

Public Playground Is Glacier National Park Famous Resort in Northwest Has All the Grandeur of Wild

In northern Montana, 260 miles north of Yellowstone National Park, lies one of Uncle Sam's newest playgrounds, Glacier National Park. Comprising 915,000 acres and embracing in its confines most of the natural beauties that characterize others of the great mountain resorts, with magnificent lakes shimmering in God's free sunlight at the bases of giant mountains, snow-clad and rugged; a total of 80 glaciers varying in area from a few acres to five square miles; fine, trickling mountain streams that, beginning as nothing, widen out into rushing, foaming torrents, to bury themselves in the bosom of some lake or to rush on west, north or south into the Pacific, Hudson Bay or the Gulf of Mexico; green, restful glades lying along the bank of mountain lake or stream and enticing the passing tourist to a loll on the grass that will recall the clover days of youth. All these has the Almighty dropped down into the lap of nature that His children might spend a part of their days in healthful recreation.

Much has been written of the grandeur of the Alps and every year tourists from America travel into the far country to see what the Old World has to offer as a balm for weary, work-laden hearts. And some have never viewed the grandeur of our own America, while others come back with the declaration that America can boast mountains as grand, experiences as thrilling and air as bracing as the most highly touted sections of the Old World. Those who have visited Glacier National Park pronounce it without compare and it, along with Yellowstone, Crater Lake, Yosemite and the countless other scenic attractions of the United States, is doing much to make general the cry "See America first."

While everything possible has been done for the comfort of visitors to

this great resort, the tourist must not enter the park with the idea of enjoying its splendor from an automobile. It is too rugged for that. The pony must be depended upon if one would enjoy to the full the thrills that come from looking down from mountain peak seemingly fathomless

pared to go much of the distance on foot, sometimes clinging to the tail of his pony for assistance up the steep incline and again grasping a bush and twig by the side of the narrow trail. But to him who makes the venture and achieves the heights the reward is abundant.

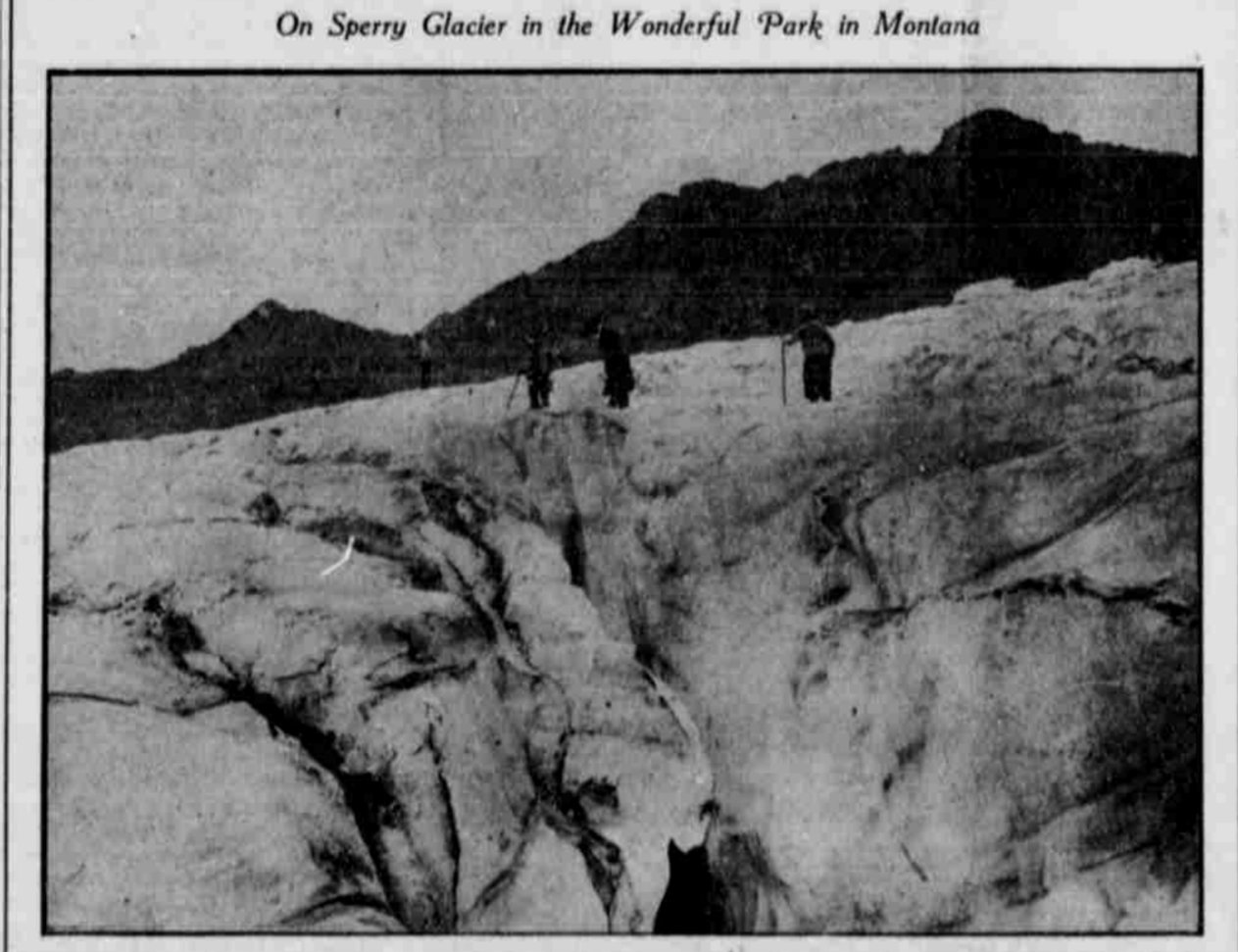
awaits the traveler and guides stand ready with horses to pilot him into the wilds. And such a trip! Words fall far short of the power to express the sentiments and emotions that arise in the heart of the traveler. In silent wonder he rides on, drinking in the beauties that rush out to meet

mirror below them forest, rock and snowy peak. The spectator is awe-struck and his wonder becomes audible, while the stoical guide merely plods ahead. Surprises meet him at every turn while he gropes mentally for words to express his feeling.

Over 250 lakes lie here and there among the green hills. Lake MacDonald lies two miles from Belton and is connected with that station by a road. From the head of this lake trips are made on horseback to Gunsight Lake, Iceberg Lake, Logging, Quartz, Bowman and Kintla Lakes, each with its own individual beauty and points of interest. In some the finny tribe abound, as also in the tumbling torrents that find their way through the passes. The guides are ready with information as to the best places to cast the fly. These are but a few of the bodies of water to be found within the confines of this great resort.

As for glaciers, the most exacting tourist can find the heights of sublimity in sheer walls of solid ice. The trail leads zigzag over shell rock that threatens to precipitate horse and rider into the canyon below, but the reward of persistence comes when one stands face to face against the white wall of Sperry Glacier, from under whose depths flow tiny rivulets, the beginnings of greater expanses of water below. And if he wishes to attempt the climb, the excitement and perils of the ice mountain are his.

In this great playground, every interest of the tourist is safeguarded. The streams are his for fishing, subject to reasonable regulations, but all game birds and animals are under the strictest protection by the government. The hook and line only are permitted for fishing and all firearms are excluded from the park. A careful investigation of the streams were fish abundant has been made by the government and the information thus obtained is at the disposal of the tourist. Automobile roads are as yet few and travel in this manner is limited and carefully regulated by the government.



On Sperry Glacier in the Wonderful Park in Montana

distances to the shimmering little lake below, or feel in the ecstasies that come from a face-to-face encounter with a sheer wall of ice, or taste the delights of virgin solitude in forest and on lake. And he must be pre-

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Golden Days for Mankind

Wonder Dream of Scientists Is that Humanity May be Made Free from Disease and Pain

THERE is being dreamed a wonder dream. These days men are seeing a vision of universal happiness, a world of perfect men and women and happy-eyed, strong-limbed children. They are lifting the veil that hangs between the today and the tomorrow of science and showing to us the golden vista of a world that is free from pain. They dream, these men of science, and they work. It is well that they do dream, too, for it is of dreamers that the blessings of former ages came. The abyss between the abstract and the concrete is first bridged but by the filmy matter of which dreams are made.

The dreamers of the wonder dream work in terms of bacteria and bacilli, microbes and serums, vaccines and cultures. They do not, perhaps, really know that they are dreaming, yet, so fanciful is their endeavor that cold syllables and black-and-white word-etchings do not tell the story. Think, then, that the human body is a citadel, fortified against attack from without and garrisoned within. There are, of course, as always in real citadels, traitors within the walls. Again as always, there are defects in the very walls. The men of science call the microbe inhabitants "malignant" and "benevolent." The population is cosmopolitan. For instance, in the saliva of the mouth there may be half a hundred different sorts of microbes, perhaps all "benevolent," perhaps not. Practically always there are among the hordes upon hordes of the microbes each one of us harbors treacherous ingrates, always on the alert to give comfort and aid to the enemy that attacks from without, ever ready to take part in internal uprisings. On the other hand, there are the leucocytes, loyal always and prepared to battle for our health with invader or traitor. The leucocytes are some times known as phagocytes, eaters of cells, for they devour their enemies. Under the proper conditions, the leucocytes can take care of all "malignant" microbes by themselves, unaided. It is when the odds are against them that disease comes and men must bring aid.

It is from the study of microbe life, as outlined in unscientific terms above, that physicians have made some of their dreams golden truths and are pushing on, year by year, to the ultima thule of their hopes, a world without disease. The latest development of the theory of vaccines is a remarkable thing. It is no less than this: a man is cured by his own disease. The modern physician makes a culture of a specific disease germ. That means that he takes some of the microbes who are causing trouble and lets them propagate in a test tube, beyond the habitat of the human body. These germs he kills by heat. Their dead bodies he injects back into the body of the patient. He will use a few million germs, but that need not be alarming, for a million germs would have plenty of room on the head of a pin. Also, the microbes, being dead, cannot multiply and the tissues of the body are able to cope with them. A specific antidote is produced by nature's internal chemistry and this either destroys the troublesome bacteria or renders them helpless before the savage rush of the phagocytes. Chronic colds, influenza, bronchitis, carbuncles, diseased teeth, even pimples, can be treated this way. The physicians speak of the specific that the body makes for itself as "autogenous virus."

The possibilities of this form of treatment are illimitable. The man with the chronic cold or the frequent and persistent attack of tonsillitis can thus be made immune from his particular type of minor ailment, as the man who is vaccinated for smallpox cannot contract that disease and as the man who submits to the typhoid vaccine is safe from that scourge.

The story of the wonder dream is not all told here. The telling will not be completed until it is said that the scientists are growing new bones, are transplanting bones, are grafting skin, are making whole men and women of crippled wrecks, are, even, promoting morality with the surgeon's scalpel. It is a great thing, this dream, a wonderful thing. There is more to be told.

Looking It Over

KIRK KILLISSEH, captured by the Bulgarians from the Ottomans after one of the bloodiest battles of the war, has been renamed Lozengrad. Kirk Killisseh means "40 churches." The word "kirk" was left the Turks by the crusaders, as it is the same as the old Scotch word of the same spelling and is akin to the German "kirche."

Frank Butcher was arrested the other day at Los Angeles because he was a man. For two years he had been employed as a domestic, under the name of Miss Anna Butcher. Of course, he wore woman's clothes all this time and none penetrated his disguise. His peculiar style of vanity was Butcher's undoing. He went to a hairdresser to have the wig he wore "marcelled." The hairdresser knew at once that she was working on a wig. Then, she looked more closely at the face of her customer and discovered a slight stubble, evidence of a man's beard. She called a policeman and "Anna" was taken to jail. Butcher told the police that he found it difficult to get employment as a man, "and, besides, I like to do housework."

One of the next questions to be put to the Supreme Court of the United States is this: "When is an orange ripe?" This question comes up as part of an appeal from the recent decision of the Florida supreme court upholding as constitutional the state law prescribing the age of an orange and its maturity before it can be shipped out of Florida.

The London Board of Trade announces that the whaling ship Scotia has been engaged to patrol the ice regions in the North Atlantic, for the purpose of notifying wireless stations on the coast and steamers of the location of icebergs and other dangers. The Scotia, which was formerly engaged in Antarctic exploration, has been equipped with a powerful wireless outfit.

Albert Perkins, whose home is in a little town in California, is said to have purchased his freedom from his wife for \$1,000. The husband lacked grounds for divorce and offered the \$1,000. The woman accepted and a

(Continued on page two)

The Farmer's New Hired Hand Is a Willing Worker

BLAME ME IF I AINT THE HANDY HIRED MAN ON THE FARM, I TAKE EM TO THE PICTURE SHOW OR TAKE THE EGGS TO MARKET, I'LL BET THEY TEACH ME TO MILK THE COWS, NEXT THING YOU KNOW!

HURRY BACK, NOW, AUTIE, I WANT YOU TO RUN THE THRESHING MACHINE!



WE HAVE two horses left and keep them for emergencies, but really have no use for them." That's a statement made by a farmer who is working a 400-acre ranch in the west. All of his farm work is done by gasoline power; his is a truly horseless ranch. Gasoline tractors do his plowing, harrowing, cultivating, sowing, harvesting and threshing. When produce is to be taken to town gas power pulls the wagons. When the farmer goes to town on business he rides in a four-cylinder runabout; when his family takes a pleasure ride they drive a six-cylinder touring car. His case is typical, for the auto has taken the place of the horse on hundreds of country places, lightening the work of the farmer, putting him in direct communication with the town, making life more enjoyable and work less arduous. Even the ordinary automobile, leaving out of consideration the special, gas-driven farm machinery that Yankee ingenuity has placed at the disposal of the agriculturist, is used to do much work for the rancher. It is made to furnish power for all kinds of machinery, by the simple expedient of taking its wheels off the ground and adopting a system of belts. It is used in stacking hay and in a thousand other ways.