

Sleepy Hollow--The Club Beautiful

By FRANK H. PENNINGTON

WESTCHESTER county with its beautiful manors vested in its many exclusive residential sections has indeed been richly endowed by nature. Descriptively speaking it has been termed more than once as "The Paradise of New York State." But this comparison, taking only the state into consideration, may be deemed, with due thought, as menial and puny. A reader intimately acquainted with the land of the Hudson valley, shores washed by Long Island sound and profusely dotted in its northern extremity with the picturesque Catskills, readily appreciates this assertion. There are some nooks and crevices, comprised in villages and communities, in Westchester which are not duplicated, at least from the standpoint of natural beauty, the world over. One of the county and even country-wide landmarks, nestling among the high hills bordering the Hudson valley and commanding a masterly view of the winding Hudson at its broadest point with its westerly background, those ledges of solid rock, the Palisades, is the Sleepy Hollow Country club.

Little can be comprehended from a verbal description as to the magnificence, both exteriorly and interiorly, of the grounds and buildings at present preserved for the recreational purposes of 900 socially and politically and otherwise prominent members. One of the finest eighteen hole golf courses in the world is laid out on the rolling hills of Scarborough-on-the-Hudson with a lapse on the northern boundary of Tarrytown, which is included in over the seven hundred acres of land coming under the club's jurisdiction. Over \$100,000 per annum, the initial contributions of members of the elite affiliated with the Sleepy Hollow pleasure resort, is a partial amount of the sum devoted for its maintainance.

THE CHESTERFIELDIAN is unusually fortunate in being able to give to its readers the first intimate detailed story on the club ever printed in any publication for general distribution. It is learned that offers to publish the same by several other well known magazines had been rejected by club authorities on the grounds that the Sleepy Hollow Country club does not desire publicity. The

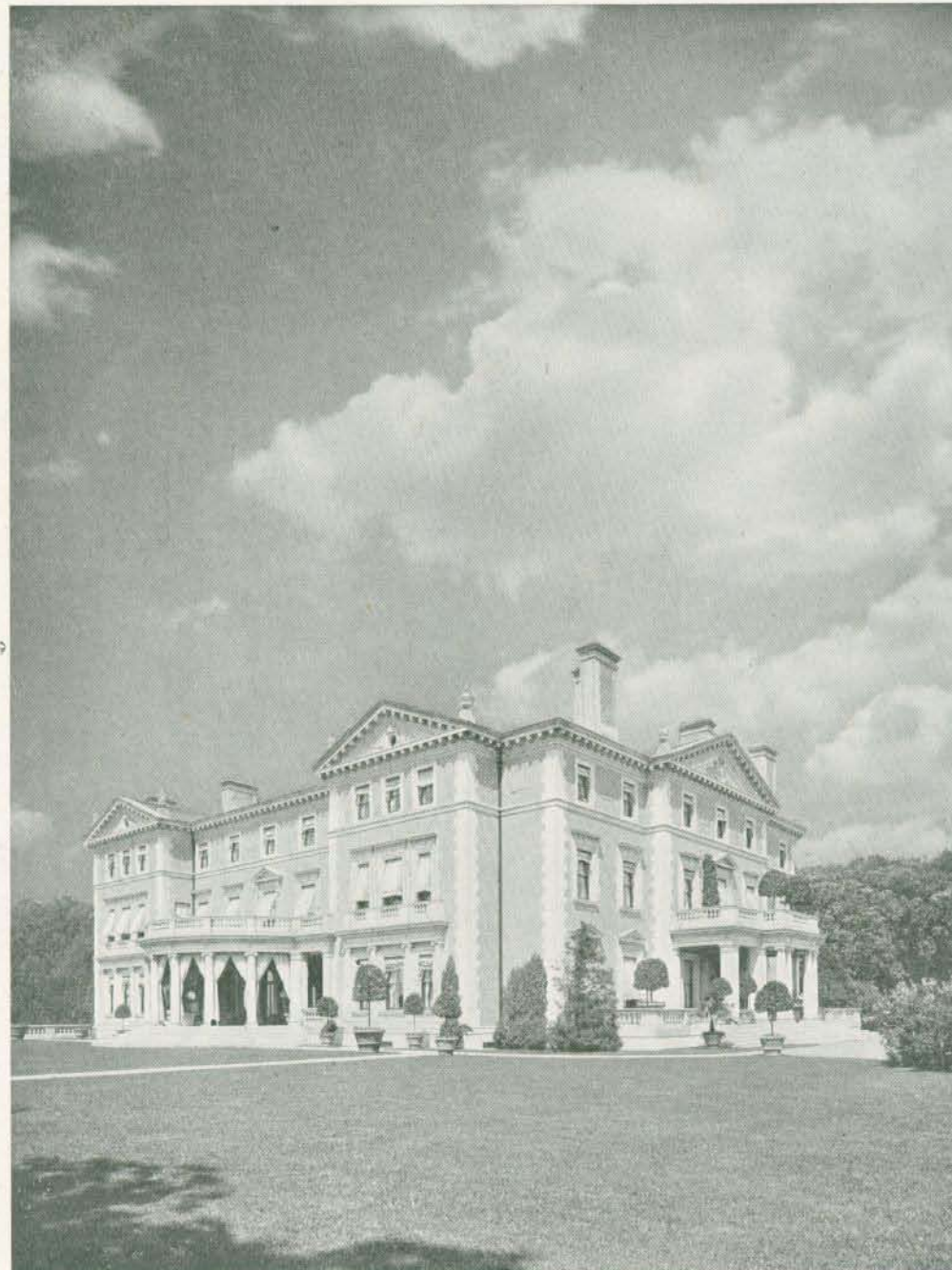
fact that THE CHESTERFIELDIAN is the exclusive organ for Westchester county activities, solely, was the point which appealed to Sleepy Hollow officials, thus making THE CHESTERFIELDIAN the first recipient of their confidence.

The story of the club, its opportunities for sport and social life and a description of the grounds and buildings is best told in excerpts from a membership booklet which has just returned from the printers.

It can scarcely be claimed that the founders of the Sleepy Hollow Country club had in mind a permanent reclusion from the outer world when they choose this neighborhood for its abode; but they must have considered,

with its other advantages, the reposeful character of the country, and felt that it offered an ideal setting in which to forget, temporarily at least, the insistent glare of the town where the "tired business man" expends his last energies in the pursuit of "recreation." Neither can it be claimed that the site of the club was chosen wholly because of its natural felicity, or its association with a standard work of literature; for in this, circumstance has been as indulgent as nature, and the club had the good fortune to find a house and grounds almost perfectly suited to its purposes.

The country home constructed by the Elliot F. Shepards and developed into one of the most imposing private estates in America, both in the stateliness of its buildings and the extensiveness of its grounds eclipsed any of the efforts hitherto made, even along the eastern shore of the Hudson, to emulate the famous "seats" of English gentlemen, and the great country places of the continent. It was evident, when this property came into the market, some years ago, that its very extent and magnificence which surpassed in some degree the point befitting a private residence, adapted it admirably to the collective tenure and enjoyment of a country club. With this end



THE SLEEPY HOLLOW COUNTRY CLUB

Formerly the old country seat of the Elliot F. Shepards

in view, it was acquired through the co-operation of a number of gentlemen whose firm faith in the dire consequences attendant upon "all work and no play," led them to seek ground which might be consecrated to the practice of this excellent axiom. Here was a retreat from the world and its cares

—a beautiful playground, favored with every luxury, which nature and human artifice, working together, could devise; and graced as well with traditions of social distinction.

The driveway leading from the entrance gate takes a winding route by gentle up-grades, through rolling fields, broken at well composed intervals by inviting groups of oak and birch and feathery locust trees, reminding one of the romantic *bosquets* in the backgrounds of pictures by Watteau. If there has been any attempt to regulate this bit of landscape, it is not apparent—its design appears to fall direct from the hand of nature but loses nothing of its charm for being in good order.

A sharper turn and a steeper grade brings us into a straight way bordered on either side by banks of rhododendron, which, in the period of their blooming and full glory, are probably unmatched in this part of the country. Up this avenue of chromatic splendour we come face to facade with the clubhouse itself, its wide portico smiling a welcome across the spacious circle of the driveway. The building is purely classical, and resembles, to some extent, the noble English houses built in the eighteenth century, which were adaptations of Italian models and traditions. The situation must have been inspiring to the architects, for it is possibly the most ambitious work, for a private purpose, ever undertaken by the celebrated firm of McKim, Meade & White. The longitudinal axis runs north and south, and from the entrance facade at the southern end, it is difficult to gain any adequate idea of the size of the building and its palatial proportions.

Having arrived at the door, one might be expected to enter; but there is no rule which prevents us from walking around to the western side of the house for a moment to gain a view of that facade, and of the river which it faces across a broad lawn and terrace. This terrace, bordered by a stone balustrade, overlooks the great panorama of the river from a considerable height. It was one of the subtlest and most frequently employed of the numerous devices of the Italian landscape architects of the Renaissance, to thus form great scenic prospects by means of a terrace which cut the foreground out of view, and left the distance and the sky unmarred by the confusion of trifling detail. Standing back a few feet from the rail, one sees, as from the deck of a ship at sea, a succession of hills billowing away into the



AN EXTERIOR

One of the fairways which overhangs the Hudson



AN INTERIOR

The main stairway of "the club beautiful"

distance on the other side of the river. On the opposite shore are great cliffs, cut from the hills—it must be confessed, by commercial enterprise—much to the distress of those lovers of nature who feel that it is entitled to their special protection. It is well to remember however, that nature had quite as much to do with the insides of mountains as with their visible shell; and these gigantic rocks revealed by the hand of the rude quarryman, contribute a note of color and rugged character to the scene.

At the northern end of the terrace a flight of stone steps descends to the sunken gardens—another familiar feature of Italian villa architecture, to which the conformation of the ground adapts itself gracefully. The formal garden is an expression of man's instinctive pleasure in the arrangement of nature according to his fancy; and the ingenuity of plan and patience of construction which have been bestowed on these rectangles of earth throughout all ages of civilization is witness to its universal merit. Here the plan is conventional in the best manner, with stone pergolas, wistaria-covered, at each of its four sides, and a geometric pattern of box-bordered paths centering in a stone basin where the inevitable company of goldfish pursues its ornamental, if somewhat monotonous, career. Masses of evergreens make it truly a garden the year 'round, and in the spring and summer it is gay with a succession of flowers, the chief pride of which is four beds of Killarney roses that bloom

with delicate persistency well into the later months of the fall season.

Ascending again to the upper terrace, one is impressed with the splendid expanse of the facade of the house with its semi-circular portico and its orderly relation to the terrace and garden. This is the architectural *piece de resistance* of the whole estate. The somewhat grandiose formality of its daytime aspect turns by night to the romantic charm of a stage setting. The masses of wall dissolve in blue shadow, the warm light from the great portico where people are dining at candle-lit tables, the delicate variegation of evening gowns, the sparkle of glass and silver, the tinkle of laughter and the strains of music that drift out across the terrace seen to realize the vision of light opera world of fantastic elegance. Tea is served here on the broad lawn, and a further note of mild-Victorian picturesqueness is added to the scene by the gentle game of Archery. (Continued on page thirty-eight.)

SERVICE WITHOUT AN ORGANIZATION AND EQUIPMENT IS ONLY A GOOD INTENTION

Our organization is made up of twelve wide-awake, energetic people, who are engaged in handling insurance the entire business day. We are not handling any "side lines." Insurance is our only business.

We render real "Insurance Service." We settle and pay our losses direct from this office.

We are prepared to care for any insurance proposition, large or small, no matter where located.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

NEW ROCHELLE AGENCY, INC.

LEONARD C. KETCHUM

SIDNEY W. GOLDSMITH

ARTHUR J. DEALY

SPECIALIZING IN "AUTOMOBILE" INSURANCE
NEW ROCHELLE'S "LIVE WIRE" AGENCY

WESTCHESTER REALTY

COUNTRY ESTATES, SUBURBAN HOMES
AND ACREAGE PLOTS

IN WHITE PLAINS, SCARSDALE AND VICINITY

FARMS AND SUMMER HOMES

IN NORTH CASTLE, BEDFORD, POUNDRIDGE
AND NORTH SALEM

WM. E. MORRELL, INC.

DEPOT SQUARE, WHITE PLAINS

PHONE 904 WHITE PLAINS



A HOME AT Gedney Farm

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

In this charming setting among the rolling hills of Westchester are many opportunities to buy a home already built at an attractive price or to build the home you desire with every assistance from the owners of the property. The plots are restricted in size, insuring a high class community.

Gedney Farm Hotel and Country Club within walking distance of every plot.
OFFICE ON PROPERTY

SEND FOR
INFORMATION

TELEPHONE
MURRAY HILL
555

Prince & Ripley

COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE

437 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK

CHARLES M. ENGLISH

120 MAIN STREET

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

TELEPHONE 96 WHITE PLAINS

INTERIOR DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS, MATERIALS, WALL
AND FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS, DECORATIVE PAINTINGS
LAMP SHADES AND MIRRORS

Sleepy Hollow, the Club Beautiful

(Continued from page nine.)

The temptation is to wander farther, but it may be as well to see the house before going afield. The entrance, by way of a marble vestibule, leads directly into the great hall which has never failed in its obvious purpose to create an impression.

On either side of the fireplace of the great hall, doors lead into the library and billiard room. This is a pleasant haven of books and magazines and deep upholstery with a log fire which may prove a trap for the unwary sportsman bent upon vigorous outdoor pursuits.

The green drawing room, entered from the opposite side of the hall, is very handsome in a more formal manner, with woodwork carved in designs of the style of the brothers Adam—superbly executed, and walls hung with green damask. It opens by a wide doorway into the ball room—decorated in the French taste of the period of the Regency resplendent with crystal chandeliers and painted over-door

There are many corners of the house yet to be explored—too many to be encompassed by a single visit, and the great out-of-doors beckons persuasively.

In a natural hollow of the land, midway between the garage and the main house, is situated the garden theater. Among the most popular entertainments enjoyed by the club in the past, were the plays given in the open in these parts of the grounds.

Through the high green arch of one of these hedges the road turns up the steep hillside and runs some distance through the woods to the shooting traps.

A further walk through woods, a re-tracing of steps towards the river, and we are compensated by as lovely a vista of rolling country as may anywhere be found. For what other purpose could so great a stretch of country be so carefully groomed and tended, if not for the game upon which the English speaking world has expended the greater part of its precious leisure for two centuries and more—golf?

A short distance beyond the golf house are the new clay tennis courts, which we might have noticed from the drive as we entered the grounds. It is here that the annual invitation tournaments are held, in which many of the leading players of the country regularly com-

At the New York Theatres

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

intelligence and keen appreciation of the possibilities and limitations involved. And while his performance of the very trying character part of the deformed and malignant Gloucester is more uneven and less uniformly satisfying than his other impersonations of recent seasons, it is at the same time exceedingly creditable, well worth the effort, and quite the best rendition of the role we are likely to see for a good while—unless his brother, Lionel Barrymore, should take it into his head to play the part. For the character of Richard seems in many respects to be of the robust type more in keeping with the general style of Lionel's work than of John's.

Being himself, however, more closely identified with the sensitive and intellectual type than the robust and grandiloquent, John has wisely avoided set traditions and adapted the character to his own measure, emphasizing Richard's mental characteristics of envy and ambition, hypocrisy, craftiness, cruelty and unscrupulousness. In order that these traits may be the more understandable, as arising from an unhealthy mind in a misshapen body, four scenes from the Third Part of "King Henry the Sixth" depicting the youth of Richard have been tucked on at the beginning. Pursuing this line of attack, Mr. Barrymore's impersonation is both vivid and convincing. At most times he is a very modern Richard, who speaks, not in the resounding manner of the old-style tragedian, but with as much semblance of nature as blank verse permits. Occasionally, and particularly in the longer monologues or soliloquies with which the character is well supplied, his effects and efforts are in fact too deliberate and too

obviously studied. But it is only in the moments when he discards this style altogether and attempts the old fashioned flamboyancy, toward the close of the tragedy, that he ceases to be convincing. Physically and pictorially his Richard bears evidence of equally profound study and careful thought. At one moment he is the debonair and beguiling dissembler, playing with honeyed words and subtle divination of his powers, upon the emotions of the women who have every cause to hate and loathe him. At such times Gloucester's deformity is temporarily forgotten. Again he will be like nothing in the world so much as a hideous black and poisonous spider. And his conception of these phases of his role are wonderfully supplemented by the costumes and setting provided with almost unerring judgment by Robert E. Jones, and by most intelligent and effective lighting. The production, which was made by Arthur Hopkins, is a notable one except in the rather important item of the acting, which, apart from that of Mr. Barrymore, is seldom distinguished.

The one feature of the actors' strike of last summer which held promise of something in store for those who indirectly support the actors, i. e., the playgoers and theater-lovers, was a projected, or at least talked-of, revival of "The School for Scandal" in which the Sir Peter Teazle was to be John Drew, the Lady Teazle Miss Barrymore, while Lionel and John were to play the brothers Joseph and Charles Surface respectively. With the settlement of the controversy all rumors of this play ceased, and it may never come to pass. But what a delight if it should!

RALPH W. CAREY