

IT HAPPENED IN BIRDLAND



Amor Immortalis.

By BENNETT GOULD.
 WHERE are the lovers who long, long ago
 Mocked at Death's menace with a fine disdain,
 And looked beyond the terror and the pain,
 Scorning to cringe before the last dread woe?
 Have their undaunted spirits passed below
 Into a silence where all loves are slain,
 And weary spectres haunt a lone-
 some plain
 Whence light has vanished and where
 chill winds blow?
 Nay, all who strive to cherish Love's
 white flower
 Have won calm peace and freedom
 from distress:
 Tristram and Isolt share a happy
 bower
 Deep in the farthest isle of Lyon-
 nesse:
 And on some shoulder of God's holy
 hill
 Immortal Dante loves his Beatrice
 still.
 —The Pall Mall Magazine.

The Mechanical Ananias.

(Argonaut.)
 Dr. Giles, professor of Chinese at
 Cambridge, has recently discovered in
 the dynastic histories of China a com-
 plete specification of the mechanism of
 a Chinese taxicab. They are first men-
 tioned under the Chin dynasty, A. D.
 265-419. From that time down to the
 middle of the fourteenth century fre-
 quent allusions to such vehicles,
 known as the "measure mile drum
 chariots" are to be found. At each 11,
 or Chinese mile, which is about one-
 third of an English mile, a drum was
 struck, while at every tenth 11 a bell
 was rung.

Liquid Sheep.

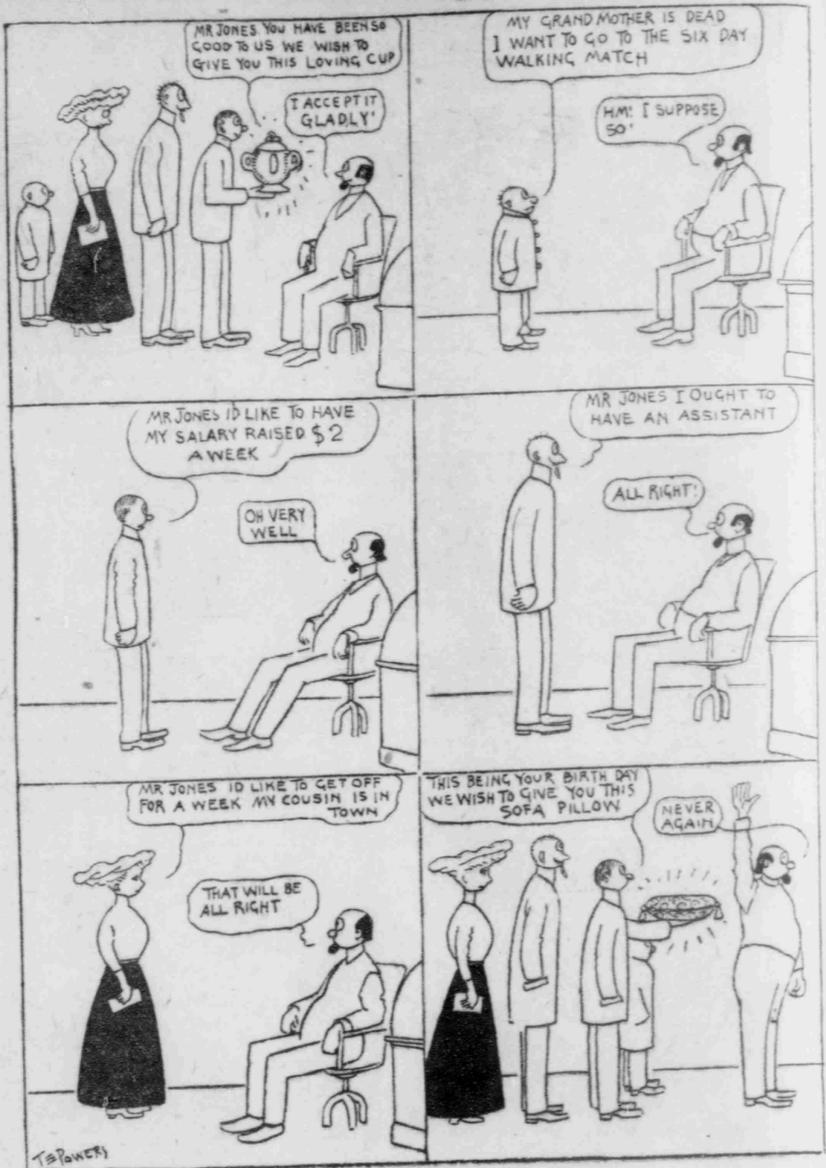
A business communication in Arabic
 recently reached a Manchester firm, and
 when translated by a Syrian interpreter
 proved to contain a request for the price
 of coppering "two water sheeps" of cer-
 tain given dimensions. The translator
 was confident of his version, but ad-
 mitted that he did not know what "water
 sheeps" could be. For the moment even
 the heads of the firm were puzzled, until
 it struck some one that this was the
 nearest synonym in the vocabulary of
 a pastoral people for "hydraulic rams."
 —Manchester Guardian.

Merry England.

(London Daily Mail.)
 At an inquest at Brentford on Mary
 Miles, a married woman, who was
 seized with illness while working in a
 market garden, it was stated by Dr
 Neil that death was due to rupture of a
 blood vessel of the heart caused by
 exposure to cold. Questions by the
 coroner elicited the information that
 the woman was accustomed to work
 from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. in the winter
 for \$2.00 a week and in the summer
 from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. for \$3 a week,
 a jurymen pointing out that this rep-
 resented a wage rate of 4 cents an hour.

NEVER AGAIN

BY T. E. POWERS



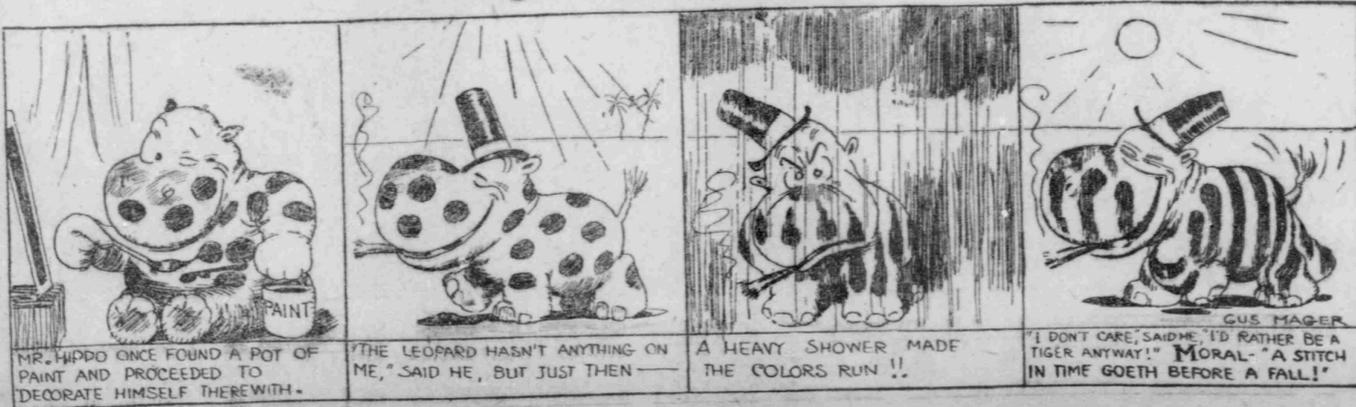
If It Weren't for Father

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A Misfit Fable

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RYMES ABOUT THE TOWN
 JAMES J. MONTAGUE

Belinda and the Window.

BELINDA reclined by the window, and a look of contentment she cast
 At the fenceposts and things that seemed gifted
 with wings as swiftly the train hurried
 past.
 Young Murchison skimmed through his paper as
 he sat in the seat just behind.
 Then he glanced at her hair and her languorous
 air and was deeply disturbed in his mind:
 For Belinda was one of those maidens who ask
 no assistance of art
 To raise up unrest in the masculine breast and
 harrow the masculine heart.

BELINDA laid light on the window a hand that
 wore one little ring.
 In vain did she lift, for she couldn't make shift
 to open the obstinate thing.
 Young Murchison leaned o'er the carseat with a
 gesture of elegant ease.
 And said, in a tone that might come from a
 throne, "Permit me to open it, please."
 He gripped the refractory window in a grip that
 was manly and strong;
 He tugged and he fought; then he said that he
 thought that possibly something was
 wrong.



BELINDA still sat by the window, when sud-
 denly up came the sash
 With a quiver and squeak and a groan and a
 shriek and a startling and deafening
 crash,
 She looked at young Murchison coyly; she
 flocked off the dust from her gown.
 "I was trying to see that cute rabbit," said she;
 "but he's gone. Won't you please put it
 down?"

TWO HUNDRED miles back on the railroad,
 frisking over the cleared right of way,
 When the window at length had surrendered its
 strength, a rabbit had begun to play.
 But neither the innocent rabbit, nor Murchison,
 sad now, and wise,
 Could fathom the light that was glimmering
 bright in a woman's illegible eyes;
 And while he thus labored and struggled, pray
 why did she silently sit?
 Ah! The way of a maid is beyond, I'm afraid,
 all logic and wisdom and wit.

The Wrong Way to Reform People

MRS. CARRIE NATION is another of
 those people who attempt to re-
 form the world from the surface. Mrs.
 Nation, with whose principles I am in
 full accord, seems to think that she
 will call attention to the evils of al-
 coholic poisoning by smashing glasses
 in saloon bars, and to the harmful
 effects of cigarette smoking by break-
 ing the frames of cigarette advertise-
 ments in railway trains.

I should like to point out to her
 that she is encouraging by her tactics
 the sale of alcoholic liquor and cigar-
 ettes. Talk to a drunkard about drink
 and you will make him thirsty.

Every time that Mrs. Nation gets
 her name into the papers by smashing
 about in a saloon bar or a railway
 carriage, twenty thousand men and
 women, who would never otherwise
 have thought of it, feel that they must
 have a drink or die; and ten thousand
 boys under twelve years of age hur-
 away to spend their halflance on cig-
 arettes.

This is true of all vice.

If Mrs. Nation really wishes, as I
 am sure she does, to leave the world
 temperate in the matter of alcohol, let
 her invent a really good temperance
 drink, and then make a secret of it.
 When the secret begins to leak out,
 let her place a prohibitive price upon
 it, or warn people never to touch it.
 There is not the slightest difficulty
 in managing people if only you are
 content to go the wrong way to work.

—Kebble Howard in Sketch.