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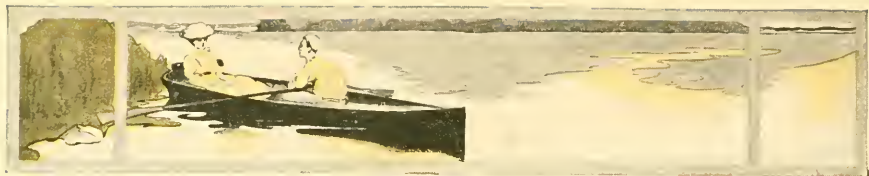


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# OUTDOORS IN NEW ENGLAND



Issued by the  
General Passenger Department  
Boston & Maine Railroad  
Boston, Massachusetts



## Outdoors in New England

"But when the voice of Nature speaks to me  
From all her hills, and all her beauteous woods,  
Bidding my heart rejoice, and when I see  
The grandeur of her ever-varying moods,  
The trees uplifting mighty arms of green,—  
The clouds that float, lace-like across the blue;  
The softly flowing river, and the sheen  
Of flowers in every beauteous form and hue;  
Or when the voice of thunder rolls along,  
Reverberating 'mongst the ancient hills,—  
And lightning lances dart the clouds among,  
My soul forgets its petty cares and ills."—*Mary Cosier.*

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**O**UTDOORS IN NEW ENGLAND! What delicious memories the pulse-stirring phrase brings back to those who know in their souls what it means!

What entrancing visions of care-free camp life in the heart of the ancient wilderness, of delightful canoe cruises by river and lake, of inspiring views from summits of lofty mountains, of glorious excursions through the sinuosities of enchanting valleys, of undulating folds of crinkling surf breaking upon long stretches of creamy beach, of indescribable sunsets and rapturous moonlight nights!

And then, the haunting recollections of appetizing tramps through field and forest and along the singing strand; of brain-clearing yachting trips amid green archipelagoes; of fishing, of golf, of tennis, of botanizing expeditions, of hay-rides, picnics,





*When the Heart and the Summer are young*







coaching parades—but why should one try to describe the delights of summer outdoor existence in New England? It can be understood only by those who live it; it cannot be adequately pictured or told, for there is that intangible “something” to the scenery, the air, the very physical life of the New England outdoors that defies analysis. It possesses qualities, indeed, that even California and Colorado would be glad to count among their attributes.

In a word, New England is the ideal, the perfect resting-up section of America; and it matters little whether the respite from work or social slavery is needed in summer or in winter. To apply to New England the words of Aldrich:

“Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds—North, South, East and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land”





whose enchantment abides twelve months in the year, and whose welcome for the wearied hosts from the world's great marts is as constant as it is cordial.

Ever since the people of American cities began to understand that a summer vacation is the very best insurance policy for health, happiness and long life, that peculiarly blessed section of the United States which from earliest days has been known as New England has been their favorite summer pleasure ground.

Nor is it at all remarkable that such should have been the case; for in none of the world's great subdivisions is there a region more peculiarly adapted to such purpose. Not only did a prodigal Nature endow the six New England commonwealths with most attractive topography, but it favored them with conditions of air and climate that meet to the full the most exacting requirements of summer rest-seekers. In short, New England is nothing more nor less than Nature's made-to-order vacation playground of America.

Its very latitude would naturally make for salubrious summertime conditions; and to favorable location is added the inestimable benefit of special ocean influences that no other part of the continent shares in like degree, for the great Arctic current, sweeping down from the cold waters of the north, past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, comes just near enough to the New England coast to impart to it a delicious coolness; while from the great Canadian region to the north come other cool



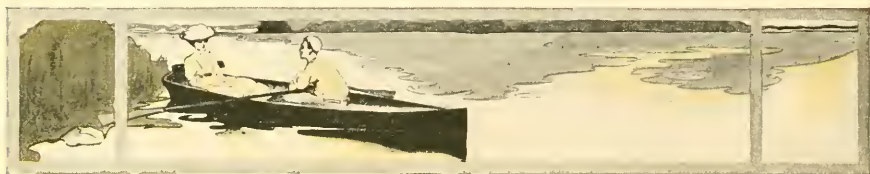


*A Squadron of the Peace and Pleasure Fleet*

breaths, sweetened with the balsamic fragrance of thousands of square miles of forest.

Even the west winds bring with them a soothing and tempering influence, for they come from the great lakes and the faraway prairies, filtered by the pine and spruce forests of the Adirondacks. All things seem to work for New England's good, and of those who are happily domiciled within its boundaries, in the glad summer time.

Not even in respect to altitude is New England lacking in the requirements of a first-class summer resort; for the rest-seeker may choose between the absolute level of the sea or the 5000-foot elevation of a mountain summit; nay, he may sleep







out under the twinkling stars a thousand feet yet higher above the level of old Ocean if so he wills.

The depths of the forest, the edge of the sea, the shore of the lake, the crown of the cloud-kissing mountain, the valley, the farm, the village, the town, the lumber camp all offer a welcome to the tourist, the vacationist, the rest-seeker, the "summer boarder"—whatever he may choose to call himself. Outside the large cities themselves—and some of these are popular centres of summer travel—there is scarcely any part of New England that does not lend itself to the enchantments of outdoor vacation life.

Always a favorite place of refuge from the heat and the



*A New England Eden*





worries of business or office, the progress made by New England as a national sanatorium during the last few years has been one of the marvels of the age. Liberal exploitation of its attractions and improved transportation facilities have been largely responsible for this remarkable "boom," but the chief factor has been the magnetic "individuality" of the section itself; for if any part of this continent may be said to possess an individuality of its own, it is New England.

Just think what New England stands for in the sum total of its attributes! Its traditions date back to the mystic early Indian times and to the advent of the Norse explorers; its modern history from the time of Champlain and the landing of the Pilgrims.

Upon its map, like bright splashes of sunlight, lie such hallowed places as Boston, Concord, Lexington, Plymouth and Salem, each radiating its silent, subtle influence to the remotest boundaries of the section. The glamor of the Colonial period, and the inspiration of the Revolution alike rests upon it, and in almost every part of it is to be found the one-time home of some great representative of American letters.

No other section of our common country basks in such an atmosphere as this—an atmosphere that is the fitting complement of New England's priceless possessions of mountain, lake, river, farmland, forest and seashore. Thousands who have come merely to worship at its shrines of history have fallen willing and perpetual victims to the blandishments of its landscape.





This is especially true of the four states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, each of them possessing its own special characteristics, and each having the necessary facilities for entertaining vast numbers of summer visitors from other less favored sections of the Union.

In addition to the hundreds of pleasure resorts scattered throughout this diversified territory of forest, lake, mountain



*No Danger—They can all swim*

and farm country, there are a number of places which, by reason of altitude or the possession of curative waters, have come to rank among the leading health resorts of the country; for New England is today a recognized health resort, as well as a vacation pleasure ground.







*Where the great cliffs frown upon the sea*





There are famous centers, like Poland Spring, where hundreds find relief from overtaxed nerves or impoverished vitality; others, like Bethlehem, where hay fever victims gather in regiments each summer, certain before they start of relief from their affliction, and yet others like Rutland, Mass., where the Great White Plague is being successfully fought.

New England, therefore, is a Switzerland, a Homburg and a Riviera combined, and a magnified Black Forest as well. Well may the poet exclaim that it is a place where the soul forgets its petty cares and ills.

It is a region where the eye of the invalid grows brighter, the step of the tired business man more elastic, the cheeks of the child rosier, and where the inspiration of the literary worker soars higher. There is enjoyment and comfort and renewed health for all ages and all conditions in glorious, free and untrammelled New England.

Moreover, in the calendar of its outdoor activities and enjoyments there is practically no respite, for New England itself takes no vacation. There are times during the year when one would not care to take a pleasure trip to Florida, or even to Southern California, but with New England it is different. It keeps "open house" throughout the four seasons, even in midwinter.

The vacation season in this delectable land of "all outdoors" may be said to commence with the flowing of the sap





*Headquarters of the "Don't Worry" Club*

in the maple sugar orchards of Vermont and New Hampshire, in March. "Sugaring-off" parties are then the order of the day, and these early-spring festivities are enjoyed by hundreds of young and middle-aged people from the cities and large towns, with the snow yet deep upon the ground.

Vermont alone produces more than \$3,000,000 worth of this popular saccharine product every year, so that maple-sugar making has a very important commercial side, as well as an interesting sentimental phase. The industry antedates even the advent of the white settlers in this country, for the Indians before them knew the art of tapping the maple trees and converting the sap into sugar and syrup.

From this period until the advent of autumn, with its







*Weighing him in his own Scales*

“autumnal foliage” excursions and its “big game” hunting expeditions, the New England country is alive with visitors from the cities; and in these later days, even the winter months find many of them tramping in Indian file on snow-shoes through the notches and ravines of the mountains over four or five feet of snow.

It is truly a region of “pleasures perpetual, joys that never pall.”

Of course, the high tide of summer life comes to New England during the “vacation months” of July and August, but June and September find many visitors there, especially those who have their permanent summer homes there. September, on account of the remarkable clarity of the atmos-





phere, the wonderful sunsets and the marvellous foliage transformations, appeals to a large contingent among those who are not tied down too closely by business duties, and this end-of-the-season extension of vacation time is especially noticeable in the mountain region, where, in response to it, even the larger hotels are in these days keeping their doors open at least a fortnight later than they formerly did.

April and May are the months of fishing in New England and, outside of the cities, it would be difficult to find a square mile of territory where some form of this most popular of all outdoor pastimes can not be enjoyed. This is one "call of the wild" that appeals to young and old and middle-aged alike, and, from the Berkshires to Katahdin it wakes up all New England and a goodly section of the rest of the country.

"When lilacs are a buddin'  
And the crocus cup's in sight,  
Then you'd best be gettin' ready—  
For the fish is goin' to bite "

In Maine alone there are 2,500 lakes and ponds in which the angler can try his luck for trout and bass and landlocked salmon, and in New Hampshire and Vermont the twentieth century Waltons may choose between Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, Memphremagog, Willoughby, Newfound and scores of other lovely water-sheets where game fish of every species indigenous to this part of the country are anxiously awaiting the cast of the multi-colored fly.





*The "Old Man's" Mirror*

Fishing in New England, indeed, is a mighty big and important subject—so important, in fact, that it requires a special Boston and Maine railroad booklet to do it justice.

And then, there is the salt-water fishing—a kind that appeals to another class of lovers of outdoor life, and which can be indulged in along any part of the New England seashore, from the New York line to Quoddy Head. From boat or wharf and sometimes even from surf-washed cliff, a baited line thrown out to where “leap the long Atlantic swells” will almost always bring back to the fisherman its toll of cod, haddock, blue-fish, flounder or perch.

On most of this largess of the sea there is no “close







season,” and this delightful form of sport constitutes a favorite pastime with many of those who make their summer vacation headquarters somewhere along the indented 3,000 miles of northern New England coast.

April, too, brings the lovely and fragrant New England arbutus, and many a happy group of young people go forth from city and town in search of this earliest and most beautiful of wild flowers.

May is the month of apple blossoms here — an outdoor display of beauty and perfume that all too few city dwellers are privileged to enjoy. The ripened fruit, splashing the landscape with brilliant reds and yellows, many of the “summer boarders” do see, however, and it is one of the memories of their outdoor “loaf” that they cherish most.

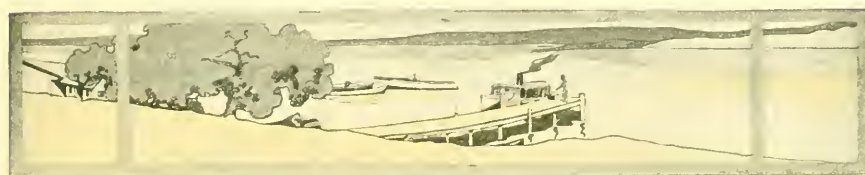
“May breakfasts” in the towns and “May walks” in the country are features of this lovely month in various sections of New England, the “May walk” being a delightful institution of former days that is lately being revived. Under the guidance of one who is an authority on the history, topography and botany of the region, a company of townspeople composed of both sexes enjoys a leisurely excursion through some interesting country section, reached, perhaps, after an hour or two’s ride by train; and it is invariably an outing that is both exhilarating and instructive.

It will be seen that even thus early in the season, New England’s outdoor activities are beginning to stir.





*A bit of the Forest primeval*





The advent of June gives them a further impetus, for this is the month of college commencements and class day festivities and New England is one of the greatest educational centers in the country. These interesting events, usually with outdoor accompaniments, set in motion much travel by railroad, all of which means that the participants are privileged to see the New England country in its most attractive early-summer guise, when leaves and grass alike have donned their most delicate and lovely shades of green.

Picture to yourself, for instance, the delights of a June-day trip from Boston to Hanover, N. H., to participate in the commencement exercises at Dartmouth College—a route that takes one for intoxicating miles along the winding banks of the charming Merrimac river, and thence through more miles



*The music that the Western visitors love*







*Off for a day to be remembered*

of lake-dotted farm and forest land until the peerless Connecticut is reached. Or a trip from the same point to Williamstown, the charming seat of Williams College, through the smiling orchard country of Central Massachusetts and through the picturesque Hoosac Mountains by way of the beautiful and historic valley of the Deerfield River.

These are but samples of a score of such inspiring excursions that may be enjoyed in northern New England in connection with the closing ceremonies of its splendid colleges, universities and academies.

Nor are these "educational trips," if such they may be called, confined to the month of June; for education never sleeps in New England, and there are "summer schools" at Northfield, Mass.; at Green Acre in Eliot, Me.; at Boston





*Alone with his thoughts and nature*





and other places, all of which attract large numbers of attendants and visitors.

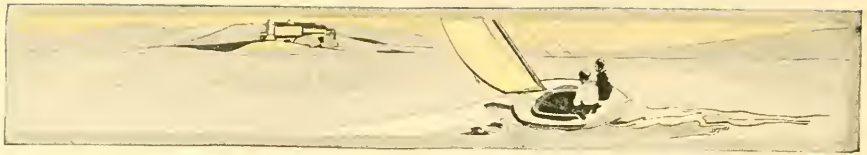
The Green Acre summer school is a typically New England institution which, to a certain extent takes the place of the famous Concord School of Philosophy of fragrant Massachusetts memory. It is a sort of open forum where everyone who attends is permitted to air his or her opinions on psychic, religious, educational and other themes. Some of the greatest thinkers of this and other lands have contributed their presence and opinions to these gatherings.

Green Acre is situated on the banks of the Piscataqua River, three or four miles east of Portsmouth, N. H., of Peace Conference fame, and the rail journey thither takes one from Boston through historic Salem and Ipswich and the wide-spreading marshes that surround Newburyport and the Hamptons—those marshes that suggest the splendid verses of Sidney Lanier and Bliss Carman, and which are such a striking and picturesque feature of this part of the New England landscape.

The trip to the Moody summer school at Northfield makes another delightful excursion from that greatest of all “side-trip” centers—Boston. Northfield is situated on the Connecticut river at one of its most picturesque parts, and the trip includes a large section of the pleasant Massachusetts country traversed in the journey to Williamstown. Greenfield, one of the most attractive towns in this part of the United States







and visited by rest-seekers all the year around, is a near neighbor to Northfield.

This is historic territory, for it includes the scene of the Indian massacres at Deerfield and Turner's Falls.

The vacation "season" in New England may be said to be formally inaugurated around the Fourth of July. At



*White wings that waft us to our Isles of Dreams*

that time many of the leading hotels at the Mountains and seashore throw their doors open and give the public the benefit of special rates, as is likewise done in September.

This opportunity of enjoying a delightful trip through the most delectable portion of the New England landscape and an over-the-Fourth stay at one of the fine mountain hotels





is availed of by hundreds from Boston, New York and other cities to the south. The great exodus to the highlands begins several weeks later, however, and reaches its climax in August. By this time the mountain summer colony numbers thousands, and every section of the continent, from Maine to Texas and California, is represented.

With the advent of mid-July, the "outdoor" season in New England is in full swing, and there is but little diminution of its varied activities until the arrival of Labor Day in early September sounds the "first call for home."

Within that six or eight weeks a stupendous amount of enjoyment is gotten out of life by the million or so of vacationists and "week-enders" who are constantly in the realm of the summer-boarder. While the multi-millionaires at regal Bar Harbor are going into well-bred ecstasies over their annual August horse show, the five-dollar-a-week sojourners at the tidy little farms of New Hampshire or Vermont are extracting an equal amount of fun and satisfaction out of hay-rack rides and neighborhood picnics.

At Winnepesaukee, Asquam, Sunapee and other favorite lake and river resorts, motor-boat, canoe and sail-boat carnivals are in progress by day and night. The devotees of Saratoga are enjoying the annual race meet, the summer guests at Magnolia, on the Massachusetts North Shore, are applauding their late July water carnival; picturesque Marblehead is attracting hundreds to gaze upon that inspiring spectacle, the





annual rendezvous of the New York and Eastern Yacht Club squadrons; Old Orchard is agog with its own particular vacation-season "events;" throughout the Granite State, in August, scores of towns are celebrating with parade, carnival and reunion, the delightful "Old-Home Week" festival as only New Hampshire can observe it; Boston is overflowing with conventions of national organizations from "all over," whose delegates, many of whom have never seen the salt ocean, are enjoying delightful side trips throughout the New England vacation country, and upon the near-by Charles, at Riverside, the annual illuminated canoe carnival is attracting thousands of pleased spectators.

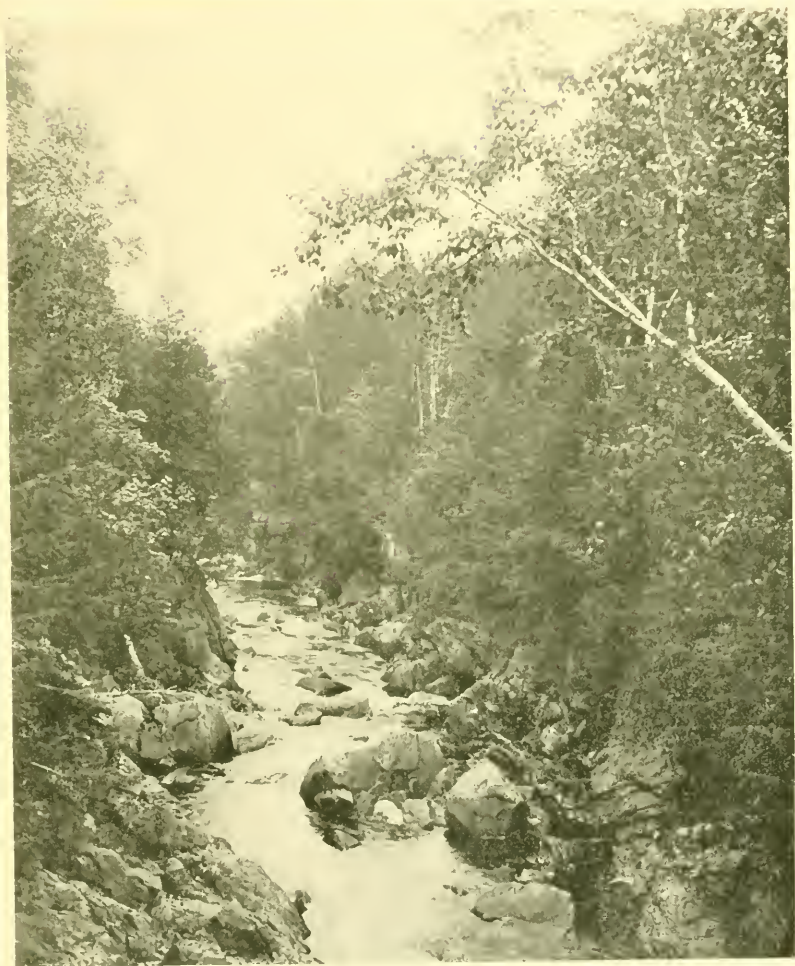
And this is by no means the whole story, for at one and the same time there are in progress tramping expeditions to the White and Franconia mountains, religious camp meetings at Asbury Grove, Lake Pleasant, Alton Bay, Old Orchard and elsewhere; music festivals at Weirs; open air theatrical performances at various summer social centers; "shore" dinners and clambakes at the beaches, illuminated carnivals at Revere, long-distance horseback trips and automobile tours; excursions unnumbered to Concord, Lexington, Haverhill, Salem and other New England points of historic interest; sea trips, trolley trips, tally-ho trips and trips afoot here, there and everywhere — for the refrain of all America today is:

"Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be!"

— *Gerald Gould*







*A spot that Whittier loved*





And after all this kaleidoscopic and continuous observance of the "regular" vacation season is at an end, the "autumn foliage" excursions to the mountains and the Hudson River—the "consolation prize" of those who have failed to get their share of the midsummer enjoyments—are set in motion, and no chapter of the New England vacation story is more delightful than this one.

And the end is not even yet, for now cometh the mighty hunter of "big game," meaning the moose, deer, bear and caribou that lurk in the leafy wilds of Maine, New Brunswick and other parts of New England and the Canadian provinces; and after him, again, not the "deluge," but the hardy adventurer from the steam-heated cities, fired by the strenuous achievements of the famous "Appalachians," who snowshoes it through the mountain defiles and across the blizzard-swept lakes in true Abel Crawford style during January and February; and thus ends (or begins?) the outdoor calendar of vacation in New England.

Who can measure the sum total of the renewed health, the mental expansion, the enlargement of friendships and the satisfaction of soul that it has brought to its participants?

It is, of course, impossible for any one authority to decide just which is the grandest view, the most enjoyable trip, the most edifying experience that this vast and varied New England vacation country affords. The individual point of view must always decide these things.





It is not the purpose of this brochure to invade the fields so adequately covered by the various special publications of the Boston & Maine railroad, but rather to supplement these by giving a few general suggestions along the line of getting the most out of summer life in New England at the minimum expenditure of time and trouble.



*Born of New Hampshire Hills*

Practically all of these great outdoor "departments" are covered by special booklets, so that the man or woman who wishes to "read up" on the mountains, the seashore, the principal lake resorts or the fishing and hunting section of this wonderful Eastern Country may readily do so through the medium of these nature-breathing publications.







*Where one may go a-sailing 2,000 feet above the sea*





There are various ways of "seeing New England," including in these days, balloon trips; but the one indispensable way is as a passenger on a Boston and Maine train. No matter whither his willing footsteps would carry him, the summer tourist, if his objective point lies at any distance, must go by rail, and the New England landscape is so constructed that even the most unromantic and economical railroad management could not possibly get its tracks to run very far away from attractive scenery.

As an example, take the route into Vacation Land from the Boston & Maine's western gateway at Rotterdam Junction, over which such a large proportion of summer visitors from the western part of the country come.

This takes one through some of the most inviting pastoral scenery of New York and Vermont, with enchanting glimpses of the Hudson river and the faraway Catskill mountains, and then through the picturesque Hoosac-Berkshire hill country, which is practically a continuation of the superb Green Mountains of Vermont.

From this delightful picture, the hurrying vestibuled express with its happy crowd of holiday-makers plunges through the dark miles of the famous Hoosac tunnel into the wild Scottish-like beauty of the historic Deerfield Valley. The tumbling stream that runs through this picturesque defile is followed closely all the way. Its junction with the broad and beautiful Connecticut, near Greenfield, is one of the most





*Ready for Roll-call*

charming spots in all New England, with a scenic beauty all its own. In traversing this part of his journey the tourist has followed one of the ancient Indian trails that played such a tragic part in the early Colonial history of New England, and could he have tarried at Williamstown or North Adams, near the west portal of Hoosac Tunnel, and ascended to the summit of Greylock, the highest mountain in this section, he might have enjoyed a magnificent panoramic view of all of this part of the old Bay State.

From Greenfield to Boston the way lies through fertile agricultural lands, where some of the best crops of the State are raised. The landscape is etched with attractive towns and villages, some of them of considerable size and much







industrial importance and the topographical features include grand old Mt. Monadnock on the left and comely Wachusett on the right, these being the most aspiring eminences to be noted between there and the "Hub."

Of the environs of Boston, volumes might be written. Here are found some of the world's largest and most profitable market gardens and conservatories; and here, too, are Lexington, Concord, Acton, Medford and Cambridge and other places whose names are inseparable from the history of the day when was fired "the shot heard round the world." And even more ancient history than that is written in the memorial pile that rises in Norumbega to mark the supposed site of the Norsemen's temporary bivouac in this part of the new world.



*In the Lotus Land*





Altogether, it is a fascinating, delightful, inspiring journey, this wonderful railroad ride from the portals of the Empire State to the vestibule of the Modern Athens.

And then there are the glorious along-shore trips down the serried coast-line of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine—big or little journeys, as the spirit moves.

Who can even think of the New England seashore without feeling his pulses beat more quickly? In thirty or forty minutes' ride out of Boston, one can look upon the rugged beauty of the coast and the moving majesty of the sea.

As near at hand as Nahant and Swampscott, and as far away as Eastport, the summer visitor may compass the Atlantic shore by train. Let us invite him, in imagination, to Marblehead, within an hour's journey from the metropolis. Here, in one of America's oldest and quaintest towns, guarded by one of its rockiest and most picturesque peninsulas, he may see and hear and live the life of the sea, just as if his journey had taken him 200 miles further "Down East."

Delighted with rugged Marblehead and its rugged people, the tourist ventures farther afield, to Beverly and Manchester, in whose palatial, tree-embowered estates live many of the chief of America's swelling list of merchant princes and industrial emperors. Here, too, is the summer resting-place of the President of the United States, as well as of the foreign diplomat from Washington and the literary lion of the nation.





Wealth, fashion, culture find their highest expression here and at neighboring Magnolia, whose palace-hotels are hives of social gaiety, and whose frowning cliffs look down upon "the reef of Norman's woe."

This is the social center of Massachusetts' famous North Shore, unique in all the country; and beyond it, at the tip of Cape Ann, lie the tourist-artist colonies of Gloucester, Rockport, Pigeon Cove and Annisquam,

"Where the roses grow down to the sea,  
And where the white ripples laugh up to the roses"

And this is but the prologue to an endless stretch of similar beauty spots fronting the restless Atlantic to the remotest bounds of the Maine coast, and for hundreds of miles beyond.



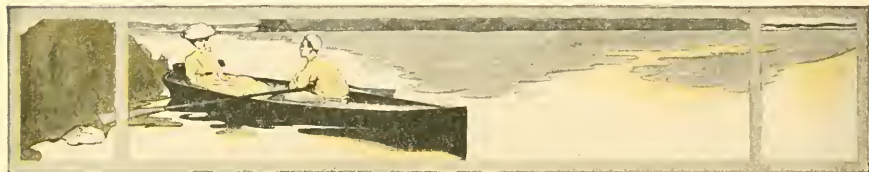
*Hundreds of Cottages and Bungalows dot the landscape*







*Even our four-footed friends find New England hospitable*





Hampton and Rye beaches, with the lonely wave-encircled Isles of Shoals in New Hampshire; Kittery, York, Ogunquit, Old Orchard, Cape Elizabeth, Casco Bay, Boothbay, Rockland, Blue Hill, Bar Harbor and the superlatively beautiful Frenchman's and Passamaquoddy Bays, unfold to the enchanted vision, one after the other, like the illuminated pages of an edition de luxe, as the wayfarer journeys eastward toward the rising sun.

And after the New England coastline proper has ceased to be, there lies the mystic Bay of Fundy region, with its mighty tides and the seductive beauty of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and even Newfoundland—for New England is, after all, but the opening chapter of the fascinating wonder-story of the Down East seacoast.

Weeks, yes months, could be spent in exploring this surf-kissed edge of the eastern part of North America, but some parts of it may be visited and enjoyed in a few hours or days. Shortsighted indeed is the man or woman who, visiting New England for the first time, fails to take at least a nearby trip to its peerless seashore and there experience the priceless joy of a bath in the saline waters of the Atlantic.

Come then, ye sturdy people from the prairie farms and the strenuous cities of the great West, and apply to yourselves the rite of baptism that alone will make you American citizens "to the manner born!"





*Apply to yourselves the rite of Baptism*

"Here in the ancient forest maze,  
Remote from Mammon's specious ways,  
And wandering at my will,  
Herbs, flowers and trees shall be my friends,  
And birds and streamlets make amends  
For much of earthly ill" — *John McPherson*

Let us turn now, by way of contrast, to the very antithesis of the open New England seashore—the heart of the Maine wilderness.

Here, if anywhere, is the great New England Outdoors, free, untrammelled, unconventional, widespreading, silent and eternal. The New England wilderness always will abide, for men who would destroy it ruthlessly would not go unscathed of the Almighty who fashioned it.







*A Springtime Symphony*

Again we follow in the wake of the iron horse and once more he charges toward the Eastern Country, only this time forsaking the coast ere he has traversed half of its length.

The wonderful, wonderful Maine wilderness, with its ten million acres, its two thousand or more water sheets and its numberless rivers and streams! Here, in its solemn, needle-carpeted aisles lingers the spirit of the departed red men; here run the trails of the moose, the deer, the wildcat and the hare; here, by the lakeside, whose whispering birches is the camp of the hunter and fisherman, the smoke of his fire curling upward toward the untarnished blue.

Here, too, resounds the axe of the lumberman, the bark of the fox, the hoot of the owl; and anon through the silences





comes the faint swish of the paddle or the sharp crack of the rifle. Ah, the New England wilderness must not be spoken of lightly. It must be lived and felt. It cannot be expressed.

Even more than the sight and the sound of the sea, a week or a month in the heart of this ancient forest will bring the sojourner humbly to the feet of Nature. For perfect rest and perfect healing of mind and body and soul there is nothing like a vacation in this part of the New England playground.

Even from the mountains, spiritually uplifting though they be, one can see the great world about one. Here, by the lake-side, or in the runway of the moose, there is no world but the world of trees and water and sky. Here, if anywhere, man



*The Unconventional Life*





may commune with nature, with himself and with the God who made him.

Thoreau knew what the great New England wilderness meant to the souls and the bodies of men, and many who came after him have known it in fullness also.

The tourist who aspires to conquer the woods of Maine has his choice of numerous gateways. Most of those who visit them go there to fish or to shoot, and for these there are "seasons;" but many there are in these days who plunge into the wilderness simply to let its free life and healing air soak into their veins and lungs for a while, caring nothing for the furry furtive denizens, save to photograph or study them.

The spring fisherman—and how vastly has his tribe in-



*A Beaver Lodge is rather a rare sight nowadays*







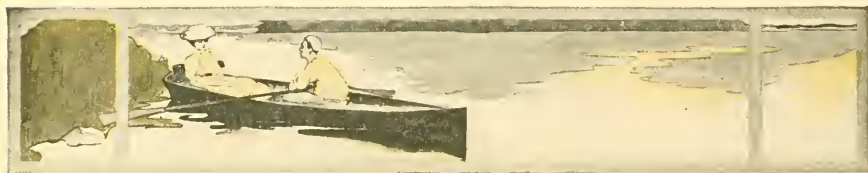
creased—will go into the wilderness around the early part of May, for the ice goes out of the big fishing lakes usually about the last week in April. The big game hunter, of course, will book his passage in the fall, for from the middle of October till the last of December is the only period that legally is his.

Hunter, fisherman or ordinary tourist may find the life they long for in almost any part of the wilderness north and east of Portland they choose to visit. The beautiful Rangeley Lakes region, a thousand feet above the sea, is one of the most accessible, and from here there is a delightful return route by way of Dixville Notch and the White Mountains.

The Dead River country was wilderness enough for Benedict Arnold and it will suffice for most Americans of to-day. At glorious Moosehead Lake, the largest of Maine's water-sheets, and at regal Sebago and Belgrade, the tourist will find himself upon "the edge of things."

"Joy-seeking through a world of care and pain," he may plunge from Moosehead into a wilderness region almost as impenetrable as the African jungles and be rewarded by a companionship with Nature that will be a soothing memory for many a day.

In this vast empire whose legions are the spicy firs and pines and spruces, one will in these days find camps in which many of the comforts of civilization abide; even hotels, with most of the appurtenances of the modern summer hostelry, he will discover ere he gets away from "the edge of things."





Of all the joys of forest life, perhaps there is none so delightful and altogether satisfying as the canoe cruise through lake and river. Such journeys can be extended, with short carries, over several hundred miles and all sorts of interesting "combinations" can be made, for the Maine woods are better known to-day than they were at the time of Thoreau's visit half a century ago.



*How could they help "looking pleasant"?*

To float through miles of silent forest by day and enjoy by night, under a canvas tent, the sweet slumbers that come only to those whose lungs have been filled with New England air—that is something to talk about and dream about for many a long day after.





So, then, the man or woman who seeks to learn just what is meant by this much-discussed "Outdoors in New England" can never come to a full knowledge of it until he or she has tasted of this incomparable wilderness existence.

The thing is "no sooner said than done," for the tourist who stows himself away in his sleeping-car berth at Boston in the evening can wake up at breakfast time next morning and find himself transported, as upon the magic carpet, to the shores of Rangeley or Moosehead lakes.

Nor are the joys and benefits of outdoor life in Maine confined to its "wilderness" region.

For instance, there is Poland Spring, but a few miles beyond Portland, where one may enjoy the revivifying virtues of high altitude, combined with inspiring rural scenery, a variety of outdoor pastimes and all the refinements of modern hotel existence.

Poland Spring, indeed, with its acres of meadow, its fragrant pine groves, its wonderful vistas of the distant White Mountains, its lovely water-sheets bespeaking the delights of fishing and canoeing, its famous curative springs and its delightful social life that brings together the best people from the four quarters of the continent, is one of the most superb of New England's all-the-year-around vacation resorts.

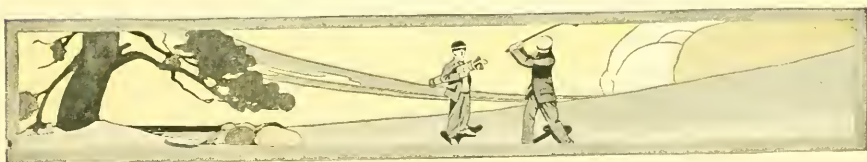
This is essentially an "outdoor" community, and among its numerous attractions the splendid golf course that furnishes pastime and exercise for so many of Poland Spring's sojourners







*The climb toward the Clouds*





occupies a conspicuous place. It is considered by all devotees of the sport to be one of the finest courses in the country.

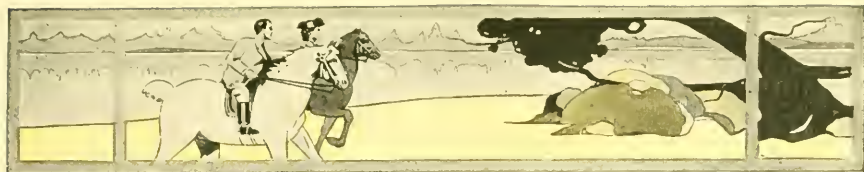
Bar Harbor, famed for its glorious scenery and its ultra-fashionable life, is another of Maine's peerless resorts where manifold attractions would require an entire volume to do it full justice

The same is true in scarcely less degree of Rockland Breakwater, yet another beauty spot of the Pine Tree State. This delightful place, situated on the westerly side of Penobscot Bay, near Rockland, presents a magnificent combination of seashore and mountain resort; for, although it faces the ocean, it has a picturesque background of mountain, valley and forest, some of its guardian hills rising to a height of more than 1,000



*"How beautiful the morning breaks"*





*"Remote from mammon's specious ways "*

feet. The scenic, the romantic and the historic, not to mention the hygienic, combine to make this entire section of the Maine coast irresistibly attractive to the rest- and health-seeker.

"There, in the high, blue heavens, blest,  
A lofty mountain lifts its crest,  
So sure, so white, so free from dearth,  
It hardly seems to know the earth"—*Henry Bannister Merwin*

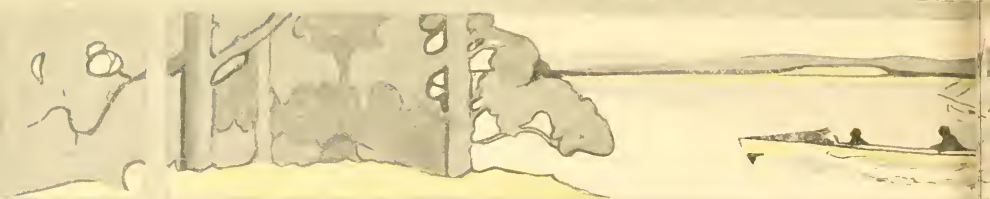
Another turn of the New England kaleidoscope, and lo, the Mountains appear, in all their purple and cloud-crowned glory!

Surely the vacation visitor to New England will want to make the acquaintance of the mountains—the crowning glory of New England itself.

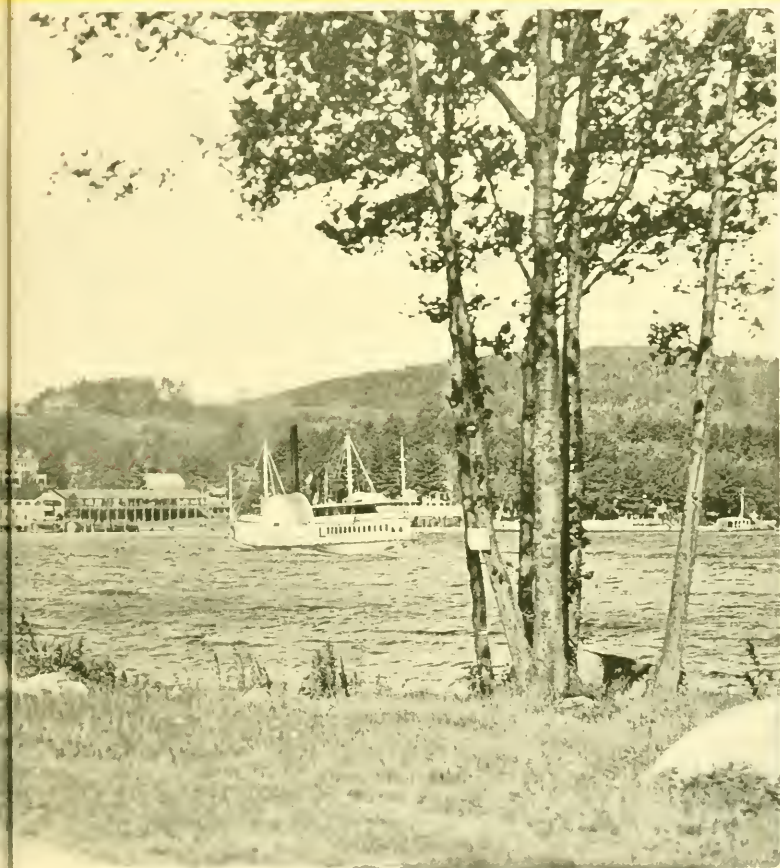
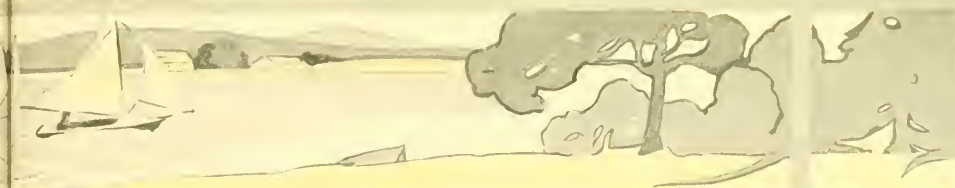


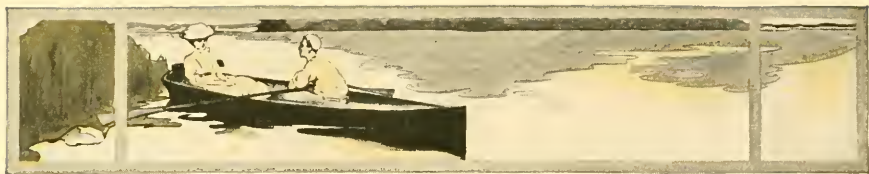


# OUTDOORS INN



# NEW ENGLAND





Here, again, he must call to his aid the good offices of the Scenic Line of the Eastern Country, for air-ships are not yet perfected and the ordinary Balloon Route is, as yet, somewhat unreliable.

The Boston & Maine System is tributary to all of the great mountain groups of eastern America, including the Adirondacks and the Catskills, but the White and Franconia Mountains of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains of Vermont are the highland resorts in which the majority of its patrons are interested.

The latter have been not inaptly called the Alps of New England, and certainly there is nothing to compare with them in height or in beauty east of the Rockies. Mt. Washington, the monarch of the Presidential Range, rises 6,293 feet above the level of the ocean that may be viewed from its summit a hundred miles away, and grouped around it are scores of majestic peaks ranging in altitude from 3,000 to 5,500 feet and affording views almost as sublime as those from the Sierra Nevadas.

As is the case of the Maine wilderness, there are several different "gateways" through which these mountain fastnesses in the northern part of the Granite State may be entered. Tourists coming from New York and southern points go by way of the far-famed Connecticut Valley route—a highway of never-flagging beauty and interest.

This route takes the traveler through Hartford and Springfield and along the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, one of







*No roads so inspiring as those of the mountains.*

the most important streams in this part of the United States. The scenery is a constant succession of elm-shaded stretches of river, waterfalls, "ox-bows," intervalles, serpentine and high wooded banks, with such delightful towns as Deerfield, Greenfield, Bellows Falls, White River Junction, Brattleboro, Hanover (the seat of Dartmouth College) and Wells River to mark the progress of New England civilization and culture.

The mountain country proper is entered through the western portal, and as if by some touch of magic the Connecticut is replaced by the picturesque Ammonoosuc, tumbling joyously through its boulder-strewn channel from its source in the Lake Among the Clouds, but a few hundred feet below the bald summit of Mt. Washington.





Another delightful route—the one usually followed by visitors from Boston and eastern Massachusetts—is that which takes one up through the glorious Merrimac Valley, and then through the lovely Pemigewasset Valley into the heart of the hills.

This “Merrimac Valley Route” is justly celebrated as one of the most charming in the land. The first few miles of the trip lies through a part of Boston’s attractive suburbs, where are found many of the productive market gardens that form such an interesting feature of this section of Massachusetts.

Twenty-six miles from Boston, or about 40 minutes’ run by express, is Lowell, the famous textile center, where the



*Lunching on “The Roof of New England”*





clatter of looms is incessantly heard, and where fabrics that help to clothe the entire world are fashioned. Here, for the tourist who has the time and inclination, are presented splendid opportunities for an intimate and instructive study of one of the most important sources of New England's wealth and prosperity.

A few minutes after leaving Lowell, there comes a change in the "moving picture" that is almost startling, and there dawns one of the beautiful vistas in America—the winding, placid, tree and farm-bordered Merrimac River. In all its varying moods, it will be almost continuously in sight of the traveler for fifty miles.

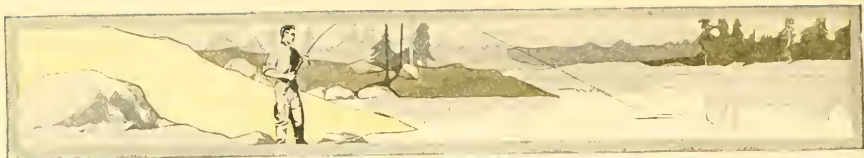
Sometimes the river broadens out into lake-like proportions, at other times it seems but a mere mountain stream, brawling over gray boulders in musical cadence.

The early Indian occupants of this lovely valley possessed no Whittiers or Longfellowes, but the souls of some of them certainly must have harbored a poetic sense, for this shows in the very appellations they gave to some of New England's lakes and streams. Their "Smile of the Great Spirit," expressed in "Winnepesaukee," had its fit counterpart in "Merrimac"—"the strong and swift-gliding current."

Even the site of busy Lowell itself was once the abiding place of the powerful Pawtucket tribe of Indians, attracted thither by the splendid fishing at the Pawtucket Falls. Evidences of the residence of these "first families" are constantly being unearthed in different parts of the Merrimac Valley.







*Summer life in New England is ideal*





It was of this romantic period that Whittier wrote:

"Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall,  
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,  
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasseled with corn."

It is while passing delightful, forested Tyngsboro, on the way to prosperous Nashua, that the river makes one of its broadest and most majestic sweeps and this is deservedly a favorite place of resort for the residents of the nearby cities. Here, as elsewhere along its course, one is fascinated by the marvelously beautiful reflections for which the river is famous.

Nashua is an interesting and attractive New Hampshire city (for the state line has now been passed), albeit a manufacturing center. It is at Nashua Junction that tourists en route to Mont Vernon, Milford, Wilmot and the Mt. Monadnock country leave the main line of the Merrimac Valley Route, and the latter is crossed here by the Worcester, Nashua & Portland Division of the Boston & Maine System, connecting these three important cities and making an altogether delightful summer trip.

For 17 miles beyond the train wings its way until the larger New Hampshire city of Manchester is reached. The route still lies, for the most part, along the western bank of the river and runs through a section that was once devastated by King Philip and his bronze cohorts.





At Nashua Junction the tourist probably will have noticed the joining of another and smaller stream with the waters of the Merrimac. This is the Nashua River, one of the most picturesque of American streams, and, like the Merrimac itself, a veritable paradise of the canoeist.

Canoeing, indeed, has been always one of the chief delights of outdoor life along the Merrimac, from its upper reaches to its mouth, since the early days when the Indians themselves set the style.

Cities, towns, villages, smiling farms, bridges, white-painted country churches and forest areas all pass in review like an unfolding panorama. Anon, a ponderous raft of logs, bringing with it a suggestion of the vast, sweet-smelling wilderness in the hill country above, drift slowly down with the current; or canoes, sail-boats or motor-craft appear. The river, indeed, is never devoid of life; for even in winter the skater and the ice-boat enthusiast take possession of its frozen surface.

Manchester, although a great industrial and commercial center—the “Queen City” of the Granite State—has every right to call itself a tourist headquarters. Not many New England cities present a greater variety of attractive drives, and New Hampshire has few communities that possess such splendid residences and estates.

Its rural scenery is delightful, and from the summits of the Uncannoonucs and other adjacent hills views of great beauty may be enjoyed. Manchester is also a transfer point for







passengers booked for New Boston and other vacation centers on the North Weare Branch.

One of Manchester's most prized possessions is lovely Lake Massabesic, island-studded and tree-bordered, a favorite resort not only of the residents of the city itself, but of hundreds of summer sojourners from Massachusetts and elsewhere. It



*Living like Robinson Crusoe*

is one of New Hampshire's most delightful water-sheets, affording excellent fishing and boating facilities and unexcelled opportunities for enjoying cottage and camp life.

About ten miles north of Manchester lies the peaceful and picturesque village of Hooksett, a place that is pleasantly remembered by all travelers throughout the Merrimac Valley,





*Babbling Brooks and Sil'ry Waterfalls are typical of New England*

by reason of the splendid falls which break the river at this point. These are among the finest waterfalls in New England, and their presence bespeaks potential manufacturing power of immense importance.

Hooksett is yet another point in the valley whose history is associated with the ancient Indian occupation, and its site was once presented to the Massachusetts colonists by Passaconaway, the noted sachem of the Penacook tribe.

Threading a peaceful farming country, with the river not often absent from its side, the train speeds over a smooth nine-mile course to Concord, the delightful capital of New Hampshire and the birthplace of the "Old Home Week" reunion idea. Here is practically the geographical center of the state, as it is likewise the political center.

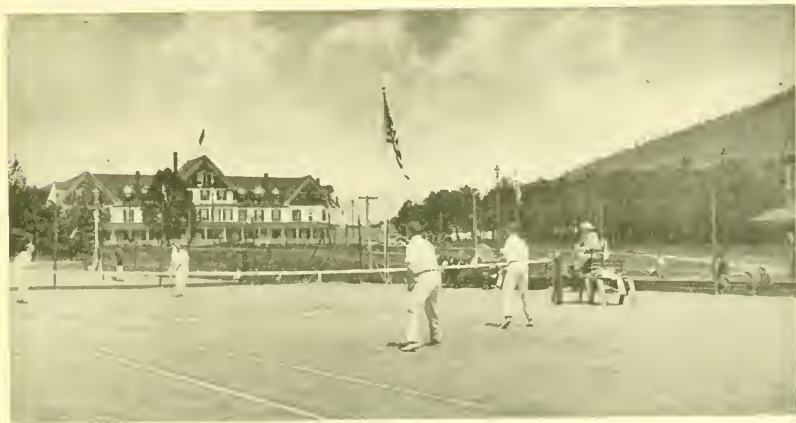




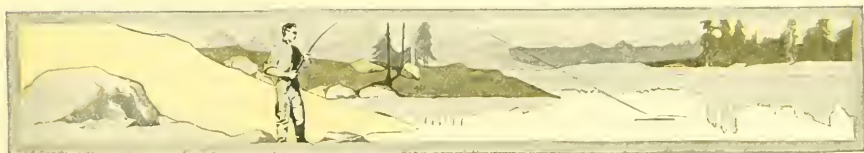
The outlying territory is of a pleasing pastoral character, a region of productive farming land, watered by the Merrimac and Contoocook rivers. Penacook Lake is also one of Concord's prized possessions. Not far away lie Lake Sunapee and Newfound Lake, both charming and popular summering places.

An important member of the Boston & Maine System, the Concord Division, runs from Concord to White River Junction; but the route of the Winnepesaukee wayfarer lies over the White Mountain Division, whose final junction point is Wells River, Vt.

Continuing northward over this division, Canterbury, the home of a celebrated Shaker community, a few miles from Concord, is passed. Next comes Tilton, a neat and thriving



*Mountain air and Tennis are productive of good appetites.*







community, noted for its fine residences and well-kept thoroughfares. In many respects, it is a thoroughly unique New England center and has many pleasant surprises for the visitor, notably in respect to its architecture and public sculptures. Moreover, it has an exceedingly interesting history of the aboriginal era, the place at one time having been one of the most strongly fortified headquarters of the Indians.

It is at Tilton that the tourist bids farewell to the Merrimac River proper and begins to fraternize with one of its twin sources, the Winnepesaukee River, the other source being the picturesque Pemigewasset.

The remaining stage of the journey to Weirs reveals scenic charms of bewildering diversity, for the landscape is a composite picture of rivers, lakes, farm lands, towns and distant mountains. Little Bay, Lake Winnisquam and Great Bay consecutively pass in review, each with its individual claim upon the attention of the nature-lover.

These pretty water-sheets, fit overture to the grand symphony of Winnepesaukee, are in reality a chain of lakes tributary to the Merrimac at Franklin.

Laconia is the last of this interesting series of New England industrial communities seen by the tourist ere he descends from his train at Weirs. It is a manufacturing center of no mean importance, its beautiful surroundings including Lake Winnisquam—a favorite camping place. Lakeport, where the traveler changes for Alton Bay and other points upon the





Lake Shore Branch, if that be his desire, is near neighbor to that town, and indeed an integral part of it.

Such are the charms of the favorite "Merrimac Valley Route."

How different this royal highway from many that lead to the world's most desirable places! Soothed by that peace which comes only from the contemplation of a gracious landscape, the tourist is now prepared for the sterner beauties of the mountains; but, behold, there is yet another surprise for him, for ere he has quite grasped the meaning of those towering, blue-mantled shapes to the north, Lake Winnepesaukee, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," breaks upon his astonished view in all its unabashed loveliness,



*"Reflections of a New England River"*





"Set like a turquoise in the hollowed hills,  
Its white-capped waters with the sun ablaze "

and making one of the most radiant pictures the mind of man can conceive.

This glorious lake, the largest of New Hampshire's watersheds, is one of the country's greatest vacation meccas. Hill-surrounded, island-studded, its crystal waters teeming with trout and bass, and bearing upon their surface a vast fleet of motor-boats, canoes and yachts, Winnepesaukee is without exception an ideal American rest and health resort.

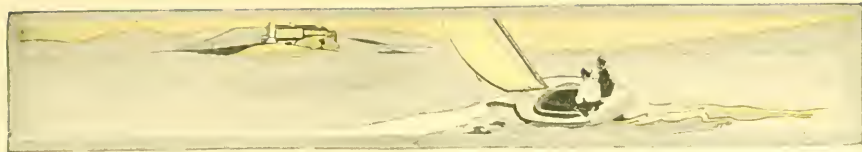
Like its smaller but not less beautiful neighbors, the Assquam Lakes, it is a very paradise of the boy camper, and hundreds of these sturdy embryo American citizens spend their



*Motor boating is a popular pastime at Winnepesaukee*



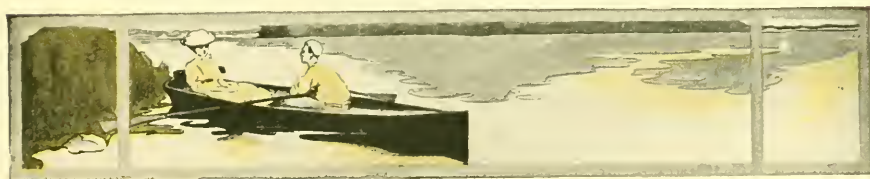




*Historic spots are found at every turn*

summers upon its tree-clad islands or around its shores. New England is having a wonderful development as a location for boys' and girls' summer camps, and not less than 10,000 of these youthful vacationists enjoy this body and character-building life every season.

It will be of interest, in this connection, to note that Lake Winnepesaukee is the objective point of one of the most enjoyable one-day excursions out of Boston over the Boston & Maine railroad. This trip includes a circuit of the entire lake on the commodious steamer employed in this service, with the added privilege of getting a good dinner on board. This excursion is one of the most important features of summer life in "Outdoor New England."





Leaving wimpling Winnepesaukee with the regret that the departing traveler invariably feels, the tourist soon finds himself ascending the picturesque defile of the Pemigewasset valley, threaded by another charming stream that was a favorite of the Quaker poet's, and in the course of two or three hours is at his destination, which may be North Woodstock, Profile House, Bethlehem, Fabyan, Bretton Woods, Crawford's, Jefferson, or any one of a dozen other noted tourist centers in the wonderful White and Franconia mountain regions.

Here he will spend a day, a week, a season, according to circumstances. He might stay a lifetime, and yet not know the inmost secrets of the mountains. The very air that fills his lungs when he steps off the train will make a new man of him,



*"All out" at "The Summit"*





for it is new air and belongs to a world that is entirely different from *his* world.

What do they do in the mountains—the tourists, the health-seekers? Ah, what is it they do *not* do? They ride, they tramp, they golf, ascend Mt. Washington by the cog railway and descend by the carriage road; climb the surrounding peaks like Swiss mountaineers, fish, play tennis, “loaf” on hotel verandas and mutely marvel at the sunsets; circle the great hills in motor-cars or tallyhos, visit the natural wonders of the region, and wish that life could be all one long, sweet vacation in the mountains.

There are lakes, and streams, and cascades to hunt up and admire; profiles, echoes and other “freaks of nature” to wonder at. The New Hampshire mountains, indeed, are a sort of eastern Garden of the Gods, each newcomer finding some additional marvel therein, and with Mt. Washington serving as its Pike’s Peak.

Of all the region’s natural wonders, the greatest, the most awe-inspiring is the Crawford Notch, that deep, titanic gash which forms the eastern portal of the mountains. The world contains few more impressive ravines than this 15-mile chasm through the granite hills, and whether it be traversed in sunshine or in mist, by day or by night, the memory of the trip will never be obliterated.

The preliminary railroad journey in connection with this route is in striking contrast to those by way of the Merrimac







*The germ of a new summer colony*

and Connecticut rivers, and yet it is an exceedingly interesting one, with the Crawford Notch for its stunning climax.

Leaving Boston in the morning, the tourist enjoys a delightful daylight journey along the Massachusetts North Shore, the 16 miles of New Hampshire's seafront and a bit of the Kittery shore in Maine. Then the train runs northward through the fertile farming region of Dover, Rochester and Sanbornville, the latter but a few miles from Lake Winnepesaukee.

Beyond this point the scenery is exceedingly picturesque, for the country grows more mountainous with every mile covered, and it is not long before the distant lofty summits of Washington and his companions loom into view.





Sparkling and inviting water-sheets, like Ossipee and Silver lakes, help to make glad some the way, and ere long Chocorua and some of the nearer high peaks are close at hand. In the "vestibule" of the great Notch itself lie lovely North Conway and Intervale, the solemn and beautiful Cathedral Woods making secure the fame of the latter resort.

In traversing the 30 miles between North Conway and the head of this Alpine Notch, the train ascends more than 1300 feet, and the summit of the defile itself is nearly 1900 feet above the sea. Perpendicular cliffs rise hundreds of feet above the railroad and are almost as terrible in their aspect as the towering walls of the Yosemite Valley.



*A mountain "Rialto "*





The passage of the famous Frankenstein trestle is a transportation experience that has no parallel this side of the Rocky Mountains. Certainly there is nothing comparable with it as a thrill-producer in New England.

The view looking down the Notch is conceded by the best authorities to be one of the grandest in America. Enjoyed from the summit of Mt. Willard, nearly 1000 feet above Crawford's, it is sublime.

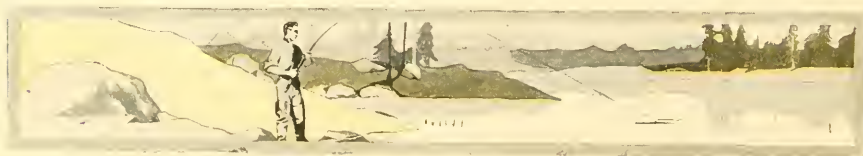
Such is the steepest, the wildest, the narrowest, the most picturesque and the most fascinating gateway to the rugged Highlands of New England.

There are other delightful sections of the New England vacation region where one may sing with the bard:

"Over the hills is all content,  
Far from the gall and sorrow  
Of letting life and love be spent  
For happiness that came and went,  
Or may not come tomorrow" — *Witter Bynner*

Such a section is the "Monadnock Country," in southwestern New Hampshire. This is reached in an hour or two from Boston by either Fitchburg Division, via Fitzwilliam and Keene, or Southern and Worcester, Nashua & Portland divisions via Nashua and Elmwood.

These routes are almost equally attractive, and combined they make a splendid circular journey—one of many delightful circuit trips that are possible, with Boston as a base. Mt. Monadnock—one of Whittier's favorite mountains—and the ad-







*"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast!"*

jacent Pack Monadnock are the special guardians of this attractive vacation land, but within a radius of 20 or 25 miles are many other sightly hills and "junior" mountains, such as Crotchet and the Uncanoonucs.

This particular corner of the Granite State is the natural habitat of the "summer boarder" who prefers the more democratic accommodations of the farmhouse or the small hotel, and hundreds of these repair annually to such enticing places as Dublin, Fitzwilliam, Troy, Rindge, Chesham, Spofford, Marlboro, Elmwood, Hancock, Harrisville, Jaffrey, Peterboro, Westmoreland, Keene, Francestown, Wilton, Milford, Amherst and Mont Vernon.





The last-mentioned place, with an elevation of about a thousand feet, affords a superb panoramic view of the surrounding country, and is one of the best points from which to study the imposing outlines of

"Monadnock lifting from his night of pines  
His rosy forehead to the evening star"

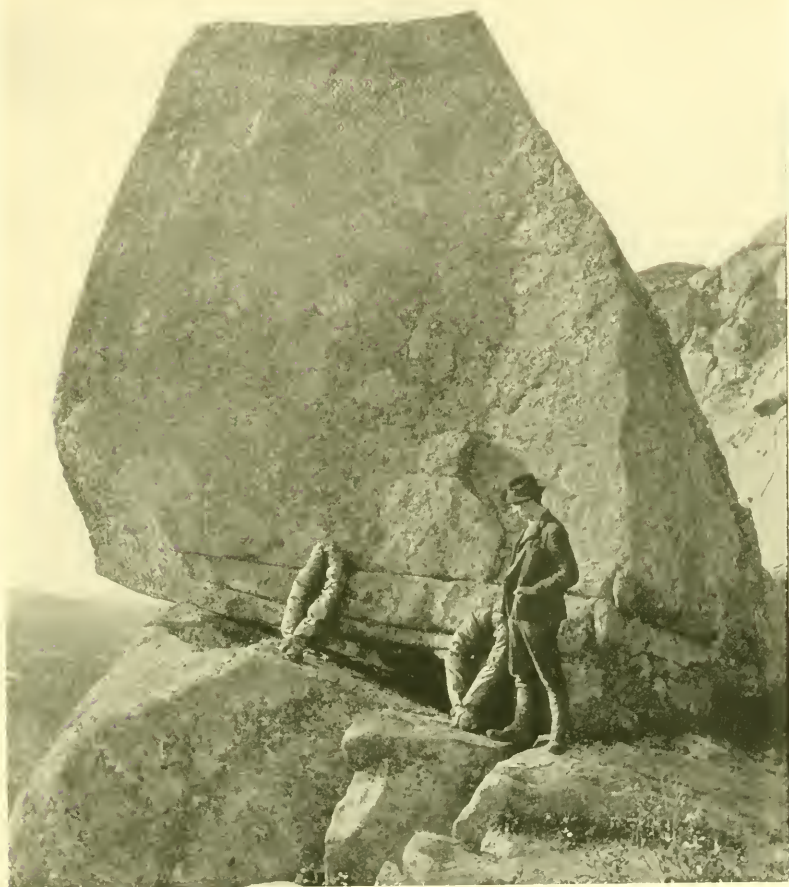
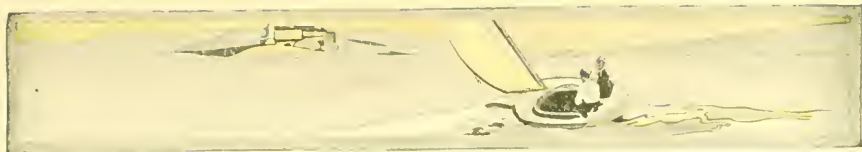
Dublin, with its lovely lake, is a favorite summering place of noted literary lights and educators, and is one of the prettiest and best-kept towns in all New England. It contains, as does also the neighboring town of Peterboro, many fine summer homes. The ascent of the Monadnocks and the enjoyment of the rare view from their summits constitutes one of the chief enjoyments of vacation life hereabouts.

One of the special attractions of the region is the splendid collections of rhododendrons, comprising a tract of eleven acres, in Fitzwilliam, the gift of a wealthy Boston woman to the noted Appalachian Club of that city. This interesting and beautiful collection is said to be the only one to be found east of the Alleghanies. It is visited every summer by large numbers of tourists.

"Twice daily up to Salem's wharves the patient tide slips in,  
It lips the thrown-down granite, it lips the spiles worn thin,  
And, asking sadly at the flood, Are there no ships today?  
Returns, an idle current, into an idle bay"—*H. C. Gauss*

Outdoor New England means something more than fields and forests, lakes and mountains, rivers and sunsets. It means, among other things, American History, to be studied





*It was well worth the climb*







on the spot where it was made, through the medium of historical pilgrimages.

From Boston and the other large New England centers, therefore, thousands of pilgrims—sometimes a majority of the delegates to a great convention—are constantly traveling to the many world-famous towns and cities in Massachusetts and elsewhere in which Colonial or Revolutionary history was created.

Just as thousands of European tourists visit the home of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, so do thousands of American travelers repair to Concord and Lexington, to stand reverently upon the spot where the first struggle in behalf of American liberty took place and to gaze on the remaining physical mementoes of that fateful clash between the Minute Men and the British soldiers.

In Concord, doubly endeared to the American public through its Revolutionary and literary associations, the visitor will find much that will unfailingly interest and instruct him. Its Old North Bridge, its statue of the Minute Man, its ancient Wright Tavern, its Sleepy Hollow cemetery and its eloquent reminders of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott and Hawthorne are but a few of its precious possessions.

Lexington, with its immortal Green; Sudbury, with its Wayside Inn; Medford, with its ancient Royall and Cradock houses, all have a magnetic attraction for the visitor from beyond the confines of New England. They are beautiful com-





*Tennis is a popular pastime in the mountains.*

munities in their own right, too, and would be well worth visiting even if they were not of such historical importance.

Then there is quaint, yet prosperous Salem, which was making American history long before the farmers of Concord and Lexington dreamed of the fame that was in store for their towns—Salem, with its tragic memories of the terrible witchcraft delusion of 1692, and the birthplace of the gifted Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of “The Scarlet Letter.”

Throngs of visitors from every state of the Union come to Salem every year to look upon Gallows Hill and the site of the trials of the hapless victims; and nearby Danvers, which was really the place where the so-called Salem witchcraft phantasy originated, is likewise the mecca of these curiosity seekers.





It is a far cry from the trial of Rebecca Nourse to the signing of the Russo-Japanese peace treaty at Portsmouth, but public interest in the latter is scarcely less marked than in the antiquarian lore of Salem. Ipswich and Newburyport, communities that are on the same line of railroad that connects Salem and Portsmouth, are two other places of considerable historical interest that are much visited.

Then there are the literary pilgrimages, which carry visiting tourists to various parts of New England, sometimes in exceedingly large groups. More than 600 persons in a single party have gone from Boston to "Whittier land," as Haverhill, where the poet was born, Amesbury where he lived and wrote many of his poems, and Salisbury, where he visited, are known.

The home of Whittier in Amesbury, remaining today much as it was during his lifetime, has been called "the shrine of American literature," just as he himself was the poet of New England and of the common people. "The fame of Whittier," says one of his admirers, "will live as long as the Pow-wow runs to the Merrimac and the Merrimac to the sea."

Hundreds of visitors come east to enjoy the privilege of entering the portals of the house in Portland in which that other splendid bard, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was born; others find their way to the birthplace of the great Horace Greeley in Amherst, N. H.; and yet others seek out the old home of William Cullen Bryant in the hill country of western Massachusetts.





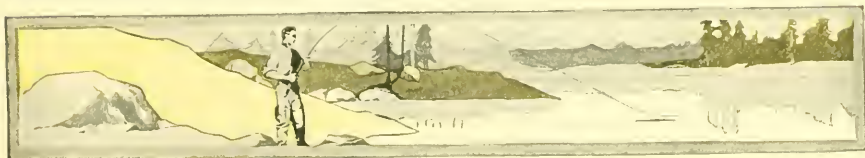


Even Brattleboro has achieved a new distinction, since it harbored for a time the redoubtable Rudyard Kipling. There are many, too, who take that delightful jaunt from Boston to Portsmouth by rail, and thence by steamer to the isolated Isles of Shoals, not only because those rocky islets themselves appeal to them, but because it was there that Celia Thaxter lived and worked and wrote her sweet songs.



*All ready for the "Boarders"*

New England also shares with the new empire of the west in memories of Indian warfare, and in almost every part of the vacation country are to be found evidences of the red man's occupation of the land. In different sections of the Merrimack Valley, and around the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, are to be found relics of their forts, villages, plantations and





*What joy compares with that of the yachtsman?*

pow-wows; and to those of their white successors who possess the priceless gift of imagination

"Moccasined feet glide o'er the pebbly floors;  
Hands long years quiet launch their bark canoes;  
Afar there floats the splash of gleaming oars,  
And the weird war chant of their phantom crews!"

—*Frances Bartlett*

Some of the fairest towns of Massachusetts could a tale unfold of dreadful massacre and devastation during the early Indian wars.

The memorable warfare waged by King Philip between 1675 and 1678, for instance, left desolate the towns of Springfield, Lancaster, Deerfield, Hadley, Medfield, Groton, Warwick and Marlboro, and took one out of every 20 of the population. But few of the descendants of the New England





Indians survive to-day, the only large colony of them (the Penobscots) living at Oldtown, Maine. A few of these spend the summer months at Intervale and other vacation resorts.

Long and varied as is the foregoing roll-call, it by no means exhausts the attractions of Outdoor New England. Even the roster of its wild life has not been fully called.

For example, the moose and the deer of the Maine wilderness have their strange and exotic complement in the buffaloes, elk and wild boars in the great Corbin game preserve in Newport, N. H., not far from Lake Sunapee, one of New England's fairest and most popular water-sheets.

This, the largest game park in America, was established by the late Austin Corbin of New York, and contains 25,000



*The peace that passeth understanding*







acres. It harbors some 3000 wild animals, including the largest herd of buffalo in captivity, and the largest herd of elk east of the Rocky Mountains. This is a feature of outdoor New England life unknown to many of the section's summer visitors.

Glorious though the outdoor life and scenery of New England may be in midsummer, it is when the Great Artist with giant brush and palette comes in the autumn and paints the leaves of tree and shrub with flaming yellows and crimsons that the landscape glows with its richest color and feeling.

Every year greater numbers of our nature-loving American people are learning to appreciate the benefits of an autumn outing in the mountains and the lake country. In many ways this is really the ideal time of year for outdoor life and recreation, for not only is the temperature more comfortable than in midsummer, but the added clearness of the atmosphere, conducing to more extended views, and the tonic quality of the air that fills one's lungs, add appreciably to the comfort and pleasure of out-of-door existence.

This, together with the glorious transformation of the landscape, leads many a lover of the open to chant in unison with the poet:

'O sun and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather."

—Helen Hunt Jackson





*The mountain links attract the crack golfers.*

The crowning accessory of late September and early October in the mountains is the autumnal foliage, which at the first caressing touch of the frost king, transforms the landscape into a "grand harlequinade of nature," and furnishes vast color-pictures that delight the eye and stun the senses.

In every notch, valley and ravine, and upon the slopes of every mountain, large or small, the magic brush of the Great Painter leaves a riot of crimson, orange and gold; and wherever stands a maple, sumach or birch, there is a living rainbow of color.

Only in the mountains may the full glory of the autumnal foliage be seen and understood, for it is only by standing upon the summit or higher slopes of some eminence and looking





down into the brightly-carpeted valleys, perhaps a couple of thousand feet below, that any comprehensive idea of the extent and magnificence of nature's handiwork can be gained.

More regal in beauty and picturesqueness than the most imposing coaching parade ever held in the White Mountains, or than the most glittering ball that ever took place in their palace-hotels, these wonderful outdoor displays of color are veritably "brighter than brightest silks of Samarkand." A brief communion with them has helped to carry many a wearied business man or society woman through the most trying periods of winter activity.

Indeed, so strong a hold has this late-year carnival of Nature's already obtained upon the public that the railroad puts in effect special excursion rates, in recognition of its importance, while the mountain hotels are kept open much later than was formerly the custom.

In fact, so insatiable is the public's desire for the enjoyment of the mountains growing that many are not even satisfied to prolong the outing season into September and October, but needs must take outings and vacations there in midwinter as well.

This altogether commendable tendency has induced a number of the hotel managers to keep their houses open twelve months in the year; so that the White Mountain season may be said to now be an all-the-year-around affair.

As with every other phase of outdoor life there, the autumn-







nal foliage may be enjoyed in different parts of the mountains in different ways. The tourist looking down from the steep slopes of Mt. Washington, for example, would view with the poet

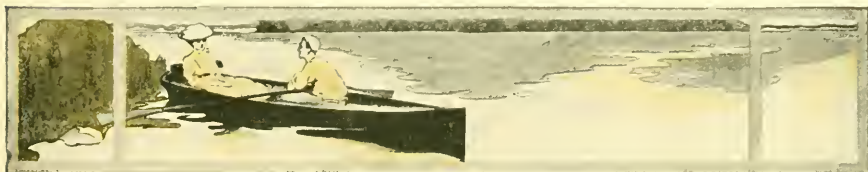
"Great circles of rich foliage, rainbow-crowned  
By autumn's liberal largess";

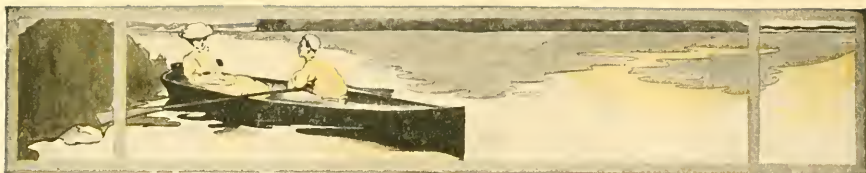
but in the wonderful Crawford Notch, or in the narrow Franconia Notch, he would enjoy a more intimate view of the leafy pageantry.

The tourist who enters or leaves this mountain fairyland through the Crawford Notch portal may view this impressive nature-painting from the vantage point of an open observation



*In the Vestibule of the White Hills*





*How we know it is the "Granite State"*

car. The scene that unfolds around him has been described by Samuel Adams Drake as a "bewildering melange of green and gold, orange and purple, crimson and russet," and the description well befits it.

Rich, indeed, is the banquet of scenery and color that he who makes the ascent of Mt. Washington by the cog railway and descends by the carriage road, enjoys; for his return journey to his hotel-headquarters will take him through the magnificent fourteen-mile long Pinkham Notch and once more through the Crawford Notch, both of these grand defiles being bedecked in their autumnal draperies of rainbow hues.

After such a treat as this, he can appreciate to the full the lines of the sweet southern bard:





"Can heavenly bounty lavish richer stores  
Of color, fragrance, beauty and delight  
On mortal or immortal sight  
In any sphere that rolls around the sun?"

From Jefferson and its neighbors on the north side of the Presidential Range, a picture of the autumnal blazonry almost cycloramic in its scope may be enjoyed. If the summits of the mountains should chance to be snow-tipped—a not unusual thing at this time of year—then there is set forth a pictorial triumph that will never fade from the memory.

In its own peculiar way, the lovely Franconia Notch, guarded by the impassive "Old Man of the Mountains," and possessing its wonderful Flume and Pool and the recumbent figure of Washington, has a unique interest to those who admire the autumnal foliage. Differing from all the other mountain defiles, it is in the fall resplendent in color and warmth, from Echo Lake to North Woodstock.

At Bethlehem and Maplewood, Bretton Woods, Twin Mountain House, Fabyan, Sugar Hill, Intervale, North Conway, Jackson, Gorham, Randolph, Jefferson and in the charming Pemigewasset Valley and elsewhere in the White and Franconia mountain region, there is also to be enjoyed "a revel of hue and dye, and carnival of tint and tone," amid which one may walk with uplifted soul "through rattling drifts of piled-up crispness."

Mountain climbing, too, is at its best in the mountains in September and October, and in these days there are splendid







paths and trails that lead one safely through practically every part of the marvellous hill country.

Another important "fixture" of the New England outdoor calendar is the annual autumnal excursion arranged by the Boston & Maine Railroad, usually given the first week in October. Special trains convey the participants through the charming pastoral and hill scenery of central Massachusetts, including the Deerfield Valley, the Hoosac Mountains and Tunnel, to Albany, whence the excursionists enjoy the magnificent sail down the Hudson River to New York. This is one of the finest, as well as one of the cheapest, vacation outings ever advertised.

To seek out and study the natural wonders of New England alone would require much time, for the region simply abounds in them.

"The Great Stone Face" in Franconia Notch is perhaps the best known of these remarkable freaks of nature, and probably there is not a civilized community on earth where the classic features of this wonderful "Old Man of the Mountains" are not familiar.

These strange manifestations of the Great Architect's moods are especially numerous in the White and Franconia mountains, and doubtless there are many others that are yet to be discovered.

In this region, in addition to the Profile, are to be seen Washington Lying in State, The Flume, the Indian Chief, The





Pool, Echo Lake, Lost River, Elephant's Head, the Giant's Stairway, the White Horse and many other of nature's vagaries including curious boulders, pot-holes and lesser profiles.

There are several of these rock-carved representations of the human face at Lake Winnepesaukee; and at Rockport, Massachusetts, the benign features of "Mother Ann" contem-



*"Just one more river to cross"*

plate the troubled Atlantic. There are "Churns" and "Devil's Dens," "Purgatories," "Ovens" singing sands, rocking stones, "ice caves" and "Haunted Glens" without number; and one of the fascinations of the outdoor drives and walks in New England is the always-present possibility of making new "finds" of this kind.





*Abandon care, all ye who enter here!*

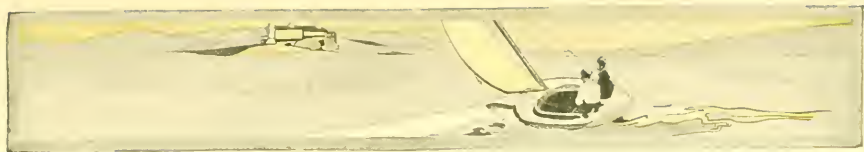
Sometimes these strange phenomena are not discovered until a casually-taken snapshot has been studied. In fact, some of the most interesting discoveries have been made in this way. It may be that there are no longer any new worlds to discover, but certainly the possibilities of our known outdoor world have not yet been exhausted. The very sky-lines of the mountains themselves are a perpetual source of pleasure to those who are gifted with the saving grace of imagination.

There are even a few patches of primeval forest to be seen and studied in New England, strange as it may seem in this wasteful age of forest denudation.

One of these unique and priceless groves is situated in the so-called Mt. Pisgah country, in the lower part of New







Hampshire, near the Connecticut River; and there is another, jealously guarded by its owner, in South Amherst, Massachusetts, where the axe of the lumberman has never been swung.

And speaking of "snapshots," what a wonderful country for outdoor photography New England is! There are countless of its summer visitors who would consider their vacation almost a failure if they could not carry home with them photographic evidences of their good times; and so it has come to pass that the snap of the camera shutter is heard throughout the land even more frequently than the crack of the hunter's rifle.

At the winter reunions of New England vacationists—grown to be such an important feature of social life in the cities—and at camera club exhibitions in these same centers, the vacation joys of July and August are often lived over again through the medium of lantern-slide talks and exhibits of photographs. Almost every square mile of the vacation territory, too, has its fascinations for the artists; and there are some places, like East Gloucester, where the summer contingent is largely made up of these.

To the naturalist, New England likewise sends forth a strong appeal, for within its covers may be found practically all of the birds and animals indigenous to the northern and eastern United States and Canada.

Beside the mighty moose and the fleet-footed deer, the fauna of the region includes foxes, wildcats, raccoons, hares, rabbits, red and gray squirrels, chipmunks, beavers, weasels, muskrats, porcupines, bears and other of the "furtive folk,"





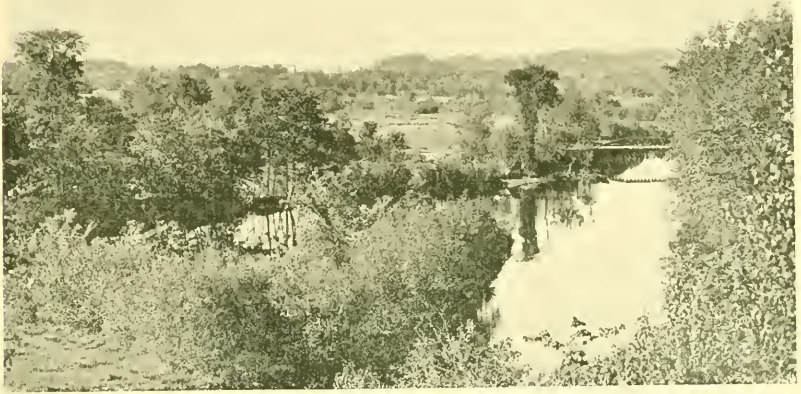
and one of the most interesting of modern outdoor pastimes is to shoot these care-free denizens of the forest and the field with camera, instead of with gun.

The opportunities for the study of bird life are especially fine. The northern song birds abound everywhere, and even the noble American eagle may be tracked to his nesting-place in such natural retreats as the Frankenstein Ledge, in Crawford Notch, and Mt. Kineo, at Moosehead Lake.

On the Maine coast, near Machias Bay, there is even an island leased by the National Audubon Society and specially reserved for the preservation and propagation of eider ducks, gulls and other wild birds. It is estimated that fully 10,000 gulls make this island their headquarters, and sometimes there may be seen the remarkable spectacle of 2000 or 3000 in a single flock.

The New England flora, of course, is something that appeals most potently to summer sojourners of every age, from the toddling infant up. From mayflower and rhodora time to the month of the goldenrod and the wild aster, all New England is a sort of eastern California, its fields and roadsides and hill slopes a floral mosaic of wild roses, mountain-laurel, black-eyed Susans, wood violets, twin-flowers, fire-weed, blue flag, wild clematis, mulleins and scores of other lovely blooms. Even the flowers and lichens of the Arctic and sub-Arctic zones are represented on the summit of Mount Washington and elsewhere in the highland sections.





*In the New England—but so like the Old*

In the departments of geology and mineralogy New England presents yet another interesting field of exploration, even gold and silver being among its possessions. There are excellent handbooks of the history, geology, fauna and flora of New England; enough of these, indeed, to fill a good-sized library. A list of them can always be obtained by applying to the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Perhaps foreseeing that the Twentieth century would produce some whose "wander-thirst" would not be quite satisfied with the exploration of New England's 42,000,000 acres of territory, a generous Providence fashioned, on a most liberal scale, a vacation "annex" to it, in the shape of the Canadian Maritime Provinces.







*Profile Lake and "The Great Stone Face"*





In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, with their thousands of miles of rugged seacoast (counting all its devious windings and indentations), the scenery, the climate and the opportunities for outdoor recreation that apply to New England itself are practically duplicated—in some instances accentuated.

Here is another vast recreation ground, made up of wilderness, seacoast and farming country, and watered by countless lakes and rivers, in which hunting, fishing, canoeing, bathing and all the other characteristic New England outdoor pleasures may be enjoyed to the limits of one's capacity for them.

Much of this delightful territory is bathed in an atmosphere of history, tradition and romance—the country of Evangeline, and Cape Breton, for example—and all of it is surpassingly lovely, from a scenic point of view.

Then there is the picturesque island colony of Newfoundland—called by many travelers the Norway of the new world, and which, geographically, is virtually part of the Maritime Provinces. This fascinating and little-known country is linked with New England much more closely than most people imagine, for it can be comfortably and quickly reached by rail over the Boston & Maine and its connections with a necessary water trip of only a hundred miles.

Newfoundland, with its rugged scenery, its quaint outport life, its superb caribou hunting and its royal salmon fishing.





is, therefore, virtually a part of the New England vacation country.

So, also, is the picturesque Canadian province of Quebec, with its charming St. Lawrence river scenery and its vast "big game" preserves. It immediately adjoins both Maine and New Brunswick, and has practically the same physical characteristics as these.

One of the loveliest of Quebec's summer vacation corners is the Lake Massawippi country and the vicinity of Sherbrooke. Indeed, North Hatley and its neighboring Lake Massawippi communities are among the most delightful of all the New England-Canadian resorts, and attract hundreds of vacationists from the United States and Canada.

Glorious Lake Memphremagog, with its beautiful bordering mountains, is shared by both Quebec and Vermont; and the tourist who selects this part of the summer country for his outing will make no mistake.

Northern Vermont, indeed, is in every way one of New England's most attractive and healthful summer regions. In fact, the entire Green Mountain State, with its superbly beautiful Lake Champlain of historic memory, its cloud-piercing Mt. Mansfield, Camel's Hump and Jay Peak, and its altogether lovely valleys and farmlands, seems to have been fashioned for vacation purposes.

It is a land flowing with the honey of the maple and the milk of human kindness.







*A memory of the winter fireside*

Much of it is historic ground, too, for the hills and vales of old Vermont still breathe the spirit of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys; and Bennington, Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point are not yet forgotten by the American public.

Such are a few of the pleasures, the contrasts, the patriotic associations and inspirations, the body-building, mind-soothing attributes of Outdoor New England.

"O, to be again at leisure with the happy birds and bees,  
Roaming in the scented clover, comrade of the vagrant breeze;  
To forget the stress of business and its problems hard and deep,  
And to feel the joy of living, and to know the bliss of sleep;  
Just to be a child of Nature, as in blessed days gone by,  
Lover of the fields and mountains, owner of the earth and sky."

—E. A. Lente

That's Outdoor New England!



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