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**Deer Are Quick to Learn of Their Immunity**  
Washington.—The bureau of national parks reports that the deer in  
Glacier National park, quick to learn  
the advantage of the immunity fur-  
nished by Uncle Sam's protective arm,  
have remained in the vicinity of the  
park administration buildings all  
winter. About 150 of the white-tailed  
variety came down from the inacces-  
sible Rocky mountain recesses when  
winter first set in and they have de-

**Noted Mountain Climber**  
John Tyndall, the celebrated Eng-  
lish physicist, was, besides being a  
great scientist, a devotee of mountain  
climbing. With Huxley he explored  
the Swiss glaciers in 1856. Later he  
climbed the Welshhorn and the Mat-  
terhorn peaks.

**Depended on rations given them daily by the forest rangers.**

## AN APPLE GREEN FOR MISS LEE

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Marcia Scott invited her school friend, Estelle Lee, to come and visit her she planned to have her party during Estelle's stay. They had been close friends at boarding school, but had not met for three years, although they corresponded regularly. Marcia expected to see the same careless, generous, happy-go-lucky girl—of course three years older—but still just over twenty. Estelle had always given promise of a certain fair beauty for she had quantities of light hair and light brown eyes that were always laughing and merry. The Lees were rich, and Marcia had really thought twice before she considered inviting fashionable Estelle to the quiet atmosphere of Old Brookfield. "My dear," gushed Estelle, when Marcia met her at the station, driving the family car herself, "I did not mean to land here the very night of your party—I am sorry, but of course it doesn't matter. Have my trunks arrived?" (Estelle knew very well that her trunks had not left home as yet, owing to her putting off her departure until the last moment.) "Why, no, I am afraid they haven't come yet. What—"

"It doesn't matter," interrupted the guest hurriedly. "I just put an evening frock into my suitcase for emergency, so I will be quite all right. Now, tell me about yourself, for from the brief look I have had you have developed into wonderful beauty! You were such a plain little thing, too!" "What nonsense," laughed Marcia. "You see with the eyes of love, Estelle. My young brothers will soon put that idea out of your head. They draw at me in the most provoking way, 'Well, sis, you wouldn't quite stop a clock.' That is the way they cheer me on." "Is it going to be a wonderful party?" demanded Estelle, secretly jealous of Marcia's beauty. "After dinner the girls repaired to the second floor. Estelle, of course, occupied the guest chamber, which adjoined Marcia's pretty room, and there was much running back and forth and laughter, and "do you remember," as they dressed for the evening. But all the fun and frolic seemed to die out as Marcia showed her new gown for the occasion. It was of apricot taffeta with touches

slowly, and as she went back to her own room a peculiar change passed over her face. "Estelle, have you ever met Paul Leroy?" Marcia was going her hair, and had her back to Estelle's room, but the loveliest look came into her eyes when she spoke of Paul. Their friendship was fast ripening into love, and Marcia was finding it increasingly difficult to mention the beloved name. But she wanted to have Paul and Estelle like each other. Estelle shrieked with delight. "You don't tell me that he is coming to-night?" she cried. "Why, I met him last summer at Arliss lake, and we had a perfectly gorgeous time. Isn't he just the dearest?" "He is fine looking," agreed Marcia, fastening a little bandeau of tiny silver leaves about her black hair. Estelle, her head in the wardrobe, where her suitcase stood, uttered another shriek, this time one of dismay. "Oh, Marcia," she cried dismayfully, "that stupid maid has made the greatest mistake! She didn't

see her put it in—everything else is here," and she began to paw distractedly among her things. Marcia came running, and they searched, but there was no sign of the dress, which would have been easily found, of course, if it had been there (or if Estelle had not cleverly rolled it up and stuffed it in the bottom of a clothes hamper five minutes before). "There is only one thing to do, dear," said Marcia, looking pale and unhappy, but managing a pale smile in the bargain; "you must wear my new gown, and I have a white crepe de chine that will do. I will put a silver girdle about it, and it will do nicely—not a word—just take that and put it on, it will fit you all right—I want to be proud of my guest, you know!" Estelle protested, even while she hurried into the apricot silk. "Run and show yourself to mother and dad and the boys, they are all downstairs, and I will come down as soon as I can get into another dress."

"You are sure you don't mind?" asked Estelle, pausing in the door to view Marcia in the simple white dress; it was not very becoming, for it made her look paler, but Estelle, satisfied that the splendor of the apricot silk would put Marcia into the shade so far as Paul Leroy was concerned, went serenely on her way. Somehow, she could not bear to think of Marcia looking so lovely as she would in the new dress, and so she had compelled her to offer it, and wear the white one. She rather dreaded meeting Mrs. Scott's keen blue eyes. The meeting was one of surprise on the part of Marcia's

family. The apricot silk had been the subject of much talk, for new frocks were not very plentiful in the large family of Professor Scott. "How charming you look, my dear, and you have a frock just like Marcia's!" exclaimed Marcia's mother.

Estelle explained, flashing her eyes and all her dimples for the benefit of the assembled family. They accepted the situation gracefully, but each and everyone thought poor Marcia was a good scout to give up the dress. Mrs. Scott hurried upstairs to aid Marcia, if necessary, but guilty Estelle remained below conscious of her own good looks.

Mrs. Scott was very thorough, and it was she who discovered the apple green dress inside the clothes hamper. She forced Marcia to put it on, and the result was charming. Downstairs, she found Estelle and whispered to her: "You will be glad to know that I found your frock and I have made Marcia wear it; I really like it better than her own, don't you?" and the confused guest almost choked with rage when she saw the dazzling effect of Marcia in apple green!

"You look like an apple blossom caught in a silver moonbeam," Paul Leroy told her, and Estelle heard every word. "You should always wear that color, Marcia. Your father says we may announce our engagement tonight."

All the men danced with Estelle, and the Scotts saw that she had a splendid time, but the dishonest thing she had done rankled in her own bosom, so that in the morning she affected some excuse and went home.

### How We Get That Way! Why Not Learn Truth?

Ring-a-ting-a-ling went the telephone bell five minutes after they had all sat down to the table. Sister jumped up quickly from her place. "I think that's for me," said she with suspicious haste. A dead silence fell upon the room; Brother listened quite openly. "Hello," began Sister. "Oh, it's you!" At this Brother guffawed like a braying donkey. The long-distance conversation continued for a few more noncommittal monosyllables, and then Sister said good-by and returned to her interrupted meal and her ribald relatives.

She had a stern expression of countenance, however. As she took her place, she remarked, "I wish you wouldn't laugh like a car cranking, Brother." Brother put his hand over his mouth to suppress his risibles, but Sister didn't notice. "How should I laugh?" questioned he meekly. "Don't explode," said she, taking him quite seriously. "Open your mouth and your throat and let the laugh come out naturally!" Then with careful pitch she went, "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," beginning low, rising higher and

cataly. "Oh! Ho!" roared Brother, unable to restrain himself any longer; "you sound like a phonograph record!" And he emitted a perfect series of bellows. "For heaven's sake, don't laugh at all if you have to make such terrible noises as that," retorted Sister, irritated at having fallen into his trap. "Ha! ha!" cried Brother, too pleased for words at his success; "I mustn't laugh—I can only smile, I suppose!" Then he fixed his features into a huge and cavernous grin, opening his mouth without making a sound, so wide that they could see into the depths of his raw, red interior.

### Land of Flying Animals

Australia is the home of flying animals and boasts of at least twenty species of squirrels, opossums and also a species of bear that flies. The species generally is referred to as "phalanger." This means that they have, extending from the front to the hind legs, a membrane which enables them to float in quite a graceful way from tree to tree. They are not really flying animals, but gliders. The flying squirrel is said to be the most beautiful mammal in the world. It is odd that in the land where many animals fly, birds often cannot fly at all. Both the emu and the cassowary are practically wingless and have to depend upon their long and strong legs to escape from their enemies.

### Kangaroo Meat Dainty

It is said that all parts of a kangaroo are good for food, the flesh being very like that of hare or small venison; but the tail is the only part which has much meat on it, the rest of the animal being extraordinarily spare and lean. The tail is thick and fleshy, nearly as big as a man's leg; and, broiled on the embers in its own skin, which draws off afterward like a glove, or made into soup or hash, is considered a dish fit for a prince.

### Cows Showed Sense

Lil and Red, cows owned by Ezra Edgell of Smithfield, W. Va., saved their own lives when Fishing creek rose to record flood stage. The cows planted front hoofs against the side of their barn, keeping their noses out of the water, which would have drowned them had it risen three inches more, as a haymow above held their heads down. The horses and another cow in the same barn were drowned.

## Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You never buy trolley tickets ahead? You probably live on a small allowance and buying in bulk, though best always, is unfeasible for you. Then, too, when you have the tickets you always feel that you must pay the other fellow's carfare. This becomes too costly even if it is a great joy to you. So you have wisely not accumulated tickets until you need them. Often, indeed, you have lost your tickets. "The dear little things" are vagrant and easily stray away. On the whole, buy as you ride, unless the saving is great—but do not live in heaven!

Your get-away here is: Buying, if nothing else, is your own trouble.

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**Something to Think About**  
By F. A. WALKER

### BETTER THAN GOLD

FOR ages it has been the custom of the larger proportion of earthlings to bow to the yellow god of gold and worship it, overlooking in their insane idolatry the wondrous, enduring riches that lie at their feet, disregarded and trodden down.

Children come into the world with shining eyes and laughter on their lips. They are as blithesome as birds in the springtime until they are taught by their parents to look reverently upon the cold face of the god of mammon.

Then comes a change in their speech and deportment. The little rich child is instructed to look with disfavor upon the little poor child, so a sharp line of distinction is drawn between them and each goes his or her way, unfriendly towards each other.

A bitterness springs up in their hearts. As the years come and go, it grows to pride, disrespect and hate. Then follow the oft-repeated tales of history—strife, war, bloodshed, tears and sorrows—tales that have been told over and over with rancor since the creation of man.

The happiness which the children knew is crushed to death beneath the ponderous weight of gold. The care-free laughter which they brought with them has flown away beyond their reach, and they have become hard-faced and sordid, like the rest of us, earthly wealth and power.

There are some noble spirits, however, who scornfully turn their backs upon the false god, refusing to bow down to it or admit its supremacy.

These are the salt of the earth, whose saving substance may redeem the idolaters.

You will find them among the faithful, the charitable, and big-hearted, working earnestly for the betterment of mankind, unmindful of riches, forgetful of everything else except the life in which gold loses its value in the august presence of character and divine possibility.

Are we among these faithful ones, or are we cowards? Do we tremble in terror at the monstrous god of wealth, its pomp and splendor and power, or do we, like the faithful, consider it merely a myth of time, doomed to banishment with the oncoming dawn of eternity?

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## BIG BROTHER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MY brother's bigger, lots, than me. I think it's nice, you will agree. Although he's big, the way he plays With me, at least on rainy days. He's eight and I am only five, And he can swim, and almost dive, And do a lot of other things That I can't do, with water-wings. But he and I we romp and run And have an awful lot of fun. I'm little, but it's all the same, As long as he can pick the game.

My brother's bigger, big and strong, And yet we always get along. As long as I will try to do The things that brother wants me to. When there is no one else around To play with, then he digs the ground And builds me castles big and grand, As long as I will bring the sand. And horse is something else we play A lot of times, most every day. He likes to play with me; of course He does if I will be the horse.

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**WHAT SHE MEANT.**  
When I proposed to Vivian she asked me if I was a new recruit. What did she mean? She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before.

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