THE HIDDEN BOOKS - CAN YOU FIND 38 BOOKS OF THE BIBLE?

While motoring in Palestine I met Chief Mejud, gesticulating wildly. His fez, raiment, and features were odd. I never saw so dismal a chief. On market days he pumps alms from everyone, a most common practice. A glance shows that he acts queerly. Excuse my speaking so, but he was showing a crowd how they used to revel at Ionian bouts, when the brews seemed bad.

A fakir was seated on a hump, minus hose and shirt, and wearing as comic a hat as they make. He pointed up eternally toward a rudely carved letter "J" on a high cliff that was unusually steep. "He's," I answered, "absolutely right!"

My companion then cried: "See that 'J'? Oh, now I know we are near the Ancient Ai. Is this Ai a holy place?" From answers given elsewhere, I'll say not! We asked the age of the big stone "J." "O, eleven centuries at least."

I knew that in such a jam, escort was necessary. Besides, our car is stuck in a rut here. So leaving the sedan, I elbowed nearer the fakir. A toothless hag gained access to his side and paused to rest herself on a mat. The woman hinted, "You have treasure?" To which I retorted: "Not I! Moth, you know, and rust corrupt earthly store!" Mejud expressed a wish to accompany us, but I decreed, "Thy party we will not annex, O dusty Chief! I am tracing a cargo of lost tobacco. That's my job!" To the chief's expression of sorrow over the tobacco loss I answered, "It would all have gone up in smoke anyway."

My brother is a tramp (rover), B.S., from Harvard, too. His name is Eugene. Sister is nursing him now. He is still a member of Gamma Phi. Lemonade is his favorite drink when he is ill. They asked, "Where is the prodigal at?" I answered that it used to be incorrect to use "at" that way, but that the flu kept Eugene at home this year. It really is too bad, I, a homebody, roaming the Orient, and he, a tramp, at home in bed.

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