

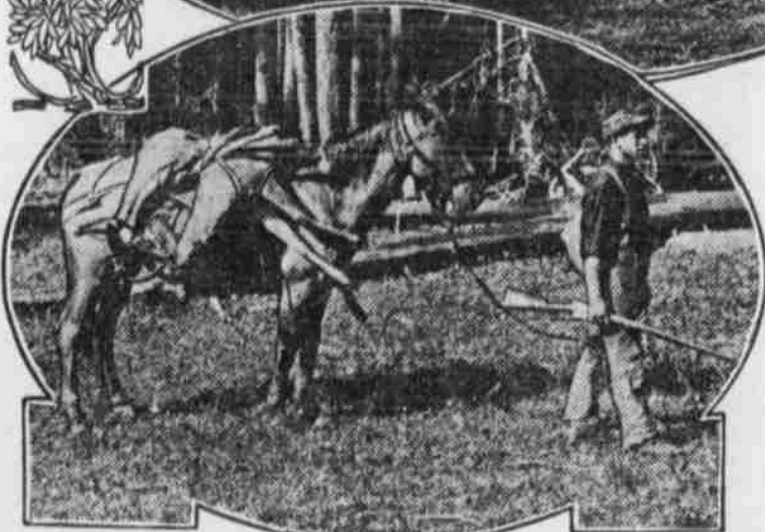
Why Not Take Your Vacation in a National Forest?

If you can afford to go to Colorado the federal government will lend you a magnificent playground of thirteen million acres in which to disport yourself and enjoy the world's most gorgeous scenery

By W. I. HUTCHINSON
U. S. Forestry Service



"AH, THIS IS THE LIFE"



FRESH MEAT FOR THE CAMP

DO YOU know what it means to be cool all summer; to lie in lazy luxury in the shade of the forest; to cook your meals over an open fire, and turn in for a night's rest on a bed of boughs? If you do not know these things, you know little of the great out of doors, and life still holds many pleasures for you—pleasures worth living for and enjoying.

"Yes," you say, "I have been in the mountains; I know them." Do you really think you know the mountains? Turn over in your mind the places you have visited. Look them up on the map, and then cast your eyes north, south, east and west over the remainder of this great country of ours. You will agree with me now, won't you, that your knowledge is but as one of the leaves of a forest floor?

Perhaps you have seen mountains, back East or down South, and have even climbed them and thought them stupendous. But you will never know what real mountains are until you have crossed the "Big Muddy" and stood at the foot of those mighty sentinels of the West—the Rockies. A thousand rugged peaks bid you welcome, and the snow-capped summits seem as fingers of a gigantic hand lifted to draw you to them.

Have you not felt the call of the mountains, you Mr. Business Man, and you and you, my friends, whatever may be your place in this world? It was only yesterday I saw you sitting at your work, dreaming. Was it of the big trout you were thinking, in the dark pool by the haystack rock, or that little lean-to camp on the edge of the meadow in the big timber? That was some camp, wasn't it? And do you remember the fir-bough bed and the big open fire, and the deer that wandered up into the light one evening to see what it was all about? How it all comes back to us, and how we long to be again "in the clear" and wander at will in God's great out of doors. You must feel it—you can't escape it. It is the call of the Red Gods of the mountains—a part of the heritage of us Americans, handed down from our forefathers.

Let us get out our map and decide where in the great West we will spend our summer. We will look over the Rocky mountains first; here they are right under our finger. This is the Continental divide, the backbone of this great country. Most of it runs through national forests. Do these words mean anything to you? Forests belonging to the people of the United States. Yes! you and I are part owner of these forests; you and I and some hundred million others who are proud to

call themselves Americans. The government manages them for us, but they are part yours and part mine, because we help pay for their upkeep.

You are welcome to use the national forests as a place for hunting, camping, and fishing, and for rest and recreation. The latching string is always out, and there is no closed door or cumbersome restrictions. Of course, you will be careful not to set the woods on fire; for who wants to burn up his own property? And you will be sure to clean up your camp before you leave, I know, so as to make it pleasant for the next party that comes along. From Maine to California, and from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico, there are 156,000,000 acres of such playgrounds, held in trust for your use and recreation and for that of your children and your children's children.

Learn to know the national forests! They are well worth knowing, because they offer to the tourist, the camper, the hunter, and the health seeker, everything that the heart of man could ask. The clean, bracing air of the hills, the glorious freedom of the mountains, the cool summer breezes, and the rippling running water, all these and more are yours if you will only have them. The great outdoors is calling you—will never cease to call you until you answer the summons.

Shall we spend the summer in the Rockies—in Colorado? Everywhere we hear the slogan, "See American First." Why not "See Colorado First of All?" Whatever this great centennial state

may be—whether a leader in mining, or a world-renowned producer of agricultural crops—it is, and always will be, a "Mecca" of the health-seeking and scenery-loving American tourist. The snow-capped peaks, tumbling mountain streams, and shimmering lakes set like jewels amidst the evergreen forests, rank with those of any country in the world. Colorado spells outdoors.

What do the Rockies offer to you and me? A glorious climate, the unsurpassed beauties of nature, recreation, rest, health, and freedom from all care and worry. To the camper is proffered tent life in the mountains at perfection; to the wilderness seeker, a thousand trails rarely trodden; to the autoist, a magnificently planned system of roads; to the sportsman, fishing and hunting in abundance; to the weary and ill, rest and health; to the well of mind and body, recreation and pleasure. Added to all these is an advanced degree of civilization, with comforts and conveniences of living and travel that are unexcelled.

Everywhere you go in the Rocky mountains you will find national forests—13,000,000 acres in Colorado alone—which are for your enjoyment as well as general use. Here you may camp at pleasure, or hunt and fish without restrictions, except those imposed by the state game laws. There is always something for every member of the family to do—for the adults, mountain climbing, exploring the woods, gathering flowers, taking photographs, berrying, or resting under the shade of the trees with a good book; for the children, playtime in the genial sun from dawn till dark, without fear of wild animals, snakes, or noxious weeds. And after the day, a night of restful sleep amidst the delicious coolness of the mountains.

This is life out of doors in the Rockies, amid the pines, and spruce, and aspen, and the wholesome silvery sage; with the gray granite peaks and snowy crests sentinel about; spring and summer below, sparkling winter above.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

PLANS READY FOR WAR



"The transportation division of the quartermaster corps of the army is not worrying over the present situation, as far as its own work is concerned," said Col. Chauncey B. Baker, who has charge of all such matters for the army, both on land and sea.

"We knew very well that if trouble came it would come with a rush, so four years ago we began to get ready for it, and, so far as our organization goes, all we have to do is to expand and we are prepared for that along the broadest lines.

"We realize that we are in for the biggest jobs that the railroads and waterways of the country have ever had to undertake, in transporting armies and supplies for them, and that this must be done without cutting off the resources of the navy, the raw material for munition plants, the food and munitions for the allies, as well as the food and commercial needs of the whole country. The closer study the division made of this problem, the greater the difficulties seemed and the clearer became the need of the closest co-operation between the railroads and the quartermaster corps.

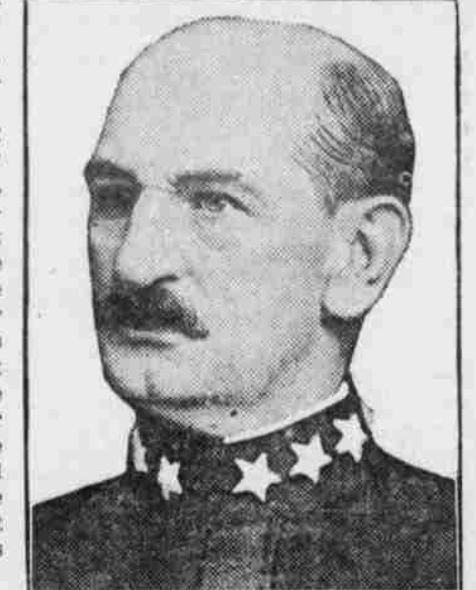
"The division began its work by seeking a careful investigation of the main lines of the country, and secured in this work the hearty assistance of the railroad managers. It now holds definite information of the capacity of every railroad and water transportation company in the United States to carry men and freight. It knows as well as the companies their resources in cars, engines, switches, trackage and men."

NAVY'S BIG BOSS

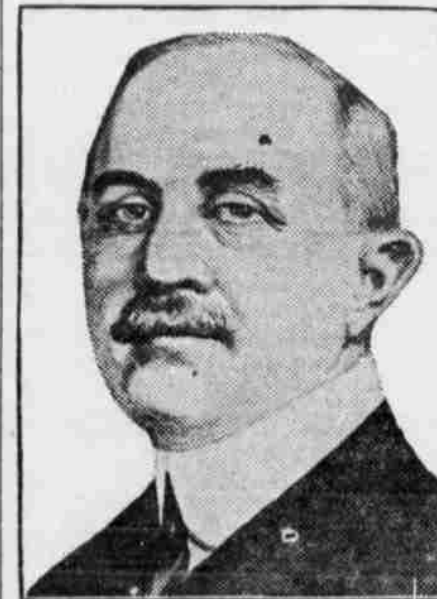
The big boss of the navy is Admiral William S. Benson, chief of operations, the real head of the navy, saving always the presence of Josephus Daniels.

But Admiral Benson is something of a mythical character, hidden away in the great building at Washington, discussing, planning, theorizing, probably anxious to get into action but unable to do so. The trust of people along the Atlantic seaboard must be placed in Henry T. Mayo, commander of the Atlantic fleet, upon whom falls the burden of maintaining an efficient patrol from Maine to Florida. All the officially designated areas of danger must be carefully looked after by the vessels under command of Admiral Mayo and unguarded points along the coast where an enemy force might land and wreak some of their useless spite must be protected as well.

Guarding the long stretch of Atlantic coast line is a greater task than devolved on the British fleet in protecting the British islands, for while the actual coast line measurement there would nearly equal that of the United States Atlantic coast, a part of it, like the Irish sea, is practically a closed channel, and there are so many docks and yards near at hand that a vessel injured in an engagement could be readily taken to port for repairs.



U-BOAT'S DAYS NUMBERED



The naval consulting board, composed of the best inventive brains in the United States, has been working for several weeks on devices for combating successfully the German submarine menace. It looks now as if the fact has been accomplished, though naval officers are not telling anything of value to the enemy about what has been done.

Chairman W. L. Saunders of the board has been in charge of anti-submarine invention experiments. This is what he said the other day:

"The plan is based on a novel anti-submarine device or invention which is theoretically sound and which is a radical departure from any invention put into operation or heretofore thought of.

"Elmer A. Sperry, inventor of the gyroscope compass and perhaps the leading inventing naval genius in the United States, is the inventor. Within two or three weeks the navy department will have completed practical tests of the invention under navy officers, which will show definitely whether there is any unforeseen obstacle to putting the invention to use.

"It requires no elaborate preparation or construction work, but can be made a factor this summer. The invention is chiefly in the nature of direct offensive operations against the submarine. It is not merely destined to protect merchantment or to reduce the ravages of the U-boats, but is calculated to eradicate them."

RED CROSS VOLUNTEER

The "big men" of the United States have set a fine example of real patriotism to all of their fellow citizens, rich and poor alike. Take, for instance, the cases of important railroad heads, the leading business men, the great industrial chiefs, the noted professional men, who have joined various boards and organizations that will help the government conduct the war. All of us know about Herbert C. Hoover, the American who kept the Belgians from starving for more than two years and is now food controller of the United States. But not all of us know about Eliot Wadsworth.

Mr. Wadsworth is a civil engineer of noted achievement. When it seemed imminent that America would join the entente allies, Wadsworth went to the Red Cross and offered free his expert services for organization work. He was accepted. Now he is acting chairman of the central committee of the Red Cross with offices in Washington, and he has a real job, one that will grow bigger day by day until long after the war is over.

Under the central committee are two divisions, that of military and that of civilian relief. The division of all activities under these two bureaus was accomplished during the past year. The director general of military relief is Col. Jefferson R. Kean, U. S. A.



In the Southern Highlands

By HARRY BARNET

(From Dixie Highway.)

The most unique and weird rambling ground for automobile tourists on the continent is outlined by proceeding north on the east leg of the Dixie highway from Chattanooga to the vicinity of Lexington, Ky., thence over a sunset course to the west leg, and south along the latter route to the point of beginning. These boundaries inclose an irregular area as large as a minor European principality.

Dropping deep into the heart of this region the tourist comes upon a curious wonderland. The scenery is as beautiful as any in the world. It is made up of a mass of mountains, in places covered with dense and virgin forests, carpeted with an astonishing flora, through which meander new country roads, and fantastic by-ways in the course of feverish construction. There are cliffs beside which a family of skyscrapers would appear as ambitious bowlders, and fields of massive rocks, lying helter-skelter as would the discarded blocks of some prehistoric giant child grown tired at play. Over them Mother Nature has splashed her most brilliant colors.

Here and there are the homes of the mountain folk. Some are mere cabins; others more pretentious structures; but all are constructed of native materials which grow gracefully picturesque with age.

These highlanders are the people of a more or less truthful fiction. Going about their every-day affairs they present the pleasing spectacle of living pages from the books, backgrounded by the supreme in nature. They are a kindly set, with outcroppings of uncommon beliefs. Among them is a high percentage of old-young people. That is, men and women, who boast of eighty and ninety years as their age, yet appear to be just cleverly started upon their journey into that realm beyond the half-century mark. These old people not only attest the healthfulness of their environment, but are human documents of an order to be found nowhere else.

The tourist finds more that is new and inspiring in this region than in any other section to which he might turn. There comes the thrill which the explorer feels when he views scenes that are strange to ordinary human eyes. The spell of the unknown is everywhere, for the heart of this irregular inclosure is a country whose history has never been written.

At least five ancient migrations came into, occu-

pled for a while, then passed from this section. There are what looks like traces of Roman legions and of the Jews, or the Roman conquerors of the Jews. What they did history does not tell us. There are to be found occasional hollow-tree-trunk caskets inclosing mummified remains wrapped about in matting of strange weave. Once in a while a cave gives up its dead. In one, three mummified bodies were found. They were seated in individual pyramidal baskets, placed far back in the cave, which was paved with brick fashioned by ancient workmen. The mummified carcass of a dog was found in another cave not far away. In life the animal resembled somewhat our present shepherd dog, except that a heavy mane grew from base to tip on the underside of its tail.

There pass before the eyes of the tourist a panorama of civilization. Along the railroad is the civilization we view from the train windows. Farther back in succession the tourist passes into that of the seventeenth century and beyond, and in few instances primitive people live in caves, and beneath overhanging ledges of cliffs. The latter are remarkably rare.

But in whatever state one finds human beings in this region written history is scanty. History of our own times is being made and recorded in unusual manner. This whole section is one of the richest spots the nation has in actual and potential resources. They are being rapidly developed.

For instance, the town of Stearns, Ky., is one of the most curious communities in the United States. It is a mining and timber town. All towns elsewhere engaged in the same industries are apparently laid out after the same general unattractive pattern.

Stearns is about fifteen years old. In atmosphere it offers a bit of the Latin Quarter, in that it is the resort of artists of national prominence. They make their headquarters in Stearns while painting the mountain types and scenery. Ugliness and work are separated in this remarkable town. Service is there, but it is made less crude by preservation of the beauty spots. The homes are not arranged in disorderly rows, but are scattered about in the forest, and painted to blend with the varying natural tints surrounding them. There are no social distinctions so long as men and women conduct themselves somewhere

near the standards imposed by society for its own preservation.

Stearns is, perhaps, the only town in the United States founded and maintained upon the thirtieth chapter of Genesis. When the town was founded the labor of the mountains was primitive and inefficient. Native independence prevented any application of the doctrine of "Do" and "Don't." Suggestion remained as the only course in the training of efficient labor for the mines and woods, and the laws of suggestion have been followed until they have made of the town a center of social scientific experimentation.

Near Jamestown, Tenn., the tourist can trail, if he likes, the ghost of "Old Squire Hawkins" returned, we can imagine, and wandering happily among the very things he predicted would come to pass upon his "75,000 acres," as detailed by Mark Twain in the opening chapter of "The Gilded Age." The most striking about such a ramble is the contrast between reputation and character. The scene of that first chapter of "The Gilded Age" is laid in the "Tennessee Lands," which belonged to the father of Mark Twain. Of them he said they "had a reputation like Nazareth, as far as turning out anything good was concerned." These lands are turning out many a good thing, apples, for one, superior to those of any other section of the United States.

In any part of this region making up the heart of the irregular inclosure, the tourist is bound to come across the folklore of the hills, decidedly parallel to that of the old Scottish highlands, and find that all romance is not canned in the movie dramas.

It offers unusual sport to the fisherman; a rare field to the photographer; and for the delight of the material minded, flocks of goats and their families are clearing the undergrowth for the coming of cattle. The goats are a welcome sight. They mean the saving to this country of something like \$25,000,000 annually sent abroad for goat skins, besides the help the flesh of the goats affords in relieving a rather tense meat shortage.

Road building is going on with that intensity which follows a long period of inactivity. Until recently the mountaineers have been content to follow mere trails, and mule paths at times, but the wave of development which has come among them from the outside has stimulated them to build roads that compare with any.