

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL

AS AN Arab sat in his tent one cold night, he saw the curtain gently lifted, and the face of his Camel looking in.

“What is it?” he asked kindly.

“It is cold, master,” said the Camel; “suffer me, I pray thee, to hold my head within the tent.”

“By all means,” replied the hospitable Arab; and the Camel stood with his head inside the tent.

“Might I also warm my neck a little?” he entreated after a moment.

The Arab readily consented, and the Camel’s neck was thrust within the tent.

He stood, moving his head from side to side uneasily, and presently said: “It is awkward standing thus. It would take but little more room if I were to place my forelegs inside the tent.”

“You may place your forelegs within the tent,” said the Arab. And now he had to move a little to make room, for the tent was small.

The Camel spoke again: “I keep the tent open by standing thus, and make

it cold for us both. May I not stand wholly within?"

"Yes," said the Arab, whose compassion included his beast as well as himself; "come in wholly if you wish." But now the tent proved to be too small to hold both.

"I think, after all," said the Camel, as he crowded himself in, "that there will not be room here for us both. You are the smaller; it will be best for you to stand outside. There will be room then for me." So he pushed a little, and the Arab with all haste went outside the tent.