

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



That Villain, Wadza Doe



NEARBY AND YONDER

Off the Beaten Path to Unusual Places and Things

By T. T. MAXEY

WNU Service

Silver Spring

IN CERTAIN sections of Florida there is an underground layer of limestone. Beneath this rock-sheet a number of rivers, of whose presence there is no surface indication, busily work their way toward the sea. Breaks or other openings in this stratum of stone enable some of these streams to burst through and come to the surface, which they do with a suddenness that is astonishing, in the form of great fountains or springs—producing a strange spectacle as unusual in character as it is beautiful to behold.

Perhaps the most prominent of these springs is Silver Spring—in Marion county, a few miles from the town of Ocala—the basin of which is several acres in extent. The water contains sufficient lime to settle any substance which might be carried in solution and is so perfectly clear that the bottom—80 feet down in one place—is distinctly visible.

Seen in any light at any time of day or year, this great basin of bubbling, crystal-clear water is a fascinating sight. It is seen to best advantage, however, when a slight breeze whips the surface into a succession of dancing ripples and the sunshine illumines those ripples, investing them with all the colors of the rainbow. The sight thus produced is one of rare and enchanting beauty.

The overflow of this spring is carried off by a stream which flows into the Ocklawaha river—a tropical stream which meanders through tangled, vine-lunged growths to join the greater St. Johns river.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Felix Is Catching a Hold



Along the Concrete



Famous Last Words



Chicago's New Water Tunnel

THE completion of a new water tunnel under a portion of Chicago discloses some enlightening information concerning the tremendous size and amazing cost of such undertakings in large cities.

Constructed in order that some 600,000 persons residing in the southwestern part of the city might "drink copiously and have more water for Saturday night," this tunnel is horse-shoe in shape, lined with concrete to cover all jagged projections and remove all resistance to water flow, has a finished diameter of 12 feet, is 6.1-3 miles long—all in solid rock, and, in the main, 140 feet below the surface of the streets.

According to the city engineer, approximately 1,400,000 pounds of dynamite were used in blasting, 400,000 cars of rock excavated and elevated to the surface and 500,000 bags of cement used in lining the tunnel.

The work in the tunnel was carried on from two shafts—each plant, electrically operated, consisting of head-house, power house, dry room, store-room, office, blacksmith shop, cement shed, carpenter shop, rock crusher and storage bins.

The capacity of this tunnel is 300,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours. The total cost, including the shafts and equipment, was about \$131 per foot, or \$4,500,000 all told.

The pumping station is equipped with four compound turbine-driven pumps, each with a capacity of 75,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours, and cost an additional \$2,500,000.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughro



Snake Skin Shoes

El Capitan

ASCENDING the rugged canyon of the Merced river to the lovely valley of the Yosemite in California, one comes upon a colossal bunk of granite—plain, stern, challenging, and of such staggering proportions as to cause suspicion concerning the correctness of his vision.

This is El Capitan—the word a probable derivation or corruption of the Indian name "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah"—said to be the largest, loftiest, mightiest, most glorious rock in creation.

The significance of this statement is apparent when one understands that the almost-perpendicular face of this stupendous pile rises 3,000 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, toward the blue sky above from the water in the tiny river at its base, while its two side walls have an area of between three and four hundred acres.

Opinion differs concerning its origin. Great floods rushing down the valley for long periods when the Sierra Nevada mountains were in the making may have scoured away the dirt and debris and left this immovable rock. Again, a glacier of untold size and age may have ground its way down this valley, destroying everything in its path save this indestructible giant. Or the bottom of the valley may have been sunk by an earthquake.

The impression which this monster rock makes upon one varies with the moods of the weather. A pale moonlight gives to it an almost ghostly outline of overwhelming immensity with a somewhat spooky personality.

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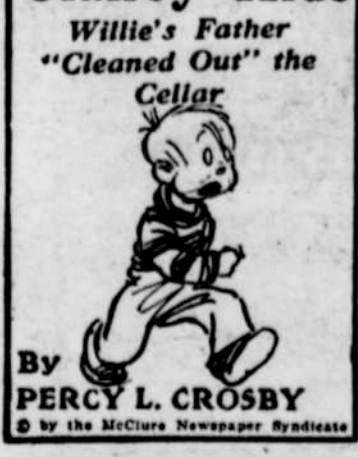
Defoe and Wells

Some one recently observed that Daniel Defoe, best known as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the H. G. Wells of his day, from the standpoint of prolific writing. He is said to have no less than 250 books and tracts to his credit.

The "Blues" a Habit

If you have fits of depression, sometimes called "blues," you are to blame. Feeling blue is a habit, a psychological sharp tells us. Blues are caused by thinking the wrong way. Nearly all ways they are due to brooding over remote possibilities. Few persons are blue in the face of an immediate difficulty. One way of thinking is, "It will soon be all right." The blue way is, "It's bound to get worse." It is almost impossible for a busy person to be blue. Possibly that suggests the cure.—Cappers Weekly.

The Clancy Kids



FIGHTING OVER HER



Barefaced Mendacity

"A gentleman called me handsome yesterday," said a rather elderly lady to her minister. "Do you think it is sinful of me to feel a little proud of the compliment?" "Not at all, ma'am," replied the minister. "It's the gentleman who is the sinner, not you."

A Rounder

Farmer's Wife--I seem to recognize your face. Didn't I give you a meal three days ago? Tramp--Heavens, lady, I believe yer did, I musta been walkin' in a circle.

Finesse of Business Partners

"What do partners do in a business like ours?" "Well, we try to help each other in the selling end and hinder each other in the buying."

NOW SIXES AND SEVENS



Getting By

Fred Newhouse, "biggest man in Stanford," is back from college with an added score to his rep. It seems that in the chemistry class, the professor asked him to name the ingredients of lip rouge. "I don't know, sir," said Fred, "but it tastes like honey."

No Great Reformer

"We want somebody to reform the world!" said Mr. Rafferty. "We do," replied Mr. Dolan. "Why don't you take the job?" "Me! I'm thankful if I kin git past the cop when he throws the traffic signal!"

Tragic

"Heard about the big accident?" "No. What?" "Car just ran over a peanut and crushed two kernels."