



We Discover New England

The Chronicle of Two Happy Motorists

Part Two: The Green Mountains

Recorded by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrations by Walter Hale

WE were loath to leave Bennington. Indeed, we found ourselves quitting each charming old town with a regret that was equaled only by a desire to see more charming old towns. Besides, the day was coquettish, blue sky to tease you along, and gray clouds, like fat policemen, hovering about, as much as to say, "Dance in the sunshine when you can, we are apt to 'close up' this nonsense."

As we turned out of the new town toward Manchester, we passed a soldiers' home, fittingly located here. One old fellow was walking feebly along the road. Both the chauffeur and the illustrator saluted him, but he did not reply, and I felt that the Grand Army of the Republic was getting old indeed when it found no joy in the return of a salute.

We stopped at the ancient covered bridge across the Walloomsac River for W—— to make a sketch. He went about it full of Revolutionary zeal, and I assisted him over a stone wall and handed him his materials. It was one of his arguments when we first tremulously discussed buying a car that it would be a great saving of expense. On pinning him down, the saving was in a sketching-stool and occasional pennies for the borrowing of a chair; for, he contended, he would never have to get out of the machine at all.

But compositions in nature must be wooed by sitting in damp alleys or wet

fields or dirty farm-yards—anywhere, in fact, that a motor cannot go. In this case he leaped from rock to rock in the river, seeking the best vantage-points, each leap followed by a contortion of the body, in the effort to recover his balance, that would have been funny except that our artist could both see and hear me.

Having explored the river, he returned to the less-dangerous spot, which he had first selected,—the usual course of procedure,—and went to work. It was very quiet; I could hear our little clock tick and the click of golf-balls on the course on the opposite side of the road. The tumbling of the river only added to the peace, or, as some one else has more beautifully put it, "the noise that goes to make up the great silence."

After a while W—— spoke, in fragments and, to the stranger, after the fashion of a madman.

"Well—don't," he said. A pause. "I'll give you five more minutes." Another pause. Our young driver looked at me inquiringly. I shook my head. "Oh, come on!" impatiently said the artist.

I watched the road and called to him: "It will be here soon."

And the sun, creeping down the road, shone upon the illustrator's subject. With hasty strokes he put in the lights and shadows, which he had been waiting to get.

The sun has always been at variance

with him. In England, owing to his tenacity of purpose, I have often despaired of motoring beyond the first sketch. And it is particularly annoying, after putting in weak high lights, as it were, to find oneself in a white heat of sunshine a little farther on.

We stopped at four cross-roads because there we found a mill and a pond and ducks. I was some time learning that the place was South Shaftsbury, for I asked the name of a man driving by in a wagon, and found that he was tongue-tied. Still, Thouth Thathbury was fascinating, barring the sun and the ducks. The sun would shine on the illustrator, but not on his subject, and while I photographed him a number of times in a strong high light, and told him so, he replied savagely that he could not sketch himself, and if he did, a cloud would burst all over him.

The ducks, when it came time to be drawn, swam under the bridge, and had to be pebbled into position. A pretty girl of about sixteen crossed the bridge, carrying her father's dinner. She was the miller's daughter and very good at pebbling. She said ducks were "kind of unruly," and laughed pleasantly; her hair blew about, and she was so altogether what a miller's daughter ought to be that I found our young chauffeur making frantic efforts to get out his derby hat before she passed on.

Manchester had been prefaced by advertisements urging us to buy Dutchess trousers on one board and twin beds on another. Our chauffeur, under the impression that the title duchess was spelled with a *t*, became wildly anti-suffrage over the sign. He said Plymouth Rock was a good-enough name for trousers, but to call them after a lady was an insult both to the lady and the wearing apparel. He, for one, would never wear them.

We passed the famous Ekwanok Country Club on our right before arriving at the E—— House. Here the national amateur golf championship was played in July over a course as perfect as one can find in America. Indeed, this country club appears to be the *raison d'être* of Manchester and the hotel. The Equinox

Mountains on our left and the Green Mountains on the right may have had something to do with the success of Manchester years ago, but one feels that the beauties of climate and landscape are at present subsidiary to the value of the clicking ball.

The hotel is like a vast club in itself. A bulletin-board in the hallway is plastered with announcements of coming events and records of past contests; sporting prints adorn the wall; and I could find no stationery at the desks in the writing-room, but an unlimited number of score-cards.

The rooms were very pleasant. A selection of furniture can be harmonious, though not limited to any one period. One cannot see this more charmingly exemplified than in the present instance. Outside it was perfectly uniform, with its succession of white temples added to the old building as requirements demanded; but inside was a medley of past and present, with none of the air of an auction-room.

The men and women were in outing-clothes, but there was the same controlled enthusiasm among them that we found in all of the hotels. It was rather a relief to hear one husband ask his wife if she had packed up everything.

"I have, Crosspatch," she answered.

"Bet you left out something," he growled. But he had lost his morning game of golf.

We left just as the orchestra had started to play,—for one is spared eating to rag-time,—and we motored away to the tune of "He would n't Believe Me." Neither "he" nor any one else would believe that, after the turn of the road at Manchester depot, we were still within a stone's throw of luxury. It is this sudden plunging into what appears to be unexplored country after one has enjoyed every comfort known to hotel science that makes motoring in America distinct from any other land. It is hard to find a more satisfactory combination. Rugged scenery and a soft bed at the end of the day should reach both Stoic and Epicurean.

We crossed the Green Mountains, with

Cornish for our destination,—provided we were not too highly entertained en route,—over the Peru Turnpike. A turnpike originally meant a road on which a toll-gate was established, and the custom is still maintained over the Peru Mountain. The collection was made by a man as ancient as the sign on which was painted the tariff, both of them disinclined to any innovation beyond an addendum in irregular script at the bottom of the list of taxable vehicles, to the effect that an automobile must pay fifty cents.

This was a bit stiff for a road not worth a dime, yet not out of proportion to other charges, for a "pleasure sleigh" drawn by two horses commanded twenty cents, and one can imagine nothing less wearing to the road than a pleasure sleigh.

For the honor of Vermont, we were glad to learn that this pass over the mountains was owned by a private concern. Years ago they had secured a franchise as enduring as an endless chain, and had so far defeated the legislature from taking over the road, and the care of it, by the State. As we bumped along, there were men at work improving the way, wearing red flannel shirts, like individual danger-signals, each hiding his shame of the road-bed behind a fierce mustache. I caught the eye of one as it was uneasily shifting from one rut to another.

"Ideal tour, eh?" I questioned.

"I get you," he answered.

We have a flippant friend who has evolved a creed out of mental science, pure-food talks, and the current urgings to better ourselves. It recurred to me as we went over this pass: "Look up, not down; look out, not in; chew your food; lend a hand."

One need follow only the first mandate to feel that this five miles of poor going is worth the effort. When we looked up all difficulties ceased, for nothing could be more lovely than the woods through which we were passing or the views of rolling mountains that the cleared spaces disclosed. It was from these hills that Ethan Allen drew those wondrous "Boys," as stern as the rock-ribbed land in their pur-

pose, as rich as the forest growth in their strength, yet with a surface equipment as poor as the road which we traversed. Come to think of it, now that we are over the mountain, I should n't have that road any different.

As though we were not appreciating the landscape sufficiently, a clean new sign suddenly announced: "Go slow, you are approaching—" leaving us in delicious doubt until we had rounded the next curve and found that this was only the first instalment of a series. "Some of the grandest scenery on earth," continued the eulogy, until it ended up in a fifth placard advising us to stop at the B—— House, Peru.

We did this, attracted by a large stuffed bear outside the hotel, with our affections held by an English sheep-dog and a collie, that, in the friendliest fashion, leaped upon and knocked me down.

The proprietor of the inn came vaguely down to greet us. His face had been recently cut and scarred, and it was evident that he was suffering under some mental and physical depression. As a result of this it was difficult to find his vulnerable point. The geniality of a Boniface seemed to be entirely lacking. He had on the exterior wall of his home a large fireplace of cobblestones, and although this was a novelty, he was indifferent to our praise of it. Preferably we should not have praised it, as it seemed rather foolish to heat all creation when, by going around on the other side of the wall, one could be more comfortable with less expense for fuel.

Nor did he grow warm to our mild enthusiasm over the stuffed bear. It was not until I, feeling that it was time for the truth, admitted rather tartly that I hated to see wild animals stuffed and set up for people to stare at that he thawed at all. He said he did not like it either, and so far as he was concerned, he would rather have a live bear for a companion than a live man.

He walked down the road with us toward a large paddock where he had brought up some deer. They came run-

ning to greet him, and leaped in the air like little lambkins at play. The dogs were very jealous, and all the animals vied with one another for his favor. He owned large tracts of virgin forests about there. *Virgin* forests he emphasized, and there was a glow in the words that set the imagination tingling. Forests where man had never trod! And if we ever had time to come back and stay with him, he would take us there.

We shook hands at parting, and he broke through his wall of Yankee reserve to ask that we pardon any stiffness we might find in his manner.

"I had a bad fire last week," he said, as though ashamed of his emotion. "My ancestral home burned down. I like old things, and I'm sort of lonely still. You come back in the spring. The spring makes everything all right."

We learned more of our old gentleman at our next stopping-place. We need not have stopped; we knew that we never could get to Cornish that night if we continued puttering along the way. But puttering is one of the joys of the motorist. For years I have looked from car windows—looked regretfully as we whirled past old farm-houses that deserved a second glance, past brooks that one should sit by, woods one should enter for a while; but the relentless wheels carried us on until we had arrived at some dull wooden station that no one wished to see, bearing on the front the name of a muddy town that no one wished to visit. In revenge for these years we now stop whenever we wish, and at R——'s Inn, near Simonsville, we flung ourselves out and rushed upon Mr. R——. There is a tumbling brook within sound of the bedrooms in this spotless inn, there are mountains at the back, with a good road for good cheer in front, and there is Mrs. R—— in the kitchen, famous for her cooking, and Mr. R—— on the front porch to tell us all about it.

He asked immediately of the melancholy old gentleman whom we had just left, and if his scars had healed. It was then we learned that he had risked his life

trying to get his mother-in-law out of his burning ancestral home. "He is a hero," said Mr. R——. We thought it very like the proprietor of B——'s Inn to have said nothing of this, rather permitting us to carry away an impression of his taciturnity than any more glowing attribute.

"And to do it for his mother-in-law!" delicately commented the illustrator.

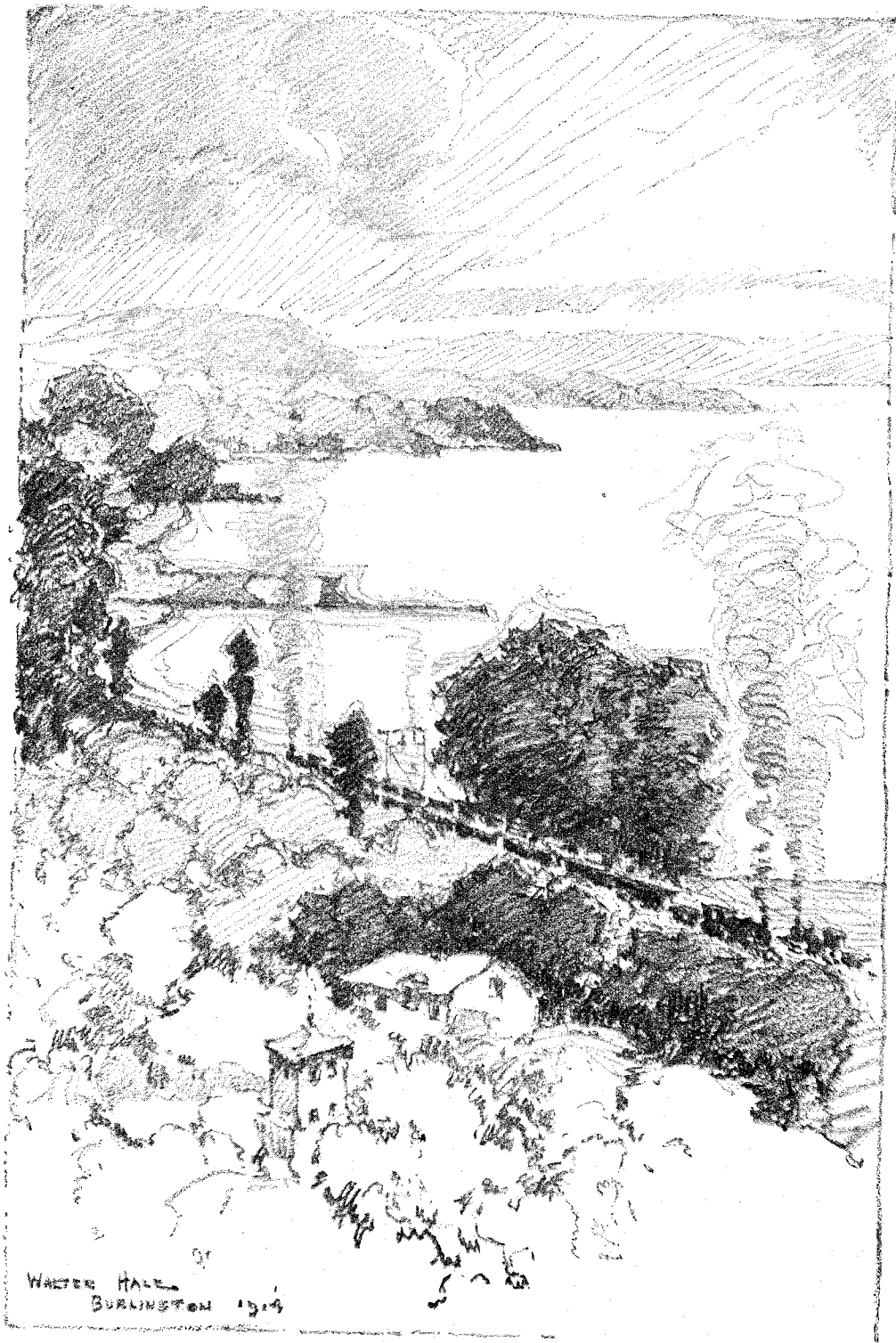
We departed from Simonsville not knowing we had entered it, so minute is the village, and in this manner acquired and left minuter Londonderry, going on past scattered houses each with something to sell: sweet cider and soft drinks; rag carpets and gasoline; home-made pies and overalls.

There are sawmills along the route, and the only one thing not for sale was sawdust. Stern placards at every mill absolutely forbade us to buy sawdust. As time went on we grew peevish over this, and felt the necessity of sawdust as we never had felt it before.

At Chester we stopped for the cheapest gasoline on the trip. The boy who brought it out said, between set teeth, that Chester was bound every auto should stop there, if only for a minute, and nothing stopped a rich man like cheap gasoline. In the shop was another sign indicating that mileage could be "Bought, Sold or Rented." And this brought us up with a bump against the railway once more. When one motors, he immediately forgets that there is any other way of getting about, and after a day in the woods is snobbishly surprised to hear that trains are running at all.

In the growing dusk we picked our way toward Springfield, directed, or, rather, misdirected, by a perfect fury of red arrows, which, had they not been nailed to trees, could have slaughtered a regiment. It was this deadly, insistent attack that set me to wondering who put up the first arrow as an emblem to point the way.

I leaned over and asked W—— this, and, not knowing, he pretended not to hear me. But who did? Who thought of it first? I again prodded the illustrator. "The worst of it is," I said to him,



WATER HALL
BURLINGTON 1914

From the hotel roof-garden, Burlington

"there is n't any way of finding out except to ask and ask and ask." Still he did not answer, and I sat back moodily.

We were approaching the mill town of Springfield, Vermont, in a thick darkness. We could never get to Cornish, and, while not admitting it, we were looking for the A—— Hotel for our resting-place. It was on our left, and could not be missed, and while it was not a tourist hotel, a lanky boy came out promptly to take off the baggage. I started briskly up the stairs toward the desk, as it is ever my duty to look after the rooms; but the illustrator stopped me. He is a marvelous man; he always knows of what I am thinking.

"I absolutely forbid you," he said, "to ask the clerk who put up the first arrow to point the way. This is a traveling-man's hotel, and they 'll think we 're crazy."

There are traveling Americans who have never seen the inside of the hotel that depends upon commercial men to keep it going. They may know the large houses of Florida, the huge structures along the Northern beaches, the caravansaries in New York, but they pass through life without experiencing the soggy "comforters" of the Middle West, the short sheets of the South, or anywhere the overpowering odor of an abandoned cigar stub that cannot be found. It is a pity, for this traveler never fully knows the world.

In every mill town where there is power you will find your room blazing with light, and every year you will find added private bath-rooms, a decorous array of towels, and an inclination on the part of the chambermaid to let one sleep in the morning without rattling the door-knob every five minutes.

This is not due to the automobilist; rather to the keen little men who arrive with huge packing-cases, lay out their wares on long tables, and, I regret to say, leave the door open to stare out as you pass in the hall.

It is the drummer, supposed to be composed entirely of jokes, who is as vigorous in his demands for long sheets as is the motorist for good roads. His presence

continues after we have entered a room and he has left it, for now we find a Bible in most of the hotels. "Placed in this hotel by the Gideons," is the gold-lettered explanation on the black binding.

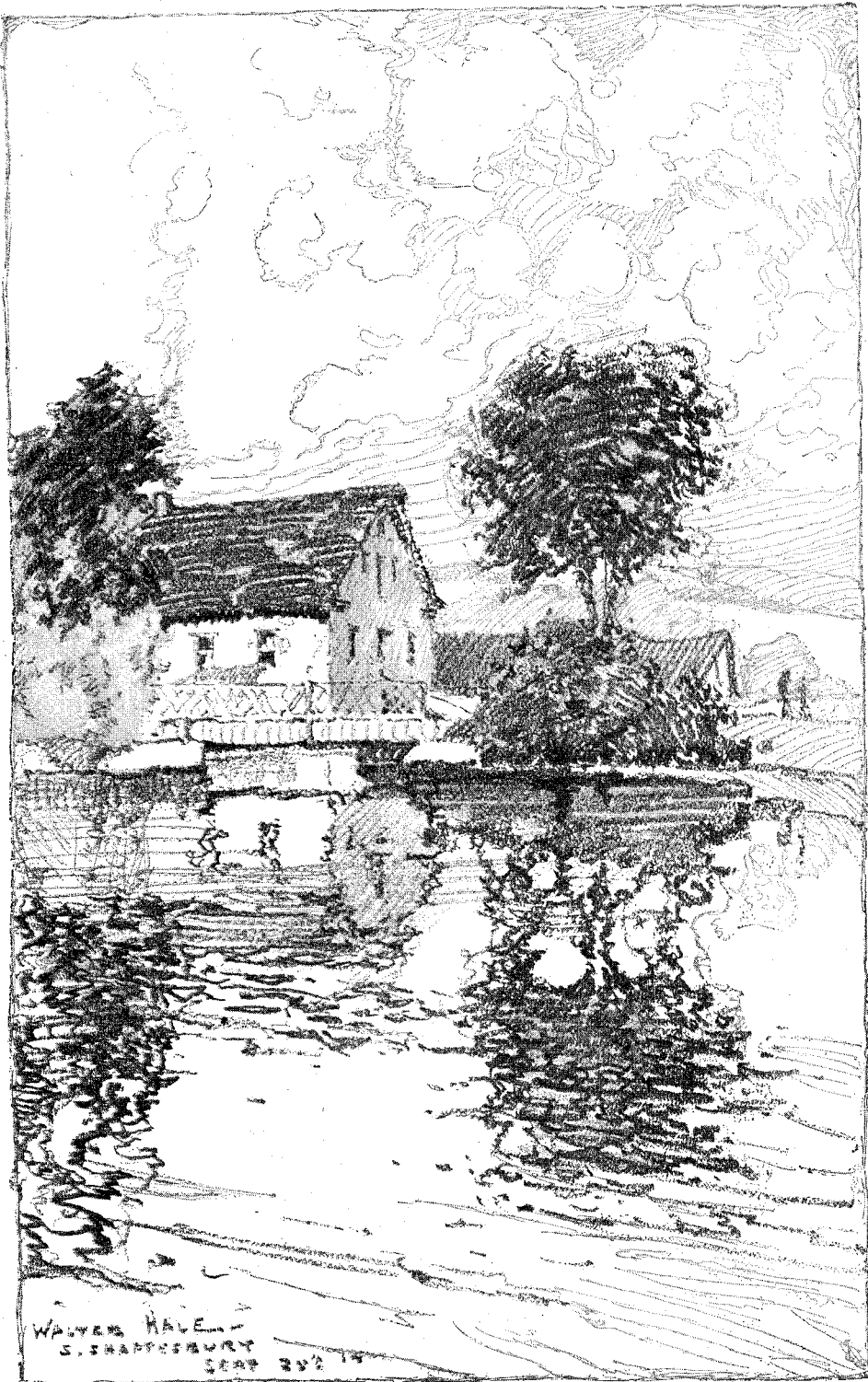
For this band, while wanderers in the days of the Old Testament, are now an organized body of traveling-men, scattering stories and Bibles and all the commodities of life throughout the land. And since they possess a sense of humor, they do not, as did a certain church house that made an effort to spread the gospel in this fashion, chain the holy books to the dressing-tables.

THE road was a very good one out of Springfield, with the sun shining on both the illustrator and me—the unjust and the just. With benevolent intention, we stopped the car for a black dog, which held to an inclination to suicide by racing us under the wheels. Life seemed uncommonly good to him after his rescue, and he twisted himself gratefully when we descended to sketch his ancestral mansion.

The owner of the black dog (the black dog's name was Brownie) lived in the house, and took me up to see his wife, who thought—out loud, through the window—that she ought to change her apron, but was induced to let it remain, clean and blue-checked.

She was wiry and gray-haired and cheery, and we hippity-hopped together among her flower-beds. Many of the posies were planted in old stone jars, which they had found in the house when they took it, and "he" had painted a blue design on the surface, for his father had been a sea-captain, and he had always liked the Chinese ginger-jars that he once brought home from a cruise. She feared an early frost, as the nights were so cold and that her late roses might get a "nippin'," and we deprecated the chill of life, which must "blight us all," as she put it.

I congratulated them upon having a stone house in which to keep warm, and it was then I learned that stone houses were not warm, and had an unfortunate,



The mill-pond in South Shaftsbury

if industrious, way of storing up damp, and letting it out when the winter fires began. The farmer was in a position to know; they had had thirty years of it. The property was not "quite clear" yet, he said, with that tight-lipped New England dignity which must tell the truth, though it hurt him.

The pathos of thirty years of mortgage! And to think that we ask for them at the bank as an investment, and are disgruntled when they are paid off!

The farmer had a niece in Indiana who was married to a jeweler, but with his honest gray eyes looking at me I could not say that I was acquainted with them, although I should have enjoyed doing so that we might both exclaim, "How small the world is!" I could truthfully report that the crops had been excellent, for I remembered a phrase in my mother's letter (who writes me solemnly of the crops once a year) to that effect. And he said rather wistfully that he guessed they always were good out there.

I looked over his domain, the settled beauty of the old house, the taste of the blue-painted jars, the shimmering river, the stretch of the Connecticut Valley, the hills prodding the sky-line gently, and in all sincerity I thought him better off than in the rich, flat world of the unimaginative Middle West. I said this, and he asked me hesitatingly, as though he ought by rights to be talking of pumpkins, why so many authors come from these parts, then.

So I expounded to him my theory: it was because the country was ugly, and living rather mean, that the mind must create its own beauty and the soul must imagine what is not there, giving expression to its fancies by writing them down rather than by experiencing them.

We were quite caught up in the clouds until it came time to shake hands and say good-by. Shaking hands in America makes us conscious. It is like going to the train to see people off; there is nothing more to be said after the touch of palms. Only the Arabs do this with enthusiasm, the adieus growing to a full crescendo after

the handshaking. It is their cocktail of good-by.

At Windsor one must cross the river for Cornish, thereby quitting Vermont and entering New Hampshire. Our mapped-out itinerary demanded this, but if we ever find ourselves with leisure on our hands again, we will devote it to the Connecticut Valley from the source of the stream far up on the Canadian line down through its three hundred and sixty miles of sinuous beauty.

As Doctor Holmes says, "It loiters down like a great lord," which at this point of the river is a most perfect simile.

I had been polishing upon the history of the Connecticut Valley while rocking in my comfortable chair (secured for me by the insistent drummers) back in Springfield, and as we went on through the beaming sunlight I almost wished that I had not read it. For this gentle length of road over which we were "elegantly meandering" was the trail of the Indians who drove their captives from the settlements in lower Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—the trail on which they beat them, tortured them, abandoned them to die, selling into slavery to the Frenchmen of Canada such poor fragments as endured.

Whole villages were at times rounded up like cattle and started northward. Each Indian was allotted one or more prizes, and while it was to the interest of the warrior to keep the settlers alive, at the end of every day's march such captives as gave evidence of flagging strength were killed. And yet it was these savages, these creatures of instinctive poetry, who called the river the Smile of God.

The number of settlers killed during the early wars is so small to us now, in this age of complete annihilation of regiments, that I hesitate to put it down. Yet while the toll of dead during the uprising of the Indians under King Philip was only six hundred in all, that represented one man out of every twenty living in New England. And the expense of the war, put down at half a million dollars, all but beggared the community.

Since our destination was Rutland, we could have motored on up the valley on the Vermont side, or could, after crossing the river, cling to the river-bank and continue over the Lebanon Turnpike, recrossing the river at West Lebanon.

But it is foolish to be so near Cornish and not become part of it for a moment, no matter how indifferent the Cornishmen may be about having you there. There is something rustic in the name Cornishmen, but there is nothing rustic about them in reality, with the exception of their gardens, and those are as beautifully cultivated as the minds which own them.

One does not think, as a rule, of minds owning beautiful stretches of property, and houses containing chairs, bolsters, flat silver, Oriental rugs, vacuum-cleaners, a phonograph (behind a Japanese screen), and other essentials to living. We see fat people owning such comfortable resting-places. But Cornish contains a summer colony noted for minds, and for the best ones, which means that they are not dull, ponderous masses of gray matter which *confound you with facts, and fill you with a panicky feeling that you will not understand what they are going to say next.*

One of the rewards of increasing years is an experience in proportion, and I have found, with relief, that the really great brain is not wrapped in a garment of perplexity, but is as simple and understandable as a nude figure.

The quality of a retiring mind is charming unless you are a motorist trying to see the great estates in Cornish; then you become exasperated, as the gardens for which the locality is famous are so retired from the road that one gets nothing but R. F. D.-boxes, with magical names on the outside to show that any one lives beyond the iron gates but Mother Nature.

We wished that all the houses could be inns, for an inn may be as modest as a daisy, but, like a daisy, it is indigenous to the roadside, and in plain view. We had no sooner crossed the river than we came upon one little white tea-house with blinds the color of fresh green lettuce, and a swinging sign painted, we knew immedi-

ately, by Maxfield Parrish, who is of this neighborhood.

A few yards farther on, overlooking the river, is another where one may dine as well as tea, and the traveler would do well to take a meal there. He may argue that he is not hungry, and I can only reply that he will be so by the time he reaches the hotel at White River Junction. Whereas, if you are not hungry when you arrive at the junction, you need not stop at that unromantic spot, but can motor on to Woodstock, and, replete with food, remain sensible to the beauties of nature. It is difficult to lay too great value on a well-filled stomach when one is out to admire scenery.

Through lovely country lanes we twisted ourselves in and out of various towns all called Lebanon, and, crossing a bridge again, were reluctantly at White River Junction. I defy any one to name a charming town, a moderately pretty one, or even a stylish village, that staggers under the appellation of Junction. It is as cruel as to name a girl Eliza or a boy baby Methuselah. The town could as well have been one of the Lebanons,—West-West Lebanon, possibly,—for while locomotives were busy running up and down in front of the hotel, after the manner of junctions, the name is not the result of the meeting of railroads, but of the engulfing of White River by the waters of the Connecticut.

We turned sharply to our right, upon leaving White River (I cannot say junction again), along the valley road of the—a halt to verify the spelling—Ottaquechee.

Two late haymakers or, rather, two makers of late hay, told us the name of the river. Strangely enough for those who live in the valley, they stumbled in the telling, and, while I am no farmer, they presented an equal incapacity for haymaking. Since their wagons were picturesque, I asked if they would allow me to photograph them. This is not an unusual request in the country, and in any clime the mention of a photograph is a sign for quick acquiescence, and a certain setting to rights of one's clothing.

But those incapable haymakers continued amazing by a burst of laughter and an acceptance of our offer without the hitching of a suspender. It was trying to my vanity, but I followed the usual formula, and upon the clicking of the camera offered to send them prints if they would give me their names. At this there was an ill-concealed attempt to muzzle more laughter, followed by a removing of old straw hats to beg my pardon; for they told us they were moving-picture actors rehearsing a scene, and they averaged about ten thousand pictures of themselves a day. The illustrator rummaged for his flask, and we chatted until a large motor came up with their camera-man and director.

On the outside was painted the name of the concern in vulgar lettering. There were other actors in the automobile going to their various "locations," and they were so sober and industrious about their "job" that we thought it a pity they must be labeled like zanies in a circus. One might as well paint "Attorney" across the car of a gentleman of that profession, or "Specialist in Ears" or "Minister of the First Baptist Church." Surely the actor is the servant of the public!

But on we went to Woodstock, without disapproval unexpressed and futile save that no mental disapprobation is without action of some sort, and in a few minutes we were mentally and vocally disapproving of each other in the sketching of an old doorway, which I thought an excellent bit, and the illustrator said was a "bust." If it is presented here, I leave it to the public to judge of my taste.

After Woodstock we began a steady ascent toward the Green Mountains, again over a road much better than the Peru Turnpike, and which cost us nothing at all. The stretches of farm-land were rich and ever richer. The lush grass grew smoothly to the edges of the streams, and the hills bounding the valley resembled a little the lower stretches of the Alps. Yet only a *little* little, for every country enjoys a topography peculiarly its own, and America is, to me, more individual than any other.

As usual, we reached our night's resting-place as the electric lights were changing the dusk into an admitted blackness. The authorities of Rutland point the way intelligently by signs, arrowing (I have coined this) the business portion of the town and that of the residences. I had hoped the hotel would be on a hill or a meadow or even in a park, for we were permeated with a sense of the country, and were impatient at the prospect of the lights of the moving-picture houses shining upon such respectable early-going-to-bed tourists as we had become. But it was squarely in the center of all the lights in Rutland—a commercial hotel with a stern disinclination to harken to the appeal of the drummer for its self-improvement.

It is only fair to Rutland County to say that it has overcome its ominous name by good roads, despite the fact that this part of the State has been largely quarried. I recall the fearful condition of the roads in Italy near the great Carrara marbles, cut by heavy hauling and liberally besprinkled with samples of their *spécialité du pays*. Possibly the American is too thrifty to scatter about pieces of marble large enough for gravestones of at least inconspicuous mortals.

The man who must spend a Sunday in New England is fortunate to be motoring in and out of the villages. In the country there is the continual assurance that life is going on, whereas there is no such optimistic note in a village. And, mark you, it is the houses that are to blame. Not even people are so deeply affected by a strict closing as are habitations. They are in natural opposition to nature, anyway, for they have no individual power to expand into more rooms, or a new porch even, while a mustard-seed goes on expressing itself as extensively as it wishes, and with no regard for Sundays.

I admit that the residents of houses are frequently affected by the stiff manner their enveloping walls acquire on Sunday. But to justify my contention, I beg the automobilist to watch the houses of the small town on Sunday and on Monday. Then, even if it be wash-day, he will ob-



A garden at Cornish

serve a certain winking joyousness about the windows that was not manifest twenty-four hours before.

Such inhabitants as we met upon the street in Brandon were all going to or from church, glad to be out of their stiff homes with such narrow views. Even through the country they were walking along the paths, and, apart from the ethical advantage of church-going, I was impressed anew with the great social opportunity that worship offers to the isolated. Men in this district once carried their guns on their shoulders when they escorted their females to and from the service. And I wonder if it was not the pleasant mixing of humanity, as well as the God-fearing impulse, which brought them to court an Indian attack by their weekly assembling.

To the traveler of the road a church generally stands as a landmark past which you go or do not go. In Brandon we were to go past it, and would have done so without difficulty, but we were detained by the falling of a trolley wire upon the top of our car. It was the only live thing in Brandon, yet had we not been traveling with the top up we might have been less alive now than we were then.

The top subject is not extraneous matter. It is, strangely enough, considering its position on the car, the base of many an unsuccessful motoring day. I like the top lifted, and W—— does not. He says one cannot "see up," that it is not going to rain; but if it does, the canopy can be raised in less than a minute.

This is not the truth, and he knows it. It takes longer than a minute; indeed, in our particular internecine strife it covers an indefinite period. If, by chance, we should start off on a cloudy day with W—— as conqueror (that is, with the canopy folded up), and the rain, despite him, should begin to fall, he does not see it or feel it.

It does not seem to rain on the front seat, and he is surprised when I call attention to the fact that I am getting wet. He is very optimistic over my damp condition. He says he thinks the storm is passing; anyway, that we are passing, and will soon

be "out of it." He says, too, that the wind will dry me off in no time.

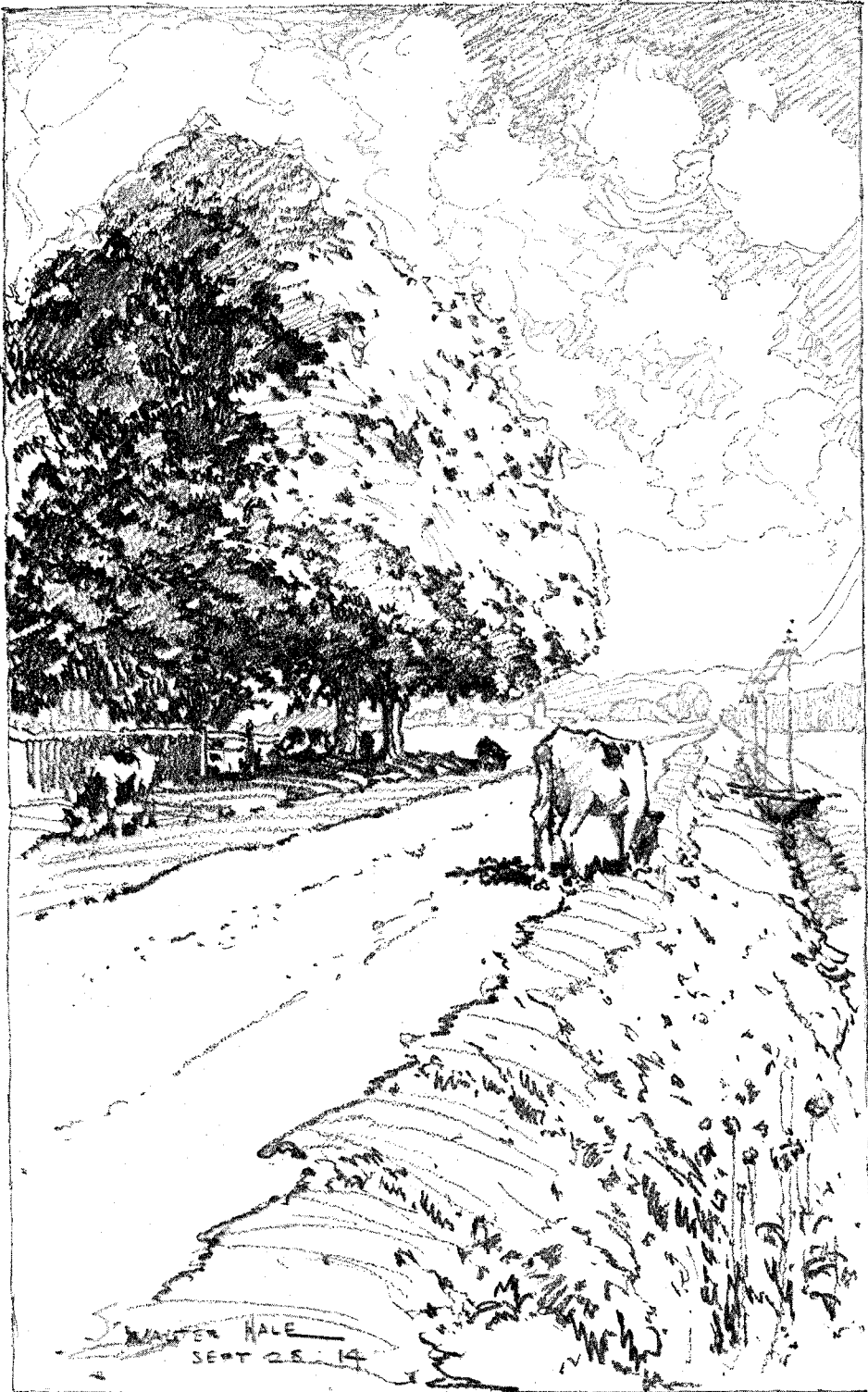
As we go on, and the downpour continues, he sometimes shakes the raindrops off his lashes surreptitiously, and asks me if I want the top up. And when I answer frozenly that I do, he wonders if I would mind taking from the receptacle formed by the folds of canvas the laundry-bag, his golf-shoes, a bottle of whisky, one of hair tonic, and some old shirts, to be used for waste, while he and the chauffeur make ready to lift the thing.

This frequently weakens me in my resolve, but if I hold out, and the top is put up, as sure as my cause is just and life is an enigma the sun will come out, and the scenery be limited to mountain-peaks overhanging the road. W—— will then sigh deeply. "It must be very pretty along here," he says.

Beyond Pittsford was a roadside monument to Caleb Houghton, who was killed by the Indians—not at this point, but half a mile away; for the monument served the double purpose of commemorating his death and the site of Fort Vengeance.

Fort Vengeance! Not a lovely name for the conciliation of two races, and in this land now oozing peace and plenty a name seemingly remote. Despite historical records and such wayside tablets, it is difficult to imagine New England as ever the home of the red men. The wide plains of the far West lend themselves more perfectly to the savagery. There is a sense of breadth and space in the topography which one can associate with the uncontrolled spirit. And I am inclined to believe that in time the Indians of this locality would have become civilized by the limitations of their environment if continual warfare had not exterminated them.

We were now heading for Lake Champlain. The tall peaks of the Green Mountains which inclose Rutland were still watching over us while, as we slipped over the curve of the earth, in the far West we espied the faint outlines of the Adirondacks. Between the two ranges lies the long lake, and at its southernmost tip is old Ticonderoga, a fort on the alert for three



The road to the east

centuries, and now, alas! sleeping lazily through the Sabbath day.

We did not learn this until we had turned south at Sudbury, and descended at H—— Manor for luncheon. It was Mr. H—— who told us. From father to son, for over a century, this fine old house has been open to guests. It is far enough from the center of things now to satisfy a Thoreau or John Burroughs, but once it was the main posting-inn on the highway leading up from Albany.

Summer boarders are now entertained there—summer boarders with “references,” the only chilling thought to be associated with a place of so much evident good cheer. By assuming our best manner we remained for an hour or two without creating distrust, and as far as I am concerned, I could have put off our trip indefinitely to sit by the side of the present Boniface and learn of Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and all those acres roundabout which had been fought over from the wars of the seventeenth century to the last battle on the lake in 1814.

After luncheon I was pulled away from Hyde Manor, feeling the desire to go limp like a bad child clinging to the hand of a parent. On we went up the post-road toward Burlington, wonderfully early for us, as I was lured into the car by the promise that we would go out in a small boat on the lake if we arrived before dusk.

The illustrator was as full of hope of arriving before dusk as though he had ever done it. He said, while he had sworn to travel by no method of transportation other than a motor, that we could doubtless get a motor-boat. We met a party on the road just beyond the manor with this usual determination of the automobilist; at least they were sticking to the car, although a pair of horses was drawing it.

We could hear them laugh consciously as we passed, but we did not look their way. We had been in that same predicament ourselves, and we could see, without looking, that gay, defiant expression which each was wearing. Why do we take mechanical misdemeanors so much to heart!

It is n't as though a motor had been born and brought up with us. As the wife said of her husband, “Thank Heaven, he's no blood relation!”

Before we reached Vergennes the illustrator made a sketch—and swore at the sun. It was a lovely silent old farmhouse, with nobody at home save the cat looking severely at us through a closed window. There was an old sofa on the porch. There are old sofas on most of the porches, and rockers, but I have no recollection now of any one resting on them.

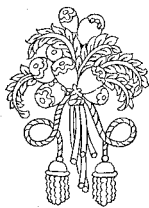
Nature continued prodigal without price. We now had the Green Mountains to the right of us, while beyond the shimmering water on our left were the well-defined ranges of the Adirondacks. The valley between was green and fertile. Then, too, the sun was still shining, and we were not far from Burlington.

“Boat, boat, boat,” the illustrator cried enticingly whenever I wanted to get out and watch the cows on the other side of the root fences. In fact, he said boat once too often, for our present vehicle, resenting his desire to abandon it, saw a nail in the road, picked it up with great skill, and in a few moments was lolling wickedly at the wayside with a tire down, and I was going up to a kitchen door to talk to the children.

It was dusk when we reached Burlington, and too late to go out in the boat, but I did not care much. It seemed that the joy of going out in the boat was too much for a person replete with blessings that she did not particularly deserve. I was almost glad that the rooms shown us were not attractive. And I was straightway rewarded for accepting them in the proper spirit, as a very pleasant clerk left his desk and came up himself to show us others that looked out upon the lake.

The roof garden was only a flight above our bedrooms, and we sat there for a while after supper, watching the lights of the plowing steamers which would have filled even the stout heart of Champlain with fear, could he have awakened from his three centuries of sleep.

(To be continued)



Me

A Book of Remembrance

(Begun in the April Number)

XXIX

THAT Christmas visit of Roger's was the first of many in that house. From that time he came very frequently to see me, sometimes three or four times a month; in fact, a week rarely passed without his appearing. All of his visits were not so tempestuous as the one I have described, but he was a man used to ruling people, and he wished to govern and absorb me utterly. Well, I made a feeble enough resistance, goodness knows. I was really incredibly happy. I always used to come home from work with the excited hope of finding him there, and very often he was, indeed.

Of course he was exacting and at times even cruel to me. He really did n't want me to have any friends at all, and he not only chose all my clothes, but he tried to sway my tastes in everything. For instance, Bennet had cultivated in me a taste for poetry. Roger did n't care for poetry. He said I would get more good from the books he had chosen for me, and just because, I suppose, Bennet had read aloud to me, he made me read aloud to him, sometimes my own stories, sometimes books he would select; but never poetry.

The first thing he would always say when he came in, after he had examined my face, was:

"What's my wonderful girl been reading?"

Then I'd tell him, and after that I'd have to tell him in detail everything that had happened through the week, several

times sometimes. He knew, of course, that Bennet came regularly to see me, and he used to ask me a thousand questions about those visits; and I had a hard time answering them all, particularly as I did not dare to tell him that every day Bennet showed by his attitude that he was caring more for me. He asked me so many questions that I once asked him seriously if he was a lawyer, and he threw back his head and laughed.

I had secured a very good position through his influence, for I was private secretary to the president of one of the largest wholesale dry-goods firms in Chicago. I had easy hours, from ten till about four. I had no type-writing at all to do, for another girl took my dictation. What is more, I received twenty-five dollars a week.

Besides my good position, Fortune was smiling upon me in other ways. The Western magazine began to run my stories. I was the most excited girl in Chicago when the first one came out, and I telegraphed to Roger to get the magazine.

And now I must record something about Robert Bennet. He has been pushed from my pages, just as he was from my life, by Roger, and yet during all this time I really saw more of him than of Roger himself. The day I paid him back the money he lent me he told me he loved me. Now, I had for him something the same feeling I had for Fred O'Brien—a blind sort of fondness rather than