA LAKE

the picturesque parlance of the ring "would choke a cow."

By the time the last straggler has rushed down the street, it seems to the uninitiated onlooker, as if Broadway must be blocked by the crowd and every hotel full to overflowing. Yet by the time he descends the piazza steps, the crowd has disappeared, swallowed up by the town, as a dry sponge soaks up water. There is nothing stranger than this apparently unlimited capacity of Saratoga to absorb people. During the Democratic State convention last fall, twenty-five hundred Tammany braves marched down from the station with bands playing, and bearing no mean resemblance to an invading army. In fact they were intended to impress the up-state delegates with the power of Tammany Hall. Straight

down Broadway they marched, with colors flying, into the yawning portals of the Grand Union Hotel and—disappeared—wiped out; save for a Tammany badge here and there amongst the crowd, they were absolutely lost. The idea was splendidly planned, but the Tammany leaders forgot the town's digestive power, and as an impressive effect it was a flat failure.

On the night of this memorable first of August, however, the new arrivals are very much in evidence. The cry of the newsboys selling the late racing editions of the New York papers brings them out into the streets like magic. Around the entries posted in the hotel lobbies, a constantly changing throng discusses the merits of the horses. Famous bookmakers in secluded corners receive the reports of their

track watchers, who for a week or more have been on hand, watching work-outs and gleaning stable information. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the making or breaking of many a man to-morrow hang on these whispered conferences.

At ten o'clock nine-tenths of the crowd has gone to bed. As a place to sleep, not to toss from side to side, but really to sleep, Saratoga has yet to find her equal. Early the next morning the Springs are crowded with new faces. There is no enthusiast equal to your racing man as a boomer of the virtues of Saratoga waters. An hour before the races long omnibuses, surreys, coaches, and all manner of rigs, draw up by the side of Congress Hall to catch the early comer. It is a full mile to the race track, and for the most part the horses take it on a run. Union Avenue, the broad

thoroughfare leading to the Racing Association grounds, is filled with madly tearing vehicles, intent on making the greatest possible number of trips before the races start.

Outside the grounds, is an army of men and boys who have managed, by hanging on the brake beams, by occupying empty freight cars, by a hundred and one methods known to themselves, to reach Saratoga in time for the opening race day, and are selling that latest form of the gold brick, racing tips. It is hard to believe that so transparent a fraud should meet with success, but to the writer's personal knowledge, one of these tip-sellers, who walked the last twenty miles to Saratoga, because of a hard-hearted freight conductor, averaged fifty dollars a day for the twenty-two racing days, with no other capi-



FENCE OF G. M. CRIPPEN



GRAND STAND SARATOGA RACE TRACK

tal than a lead pencil and a persuasive tongue.

His method was so ingenious as to deserve description. Picking each day the four best horses in the race having the fewest entries, he would roughly divide the crowd into four classes: wearers of straw hats, soft hats, derby hats and of season badges. To all members of the first class, he would sell one horse, to all of the second another, and so on. One of the four would, in all probability, win. The next day he would unload another horse on say the straw hat contingent, or whatever division had received the winner the day before. This was easy, as the tip they had received the previous day had won. The clever part of his plan was this: he would subdivide the straw hats into four classes again, relying on his good memory for faces and divide four more horses

among them. This process was repeated over and over, the number of his clients growing of course less, but on account of his tips proving invariably winners, he obtained each day greatly increased prices. One man who was in the lucky division for ten days paid him over three hundred dollars for "inside information," as in the meanwhile, he was taking a different race and doing the same thing over again with a different set of people. It can be seen that fifty dollars was not a large sum to average. The joke of it all was that on the last day of the races, the tipster received some genuine inside information from a stable hand, resolved to become a second Pittsburgh Phil, plunged to the full extent of his profits, and went back to New York with fifty cents in his pocket.

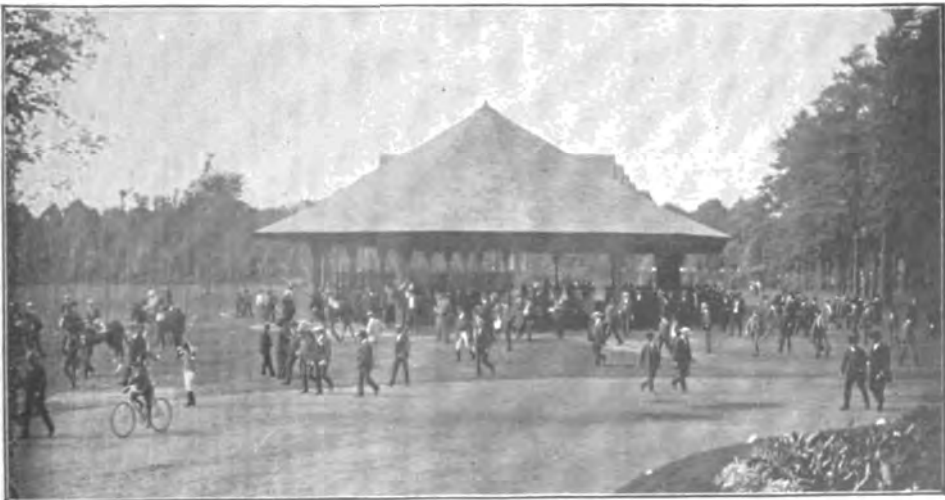
Inside the gates a beautiful pine grove intervenes between the en-

trance and the Grand Stand; to the right, amid the cool shadows of the old forest monarchs lies the covered saddling paddock. They are saddling for the first race and a crowd of fashionable folk stand by, watching the gay-clad jockies as they supervise the finishing touches which are being given to their mounts. Horses of high degree are there: Delhi, Sysonby, Tanya, Artful, and the queens of the turf, Beldame and Molly Biant, the latter the namesake of the Indian wife of old Sir William Johnson, whose visit to High Rock Spring brought modern Saratoga into being. Proud, well-groomed and thoroughbred to the bone, they are surrounded by human beings equally thoroughbred, well-groomed and famous, for all the notables of the turf world are present. The veteran, James R. Keene, a twinkle of delight in his bright, restless eyes, tries vainly to conceal a smile of satisfaction in his grizzled beard, as he surveys his splendid Delhi, and plans a raid upon the bookmakers presently that

will compensate for many a Wall Street error. August Belmont strokes the queenly Beldame's glossy flanks: Sidney Paget, looking every inch the English gentleman, is talking to young Harry Whitney and Duryea, whose faces are flushed with boyish pleasure as they look over their future futurity winner, Artful. The dames of high degree are likewise there, the beautiful Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Tommy Hitchcock, Mrs. John Sanford and all other lovers of good horses and the sport of kings.

On the grand stand the whole fashionable world seems to be assembled; the printed names upon the boxes read like the columns of a society journal, while not hundreds, but thousands of equally well-dressed and well-mannered men and women, who have assembled from all parts of the world to see the most aristocratic and finest racing in America, fill completely the long rows of benches.

Down in the betting ring, yellow-



THE SADDLING PADDOCK, RACE TRACK



JAMES D. MCNULTY
PRESIDENT OF TOWN OF SARATOGA SPRINGS

back gold certificates are being tossed back and forth like pennies. The rotund colored gentleman with the smile that won't come off, who for years has acted as John A. Drake's betting commissioner, is going quietly from one bookmaker to another, placing wagers of thousands of dollars with each, merely by a nod and a word, without a question as to his authority to risk a fortune for his employer. For at Saratoga it is a "gentleman's game," and the betting, although as high as a million dollars has been wagered on one race, is after all a minor feature. Over there, on the far corner of the grand stand, Pittsburgh Phil, who left when he died recently, three million dollars wrung from the bookmakers, used to sit in saturnine aloofness. No one knew which horse he was playing, not even the bookmakers, for so great

was his reputation as a shrewd judge that could the layers find his choice, they would cut the odds beyond reason. Within a few minutes he may have lost forty thousand dollars or won a hundred thousand on one race; yet he would manifest far less excitement than the group of small horse-owners sitting just in front, who, having staked ten dollars apiece, were prepared to yell themselves hoarse as the racers entered the home stretch.

Seen from the infield, the bright apparel of the women transforms the huge grand stand into a flower garden, amidst whose blossoms the soberly clad men swarm like so many bees. All is brightness, gaiety and laughter, for racing at Saratoga is a pastime not a business, and not one-third of the spectators will bet a cent, and not one-hundredth care much whether they win or lose. There is nothing just like it in America, or elsewhere in the world.

After the last race, there is a grand scramble; the long line of private automobiles waiting at the clubhouse entrance is first off, speeding for the most part to the Lake, where the broad piazzas of the Arrowhead are filled with gay parties eagerly devouring the famous "black bass dinner," while the Lakeside, on the shores of Lake Lonely, is crowded with hungry visitors. Others hurry to the polo grounds, the generous gift of the late William C. Whitney, whom Saratoga will always hold in loving memory as the founder of her present prosperity. Here, in the light of the mellow August sunset, famous players ride madly up and down the field in pursuit of the elusive ball. Though matched against

such veterans as Foxhall Keene, August Belmont and Harry Payne Whitney, the young Gould boys and their rivals, the Belmont youngsters, prove that young America is not to be despised.

In the evening, the town brilliant with lights, presents a sight not soon forgotten. Of late years the splendid orchestra at the Grand Union has made the piazzas and lobby of that hotel by common consent the rallying place of Saratoga's gaiety in the evening. The spectacle is brilliant beyond description; evening gowns and gems of fabulous price are the rule, and in the marble-lined central office, the light from a hundred electric fixtures, tossed back from one flashing jewel to another, to be finally lost in a sheen of iridescent silk or fold of priceless lace, affords a sight unknown save in Saratoga Springs.

It fell to the writer's lot to prepare a money valuation of this regular evening assemblage for a prominent newspaper. A famous dressmaker, an equally noted jeweler and a broker who is well acquainted with the financial standing of the men, spent one evening amongst the crowd and reported these figures as their estimates: value of dresses worn \$1,250,000; value of jewels worn, \$2,400,000; reputed wealth of fifty of the most prominent men, \$550,000,000.

While the long rows of seats on the piazza are mostly filled with the fair sex, the corridors and front piazza have by custom each their regular habitués. In front of the main entrance is Politicians' Row. Here, every night, leaders of both parties hold low-voiced consultations whose results have been seen more than once in a future President. In 1840 Daniel Webster, while addressing 15,000 people at Saratoga, narrowly escaped death by the total collapse of the platform on which he was standing. Since then more political platforms have been utterly wrecked at Saratoga than at any other place in America. Along the north front of the hotel the horsemen hold post mortems over races of the day. Probable odds for the morrow are discussed and private information whispered, that would make the humblest piker a rich man if he could only overhear. At half-past eleven the gaiety is at its height. The hotel restaurant and the outdoor pagoda are filled with gay parties; every café in town, every hotel piazza hums with life. At twelve o'clock the night-watchman goes his rounds and turns out all but a glimmer of light, yet no one complains for there is



M. G. ANNIS
PRESIDENT OF THE SARATOGA BUSINESS MEN'S
ASSOCIATION

no one left. Early to bed is the Saratoga rule and by common consent, the luxury of sleep, such sleep as the cool, quiet August night at Saratoga brings, is too great a joy to be curtailed.

Such is Saratoga in August. On the surface it is all racing, all dining, all excitement, yet this is far from the whole of it. There are fifty thousand persons in the town; there are five thousand present at the race track; where are the forty-five thousand who do not attend? You will find them listening to the morning concerts at the Congress Spring, drinking with deliberate delight the sparkling waters; you will find them at all times of the day in the fairy-like Congress Spring Park, where, by the way, still exists the pavilion in which the Standard Oil Trust was formed; at the Patterson or at any of the forty other springs, or at the so-called spring parlors of the Lincoln, the Vichy, the Geyser, the Arondack, and others, where the water is served, "hot, cold or medium" from bottles, since the springs themselves lie too far away from the center of the town;

you will find them enjoying the lovely drives during the perfect August days, or filling the golf links or tennis courts with healthy laughter; you will find them in the evening at the great hotels, quietly enjoying the dazzling spectacle kindly offered them by the strenuous five thousand. They are the backbone, the foundation of Saratoga's success. When the last race closes, and the racing set vanishes as suddenly as it came, the town is still full. New arrivals appear to spend a week on their way home from the Adirondacks, their faces bronzed from a summer in the open. Tennis tournaments fill in the day's small talk. Not one in twenty could name the ten best horses of the season, and not so much as a five cent piece is wagered from one day's end to another.

Such is Saratoga Springs, changing with chameleon-like rapidity as her visitors desire. Her charm resides in her endless variety; but it is her matchless springs, healing each year their thousands, that is the real source of her fame—a fame that bids fair to be enduring.

