

THE NAMES OF 37 BOOKS OF THE BIBLE ARE HIDDEN HERE, as for example,  
"Judges",.....

While motoring in Palestine, I met Chief Mojud, gesticulating wildly. I never saw so dismal a chief. His fez, raiment, and features were odd. On market days he pumps alms from everyone, a most common practice. A glance shows that he acts queerly. Excuse me for speaking so, but he was showing a crowd how they used to rebel at Ionian bouts, and the brew seemed bad. A fakir was seated on a hummock, minus hose, and skirt, and wearing as comic a hat as they make. He pointed up eternally toward a rudely carved letter "J" on a high cliff. His uplifted hand was stiff and numb. Erstwhiles he held it thus for days. My companion excitedly cried, "See that 'J'. Oh, now I know we are near the ancient Ai. Was 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 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. She hinted, "You have treasure?" To which I retorted, "Not I. Moss, you know, and rust corrupt earthly store." Mojud expressed a wish to accompany us but I decreed, "Thy party we will not annex, O dusky chief. I am at the work of 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 have all 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." 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 is really too bad, I, a homebody, roaming the Orient, and he a tramp, at home in bed.