

F GOD.

page 521.)

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ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER VIII.

An Idyll in Bird Land.

"Give me once more thine olden innocence
Of bird and bee; the sunshine-built romance
Of hour to hour, by wood and field and deep;
Co-heir with those blithe wanderers of thy fields,
To whom alone life's open-sesame yields,
Like little children, morning, flowers and
sleep."

—Wilfred Campbell.

A GLORIOUS dawn was breaking
over the world, but the inhabit-
ants of Rose Island were still
fast locked in the arms of sleep. In
her dreams June walked down endless
avenues of flowers, and listened to the
songs of strange wild birds that sang
in the tree-tops. Gradually her eyes
opened and she became conscious that
the dream was not quite all a dream.
The bird song at least was real. Clear,
sweet and ringing, the joyous notes
floated in to her through the open
window.

In a moment she had flung aside
the coverlets and sprang out of bed.
Stepping softly to the window she
caught her breath and stood there in
an ecstasy of joy. There on an elm
bough that tapped gently against the
glass was a bird so wonderfully
beautiful that for one thrilling mo-
ment it seemed to June that it must
have stepped out of her dream. Noth-
ing more strangely lovely than that
bird in its elaborately patterned coat
of black and white and rose, nothing
sweeter than that music, had ever come
to her in dreams. But the minutes
passed and the apparition did not
vanish away, as is the custom in
dreams. Rather, it seemed to grow
more beautiful as it spread its wings
and flew from twig to twig, pausing
now and then to sing its happy song.

In a few minutes there came an-
other bird of about the same shape
and size, but it was not nearly so
pretty, for its coat was a plain brown
and white. This bird did not sing, but
it answered the brisk chirp of the
other with a soft little cooing voice,
and the two seemed to be on such
friendly terms that June watched them
with keen interest.

They were on the same bough now.
The brown bird was casting bashful
glances towards its handsome friend,
and cooing softly. He kept hopping
a step or two nearer to her, pausing
between whiles to burst into song.

"Oh!" cried June, catching her
breath and clasping her hands tightly
together, while a sudden rosy-flush of
delight overspread her face. Those
birds were actually kissing one an-
other! She knew, of course, that
birds loved, but to see them kiss each
other, just like human beings, was so
novel an experience that it seemed like
a page from one of Andersen's fairy
tales.

"They're lovers!" she whispered
under her breath.

Again the exquisite melody bubbled
up from the breast touched with love's
own rosy hue; again the handsome
wooer hopped up to his modest little
sweetheart, and again the two birds
touched and kissed.

"Oh!" June thought, "If only I
could understand the language of the
birds, like Hiawatha did! I know the
words they are saying and singing to
each other are sweeter and prettier
than any poem that ever was written."

After the bird lovers had flown away
and disappeared in the birches, June
became conscious of innumerable other
songs in various keys. The morning
air was full of music. It must be very,
very early yet, for no one was astir in
the house, but to go back to bed now
seemed out of the question. How love-
ly it must be out-doors!

Kneeling at the window sill, with
the soft air blowing her face, June
clasped her hands and whispered a

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short little prayer: "Thank You, God,
for those beautiful birds! And please
send some more." Then with reverent
eyes she gazed once more out into the
sweet, new morning. The King of
Paradise was out there in His garden;
she would go and seek Him.

Very quietly and quickly she washed
and dressed. Then an eager-eyed
figure slipped noiselessly down the
stairs and out of doors. Safely out-
side, she hastily buttoned her shoes,
then stood up and breathed in long
delicious draughts of the spicy air.
She ran quickly down the rocky path,
across the narrow valley, and up the
pine-crowned steep. There beneath

the whispering pines she stood and
watched the miracle of the sunrise.
Every moment the tender rose-light of
the sky brightened into gold and ruby
splendour. Then the sun shot up be-
yond the far blue heights, and hill and
valley and water were bathed in the
yellow beams.

June thought she had never seen
anything so beautiful. The sunset had
touched her with an indefinable sad-
ness, but joy was the key-note of the
morning. A robin sang his morning
hymn above her head. Just across the
garden a flock of blackbirds were voic-
ing a chorus of not unmusical notes,
and many others she could not name

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	1.54
(hot) (8 fl. oz.)	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	2.02
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.12
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.