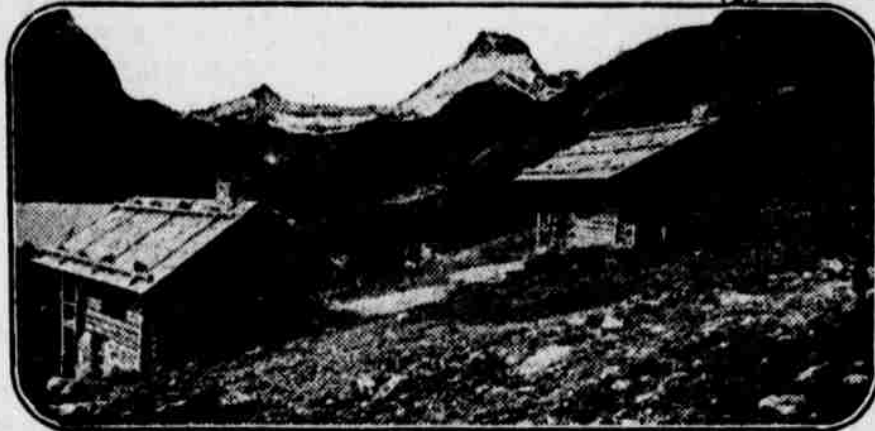


AMONG the GLACIERS

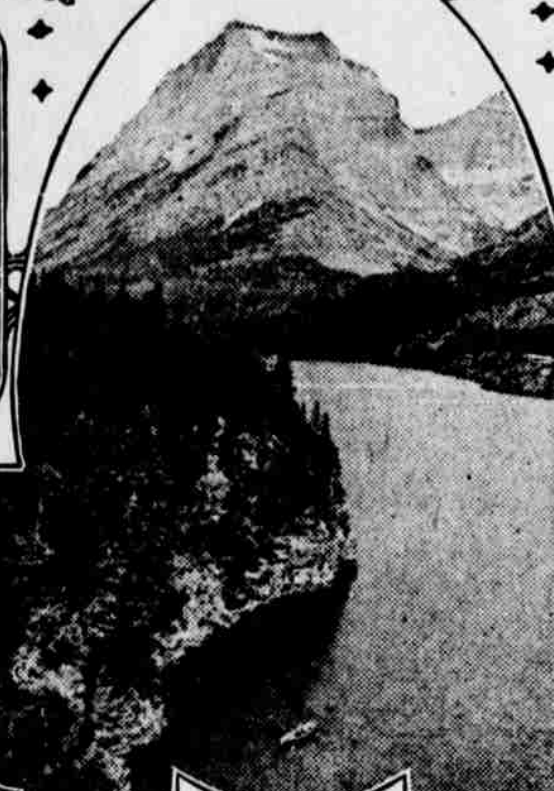
By E. W. PICKARD



FISHING ON HORSEBACK



GLACIER PARK HOTEL



GOING TO THE SUN MOUNTAIN

BY some it is called the "Switzerland of America." True, it has the majestic, snow-topped mountains crowded closely together, the glittering ice fields of glaciers, the sparkling little lakes lying cupped between the heights, and the magnificent forests of pine and fir. But not, as in Switzerland, are there towns and hamlets and scattered cottages; the visitor must gain the summits afoot or on horseback, without the aid of "funicular" or cog railway; over and through and about it there are not the immense swarms of "trippers" that infest the old world country; hordes of guides do not dog your footsteps, and ravenous hotelkeepers are not found at every turn.

Others have dubbed it "Uncle Sam's Newest Playground," and so it is, but it will not be that very long. So some writer with a vivid imagination must find a new name for the Glacier National Park.

About 14,000 persons visited Glacier park last summer, and in the coming season it is probable fully twice as many will view its beauties and wonders. Although as a national park it is only three years old, its name is already familiar in this country because of the extensive advertising it has received and of the enthusiastic accounts of those who have seen it; and it seems destined to become one of the most popular regions for persons who like to spend their holidays in a somewhat unconventional way and at moderate expense.

Occupying 1,400 square miles near the northwest corner of Montana, Glacier park is right in the heart of the Rockies and in the matter of mountain scenery it yields to no place. Dozens of magnificent peaks crowd the landscape, some towering to heights of more than 10,000 feet. On the upper slopes of many of them shine the everlasting beds of snow and ice are born scores of torrents that dash down the mountain sides and hurl themselves over tremendous cliffs. Scattered all about among the mountains are deep lakes that lie like burnished mirrors in the calm of a sunny day or are lashed into black rage when the storm sweeps down on them from the heights.

Perilous passes, steep and rocky climbs, slippery scrambles across glaciers and miles of dense forest are there for those who like the more strenuous life. For the others there are automobile, coach, launch and horseback trips, rest and recreation in an excellent hotel and delightful "chalet camps," and always mellow days and cool nights.

If one wishes to get away from hotel life entirely he can have camping trips in the wilderness, and it is really wilderness, in which he can wander for weeks without seeing a human habitation. Big game is there in abundance—bears, mountain sheep, mountain goats and various kinds of "varmints"—but of course it is strictly protected by Uncle Sam. But fish are there, too, especially trout, and the visitor is free to catch them if he can. Adding their own touch of picturesqueness are the Indians of the Blackfoot tribe, whose home is in the reservation immediately east of the park.

The usual entrance to the park is at its southeast corner where, at Glacier Park station, is one of the most remarkable and attractive hotels in the country. The main building is constructed largely of immense logs from Washington and Oregon and the spacious lobby is flanked by these natural pillars which tower three stories to the roof. Enormous fireplaces, scores of pelts of wild animals and the heads of buffalo and deer add to the attractions; and more comfort and better food cannot be obtained in metropolitan hotels. Tourists, guides and Indians mingle here, and formality is discarded.

I haven't the slightest intention of writing a guidebook to the Glacier National Park, but I do wish to tell of some of its wonders and beauties that can be seen in a visit of a few days. So first let's climb into this big touring car and go to Lake St. Mary. Our chauffeur is a "breed," capable, courteous and well educated, who knows the country as you know your back yard. For some 20 miles our route lies through the Indian reservation and we skim along the boulevard road across sweeps of prairie, up hills and along the edges of precipices, now dipping down into lovely valleys, now crossing rushing streams, with the mountains ever growing more imposing and more fascinating. Twisting up a long climb and swerving to the west, we come to the continental watershed near Triple Divide mountain. Thence the waters flow on one side to Hudson bay, on another to the Pacific and on the third to the Mississippi valley and the gulf. This is truly the roof of the continent. Now for 16 miles the road runs through the great pine forests and winds gradually downward, on the slopes of the mountain, until with a loud honking our motor car draws up beside the charming log chalets of St. Mary camp that cling to the steep shores of the lake, whose waters sparkle and ripple under the midday sun. Dinner awaits in the biggest chalet—plain food, well cooked and plentiful, served by attractive waitresses. It is eaten with a relish and without formalities, and then, after a few minutes in the "recreation" chalet with its player piano and dance floor, we all pile aboard a powerful gasoline launch and head up the lake for Going-to-the-Sun camp.

On the right stretches the long ridge of Single Shot mountain, and on the left rise Citadel, Almost-a-Dog (lovely name) and other fine peaks. But our eyes are fixed forward to where Going-to-the-Sun mountain rears its magnificent snow-topped head. It is one of the most picturesque mountains in America, and hanging near its summit is a large glacier whose stream, falling headlong, is constantly blown upward into spray by the never ceasing winds. From the camp, built high on a promontory that projects far into the

lake, the view of this mountain, of Blackfoot glacier, of Citadel, Reynolds, and Fusillade mountains and of the heights about Gainsight pass far beyond is most impressive.

While we linger here marveling at the "upside down" waterfall, the vivid colors of the mountains and the ice-green lake spread at our feet, the sharp peak of Fusillade is veiled by clouds that pour swiftly over and about the nearer heights, and away up there a snowstorm is raging. For us it is rain, however, and driven to shelter, we crowd into the cabin of the launch and hustle back to St. Mary camp.

From St. Mary camp the automobile road has just been extended some 20 miles to Many-Glacier camp on Lake McDermott. This place, in itself fine enough, is the headquarters from which we make short trips to some of the park's greatest attractions—Morning Eagle falls, Cataract creek, Swift Current pass and, most wonderful of all, Iceberg lake. This little body of exquisitely blue water is almost wholly surrounded by serrated, splintered ridges that tower 3,000 feet above its surface. On a kind of shelf lies what is left of the ancient glacier that scooped out this basin ages ago, and from its edges icebergs, large and small, are continually breaking off to go floating lazily about in the lake. Iceberg lake is the habitat of the polar trout discovered by Hoke Smith, who says they have fur instead of scales.

Now back to the Glacier Park hotel for mail and a little rest, for we are seeing the park in a lazy, leisurely fashion. And what next? Well, suppose we give at least one day to Two Medicine lake, a region that for sheer beauty can hold its own with any in the park. The trip is made by stage in about three hours, and on the way up the lovely valley we tie up the horses and are led through the forest to the Trick falls. Here in high water times Two Medicine river plunges over the edge of a mass of rocks down among huge boulders; but in the dry season it drops into a hole above and emerges more quietly through a cavern in the rocky wall. The mountain that especially dominates Two Medicine lake is Rising Wolf, and it is almost as handsome as Going-to-the-Sun. Here, too, is another of those delightful chalet camps, and what with the view, the food and the air, it is hard to tear one's self away from it.

If there are any real fishermen in our party the best thing they can do is to go to St. Mary's camp again, and from there by trail to Red Eagle lake, three hours distant. This beautiful green lake, only a mile long and half a mile wide, is from 200 to 500 feet deep, and fairly swarms with cut-throat trout, while in the streams that flow into and out of it the Dolly Varden trout is found in great numbers. These fish are good fighters and the angler who gets one on his hook and undertakes to yank it from its ice-cold home has a task that delights his soul. Since there is a stretch of shallow water in front of the camp, the fisherman often rides out on horseback to deeper water and there, still astride his steed, casts for the trout. The first time you sit on a horse and try to land a ten-pound cut-throat you will forget there is anything else on earth except that little lake surrounded by a dozen magnificent mountains, that horse and that trout.

Being still somewhat averse to strenuous exercise, we are now going to board the train at Glacier Park station and ride luxuriously over the continental divide, in itself a trip well worth tak-

ing. Alighting at the village of Belton, we have a delicious meal in the Great Northern's pretty Swiss chalet hotel and climb aboard a stage coach for the ride to Lake McDonald. For an hour we travel a boulevard cut through a dense forest of pine, spruce and balsam, and then, where a group of cottages are clustered on its shore, the lake opens out before us. This 11-mile stretch of water is so beautiful, in setting and color, that no words are adequate to describe it. Lake McDonald was a popular resort long before the national park was established, and there are several hotels and camps about its northern end. To one of these, the Glacier hotel, we are taken by launch to be greeted cordially by its proprietor, J. E. Lewis, who for years has been taking care of fishermen and other folk who wanted to spend a week or a summer in the open. So near that it seems but a moment's walk from the shore, the mountains of the park tower to the skies, casting their jagged reflections in the still waters of the lake. A ten-mile ride through the forest that clothes their lower slopes brings us to Avalanche lake. Pea green in color, reflecting the spruce and pine and hemlock that crowd to its very edge, it lies like a precious gem in a deep basin that is a veritable mountain garden. At one end the rock wall rises almost perpendicularly for 6,000 feet, and over its edge and down its face dash four torrents discharged from Sperry glacier, two miles away.

Not very easy of access, but wonderfully impressive when you get to it after some five hours of climbing, is Sperry glacier. Just a great field of ice and snow, about three miles in extent and of unknown depth, it lies glittering and sparkling under the midsummer sun. Crevasses cross its expanse here and there, and the tourist must be exceedingly careful if he ventures out on its surface. Indeed, the authorities do not permit this, unless with guides and ropes, on any of the glaciers in the park. The wind is always high up there, and snow and rock slides are frequent.

The mountains and glaciers and lakes and passes we have seen are only a few of the wonders of this wonderful park—only a few, indeed, of that part that is open to ordinary sight-seers. Almost half of the park, the northern part, is known to few except forest rangers, guides, Indians and some scientists. Doubtless before many years the whole region will be opened up, and the remarkably satisfactory system of camps established by the Great Northern Railway company will be extended to the Canadian border. Within the last year these accommodations have been enlarged greatly to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing stream of visitors.

One more thing must be said for Glacier National Park: It is a pleasure ground for the people, not for the millionaire. No fine clothes, no expensive luxuries there. All charges are regulated by the government, and it is the ambition of the Great Northern, to keep the necessary expenses of visitors down to the minimum. Glacier park is his hobby and his pride, and he is as familiar with its trails and passes as are the guides and the Indians. Of course, tourist travel to the park helps his railway, and at some time in the far future the company may begin to break even on its lavish expenditure of money to make things comfortable for those who go all the way to Montana to see the Switzerland of America—I haven't yet devised a better name for it.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MARCH 22

LESSONS BY THE WAY.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 13:18-35.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father who is in heaven."—Matt. 7:21.

The paragraph selected for our study is wisely entitled "Lessons by the Way," and easily falls into three sections. There are two parables about the kingdom, a reply as to who shall be saved, and an answer to the advice given Jesus about Herod seeking after his life.

The first section is properly a portion of the preceding paragraph which relates to the incident of the woman healed on a Sabbath.

1. What the Kingdom of God is like, vv. 18-21. The word, "therefore" (v. 18, R. V.), links this section with the lesson of last week wherein we observed the effect upon his adversaries when Jesus worked his miracle of healing upon the woman (v. 13), and they were "put to shame," v. 17. With this fact in mind it is easy to reconcile the principles advanced by the two different parables, viz., the fact of intense opposition on the part of his enemies, and that of rejoicing on the part of his friends.

Symbols of Evil.

The faithful servants of an absent but expected Lord are to watch for him that they may give him suitable welcome when he comes. This kingdom is to be outwardly prosperous and grow to that extent that it shall be a shelter to the birds, which represent the nations, Ezek. 17:23. But at the same time there is to be an inward growth as well, one of leaven (yeast), putrefaction. See I. Cor. 5:6,7, also Gal. 5:8, 9. A mustard seed thus growing large is abnormal; the birds are symbolic of evil; so Jesus teaches us here as elsewhere (Matt. 13:24-30), that the kingdom is to be of a mixed character, an intermixture of good and evil, opposition and victory. History has abundantly fulfilled these predictions, though at the time Jesus uttered these words nothing seemed more improbable than such a suggested development, either of outward prosperity and power, or of such a possibility of finding evil within.

Common Question.

II. Who shall be saved, vv. 22-30. What is more natural in view of these thoughts than to ask this question, a question that is a most common one still. Notice, he did not answer in a way to satisfy idle curiosity, but directed each to his own duty, to see if they themselves had entered the kingdom rather than be concerned about how many are to be saved. The secret then is still a secret. He told them to "strive" (contend earnestly) to enter in. Soon the door will be shut, now they are able to enter, then not at all. He is the "door," John 10:9. There is one form of work which is essential to the salvation of the believer, see John 6:29. "Works," altruistic service, is an essential part of Christianity, being an evidence of faith, James 2:17, 18, but altruism is not the whole of religion as some seem to imply. We do not drift into the kingdom, Acts 14:22; I. Cor. 9:24-27; Heb. 4:11; 2 Pet. 1:10. All one needs to do to be lost is to do nothing. To be saved calls for an honest, earnest effort. Jesus again suggests his return as he reveals the kind of seeking which fails to find an entrance. In another passage (Matt. 7:13, 14) Jesus states this same thought. The way of unrighteousness is broad, easy to follow and many walk therein. Whereas the way of life is narrow, straight, and few choose to follow it. To be even so familiar as to have eaten and to have drunk in his presence, or to have lived on the same street, will not suffice, and will not merit an entrance. In another connection (Matt. 25) Jesus taught that even if admission is claimed on the basis of actual service rendered there was still lacking one thing, viz., the Lord's knowledge of them. To be casually, superficially familiar with him is not enough—they did not know him. Many of our "first" people will then be "last," when that door is closed, and they find themselves without. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Word and Work—the two W's. You'll soon get spiritually gorged if it is all word and no work, and you will soon be without power if it is all work and no word. If you want to be healthy Christians, there must be both word and work."—D. L. Moody.

III. Warning about Herod, vv. 31-35. Why the Pharisees gave Jesus this warning is hard to tell. They were not interested in his safety particularly and perhaps only wanted to frighten him and thereby limit his influence and activity, see Neh. 6:9-11; Amos 7:12, 13. There is no doubt, however, of the truth of their words and we know that Jesus never needlessly incurred danger. He had his work to do and could not be killed until it was done, John 11:8-10. The mention of the usurper called from Jesus a revelation of his compassion and love for the city of Jerusalem.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

This, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Hadn't Seen "Pedestrian."

While two men were driving in the country in an automobile the car broke down. Finally one decided to walk on until his companion could make the necessary repairs and overtake him. When the car was in running order again the driver started up, and a mile farther along came to an old negro hoeing corn near the roadside. "Did a pedestrian pass this way awhile ago?" asked the man at the wheel. "No, sah. I been right head in dis cohn patch more 'n an hour, an' nothin' done passed 'cept one solitary man, an' he wuz a-trampin' 'long on foot."

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

He Admired Her Judgment.

She—Oh, Fred, dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet. I can't help loving you. Now, what can you see in plain little me to admire?
He—Oh, I don't know, dear; but you certainly have very good judgment.—Tit-Bits.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wighton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the joints that it was difficult to move.

After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Very Final.

"What's the matter?"
"She has rejected me again. She says this is final."
"Did she say how final?" inquired the older and more experienced man.

Psychological Moment.

Crawford—What is the best time for a man to get home at night?
Crabshaw—When his wife is asleep.—Judge.