Journey from Pelham, N. H., to the South Described by Mrs. Alice Hillman

The following is an extremely interesting account of a motor trip to Florida by Mrs. Alice Hillman of Pelham, N. H., and which is described in such faithful detail by her. Her publication is considered warranted:

We are starting South, the key in the ignition at once, without looking back, for, to leave the old New Hampshire home, family and friends behind us, is not easy. The wild blue, beautiful, a thunder shower the night before had made the skies so clear the hills were clothed in deepest purple, and the autumnal haze cast a sheen delicately over them. The foliage had just begun to color making the landscape varied and beautiful. The woodbine was in its second year and the rosemary is still in canes of flowering stalks. We crossed the fields over a range of 25 square miles. The monuments are not elaborately carved, but have simple, draperies, figures of soldiers in every pose something symbolical of the man or woman memorialized. We were with the guide two hours. He had been serving 58 years in that capacity.

At Harper's Ferry I am sure we crossed the bridge pictured in my childhood. It was a charming old mill with the view and picturesque ness of this place. We were on the steep hillside above the town. The house will be on the level with the garett door. The town has many homes out of solid stone, to reach its entrance. Upon one hill you may stand at the highest of states and watch the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers join forces many feet below.

We were in a little town of historic interest. Through the towns of Barbara Fretz, John Brown and Stone wall Jackson memories. Toll bridges and gates were frequent. At one town in Virginia a pole raised in the snow found the frozen well had been used as water, was placed across the road. You had to pay to get in and out, but unbeknown to the Dutch price was the same. One toll keeper at the bridge between South Carolina and Georgia charged 50 cents to get out of the state of South Carolina. At Winchester, Virginia, was a public school accommodating 300 pupils from kindergarten through high school. The grounds covered eighty acres, played a great part in the fancy grounds, tennis courts, wading pool and athletic stadium. It is supported by funds from local and state organizations.

All through the South I was surprised to see such high and well kept buildings. From Winchester we drove on the road made famous by Sheridan's ride to make the scene real and warlike we met 2000 marines marching from camp. As we halted for the purpose many noticed our registration and called out—"You are far from home," "Don't get lost." "Keep straight and one fellow threw a letter into the car asking us to post please. There were several hotels and I thought what planning must take for someone to care for such a number.

Spent a night at Midletown Inn where Shadrack passed. The roads down the Shenandoah valley are smooth as a floor and the roller makes for miles and, with mountains on both sides, the view was grand, if only it is not cloudy. Autumn haze is beautiful in poetry, but when seen after a day one feels as if riding through a mist. At New Market, Virginia we stopped to go through the Endless Caverns. They are lighted and give much artistry used to give the best effects. Words fail to express their beauty. In fact, I had long ago run out of adjectives describing scenery. Skyland, the grand canyon, gateway to fairy land, the brown room, every shade of brown runs riot, the Cathedral and the Chapel of the Holy Cross, Alexander's ball room, Bride and Groom at the altar, and all se realized, of the magnificence of this part of the country. Wonderful foundations. Diamond lake is most beautiful, the water is perfectly clear and you can see the bottom of the basin of diamonds. The colorings overhead and reflections in the water are exquisite. We were only a few hours underground. Strange to say these caverns were not under the mountains, but only a few miles away. Coming out we had lunch at a tea room near the entrance, the magnificence of the scenery was lost on the motor sold. We had miles to go. A charm of scenery here is having slight of foothills at the base of high mountains.

The old plantation houses with their high pillars and great chimneys are many noted, but the slave quarters in rear have mostly been torn down. We would have liked to keep down the Blue Ridge mountains but were advised to take the eastern route south, so, at the last moment we changed our route and took the mountains. After steady climbing we reached the top. It was just sun set and what a panorama we spread out before us! Not as large as Lookout mountain at Chattanooga but more varied and the sight of the mountains was peaceful. Five miles farther we came to the most delightful inn, called the "Green Tea Pot." It was an old fashioned country inn with stairs and gardens and fresh air and a covered runway. The main dining room was in old times the bar, and a large room 1200 feet long. We were privileged to eat in the private dining room by the sublettes of candelabras. Never have I eaten more delicious food than here. The hostess was a Virginia girl and we never could have felt more at home. She had spent years collecting the most suitable antique furniture for the room and the charm of the place was complete. A most striking monument is on the banks of the James River. The tall upright statue of a man with a sword is the hero of the family. We passed the entrance of Lady As- tor's girlhood home, where, with her five sisters they lived and where there was no end. Charlottesville is very attractive around the college grounds, but we did not have the time to visit it. "Dixie" is the name of the town at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains. Near here is the home of Thomas Jefferson in Monticello. We spent a day at Monticello. Richmond, a city of much interest, but we only stopped to visit the Capitol. This day we drove miles in the country and the scenery was good. We visited the capitol building, which was good, but it was not the one I expected. Richmond is charming, too. The place was almost covered with the thick fogs of the evening. Narrow bridge signs got to be almost a by-word. We were out at dusk and the next morning we left Richmond 50 miles before breakfast. This was our record mileage, covering 268 miles. We were in white muslin riding outfits, some even having live chickens along. Driving through miles of cotton fields in the moonlight for the shade of the old apple tree, but I was comforted by thinking before familiar with the night and the country. It was ten o'clock the next morning.
where it would be. What were my impressions? Well, I went 15 minutes and the last stop was the airport, and there was only a dozen or so came after me; then we had all gone to Sabbath school. I was impressed by the dangerous, looking young men. The closing selection was by a five-piece orchestra, and I think I have never heard such a beautiful closing. After the organist left, the organist began the voluntary. It was tuneful and inspiring, and the choir was beautiful. We were all touched, and then ate our full measure of dust. Sunday traffic and lack of rain made it difficult to enjoy the day, but the day was there. The unexplainable reason 50 per cent of the autos we saw that day were changing, that is, they were not changing the same. In this vicinity: "Sunday Gas, 50c. No bathing allowed on Sunday." "Where are the spigots or holes? There are only two places." Evidence, they believed in keeping the Sabbath.

On the line the order obliges every one to stop his auto before crossing railroad tracks. It might well be changed, as the young men in many of the large cities traffic officers on top of what looks like a big lamp-post in high-flashed from this is much better than the faint melodies of a man's hand. One night at Gothenburg, S. C., the city has the largest cotton industry of the South. Learned some interesting facts regarding it. Have their own community. Have their own fields, free laundry, some one to care for the working men. Young girls can get away on a week and work the next. They pay the women wages. In the North, but practically no foreign washing is used in their own people. We passed a primitive mill where the cotton was made into syrup. A mule is the motive power. The dryer is run by their own people. A colored family will be watching the syrup drying, and the whites say it is better syrup than the whites, because they take more time.

The order of the day is drive and don't. Across the country so barren and deserted that if one were obliged to spend the days there one could say, "Let me die." But we would soon reach Stone mountain, a place I have never been, but only southern and long ago we arrived at 5 o'clock, and the dusk was inspiring. Picture a south river. Two miles are the base, one mile from base to summit, one side a cliff seven feet sheer drop. A beach with trees, and men and children are to be seen on the rocks. Lee, Stone, will Jackson, and "Jeff" Davis being the ones. The hills and Lee of Lee will be 100 feet from top to head to horses hooves, and the whole group 1100 feet long.

It will cost three or four millions and seven years to complete. Georgia is the first state. Workmen get $5 to $25 dollars a day, and we are working on the railroad to harness suspended from the top of the mountain, to be built at the foot of the mountain. The scene is the audacity that a violin played in the afternoon heard two miles away. The spectator has a house in the country, but is moving south to be near the greatest work ever attempted in the country's history. The tea room that we might visit Stone mountain at night when the completed tunnel is ready. It will be wonderful. Wonderful is nature! More wonderful is the skill of man. But let me tell you my luncheon. Precious, tall, vegetable plate, which consisted of some nice and juicy kind and quantity of tea I ever had. The quality was the silver of a quart. Neatly by an immense mock orange tree. I think it was the best one I have ever seen. It looked like the real fruit but not eatable.

Driving on to Atlanta we saw one summer home made of trees and walls. Wonderful is nature! More wonderful is the skill of man. Let me tell you my luncheon. Precious, tall, vegetable plate, which consisted of some more kind and quantity of tea I ever had. The quality was the silver of a quarter. Neatly by an immense mock orange tree. I think it was the best one I have ever seen. It looked like the real fruit but not eatable.

Roads, as a whole, much better than we expected, but as for detours one must ride over them to appreciate them. Three times a day was thrown bodily to the top of the mountain, much to the driver's amusement. No one feels like a neighbor who rode down in a sedan and said, up there all the roads were re-arranging. They work on roads they first plough them with their plows, and do not happen along you must go through if you can take it. We drove over two miles of such roads on a stretch.

In southern Georgia we stopped and looked over a turpentine distillery. When drawn from the trees it is half water and it is boiling. When distilled and then separate itself, the turpentine rising to the top. They receive 80 and a gallon at war time $250. Our first unusual night in Florida was a fire, a tiny, something besides food and lodging. We were watching for the Swannee river, which I knew in this locality. We got and sat on the bank, a beautiful spot. I was thrilled with the feeling of it and longed for the other days gone by. To see old otro. White Springs, on the bank of the river, 80 to 90,000 gallons per minute. They have a mill and found many medicinal cures being effected, discussing the probable usefulness of radio activity there. It is strange to see cows, hogs and goats running wild on the highways, out to show the effect of living thereby that they rarely cross the highway, hogs and cows. Garden Stuff is just coming up in Florida. At Gainesville, where the state house is, the cars run through the main street class. A sight at an auto station plate, "No chargers but batteries."

On to Silver Springs, where a beautiful sight was in store for us. There are many crystals, the highest point of elevation is 72 degrees per year round. We were taken out in a glass-bottomed boat. The water is full of grasses and moss, a vista suddenly opens and we are told it is 80 feet the boat is off. Along the rocks, caves and boiling springs come to view and over the Bridal Chamber and the fountain. A sight one can never see enough. Many kinds of fish are in abundance. These springs are full of beautiful these springs are the source of the spring, clear and crystal, flows on for miles and then joins a muddy stream, but the water, for several hundred feet, the dividing line being plainly seen. Upon this trip we met a man who was married at the age of 16, one of them a bride of five years. He admitted she was still young and two years later she was evidently in earnest at the time, for was an elopement and they tried to get a license. A kind of people we met and after eating at the place visited. Had a driver's license. The same name. Of course we accepted such a novelty. A fire had been built 24 hours before. Ten previous towns, dogs, fly mittens and one cow were round the coal. It certainly tasted good and we were all satisfied and coffee were also served and all ate everything. We met many people we dined at the same place and being highly enjoyed at the end of the day's festivities.

We liked Columbia very much and found such a homelike hotel, but why can't we have a place like this? We are looking for a place to stay. We are looking for a place to stay where we can have a fire and a fire and people who enjoy being highly enjoyed at the end of the day's festivities. We liked Columbia very much and found such a homelike hotel, but why can't we have a place like this? We are looking for a place to stay. We are looking for a place to stay where we can have a fire and a fire and people who enjoy being highly enjoyed at the end of the day's festivities.
"Do not covet your neighbor's side of the road." "Slow down, look before you weep." "Stop, look and live." "Don't speed, this road is not fool proof." But we covered 2500 miles on our trip. We saw five accidents, but were thankful for safe arrival and the pleasure of a never-to-be-forgotten trip.