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unrivalled.* There is something contagious in its ineffable complacency, unruffled by the most palpable facts. Everything is sublime, everybody magnanimous and prosperous. We move among the cardinal virtues and their appropriate rewards (may God increase them!), and, secure in the shadow of the ever-victorious Caliph, are only dimly conscious of the existence of tributary European Powers and ungrateful Christian subjects. Can any Western poet transport his readers into a more enchanted land?"

"Odysseus" goes on, however, to say: "There is another kind of Turkish literature, if indeed that name can be given it, consisting of popular songs and stories, which is more natural, more interesting, and perhaps more important than the works of the Court historians and poets. A collection of them has been published [in Hungarian] by Dr. Ignacz Kunos, together with some plays and riddles, of which latter the Turk, like many other Turanian tribes, is peculiarly fond. Unlike the "Tales of a Parrot" and the "Forty Viziers," which are mostly mere translations, these stories have a peculiar flavour of their own. They are rude and coarse, and smack somewhat of the barrack-room, or rather the camp-fire, but it is a camp-fire on some central Asian plain, and the soldiers gathered round it listen with pleasure to tales of miracles and magic; of kings, who, at the recommendation of dervishes, go down wells, and find at the bottom gardens, dragons, and beautiful princesses. In the same way I have heard an old country Turk relate to an appreciative audience, who showed no signs of incredulity, a story of his youth in which a Kurdish magician, who had three eyes and was invulnerable, played a conspicuous part.

* In short it is somewhat like what the political "leaders" in the "D.T." would be if a C—ns—t—ve Government were in office and Lord B—rn—m Prime Minister.
STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-DÍN

The jinns, peris, and dervishes certainly suggest the 'Arabian Nights,' but there is something dreamy and vast in the setting of the stories which reminds one rather of the 'Kalevala' and Samoyede legends. It is peculiarly interesting to note how often the hero is some nameless adventurer, who either by his own energy and intelligence, or by the timely intervention of some supernatural power, rises from nothing to the highest position. Such careers are characteristic of old Turkish life, just as the horseman who rides for ten years across a plain is characteristic of their ideas of physiography and the duty of man.

"Perhaps the most original quality of popular Turkish literature is its humour. The average Turk is distinctly a merry man and loves a joke, particularly a practical joke. Wit he has little, and refinement less, but a genuine sense of the ludicrous, and a special fondness for that class of absurdity known as 'a bull,' and peculiar, as far as I am aware, to Irishmen and Turks."

"The classical exponent of this species of humour is Khoja Nasreddin Effendi [or, more correctly, Khoja Nasr-ud-Dín] the author or hero of a collection of stories known all over Turkey, and constantly repeated, if not exactly read. The khoja is believed to have lived in Akshehir in the fourteenth century of our era, and is the type of the village Imam. In the printed edition of the stories he is represented as a stout man with enormous spectacles, riding on a donkey and carrying the saddle-bags on his shoulders, as he is said to have done on one occasion from a well-intentioned desire to relieve the animal of their weight. His mind is an extraordinary mixture of stupidity and shrewdness; the latter,

* Hence the appropriateness of an Irishman being one of the authors of this book in which the humour of the misunderstood Turk is for the first time presented to the British public.
however, is sufficiently predominant to generally secure him success in the end in spite of his blunders; and, besides, one is never sure how far he is really dense and how far pretending to be a fool.

"The following examples will give some idea of these stories.

"One Friday the khoja's fellow-villagers insisted on his preaching a sermon in the mosque, which he had never done, not having any oratorical gifts. He mounted the pulpit sorely against his will, and looking round at the congregation, asked in despair, 'Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?' They naturally replied 'No.' 'Well, I am sure I don't,' he said, and hurriedly left the mosque. The congregation were, however, determined to have their sermon, and next Friday forced him again into the pulpit. When he again put the same question they replied by agreement, 'Yes.' 'Oh then,' he said, 'if you know, I needn't tell you,' and again escaped. On the third Friday the villagers made what they thought must be a successful plan. They got the khoja into the pulpit, and when he asked what had now become his usual question, replied, 'Some of us know and some of us don't.' 'Then,' replied the khoja, 'let those of you who know tell those who don't.' After this the congregation resigned themselves to do without sermons.*

"One hot night the khoja slept on the verandah to be cool. He awoke, however, in a fright, and saw what he took to be a robber dressed in white climbing over the garden wall. He seized his bow and immediately sent an arrow straight through the imaginary burglar. On calm examination, however, he found that the white object was one of his own night-shirts which his wife had washed and hung on the wall to dry. The khoja accordingly began to call out 'Praise be to God and other religious exclamations, which awoke the neighbors who mistook them for the morning call to prayer. Failing it still wanted several hours to sunrise, they surrounded the khoja and indignantly inquired what he meant by his timely piety. 'I was thanking God,' he replied, 'that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it.'

"The country Turk will spend hours in telling anecdotes, and every new invention is fathered on Nasreddin Effendi. So great is his popularity, that it is said that no Sultan offered to maintain, at the Imperial expense, any of descendants who would appear at Constantinople and prove true lineage. Many claimants presented themselves, but on examination were rejected. At last one evening came an unceasing figure with a Konia accent, mounted on an Anatolian prance. He dismounted at the Seraglio gate, and, not seeing clear the dusk, tied up his horse to one of the large drums used by the janissaries, which happened to be lying there. The horse, however, soon found out that he was not attached to a food object, and began to drag about the drum, kicking it with its feet. The guard rushed out, the drumming continued; word spread in the palace that the janissaries were in revolt among the janissaries, that the Sultan was going to mass them, and only after a general uproar was the cause of disturbance discovered. The claimant for State support brought before the Sultan and explained the object of his and his error. The padishah and all his council were unanimously of opinion that no further evidence was need and that his action could only be explained on the principle of heredity. The allowance was granted at once."

* A slightly different version of this story is given elsewhere in the present volume.
THE KHOJA AND THE JEW

KHOJA NASR-UD-DIN'S nearest neighbour was a Jew, a merchant of repute, and the Jew and the khoja became quite friendly. They were such close neighbours that they shared in common one chimney and one well.

They often spoke together, for the Jew had a very high opinion of the khoja, whose piety and solid wisdom he much appreciated. The Jew himself, though wealthy and a bit of a skinflint, was a pious man, as befitted one of the "peoples of the Book," and he and the khoja had many tastes and opinions in common.

Now it so happened that a practical joke severed for ever this pleasing intimacy, born of mutual confidence and esteem. It is related that every morning the khoja would pray in a loud voice to the Most High, entreatmg Him to take pity on his misery. In what was he not deserving? Why was he so poor?

"O Allah!" the khoja used to say, "there are many men in this world who have more than they require and much to spare, though they neither give to the poor, nor care if they are guided by Thee. On the contrary they know Thee not, and they seek not after the joys of eternity. It is not envy, O Allah! it is dire need that compels me to ask for a portion of their great wealth, their superfluous share. Let my anxiety be lessened without any anxiety being caused unto them. Is it not written: 'As for the infidels, their wealth shall not profit them anything, nor their children, against God. One thousand pieces of gold—one thousand pieces—and, O Allah! if Thou sendest me only nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces it will not be sufficient, and I shall be obliged to refuse the gift. Nay! I will not accept a single piece! One thousand altoons and not one less, I plead for them.

The Jew listened for many days to this prayer which khoja sent up the common chimney first thing every morning and he wondered. Allah on one of these days inspired the Jew, and he thought about the khoja and wondered if devout man, whose piety was well known, would really refuse nine hundred and ninety-nine altoons. And, strange to say, the Jew was tempted to try him. The ways of Allah are the ways of man! Allah is mighty and wise.

The Jew thereupon counted out nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces of gold and dropped them down their chimney just as the khoja was vehemently protesting, for hundredth time, that he would never, never accept one a less than the even thousand. The khoja took up the bag counted aloud the gold, piece by piece, and the Jew list

When the khoja got to nine hundred and ninety-nine, hold!" said he, "the Lord is endowed with extensive mercy. Then after a pause he said: "Ey pek iyi! pek iyi! (Very very good!) He who sent me this sum will also send me missing altoon. Allah is great! And there is no telling He will send it, as there is no telling how He sent these hundred and ninety-nine most needful pieces."

The Jew, poor man, was horrified when he heard and, without more ado, he rushed to the khoja's door and endeavoured to explain that he had purposely dropped nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces of gold down chimney because he had heard the khoja swearing he v
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not accept one less than a thousand. He concluded by asking the venerable ecclesiastic to give him that bag of gold back again—quick. The khoja, who seemed greatly surprised at what the Jew said, coldly assured his irritated visitor that he had never in his life asked any man for a penny, let alone for such a large sum, but that if by chance the Jew had, on some previous occasion, lent him anything which the khoja had forgotten about, he was willing to go with the Jew to the court and to abide by the judgment of the kadi. The Jew jumped at this offer and immediately said, “Yes! Come! let us go to the kadi!”

But the khoja said: “I cannot walk to the court—at my age. You don’t expect me to walk, do you?” and the Jew thereupon secured a mule for him. Even that was not enough, however. The khoja said that he must have a fur coat, as the weather was cold. Again the Jew rushed off and returned with a fur coat for the khoja, whereupon they proceeded together to the court.

The kadi listened to the case which was eloquently and truthfully put to him by the Jew, who ended by saying: “My altoons, nine hundred and ninety-nine in number, and the leather bag containing them, are both in his pocket, and I ask that they be returned to me.”

The khoja, just as truthfully, gave his version of the case. He told the kadi how he had asked the Most High for many days to give him one thousand altoons, and how—praise be to the Most High!—his prayer had that very morning been answered—minus one altoon. “And who can say,” added the holy man, simply, “but that the missing altoon will be given to me shortly? He who gave me so many gold pieces can surely give me one gold piece more. Allah-â Teshekkur ederim (I thank God). Allah is rich and merciful. Allah is bounteous and wise.”

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The kadi was struck dumb by the singularity of the case, and the khoja profited by his amazement in order to assure the plaintiff, was demented. “I not be at all surprised,” quoth he, “if he next said the mule on which I came to court is his also, and that the coat on my back likewise belongs to him.”

The Jew at once said, “But they are both mine. Them for you at your own request.”

Whereupon the kadi at once gave judgment in favor of the khoja, being convinced that the Jew was not in his mind. And when they left the court, the poor Jehovah maltreated by the people for having had the audacity to speak to the kadi, and to malign the khoja, who had clearly been favoured by Allah and Allah alone. For the Lord and knowing.
THE KHOJA IN THE DIVORCE COURTS

TRULY the khoja was a wise and holy man. Verily he was orthodox and not one of the idolaters. He read much, but he thought more. The Koran was his guide, and every action of his life was inspired (according to the khoja himself) by the teachings contained in the Suras, Sunnas and Hadis of Mohammed. His first thought on waking was about Allah and his Prophet. His thoughts during the day were fixed on the same subject, and his last prayer at night was: "Allah! the only true guide! Help thy servant to a pious appreciation of the Suras! Praise be to Thee, O Allah! Place me not, O Lord, with the ungodly people!"

At intervals during the day he would burst out into the great prayer of the Mohammedans:

"Allah! there is no God but he, the living, the self-sustaining. Neither slumber nor sleep seizeth him. To him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with him but through his good pleasure? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto them, and they shall not comprehend anything of his knowledge but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto him. He is the high, the mighty."

The great endeavour of his life was to imitate in thought and deed as far as it was possible the life of Mohammed. Koran permits man, under certain legal and moral condi
tions, to take as many as four wives. The Prophet himself had more (but he was the Prophet), and amongst them was a widow. To do this all that was required (besides pluck an inspired Sura). He even had the courage to marry an man's wife. This also the Sura permitted—nay ordered.

And here I might explain for the benefit of the believers whom I see here before me to-day that in marriage is not only a civil contract but also a religious incumment on all who possess the ability. "When a se of God marries, verily he perfects half his religion." The Prophet once asked a man if he was married, and he answered in the negative, said, "Art thou sound and healthy? When the man replied that he was, the Prophet said, "Then thou art one of the brothers of the devil." "Marry early and marry often!" Such, O true belief is the teaching of Islam on this point. And it is our ignorance of this salutary teaching, dearly beloved, that behold the sad state of things which prevails to-day among the unhappy children of the Giaour. Do we not hear of growing up actually unto the age of twenty without having taken unto themselves even one single wife? Do we not of unveiled and masterless women running wild in the ba

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* Probably it was just that pleasant kind of so-called compulsion makes a London merchant, who is desirous of selling off shop-soiled goods, hasten his signal, "Compulsory Sale: House Coming Down;" or which a reformed toper, surprised in a lapse after a brief period of sobriety, gurgled the mystic but exculpatory words: "Doctor's orders!" By the way, the tale rather understates his case for, as a matter of historical fact, Moha

married not one widow, but ten widows and one maid. It is a modern khoj

is supposed to be telling this story in a Stamboul café, and on the table are of the Salak and the Ildum, containing the latest news from all parts of the wo
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and in the public places, burning mosques and breaking coffeehouse windows because, verily, no man hath taken them to his harem? Alas! Vâh! Vâh! how pitiful! Thanks be to Allah that such disorders are unknown amongst us, their absence being an evident proof of the truth of our holy religion. Though verily, brethren, a certain one of those mad women of Ingiltera (England) must have been inspired by Allah himself, if it is true, as I hear, that she smote even with a scimitar a certain famous idol, yclept "Venus," representing an unveiled hanoum (lady) in Londra (London).* And is not this inspiration all the more likely when we remember that in the opinion of the wisest Sheikh and Imâms the All-merciful doth illuminate the mind of every woman for a few seconds once in forty years?

But of what was I discoursing? The happiness of marriage. And yet, O true believers, all marriages, even in Islam, are not necessarily happy. Hence the necessity for that beautiful facility of divorce which hath been mercifully accorded us by the Prophet (on whom be peace!). Even the pious Khoja Nasr-ud-Din married thoughtlessly on one occasion a woman who did not bring him peace—far from it. Need I add, dear brethren, that she was a widow?

For a short period the holy man seemed content, for the Mohammedan never speaks of his home life, but to the surprise of the neighbours the widow suddenly sued one day for a divorce, and both she and the khoja appeared in court, the wife to plead her case and the husband to defend himself as best he could.

Beginning with the customary salutation of "Strength to

* As is well known, the Mohammedans regard the reproduction of the human figure in painting or sculpture as sinful and idolatrous. Apparently the story-teller here refers to the Suffragette outrage on the Rokeby "Venus" in the National Gallery.

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the kadi!" the widow complained volubly that the khoja had ill-treated her to such a degree that she could no longer stay with him. He had destroyed and broken all the furniture and belongings, and at the same time inflicted upon her, and that without any cause, severe bodily injuries. "Yes, verily," quoth the good woman, "having first smashed all the crockery in the house with a flat-iron, he suddenly smote me over the head with a frying-pan. There's still a lump in my head as big as a duck's egg, but without the permission of the Court I cannot, of course, raise my veil in order to exhibit it."

The irate lady concluded by declaring in a shrill voice that her statements would not be difficult to prove. Their house was close at hand, and everything in it was her personal property; and it would be easy to verify her assertion that the khoja had smashed the tables, chairs, crockery, cooking utensils, and everything else which the place contained for herself, she was ready, she repeated, to exhibit if need be the marks of the severe ill-treatment she had personally received from the khoja on the previous night. She claimed both her immediate freedom and full compensation for all things destroyed by the khoja. Having shaken her clenched fist in the direction of her husband she left the witness-box.

But the khoja (though there was a scratch or two on his nose, and though some of his beard seemed to be missing)—the khoja, I say, never once lost for an instant his calm and benignant bearing which befitted a servitor of Allah.

When asked what defence he had to offer, the holy man was eloquent but simple. "It is true," quoth he, "that the furniture belonged to my wife, and that I have destroyed it all. It is also true that I unwittingly did her bodily harm. This I regret, but the circumstances of the case are as fol-
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"The first night of our life she told me the life of Mehmet, her late husband, and how long she and he had lived happily together. The second night she told me how much it had cost her late husband to buy the furniture with which she had furnished my house. The third night she dwelt so long and so fondly on the perfections of her Mehmet that, when day dawned, I was beginning to see the shadow of that perfect and lamented man flitting about the bedroom. On the fourth night when she began to compare Mehmet to me, and to show that he was superior to me in every way—well, O kadi! the shadow materialized. In despair and in self-protection against this superior intruder, I used as missiles or as weapons everything that came within my reach. In order to drive him away, I hurled at him tables and chairs, pots and pans. In my strange agitation, O kadi! I broke his furniture; and, alas! when he got too near my wife, I must have struck her also in my efforts—my perfectly legitimate efforts, mind you—to strike him and to defend myself.

"It is possible—nay it is right, under lawful conditions—for a man to have one, two, three, or even four wives; but has anyone ever heard of one woman having two husbands, and both husbands living under the same roof? Let her go, then, to her Mehmet—I cannot take her back!" Then, raising his voice so suddenly and so high that the kadi (who, as a matter of fact, was half asleep) nearly fell off the bench, the khoja vociferated: "Git! Git! Git! * Get thee hence; thou shalt be one of the contemptible! Get thee hence, despised! And may I never see thy face again!"

The divorce was granted, but the widow received no com-

* Curiously enough, Git bears in Turkish exactly the same meaning as it bears in the curt and vigorous language of the U.S.A.—also, by the way, a land of facile divorce—but I lay no stress and build no theory on this truly remarkable coincidence.

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THE KHOJA IN THE PULPIT

HOJA NASR-UD-DÍN one day addressed his congregation from the pulpit in the following words:

"I beseech you to tell me truly, O brethren! O true believers! if what I am going to say to you is already known to you."

And the answer came, as in one voice, from his congregation, that they did not know, and that it was not possible for them to know, what the khoja was going to say to them. "Then," quoth the preacher, "of what use to you or to me is an unknown subject?"—and he descended from the pulpit and left the mosque.

On the following Friday his congregation, instead of having decreased, had greatly increased, and their anxiety to hear what he was going to say was felt in the very atmosphere.

The khoja ascended the pulpit, and said: "O brethren! O true believers! I beseech you to tell me truly if what I am going to say to you is already known to you."

The answer that came to the khoja was so spontaneous as to suggest pre-arrangement. They all shouted, "Yes, khoja, we do know what you are going to say to us."

"That being the case," quoth the khoja, "there is no need either of you wasting your time or of me wasting my time"—and, descending from the pulpit, he left the mosque. His congregation, having prayed, also left gradually, one by one, and in groups.

On the following Friday Khoja Nasr-ud-Dín again mounted
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the pulpit, and saw that his mosque was so crowded that not a nook or corner in it was empty. He addressed his congregation in exactly the same manner.

"O brethren! O true believers?" said he, "I ask you to tell me truly if what I am going to say is already known to you?"

And again the answer of his numerous congregation had evidently been prepared beforehand, for one-half of them rose and said: "Yes, khoja, we do know what you are going to say to us." Then the other half rose and said, "O! Khoja Effendi, how could we poor, ignorant people know what you intend to say to us?"

The khoja answered: "It is well said; and now if the half that knows what I am going to say would explain to the other half what it is, I would be deeply grateful, for, of course, it will be unnecessary for me to say anything."

Whereupon he descended from the pulpit and left the mosque.
THE KHOJA AND THE THIEVES

KHOJA NASR-UD-DIN was often consulted on all sorts of matters—matters of everyday occurrence, and matters strange and exceptional. Being moreover, as we have seen, a wise man, his decisions were always accepted without a murmur. He said, “Do so and so,” and that was sufficient. None questioned his decision, for he knew all things—had he not read the Koran? On one occasion three robbers came to him and submitted their case. It was an important case, for it concerned the disposal of a whole sack of wheat, think! They came to him and each told his story, and promised to abide by the holy man’s decision.

The difficulty between them was that they could not agree over the division of the sack of wheat. Each claimed the greater share, on the ground that he had risked the most and done the most to secure the coveted booty.

One of them had learned that a sack of wheat had arrived from the country, and that it was stored in a peasant’s cottage in the populous part of the village. He even knew, having followed the peasant, where the sack of wheat lay. On informing his companions of the possible booty, it was agreed, after much discussion, that their plan of action should be as follows: One of them should watch and give warning at the first sign of danger. The other, armed with a yatagan, was to dispatch the owner if he were awake. Should the owner happen to be asleep, this second robber was to stand

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over him with his weapon, ready to give him his death until such time as the sack of wheat was in a place of safety. The duty of the third robber was to bear off the sack.

Khoja Nasr-ud-Din listened to all three versions of the story, and admitted that each of the thieves had had a dangerous mission. He added that it would be very difficult for him to satisfy either them or himself, if he decided the matter as a man or as a kadi would decide it, so he would ask whether they wished him to decide their case to the best of his ability as a man, or to decide it as Allah decided rewards of man on earth. He did not know what Allah would do in paradise, but if they approved of his deciding the matter, Allah decided such matters among men on earth, the thought that he might satisfy them.

The thieves consulted among themselves and finally decided that they were content to let the holy man divide the spoils of Allah, and not as a kadi or a man would, for they felt that this latter course might have involved legal considera and precedents that were beyond them. Besides, the mention of the word “kadi” may have made them uncomfortable.

The khoja contemplated long, and the robbers waited with anxious eyes. Finally the holy man got up and, walking in a somnambulistic manner toward the sack, he put his hand into the mouth thereof, and, muttering to himself, something which the thieves could not understand, he took one single grain of wheat. With closed eyes, he said: “This is the way Allah distributes His favours to man on earth. Yousuf Mustapha, take this one grain of wheat and be grateful. Then, filling his hand with grains, he turned to another of the litigants and said: “Ali, Allah apportions unto you a handful of wheat as your share for your evil doings. Few
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so rewarded for deeds of this nature, but what you do receive, receive with gratitude; and who knows but that these grains, obtained by sin, may produce an abundant harvest of good works? If so, reap that harvest, my child, in thankfulness and repentance."

Finally, taking hold of the whole sack, he gave it to the third robber, saying: "To you, Mehmet, who watched at the corner, well out of harm's way, to you Allah gives this as a reward for the labour and the dangers which the others underwent. Now [opening his eyes], depart in peace all of you. Allah has given to many an unequal share, to many, undeservedly, the greater share; and to many who deserve much, the lesser share. But the ways of Allah are not the ways of man. Allah be with you! Go in peace, my children! I have distributed your booty among you after the example of Allah Himself, the Merciful, the Compassionate."

The two surprised and disappointed thieves realized the truth of this, and allowed Mehmet to carry the sack of wheat to his home.

And when they themselves prepared to depart the khoja admonished them that a soul becometh liable to destruction by that which it committeth. "Verily, O true believers," he said unto them, "I am one of those who counsel you aright. And is it not written in the perspicuous book that, if you reform not, you shall surely be of those who perish?"

THE KHOJA AND THE CAULDRON

BEING once in need of a cauldron the khoja went to one of his neighbours and borrowed a large cauldron which answered his requirements so well that he had no wish to part with it. Instead of returning the borrowed utensil on the promised day, he handed it to his neighbour and handed him in a somewhat dejected manner a much smaller cauldron resembling in shape that which he had borrowed.

The owner looked at it suspiciously, and asked, "What is this?" whereunto the khoja answered, "Your cauldron given birth to a little one and is far too unwell for you to return it to-day. Take its offspring instead, I beseech you."

The owner of the cauldron was much surprised, but was at the same time not a little gratified at this unexpec
ted fertility, and when his wife soundly abused him for this, he thus allowed himself to be "put upon," he testily advised her good dame to have patience and not to ask any questions on that day or two.

The khoja's need of the cauldron having come to an end, he brought it back and said, "Here, take your cauldron again, for now it is quite well." The neighbour and his family rejoiced, and the fame of the khoja was much increased.

Some days later the khoja again required the cauldron, and that this time his neighbour was so pleased to lend it to him
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he even helped to carry it to the khoja's house. After a considerable time had elapsed without any baby cauldron appearing on the scene, the neighbour called on Khoja Nasr-ud-Din to inquire when he might expect his cauldron to return. He was polite and profusely apologetic, but he said that his wife wanted it.

The khoja seemed very much surprised that his neighbour had not heard the news—the sad news that the cauldron had died. The manner and tone of the obliging neighbour now underwent an instant change, and he remonstrated loudly. Indeed, he created such an uproar that a crowd speedily assembled round the house; but, so far as the khoja was concerned, the large cauldron was dead for all time, and he advised his neighbour to return home quietly, and break the news to the baby cauldron which he had claimed as his.

"For it stands to reason," quoth Khoja Nasr-ud-Din, "that anything or anyone that can give birth to young, can also die."

The crowd agreed, and said that verily he spake well and truly. It was hak (just).

THE KHOJA'S DINNER-PART

KHOJA NASR-UD-DIN met one day a number of his student disciples, and was apparently so glad of his desire that he begged them to return with him and sup with him. To express the fact that they should sup with him was equivalent to a cord from the aged master. The students one and all de therefore, their willingness, nay, their anxiety, to do all that was agreeable to the khoja, for the honour would long with them, and the memory of the repast would be forgotten.

They accompanied the khoja to his home, and threshold he begged them to enter and be his welcome. With true Oriental politeness the khoja humbly assumed the moment the part of the subordinate in station and learning, paying homage to each one of his disciples in Having then sought out his wife, he informed her in glee that he had brought a number of his disciples to him, and bade her proceed immediately to prepare for a pot of welcome broth.

"Oh, master!" quoth his wife, "with what can I make a pot of broth for you and your guests? Did you, perhaps, bring anything home with you? No! It's a miracle, about to happen that will give me the mutton whereby to provide the broth? You know there is neither meat nor rice nor anything else in the house, and if you brought naught with you, and if no miracle is about..."
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place, then, alas! no broth can be made, master, for you or for your guests."

"Where is the pot wherein we make our broth?" asked the khoja. It was empty and clean, but the khoja snatched it up, and in all haste brought it into the presence of the students, and addressed them as follows:

"Effendiler (gentlemen), pray forgive me for having brought you hither; for there is neither mutton, nor oil, nor rice, nor anything else with which to make broth; but this is the pot in which the broth would have been made, had there been anything to make it"—and he turned the vessel so that his guests might see the inside of it. His disciples were loud in their protestations that the honour done them was not lessened by the absence of food, but they soon after departed, and for all time remembered this remarkable supper—the only supper, by the way, to which their master, Khoja Nasr-ud-Din Effendi, had ever invited them.

THE KHOJA AS HOST

The hospitality of the East is proverbial. If you call on a man while he is eating, he will always call it an obligation incumbent on him, no matter your position or his position may be, to greet heartily with a loud cry of, "Bouroun! Bouroun!" ("Welcome!") and to invite you to partake of his meal though that meal consist only of bread and water with olives or onions. The food may not be always satisfactory but the hospitable spirit is invariably hearty. The desire to share their food with others seems to be born with the Oriental and with the Russian, who is, after all, an Oriental also. High and low frequently send out hearty invitations to their friends and to the friends of their friends, even though the sharing leaves them all hungry at the end of the repast.

To this universal law of the East Nasr-ud-Din made exception, as the following story will show.

A friend of the khoja once presented him with a lamb. The lamb was killed and roasted and done to the taste of the Tatar, put on the spit, and served with pilaff. The khoja greatly appreciated the gift, and, in accordance with the rules of Oriental politeness, he begged the giver to remain and partake of the feast.

The khoja's feast over, the giver of the lamb departed, but the taste of the good things he had eaten remained with him, for he again visited the khoja next day, and, of course, was invited to share the remains of the lamb and pilaff with the usual hearty "Welcome! Welcome!"
TALES FROM TURKEY

A few days later several people called on the khoja and, though totally unknown to him, introduced themselves as being neighbours of the man who had given the lamb. They also were greeted by the holy and hospitable ecclesiastic with a cheerful "Welcome! Welcome!" and invited to stay to dinner. The meal was a very meagre one, but full justice was nevertheless done it by the friends of the person who had presented the lamb.

A few days later yet another batch of people came and introduced themselves to the khoja as friends of the neighbours of the man who had presented him with the lamb.

The khoja welcomed them with all his usual warmth, and, when meal-time came round, he had a small saucepan of water served to them. The friends of the neighbours of the giver of the lamb looked somewhat aghast at this scanty fare, and inquired with anxiety what it meant. The khoja told them in all seriousness that the saucepan was a child of the pot wherein the lamb had been roasted, and that the water it contained was taken from the same spring wherefrom came the water to make the pilaff that had been served with the roasted lamb.

On hearing this, the friends of the neighbours of the giver of the lamb got up and departed, and the khoja wished them God-speed, saying, "May Allah give you health; the greatest of all blessings, and may He not withhold from you the power to understand!"

St. George's Day, the first day of Spring (1cchalis), is a day of great innocent rejoicing in the whole of Turkey. From early dawn every available means of conveyance— principally bullock-carts and springless carriages—is engaged for the day. In Constantinople, men, women, and children start off in private family groups to the Sweet Waters of Europe and the Sweet Waters of Asia to spend the end sitting on the grass, and making peaked head-cover themselves with narcissi. These all the children with they return in the evening singing songs, and glad th have paid their tribute to the dawn of Spring. The c carriages are also decorated with branches of trees, and people are happy.

The Sweet Waters of Asia is on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus near Anatoli Hisar (the castle of Asia). Sultan has there a kiosk to which he retires when win come to an end. He amuses himself by shooting various other sports, some of them formerly very coars the first day of spring the Turks go to the Sweet Waters in large numbers. Those who live on the European in caiques or light boats, which skim the Bosphorus 1 yelgouan.* From along the Asiatic shore folk co arabas or carts. An araba forms a conspicuous of the plate here reproduced. It is a carved and sp wooden coach or cart (it really partakes of the nature o and is drawn by oxen whose white locks between the are stained with henna. Round the huge necks of these are suspended amulets of bright blue beads which supposed to guard their wearers from the evil eye:

* Literally "wind-chaser." But these birds are commonly called the damned,"—why, I cannot imagine. It is unpleasant, in any case, to have a bird with such a name touch one ominously with the tip of its wing when it has swum half-way across the Bosphorus and is tired by the physical as well as terrified by the dark historical memories which haunt that trechasm, and which seem to assail one suddenly and altogether, like evil when one is farthest from land. That was the experience of the presen on more than one occasion. The yelgouan is a well-known aquatic bird to the Bosphorus. It always flies in flocks, and skims the water speed.
TALES FROM TURKEY

guard the contents of the araba from the evil eye other
means were formerly employed—to wit, a number of black
eunuchs with drawn sabres, who menaced with instant death
anyone who approached the line of march. Need I say that
the contents of these curtained and incommmodious vehicles
were and are bevies of beauty, being in fact the harems of the
Sultan and the great pashas?

The well-to-do families will on this occasion roast their
lambs, and boil their pilaff, and feast. As a rule they enjoy
these banquets to the fullest extent, though in no case does
any beverage but pure water ever pass their lips. This water
is, however, of a kind that Turkey is alone blest with—
limpid, cold, and light. How enjoyable it is to have a glass
of such water with a cup of coffee and a cigarette!

The khoja once had a lamb given to him just before
St. George's Day, and, on hearing of this, some of his
poorer and less reputable friends persuaded him to invite
them to the Spring feast, and to slaughter the lamb for the
same occasion. They told him that there was no use in his
keeping the lamb any longer, for the day after St. George's
Day would be the Day of Judgment. The khoja, concluding
that perhaps they might be right, killed the lamb and carried
it on his back to his friends, that they might roast it on a spit,
and then eat it, and pay due tribute to Spring.

The day grew warm and, before the feast began, the guests
took off some of their clothes and lay down to sleep, whilst
the khoja attended to the roasting of the lamb. But, seeing
that the fire was getting low, the resourceful ecclesiastic cast
all the clothes of his sleeping friends into the flames. On
awakening they all performed "Namaaz" (the mid-day
prayer) together, and then they naturally looked around for
their clothes. But their coats and mantles were all missing,
and they inquired of the khoja what had become of them.

STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-

The khoja innocently told them that he had burned them
but that this need not distress them or disturb their peace
in the least. "To-day you may feast," quoth the khoja
cheerfully, "and as the day after to-morrow will be the Day
of the Resurrection, none of you will need any clothes.

* Some critical persons may object that in this story the learned khoja
is elsewhere represented as living in the time of the Tartar Emperor,
Leng (Timur the Lame or Tamerlane) and eke of Saladin, appears before
Turkish inhabitant of an Ottoman Constantinople. But I refuse to argue
such objectors. I simply say: "Well, if the khoja did live five hundred
ninety-one years, what of that? He deserved to live even longer."

I would also recommend to such censorious readers the numerous per-
spicious Book which refer in withering language to the incredulity
of the Sura entitled "Cattle" it is said: "The Unbelievers will say,
nothing but silly fables of ancient times. And they will forbid other
believing therein, and will retire afar from it; but they will destroy the
courts of souls only, and they are not sensible thereof. If thou diest seeing
be set over the fire of hell?" And again, "They who destroy their own
souls are those who will not believe." And yet again, in the Sura entitled
"Family of Imran"—"Verily, Allah loveth not the unbelievers."
THE KHOJA FEIGNS DEATH

A good many of the anecdotes relating to the khoja tell how he often feigned death, from the day his wife taught him how to distinguish a dead person from a living one. She had informed him that it was a very easy matter, for a dead person always had cold feet and cold hands.

On his way to the mountains one day for wood he felt that both his feet and hands were cold and concluded that he must be a dead man. Dismounting from his ass he lay down on the ground, but wolves soon appeared on the scene, and would have devoured both the ass and the khoja, were it not for the holy man's vigorous defence of himself and his property. So vigorous was this defence that, by the time the pack had been driven off, the hands and feet of the khoja had become so warm that he concluded he must be alive after all.

On another occasion while the khoja was traversing a desolate plain which had the reputation of being haunted by brigands, he suddenly saw a number of horsemen riding towards him. Overcome by terror, the holy man immediately rushed into a cemetery close by, took off his clothes, entered a tomb, and lay down. The horsemen had perceived him, however, and, riding up to the tomb, one of them asked him in a loud voice what he was doing there. "As you can see for yourselves," the khoja immediately answered, "I am one of the dead
STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-DÍN

belonging to this graveyard, and I have just come in from a walk.”

When the khoja made his last will he specially requested that he should be placed in an old tomb. Asked why he made such a strange request, he replied: “When the angels come to question me, I shall tell them that I and my tomb are very old,—and that, owing to extreme old age, I myself am as deaf as the tomb-stone.”

After taking a short cut through a graveyard one day the khoja fell into an ancient tomb, and, wishing to experience the feelings of the dead, he made for a while no effort to rise, but lay still where he had fallen. He lay there with his mind concentrated on eternity, when the sudden tinkling of bells disturbed the solemnity of the graveyard and nearly scared the life out of the khoja, who suddenly jumped up in great alarm under the impression that the bells which he heard announced the Day of Judgment.

As a matter of fact the sound proceeded from the little ornamental bells attached to the loads and the harness of a passing caravan of camels. The sudden appearance of the khoja from the tomb frightened the whole caravan, making the timid beasts rush hither and thither in great confusion, with the result that the men in charge of the caravan experienced much annoyance and loss of time.

As soon as they had quieted the camels, however, they turned angrily on the innocent cause of all this trouble and beat him black and blue with their sticks. Nor did they stop even when the khoja assured them that he was a dead man and had merely come out for a walk.

With tears in his eyes the poor khoja ran home after this drubbing, and when his wife asked him where he had been,
TALES FROM TURKEY

"Peace, woman," he replied tartly, "I have been both dead and in the tomb." Not to be silenced even by this reply, his wife then asked what there was to be seen in the other world, whereunto the khoja answered: "It is both comfortable and pleasant in the other world, but one thing you must not do, —you must not frighten the camels. If you do, the camel-drivers will beat you."

THE KHOJA'S ASS

The ass of Khoja Nasr-ud-Din plays an important part in many of that devout and comical adventures. Of the very many tales which relate to the quadruped in question, I shall confine myself to the following, which are frequently told:

It is said that three very wise men came from further east, and to the country of Sultan Sala-ed-din. They were priests, and were versed in all learning, and the Sultan invited them to accept the only true faith—the Mohammedan faith—and ensure their eternal salvation. The wise men were not prepared to embrace Islam, but they would not do so until some question would give them a satisfactory answer to three questions which they would ask. The Sultan agreed to this, summoned all the wise men of his kingdom to attend, and give answers to the questions.

The answers given, however, were neither convincing nor satisfactory. The Sultan was greatly mortified at this, and the learned priests were in some danger of his wrath. Mollified Sala-ed-din, however, by telling him that Khoja Nasr-ud-Din could answer the questions if anybody could. The Sultan at once gave orders to the Tartar messenger to seek and forthwith bring into his presence this Khoja Nasr-ud-Din.

The Sultan's orders were communicated with all speed to the khoja, who immediately saddled his ass, mounted it, and followed the guides. As soon as the khoja was brought...
the presence of the Sultan, he gave that potentate his blessing, and asked why it had pleased the Elect of Heaven, the Commander of the Faithful, to summon him. Thereupon he was informed that all the learned men had been unable to answer the three questions that the three wise men from the East had put to them, and that the last hope of getting these savants to voluntarily accept the true faith was in the khoja’s being able to answer those questions, and thus to save the Empire from shame.

“What are the questions, O Successor of the Prophet?” asked the khoja. The first was: “Where is the middle of the earth?” The khoja immediately dismounted from his ass, and, pointing to that animal’s left hind leg, said that the middle of the earth was exactly under that hoof. If anyone doubted it, added the khoja, he had but to measure and he would see that the statement was correct.

The second question was: “How many stars are there?” To this the khoja immediately replied: “Exactly the same number as there are hairs upon my ass; and if the three wise men doubt this, they have only to count those hairs and to compare their number with the number of the stars—which they undoubtedly must know, or they would not ask the question.”

The third question was: “How many hairs are there in the beard of the eldest of the three wise men?” To this question the khoja at once replied: “Exactly the same number as in the tail of my ass; and, in proof of the accuracy of what I say, I am ready and willing to pull a hair from my ass’s tail for every hair that is pulled out of the wise man’s beard.”

The wise men were not disposed to have the khoja’s assertions put to the proof, so they willingly embraced Islam.

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**STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-I**

On another occasion a neighbour came to the khoja and asked him for the loan of his ass. The khoja said: “Wait and I will ask the ass if he is willing to be let out.” In a short time the holy man returned and said: “If you lend me to your neighbour I shall overhear a great many scandalous things about your wife.” “And,” added the khoja, “that would be embarrassing.”

One day the khoja’s ass strayed, and its owner inquired of all the persons he met if they had seen it. One of the persons he asked replied by way of a jest: “I have seen him. He is the kadi in such-and-such a town: as sure as the ass is of the town, he would be a kadi, for when I taught him the principles of Sacred Law I noticed that his ears were always open.”

The khoja was often troubled by people who wanted to borrow his ass for this or that purpose. One day when a neighbour asked for the loan of it, the khoja replied: “He is not at home.” It so happened that at that very moment the ass brayed a piteous bray, whereupon the surprised borrower exclaimed: “That seems, then, that the ass is at home.” To this the khoja answered, stroking his grey beard: “Strange, that you believe the ass in preference to me. Pay reverence at my age.”

The khoja was asked on one occasion to convey a bundle of donkeys to a certain village. The donkeys were counted carefully to him, but when, after riding a few miles, he counted them over himself, it was evident that one was missing. He thereupon dismounted in great
TALES FROM TURKEY

counted them once more, and found that they were all there—thirteen in all. Remounting, he continued his journey, satisfied that ill-fortune had not attended him, and that none of the donkeys had strayed. On arriving at the village, however, he again counted the donkeys carefully, and found that one had disappeared, for there were only twelve. His consternation was great, and in all haste he again dismounted and counted the animals. To his relief he again found that there were thirteen in all. He proceeded joyfully to the house of the villager who was to receive the donkeys, but his joy was damped by the discovery that, whenever he counted the donkeys as he rode along, he could only make out twelve. But the owner audibly counted thirteen; and it is said that to the day of his death the khoja marvelled at this inexplicable experience.

THE KHOJA AND THE BURGLARS

The tales told of Khoja Nasr-ud-Din's adventures. Robbers are very numerous, and are frequently heard in conversation by Greeks, Turks, and Arabs. One night the holy, but impecunious, man, was so moving cautiously about his room, and, becoming alarmed, cordially greeted the unknown guest, earnestly begged him to strike a light. The thief started at this unusual request that he betrayed him, asked in astonishment why the khoja wished him to strike a light.

"Oh, fear nothing," said the khoja in a reassuring tone, "I only wished to see your face that I might worship you truly you must be a very great man when you attempt in the dark what I am unable to find in the daytime, I am constantly looking for it."

On another occasion a thief entered by night into the humble abode of the khoja, seized everything portable it contained, made it all up into a bundle, placed this bundle on his back, and made off with it. The khoja chanced, however, to see him going off, so he followed the thief till he reached his destination. This destination was the thief's house, and when the thief entered it the khoja went in after him, to the great alarm of the other, who asked the very
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man what he wanted. Whereunto the khowja innocently replied by asking another question. "What?" said he; "Have we not moved to this house to-day?"

On still another occasion somebody robbed the khowja of a small sum of money. So in his prayers to Allah the holy man frequently alluded to the injustice whereof he was the victim. He even went to the mosque and made a great outcry, a pitiful outcry, and he kept it up not only the whole of that day but also the whole of the succeeding night. At last the people felt great compassion for the khowja, and somebody suggested that each should contribute as much as he conveniently could to the holy man's wants. A collection was accordingly made, and though small it exceeded the sum which had been stolen.

The khowja wondered at this, and marvelled that Allah should have inspired strangers to take compassion on him in such a practical way. He repeatedly expressed his gratitude to the Most High, and wondered when Allah would again have compassion on him, for he did not think it a very painful occupation to weep all day and all night and in the end receive such handsome compensation.

An adventure that is very frequently told—in fact it has given rise to a proverb in the East "Yorgan meselessi" (the question of the quilt)—deals with the manner in which the khowja lost his only quilt.

The khowja and his wife were in bed when a great noise and rushing about of people in the street outside disturbed their slumbers. The khowja listened to this commotion for a time without getting up, but finally his curiosity could no longer be restrained, so he wrapped the quilt around his shoulders and rushed off with the crowd. His wife screamed

STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UL

he crowd after him to return, but he continued to go with the khowja's back me back on his back until suddenly a thief snatched the quilt off the khowja and made off with it. In a short time the khowja came crestfallen and shivering with the cold.

The woman asked with curiosity. "What was the row about?" asked his wife, but curiously.

She said, "Hush, woman!" returned the khowja in a feel about our "Don't you see that the whole question was a quilt?"
THE KHOJA AS MAYOR

The khoja, simple-minded and all as he was, once attained the dignity of bash-reis, or mayor, of the town in which he lived. The people who elected him rejoiced that the worthy ecclesiastic had at last received public recognition of the unselfish and disinterested manner wherein he had always discharged the duties of his sacred calling, but the wealthy and high-born sneered at the very idea of such a common person as the khoja wearing with any grace or dignity the fur-lined coat of honour which went with the office of mayor.

It was, however, incumbent on the town to formally recognize him as mayor, and to invite him in that capacity to a banquet. It was one of those public dinners, common enough in the East, where it is somewhat difficult to tell who is the host and who are the guests. The only thing certain was that the khoja was not paying for it—as he had no money. The invitations were issued in the name of the khoja’s predecessor in office, and in due time the names of all those invited were submitted to the new mayor with the request that he would be kind enough to say if he wished all of the proposed guests to be present at the banquet. The khoja, good and simple man, perused these names of high-born and wealthy individuals, and said, “How can I either refuse or agree to dine with any of these gentlemen? I do not know any of them. Not one of them has ever broken bread at my table, nor have I ever had the honour to break bread at their
STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-DÍN

It would not be right for me to say that I refuse this one or accept that one, but as they all seem to wish it I welcome all of them to the banquet. Please inform these guests, therefore, that I shall be greatly honoured by their company.

On the night of the banquet the khoja put on for the first time in his life the coat of honour, and walked with a stateliness that was worthy of imitation by kings. Neither to the right nor to the left did he look, nor did he even once answer salutations, nor give a sign of recognition to the passers-by—a most unusual way, indeed, for Khoja Nasr-ud-Din to behave.

When he arrived at the house where the banquet was to be held he took no notice of the profound salaams paid him by the other guests. With stately tread he entered the banqueting-hall, muttering meantime as if to some invisible person who accompanied him.

“What rudeness! What vulgarity!” he was heard to say, “A shepherd would know better! Common sense, not to speak of the most ordinary gratitude, should teach you how to act on an occasion like this! Appreciate these honours that are being bestowed upon you, unsought! Make immediate obeisance lest I get angry!”

The guests looked at each other and wondered what on earth had happened to the poor khoja. Decidedly, the dizzy elevation to which he had attained had been too much for him. Some expressed pity in their looks: some expressed scorn: but, unmoved alike by their sympathy and by their contempt, the khoja stood like a statute amongst them. Finally the retiring mayor, in whose house the banquet was being held, approached the khoja and politely asked him if he would be pleased to take the seat of honour at his right and at the head of the banqueting table.

The khoja sat down as he had been told, and the guests
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were struck dumb by his immovable face and blank stare. The food was brought and naturally offered first to the khoja, but, alas! that holy man never moved, but again muttered as if to some invisible person. “Such rudeness!” said he, “such upbringing man has never witnessed! Take of the food and eat so that the people who were invited in your honour may also eat and enjoy the gifts of Allah!”

The astonished guests exchanged inquiring looks with each other but no one spoke. Finally the khoja opened his mouth and, in despair, assured the assembly that the fault was not his, that he had done his best. Taking hold of the fur-lined coat of honour, he then pushed it towards the plate saying, “Eat, rude and ignorant emblem of dignity and power. What? You still refuse! Well, then, I wash my hands of all responsibility for your unspeakable behaviour this evening!” Whereupon, to the astonishment of all present, the khoja moved rapidly towards the door, the guests simultaneously rising to their feet with Oriental politeness.

Just as he reached the threshold, the khoja turned and said to the host, “Effendiler, I am more wounded than words can tell to see you treated in this ungrateful manner. You invited to the banquet the mayor’s coat, and I, your humble servant, brought that coat thither, but, as all of ye have witnessed, the base garment did not know how to behave itself. Had such an honour been paid to me, the memory of it would have helped me through life and even in the dread hour of death. To my humble table I invite you all, even though it be only bread and water that I have to offer you. In the name of Allah I invite you all to break bread with me!”

THE KHOJA’S FAST

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STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-DÍN

accurate account of the fast days so that he should not by any chance continue fasting when by rights he ought to be feasting.

With this object in view he procured an earthenware pot and he also collected thirty pebbles. At sunset each day he deposited a pebble in the pot. "When all the thirty pebbles are in the pitcher"—so the good man reasoned—"then the feast of the Bāiram will have begun."

When most of the fast had passed, the khoja was once asked how many more days remained. Promising to let his friends know the exact number, he went to his pitcher to count the stones. He never thought of counting the stones that he had not yet placed in the pitcher. And he did not know that, in imitation of her worthy parent, his daughter had also been casting into the pitcher other pebbles of her own collecting. The khoja counted the pebbles but their number indicated many moons, and this embarrassed the good man greatly for he knew not what to say to his people. Finally, however, he struck an average that seemed to him reasonable. This average was forty-five, so he told his people that it was the forty-fifth day of the month of Ramazan.

No degree of respect could hide from the people the fact that a month has but thirty days, and they told their host so. The khoja admitted that he could not understand the mystery, but he assured them that he spoke the truth, for he himself had placed a pebble in the pitcher at sun-down every day, and there were no fewer than a hundred and fifty pebbles in the pitcher. And if he had told them forty-five he was, he considered, well within the truth. The khoja privately concluded, however, that it was very unwise to see the moon in the well before he could see it in the heavens. "But," as he piously added, "the ways of the Almighty are not the ways of man! —Verily, Allah is mighty and wise!"

DEATH OF THE KHOJA’S WIFE

KHOJA NASR-UD-DIN frequently told his disciples that they must think well before acting, and he modestly proposed himself to them as a good example of a man who, before doing anything, always meditated profoundly on the possible consequences of what he was going to do.

“Most men,” he said, “thrash or punish the water-carrier after the pitcher is broken. This is very foolish, however, for it neither repairs the pitcher nor replaces the water brought to perform the necessary ablutions. I need five times a day, before I humbly prostrate myself before the creator and adore Him in His nine and ninety different attributes, and my pitcher, Masha’Allah! has not yet been broken. Why? The explanation is very simple. I always punish my boy severely, while giving him at the same time many wise admonitions, before he goes to the stream for the water. On his return I reward him with kind words, and never omit to explain to him the good he has done by bringing back a pitcher full of water. Most, nay nearly all, men are fools, and they thrash the boy when the pitcher is broken as if that would repair it.

“Sometimes my wife goes to the stream for water, and, as I cannot thrash her, I employ other means to save my pitcher. With women it is very easy to find such means, as, according to them, men, especially husbands, are never out of their debt. So you promise to pay one of the imaginary debts you owe them, and the pitcher is not broken.”

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Whilst the holy man was thus holding sage discourse with his disciples, the hour for evening prayer approached; and his wife did not appear with the pitcher. Finally, both the khoja and his disciples became anxious, as the time of the “aza (call to prayer) was close at hand. For, no matter what had happened, they must all pray when that call was heard, and, before doing so, they must all wash. Finally, the muezzin was giving out the solemn summons to prayer from the summit of the minaret, but the khoja’s wife had not come. The disciples kept their thoughts to themselves and uttered no word. Each preferred that one of them should give voice to the fear they all entertained, for we knew that the khoja’s wife was a good and holy woman, and she would never miss the hour of prayer were she alive. They had not long to wait for the painful silence to be broken, as a messenger soon entered with the pitcher, which had been broken, saying he feared that whoever had gone to the water must have fallen into the river.

A mournful procession, composed of the khoja and his disciples, now proceeded to the river in silent and deepest haste. There, sure enough, were signs to indicate that an unhappy woman had fallen into the swiftly running river, which undoubtedly she was at that moment many miles down the stream. The khoja was stricken with grief, and respectful disciples bowed their heads in silent sympathy.

“Allah! Allah!” the holy man at length cried. “Hast thou taken her from me in my old age? Thou hast taken her mission, and why we wanted the water, for all that is true.”

As known unto Thee. No better woman ever lived in this life, but now, alas! Thou hast taken her from me. Thou hast taken her to paradise, where her youth and beauty restored, but Thou hast left me, O Allah! alone.”
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"It is true," continued the khoja, when his first transports of grief had somewhat moderated, "it is true that the sages of old said that woman is gifted with divine inspiration once, and once only, every forty years (Kirk-yil-de-bir). They always held, in consequence, that it would be imprudent for a man not to consult a woman and follow her advice once in every forty years.

"Allah! Allah! I consulted my wife every day. Nay, I frequently consulted her several times a day, for I feared that the divine inspiration which comes upon her once every forty years might suddenly descend at any moment. But I must admit that never in my life have I had a divine revelation from her. On one occasion I not only consulted her, but nearly followed her advice. Allah be praised! I had the divine inspiration not to do what she told me, however, for had I done so, I should not be here to-day to mourn over this calamity. . . . Yet perhaps," he added, after a pause, "even that would have been better than this dire misfortune of losing my wife, to say nothing of the hour of the azan go past without prayer."

All the disciples sighed audibly at this remark, and all of them wondered what advice it was which his wife gave him, and which it would have been fatal for him to follow. But, naturally, they did not like to question him at such a moment.

"Yes," continued the khoja, in a reminiscent tone, "when Timur-i-Leng (Timur the Lame) conquered our land, bringing death and destruction thereunto, all the people who remained hastened to pay homage to the great conqueror. Past our humble door, day after day, went camel caravans laden with presents both rare and costly, as well as flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and armies of servants carrying still more treasure; and lo! I beheld envy in my wife's eye, mingled with fear for both of us should we not be able to do likewise.

STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UD-DIN

But I said nothing, for I knew that she could not long be silent. And in a short time my patience was rewarded.

"O khoja," said she at last, 'hasten thou likewise to Timur-i-Leng, lest some evil befall us. Or act averts calamity and charms away danger, even as the eye saves us from the envious eye.'

"I looked attentively at her, secretly thinking that might perchance be the inspired moment for which I waited patiently for so many long years. But there was nothing in our home worthy of being presented to a much less to a conqueror, and that conqueror Timur. A wonderful woman read my thoughts, however, as I walked around the house, for, said she, 'Amongst all the present I have passed our door I did not see any fruit. Now little garden we have choice fruit. Go, khoja, and Timur with some of our quinces. The day is hot, and it be pleasant for him to quench his thirst with that delicious fruit, which would assure him of your own and your daughter's loyalty. Go, khoja, and In-ilah-Allah! it will be well for thee."

"I dared to differ mildly, telling my wife that just as Timur-i-Leng would prefer some of our figs. I pointed out that there was not another fig-tree—a Sultan Selim fig-tree, in the whole of Caramania, and that perhaps such rare fruit might be worthy of his acceptance, for certainly there was another Timur in the whole of Caramania."

"My wife tried to have her way, but, Allah be praised, I climbed the fig-tree, and, having selected the best fruit on my day's journey. I was privileged, being a turbaned and was shown at once into the presence of the mighty. With a few well-chosen words I presented my figs, and none of the compliments and assurances of loyalty that the conquered should pay to the conqueror.

"What does that dog want, and what does he bring?
were the words I heard at the end of my speech. 'Tie him to a tree,' continued Timür, 'and, learned and all as he may be, he will soon find that pleasantry of this kind are not to be tolerated.'

No sooner was I tied to the tree than those beautiful Sultan Selim figs were thrown with great violence at my face. I could not help laughing, for I thought of the quinces, and what would have happened to me had I followed my wife's advice. For, as you know, the fig known as the Sultan Selim or royal fig has only very fine seeds. I was ordered to explain why I laughed, and when I did explain, Timür, being a wise man, ordered me to be released at once.

Little did I think this morning, O my wife, that I would not see you in life again. But I must at least gaze upon your face once more, even if that face be the face of a corpse.' And the khoja turned mournfully and sadly, his disciples following him, to wend his way up the river. The disciples glanced at each other mournfully for they feared that the holy man had suddenly lost his reason. After some time the eldest disciple took courage, and, touching the master on the shoulder, respectfully said: "O Khoja! Believe in our sincerity and pardon my interruption, but if you would look upon the face of your wife again, might we say that it is down this running river that you should go to look for her, and not up the stream."

The khoja turned a reproachful gaze on his disciples and said: "Is this the only result of all my teaching? This is the greatest blow of all. Know then, young man—for you certainly are young, being only two score and two—that if there are two ways to go, the one is right, the other wrong. Man invariably takes the wrong road, but once in every forty years woman takes the right road. The question is how to know when the one divinely inspired action of a woman takes place; then you may follow. If my wife, bretli d the y and

[Note by authors. The conclusion of this tale is purposely told with obscurity by the story-tellers. The idea of the saintly khoja seems to have been that during the story his wife was drowned. On the face of the teller at this stage there is a suggestion that the hard-hearted old man was really rather glad to get rid of his wife and afraid that if he went downstream might see her clinging to a log and be compelled to rescue her.]
ALL over Turkey there are cemeteries, so many cemeteries that in many places the land of the living has been encroached upon, and a once fertile country has become naught but a country of the dead. The traveller in the Far East will remember that exactly the same thing can be said of China. And in all the old Turkish cemeteries there are tombs of saints or holy men who lived and died in a manner that justifies the Oriental in paying homage to them, or in supplicating their intervention with Allah.

Many of the cemeteries are now traversed by roads and houses which have been built over thousands of graves, but the grave of a saint is always preserved and always sure to have its daily visitors. In some cases a wall is built around the spot where the saint lies buried, a barred opening being left to permit of the visitors seeing the tomb. Here, when the sun has set, you will notice the supplicants arriving. Very often they are women; and, having said their prayers to Allah, or made known their desires to the saint, and supplicated his intercession, the pilgrims generally light a candle and place it in the barred opening. Sometimes it is only the stump of a candle, sometimes a whole candle, according to the position and wealth of the supplicant. At no hour of the night is the tomb of the saint in darkness. Should all
the candles burn themselves out, there would still remain the oil-lamp which hangs in front of the tomb, and which is perpetually tended by dervishes or holy men belonging to what would be called in the West a religious order. This lamp is always sure to continue burning till the sun has risen. The belated traveller in the great Turkish wilderneses will frequently notice a little light burning feebly in the dead of night, far from any habitation; and, when he approaches nearer, he will see that it is an oil-lamp burning before some ancient tomb.

There are many holy tombs, however, before which no night-lights burn, and where no candles are ever lit by penitents. The saints in these sepulchres are honoured in a different manner. One such tomb is situated at the top of Roumelie Hissar Hill on the Bosphorus and in the precincts of the Becktaché Téké or Monastery of the Dervishes. It marks the spot where the first martyrs in the army of Mohamet the Conqueror fell fighting the Greeks, before Constantinople was taken. By the side of the modest little gravestone which marks this resting-place is a small scrub-oak, the branches of which are covered with little bits of cotton-wool and silk of all colours. Each of these knotted rags indicates that a supplicant prayed at that sepulchre, for, at the end of a prayer, it is customary to add a knot to the many which flutter on the scrub-oak. Visitors will always notice that some of the bits of cloth are fresh in contrast to others which are withered. The fresh rags represent fresh hopes. Too often, alas! the withered rags typify hopes which are as withered as they.

The pilgrim who visits holy tombs in Spain and Italy will notice an extraordinary resemblance between the religious customs which prevail at these tombs and the customs which we have just described. The Turkish mode of attracting the
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saint's attention is, however, peculiar to Turkey. The mother, the father, or the lover will come to the tomb, and, in a subdued voice, call upon the saint by name. The supplicant will then listen attentively. Round the tomb there may be a dozen persons calling on the canonized one in a stage whisper, gently knock-knock-knock-knocking at the same time on his tomb with a tiny pebble.

When they imagine they have caught the saint's eye—I mean, of course, his ear—they open their hearts and implore his intercession. Then one by one they gently get up and depart, relieved, encouraged, full of hope. One leaves with the assurance that her child will get better. The other that her lover will return. The third that Allah will show him how to earn bread for himself and those he loves.

Even deputies and candidates for high government positions have been known to knock in this way at saints' tombs in the silence of the night, and have been heard to extol their own virtues and their superiority to other aspirants for the same post.* This gentle tap-tap-tapping with little pebbles has so filigreed the marble tombs that sometimes there is not a square inch of smooth surface left.

Among the tombs of saints that have daily and nightly visitors, men, women, and children, is that of Khoja Nasr-ud-Din. In life he was esteemed for his helpfulness and his homely sanctity; and now for many centuries his spirit has been procuring blessings both spiritual and temporal for the people of Asia Minor. Who could count the little cloth strips of all colours and all kinds of material that adorn the palings flourishing above his tomb? And when you recollect that each strip has many knots and that each knot represents a sincere and

* I am afraid that if a British M.P. were discovered at, say 3 A.M., tapping with his latch-key at the base of some dead statesman's statue in Parliament Square, his conduct would be liable to misconstruction.
ardent prayer, you will realize what a busy time the saintly intercessor has had since he went to heaven.

The most curious thing about all this respect that is paid to Saint Nasr-ud-Dín is that obviously nobody was ever less of a saint than that stout, rubicund family man with his love of a good joke, his appreciation of the good things of life, his very ample waist, and his very slender spiritual equipment. He was, it will be remembered, once cursed for heresy by his ecclesiastical superior; and probably he was till the end of his life somewhat of a gay old heathen like Omar-i-Khayyám. As he never wrote anything, however, he was never definitely found out on this heresy question. Nevertheless, the Turks all know many of his shortcomings, for, as we have already seen, they are never tired of telling funny stories about him. Yet, with all that, they evidently prefer his intercession to that of the most ascetic dervish in the Islamic calendar. Perhaps they think that, even now, the khoja is better able to understand human frailty and to excuse it.

These remarks apply only to the lower classes. The upper classes in Turkey are all ashamed of Khoja Nasr-ud-Dín. The young Turks, the literati, the ulemas, the diplomats and the Pashas regard him as more or less of a disgrace to the cloth—just as the official Persians regard Omar-i-Khayyám—and they always try to shift the conversation to the old hero of Plevna, or to some of the warlike Padishahs who were (in their opinion) more typically Turkish, and more of a credit to the Osmanli.

And the foreign scholars who have made a life-long study of Turkish are sometimes with them in this. They, too, dismiss the old khoja in a contemptuous sentence as “a Turkish Joe Millar.” But the continual throng of pilgrims at the tomb of Nasr-ud-Dín shows that that merry gentleman was something more than this. It is certainly curious how very green the old
of the same practice is the burning of lamps before ikons in the houses of all orthodox Russians. A Mohammedan friend of mine once tried to convince me that the same pious custom is observed—of all places in the world!—in the National Liberal Club of London; and when I challenged him on the subject, he pointed in all seriousness to the shaded electric light which glows night and day before the fine oil-painting of Mr. Lloyd George which adorns the large smoke room of that institution.

The Mohammedan religious orders who indulge in the ceremonial lighting of candles before tombs, as well as in the use of both candles and incense in public worship, are known as dervishes. Some of the ceremonies of these dervishes are superficially analogous to those of extreme ritualists in the Anglican Church, but, Allah Akbar! Turkey also has her John Kensits and such-like "boys of the bull-dog breed" who will on no account, sir, tolerate candles in day-time. "It is never related in the traditions," a Low Church Mollah once remarked to an English diplomatist, "that our Lord the Prophet went about lighting candles on the tombs of dead dervishes. Had it been necessary or useful we should certainly have heard that he did so."

Thus, in the East as in the West, mighty religious forces act and re-act on each other. Deep calleth unto Deep. Pious people light candles and diabolical people blow them out (or vice versa: it really makes no difference). And, strange to say, all tends to the progress and to the religious development of this wondrous world of ours.

"Odysseus" gives the following interesting account of a visit he once paid to a dervish monastery:

"I once had an opportunity of conversing with a high functionary of the Mevlevi sect. By his request I visited him between 10 and 11 p.m., as the month was Ramazan, and
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the earlier hours of the night were taken up by the ordinary Mohammedan prayers. From this house, which stood in a large courtyard, there issued a rhythmical noise like the pulsations of a steam-engine, and I wondered if there could be a factory in the neighbourhood. As I went up the staircase the mysterious noise grew louder and louder, but I could not imagine whence it proceeded until I was suddenly introduced into a large room where at least a hundred dervishes were seated, some against the walls and some on sheepskins spread in the middle of the floor, dressed in flowing garments, blue or drab, and wearing tall felt hats shaped like flower-pots. The noise was produced by these all chanting, "Ya Hū, ya Hū, ya Hū," in a low, guttural voice, which spiritual exercise they intended to continue till morning. The expression of their faces was that of men in a mesmeric trance, and not one of them seemed to notice the arrival of a stranger. In the middle a stoutish man of about forty was walking up and down. He was dressed like the others, but his shaggy yellow beard and golden spectacles made him look more like a German professor than a dancing dervish. He apologized for receiving me so late, saying, with a tolerant but weary air, that he was obliged to attend the long prayers recited in mosques after sunset during Ramazan, and I thought he also seemed rather glad to escape from his own religious ceremony. He then took me into another room which presented a very singular appearance, as it was lighted by ten silver candlesticks placed on the floor in the shape of the letter Y. There was no sofa or divan of any kind, and we sat on cushions placed on the floor. On the wall were hung some pictures of Mecca and of the Bektashi shrine at Aramsun, as well as some remarkably bad photographs which

* Hū or Huwa, the third personal pronoun in Arabic, is often used in the sense of God.

STORIES ABOUT KHOJA NASR-UL I

he had taken himself. He had obtained a kodak, he told me, from Paris, but with infinite difficulty, and he regretted that local prejudices did not allow him to use it freely. Great surprise he offered me raki, and took some trouble to explain it as a rule the laxest Mohammedan will at least pretend to drink in Ramazan. He apologized for not speaking French, which he said he could read a little, and asked me if he could recommend him a good French newspaper. Then he said that he had heard that Sir J. B. H. had translated the Mesnevi into English. Had it much effect in London? He had heard that music in English services, as in those of the Mevlevis, and he thought it would be natural that British congregations should take to dancing as well. I did not like to disappoint him by saying that I had not heard of the existence of any dervishes in England, and therefore spoke of the Mohammadi Church at Liverpool. He said with some hesitation that this was not what he had meant. He regretted about the introduction of Mohammedanism into England, but he had hoped that people might have seen that the principles enunciated in the Mesnevi were compatible with the religions, and could be grafted on Christianity as well as on Islam.

Tchelebi, the head of the Mevlevi, in his own monastery of Konia, the head of the Mevlevi, in his own monastery no sooner had we sat down than the holy man clapped his hands, and ordered the servant who appeared to bring what he called Frankish Sherbet. This turned out to be champagne, and it was indulged in by the Tchelebi and his guests.

Strictly speaking, the dead cannot, according to the Mohammedan tenets, be asked to intercede for one wit
Allah is alone in the terrible isolation of his glory and has no connecting links with any of his creatures. There is neither Son, Madonna nor Saint to act as mediator. It would be height of impiety to address prayers even to the Prophet. But in practice the dead are asked to intercede, as described in the foregoing sketch, and also in the account of Sh. Assiferi of Latakiah.
THE KHALIF OMAR

THE Khalif Omar, one of the first Khalifs after the Prophet, is deeply venerated to this day, and is continually referred to as a lover of truth and justice. Often in the face of strong evidence he refrained from passing judgment, and this prudence led more than once to the liberation of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty. The following story is told as an instance of his wise patience in a murder case.

At the Feast of the Passover a certain Jew of Bagdad had sacrificed his sheep and was offering up his prayers, when suddenly a dog came in, and, snatching up the sheep's head, ran off with it. The Jew pursued in hot haste, forgetting in his excitement that he was still carrying the bloody knife and wearing his blood-stained apron. Still carrying the sheep's head, the dog rushed into an open doorway, followed closely by the Jew. The latter in his hurried pursuit fell over the body of what proved to be a murdered man. The murder was laid against the Jew, and witnesses swore that they had seen him coming out of the house covered with blood, and in his hand a bloody dagger. The Jew was arrested and tried, but with covered head he swore by his forefathers and children that he was innocent. Omar would not condemn him, as none of the witnesses had seen the Jew do the deed, and until further evidence had been given to prove his guilt the case was adjourned. Meanwhile, unknown to anybody, spies and detectives were set to work on the case, with the result that after a time the real murderers were discovered, condemned, and put to death, while the Jew was liberated.
THE KADI AND THE GOOSE

A TURK decided to have a feast, so he killed and stuffed a goose and took it to the baker to be roasted. The kadi of the village happened to pass by the oven as the baker was basting the goose, and was attracted by the pleasant and appetizing odour. Approaching the baker, the kadi said it was a fine goose, and that the smell of it made him feel quite hungry. He also suggested that the baker had better send the goose to his house. The baker expostulated, saying: “I cannot; it does not belong to me.”

The kadi assured him that was no difficulty. “You tell Ahmet, the owner of the goose, that it flew away.”

“Impossible!” said the baker. “How can a roasted goose fly away? Ahmet will only laugh at me, your worship, and I shall be cast into prison.”

“Am I not a judge?” said the kadi. “Fear nothing!”

At this the baker consented to send the goose to the kadi’s house. When Ahmet came for his goose the baker said: “Friend, thy goose has flown away.”

“Flown?” cried Ahmet; “What a lie! Am I thy grandfather’s grandchild that thou shouldst laugh in my beard?”

Seizing one of the baker’s large shovels, he lifted it to strike him, but, as fate would have it, the handle put out the eye of the baker’s boy, and Ahmet, frightened at what he had done, ran off, closely followed by the baker and his boy, the
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latter crying: "My eye! my eye! You have put out my eye!"

In his hurry Ahmet knocked over a child, killing it, and the father of the child joined in the chase, calling out: "My daughter! my daughter! You have killed my daughter!"

Ahmet, well nigh distracted, rushed into a mosque and up a minaret. To escape his pursuers he leapt from the parapet, and fell upon a vendor who was passing by, breaking his arm. The vendor also began pursuing him, calling out: "My arm! my arm! You have broken my arm!"

Ahmet was finally caught and brought before the kadi, who was no doubt feeling contented with the world, having just enjoyed the delicious goose.

The kadi heard each of the cases brought against Ahmet, who in turn told his story truthfully as it had happened.

"A complicated matter!" said the kadi. "All these misfortunes come from the flight of the goose, and I must refer to the book of the law to give just judgment."

Taking down a ponderous manuscript volume, the kadi turned to Ahmet and asked him what was the number of the egg which the goose had been hatched from. Ahmet said he did not know.

"Then," replied the kadi, "according to this book, such a phenomenon as the flight of a roasted goose is quite possible. If this goose was hatched from a seventh egg, and if the hatchet had also been hatched from a seventh egg, then, according to this book, it is possible, though unusual, for such a goose, even when roasted, to fly away."

"With reference to your eye," continued the kadi, addressing the baker's lad, "the book provides punishment for the removal of two eyes, but not of one, so if you will consent to your other eye being taken out, I will condemn Ahmet to have both of his removed."

STORIES ABOUT KADIS AND PASSENGERS

The baker’s lad, not appreciating the force of the kadi's argument, withdrew his claim.

Then turning to the father of the dead child, the kadi explained that the only provision for a case like this which he could find in the book of the law, was that he might substitute Ahmet's child in place of the one he had lost. If Ahmet had not yet got a child, the plaintiff might wait till he did.

The bereaved parent, not taking any interest in present or prospective children, also withdrew his case.

These cases settled, there remained but that of the vendor, who was wroth at having his arm broken. The kadi intimated on the justice of the law and its far-seeing provisions, inasmuch as the vendor at least could claim amends for having his arm broken. The book of law provided that he might go to the top of the very minaret, and that Ahmet must station himself on the ground below at the very spot where the vendor had stood when his arm was broken. Matters being thus arranged, the vendor lawfully jumped down and break Ahmet's arm.

"But let it be well understood," concluded the kadi, "if you break his leg instead of his arm, Ahmet will have the right to delegate some one to jump down on you in order to break your leg."

The vendor not seeing the force of the kadi's proposal, also withdrew his claim.

Thus ended the cases of the goose, the eye, the daughter, and the arm.