

Transjordan Smiles to Find Freedom Won

Forgotten Desert Land Steps from Dinginess of Turkish Misrule to Happiness

Capital With Only One Hotel

By CAPT. OWEN TWEEDY
In The Christian Science Monitor.
Jerusalem—Transjordan, a country whose name tells the world where it lies—for everyone can place the Jordan—but otherwise most people know little or nothing about it.
Transjordan is a revelation of evolution. It shows the progress of a people from the dinginess of Turkish misrule to a jolly, entertaining and hopeful career as an independent Emirate. It is paying its way; its population is shrewdly appreciative of the new regime where things now happen as they are expected to happen and life has ceased to be a round of unending checks and extortion. Above all it is a happy country and one with a cheerful future—not cast of grand lines; for it can never be rich—but one in which life can be lived easily according to the motto "Live and let live."

Bowing Down Jericho Road
As the traveler makes his way to the new kingdom from Jerusalem he will enjoy a comfort which, just because it is not luxury, is all the more welcome. After the long and arduous journey from the dinginess of Turkey and the traveler must be forewarned, else his journey will be expensive. He does not take a car in Jerusalem to bring him to Amman 80 miles away. It takes a single seat for which he should not pay more than \$3.50; and, having done so, he will find himself on a comfortable, day-long car ride (which depends on how quickly the other seats fill) early one morning, bowing down the twists of the Jericho road with the three Bedouin Arabs who follow travelers in the back seat, who have occasionally paid no more than \$2 each.
Then there is the 10-mile span of the Jordan Valley in a heat which makes the car hot, and as likely as not there will be a puncture. Punctures in the Jordan are anything but pleasant. The East Jordan and West Jordan are not as hot as the West Jordan. The East Jordan is anything but pleasant. The East Jordan and West Jordan are not as hot as the West Jordan. The East Jordan is anything but pleasant.

ship of Abdulla, the elder brother of King Faisal, hatched a forlorn plan to restore native Arab Government in Syria by invasion.
Holiday for Abdulla
Transjordan was under the British mandate. The so-called army of invasion was financed by yet another war-ally of the French, King Hussein of the Hejaz. It was out of the question that it should be allowed by the British to proceed against the French. It was a situation such as the British genius for compromise loves. Transjordan was overruled for organized government. Why not intrust its direction to Abdulla? Thus Abdulla emerged from insignificance and penury, as accredited Emir of Transjordan and that with a civil list, paid by the British Government of £150,000 a year.

All the Damascus refugees were included in the new government, and well paid out of the civil list; and in this delightful alliance and security, they spent two years and all the money and credit of the new State, in intriguing with the enemies of the French over the border. Finally the Damascus clique was removed from Amman, the capital of the new Emirate, and the control of the finances placed in the hands of a British resident. At the same time the Emir was invited to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain, which would give Transjordan independence in all matters except finance and war, the final decision in each of which matters was vested in the British High Commissioner for Palestine.

A Fair Day to Mend Affairs
From that moment Transjordanian affairs began to mend. And it was time that they should. For the police and gendarmerie were over a year in arrears of pay. So also the salaries of the judges and tax collectors, with the result that they made both ends meet by wholesale acceptance of bribes.

The new policy stood for retrenchment. The Emir, with public spirit, acquiesced in the reduction of his civil list to £30,000; a budget was produced and properly allocated; the judges and the tax collectors were reformed and improved, and above all law and order, particularly on the French Syrian border, was imposed with Oriental severity.

A Country of Meadows

This is a country of meadows of a noble amplitude, and oak thickets, and sudden, rugged eminences. Southward beyond the long, low ramparts of the Downs, taking the huge buffet of the westerly gales, keeping the wide and wooded valley in peace.

As the sun falls to the west, garden and field and wood are bathed in a radiance of rose and gold, and the cows wander leisurely, yet with an air of slightly apprehensive dignity, past the shining pond (tarn), which is a moorland fluttermaster to her nest in the sedge) and along the grassy lane, and into the dusty white road, and so home. Beyond the darkening trees the fires of sunset burn with an orange glow. A light shines in the cottage window. Within, a great fire of logs flames and crackles in the wide inglenook, ruddily touching the oak beams, and casting black shadows in the corners. Shut door and lattice and draw close about the comfortable blaze. There is no such thing in London.

Without, the wind has gone down; the air is chill; a great round moon hangs in the profound blue; and an immense silence enfolds the landscape. Early the next morning a noise of tapping sounds in the silent house. What is it? There is no one at the door. Looking from the window one beholds the sky white and clear, the fields glittering with frost and solitary, the garden at sparkling white and empty, save for the tapping. It is a soft, hush, hush on the ledge of the glazed panel in the door, tapping the glass with his beak. As the door is opened, if he wished to enter he could enter; but he is a perfect little gentleman. Presently he flies away and sits in the apple-tree, waiting for breakfast.

Another day of sun. The wood, from which they have cleared the land, is overgrown, is flooded with red leaves and a vivid moss, and bright primroses. A rabbit strolls from his cavern in the bank, and sits very still, and presently remembers an engagement and hastens away, with his rocking-horse gait, to "keep it."—L. Cope Cornford, in "The Book of the Year."

He Couldn't Refuse That
Politician: "Can you give my friend a job on your railway?"
Manager: "But he cannot talk English."
Politician: "Well, then, give him a job calling out trains."—Watchman's Examiner.

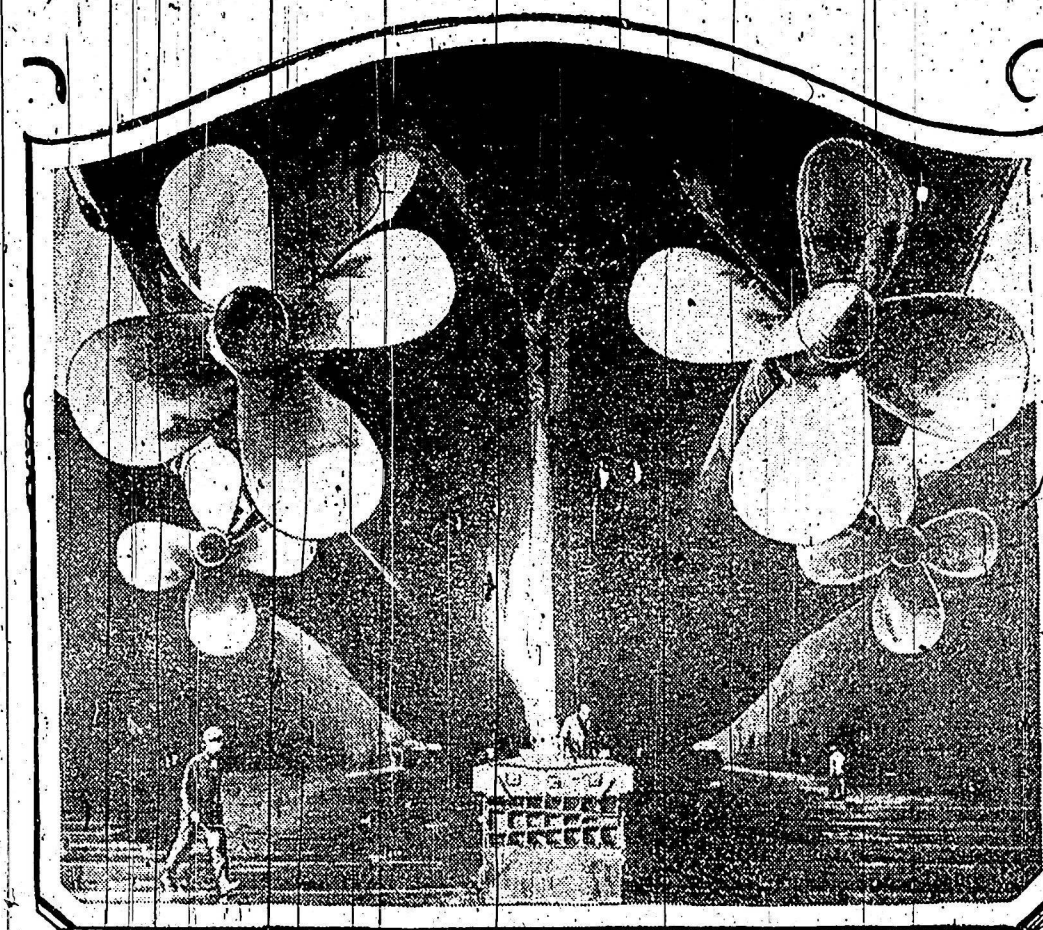
A woman with money to burn has no trouble in finding a match.

English Beauties Training for the Future



POLY GIRLS COMMENCE THEIR TRACK TRAINING IN THE WARM SUNSHINE
Polytechnic girls start their training on the Paddington recreation ground in Eggleston in preparation for forthcoming events in track and other physical contests.

"The Whole Pusk" of the Majestic



Now you see why it is able to go so fast
Huge propellers of the Majestic, which drive her at tremendous speed, as they appeared when the liner was put in the world's largest floating dry-docks at Southampton for overhauling.

No More Camel Holy Land by Plane

Sailing from Bagdad to Gaza by Dead Sea Route in 4 1/2 Hours, Beats 40 Days Rocking on Ship of the Desert, Thinks Air Novice

Jerusalem—The seasoned traveler from Persia seated in the waiting room of the Bagdad airdrome on a frosty morning ready for the great machine to start its eight-hour trip to Gaza reflected that the same trip took 40 odd days by camel caravan and wondered if one got as much out of the country now as then.
But let the gentleman from Persia say what he likes about traveling on camel back, there is one unforgettable view which you can obtain only from the air after you have left Bagdad. It is the view of the Jordan valley, "Emphatic" at the time the "hand of the morning" struggles to break through. As the sun finally bursts forth in all its glory, the river below took on more and more the appearance of a snake, its skin a dazzling metal.

Two and a half hours after you left Bagdad you are rounded by the increase in speed preparatory to landing.
Rutbah, the well-known watering station—now a post of the Iraq desert

police and the rest house for passengers, exposing the desert by road or air—in a fortress become a fortified hotel.

Over the Dead Sea the machine seems suspended motionless in midair, between the bluest sky and a somewhat blotched discolored green sheet of metal. But after four minutes the sea is behind us. The wireless operator appears with another disc, announcing Bethlehem and Jerusalem. From a height of 4000 feet one roasts tizes that to the ancient Jerusalem was indeed the most impregnable of cities. David knew why he chose it and Bethlehem, lies entirely unapproachable by the lowlanders except by circuitous marches through the mountainous wilderness of Judaea. Six miles of the Jordan valley, and in order probably to be more directly on the Egyptian-Palestine railway line, the machine heads southwest toward the country of the Philistines and Gaza Samson's home. The pilot has sighted the airdrome and the wireless operator has hung a new shingle. Six and a half hours after we left Bagdad the machine made a left-hand circle over this airdrome in the midst of a clear-looking, though rainless plain.

There we parted, those who had come from the Land of the Two Rivers and proceeding to the Land of the Nile entering the machine for another two hours, and we who were going to Jerusalem, chaffing with a driver over the price of a car from Samson's city to the City of David.
Civil aviation, as a result of this writer's experience on his flight from

Gaza to Basrah and back, made at least one convert who in the future will take the air whenever possible.

Beat It
Winnipeg Tribune (Ind. Cons.): For the information of motorists it is learned that the average time for a full road trip to pass a grade crossing is seven seconds—whether there happens to be anything on the crossing or not.

A dismal and slightly-battered figure emerged from the police court. "Elio, Bill," said a bystander, "You look fed up."
"No wonder," responded Bill. "Life ain't 'arf 'ard, it ain't, 'twoday men?" "Well, think of it, 'twoday men get two hundred times and quid, and I'm fined thirty bob; both for doing the same thing."

The film producer was reading the part to the star. "What you have to do is to seize the woman in your arms, get on top of a passing taxi, and jump from there to the top of a building." He gasped for breath. "Then you must climb to the sixth floor, drag her to the parapet, and, bracing yourself against a chimney, hurl her into space. She catches a window-ledge in her fall, and—'Suppose I drop her?' asked the actor. "Well, you'll have to pick her up and begin over again."

LIMERICK CORNER

Joyous Jingles By Gilded Rhymers

The Contest is closed. For the time being the Limerick Contest will be discontinued. There is no question, however, about its popularity with readers. It has been literally swamped with letters. We will be glad, however, to hear from any others who have taken part in the contest, or who know what you think of the Limerick Corner and whether or not you would like to see this feature continued.

On the other hand, if you have any ideas for a feature to take the place of Limerick Corner, let us have them. Editor, Limerick Corner, Associated Publishers, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Following are some prize winners:

LYDIA PINKHAM'S COMPOUND
A pale little lady was Minnie,
So gaily and frantically skiny,
Until she once found
That Pinkham's Compound
Made her let out the tucks in her piny.
Miss Annie McCuller,
Windsor, Ont.

BIG BEN TOBACCO
There's a funny old fellow called Mackey,
Who lived in the town of Cam-lachie,
He said, "When I chew
No other will do
But that supreme Big Ben Tobacco."
Mrs. Joseph M. O'Neill,
Kent Bridge, Ont.

BROCK'S BOOK ON BIRDS
Road Brock's Book on Birds, He
engages
To teach about birds and their
cages,
Canary and Imit
The size of a minute
Sing "Songs Without Words"
from its pages.
Mrs. E. Mills,
Gora, Ont.

GEO. A. ELLIOTT
Director of Colonization
Come help us to build up the
Nation,
Through the channels of Coloniza-
tion.
If you need a farm hand
For the work you have planned
We'll welcome your prompt applica-
tion.
Mr. R. H. Melham,
Amark, Ont.

PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE
COMPOUND
Of her wonderful child, Mrs. Red-
dick
Said, "Yes, she's a darling, you
said it."
But praise must be
accorded to me:
It's Pinkham's Compound deserves
credit.
Clarence A. Thompson,
Box 709, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Are you planning your trip for next
summer?
I've decided on mine said Dick
Plummer.
I shall travel C.P.
Nothing else will suit me.
For I know my railways, "quoth
Plummer.
Grace Hatley,
Arundel, Que.

CUTICURA TALCUM
Said a young Mrs. Lee to her Mal-
colm,
"Cuticura I find the best talcum
For Junior and Jewell."
It's soothing and cool—
"Sodas a mighty good talcum,"
said Malcolm.
Mrs. J. A. Cook,
St. Thomas, Ont.

AUNT DINAH MOLASSES
When Mrs. Monk comes in and
glasses
Her gingerbread round, lads and
lasses,
Snack their lips, and they say:
"Fovodia make it, that way!"
"Quite easy, Aunt Dinah Molasses."
Mrs. Fanny P. Hicks,
R.R. No. 2,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

DIAMOND DYES
There is a bright maid who con-
fesses,
She longed for some new colored
dresses;
But said, "I'll not try,
But use Diamond Dye."
And her old gowns now nobly
guagees.
Miss Gertrude Wilson,
Lorerna, Sask.

Speaking of Circuses
Daughter: "Of course, I've seen
your wedding ring. Mother, but what
became of your engagement ring?"
Mother: "There was none, my dear.
Ours was a one-ring performance!"

Lady (to her partner): "Have you
any prominent men in your family,
Mr. Dumleight?" Mr. D.: "Yes, one
of my forefathers was an admiral. At
one time he led the world's combined
fleet." Lady: "How interesting. What
was his name?" Mr. D.: "Noah."

ff Color
The program of air mapping to
cover the entire portion of North-
ern Alberta to be carried out by the
Topographic Survey Branch, Cana-
dian Department of the Interior.

AND 'FFF—By Bud Fisher



"IF THIS TRIP IS DELICIOUS,
BUT YOU CERTAINLY REALIZE
THAT YOU CAN'T EAT IN
PUBLIC, THE SCIENTISTS
THINK YOU'RE A MECHANICAL
ROBOT, AND YOU MUST DO
YOUR PART IN THIS
INNOCENT DECEPTION!"

"BUT MUTT,
I AMN'T
EATEN FOR
TWO DAYS
AND IT DRIVES
ME NUTS TO
SIT HERE AND
WATCH YOU!
I WANT HAM
AND EGGS!"

"LISTEN, HENRY, I FORGOT.
ALL ABOUT MY MECHANICAL
PAL, I'VE GOT TRIPPE AND
HENRY'S GOT NUTTING.
(HENRY) DRINKING... I
GET ME?"

"HERE'S THE CAN OF
OIL YOU
ORDERED,
SIR!"

"FINE, NOW SHOOT A
FEW DROPS INTO ITS
JOINTS. I'S WHAT
TRIPPE IS TO MY
STOMACH!"

"BLUB!"

"I WANT
HAM AND
EGGS!"

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OLD RAD
Toward the
Rogers
Radio

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