

Beautiful Mount Desert



Beachcroft Path on Pickett Mountain.

THE bill before congress to create the Mount Desert National park upon Mount Desert Island, Maine, has called special attention to one of the most distinguished scenic places in the country. Already it is a national reservation, President Wilson having proclaimed it the Sieur de Monts National monument two years ago. The movement to promote it to national parkhood marks the appreciation of New England and the country generally resulting from the public attention devoted to this spot in consequence of the president's act.

Sieur de Monts is the only spot on the Atlantic coast where sea and mountain meet. Also it is typical in the best sense of the magnificence of the deciduous forests of the East; these are not elsewhere represented in the national scenic group. Mount Desert will be the only national park east of the Mississippi.

Many thousands of persons who do not identify this splendid group of seagirt mountains under its present title of Sieur de Monts will place it at once under the title proposed for the national park, as the granite heights which rise behind Bar Harbor and the other resorts of Mount Desert Island. The rounded summits of more than a dozen low mountains and the beautiful lakes which nestle at their feet are enclosed in the reservation. Nowhere else may the pleasures of seashore and rock-bound coast be combined with those of a wild mountainous wilderness.

Favorite Summer Resort.

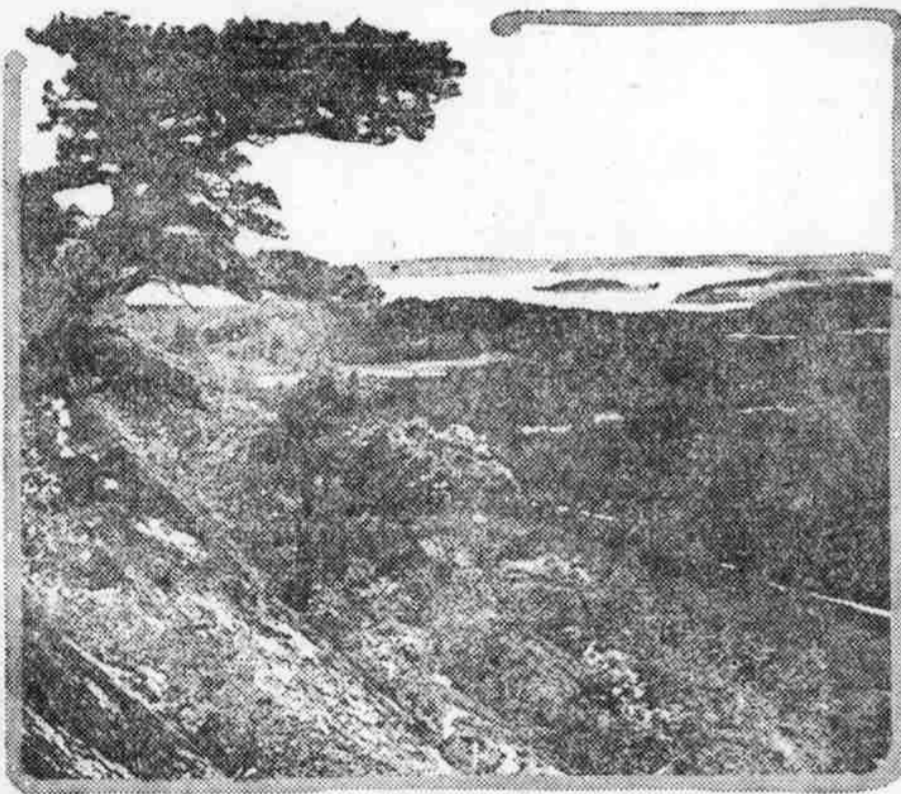
For many years these mountains have lured summer visitors into their fastnesses. Their splendid forests of oak, pine, hemlock, chestnut, beech,

maple and other well-known trees of the Appalachian range, the perfection of their native shrubs, the luxuriance of their wild flowers, the charm of their wild valleys and lakes, and the stirring views of island-dotted sea from their slopes and summits bring visitors back again summer after summer. All of these mountains were in private possession; summer estates were shutting out large areas from public use. That is why a group of public-spirited men undertook a dozen years ago to acquire the mountains and present them to the nation. Some gave their estates, others gave money to buy holdings which could not be got by gift. The Mount Desert National park, when congress thus creates it, will stand also for the fine generosity and public spirit of New England.

Older Than the Rockies.

Summer visitors always are interested in the extreme age of these mountains. They are granite of the Archean age. They stood there, doubtless far loftier and perhaps serrated, before the now loftier Rockies and the Sierra Nevada even emerged from the prehistoric sea. These summits have been rounded in the intervening many millions of years by the frosts and the rains and the giant ice sheets which descended time and again from the north. The record of the glaciers may be read still upon their slopes.

The mountains are entirely surrounded by fine automobile roads along the shore which connect the seaside resorts. But in many places the cliffs spring straight from the ocean, whose waves lash and corrode their granite feet. A greater variety of sensations may be had from this combination of sea and mountain than is offered by any Western national park, however large and majestic.



View From Dry Mountain.

Fighting With Smoke.

Smoke is a valuable weapon in this war. It is extensively used on both sides to mask military and naval movements, and elaborate means have been devoted to throw up clouds of smoke. A very interesting use of smoke is described thus in Scientific American: "During a poisonous gas attack smoke is employed to ward off the fumes. Being considerably heavier than the poisonous gases generally employed, a barrage of smoke causes the dangerous fumes to pass over trenches and dugouts and to dissipate themselves in the higher regions."

Fans and Flags.

"I see a Texas inventor has patented an attachment for sewing machines to wave a fan as a person is sewing," remarked the lady.

"Well," replied friend husband, who was utilizing a strong nail in lieu of a suspender button. "I know a man who would wave a few dozen flags if a certain party would do a little sewing."

Huns Make Solder Having Little Tin.

Owing to the scarcity of tin in Germany, efforts have been made to produce a solder containing none of that metal. What is pronounced an excellent substitute was made from 80 per cent lead, plus cadmium and tin, but it could not be used in sealing food cans because the lead, in contact with acids in fruits, produces salts that are poisonous. More recently, it is said, a nonpoisonous solder has been obtained by combining bismuth and cadmium, both of which metals are found in Germany, with other metals not revealed.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

War Emergency Courses at Hampton.

The war department has signed a contract with Hampton Institute for the giving of war emergency courses to colored soldiers. This training includes machine work, blacksmithing, shoemaking, auto repairing, auto driving, pipe fitting, carpentry and electrical work.

Home Town Helps

NEW YORKER IS INDIGNANT

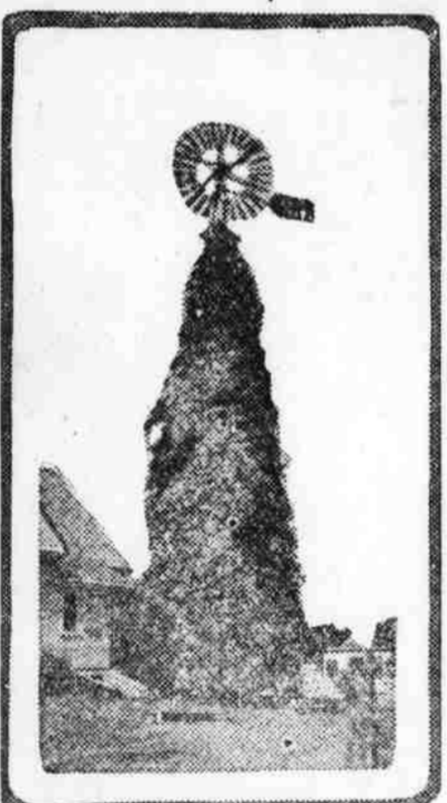
However, Not Many Public Parks Are in as Bad Condition as the One He Describes.

In the latest bulletin of the Municipal Art society, C. W. S. is justifiably bitter in his comment on the waste of opportunity in the so-called city parks of New York. "When is a city park not a park?" he asks, and answers: "When it ceases to offer either grass, flowers, or the shade of trees; when, for instance, it has a large granite basin or fountain without water, which is gradually broken up and carried away; when, at one end it harbors a ship and at the other a bombproof cairn for explosives; when one-third of it is roughly fenced off for a few years while the subway burrows its slow course within a yard of the grass surface, destroying for all time the growth of shade trees over it, and when this subway seizes more of its precious space for entrances; when the few surviving trees, uncared for in recent years, are left to die limb by limb and break down gradually, and their place is filled by no new shade trees; and when, in consequence, such a forlorn patch of barren ground and concrete as this has become stands year after year through the hot summers neglected, dusty, and shadeless; in a word, when its name is Union square. The nursemaid in Punch being asked by the little boy at the station: 'What is a junction?' replies: 'A place where two tracks separate.' With equal truth this square is to us a place where our idea of a park and its reality separate."

PUTTING IVY TO GOOD USE

How the Plant Was Cleverly Trained to Hide the Naked Ugliness of a Windmill.

The highly decorative effect of ivy growing against the walls of castles and other buildings was discovered some centuries ago, but it remained for a very modern farmer to turn the climbing habit of the wild grape to good account, remarks the Popular



The Skeleton of the Windmill Has a Dress That Eve Might Have Envied.

Science Monthly. The photograph tells the story. The windmill was quickly turned from a bare framework, suggesting in its ugliness the inartistic but highly useful framework of a skyscraper, to a bower of beauty. As a matter of fact, the farmer used both the wild grape and the ivy (not the kind that poisons), and in two years had the framework well covered. And, as the owner said: "It didn't cost much." Moreover, the vine-clad windmill is a thing of beauty if not a joy forever.

Clean Up the Roadside.

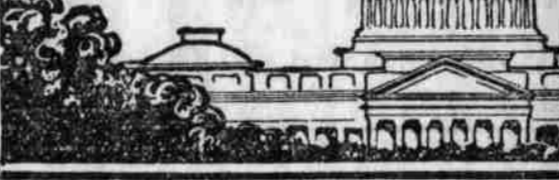
Why not mow the weeds along the roadside? How much prettier the road will look. It only takes a few minutes. The knowledge that you have beautified the world a bit is pay.

Useful Trees Needed.

In many countries of Europe the highways are lined with fruit trees, pruned each year by the government. In this country our highways are decorated with hedges, a few tame shade trees, willows, catalpas, elms, cottonwood, poplar, soft maple, box elder—all useless trees. We need black walnut, butternut, hickory, oak, hard maple for sugar and various fruit trees. We need spruce for airplanes and pine trees for lumber. Thorn hedges are a nuisance. We need hazelnuts, mulberries, cherries, currants, raspberries, blackberries, apples, plums, crabs, peaches, pears, grapes. Where is a more suitable place than our highways and streets?

A public landscape gardener would more than earn his keep and be an added blessing to the people each year. This functionary could be given authority to root out such obnoxious shrubs as the barberry bush.

WASHINGTON SIDE LIGHT



Loads of Fun at the Zoo During

WASHINGTON.—If you are fortunate enough to be at the zoo at 11 o'clock, feeding time, you will find plenty of manifest great signs of hunger, striding back and forth up great bear cries and striking their long claws across the bars of their cages, like giant ukulele players.

When the keeper comes, with his wheelbarrow of bread, the fun begins. The keeper's aim is to give an equal number of loaves to each bear, but the pig in the bear sometimes upsets this calculation.

When one big hog—I mean bear—grabs twice as many loaves as is his due, it is up to the keeper to make him give up the extra loaves. This is not an easy task, especially when it must be done in a cage. But with the aid of a long iron bar, with which the keeper ministers on the seemingly concrete head of the bear, the bread finally goes to the right bear.

The baby hippopotamus, growing bigger every day, is a sight to see. During the recent hot days both baby hippopotamuses seem to be eating hay, seemingly unmindful of the heat. One day last week a young woman with a sack of potato chips and their availability to the animals, some animals liked the chips and others did not. Animals, it may be remarked, really turn out to be very particular about which they do not care.

Some of the monkeys eat potato chips, but other brands of monkeys will have nothing to do with them. The young woman refused to try.

She said she was saving the information for another experiment with pickles. "Why not," I suggested, "try out an ukulele?"

So if you happen to see a young lady plunking to the polar bears the next time you go out to the zoo, you will know why.

Salvage Section of Red Cross

FOUR stray cats, two dogs, two canaries, an old set of bedroom furniture and a crate of eggs that have poured into the salvage section of the Red Cross.



their waste paper and send it to the salvage department.

Other firms of the city have promised to donate their waste paper and send it to the salvage department. The money raised by sales of salvaged articles goes into the Red Cross for war necessities and for the civilian dependents of the boys in service.

Many offers of aid come to Mrs. Dougherty, I. Rosenberg, the traffic policeman at Fourteenth and Broadway, offered to drive his brother's truck at once.

At least 500 tinfoil collecting boxes have been placed in shops, restaurants and all places where they are needed. These boxes are plainly marked for the salvage department. Twenty pounds of tinfoil were collected by Police

All Because Small Boy Followed

THIS is about a Jack-o'-lantern journey which a boy took one starless night. If you have lived in the country where Jack flickers his sinister gleams over the marsh, you will know exactly how it happened that the boy, lost in the dark and mistaking the light for a candle in a cabin window, followed on and on until the squashed mud under the cat-tails would have mired him except that Adaline heard him call.

Also, if you had known how the virtuous neighborhood treated Adaline—who was only a poor white—because of—but that is her own affair—you might have wondered why she should have risked her life, but some people are that way. Anyhow, the boy was saved, but when the baby came to earth with withered feet that could never walk, and a back that could never uncrumple, the people around said it was God's judgment—as if they personally knew.

So Adaline came here and worked her poor splendid best until the baby's soap box became a cradle and then a cot, and after that a wheel chair and after that a casket—white, with shiny handles and fringe.

You may have known Adaline professionally, because her baskets of wash went into the very best families until a few weeks ago, when she retired from business permanently. And now she isn't going to do anything in this world but sleep beside the crumpled-up boy in a green place under a tree.

Which makes one glad for Adaline that there is another world for her to go to where she will have learned by this time that:

"Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for a friend."

"Weaker Sex" Doing Its Part to Help Win the War

THIS is the day of the farmerette, conductorette, clerkette and woman munition worker. The "win-the-war" woman is as inevitable a bit of the daily news as it is inevitable that the Yanks will keep on driving until Fritz finds himself with his back to the last wall in Berlin.

Everybody, by this time, realizes how well women are doing their bit in the ranks of the home army—the army that makes the very necessary work of our boys "over there" possible. It would be well if everybody could be brought to realize also that America has a few women Foches and Haigs and Pershings.

The most important of all government appointments announced lately was that of a woman, Miss Mary Van Kleek, who rubbed her eyes one morning and read the news that she had become chief of the new women industry division of the United States department of labor.

Being all that, which is equivalent to being generalissimo of all women who have their sleeves up for Uncle Sam, "General" Van Kleek found also that she was the only woman with a seat on the national war labor policies board.

A woman, Miss W. Wellborn—"Major Billy" Wellborn of the post marshal general's office—dispenses more information regarding the operation of the draft than any other individual in the country. No local or district draft board in any city tells so many men "where they're at" as the little "major."

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