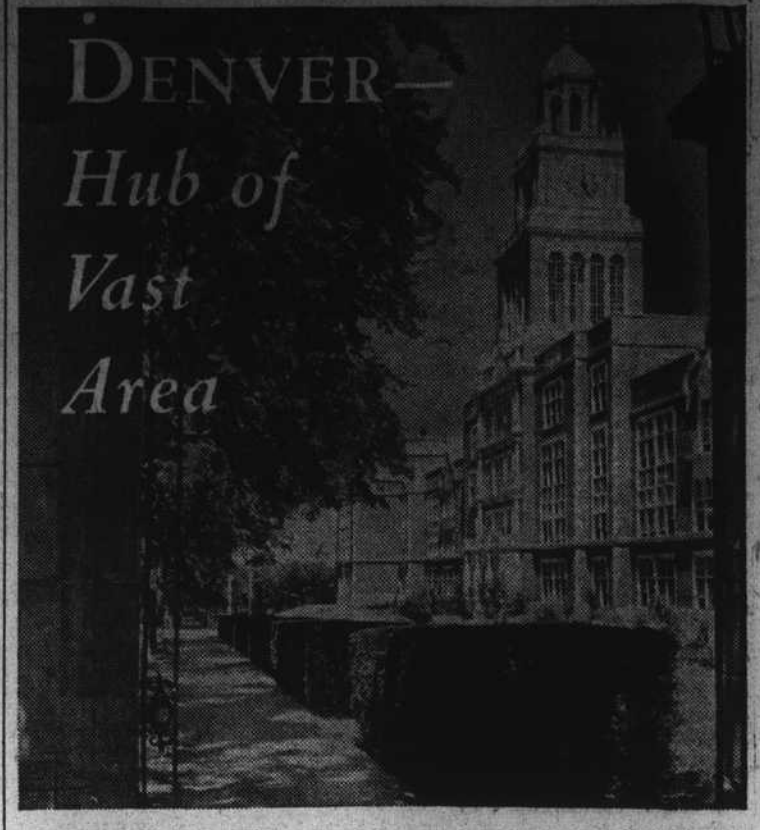


THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young



Eastern High, an Example of Denver's Fine School Buildings.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

WHEN you enter Denver, Colorado, you come to the urban hub of nearly one-fifth of the United States. A state capital, a great western city, a gateway to the mountains—all these Denver is and more. Spokes of influence extend from it into the entire Rocky Mountain area, and into large regions of the adjoining plains states as well, making it the financial, commercial, and industrial center of a vast area. No other city in the United States with a quarter-million population is so far removed—500 miles or more—from all other big cities. Naturally, the people of this great region turn to Denver, whether they are out for business or pleasure, for a commercial fight or a recreational frolic. It's a habit of long standing. The miners started it when they came every so often to the rough little town that was Denver in the sixties to spend some of their gold for supplies and the rest in more or less riotous living.

Later, when great riches were made in gold and silver and cattle, the fortunate ones moved to Denver and built the mansions and hotels and business blocks that started the solid structure of the city. Globe-trotters, adventurers, and capitalists flocked to Denver in the seventies and eighties. Many "younger sons" of the British nobility and several Britons with well-known titles made the city their headquarters for extensive cattle operations, and gave glittering parties at the old Windsor hotel and the American house that have not faded from Denver's memory. Before its irrigation empire was even dreamed of and while its mineral kingdom was still undeveloped, Denver's location was of little value; but young Denver, despite surveys, clung stubbornly to the belief that in some way the transcontinental railway, when it came, could be pushed through the mountains west of the city. When, instead, the lines of steel were extended through Cheyenne, a hundred miles to the north, Denverites put aside their disappointment and quickly raised the capital to build a connecting line to the new highway.

With this rail contact with the eastern settlements established and with the steady growth of mining in the mountains, Denver drew to herself in a few years direct lines of railroad from the east. Now these highways of steel radiate north and south and east from Denver like the ribs of a fan. A result of this railway convergence of Denver has been to make the city one of the country's leading livestock markets.

Never Lost Dream
While the transcontinental railways went their busy way north and south of Denver, the city never lost its dream of a line straight west through the mountains. Greatest and most tireless of the dreamers was David H. Moffat, who visioned a six-mile tunnel through the Continental Divide under James Peak. He not only dreamed, but worked, and spent his fortune on the project. He did not live to see his plan realized, but on July 7, 1927, the Moffat tunnel was holed through. Now a standard-gauge railway operates double tracks through it into Middle Park, opening up a new mountain realm to Denver.

You sense Denver's most astonishing physical achievement only when you let your imagination wander back seventy years. It is hard to believe that barely three-score and ten years ago this great city, with its hundreds of miles of streets, lined now with fine, towering shade trees, was raw prairie. Not a tree was in sight; only a level plain covered with sparse grass, dry and brown through most of the year.

As the outlander drives about Denver he is struck by the beautiful lawns. There are no exceptions. Whether he views the grass plot of a humble cottage or the park of a near-palace, the lawns are perfect. The price of the beautiful lawns is much moisture. At certain hours each day in the summer a virtual barrage of water is laid down over the 1,600 acres of lawns in the city's parks. So frequent are these drenchings that in summer the watering hose is not removed night or day from the hydrants. Driving through the parks in late afternoon, you see orderly piles of hose, as regularly spaced as the trees of an orchard, each like a coiled serpent on sentry duty, guarding its allotted plot. The public hose is of a distinctive color combination that prevents its being stolen.

Use Water Lavishly
Knowing that this is a dry country and that water is precious, you ask one of the officials of the water board about the heavy use of water in the city and run into a surprising paradox. "It is very important that we use water lavishly today," he tells you, "in order that our grandchildren shall have enough for their vital needs. Visiting water-works experts think we are crazy when we make that statement, but it is literally true.

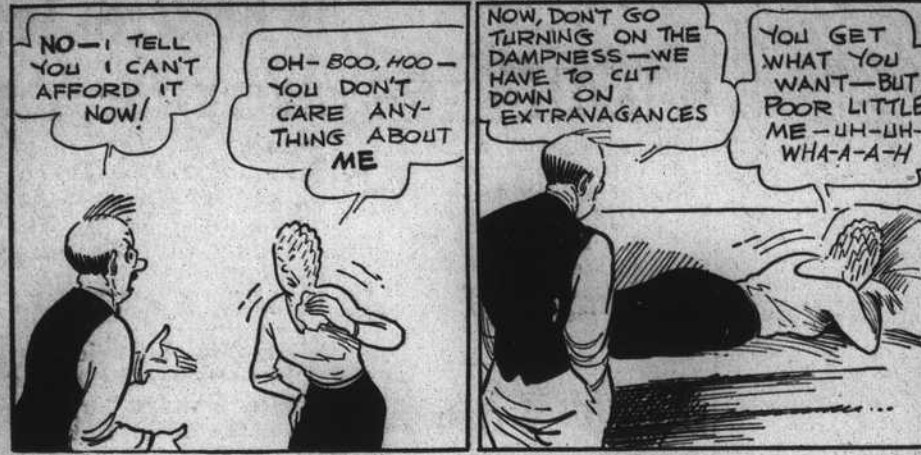
"This is an irrigation country. Municipalities, as well as individuals, must follow the laws worked out under irrigation conditions in getting their water supplies. Once you get hold of a flow of water, if you don't use it you forfeit it to some one who will. We are looking forward to a city of half a million or more by 1950. That's why we want to keep every drop of Denver's annual water supply busy and to increase the supply in all possible ways."

One way in which Denver plans to increase its water supply constitutes and engineering romance. When the Moffat tunnel was dug, an eight-foot-square pilot tunnel was carried through the Continental Divide beside the large railway bore. Denver leased this small tunnel, and plans to bring through the towering mountain range hundreds of millions of gallons of water that now flow into the Pacific ocean. In education Denver's fame is great. Educators from the two hemispheres have beaten a path to this far-away city at the base of the Rockies to study its scheme of teachers' salaries, its indefatigable efforts to keep the subject-matter which it teaches abreast of all worthwhile developments, and even its school architecture. The "Denver Plan" for teachers' salaries has been adopted by many municipalities.

A Practical School
Another famous part of the Denver educational system that draws educators from afar is its Opportunity school. From 8:30 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night this practical school is open alike to young people and old. In it elderly men and women, denied the education they wished in youth, receive high school instruction; men displaced in one occupation may learn another; and young men and women may be trained in practical arts, from barbering to bricklaying, and from cooking to etching. Most of Colorado's institutions of higher education are naturally concentrated in and near Denver. In the city is the University of Denver, founded, when the community was little more than a village, by Colorado's territorial governor, John Evans, the same John Evans who previously had founded Northwestern university, Illinois. Thirty miles to the northwest, at Boulder, is the University of Colorado. So attractive are the mountains that cast their shadows on the campus and beckon for weekend rambles that the University of Colorado is as busy in summer as in winter. Fifteen miles west of Denver, at Golden, is the Colorado school of mines. Growing up in the edge of an important mining region, the institution is one of the outstanding mining schools of the country. In it in 1926 was established the first course in geophysics in American colleges. Graduates of this latest course in mining lore fare forth with dynamite and radio sets, electro-magnets, torsion balances, and other devices of modern magic to map rock strata lying hundreds and thousands of feet beneath the surface of the ground.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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Showers Bring Relief

SMATTER POP—Is This Another Grammatical Error?

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

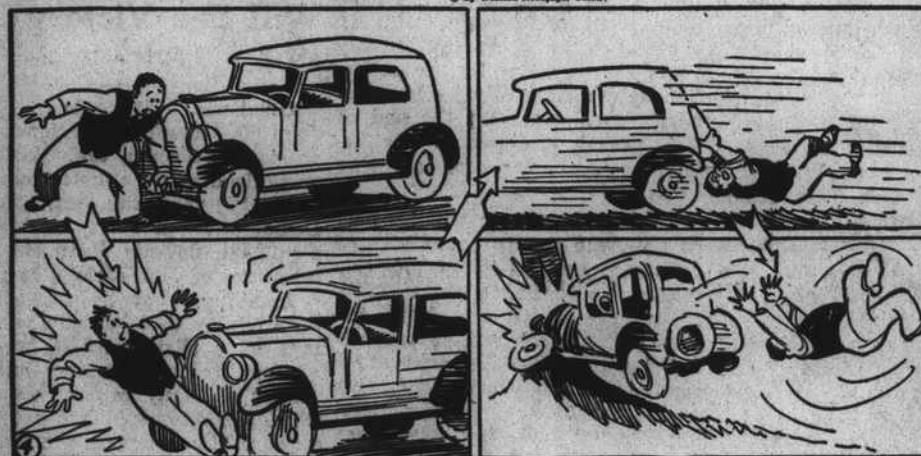
The Old Land Grabber



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© By Western Newspaper Union

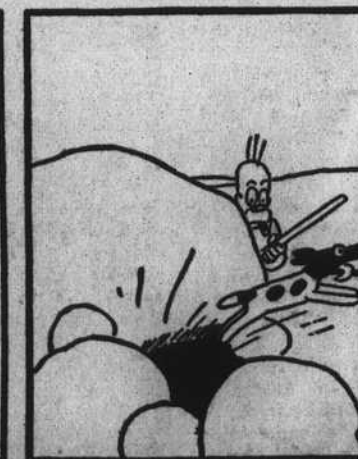
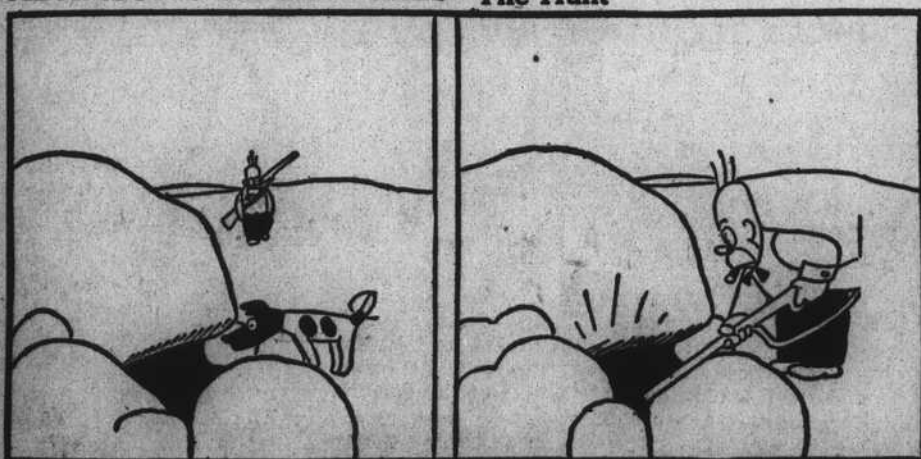
A Fine Point



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

The Hunt

By O. JACOBSSON



The Curse of Progress



Fallen Angel
Mother—Yes, Billy, the angels sent us baby sister. Wasn't that nice?
Bobby—Yeah, for the angels! Guess she was such a pain in th' neck they couldn't put up with her any longer!

Which Bar
Mrs. Frazzle—What a terrible wreck young Perkins is, to be sure. It is sad to see such a dissipated man.
Mrs. Dazzle—Yes, indeed; but you must remember that he was admitted to the bar at a very early age.

Newly Wed
"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, "I've decided today that we will make our own."
"Oh, did you," said her husband.
"Yes; I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be brought here regularly."

THE SUN SPOT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIES THINKING OF ALL THE GAMES HE'D RATHER DO THAN TAKE HIS NAP
BECOMES INTERESTED IN A REFLECTION OF SUNLIGHT DANCING ON THE WALL
POPS HEAD CLOSE TO EXAMINE IT, CREATING A SHADOW AND CAUSING SPOT TO DISAPPEAR
LIES DOWN DEERPOUNDED, SPOT OF LIGHT IMMEDIATELY COMING BACK, DANCING MERRILY
DECIDES TO CAPTURE IT
CLAPS HAND DOWN BUT DISCOVERS THE LIGHT SPOT IS VERY ELUSIVE
PURSUES IT OVER THE WALL
IN BRIEF MOMENT THINKS IT IS SMALL CLAPS HAND DOWN, AND IS PUFFED WHEN LIGHT SPOT APPEARS ON BACK OF HAND
SUN GOES IN, PUTTING AN END TO GAME. CHILDREN TO GAZE AT HAND, PUZZLED UNTIL DROWSINESS OVERCOMES HIM