There was once a poor man named Osman Bey. He applied to many people, but he could not get anything from them. At last he begged a neighbor, "Will you lend me a pair of trousers to wear while and look for a job?"

"Brother, when will you be back?"

"Oh, in two or three days," Osman Bey said.

"Very well," the neighbor said, and he gave him his clothes.

Osman Bey went to a city and walked into a restaurant where he ordered a meal, though he had no money. While he was eating, two ladies entered the restaurant, the wife and daughter of a padişah. They ordered many dishes of food, which they ate. The woman had her handbag with her, but she had no purse in it. The poor man watched her as she went to pay her bill. The woman said to her daughter, "What shall we do now? I left my purse at home."

The poor man called out, "Waiter, include the ladies' bill in mine."

"All right," the waiter said.

The poor man then went to the waiter and said, "Look here. I shall tell you the truth. You will get your money at last, but give me

1 Padişah is a term meaning sultan, emperor, king, or ruler. It is often applied loosely by peasant narrators to any leading citizen of even a small area. The wife and daughter of a sultan or king would hardly be dining in a restaurant open to the general public.
"All right," said the waiter.

The woman thought that this was a very fine man, but she had decided to pay him back. "Come with us, sir. We shall take a horse carriage."

"But, please, lady! It was not much. Do not speak of it."

"Please come along," she said.

"Well, I should not, but I shall, for I do not want to hurt your feelings."

They got into a horse carriage and went. When they reached the palace, the door was opened for them. They went up to the I-do-not-know-which floor. "Come along, son," she said. "What is your name?"

"Osman Bey."

"Please, Osman Bey, sit here." He was entertained well. "Son, you took such interest in us when I was embarrassed by having no purse. Here is your money back."

"No, madam, no! What money? I did not do that for money."

"Please take it," she said. "All right, then, you must stay here for a day as my God-sent guest."

"But I have already paid for a room at a hotel."

"Never mind, never mind."

"It is not for the money, mother, but it would be awkward if I did not appear at the hotel."

2 To Turkish rural residents the most magnificent dwellings are apartment houses. Thus, quite anachronistically, they house the padişahs of their tales in such high-rise buildings.
"Just tell them that you had friends to visit." She was the wife of a padişah, and so she opened all of her closets and took out undershirts and underpants so nice that you could not imagine. "Osman Bey, take a good bath—it is over there—and get into bed and have a good sleep."

Osman Bey thought that he was in a false paradise. He was ashamed of his own tattered clothes. Where would he put them? He thought and thought, but he could not understand his situation. He thought, "Accepting all of this may ruin what reputation I have left." He just said he had taken a bath, and then he put on the clothes which had been given to him. They had put more money into his pockets than he had spent for them [for their meal]. He wore the clothes that had been given to him on top of his old clothes, and then he walked out. What is there that money will not do to a man!

Before he left, the woman said, "Osman Bey, do not forget me! I expect you back tonight, for there are things about which I want to talk with you."

"Very well." In the evening when he returned to the palace, he was met by the woman and her daughter. He had the clothes that had been given him all wrapped up in a packet, and he handed these to the lady.

"What are these, son?" she asked.

"The clothes you gave me. Do not think that I have no nice clothes, for I do." She did not want to accept them, but he insisted. Then he said, "Mother, you wanted to talk with me about something. What is it?"

To her daughter she said, "You go into the next room. I want to
talk to my son." After the girl had left, she said, "Look here, son. I want to tell you something and see if you will accept it."

"Of course I would, mother, if it is something reasonable."

"I am the wife of a padişah, and she is my daughter. I am not impressed by money or property. What we need is a good man. You seem to be a fine young man, one with good principles. With Allah's orders, I shall give this daughter to you. Will you have her? You would then be my son-in-law, and I should be very pleased."

Osman Bey replied, "I can neither say 'Yes' nor refuse right now." But finally he agreed to the offer. Then all of the keys of the palace were presented to him, and he was given even more clothes. He was taken care of very well.

She said, "Let us invite all of the neighbors and have the wedding tomorrow." The guests were invited, the wedding was completed, and the two were married.

About a month after this, the man from whom he had borrowed the suit started wondering. "He borrowed it for only three days. Where has Osman Bey been?" He asked relatives and friends, "Where did Osman Bey go? He took my clothes for three days, but he has not returned."

"Well, we do not know, but he said that he was going to Ankara."

The owner of the suit set out and came to Yenisehir,3 where he asked different people: "There is supposed to be an Osman Bey here. Do you know at what hotel he is staying?"

3 Yenisehir means new city, and the newer, Republican section of Ankara is called just that.
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They said, "Well, there is an Osman Bey here, but he does not live at a hotel. He is married to the padişah's daughter."

"Where does he live?" They pointed at the palace, and he said, "Please take me there."

They went to the palace and shouted, "Osman Bey! Osman Bey!"

His mother-in-law went to the window. She said, "Son, are you asleep? There is someone at the door calling for you."

He rubbed his eyes, looked down, and then said, "Oh! The owner of the suit has finally come!"

The man below said, "You shameless fellow! You said you were taking the suit for just three days. What do you mean? You have been away for a month!"

"Get out!"

"What do you mean, 'Get out'? Give me back my suit!"

"I am telling you to get out!"

His mother-in-law kept saying to him, "Son, give him his clothes. You have stored your goods in that closet. Give it to him."

"No, mother. Just wait."

He took out the suit he had borrowed, cut it into pieces, and threw it out the window, saying, "Take your suit!" He then took much gold, went down from the palace, and asked, "What was the value of your suit? Probably 100 Turkish liras. Here are 500 Turkish liras. Now get out! Were you not ashamed of yourself? You thought you were doing something good, but look at what you have done."

"I do not have many clothes," the man said, leaving.

After the man had left, Osman Bey took a walk through the market. He bought another suit of clothes and returned home.
His mother-in-law said, "What is wrong, son? You look rather sad."

"Mother, do you know who that man was?"

"Who?"

"A cousin of mine. You know that the governor is my uncle. Am I a man who would condescend to wearing his clothes?"

Osman Bey: Is the governor your uncle?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Well, why did they come to ask for the suit?"

Osman Bey said, "They are jealous of me and want to get me out of this place."

"If the governor is your uncle, then let us go and visit him. Or should we invite him to come here?"

Osman Bey did not know how to get out of this, and so he said, "No, I do not wish to see them at all. I am angry at them!"

"Oh, son, please. Let him come as our guest. Take this sword, which is my husband's, and present it to him."

"But, mother, I am amazed at your interest in them. I do not like them at all." But Osman Bey took the sword, filled his pockets with gold from the safe, and ordered a carriage to take him to the governor's house. When he reached there, he said, "I want to see the governor."

"You may be able to," the servants said, "but let us see if he is willing to see you."

"Impossible!" the governor said.

"But, sir, he wants to see you in some official capacity."

"Well, then, let him in," he said to the servants. To Osman Bey he said, "What is the matter?"
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"Sir, I shall kiss your hands. Only three of us—Allah, you, and I—will know of my request. If you agree to it, I do not know how I shall repay you, for you have everything. I shall try to please you." He then took out the sword and presented it to the governor. "This is a souvenir from me to you, and between you and me, this gold is yours. My request is this: that you will come to our palace with your soldiers and your band, and that there you will say that I am your nephew."

"Very well, son. That is easy."

Osman Bey returned to the palace. His mother-in-law asked, "What did you do?"

"Well, I do not like them, but I visited them for your sake."

"Can you get an appointment?"

"Yes, he will come on Thursday with his soldiers. May Allah damn both of them!"

"Do not say that, son."

"Oh, he will come. So get ready."

They cleaned up the palace and prepared food. At twelve o'clock [on Thursday] the governor was at the door. Bands were playing. She said, "Osman Bey! Osman Bey! Your uncle has come!"

"Did I not tell you so?"

She and her servants went down and opened the door. "Come in! Come in!" she said with great hospitality. They accommodated everyone with much eating and drinking. In the future, he [Osman Bey] was to present his mother-in-law and they were to visit one another. Of course, people sometimes find themselves at odds with each other.
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They sat talking and eating together. Some time later, his mother-in-law said, "Osman Bey, when shall we visit your uncle?"

"Whenever you wish, mother," he said, for the governor had invited them to visit him.

(This is all, Ahmet Bey. I have many such stories.)