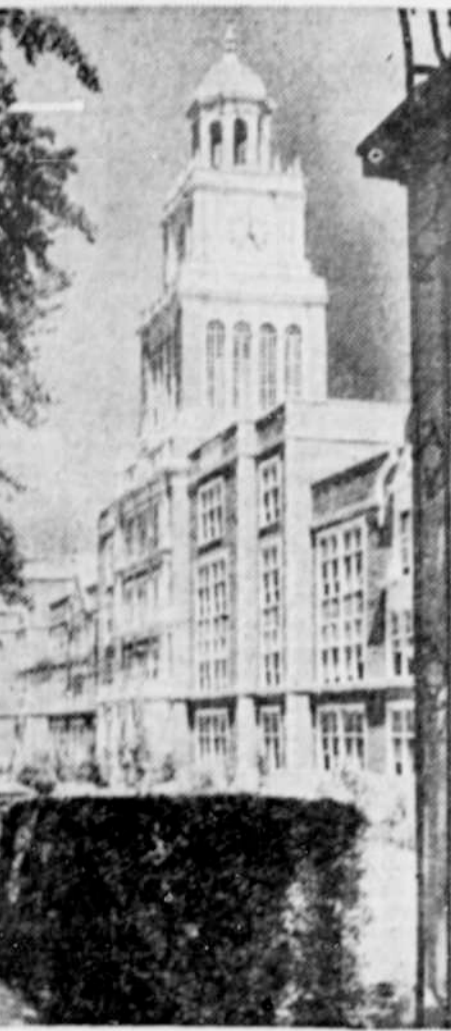


DENVER Hub of Vast Area



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

Designed 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 gateway to the mountains—these Denver is and more. Its influence extends from the entire Rocky Mountain range into large regions of the plains states as well as 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 more—from all other big cities. Naturally, the people of this region turn to Denver, whether they are out for business pleasure, for a commercial fight or a recreational frolic. It's a city of long standing. The miners found it when they came every year to the rough little town that was Denver in the sixties to find some of their gold for supper and the rest in more or less casual living.

Later, when great riches were made in gold and silver and cattle, the fortunate ones moved to Denver and built the mansions and the business blocks that marked the solid structure of the city. Globe-trotters, adventurers, and capitalists flocked to Denver in the seventies and eighties. Many "young sons" of the British nobility and several Britons with well-known titles made the city their headquarters for extensive operations, and gave glittering parties at the old Windsor hotel and the American house that have faded from Denver's memory. Before its irrigation empire was dreamed of and while its general kingdom was still undeveloped, Denver's location was of great 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 aside their disappointment and quickly raised the capital to build a connecting line to the new highway.

With this rail contact with the western settlements established and the steady growth of mining in the mountains, Denver drew to itself 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 conversion of Denver has been to make the city one of the country's leading livestock markets.

Never Lost Dream
While the transcontinental railway went their busy ways 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 an 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 6:30 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.

Meat Drying Once Required High Pressure Treatment

Meat drying in the early days was a high pressure operation, according to Col. E. N. Wentworth, director of Armour's live stock bureau. Following the slaughter, or the hunt, the meat was piled in skins and taken to camp. There was no chance for either hunter or camp follower to rest. The knives were sharpened and the meat cut into thin, flat strips which were hung in trees when available, or on poles out of reach of the dogs, or in the top of the hut or tepee where the heat of the fire would help the meat to dry rapidly. When properly prepared, the meat was in transparent strips which were very hard and inflexible. Sometimes it was transported in this form, or again it was powdered by beating with stone or wooden mallets, mixed with dried fruits and vegetables to form pemmican, and in this powdered condition transported in skin sacks or bladders. Pemmican was the principal food of the native races in North America whenever the tribes were on the move. It was also a winter food in regions where it was difficult to freeze meats at the time of the hunt, which, on this continent, extended from points in the northwest territory of Canada southward.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

FAITH WILL BUY BREAD

A WELL-KNOWN minister said that our only hope of working out of the present troubled conditions is by overcoming fear and having faith.

He spoke of faith, of course, in its religious significance, and then he said, "Faith is the only secure anchorage upon which man can lean during these times." To which someone replied, "Faith won't buy bread for your children." And since it was to me that that remark was made, I feel impelled to answer it in the light of the everyday significance which faith has for all of us, entirely aside from one's religious views.

There are so many kinds of faith—and compared to the miracles it has wrought buying bread for one's children is simple. Certain it is, that there is nothing so potent to insure failure in anything as the lack of faith.

There is one kind of faith that

has bought bread for many people's children—and jam to enjoy with it. That is faith in one's self. There is no power so potent for overcoming obstacles, for battering down bars and leaping gates—as faith in one's self.

Next to faith in one's self is faith in other people, faith in their decency and the essential honesty of their motives; faith in the idea that people are not actuated in what they do by a desire to cut each other's throats, that men and women would much rather do a kind act than a mean one, and that we are all eager enough to do our bit to carry on. With faith in people comes that faith in the eventual balancing and righting of things which helps to a philosophic attitude and a sense of humor.

Faith is a golden thing in all times. In troubled times it is indeed an anchorage for those adrift.

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BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY MUSKRAT NURSES A SORE TAIL

JERRY MUSKRAT was caught in a cruel steel trap. He was caught by his tail. It was a fortunate thing for him that it was by his tail and not by a leg. But right at this time Jerry couldn't see anything fortunate in it. In fact, to Jerry's way of thinking it was unfortunate.

Now Jerry Muskrat is much more at home in the water than on land, and his first impulse in time of danger is to get into the water at once if he is not already there. So when that cruel steel trap caught him by the tail in its wicked jaws Jerry plunged back off the old log into the water and tried to swim away.

If he had only known it, this was just what the trapper had expected him to do and hoped he would do. That trap had been fastened with a chain in such a way that Jerry



So He Pulled and Pulled and Pulled

could get into deep water. You see, the trapper hoped that Jerry would drown himself, and Jerry did come pretty near doing just that thing. He swam with all his might, but the trap held him, and as he struggled he lost his breath and water got up his nose in such a way that he choked.

It didn't take him very long to realize that he couldn't pull himself free in the water. At first he was in such a panic of fright that he didn't use his wits at all. But after he began to realize that by struggling in the water he would simply drown himself, Jerry's wits began to work. He turned about and swam back to that old log and climbed out on it. There he squatted down and rested to regain his strength and get his breath.

"It's of no use for me to try to pull myself free by swimming," thought Jerry. "I'm a pretty strong

swimmer but not strong enough to do that. Perhaps I can pull myself free up here."

So when he had rested, Jerry dug his claws into the old log and pulled and pulled. It seemed to him that he certainly was pulling his tail out by the roots. But it would be better to do that and have no tail at all than to lose his life. So he pulled, and pulled, and pulled. By and by it seemed to him that he felt his tail slip a little. That gave him courage and he pulled harder than ever.

Suddenly he pitched right over on his head, and at the same time there was a little snap behind him. He had pulled his tail free and the jaws of the trap had come together. You see, Jerry's tail tapers, and he had been caught not very far from the end of it. It was this which had saved him.

As soon as he felt himself free Jerry plunged into the water and swam over to his house. Not until he was safely inside his bedroom did he look at his tail. The skin had been torn by the jaws of that trap, and the end of his tail was raw and bleeding. It was dreadfully sore and ached. Jerry began to lick it very gently. For the rest of that day and the following night Jerry stayed right in his house and nursed that sore tail. But he had saved his life, so a sore tail didn't matter much.

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Old Women Dance on Fire on St. Konstantine's Day

Old women dance on red hot embers every summer in the village of Vulgari, southeast Bulgaria, according to a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

These women are called "nestinarki." They are devout Christians, and their patron saints are St. Konstantine and St. Elena.

On St. Konstantine's day the peasants make a huge bonfire on logs in the village square. And while it is blazing up the "nestinarki" begin their fire dance procession.

This is led by villagers bearing ikons of St. Elena and St. Konstantine. To the drone of bagpipes the old women dance to a weird rhythmic melody, their bodies trembling as if in a palsy.

The villagers gather round the bonfire. Then the "nestinarki," barefooted, dance for several minutes on the glowing embers, until they fall exhausted. Afterwards, it is claimed, their feet show not the least trace of burning.