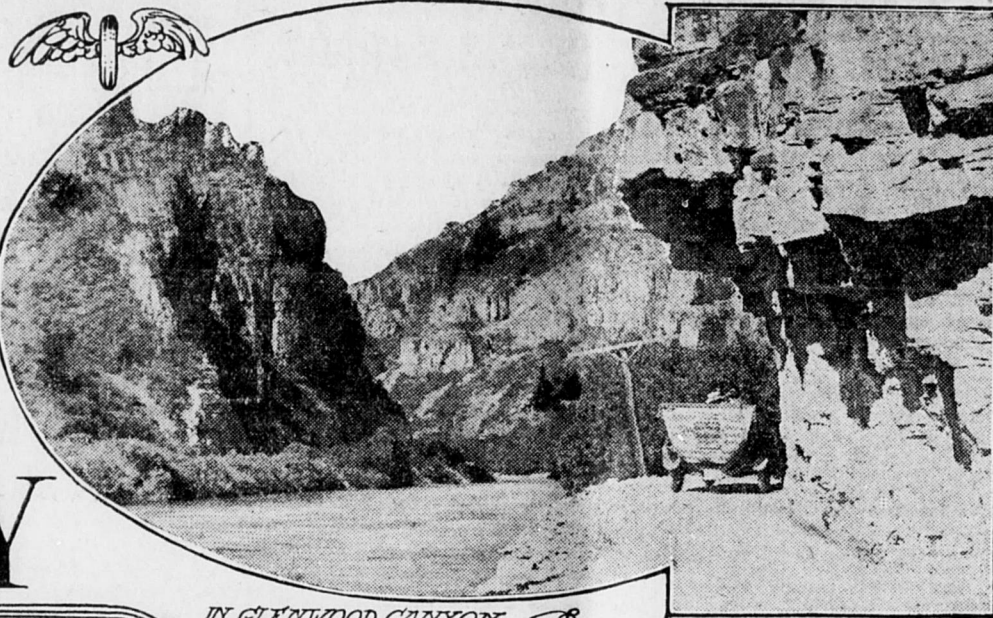
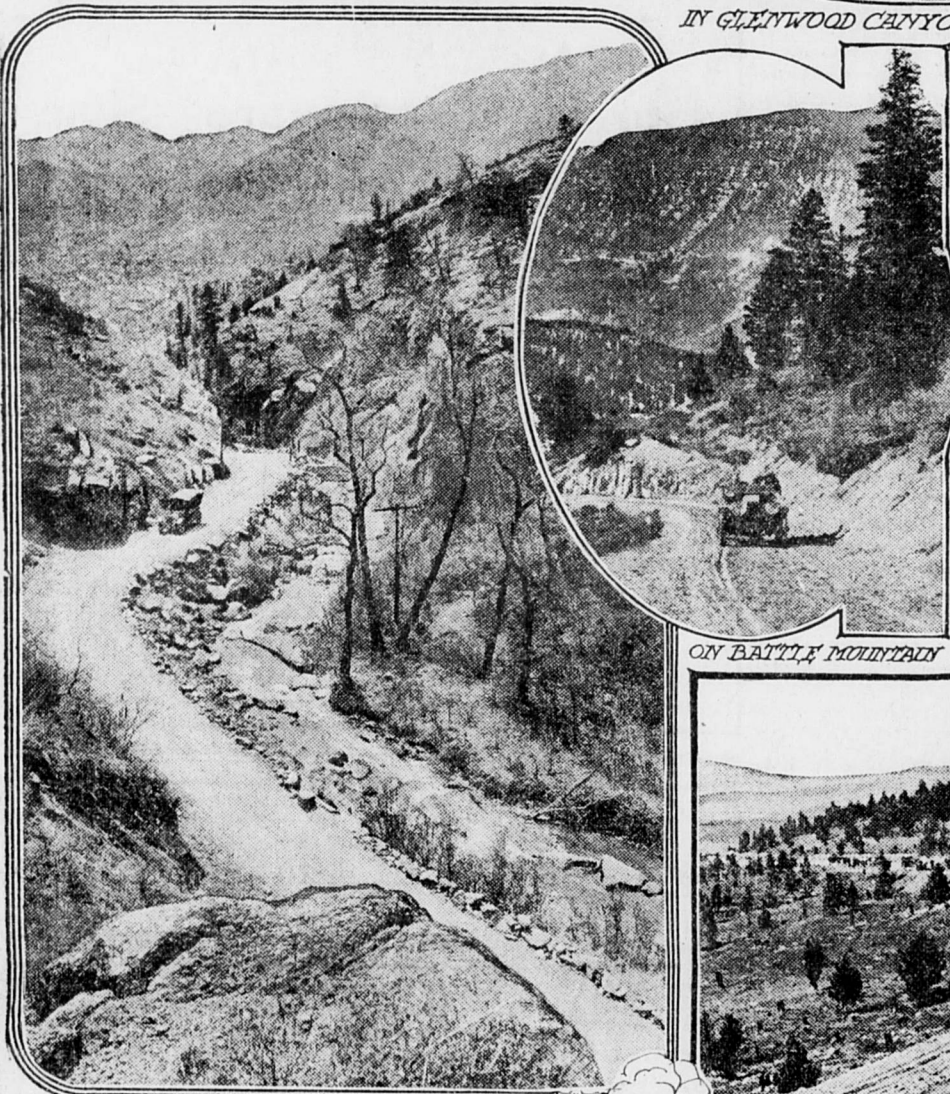


GREAT OCEAN to OCEAN HIGHWAY



IN GLENWOOD CANYON



IN UTE PASS



ON BATTLE MOUNTAIN



CLIMBING THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

THE European war has focused attention more strongly than ever before upon the idea embodied in the phrase, "See America First." Thousands who have been in the habit of spending their vacations, winter or summer, abroad are scanning the map of the United States with renewed interest and are discovering that natural attractions, scenic wonders and good roads which they had hardly thought in existence are to be found without the necessity of making an ocean voyage.

With the great impetus which the automobile has within recent years given to touring and with the rapid development of better roads, the motorist has been traveling the highways and byways in search of scenes that are new and roads that are good. This year, 1915, will see a great stream of travel from east to west and west to east—drawn by the two California expositions and by the novelty of a transcontinental tour by motor.

Definite routes have been established, and the automobile owner now has almost as great a choice of routes as has the traveler by train. A truly remarkable work has been done within the last few years in developing highways and linking them together into interstate and national roads. They are named and marked, mapped and pictured until it is the exception for the motorist to find himself on a nameless route.

The latest of the transcontinental highways is the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway. This road is being developed by an association resulting from the federation of several strong state units.

The Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway has a distinctive organization from Terre Haute, Ind., to Salt Lake City, Utah, with splendid connections at both these termini. At Terre Haute it joins with the National Old Trails road, which carries it through Indianapolis, Columbus, Wheeling, Cumberland to the national capital, Washington, and thence to New York city. From Springfield, Ill., it also has a good connection through Toledo, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany and down the Hudson to New York city.

From Terre Haute, it continues westward through Springfield, Ill., crossing the Mississippi river at Hannibal, Mo., thence in a direct line over the Hannibal-St. Joseph Cross State highway through Missouri to St. Joseph. Here it joins the Rock Island highway through northern Kansas, through Belleville, Norton and Colby, to connect at the Colorado line with the Pikes Peak route through Limon to Colorado Springs. Here it enters the mountains through Ute pass, and after crossing the South park, begins the ascent of the continental divide which is achieved, just beyond Leadville, on a 4 per cent grade over an improved road. The top of Tennessee pass, 10,400 feet above sea level, is the highest point on the road between the two oceans, and now begins the descent to the Pacific side. The thrilling ride over Battle mountain is followed by the peaceful Eagle River valley, which leads into the

Glenwood canyon, where the road follows the Canyon of the Grand River to Glenwood Springs. At Rifle, the highway turns northward from the railroad, through Meeker, Colo., Vernal, Roosevelt and Duchesne, Utah, to Provo and Salt Lake City. At the Mormon capital it has several connections westward, both to the north and south of the lake, via the Lincoln highway through Reno to San Francisco, or the road by way of Tonopah to either Los Angeles or San Francisco. A look at the map will show that the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway crosses the central part of the United States in a line as straight as the contour of the country will permit; that it traverses a section rich in natural resources, of diversified commercial agricultural and mining interest; of varying topography; a section of the United States of historic associations, and that it cuts through the heart of the Rocky mountains and makes accessible magnificence and grandeur unrivaled in all the world.

To demonstrate the feasibility of this highway, there was held last summer an official inspection trip from St. Joseph to Colorado Springs, followed by a reliability run from that point to Salt Lake City. Regarding that portion of the road between St. Joseph and Colorado Springs a member of the official party said: "This tour holds no dreariness, no weariness, no monotony. This is pleasant thoroughfare. The meeting that was the forerunner of this trail was held in March, 1912, and so busy have the promoters been that you can speed along the whole way at a rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour—and we did. Markers everywhere tell you when and how to turn. Hospitality greets you on every hand. There are long, level stretches in Kansas; you'd be disappointed if there weren't. You run through them just long enough to get enjoyment out of the scene, and then you dip down into the most delicious valleys and around wooded trails and through bosky dells. You always think of tolling ox teams and clouds of dust and a dreadful thirst when you turn your mind toward western Kansas. But the real truth is that traveling through this country—and eastern Colorado as well—is a delightful surprise. You get just enough of everything you've heard about as being there, and never too much. You see jack rabbits, and prairie dogs, and sod houses, and tumble weed—and silos and cornfields—cornfields extending as far over the divide as you can see—and wheat until your eyes get tired of distance. Eastern Colorado is the biggest surprise. You are fascinated throughout by the scenery, the spirit of the country and the history, told you by men and by silent landmarks and tokens along the way."

"The trip from Colorado Springs to Salt Lake City by auto over the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway leaves the memory full of pleasant impressions," said one of the members of the rela-

bility party. "Every mile of the way is interesting; most of it is pleasant, and some of it is both charming and thrilling. No one can truthfully say that he has seen the grandeur and beauty of the Rocky mountains unless he has made this trip. We enter the mountains at Manitou, through historic Ute pass. The canyon broadens, and then the road winds over pine-covered hills. The bright colors of the rock change to gray, and rugged formations to comparatively smooth hills; a great rock basin, miles across, lies before us; we catch glimpses of snow-capped mountains 80 miles away. We climb through picturesque weeded hills, and as we reach the top of a small pass get our first view of South park—a great tableland, 20 miles long and 40 wide. Beyond, a winding road leads to Buena Vista, and as we follow up the Arkansas river, we pass over the "Eye Brow" road. It is not long until we catch glimpses of Twin lakes—great crystal gems that nestle about the feet of towering mountains. A boulevard leads to Leadville, world-famed mining camp, and the highest city of its size in the world. It is only nine miles to the Continental divide—Tennessee pass, two miles above sea level. The road is smooth as a boulevard, and the upgrade is only 4 per cent. After leaving the Continental divide the road runs over an abandoned railroad grade around and through a valley of indescribable charm; we pass into a rugged canyon to the town of Red Cliff and begin the ascent of Battle mountain.

Half way up the mountain one forgets his scare in the fascination of the panorama which unrolls before him. Now we proceed along the top of the canyon rim past a mining camp; and again we are thrilled as we look into the yawning depths below—the ride along the shelf of this gorge for miles is thrilling—fascinating beyond the power of words. Then we descend into the Eagle River valley and pass from almost appalling grandeur into a peaceful, fertile valley. A run of 45 miles brings us to the entrance to Glenwood canyon, through which runs the Grand river. No word artist can describe this trip as the automobile winds over the narrow road around the base of towering painted cliffs and peaks which assume a multitude of fantastic shapes. Each turn in the canyon brings new charms, and still the decorated walls, the rushing river that hurls itself in sinuous curves over the stony bed—until at last we pass out of the canyon directly into the delightful resort of Glenwood Springs. The ride to Rifle is most refreshing; in place of the ruggedness of the awesome canyon, we have a broad fertile valley, framed by gently rising, bright red mountains. Here the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway leaves the railroad and turns north, through a country of quiet, pleasing but varied beauty, to Meeker, an inland town in the broad, fertile valley of White river. After leaving the rich, irrigated land, much of the country is not particularly interesting, and between Rangely and the Utah line is the only section of desert, 25 miles, traversed by this highway. As soon as we cross over into Utah we reach a graded road, through flat tableland skirted with rolling, rocky hills. Jensen on the Green river is surrounded by a fertile, well-cultivated valley, and it is most refreshing to come into this prosperous agricultural country which continues as we go westward through the Utah basin. To the weary traveler, Vernal is an oasis in a desert; some day a railroad will run through this country, and when it does, this will be one of the richest and most desirable sections in the West. We pass through Fort Duchesne, an abandoned military fort; then on to Roosevelt and Myton, both new, modern, progressive towns. All the way from the Utah line to Duchesne we have good, traveled roads; here there are two auto roads to the railroad; one to Colton, 51 miles, and the other to Heber, 80 miles. The road to Provo is through Provo canyon, one of the most beautiful scenic canyons in the mountains. Provo is a modern city, picturesquely located between the mountains and Utah lake, and is an attractive place to visit. A splendid graded road, running sufficiently high above the great Utah valley to give a pleasing view of mountain and plain and fields of billowing grain, completes the run into Salt Lake City."

Other things being equal, the transcontinental tourist will naturally seek the route of greatest scenic interest. Because it does traverse the heart of the scenic country of Colorado and Utah, the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway, therefore, holds the key to the transcontinental situation. It is the natural and logical way—and its further development is assured by the states, cities, counties and communities through which it passes. Merely drawing a line on a map and giving it a name does not make a transcontinental highway, and the important fact about the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean highway is that the state units were already in high state of development before any effort was made to attract travel or to federate for the development of the highway

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



No Lady Blacksmiths Wanted on Washington Job

WASHINGTON.—The National museum wants a blacksmith and specifies that this blacksmith must be a male blacksmith. No woman blacksmiths, no matter how brawny, need apply. The National museum wants that male blacksmith, and has announced it to the world through the medium of the United States civil service commission, which will have to pass on the points of the candidates.



For fear that a whole slew of woman blacksmiths will descend on the National museum, the civil service announcement is headed in large, aggressive letters, "Blacksmith (Male)" and then goes on to say: "The United States civil service commission announces an open competitive examination for blacksmith, for men only." Therefore, the dainty young blacksmithess who knows how to grab the off hind foot of a recalcitrant mule, slap it into her lap and then hammer a hot shoe into place on a hoof that would sink a dreadnaught, need not apply for the museum job. Not that she wouldn't be entitled to a place in the museum—for she would—but they just don't want her over there. It's a rank discrimination against the fairest and most tender of our budding young girl blacksmiths, but the hardened old scientists at the government's big aggregation of George Washington's uniforms and pterodactyl bones don't want any female blacksmiths roughing up the iron to make it look red hot. Not a bit of it. They want a man.

National Capital Quite Happy Without Congress

TO many minds the national capital without congress may seem like "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane, but it is not; au contraire, as they say in diplomatic circles, the government goes ahead without appearing to miss the legislators. Of course, President Wilson has not said that he "is glad to get congress off his hands," but some folks suspect—some folks suspect. So official Washington has been as reconciled to the departure of congress as "big business," that bugaboo of imaginative minds, popularly is supposed to be.

First and foremost, the various executive departments do not live in constant dread of legislation that may turn them topsy-turvy. Criticism on the floor of congress of blindness to the civil service, or other alleged sins of commission or omission, is not to be feared, and in other ways the minds of the department heads and their aids are greatly lightened.

Moreover, the heads of the departments no longer are besieged daily, not to say nightly also, by regiments of statesmen in search of jobs for importunate constituents. Of course, there is no "closed season" for office seekers, but the pressure is greatly relieved when the statesmen hie them home and get out of reach of the post office department, the department of agriculture and other happy hunting grounds for the self-sacrificing hordes which are willing to serve Uncle Sam—for a consideration.

Beyond this, the pension bureau is relieved of daily calls from congressmen, in person and over the phone. The army and navy no longer are importuned for honorable discharges for men who had been discharged from the service for every crime in the calendar, from cowardice to grand larceny—of which the former is considered the greater offense.

And so it runs on through each executive department; peace prevails within their precincts and opportunity is afforded to perform the real work for which they were created.



Many Jobless View Rock Pile, but Few Tackle It

EVERY once in so often a great philanthropy, carefully planned in advance out of pure altruistic motives, curls up and dies in an unaccountable fashion. Such an occasion is this—involving two District commissioners, a social problem and a rock pile located at South Capitol and M streets.



In an effort to solve the question of unemployment the commissioners decided to allow 30 men—husky men, armed with their own hammers—to break up the rock pile. It was possible, said the commissioners, for a forward-looking, earnest man to earn about a dollar a day.

Among the first to arrive was a large colored man, whose unalterable determination to become a pugilist at

the expense of his wife, had led to an intermittent acquaintance with Occoquan. He studied the pile from various angles. He patted the concrete with his hand. Then he sighed. All of the concrete was equally hard.

"Ah! go back to jail," he said, in a low, sorrowful voice; "de rock ain't no harder dan dis—and you gets fed free."

One man worked furiously—so furiously that they went to him and questioned him.

"You seem interested in your work," they said.

"Not me," he puffed, taking another terrific slam at the concrete, "I'm getting myself in condition so I can beat up the guy that tipped me off about this job."

So the rock pile remains, a silent and sinister monument. And with it remains the problem of finding work for the unemployed, or perhaps the commissioners have demonstrated there is little or no real unemployment in Washington.

Secretary Daniels Acts as First Aid to Cupid

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DANIELS has received numerous congratulations as to the result of his assuming the role of first aid to Cupid through reinstating Joseph E. Austin as a member of the service. Austin, an ensign, was dismissed from the service because he married the girl of his choice while his ship was in Honolulu harbor several years ago. At that time the naval regulations forbade the marriage of junior officers because it was felt their salary was not enough for two to live on.

Mrs. Austin, resenting the suggestion that she was a handicap to her husband, interested Secretary Daniels, and he persuaded congress to pass a law reinstating Austin.

Then, when criticized, he declared if he was in love with a girl and that girl would marry him, he would wed her no matter what the cost.

Elaborating his views in his home, the secretary said:

"When we follow the lodestar of love we cannot go far wrong. In every walk of life the married man is far more efficient than the single one. The latter has no distinct purpose in life. But the married man has. There are the wife and the babies to think of. And he must of necessity be more steady than the man who cares only for himself."

"Ever since I have been in public life I have advocated marriage. It is the greatest steadiest in life. And I want to say here that no matter what others may think, I do not believe that men should be refused the right to obey the dictates of love by red tape regulations."

