For the Boys and Girls

THE ORIGIN OF THE CAMEL.

A tomcat arching up his back
To meet an angry dog's attack,
Discovered, when the fight was over
And he'd annihilated Rover,
That all the muscles of his back
Now had a most peculiar lack
Of suppleness; they stayed the way
They were throughout the angry fray.
Arched-up his back remained, alas!
And never did that stiffness pass.
He grew in size and looked so queer
That people, seeing him, would jeer.
He ran away to foreign lands,
And once he reached Sahara's sands,
Decided that this quiet place,
Where dwelt a very peaceful race
Who didn't mind his shape at all,
Was good enough his home to call.
This happened many years ago,
And I am sure by now you know
He was the earth's first camel. Now
Will some kind reader tell me how
Giraffes their lengthy necks acquired
(Much shorter ones they all desired);
And how the leopard got his spots,
That look like giant polka dots?

THE CHAMELEON ENEMY.

The natives of equatorial Africa cannot understand the chameleon, and therefore they are afraid of him. If a black man sees a white man letting the little animal take liberties with him, running up his arm and around his neck, he can't help giving a warning: "O white man, you will surely die! The chameleon is a terrible enemy."

It is that color trick of the chameleon's that makes him so terrifying. They can't believe that anything which changes color so easily as the chameleon can, has anything less than a devil or some evil spirit back of it. The black men watch the suspected one pass from a patch of grass to the yellow sand, and then on to a piece of red sandstone, changing color as it proceeds, and they cannot understand that the little fellow is merely handing them a sample of the only reliable means of defence—matching himself so perfectly to the object he is standing on that his enemies cannot find him.

To the natives this changeableness is a symbol of deceit and treachery, the very things the Devil uses to put across his schemes. He could never in the world get by with some of his plans if he appeared before his victim just as he is. He therefore escapes detection by taking on the color of our thoughts, our feelings, and even masquerading as one of our virtues. —Robert H. Milligan.

OLIVER'S OVERCOAT AND SWEATER

By Hilda Richmond.

"You see, Florence," said Mrs. Banks, "we divided the society into as many parts as there were members of the family, and you are the chairman of one committee in your mother's place. No, I positively can't come in and sit down. We pack the box three weeks from to-day; so have your things ready by that time."

"But I don't understand," said the young girl. "Please come in and tell me."

"Well, just a minute," Mrs. Banks seated herself on a chair and opened the paper in her hand. "You have Oliver; he's seventeen and needs a sweater and an overcoat. His dimensions are given here. Oliver wants to go to college, and he is pretty well provided with things his mother made from the contents of former missionary boxes, but he lacks those two articles. You have a list of persons to solicit, and you must have the articles at Mrs. Percy's house by the fifteenth."

"Well, of all things," cried Florence as she looked hastily at the list of names. "Here's Mrs. Trent, a lone widow, and has been for ten years. Where would she get a sweater or the money to buy one? And here's Mrs. Block. She wouldn't give a penny to anything or anybody. I must say they gave me a nice list."

"Florence," said Mrs. Banks, trying to keep the chuckles out of her voice, "your mother and I have been imposed upon in the missionary society so long that we tamely submit. I did try to say a word for you, but you know how it is. I'll admit that your committee is encouraging; but do your best, dear. The minister's wife sent a brave letter, but the case is very pathetic. They are up in the bitter cold weather of Montana, trying to minister to the needs of the forlorn miners, and they deserve encouragement. There are seven in the family, and the salary is pitifully small. Mrs. Emrson took the baby on her list; the others are well provided for."

"I'll do my best," said Florence.

"You have an easy task," said Mrs. Banks. "Ask Jack Hughes or John Temple or some of the boys in your crowd for the overcoat and the sweater and collect what money you can for neckties, shoes and the small articles that boys need at college."

"I don't see anything easy about it, Mrs. Banks. Here I am housekeeping for mother while she's away for the winter, and taking care of little Pauline for my married sister, and—"

"I'll trade with you," said Mrs. Banks soberly. "I have the minister, and all he needs is a fur coat, a heavy lap robe, a sweater, a pair of—"

"I'll stick to Oliver, thank you," interrupted Florence hastily.

The instant that Mrs. Banks left the house Florence Orton rushed to the telephone. A few moments later she was saying into the transmitter, "Jack, can you spare an overcoat or a sweater?"

"An overcoat?" came back over the wire.

"I want an overcoat for the missionary box," explained Florence. "You have too many clothes for one young man, and out on the frontier there's a boy who needs an overcoat and sweater. Oh, thank you! You'll have them down here sure by the twelfth. Thank you!"

But as she hung up the receiver she remembered that Jack Hughes was forgetful; it might be well to try another place. So she telephoned to Fred Vincent and explained once more.

"Of course I will," said the young man cheerfully. "I've been thinking of giving two sweaters away to the garbage man. I wore them at college, and they are good, but I have no use for them now."

With the aid of the telephone Florence solicited all of the persons on her list, and by night she had a neatly written memorandum of articles and of sums of money promised for Oliver.

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss," she said penitently as she looked over her paper. "It was easier than I expected, and Oliver will be nicely fitted out. I'll use the money to buy pretty ties, handkerchiefs, books, school supplies and gloves—no, I won't do that. I'll ask some of the other boys for those things and send him the money."

Oliver's clothes soon came to be a joke among Florence's friends, for every young man was personally solicited time and again for some contribution. The more Florence worked the more interested she became. In glowing terms she pictured the boy's struggles to get an education, and so often did she repeat the tale that it grew to be very funny to all her friends.

"Florence, I haven't had time to hunt up that overcoat and sweater, but I will," said Jack Hughes when he met her on the street one snowy day.

"If you find a pair of discarded overshoes bring them too," said Florence hastily. "I'm on my way now to solicit some reference books from Tom Gresham. Do you know, I'm getting a little bit worried about the clothes that have been promised. This is the tenth, and nobody has sent anything."

"You can depend on me," said Jack. "I hope so," replied Florence. There's Bruce Corbin; I'll see if he can't spare some neckties for Oliver."

As she sped down the street in great haste after the other young man Jack laughed softly to himself.

On the morning of the eleventh Florence was awakened before daylight to tell a man at the door what to do with a large box that he had been paid to deliver at the Orton house. "There must be some mistake," said Florence sleepily.

"I have orders to bring it here. I'll dump it on the porch. It says: 'Miss Florence Orton' as plain as anything."

Florence was back in bed again when the maid came softly to say that another box had arrived. Her little niece, Pauline, began to tease to see what was in the boxes, and Florence, now thoroughly awake, dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs. On the front porch she found the second huge box. She went back to dress Pauline, but before she had finished the maid came to the room again and exclaimed: "A third box! I wonder what's happened, Miss Florence."

"I don't know; but as soon as Pete comes to attend to the furnace have him pry off a cover. We must see what is the matter."

Pete obligingly pried off some boards, and Florence drew out a neatly wrapped parcel. At that moment three more boxes arrived.

"Sweaters!" said Florence as she ran to the sitting room to examine the parcel. "From Jack Hughes."

By nine o'clock, after several more boxes had come, Florence discovered that the young men had played a joke on her; but she was far from resenting it. She was to busy telephoning here and there to think of being angry. Two dozen girls received hurried calls to report at the Orton house at once. The busy maid served no luncheon that day. Pauline was sent to the home of a neighbor, and Pete tried to run three ways at once in doing what the girls told him to do.

"Hello! What's this?" said Jack Hughes that afternoon as he and John Temple were on their way to call at the Orton home. A grinning small boy on the street corner had thrust a handbill at him. "'Great Sale of Clothing Good as new,'" Jack read. "'Sweaters Once Worn by the Famous Football Star, Jack Hughes!' What do you think of that, John? Florence has turned the joke on us sure enough."

Temple held another bill in his hand and was staring at the three inch letters:

"Articles Generously Donated by our Celebrated Fellow Townsmen! Sale Now Going On in the Brown Block! Neckties, Shoes, Gloves, Overcoats, Sweaters and Articles too Numerous to Mention. Come! Come! Come! Come!"

"We'll have to be game," said Jack. "They've evidently hired that empty store on Main Street."

The two young men quickened their pace and soon reached the Brown Block. There they found a good-natured, laughing crowd of men, women and children fingering goods and talking and buying.

"Those girls must have worked like beavers!" said Jack as he elbowed his way to the sweater department. "I thought we had begged, borrowed and dug up enough old duds to swamp a second-hand store, but they have system and order here. I can't resist the temptation to buy something. Madam, what do you ask for that beautiful all-wool sweater?" he asked as one of the girls came to wait on him.

"You may have it for two dollars," said the young lady. "It was once worn by the celebrated—"

"Yes, that's the reason I want it," interrupted Jack, getting out the money.

"And I'll take this one," said John Temple. "I see it has been worn by the famous Mr. Temple; so I must have it before some one else comes this way. Bruce! Bruce! Here's the thing you've been looking for!" he added, turning to a red-faced man who had just come in. "Hero's a bargain! A sweater almost new marked sixty-nine cents and once the property of the distinguished Mr. Corbin."

"I'll take it," said Bruce Corbin, producing a dollar. "Never mind the change."

Finally the crowd thinned a little, and the tired, hungry, excited clerks had a chance to get their breath.

"This afternoon we took in one hundred and ninety-one dollars and eleven cents," said Florence when she had counted the cash on hand. "And look at the stock we have left!"

The great sale of clothing lasted three days and more, and in the end everything was converted into money.

When the box reached the poverty stricken home on the frontier, all the family gathered round to unpack it.

"Nothing at all for Oliver except that envelope!" said little Amy in a disappointed tone. "No overcoat! No sweater! That's a mean shame.

Oliver was gazing wide-eyed at a strip of paper that he held in trembling hands. "Yes; there is something, baby," he said. "Here's a cheque for enough money for overcoat, sweater and everything, and with the work that I'm going to do there's enough to see me through several years of college!"—Youth's Companion.

Town and Country.

"Sally says there are no fairies,
Sally lives in town,
Sally has a white face,
My face is brown;
People in the town are clever,
Country folks are slow,
Sally don't believe in fairies—
Townspeople know.

"Sally says no flowers were growing
Where the children play,
Harebells on the hillside,
Red poppies gay,
Daisies white in greenest meadows,
Buttercups of gold,
They'd be tied in penny bunches
And quickly sold.

"Sally says there are no linnets
Singing in the tree
Cages are for song-birds,
Not liberty;
All a pack of country nonsense
Skylarks on the wing—
Sally says we have no music,
Town-birds can sing.

"Sally says the wind don't whisper
Stories of delight,
Wonder-tales of old-time,
Goblin and sprite;
Never hint of wreck and iceberg
Comes on winter gust;
Sally says the wind just freezes
Or chokes with dust.

"Sally don't believe in fairies,
Sally lives in town,
Sally as a white face,
My face is brown;
People in the town are clever,
Country folk are slow,
Ah, but Sally, let me teach you
The things I know."
—Westminster Gazette.

To Aid Laggard Industries.

What amounts to a second "Domesday Book" is being prepared at the new County Hall at Westminster, the work of the Rural Intelligence Bureau, which aims at the regeneration of the life of the countryside, says a London despatch.

The bureau started work in 1921 and now has amassed a heap of information about rural industries, markets and the obsolete methods in use in many country places and the best occupations for individual workers to take up. The bureau is trying to encourage the adaptation of up-to-date methods in the country, methods more suited to modern needs. For instance, although the motor trade far overshadows horse traffic and the latter's needs, few country garages have interested themselves in the repair and maintenance of agricultural machinery. To take one county alone, Oxfordshire, fifteen to twenty years ago there was plenty of work for three or four blacksmiths, now one is sufficient. Where three saddlers formerly found employment one nowadays finds it difficult to get enough work. The rural blacksmith used to wait for work to come to him, but to-day he cannot afford to do this, and the bureau is trying to help him find other occupations.

Last year more than a million dollars' worth of feathers were imported into this country to be used for filling beds and cushions and for millinery, and yet the bureau found country poultry keepers throwing feathers away. One industry which the bureau already has started in the country is the making of straw ropes and envelopes for shielding bottles and polished work in transit, an industry which formerly was practically unknown to the English countryside. The bureau hopes that as old country occupations fade away under modern conditions it will be able to suggest new occupations to the rural workers.

Still Too Red.

"I see your radical friend is less red than he was."

"Yes; but hasn't yet attained that pink of perfection we'd like to see."

Saving Her Memory.

"How is it that you have such a good memory, Norah?" her mistress inquired.

"Well, mum, I'll tell ye. Since me childhood never a lie have I told, and when ye don't have to be tellin' yer memory to be rememberin' what ye told this one or that, or how ye explained this or that, shure ye don't overwork it an' it lasts ye, good as new, till ye die."

General Sir George Higginson (seated) age 98 years and the oldest general in the British army, chatting outside Westminster Abbey at the installation ceremony of the Order of the Bath.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Soldier Duke.

Fifty years a duke! This month marks the half-century since the Duke of Connaught was raised to his present rank by Queen Victoria, whose third son he is; and he has thus been a duke longer than any of his contemporaries.

Termed the "Soldier Duke," he has won an abiding affection in the hearts of the British people for his work for the empire here, in Canada and South Africa. He is now seventy-four years of age, and has been conected with the army for fifty-six years.

Perhaps the best index to the duke's character was provided by an old resident of Bagshot, where the duke resided, who once declared: "There's no la-di-da foppery about our Duke. 'E'll stop and talk to you in the street, and you can talk to 'im pretty straight, as man to man, without being ate up!"

Greatest Living Musician.

The appointment of Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., as Master of the King's Musick, is a well-deserved one, for Sir Etwarh has been fittingly described as the greatest living musician. The son of an organist, he has won at Broadheath, Worcestshire, nearly sixty-seven years ago. He was apprenticed to a solicitor as a boy and gave lessons on the violin in his spare time.

A British Woman of Affairs.

Mrs. Arthur Croxton, M.B.E., who selected the British beauties for the great Palace of Beauty at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, has done many things in her time. For a period she was editor for "Fashions and Fancies"; she is also a prolific writer on fashions and designer of dresses, and created some excitement some years ago by a series of cartoons of contemporary characters which appeared in "The Tatler."

Mrs. Croxton is best known for her work during the War, when she assisted in the organization of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She received the special personal thanks of their Majesties the King and Queen for her organization of the great review of members of the Women's War Workers at Buckingham Palace in 1918.

She is the wife of Mr. Arthur Croxton, the manager of the London Coliseum, who, in answer to a question put to him by the Queen on some work done by Mrs. Croxton, replied:

"I am merely Mrs. Croxton's husband, your Majesty.

For a time Mrs. Croxton did much to keep the League of Nations Union in the public eye. She also arranged with her husband a great scheme of entertainments, for women workers throughout the whole of Britain. Her greatest designing feat was, at the invitation of Sir Oswald Stoll, the decoration of the London Coliseum on the occasion of a royal perfrmance in 1913, when millions of golden leaves and thousands of electric lights were employed.

Swat the Adam and Eve Flies.

The time to swat flies is right now, while they are still in their garden of Eden, and have not started out to devastate the nations. Flies are the greatest little progenitors of evil in all the world. Science says, "If each egg of the common house-fly should develop, and each of the larvae should find the food and temperature it needed, with no loss and no destruction, the people would suffocate under the plague of flies."

A fly lays 150 eggs in a batch and is equal to six batches. It only takes ten days from egg to adult. Begin with two flies May 1 and let them continue their merry game right along through September, and mathematicians can only express the figures in terms of German marks. It runs something like 1,096,181,249,310,720,000,000,000,000 and since no end can comprehend such figures it makes little difference what ciphers you add from that time forth.

Swat the fly early and swat her thoroughly. We say "her" because the female is more deadly than the male but swat all kinds without bothering about sex determination.

Now that the automobile has supplanted horse in cities and towns, and the manure box is no longer a familiar object in every alley, it is a comparatively easy thing to keep the town home free from flies. The country home needs equal immunity and it can be given. Look to your screens, both doors and windows. Make sure that no garbage is allowed to accumulate near the house. Keep the stables clean, and locate the manure piles as far from the house as possible.

The most efficient chemical to apply to manure piles to check the breeding of flies is borax, which does not injure the fertilizing properties of the manure. As soon as the manure is removed from the barn sprinkle the borax over it, using a fine sieve such as a flour sifter. Apply it around the outer edges of the pile as the maggots seem to prefer that location. Then throw a few gallons of water over the mass.

Only a Rest Left.

"Rockabilt, the great multi-millionaire, is going to take a rest."

"Can't help himself, I guess—it's the only thing left he hasn't already taken."

Cleaning Montreal Chimneys.

Montreal has a fire regulation which requires that every chimney in the city be swept twice yearly. The city appoints sweeps to do the work at a cost to the citizen of only 5 cents a storey to each flue.

Bacteria of Benefit.

Bacteria are the world's best manufacturers of fertilizers.

House spiders lay as many as sixty eggs in a batch, carefully enclosed in a bag of silk.

FIGHTING THEIR WAY TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Will Captain Geoffrey Bruce and His Band of British Explorers Make Good Their Challenge to Mother Nature in Their Present Effort to Attain Lofty Peak of Mount Everest?

"Just you wait, old thing; we'll get you yet!"

That threat was made by young Captain Geoffrey Bruce, of the Sixth Gurkha Rifles, two years ago when standing at the world's record mountaineering altitude—27,235 feet above sea level, on the slopes of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain.

There is a possibility that he will be able to make good his promise, for he has been ill with malaria and may not be sufficiently recovered to accompany the party on the 1924 expedition.

The challenge to Nature was uttered as the captain glared back at the virgin summit of the "Roof of the World" and shook his fist at it. He had been forced to give up the unequal struggle against the icy blasts blowing at a hundred miles an hour across the Himalayas.

Present Expedition is the Third.

There have been already two expeditions to Mount Everest—one in the form of a reconnaissance in 1921, the other a serious effort in 1922 But though the 1922 expedition broke all high-climbing records, yet its members failed to reach the actual summit of the great mountain by fewer than 1800 feet. It is believed by those best able to judge that the 1924 expedition will achieve success. They will be aided by the past experiances and the valuable knowledge then gained regarding the best method of surmounting the terrific obstacles confronting them. And among those now trailing across Tibet are six of the members of the two former expeditions.

Whether or not the 1924 attempt will succeed depends chiefly on incalculable factors of wind and weather; but nothing that experience can dictate or that supreme courage can accomplish will be left undone by Captain Bruce's men next month.

Those who saw the remarkable pictures taken by Captain Noel with his cinematograph machine on the slopes of the mountain in 1922 will have realized something of the heroic endeavors of these mountaineers in fighting the forces of nature against almost superhuman odds. Those daring men who participated in this great adventure, in high altitudes, are truly the lineal descendants of Adventure's family tree of Drake and Frobisher, of Stanley and Livingstone, and the counterparts of Peary and Scott.

Two years ago the high climbers succeeded in proving three well-accepted theories of scientists and doctors to be wrong. The first fact proved was that it is possible for human beings to live at very high altitudes without the aid of oxygen gas, even at a height of 27,000 feet, and yet not suffer any ill effects as a consequence; secondly, that cigarette-smoking adds greatly to the comfort and breathing of the mountaineers at high altitudes, and thirdly, that alcoholic stimulant is helpful at high altitudes when climbers are exhausted.

Canadian's Endurance.

Dr. Wakefield, the Canadian member of the 1922 expedition, lived at the high altitude of the third camp (the advance base) with a number of the Sherpa porters for weeks on end without going down to lower levels for a change and rest. And some of the climbers — Leigh-Mallory, Norton, Somervell and Morshead—reached fifteen feet below 27,000 feet without the aid of the oxygen apparatus. And none of them suffered afterward from heart strain.

Those who went up to camps at altitudes of 25,000 and 26,500 feet admit that the act of breathing was difficult; but it was not painful. The second climbing party—Finch and Bruce—used the oxygen gas in order to reach 27,235 feet, but their experience simply proved that oxygen made the labor of climbing easier. At the very highest camp oxygen was used to help the climbers to sleep properly so that they could be fit next day for their strenuous efforts to reach the summit of the mountain at 29,002 feet.

Captain George Finch, who has charge of the oxygen apparatus in 1922—and does not accompany the present expedition—gave me some interesting sidelights on the way roles of mountaineers. He said that he always wore four complete suits of underclothing; and, on top of this, other items of clothing, he wore an elaborately quilted coat for added protection against the cold. He says that woolen garments are not so good against the icy winds as silk or cotton ones, and it was for this reason that the Gurkha, Tejbir Ban, failed to keep up with Bruce and Finch when they reached the record height of 27,235 feet. As a rule his first suit is a suit of silk underclothes, then one of light wool, next one of medium weight wool, then a fourth of thicker wool, and a fifth suit of the very highest substance he could discover. And when he really began to dress in earnest!

In the attempt of 1922 the climbing party was swept by an avalanche of snow from the mountainside and swept down 1,000 feet toward the cliff of death. Seven of the cheerful Sherpa porters with the party were instant death over the cliff, but others saved themselves by swimming the breast stroke in the snow and only came to a halt on the edge of the five-hundred-foot precipice of the glacier's perpendicular ice-fall.

Captain Noel, the official photographer of the 1922 expedition, his motion-picture camera and any one had carried on the ascent for eight nights at an altitude of more than 20,000 feet above the sea level in the open air. His pictures show the huge mountains, the vast snow-fields, the terrific storms that rage around these regions, and the hanging valleys pinnacles, many of them thousand feet in height. Records heights, the pictures developed some interesting stages of the Rongbuk Glacier and some of the old Tibetan fort at Gyantse.

Will Follow 1922 Route.

The present expedition will follow the same route as in 1922. They will climb and establish their high camps up the East Rongbuk Glacier. There is the key to the position. At this point they will be level with the highest mountain in any country in the world; but they will still have another 6000 feet to gain the summit of Mount Everest.

Two years ago the weather more than anything else was against the success of the expedition. This weather factor is an important one. It is hoped this year that the monsoon will not break a week earlier than it did in 1922, for it covers the last slab of the mountain with new snow and makes the dangerous ascent infinitely more difficult to overcome. With better conditions this year, it will be possible for the climbers and their native porters to carry their high camps to altitudes which will make the final push shorter and, therefore, easier. If they can place two high camps at elevations of 27,500 feet and 28,500 feet the remaining thousand feet will not be so difficult to accomplish.

The Oldest Superstition in the World.

We all feel very wise nowadays about the moon, and smile indulgently as we relate tales of its lonely old male inhabitant to the young.

Our wisdom, based as it is upon maps and photographs and scientific theories, is, however, of very recent origin. The moon for generations was the greatest mystery of mankind—greater even than the sun. When Galileo, in 1609, first turned his telescope upon the moon, he created throughout Europe a much greater sensation than did Columbus when he discovered America.

Till then the scientific men had believed in Aristotle's theory, that the moon is a perfectly smooth and round body, its markings being the continents of the world, reflected, as in a mirror.

Everyone else explained away the mysterious marks with myths. There is nothing more remarkable in history than the strange resemblances which exist between the explanations given by different races.

Eternal Isolation.

Almost all of them interpreted the marks as being a man carrying a bundle of wood. Furthermore, they all seemed to regard him as one who, on account of a crime, was condemned to eternal isolation on the moon. He was, indeed, a horrible example to young and old alike.

In European countries the story generally had a so-called Biblical significance. In England it was Moses who found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and expelled him to the moon. The reference seems to be to a passage in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, but the resemblance is only slight.

A Peasant's Punishment.

In France, the man in the moon is none other than Judas Iscariot, and he wears a lead which he must always carry as a punishment.

The earliest English record appears in the writings of Alfred the Anglo-Saxon monk. It is a slight variation of the usual theme:—

A rustic in the moon,
Whose burden keeps him down,
This changeless truth reveals,
He profits not who steals.

The German version dealt with a peasant who was reprimanded by an angel for gathering faggots on a Sunday. He replied, "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me." For this he was sent to an eternal moon-day in exile.

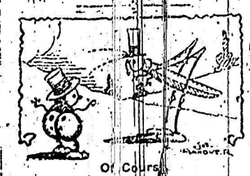
Origin of Jack and Jill.

A unique version is the Scandinavian. It attracted the attention of the late Rev. Baring Gould, who traced it to its origin: In Norway, it appears, there a man in the moon, but some other of the marks were declared as a woman. These were respectively Hjuki (Gaelic, moon) and Bil.

The myth is that first Hjuki appeared, or fell, and then Bil. When the moon was in this phase, it was supposed to be much rain. In our nursery rhyme, Hjuki becomes Jack, Bill becomes, Jill and the rain is nothing more than the sprinkling of a pail of water.

In certain races the man in the moon, far from being a criminal, is a being who, on account of great wisdom, was translated to the moon, from which he can never fall.

To the Chinese he is Yue-tao, who arranges all marriages. The medicine men of the old Incas in certain tribes received their power by departing into the middle of a lake and holding consultation with the man in the moon.



Of Course.

Bug—"Hear you're going to give a dance."

Hopper—"We're going to, boy!"

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