



The red roofed Algonquin Hotel shines against the cool Bay, the cemented solidification of that "Ordre de Bon Temps" which Champlain the Explorer inaugurated on the St. Croix close by, first secret society in America, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There is a bay view on three sides of this Inn of All Joy, where one eats one's breakfast, plays one's golf, drinks one's tea and dances one's last number all to the interwoven scents and sighs and glories of the sea. Not a spot in St. Andrews without its treasured "view" and few views without the Algonquin in them, poppy-petalled color-note in a world of green.