

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 as national park would mark 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 manufacture of the deciduous forests of the East; there 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 sea-circled 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 hills which nestle at their feet are included in the reservation. Nowhere else may the placidness and the sea-bound coast be combined with those of a wild mountainous wilderness.

For many years these mountains have lured summer visitors into their fastnesses. Their splendid forests of oak, pine, hemlock, chestnut, beech, maple and other walk-in trees of the Appalachian range, the perfection of their native shrubs, the luxuriance of their wild flowers, the charms of their wild valleys and lakes, and the stirring views of island-dotted sea from their slopes and summits bring visitors back again and again.

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

View From Dry Mountain.

Huns Make Boulder 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 percent lead, plus cadmium and tin, but it could not be used in sealing food cans because the lead contains stannic acids in fruits, produce 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 related.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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

"Well," replied friend husband, who was utilizing a strong wall 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."

There are 3,000 union mechanists in Toronto, Canada.

The Maid and the Manikin

BY BARBARA KEER

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"This is a pretty time of night for two respectable maiden schoolmarmers to be prowling around looking for lost keys!" giggled Bert Waterwright to Louise Lauront, as they were vainly trying to get into their rooming house without the usual key. "You've been so mysteriously quiet up from the rest of the world, once we were inside this castle. Let's ring the bell!"

"Oh, no, this is a trap!" Here, we can stand on this stool, reach that roof and walk right along to the veranda." And in a minute more of giggling and cumbering they both stood on the upper veranda, when just ahead of them a blind rat and a blue shadow opened, but evidently noisy for air, as they heard a man's voice humming softly, and the wind blowing inside the curtain they beheld a man at work. Both were rooted to the spot, for it was most unusual work.

Mr. Reginald Satterree was draping a man's shirt with yellow canvas. "Oh," breathed Louise. "How adorable!"

"By the love of Mike!" whispered Bert as he stole toward the photograph stallings erected in mental perplexity. "Shall I get to keep Louise from seeing? Was he coming to the window? Hastily they turned the corner and climbed hurriedly into their own rooms."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" laughed Bert, who peered back and forth on the floor. "Oh, wasn't that the funniest thing! If I could ever tell it, Louise Lauront, I'll murder you for not going to the window? Of course I won't, but isn't it the sweetest thing you ever saw?"

"What?" demanded Bert. "That dress for me?"

"Bert? That's the dearest dress I ever saw. I always knew Reginald was a wizard in the dry goods. You are the luckiest thing I ever saw. Think of him working all his evenings designing dresses for you!"

"No! What do I wear with a dress like that?" You know I'd rather get into a corset hanging out and tramp all over the country. But you'll have to quit that and settle down. The wife of Reginald Satterree—"

"Hush, Ouida, think of a man dressmaker!"

"Shame on you, Bert! Think of Waterwright!"

"Worthless!" of course, not just that; but have I no ambition but to be a dummy to hang things on a Christmas tree?"

"Now, Bert Waterwright, ever since we were in school in No. 6 I've thought sometimes that you were conceited. You ought to be the proudest girl in the world."

But Bert put her hands before her face, and a hard, dry zurgle, much more like a sob than a laugh, escaped her. "Don't talk to me about it. I'm going to bed."

"Are you crying, Bertie? Are you sick?" came softly out of the darkness.

"No. I was just thinking how good you are. I was giving him to you."

Louise bubbled out in loud, turned on the light and got the thermometer. "You are sick, Bertie. You've got a fever. Open your mouth."

"Judge! Take that thing away of me! Bite the end off, and you know what it happened to me!"

"Was a chilly day for Willy when the mercury went down."

"I'm not sick. You couldn't understand it in a hundred years. The thermometer couldn't be any more faulty. Mr. Satterree—Why was I such a fool as to think it could?"

"All right in the morning," she said. "You listen to me."

And then there Bert unfolded the scheme of presenting her lover to the world as a great artist, arranging all the details of the romance. She had planned, at first to humor her, but as she went on planning in the darkness she knew that she meant to carry it out. So when morning came she left a note on the parkey, but Bert was as good as dead. She was swapping sweaters and things happened just as she had planned. It was Sunday, and they had at the breakfast table. The girls related to Reggie how they had gotten up and were afraid that night he would awaken him, saying nothing of the dress.

"Well, now isn't that strange? I worked late last night!" hesitatingly.

Birds Get No Fun Out of Singing. "That the singing of birds bears no analogy to the singing of human beings, and is neither to please themselves nor to please others, is obvious from at least two facts: One is that birds with defective or only half-artistic notes sing as joyously and persistently as do birds whose instruments are perfect." John Burroughs writes in Harper's, "I have witnessed this in the case of the hermit thrush, the bobolink and the cockerel of the barnyard. The birds of the wood and of the meadow ignore their own imperfect notes, and the cockerel arches his neck and inflates his lungs and went through with the motions of crowing just as proudly as if he were especially as did the cock he was challenging."

Enthusiastic Book Collector. Eight homes full of books was the final collection of the world's greatest book collector when he passed away. He was Richard Heber, half-brother of Bishop Bertram Heber, known to millions as the author of the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"moment. 'I had an inspiration for a gown for Miss Waterwright.'"

"Adorable! Lucky Bert! Could we see it?"

"Bipping!" snorted Bert. "And here I am all tugged out for a hike. Is it as nice as this?" smoothing out her old brown corduroy.

The faintest frown appeared on Reggie's brow, but the girls hastily arose from the table and all proceeded into his designing room, and the manikin was wheeled into view. Mildly later Reggie wanted Ouida to try it on, so they took it into their room. Returning soon, Ouida prospected before the admiring designer.

"It was more than beautiful. The neckline, the sleeves, the collar, the hem, the check and lip; her black curling hair was loosened up a little, and tiny rings framed her face and fell on her white neck.

"Superb!" a dream," murmured the enraptured Reggie, dropping on one knee to fix a place in his hair. There was a knock at the door and Miss Waterwright was called out.

"What a wonderful talent, Mr. Satterree! It is an exquisite pleasure to be your manikin. I am really crazy about my beautiful clothes," said Ouida, as she admired herself and the gown in the mirror. "And doesn't it make the difference in me? Why, I'm almost good looking!" she observed inwardly.

"You are beautiful, Miss Lauront; and so appreciative."

"Oh, Bert is appreciative—indeed he is, but she simply does not care for clothes. Now, I've always liked to try things on. I go to the shops and try on things just to enjoy being fussed over. I think Miss Louise would have to keep this, and I will design something else for Miss Waterwright—something like my pockets."

Bert peered round the door, saying rather coldly: "You've called for me. Will you folks mind if I tear myself away? Then, her eyes falling on the beautiful Louise. That ought to be yours, well, so long, sorry I'm so rushed." And she hurried away, leaving the man and the manikin to talk dry goods to their hearts' content.

Bert met an old-time friend and a seasoned hiker, Mary Gregory, at the door of the city and they trudged off into the country.

That evening Bert wrote a long, frank, sylvan letter to Mr. Satterree, listing every article he saw in at least every day for a fortnight, explaining in the kindest manner possible that they were insisted to each other; in the way of his ambitions, and persuading him to seek a larger field for his unusual talents. She also told him that she had met Mr. Satterree at the Emmet, and that Mr. Henry Allen was trying to do for the Kansas soldiers' winding up with it, and that she was like a little sister if you could give her the pockets right before I go."

In the night she was awakened by a knock. "Bertie, I feel neither more dirt. About you a little sorry?"

"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard; but it's only a scratch, and as time goes by, well, all I have to do is to lay the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me the same."

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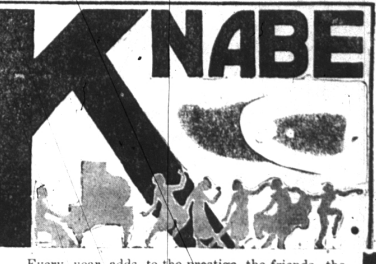
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