A number of students each from a different country were studying in a foreign country. When they had finished their studies, they went back to their respective countries, but before they left, they decided if they ever needed one another, they should meet again in the future, and they arranged to keep up correspondence.

One of the friends became very rich, while another was very poor. The poor man one day visited the rich friend in his country. He noticed that his friend lived a very comfortable life. The stove heating the house was polished brightly. His friend was smoking a narghile. Everything was perfect. The carpets were so beautiful and clean that they were almost too good to walk on. Right at that moment there was a knock on the door and a man walked in and said, "I have brought several camel loads of honey. Tell the owner of this house, and let us know what is to be done with it."

"Ask Damat-Bey about this," said the rich friend.

Pretty soon there was another knock and a man said, "I have come with several camel loads of butter. I should like to know what is to be done with them."

"Ask Damat-Bey about this," said the rich friend.

Soon there was another knock and a man said, "I have come with several camel loads of cheese. I should like to know what is to be
done with them?"

"Ask Damat-Bey about this," said the rich friend again.

The poor man asked his friend, "Who is the person you refer to--
Damat-Bey?"

"Oh, that is my son-in-law," said the rich man.

"Who is your son-in-law?"

"He is the husband of my daughter."

"How does Damat-Bey figure in all this? What does he do for all
this? asked the poor man.

"Oh, he just sleeps with her."

"Does one have to spend all this money just for that purpose? If
you just gave me fifty kuruş, I would screw the whole universe."