THE WISE PASHA

A POOR hamâl (porter) brought to the Pasha of Stam-
boul his savings, consisting of a small canvas bag of
medjidies (Turkish silver dollars) to be kept for him,
while he was absent on a visit to his home. The
pasha, being a kind-hearted man, consented, and after sealing
the bag, called his steward, instructing him to keep it till the
owner called for it. The steward gave the man a receipt, to
the effect that he had received a sealed bag containing money.
When the poor man returned he went to the pasha and
received his bag of money. On reaching his room he opened
the bag, and to his horror found that it contained, instead of
the medjidies he had put in it, copper piastres, which are
about the same size as medjidies. The poor hamâl was
miserable, his hard-earned savings gone.
He at last mustered up sufficient courage to go and put his
case before the pasha. He took the bag of piastres, and with
trembling voice and faltering heart he assured the pasha that
though he had received his bag apparently intact, he had dis-
covered on opening it that it contained copper piastres and not
the medjidies he had put into it. The pasha took the bag,
examined it closely, and after some time noticed a part that
had apparently been darned by a skilful hand. The pasha
told the hamâl to go away and come back in a week: in the
meantime he would see what he could do for him. The
grateful man departed, uttering prayers for the life and pros-
perity of his Excellency.
STORIES ABOUT KADIS AND PASHAS

Next morning, after the pasha had said his prayers kneeling on an expensive carpet, he took a knife and cut a long rent in the carpet. He then left his konak without saying a word to anyone. In the evening when he returned he found that the rent had been so well repaired that it was with difficulty that he discovered where it had been. Calling his steward, he demanded who had repaired his prayer-rug. The steward replied that he thought the rug had been cut accidentally by some of the servants, so he had sent to the bazaar for the darner, Mustapha, and had it mended. The steward added, by way of apology, that it was very well done.

"Send for the Mustapha immediately," said the pasha, "and when he comes bring him to my room."

When Mustapha arrived, the pasha asked him if he had repaired the rug. Mustapha at once replied that he had mended it that very morning.

"And, indeed, you mended it very well," said the pasha; "much better than you mended that hole in the canvas bag.

Mustapha agreed, saying that it was very difficult to mend the bag as it was full of copper piastres. On hearing this, the pasha gave him backsheesh (a present) and told him to retire. The pasha then called his steward, and not only compelled him to pay the hamal his money, but discharged the dishonest man from his service, in which he had been engaged for many years.
ISA AND THE THREE MEN

SOME years ago I was travelling from Antioch to Aleppo in the company of Riza Bey (an Albanian Bey), whose adopted son is the famous Young Turk patriot and hero Enver Pasha.* To while away the tedious hours Riza Bey told me the following story:

When Hasseretl Isa (Jesus) was once on His way to the mountain to pray it is said that He met a man, who accosted Him saying, “Master, whither goest Thou?”

And Isa answered, “I go to pray to the Father.”

“O Prophet,” quoth the man, “while praying to the Father do not forget to remember me. For years now have I prayed five times a day from Allah Ar-Rahman (the Merciful) to Az-Zaboor (the Long-suffering), yes, five times each day have I said this three-stringed chaplet and told over the beautiful ninety-nine names of Allah. See how my rosary, originally made from common beach pebbles, has become bright and worn by continuous wear until the beads now look like precious stones.”

“In order not to miss the stipulated time for ablutions,” continued this most pious man, “I even take two pitchers of water with me, and place one pitcher of water at each end of the field where I daily work. And rather than miss an instant in beginning my daily prayer I would, O

* The real father of Enver Pasha is still living, nevertheless he has an adopted spiritual father. The arrangement is curious but not unknown in Turkey.
TALES FROM TURKEY

Master, use sand, which I have placed for that purpose in the middle of the field, for as you know, O Master, the use of sand is permitted in cases of necessity. Please remind the Father, O Prophet, and tell him I have waited long. Ask him not to forget me. Remember that only once did I ever take the life of an animal. That animal was a rat that was doing harm to my field. I repented as soon as I had killed it. I have done penance ever since, and I hope that I have atoned for the crime. But the deed, O Master, was done. Lo, in proof of my repentance, see these bones!” Whereupon, taking off and unfolding his turban, he showed Isa the remaining few bones of the rat, which he had worn wrapped up in his turban all those years as a penance.

“Allah is merciful!” repeated this devout man, “Allah is forgiving. He is the hearer of prayer and the judge of judges. Ask him, O Master, to remember me! See the proofs of my repentance, and ask him to give me my reward when the time comes.”

Isa promised that when He prayed to the Father He would certainly mention the case of His distressed brother. So saying, he withdrew. A little further on He met another man who accosted Him in the same manner with: “Master, whither goest Thou?”

And Isa answered him in the same way, “I go unto the mountain to pray.”

“O Master,” quoth the man, “when You are praying mention to the Father that I am not as other men. I have never broken my fast on the ordained days. I have given regularly to those who have not. No one has knocked at my door without receiving the aid he asked. I have never missed being present at the synagogue to pray, and I have often given alms, as all who know me can testify. When praying to the Father, O Prophet, remind Him of my life’s devotion,

and when my time comes let Him not forget to rewar a faithful and devoted servant as I have ever been!”

Isa said that when praying to the Father He would forget to mention this man’s request. And He continued journey to the mountain.

He had not gone much further when another man from one side of the street to the other, accosted Him “Whither, O Master?” imperfectly articulated. He was unkempt in person, and his garments were soiled and dust. Isa gave him the same answer, “I go mountain to pray unto the Father,” and the drunkard sobered. “O Master,” said he, “when praying to thy pray, I beseech you, for me. Tell the Father to be merciful to me. Ask Him if my days of punishment are not an end. Remind him that for years I have been the most of all who came in contact with me. My children an early grave after having suffered on my account tenderest age. My home is now the gutter, and never at rest except when I have satiated that demon which commands me, tortures me, rules me, but never me. He never, alas! destroys me, but he has destroyed me. He never, alas! destroys me, but he has destroyed loved on earth. Ask, implore the Father to be merciful, let me be liberated. I beg that in your prayers to the Father you may mention my sufferings, and the ruin which has brought on all those who loved me and who were dear to me. Implore Him, O Master, to grant me remission!”

When Isa answered that He would remember his prayers to the Father the drunkard reeled away laughing. Had he already forgotten the liberation begged Jesus to solicit for him from the Father? perchance, the joy he felt in knowing that he would for by another, and that possibly that other’s prayer
answered though his own spasmodic but earnest prayers had never been heard?

Towards evening Isa descended the mountain, and again met the three brothers who had asked Him to pray for them. To the labourer in the field Jesus said that He had spoken to the Father, who said that there was no reward for hypocrisy. His carrying the water not to be late for the appointed hour of prayer, his telling of his chaplet five times each day, and his wearing of the rat’s skeleton in his turban were not pleasing to God. All those things were done for man’s approbation, and not for the love of God. The sincere pray at all times, and at all times the Father hears.

Then He turned to the second and said, “When praying to the Father I mentioned you, and your reward is that you got what you gave. You gave few blessings and little in truth or sincerity.

The drunkard turned to Isa and said, “O Master, did you pray for me, and did the Father say that He would liberate me?”

And Isa said to him, “Peace, brother! The demon of thirst has left you, for you were sincere, and your time of repentance has begun. Meanwhile the ear of the Father, the All-Compassionate, the Forgiver, still waits to hear one sincere prayer from these your brethren who pray so much.”

Whereupon Isa went his way.
THE THIRTEENTH

In the town of Adrianople there lived an Armenian patriarch, Munadi Hagop by name, respected and loved alike by Mussulman and Christian. He was a man of wide reading and profound judgment. The Ottoman governor of the same place, Usref Pasha, happened also to be a man of considerable acquirements and education. The patriarch and the governor therefore associated much together. Common literary tastes made them the best of friends, as common literary tastes sometimes bring together in close intimacy the Protestant rector and the Catholic parish priest in a remote Connemara parish wherein these two are the only educated persons. They were frequently seen walking out together or visiting one another at their respective houses. This went on for some time, and the twelve wise men who were judges in the city thought that their governor was doing wrong in associating so much with a dog of a Christian; so they resolved to call him to account.

This resolution taken, the entire twelve proceeded to the house of the governor and told him that he was setting a bad example to his subjects. They feared, too, that the salvation of his own soul and of his posterity was in danger, should this Armenian in any way influence his mind.

"My friends," answered the governor, "this man is very learned, and the only reason why we so often come together is because a great sympathy exists between us with regard to literary and philosophical subjects, and that we therefore derive
much mutual pleasure from our friendship. I ask his advice, and he gives me a clear explanation. He asks my advice, and frequently I am able to enlighten him. He is my friend, and I would gladly see him your friend also.”

“Oh,” said the spokesman of the judges, “it is his wise answers, then, that act like magic on you? Well, we will give him a question to answer, and if he solves it to our satisfaction we shall freely admit that he is a really great man.”

“I am sure you will not be disappointed!” said the pasha.

“He has never failed me, and I have sometimes put questions to him which appeared unanswerable. He will surely call to-morrow. Shall I send him to you or bring him myself?”

“We wish to see him alone,” said the judges.

“I shall not fail to send him to you to-morrow, and I assure you that after you have seen him once you will often seek his company.”

On the following day the pasha told the patriarch how matters stood, and begged him to call on the gentlemen who took so lively an interest in their friendly relations.

The patriarch, never dreaming of what would happen, called on the twelve wise men and introduced himself. They were holding the divan, and the entrance of the patriarch gave considerable pleasure to them. On the table lay a turban and a drawn sword.

The customary salutations having been duly exchanged, the patriarch seated himself, and at once told them that his friend the governor had asked him to call, and he took much pleasure in making their acquaintance, adding that he would be happy to do anything in his power that they might wish.

The spokesman of the divan rose and said: “Effendi, our friend the governor has told us of your great learning, and we have decided to put a question to you. The reason of our taking this liberty is because the governor told us that he remained had never put a question to you which had unanswerable.”

And as he spoke he moved toward the table.

“Effendi, our question will consist of only a few words.”

And laying his right hand on the turban and his left hand on the right,” the sword, he said: “Is this right?... or is this...

The patriarch paused, aghast at the terrible nature of the question. He saw destruction staring him in the face. Nevertheless, he said with great composure: “God you have put an exceedingly difficult question to me, the r, it is a question put, and now, according to your laws, it cannot be recalled.”

“No,” answered in one voice the twelve wise men, “it cannot be recalled.”

The patriarch continued, “I can only say that it grieves me much that I must not do so to this question,” the patriarch answered, “and I can...”

There answer. Fore I beg to request a week’s time before giving my prepared to this no objection was made, and the patriarch..." Ward the thing out to go. Respectfully bowing to all present, as if nothing of the common had happened, he slowly moved to the door apparently in deep thought.

addressing Just as he reached the door he turned back, and the judges said:

pleasure “Gentlemen, one of the reasons why I had great... in meeting you to-day was this: I wished to have advice on a difficult legal problem which has been presented to me by some members of my community. Know great wisdom, I thought you might assist me, and, a... now sitting in lawful council I shall, if it be agreeable... put the case before you and be very grateful to..."
TALES FROM TURKEY

The judges, whose curiosity was aroused, and who were flattered that a man of such a high reputation for wisdom should ask for their advice, begged him to proceed.

"Gentlemen and wise men," began the patriarch, "there was once a father, and this father had thirteen sons, who were esteemed by all who knew them. As time with sure hand marked its progress on the issue of this good man, and the children grew into youth, they one by one went into the world, spreading to the four known quarters of the globe, and carrying with them the good influence given by their father. Through them the name of the father spread, causing a great moral and mental revolution throughout the world. The father in his native home, however, saw that he was old and well stricken in age, and he knew not the day of his death. And, behold, he yearned to see his sons once more that he might bless them before he died. He accordingly sent messengers all over the world, saying: 'Come, my sons, and receive your father's blessing before the Lord before my death. Come and take each one of ye your portion of the worldly possessions I have, together with my blessing. And when my soul hath blessed you go ye forth again, doing each one his duty to God and man'.

"One by one the sons of the aged father came, and once more were they united in the ancient home of their childhood. They all returned thus with the exception of one son. The remaining days of the old man were spent with his twelve sons, and the brothers found that all of them had retained the teachings of their infancy, and their mutual pleasure was great. This period of reunion, though it was of comparatively short duration, was happier by far than the years of childhood and youth which the father and the sons had spent together. Still it was marked by a cloud: the thirteenth son had not been found. The messengers returned one after the other, bearing no tidings of him. The old father saw that he could no longer, that he must dispose of his worldly possession to his twelve sons, and rejoin his Father. So them to his side, and spake unto them thus, saying:

"My sons, as you have done unto me, so likewise be done unto you. You have cheered my last stage, and I bless you.'

"And the father's blessing was bestowed on each of you; and may ye may be his sole claiming patriarch man and world, and his father's memory of.

"The twelve sons again went forth into the world, and those teachings developed and grew, and the father was cherished and blessed among the.

"And it came to pass that, many years after, a prince came in the part of his own sons his in blessed the ignorant postori by those who knew, he was not believed; but many were of the father, and were inclined to believe in the im
TALES FROM TURKEY

"Now, gentlemen, this is the case that has troubled me much. As you are sitting in lawful council, it would give me much pleasure if you would cast some light on it. Your statement will help me, and I will be ever grateful to you. Had this son, the late returned person, any right to all the worldly possessions of the father? Had he any right even to an equal share in the inheritance?"

Having thus spoken, he turned to the hodjas with an inquiring look. They one and all, unanimously and in a breath, said that the will of the father was law, that it should be respected, and that the thirteenth son was therefore in the wrong. On returning he should have gone to his brothers, and no doubt he would have been received as a brother; but he acted otherwise. He should receive nothing.

"I am glad to see that you look at it in that light, and I will now say that such has always been my own opinion. Your decision, however, now adds strength to my own conviction, and, had there been any doubt on my part, your unanimous declaration would have dispelled it. I would further esteem it a great kindness and favour if you would affix your signatures to a written statement declaring that the thirteenth son had no right to any of the possessions he claimed."

Flattered to find their opinion so highly valued, the judges at once consented to do this; and the patriarch set about drawing up the case. Then he read the statement to them, and each put his hand and seal to the document.

The patriarch thanked them and departed.

A week had passed, and the judges had entirely forgotten the case that had been put to them, but they had not forgotten the patriarch, and eagerly awaited his answer to their question. In their own opinion that fatal question left no loophole of escape except apostasy, and it would almost certainly lead to

STORIES ABOUT CHRISTI...
HOW THE PRIEST KNEW IT WOULD SNOW

A Turk travelling in Asia Minor once came to a Christian village. He journeyed on horseback, accompanied by a black slave; and, as he seemed to be a man of consequence, the priest of the village offered him hospitality for the night. The first thing to be done was to conduct the traveller to the stable, that he might see his horse attended to and comfortably stalled for the night. In the stable was a magnificent Arab horse, belonging to the priest, and the Turk, a good judge of horse-flesh, could not help gazing at it for some moments with covetous eyes. But, nevertheless, in order that no ill should befall the beautiful creature, and to counteract the influence of the evil eye, he spat at the animal. After they had dined, the priest took his guest out for a walk in the garden, and in the course of a very pleasant conversation he informed the Turk that on the morrow there would be snow on the ground.

"Never! Impossible!" said the Turk.

"Well, to-morrow you will see that I am right," said the priest.

"I am willing to stake my horse against yours that you are wrong," answered the Turk, who was delighted at this opportunity of securing the horse, without committing a breach of Oriental etiquette by asking his host if he would sell it. After some persuasion the priest accepted this, and they separated for the night.

Later on that night, the Turk said to his slave Sali, go and see what the weather says, for truly my want of our good host's horse."

Sali went out to make an observation, and, on returning, said to his master: "Master, the heavens are like a face—without a frown and with kindly sparkling eye the earth is like unto the face of your black slave."

"Tis well, Sali, 'tis well! What a beautiful animal is!"

Later on, before retiring to rest, he sent his slave on the same errand, and was gratified to receive the same answer. Early in the morning he awoke, and on seeing his slave, who had slept on the mat at his door, he sent him again to see if any change had taken place.

"Oh, master!" reported Sali, in trembling tones, "Nature has reversed herself, for the heavens are now like the face of your slave, and the earth is like your face, white and entirely white."

"Chok shai! This is wonderful!" exclaimed the Turk, "Then I have lost not only that beautiful animal but the horse as well. Oh pity! Oh pity!"

The Turk, who had been the judge of the horse, gave up his horse, but, before parting, he begged the priest to tell him how he knew it would snow.

"My pig told me as we were walking in the garden yesterday. I saw it put its nose in the heap of manure there, and I knew that to be a sure sign it would snow on the morrow," replied the priest.

Deeply mystified, the Turk and his slave proceeded on their journey. Reaching a Turkish village before nightfall, they found, and obtained shelter for the night from the ing of the Mohammedan priest of the village. While partaki
TALES FROM TURKEY

evening meal he asked the imam when the feast of the Bâïram would be.

"Truly, I do not know! When the cannon is fired, I will know it is Bâïram," said his host.

"What!" said the traveller, becoming angry, "you an imam—a learned hodja—and don't know when it will be Bâïram, and that pig of the Greek priest knew when it would snow? Shame! Shame!"

And, becoming very angry, he declined the hospitality of the imam and went elsewhere.

Reference is made in this tale to the Oriental custom of spitting at an object which excites our intense admiration in order to avert the evil eye.

It is the custom of the Turks, men and women, if passing a beautiful child, to make a motion with the lips, as if spitting at it. This is supposed to counteract the "evil eye" or the evil effects which their glance of admiration might bring on the child, even if bestowed unconsciously.

The "evil eye" or the baneful spell of the evil eye is caused by looks of admiration, envy, jealousy, hatred, or contempt. Hence even a father's or mother's loving gaze might put the "evil eye" on the child. There are numerous amulets to counteract this, and these amulets the child wears on its head. The amulet may be a blue bead, a coin, the antlers of a stag beetle, or a whole sentence of the Koran sewn up in a tiny leather bag, or encased in a silver box. Whatever form it may take, the amulet is worn in a most conspicuous position on the child's little fez so that the human eye may be attracted by it and thus diverted from the wearer. The pious Moslem is amazed to find foreigners objecting to these charms, considering that they themselves set up lightning rods on the summits of their houses and churches in order to divert

STORIES ABOUT CHRISTIA

from those buildings and their inhabitants the angry of the thunderstorm. Any animal, or any article eve is prized by a Mohammedan is adorned with a protective or charm. Garlic is used in the same way by the is placed in company with an old shoe, on a rough cross above a building that is being put up. This will the masons from accident during the construction building, and also against the effect of the "evil eye."

This superstition of the "evil eye" is extraordinarily widespread in the East, and I have known well-English residents to be as subject to it as any illiterate Greek. I have never, indeed, met anybody born in who was free from it; and some of them, persons worn credit, have given me instances of the effect of the " which can only be explained away on the theory obscure psychic influence of which science is still ign

A book could be written on this very ancient sup but I shall only cite here a rather funny story a work that is not generally funny—Slatin Pasha's Sword in the Soudan." It seems that the Khalifa was of somebody putting the evil eye on him that he on people brought before him fixing their eyes on the ground and not on him. "Some years ago," sa Pasha, "a Syrian named Mohammed Saïd, who misfortune to have only one eye, happened to be when he was delivering a religious lecture, and tionally cast his blind eye in the direction of the The latter at once called me up, and told me to Syrian never to come near him again, and if he to dare to look at him. At the same time he tol every one should be most careful to guard themsel the evil eye, 'For,' said he, 'nothing can resist the Illness and misfortunes are generally caused by the
FOOD, DRINK AND AMUSEMENT
—ALL FOR A HA’PENNY

It is popularly and somewhat significantly said in Turkey that there is not a single Jew in Kaisariyeh, a small town in Asia Minor shadowed by Arjish Dagh, and free from every convenience and worry of speedy means of communication.

Kaisariyeh is a prosperous town inhabited principally by wealthy Armenians and Pastromadjis (vendors of dried meat). Perhaps the Kaisariyean, whether he be Turk, Greek or Armenian, is the most travelled citizen of any city in Asia Minor that I have ever visited, and wherever he is found he is always proud of having come from Kaisariyeh. I must add, however, that like the Scotsman, he seldom goes back to his native town. Many of the wealthiest Greeks and Armenians in Turkey come from Kaisariyeh; and they are proud of the fact. Kaisariyeh is also proud of the fact; but, once they leave her, Kaisariyeh never sees any more of them.

Undoubtedly the Kaisariyean, whether he be Turk, Armenian, or Greek, is easily able to hold his own with the local merchants of any of the larger towns of Turkey. There are, I repeat, no Jews in Kaisariyeh. Probably that ancient city is too wide-awake even for the Jews. That, at all events, is the reason popularly given by the self-complacent citizens themselves.

*
TALES FROM TURKEY

These citizens also tell an amusing tale to explain this singular absence of the ubiquitous Israelite. Once upon a time long long ago, in the days of the Twelfth Imam*, venerated by all true Shiites, a Jew on his way from Angora and riding upon an ass, halted at the outskirts of Kaisariyeh, and turned over and over in his mind the question of whether he should or should not settle in that rich though wretched-looking town.

Finally he determined to stay where he was until one of the inhabitants came his way. A short talk with that inhabitant would enable him to gauge the general intelligence and business capacity of the community, and consequently to decide whether he would pitch his tent in Kaisariyeh or push on further.

Chance soon brought towards him one of the young sons of Kaisariyeh, a lad not yet in his teens. The Jew approached this boy and, in piteous tones, told him that he had come a long journey, that both he and his ass were much fatigued—in truth they could not proceed any farther. He had nothing in the world but a ha'penny, which was not much, and yet both he and his ass were in dire need of food, drink, and some light amusement wherewith to while away the time pleasantly but inexpensively until the hour of their departure.

The Kaisariyean lad brightened up when he heard the Jew's hard luck story. "A ha'penny," quoth he, "is a great deal of money, and, if you trust me with it, I shall procure for you all you require." With tears in his eyes—tears of gratitude apparently—the Jew gave the ha'penny to the boy, who immediately rushed off with a fleetness that suggested to the Jew the painful

* This was the gentleman commonly called Imam-al-Mahdi, who disappeared down a well. Pious Shiites believe that, notwithstanding his prolonged immersion, the reverend gentleman is still alive and well, and will reappear just before the Day of Judgment.

STORIES ABOUT JANISSARIES AND

thought that he would never come back. The Kaisariyean lad returned in he gave drink and you that I wage for

and drink, your ass. I pay you if astir the till wing away up."

"This fruit will furnish you with both food and the rind will feed and quench the thirst of the sun sets, cracking them for the kernel and through the husks which your ass may perhaps care to eat the melon in all this way.

The Jew looked at the youth long and attentively, he his age, and then wondered mentally what intelligence of Kaisariyeh must be if this were a specimen of its budding intellect. Finally he took the silence, mournfully mounted his ass, and moved on
HOW MEHMET ALI PASHA ADMINISTERED JUSTICE

A JEWISH merchant was in the habit of borrowing, and sometimes of lending, money to an Armenian merchant of Cairo. Receipts were never exchanged, but at the closing of an old account or the opening of a new one they would simply say to each other, I have debited or credited you in my books, as the case might be, with so much.

On one occasion the Armenian lent the Jew the sum of twenty-five thousand piastres, and after the usual verbal acknowledgment the Armenian made his entry. A reasonable time having elapsed, the Armenian sent his greetings to the Jew. This, in Eastern etiquette, meant, “Kindly pay me what you owe.” The Jew, however, did not take the hint, but returned complimentary greetings to the Armenian. This was repeated several times. Finally, the Armenian sent a message requesting the Jew to call upon him. The Jew, however, told the messenger to inform the Armenian merchant, that if he wished to see him he must come to his house. The Armenian called upon the Jew, and requested payment of the loan. The Jew brought out his books and showed the Armenian that he was both credited and debited with the sum of twenty-five thousand piastres. The Armenian protested, but in vain; the Jew maintained that the debt had been paid.

In the hope of recovering his money, the Armenian had the case brought before Mehmet Ali Pasha of Egypt, a clear and learned judge. No witnesses, however, could be cited to prove that the money had either been borrowed or repaid. The entries were verified, and it was thought that perhaps Armenian had forgotten. Before dismissing the case, however, Mehmet Ali Pasha called in the public weigher, and ordered that both the Armenian and Jewish merchants should be weighed. This done, Mehmet Ali Pasha took note of their respective weights. The Jew weighed fifty okes and the Armenian sixty okes. He then discharged them, saying that he would send for them later on.

The Armenian waited patiently for a month or two, but no summons came from the pasha. Every Friday he devoured to meet the pasha so as to bring the case to mind, but without avail; for the pasha, perceiving him from a distance, would turn away his head or otherwise purpose to avoid catching his eye. At last, after about eight months’ anxious waiting, the Armenian and the Jew were summoned to appear before the court. Mehmet Ali Pasha, in opening the case, called in the public weigher and had them weigh again. On this occasion it was found that the Armenian had decreased in weight, and that he now weighed only fifty oke; for worry makes a man grow thin. The Jew, on the contrary, had put on several okes. These facts were gravely considered and the pasha accused the Jew of having received the money and at once ordered a brass pot to be heated and placed in his head to force a confession from him. The Jew did not care to submit to this fearful ordeal, so he confessed that he had not repaid the debt, and he had to repay it there and then.
THE JEW AND THE JANISSARY
I

To give it willingly, for Abram has taken your place.

To give to the widow and children of Abram, and I advise you

hence forty thousand pieces, thirty thousand must be

heir of the money. The Jaffarawy handed him the

The accompany of the Jaffarawy came a few days later for

punishment for stopping him while on a journey.

Then Abram suddenly disappeared, nobody knew with whom

chacham, satisfied, paid the sum and departed.

The Jaffarawy immediately purchased him of Abram, the

stopped, you can have this further sum.

that we would pay so much money rather than have a funeral

sand praises, he said: "If you will tell me who informed you

another bag containing a second one hundred and ten thousand

the money to the captain of the Jaffarawy. Then, taking

That evening, as agreed, the chacham came and handed

allowing the funeral to proceed.

worthy captain one hundred and ten thousand pieces for

larger and larger, till ultimately be promised to bring to the

The chacham proceeded, giving first small bribes, then

burial, and immediately went out and ordered it to stop.

of making money. The next day, true enough, he returned a

To the Jaffarawy this certainly did seem a very simple way

other fifty-five thousand pieces for me.

will be for you to compensate you for your trouble, and the

will be for you to compensate you for your trouble, and the

the Jaffarawy, that is the conclusion of the Jews for

tomorrow on his way to Alexandria outside the city, and

STORIES ABOUT JAZZARIES AND JEWS
THE METAMORPHOSIS

HUSSEIN Agha was much troubled in spirit and mind. He had saved a large sum of money in order that he might make the pilgrimage to Mecca. What troubled him was that after having carefully provided for all the expenses of this long journey there still remained a few hundred piastres over and above. What was he to do with these? True, they could be distributed amongst the poor, but then, might not he, on his return, require the money for an even more meritorious purpose?

After much consideration, he decided that it was not Allah’s wish that he should at once give this money in charity. On the other hand, he felt convinced that he should not give it to a brother for safe keeping, as he himself might be inspired during his pilgrimage, to spend it for some charitable purpose. After a time he thought of a kindly Jew who was his neighbour, and he wondered whether it would not be as well for him to leave his savings in the hands of this man, to whom Allah had been good, seeing that his possessions were great. But, after mature thought, he decided not to put temptation in the way of his neighbour. He therefore secured a jar, at the bottom of which he placed a small bag containing his surplus of wealth, and filled it with olives. This he carried to his neighbour, the kindly Jew, and begged him to take care of it for him. Ben Moïse of course consented, and Hussein Agha departed on his pilgrimage, quite easy in his mind.

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First of all he came to Stamboul in order to join the European caravan which assembles at Constantinople month of Regib every year. With this caravan he crossed Bosphorus and they all joined the still greater caravan collecting from all quarters of the world in the vast plain of Scutari.

For we, O true believers, are the only pilgrims left in the world.* Each of us is obliged, if he can afford it, to make special to the Turks, if they characterise in the utility and aspect of residence a stair of a long closed by passages, yes, how walls are illuminated as left on a and said, any more are con despite the source of dust, or warmed, the rooms. The same rough-and-ready arrangement is seen in the disposition of they are not assigned to any special purpose. You sit in a room an

* This is very true. As “Odysseus” says in his “Turkey in Eur "Perhaps one fact which lies at the root of all the actions of the small and great, is that they are by nature nomads. It is the ornamental of their houses with texts instead of pictures, an quoted from the Bible instead of the Koran, no words would better express their manner of life than ‘Here have we no continuing city.’ But town and in the country they change their dwellings with extreme facility, think it rather strange to remain long in the same abode. The very Turkish house seems to indicate that it is not intended as a permanent residence. The ground floor is generally occupied by stables and stores. From this case, often merely a ladder, leads to an upper storey, usually consisting of passage, from which open several rooms, the entrances to which are covered with curtains, not by doors. There are probably holes in the planking of the and spider’s webs and swallows’ nests in the rafters. The rooms themselves, however, are generally scrupulously clean, but bare and unfurnished. The plainly whitewashed, and ornamented only by one or two yafets (I texts). Chairs and tables there are probably none, and the cupboard wall is usually of rough unplaned deal. The general impression European is that a party of travellers has occupied an old barn.

‘Let us make the place clean enough to live in; it’s no use taking trouble about it. We shall probably be off again in a week.’ All house-structured entirely with a view to the summer, and the advent of winter in fact that it lasts about six months and is often severe, seems a constant surprise. The inhabitants huddle into one room heated by an iron open brazier, and leave empty the rest of the house which cannot be be warmed.

The rooms. They are not assigned to any special purpose. You sit in a room and
TALES FROM TURKEY

the pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in his life-time. No such obligation has been laid on the Jews or on the Christians. Hence our superior culture and refinement.

But, to return to my story,* the caravan at last set out, among those in that great procession being jugglers and buffoons exhibiting as usual their light and indecent mummary. In other parts of the long array mullahs and dervishes exhorted the people to piety, lacerating at the same time their own flesh in order to prove their earnestness. But the most conspicuous object in the caravan was, of course, the sacred camel. This holy beast carries, as you all know, the mahffal or seat from which the Prophet preached and dispensed justice in his journeys. There are many devout Mohammedans, indeed, who assert that this camel is itself the actual animal on which the Prophet rode, and that it is kept alive by a miracle in order that it may perform this annual journey to the Holy City. Praise be to God! Allah Akbar!

On his return from the Holy City, Hussein, now a hadji, repaired to Ben Mois and asked for his jar of olives. At the same time he presented Ben Mois with a rosary of Yemen your hand; when you are hungry, you call, a little table is brought in and you eat; when you want to go to bed, a pile of rugs is laid in a corner and you go to sleep on it. The same thing may be witnessed, in a more striking form at the Imperial Palace of Yildiz. I have seen a number of secretaries and officials working in a room decked with red plush and the ordinary furniture of European palaces. Some were sitting curled up in arm-chairs with their ink-pots poised perilously on the arms, the idea of having a writing-table never having come into their heads. Some were squatting on the floor, eating with their fingers off broad dishes placed on a low table. One was taking a siesta in the corner. Nothing could have more vividly suggested the idea of a party of tent-dwellers who had suddenly occupied a European house and did not quite know how to use it."

* A Turkish story-teller is supposed to be telling this story to a group of co-religionists in a Stamboul café.

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stones, in recognition of the Jew’s kindness in keeping the
olives, which were, he said, exceptionally palatable olives.
Ben Moïse thanked him, and Hadji Hussein departed with his
jar, well satisfied.

Now it came to pass that, during the absence of Hussein
Agha, Ben Moïse had one day some distinguished visitors, to
whom, as is the Eastern custom, he served raki. Un-
fortunately, however, he had no meze (appetizer) to offer, and
in the East it is the custom to offer the raki and the meze
together. Ben Moïse betheought him of the olives, and im-
mediately went to the cellar, opened the jar, and extracted
some of the olives, saying: “Olives are not rare; Hussein will
never know the difference if I replace them.”

The olives were found to be excellent, and Ben Moïse
again and again helped his friends to them. Finally the jar
was nearly emptied, and great was the Jew’s surprise when he
found that instead of olives, he brought forth on one occasion
a bag containing a quantity of gold. Ben Moïse could not
understand this phenomenon, but he appropriated the gold and
held his peace.

Arriving home, poor Hussein Agha was distracted to find
that his jar contained nothing but olives. Vainly did he
protest to Ben Moïse.

“My friend,” the Jew replied, “you gave me the jar,
saying it contained olives. I believed you and kept the jar
safe for you. Now you say that in the jar you had put some
money together with the olives. Perhaps you did, but is not
that the jar you gave me? If, as you say, there was gold in
the jar and it is now gone, all I can say is that the stronger has
overcome the weaker, and that in this case the gold has either
been converted into olives or into oil. What can I do? The
jar you gave me I returned to you.”

Hadji Hussein admitted the apparent truth of this, and
fully appreciated the fact that he had no case against the Jew. So, saying "Chok shai!" he returned to his home.

That night Hussein mingled in his prayers a vow to recover his gold at no matter what cost or trouble.

In his younger days Hadji Hussein had been a pipe-maker, and many were the chibooks of exceptional beauty that he had made. Go but to the potter's lane at Tophané, in Constantinople, and you will find that the works of art in the way of chibooks which are displayed by the majority of the shopkeepers there were originally fashioned by the cunning hand of Hussein. The art that had fed him for years was now to be the means of recovering for him his money.

Hadji Hussein daily met Ben Moïse, but he never again referred to the money, and further, Hussein's sons were always in company with Ben Moïse's only son, a lad of ten.

Time passed, and Ben Moïse entirely forgot about the jar, the olives, and the gold. Not so, however, Hadji Hussein. He had been working. First he had made an effigy of Ben Moïse. When he had completed this image to his satisfaction, he dressed it in a costume precisely similar to the one which the Jew habitually wore. He then purchased a monkey. This monkey was kept in a cage opposite the effigy of Ben Moïse. Twice a day regularly the monkey's food was placed on the shoulders of the Jew, and Hussein would open the cage, saying: "Baba-à git" (go to your father). At a bound the monkey would plant itself on the shoulders of the Jew, and would not be dislodged until its hunger had been satisfied.

In the meantime Hadji Hussein and Ben Moïse were greater friends than ever, and their children were likewise playmates. One day Hussein took Ben Moïse's son to his harem, and told him, much to the lad's joy, that he was to be their guest for a week. Later on Ben Moïse called on Hadji Hussein to know the reason of his son's not returning as usual at sundown.

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"Ah, my friend," said Hussein, "a great calamity has befallen you! Your son, alas! has been converted into a monkey, a furious monkey! So furious that I was compelled to put him into a cage. Come and see for yourself."

No sooner did Ben Moïse enter the room in which the caged monkey was, than it set up a howl, not having food that day. Poor Ben Moïse was thunderstricken, and, Hadji Hussein begged him to take the monkey away. The next day Hussein was summoned to the court, and Ben Moïse was heard, and the hadji was ordered to return the child at once. This he vowed he could not do; at once the judges offered to bring the monkey, and was, to the court, and, In-shâ-Allah! they would see for themselves that the child of the Jew had been converted into a monkey. This proposal was ultimately accepted. The court, and the monkey was brought in. Hadji Hussein took special care to place the cage opposite Ben Moïse's seat. He then opened the cage door, saying: "Go to your father!" Hussein then turned the cage opposite Ben Moïse, putting his head, in search of food, on the shoulder of the Jew and then on the other. The judges were thunderstricken, and declared themselves incompetent to judge in such an extraordinary case. Ben Moïse tested, saying that it was against the laws of nature to take place, whereupon Hadji Hussein the judges of an analogous case in which some gold had passed into olives, and he called Ben Moïse as a wit to verify his statement. To the astonishment of the judges he could not deny this assertion; and their Holinesses were much impressed when Hadji Hussein proceeded to show them that similar instances of men being transformed into trees, birds, and animals were not uncommon among men.
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apes abounded in the Korân and in the holy traditions. And if the change could be effected wholesale in the case of men, did it not stand to reason that it could be more easily accomplished in the case of boys—especially, added Hadji, in the case of a boy like Ben Moïse's, who, were it not for his nose and for his hairlessness, might well have been mistaken for an ape anywhere.

Upon this there was some unseemly laughter in court, but the kadi sternly checked it and called upon the defendant to produce his testimony re the previous transformation of human beings into apes. Having been to Mecca, however, Hadji had, though unable to read, acquired an extensive knowledge of the Korân, and he immediately cited the melancholy case of that ungodly tribe known as "The Latter Ad," the children of Lokmân of the tribe of Ad, the son of Aus, the son of Aram, the son of Sem, the son of Noah, who, after the confusion of tongues, settled in Al Ahkaf, or the Winding Sands, where their posterity greatly multiplied.

At this point Ben Moïse interrupted to remark plaintively that he really did not see what bearing all this had on the hard case of his, Ben Moïse's, son.

"Be patient," quoth Hadji Hussein, "I am coming to that point directly. For, behold, all this tribe, 'The Latter Ad,' were changed into monkeys. And doth not the Almighty himself say, in that Sura entitled 'The Table': 'He whom Allah hath cursed, and with whom he hath been angry, having changed some of them into apes and swine, and who worship Taghût, they are in the worse condition'? Those unhappy ones, O kadi! were the Jews of Allah who broke the Sabbath, for which crime their young men were converted into apes and their old men into swine. And behold, O kadi! how closely that miracle corresponds to the one which has now taken place, for is not the son of Ben Moïse a

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Jew and is he not young? What further proof is needed of understanding?

"Likewise, O kadi! in that Sura which is entitled 'The Cow,' and which was revealed partly at Mecca, Allah himself saith to the Prophet: 'Ye know what befell those of your nation who transgressed the Sabbath day. We said unto them, Be ye into apes, driven away from the society of men, we made an example unto those who were content with them, and unto those who came after them, a warning to the pious.'

"And is it not said that one Jew, going days to see a friend who was among the unhappy ones, found that friend in the shape of an ape, moving about wildly; and, asking him whether he had such a one, the ape made a sign with its hand that it was he. Whereupon the friend said to him: 'I not advise you to desist from fishing on the Saqqara lake.'

Now, behold, the kadi stood by this time in great awe of Hadji Hussein. For they themselves had even heard of those historical instances and theological matters which Hadji was pouring forth on the court uninterrupted stream, whereas I give here only a few for the edification of the true believers. And fear is found out and exposed, they hastily dismissed the case against the defendant, who had half-persuaded him that his beloved son really had been turned into an ape. Taking pity, however, on his son, Hadji Hussein informed him that there would still be
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and happiness in this world for him, provided he could reconvert the olives into gold. Needless to add that Ben Moïse managed to accomplish that chemical transformation, and that the heir of Ben Moïse returned home immediately after in his natural shape and none the worse for his temporary transformation.

JEJW TURNED TURK

SIRKEDJI, the landing-place on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn, is always a scene of bustle and animation. The caïquejis,* striving for custom, cry at the top of their voices: “I am bound for Haskeu; I am another man; my fare is a piastre!”

Others call out in lusty tones that they are bound for keuy. Farther out in the stream are other caïques, belonging to more distant places, some with a passenger or two, others without any passenger at all. In one of the boats sat a Jew, a passenger, patiently waiting, while the caïqueji, standing on the deck backed in and out, calling every now and then at the top of his voice: “İskûdar,” meaning that he was bound for the Asiatic shore.

At last a Mussulman signed to him to approach and inquire. He boarded the caïque, and the boatman still held on to the piece of the ship. The Jew asked the caïqueji to look at his appearance, as he had not seen him before. The caïqueji stared at him in silence, and then asked him if he wished to gain favour in the eyes of the former, he could have another a “Yahoudi” (meaning Jew, but usually employed as a term of disdain), and told him to make room for him on the Asiatic shore.

* Boatmen: A caïque is a light boat. The affix ji indicates an agent, like caïqueji from caïque, cafèji from café, &c.
the Jew meekly did without a murmur, and the caïque
his oars for the Asiatic shore. The converted Jew a
Turk started a conversation, which they kept up till w
short distance of Scutari, when the Turk turned and said
Jew, who had been humbly sitting on the low seat with
head and closed eyes:

"And what have you to say on the subject, Moses?"
"Alas! Pasha Effendi," answered the Jew, "I hav
asleep, and have not followed your conversation; and if
of what value, my masters, would be the opinion of
poor Jew?"

The converted Jew then said: "At least you can to
pass the time, where you have been in your sleep?" a
burst out laughing, thinking it a capital joke.

"I dreamt I was in Paradise," replied the poor Jew. "it was wonderful! There were three great golden gates, at
the inside of each gate, at the side of the guard, stood
mighty Prophets of the Most High. Mohammed stood at
Moses at the second, and Jesus at the third. No one
allowed to pass into Paradise, unless Mohammed, Moses,
Jesus gave the order that they should enter. Suddenly I
a man knocking at Mohammed's gate. The gate was ope
and the guard asked:

"What is your name?"
"The man said his name was 'Ahmet.'"
"And your father's name?" again asked the keeper.
"Abdullah," replied the applicant.
"Thereupon the Prophet signed with his hand that
might enter.

"I then went to the gate where Jesus stood, and heard
same questions put to an applicant. He told the keeper th
his name was Aristide, and that his father's name was Vassi
and Jesus permitted him to enter.

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"Hearing a loud knocking at Mohammed's gate again, I hurried to see who the important comer was. There stood a man of confident mien, who proudly answered that his name was Hussein Effendi.

"And your father's name?" asked the keeper. "Abraham," replied Hussein.

"At this Mohammed said: 'Shut the door; you can't enter here; mixtures will never do.'"

"Eh? What happened next?" asked the Turk.

"Just then, as the gate was shutting, I heard your voice, and I awoke, Pasha Effendi," answered the Jew; "and so I can't tell you."

Having by this time reached the scala (landing), they disembarked and separated without a word.
PARADISE SOLD BY THE YARD

The chief imam of the vilayet of Broussa owed to a Jewish money-lender the sum of two hundred piastres. The Jew wanted his money and would give no rest to the imam. Daily he came to ask for it, but without success. The Jew was becoming very anxious, and finally he determined to make a great effort. Not being able to take the imam to court, he decided to try and shame him into paying the sum due; and, to effect this, he came, sat on his debtor's doorstep and bewailed his sad fate in having fallen into the hands of a tyrant. The imam saw that, if this continued, his reputation as a man of justice would be considerably impaired, so he thought of a plan by which to pay off his creditor. Calling the Jew into his house, he said:

"Friend, what wilt thou do with the money if I pay thee?"

"Get food, clothe my children, and advance in my business," answered the Jew.

"My friend," said the imam, "thy pitiful position awakens my compassion. Thou art gathering wealth in this world at the cost of thy eternal soul and thy everlasting peace in the world to come; and I wish I could help thee. I will tell thee what I will do for thee. I would not do the same thing for any other Jew in the world, but thou hast awakened my commiseration. For the debt I owe thee, I will sell thee two hundred yards of Paradise, and, being owner of this incomparable possession in the world to come, to fearlessly go forth and earn as much as possible in the next." What could the Jew do but take what the imam was willing to give him? So he accepted the deed for two hundred yards of Paradise. A happy thought now struck the Jew. He set off and found the tithe-collector of the mosque, and made friends with him. He explained to him, when the intimacy had developed, that he had been the possessor of a deed entitling him to two hundred yards of Paradise; and he offered the collector a hand in collecting the money that had been gathered in for the quarter. The collector came and discounted the imam's document, returning him as equivalent to two hundred piastres of the money collected. When called upon for an explanation, the collector said that the document had been given to him by a jew and that, bearing as it did the imam's holy seal, he, the collector, durst not refuse it.

The imam was completely deceived. He thought the Jew had sold the deed at a discount to some borrowers who were in arrears, and of course he receive it as being good as gold. Nevertheless the Jew was not forgotten, and the imam determined to have him to court and sentenced if possible. His charge against him was that he, the chief priest of the province, had taken on this Jew, a wretched man in the terrible condition of having no future of happiness to look forward to, and as a result, he had hitherto borne an irremediable character, and as a result also, by the by, a small debt against the mosque. As it was desirable to balance, the imam, thought he might give this Jew two hundred yards of Paradise, which is what he did. The Jew was completely deceived, as he had also, by the by, a small debt against the mosque. This was desirable to balance, he, the imam, thought he might give this Jew two hundred yards of Paradise, which is what he did. 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"What do you think this ungrateful dog goes and does? He actually has the effrontery to sell this valuable document and, behold, it was brought back to me only this very morning as part payment of taxes in arrears due to the mosque. Therefore, I say that this Jew has committed a great sin and ought to be punished accordingly."

The kadis now turned to hear the Jew, who, the personification of meekness, stood as if awaiting his death sentence. With the most innocent look possible, the Jew replied, when the kadis asked him what he had to say for himself:

"Effendim, it is needless to say how much I appreciate the kindness of our imam, but the reason that I disposed of that valuable document was this. When I went to Paradise I found a seat, and measured out my two hundred yards, and took possession of the further inside end of the bench. I had not been there long when a Turk came and sat beside me. I showed him my document and protested against his taking part of my seat; but, gentlemen, I assure you it was altogether useless. The Turks came and came, one after the other, till to make a long story short, I fell off at the other end of the seat, and here I am. The Turks in Paradise will take no heed of your document, and either will not recognize the authority of the imam, or will not let the Jews enter therein.

"Effendim, what could I do but come back and sell the document to men who could enter Paradise, and this I did."

The kadis, after consulting together, gave judgment as follows:

"We note that you could not have done anything else but sell the two hundred yards of Paradise, and the fact that you cannot enter there is ample punishment for the wrong committed. But there is still a grievous charge against you, and, if you can clear yourself of that charge to our satisfaction..."
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you will be at once discharged. How much did the document cost you and what did you sell it for?"

"Effendim, it cost me two hundred piastres, and I sold it for two hundred piastres."

This statement having been proved by the production of the deed in question, and by the testimony of the tithe-collector who had given the deed to the imam for two hundred piastres, the Jew was acquitted.
THE GREAT MAN

The Albanian often leaves his home at an early age. If he stays at home to get married—and sometimes he is married at fifteen—he sets out very often on the day after his marriage in order to earn money for his wife and his future children. And as a rule he does save. He saves every farthing of money he can, and lives like a monk until he returns home. His whole ambition is to own a hut and a little bit of land which his wife will work on and cultivate while he dreams of better times in the distant future. His revolver and his dagger he already had when he took unto himself a wife. Both revolver and dagger have silver hilt, and on his waistcoat there are silver buttons. He is honourable and proud with a distinct aim in his life and, should death not surprise him, he generally reaches his goal.

The following story is told not amongst the Albanians, but amongst the Greeks and Turks from whom I frequently heard it.

Three Albanian youths, married youths, left their country together and parted for the different occupations of life that fortune brought them. Chance brought two of these Albanians to meet again after thirty years of honourable though scantily remunerated toil; and the first thing they spoke of, after the usual preliminary salutations had been exchanged, was of their homes and the hope they each had of returning. They spoke of their young wives—for though, as a matter of fact, those wives were no longer young, everything

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seemed to them as it was thirty years ago. They spoke of their children, and of their parents, who had died in the meantime. Finally they contemplated and sighed, for the Albanian is not given to much talk.

Then they spoke of themselves, the three that had left the little village so long ago; and it only remained to know what had happened to Yoanno. Petro asked his friend what had become of Yoanno, the brightest of the three. Stefo assured Petro that Yoanno was "a very great man indeed." "Owing to some foolish notion," quoth Stefo, "Yoanno will not return home, but indeed I am sure that he has enough to get the hut and the bit of land. Yes! Yoanno is a very great man."

Petro was impressed by these hints of extraordinary success; and, after a moment's silence, he asked his friend if by any chance Yoanno had become the gardener to a pasha. Stefo answered reproachfully that he had become no such thing as a gardener. But "Yoanno has become a very great man."

After a long silence Petro, whose curiosity was strongly excited, ventured to ask very humbly if Yoanno was a servant to his Imperial Majesty, but Stefo only answered with a reproachful look which was followed by a long silence. Perhaps he was hurt at his friend not understanding what he meant by a great man. At all events they both smoked on in silence, and they both became immersed in thought; but Petro's inquisitiveness at last prevailed and he apologetically inquired if by any chance Yoanno had become an officer in the service of his Majesty. A long silence followed, for Stefo, whose temper was, perhaps, slightly ruffled, said: "I have told you, have I not? that Yoanno is a great man. Well, isn't that enough? Our Yoanno is a great man. Don't you hear?"—and a long silence followed.

STORIES ABOUT ALBANIA

After a longer break in the conversation than living in the West could believe possible, Petro again ventured a wild guess at what his friend Stefo could really mean. "Is our Yoanno by chance the Vizier of Turkey?" he asked. But Stefo shook his head slowly, pitying his friend's evident lack of intelligence. "No," said he at last, "but nevertheless our Yoanno has become quite a great man—and, waxing warm in thought, he explained to the other's astonishment that Yoanno was the owner of the largest trotter shop in Constantinople. Why, he was the happy possessor of one of those basins wherein sheep's trotter soup is served to customers, and he actually had ninety wooden spoons more than was absolutely necessary in such an establis
YANAKO THE BRIGAND

WHILE travelling on one occasion in the interior of what was then European Turkey, I stopped at an apparently deserted village not more than a day's journey from Monastir. Night was coming on, but my Albanian servant, Halim, assured me that it was indispensable for me to continue travelling, as the district which we were traversing was terrorized by a certain brigand. Apparently this robber, whose name I did not catch, was held in far greater respect locally than any of the native chiefs or than any of the Turkish officials, and Halim himself seemed to waver between pride in his lawless countryman and fear for my safety.

The two Turkish soldiers who constituted my escort corroborated what Halim said about the robber, and strongly seconded the servant's proposal that, after the horses had been fed and allowed to rest for a while, we should all push on with the greatest speed. Their objective was a Turkish military post which they expected to make very early next morning.

Accordingly I dismounted; and, while the horses were being fed in a big stable that seemed to be ownerless, I strolled into the one dilapidated inn or coffee-house of which the place boasted. There was no landlord or attendant visible, and there was only one customer, besides myself. He was a small, silent man, evidently an Albanian by his look, and with him was a dog, which apparently belonged to him. The man sat on a bench sipping his coffee while the dog lay on some hay underneath.
STORIES ABOUT ALBANIANS

The Albanian turned on me a keen pair of eyes, the fierceness of which was counteracted, however, by the very courteous and high-bred manner in which he wished me good day. Such banal salutations have a way of becoming extremely polite and even ornate in countries where human life is cheap, and where there is no law save the law of the sword. The same phenomenon is also found in all countries where the duel flourishes, and where the slightest discourtesy makes swords fly from their scabbards. Witness Japan in the days of the Samurai. Under the iron law of honour that prevailed at that time, two warriors had to fight to the death if their sheathed swords as much as touched one another accidentally. All sorts of trifles made a duel necessary. And as a consequence of this state of things no people ever used more elaborate honorifics than those Japanese used in their most ordinary conversation. The greater the danger, the more polite the language. The less the danger, the curter and bluffer the style of salutation. And I might add that the braver the man in a dangerous land, the more polite and respectful his language; while the more cowardly a man in a safe land the greater his impoliteness.

The Albanian seemed indisposed, however, to start a conversation, and soon there was silence. Nothing was to be heard but the occasional noise made by my warlike but uncultured friend sipping his hot coffee, and by the sighing of the tired dog under the bench. Soon, however, this silence was rudely broken. A commotion was heard outside. Horses trampled, men shouted, and finally an Albanian bey, followed at a respectful distance by a numerous body-guard, entered the inn. He was a great bey. Gold and silver glittered on his brilliantly coloured dress, and the very way in which he breathed seemed meant to advertise his importance. His overbearing manner was heightened and set off by the
silence of his followers and by their restrained, respectful movements.

For some time the great bey strode up and down the floor bellowing for the café-je. But in some of the cafés which existed at that time in the wilds of Albania there seemed to be no owners at all. They had died or been killed in a row or gone off on a raid into Macedonia. The café remained open, and people strolled in and made coffee for themselves and used the woodwork for lighting fires until at last the place gradually fell to pieces or the café-je turned up with a brand-new wooden leg and resumed business.

Finally, the bey sat down in no pleasant humour, but his followers remained standing until they had his permission to do likewise. That permission he did not give, and the whole suite trembled with fear. At this moment, however, the dog woke up, evidently in the best of humour, and approached the bey, wagging his tail. This familiarity seemed to offend his Highness, however, and drawing a ramrod from his jewelled pistol—there are ramrods in some of the Albanian pistols—he struck the dog a cruel blow on the nose. The dog howled and took refuge under his master's bench. The silent little figure on the bench had been looking on without moving a muscle, and in a mild tone it now inquired why the mighty bey had struck his "own brother."

Had a bomb suddenly exploded in the room the consterna-
tion of the bey and his suite could hardly have been greater. For nearly a minute the great man and his followers were struck dumb and paralytic by the sheer impertinence of the question and by the quiet confidence of the man who put it. Then the bey jumped to his feet, whipped out his pistol, and levelled it at the little man. But beyond letting his right hand drop casually into the folds of his ample and multiple waist-band, the little man did not move in the least. He stared straight into the barrel of the mediæval pistol judge by the confident expression of his face, he seemed nothing inside. Probably there was nothing inside bey refrained from pulling the trigger. He had expected his insulter to disappear, and had never cal-
t the little man's perfect coolness.

"Fire!" cried the little man contemptuously, but still refrained from drawing the trigger. "Coward the other, "if you do not fire, I will smite you across as you smote just now your brother, the dog."

On hearing this second insult hurled at their leader, the clansmen all grasped their weapons, extraordinary placidity of their one opponent made him hesitate to do anything more. The little man spoke with air of authority which gave them pause. Surely t some mystery here. The man was a powerful mag he was invulnerable, or he had followers within hail not so defenceless as he looked.

"Fire, coward!" repeated the unknown one, bay and his men seemed to be hypnotized. The chief's pistol gradually sank until the weapon dis in the folds of the variegated national cincture which. The followers confined themselves to asking the bely if he knew whom he had insulted. Then they to tell him who the bey was, and how great and rich forgiving he was, how many clansmen he had, how sur-
tion was to overtake anyone who had insulted them were going back into the ancient history of the bey when the stranger stood up and thanked them for te who "the coward" was. "For now," he said, "I kno"

"And if you want to know who I am," conti unknown, speaking for the first time in a loud and voice, "then know ye that I am Yanako the Brig
Tales from Turkey

Having said this he sat down and had another resounding sip at his coffee. But when he raised his head again a moment afterwards the room was empty. As soon as the dreaded name "Yanako" was pronounced the bey had turned pale as death, and had bolted unceremoniously for the door, through which, however, his followers had already escaped before him. Immediately after there was a scurry and a trampling outside, then a receding sound of horses' hoofs which grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

For a moment I was sorry that I had not taken part in the hasty exodus myself, but Yanako did not molest me. He did not even speak to me as I rose to go, but his parting obesiance was courtesy itself. Late next evening I reached Monastir without having had a single adventure by the way.

HOT COFFEE

Speaking of the Albanian, there is about him stoicism worthy of an ancient Spartan or American Indian. The following story will illustrate what I mean.

An Albanian bey once came from his distant village to pay his respects to the newly appointed Turkish governor of the nearest town. His followers accompanied him, as the custom when an Arnaout chief travels. With Oriental ceremony and politeness the governor had ushered into his private room. He also offered him cigarettes, glass of wine and, clapping his hands, he ordered coffee to be brought for the bey and his men.

In grave and dignified silence the chief and his chief men smoked and contemplated, but never a word did they speak to each other, nor did they make any sign beyond the conventional raising of the hand to the forehead to signify that they were being regaled. "Very well, thank you!" Soon the coffee was brought into the bey's room and served to the chief and his followers. The bey never had coffee served to him in his life before, but he made no effort to resist it. He drank one cup at one gulp. A sudden spasm passed over his features, he did so, but it was gone in an instant and he never said a word.

The governor spoke affably to the bey on various matters, but could get nothing out of him in the way of conversation. He tried to save a shake of the head by way of assent, or a throw of the hand from the forehead to the shoulder, but the bey did not even stoop his head. The governor spoke with him on the few subjects that interested him, but the bey would not even look at him. This was the last time I ever saw the bey.
of the head by way of dissent. The host, in despair, finally asked the Albanian if he would not care for a cup of coffee.

Upon this the visitor seemed to awaken out of a dream, and, turning to the governor, he said in a tone of dejection, “If there’s a man in the world that can take these things let him come forward” (Eki echain varsa, Chicsun!) So saying the bey got up, and with his followers left the house of the astonished Turk, who did not until long afterwards learn the explanation of this strange conduct on the part of a trusted and Turcophile chief. The coffee had been boiling hot, as Turkish coffee always is served, and naturally should be served. The bey did not know he was half-naked, consequently he scalded all the inside of his mouth; and felt that in the presence of his followers it would be unseemly of him to betray any sign of the agony which he endured. Worst of all, so far as the Turks were concerned, he was convinced that it was all a cruel trick which the governor had played on him.
THE TALE OF THE CAMEL

The camel was once asked where he preferred to walk; on the rising ground or on the falling ground. "What, then, hath become of the level places?" quoth the camel.

Old Turkish Saying

To-day, as a thousand years ago, the camel caravan is one of the most picturesque and distinctive features of life in Asia Minor and Arabia. Despite the railways that have been constructed throughout the Ottoman dominions, the long, slow caravan of camels still holds its own as a means of communication in the wilder parts of the country. In the deserts, of course, the camel is absolutely supreme, and can afford, for many years, to sniff with contempt at railway engines, at motor-cars and even at aeroplanes. It may be taken for granted, indeed, that it will sniff at no matter what invention may happen to come along. And the camel is entitled to sniff, for it is a bit of a scientist itself. Mr. Purser, the General Manager of the Smyrna-Aidin railway, once told the authors that he would sooner take a camel's track from one place to another than the plan of any engineer. "The camels," quoth he, "are God's own engineers. They never make mistakes." And in the book of the Koran, entitled "The Overwhelming," the Prophet Mohammed takes the same view, choosing out the camel as a peculiarly striking instance of Allah's wisdom.

Some of the caravans are from six months to a year on the road. With the increased speed of ships and the increased
TALES FROM TURKEY

use of wireless at sea, it will soon come to pass—if it has not come to pass already—that the man who wants to combine with complete isolation from the world for the longest possible period, must either go with explorers into frozen snow of the Poles, or else with "the ship of Desert" into the burning sands of the Sahara. One thing certain, at all events, is that these camel-drivers have plenty of time to invent stories and superstitions about the melancholy and dignified beast which they spend so much of their lives looking after. And it is easy for them to do this as there is an almost domestic animal so supercilious, whimsical, mysterious and of character as the camel. One is always fort intrigé pas chameau, owing to the fact that one can never quite make what it has got to be proud of. But, though proud, its pride is always one of Byronic sadness and unfathomable gloom. It manages at all times, even when asleep, to convey an impression of bitter but ineffectual protest against humanity. Life, like that of a suffragette in jail, is a constant but reprotest against man-made laws. It is the only animal, man, which weeps; and its agonizing cry when it is loaded up for the march is enough to make butter curdle. This heart-rending wail suggests helplessness, pain, anger, acute self-pity, and several other emotions, all at the time. It is raised whether the load is light or heavy, is always accompanied by the turning towards the load of a neck like the body of a boa-constrictor, surmounted by a shaggy and permanently embittered countenance. Camel's fascinating ugliness and the exaggerated but unconscious awkwardness of its every movement would ensure a triumphal career as a music-hall comedian, if it were human. Even if it remained a beast, those qualities would certainly make it a ladies' pet—if only it were not quite so

At certain seasons the camel is not absolutely har
STORIES ABOUT CAMELS AND ASSES

When the French were once preparing one of their expeditions from Casa Blanca a fat little soldier in tight red breeches went bustling about among a group of solemn seated camels, one of which, for some reason or other, he struck violently on the head with a stick. The offended beast made no remark, but went on chewing sedately; and the soldier, having got to what certainly seemed to be a safe distance, bent down over some luggage. This was the offended camel's opportunity. Suddenly stretching forth a phenomenally long, india-rubber neck, it caught the soldier on the posterior and lifted him off his feet. Dangling between heaven and earth, the unfortunate man "let a roar out of him" which would have put even a camel to the blush. He had good excuse for the roar, however, as about half a pound of flesh had been bitten clean out of him; and even more serious than this surgical operation was the fact that it had been performed by teeth which were anything but disinfected. Indeed, the worst thing about a camel's bite is the foul state of its incisors. Curiously enough, this rather serious accident only caused a gigantic shout of laughter to go up from every one who witnessed it, even from the grave Moors, who rolled, helpless with mirth, in the sand.

Another case in which the solemn camel provoked mirth in others occurred once at Aden when the members of the Eastern Telegraph Company's Staff were playing golf. One of them gave the ball a drive of such exceptional force that it flew off like a bullet. It did not fly in the right direction, however, but came plump against the forehead of a camel which was seated on the ground only a few yards away. The terrific crack which resulted was like the report of a pistol, and for a few seconds the golfers were sure that the animal's skull had been broken. But the phlegmatic beast did not get up or draw back its head or move its body by as much as a hair's breadth, and the only signs of embarrassment which
it gave were to stop chewing its cud for about forty seconds, and to close one eye for the same interval of time. As if there was some mysterious connexion between its left eyelid and its cud, it began to chew again as soon as its eye opened; and it seemed to be as little affected by the boisterous laughter of the golfers as it had been by the violent stroke of their golf-ball.

In short, its whole conduct on this trying occasion was much more restrained and stoical than that of the sheep alluded to by the ancient poet of "The Goff" in his description of what happened at the last and deciding hole of the great match between Pygmalion and Castalio:

An harmless sheep, by fate decreed to fall,
Feels the dire fury of the rapid ball;
Full on her front the raging bullet flew,
And sudden anguish seized the silent ewe.

When the caravan owner suspects that he has offended one of his camels he will sneak away, undress himself, and leave all his clothes placed upon the ground in such a way as to give the impression that he himself is inside them and fast asleep. Hiding himself at some little distance, he patiently watches his camels feeding. Perhaps an hour or two later the offended camel stealthily approaches the clothes which he takes to be the recumbent form of his master. Suddenly the irritated beast will attack these garments with a vehemence that is impossible to describe; and, having thus satisfied his wrath, he will then go back to his food. The camel-driver can afterwards approach him fearlessly, for the camel is quite satisfied with the punishment he has inflicted, and henceforth regards the incident as closed.

The camel is known to sit down sometimes, when he is tired of life or the weather, and to refuse to get up. On such
STORIES ABOUT CAMELS AND ASSES

occasions nothing will persuade him to move, efforts of strength or severe punishment being alike useless and ineffectual. He has sat down to die. If food is brought to him he will eat it and greatly enjoy it apparently, but nevertheless he will not get up. If food is not brought to him he will not seem to desire it; and, if abandoned, he will sit there until death relieves him. The camel on such occasions is not sick. He is simply disgusted with himself and his master and his surroundings, and with the general monotony of life. It is a clear case of "tools down"—the tools being the camel's four ungainly legs. The brute is on strike, and no inducement will make him begin work again.

I have compared the camel to a suffragette, and I might here add that this mysterious beast has some curious feminine traits. A camel easily takes offence if another camel is served with food before it, and, though it may be starving at the time, it will refuse to eat and will pout in silence with sad, pendulous under-lip. Also, it must be fed off a nice clean cloth: it will not eat out of a bucket. No animal "gets the huff" so easily as this unkempt and shaggy creature, and no animal is so fond of hunger-striking.

To return to the caravans, the most curious thing about them is that they are always led by a small donkey. This donkey proudly conducts from fifty to a hundred camels at an easy pace and with an air of assurance which is comical when it is contrasted with his small size as against the towering height and huge bulk of the shambling beasts behind him. From Bagdad to Konia and from Konia to the Hellespont, it is the little ass that always leads; horses, mules, and camels follow invariably in the rear.

Another curious point about these caravans is the fact that the donkeys always wear a different kind of bell from the camels and that the horses and mules wear a third kind of bell.
TALES FROM TURKEY

Regarding these two points there is an ancient Turkish folk-story which still circulates orally among the Ottoman peasantry but which has never yet been printed in Turkish. As taken down from the lips of the peasants themselves, that story runs as follows:

"When, in the days of the Prophet (to whom be peace!) the oldest caravan owner in Bagdad was nearing his end, his friends and relatives were much distressed by the fact that though his case was hopeless and his agony very great, death would not come to relieve him. Mohammedans believe, in such cases, that it is the ill-will of some wronged person which thus keeps the soul imprisoned in a tortured body that ought by the law of nature to be dead. Consequently the servants and the acquaintances of the dying man were brought day after day by his relatives to wish the old camel-driver forgiveness, a speedy and peaceful deliverance, and a long repose after his honest and laborious life. But the agony continued, and the patient seemed unable to pass away peacefully as those who loved him wished.

"His sons then brought to him from far and near every person who might possibly, they thought, have a personal grudge against him, and whose dislike might thus prevent the weary and suffering soul from going to its rest. But it was all in vain: the agony continued and the prospects of release seemed as remote as ever. The old man had grown utterly weary of life and his constant prayer was now for death. He agreed with his relatives that he must have an enemy who had not forgiven him; but who could that enemy be? Every one in the neighbourhood with whom he ever had any dealings had already been brought to his bedside and had prayed to Allah that eternal repose might speedily be his.

"Finally, one of his sons thought that perhaps the animals with which he had lived and travelled all his life bore him a
STORIES ABOUT CAMELS ANDASSES

grudge, so the oldest camel was led up to the open door of the hut and allowed to project its long neck and sad, unkempt physiognomy into the room where its owner lay dying. The old man begged forgiveness for any injustice that he might have committed towards it or towards any of the other animals.

"The camel answered: 'Alas, master! sad indeed it is that your time has come, and all of your animals deeply feel for you in your sufferings and your prolonged agony. You have ever been a good and kind master to us, and for nearly one score years and ten I myself have followed you in cold and in heat, sometimes with no water and no food, nay, not even with the bristly cacti to appease my hunger and quench my thirst. But neither I nor my companions ever grumbled, though, verily, in the great heats of summer the loads were sometimes very trying. Master! we forgive you for all the sufferings we had to endure in your service, and for all the fatigue and the hunger and the thirst that we had to put up with; but, alas! how can I or my brethren ever forgive the humiliation we had to submit to on each journey the deep humiliation of always, always, being led by—
an ass!'

"The sons and the old man himself begged hard for forgiveness, so finally the camel relented, and the aged caravan owner passed peacefully away. Before that wished-for release had come, the camels had, after prolonged negotiation, agreed to let the ass continue to lead them in future, only stipulating, however, that the bells worn by that democratic little beast should be different from the bells which decorated the more dignified and aristocratic camel.

"And here it might be remarked that these caravan bells have been likened by the Turks themselves to the advance of the Osmanli into Europe."
TALES FROM TURKEY

"The bells carried by the donkey pertly ring out 'Tchal-al-um! Tchal-al-um!' (Let us steal! Let us steal), and their tinkling can be heard from afar.

"In plaintive, sweet, and questioning tones, the bells of the patient but unenterprising camels ask: 'Neré-den? Neré-den? Neré-den?' (From where? from where? from where?). The tinkling bells on the mules and horses, which usually bring up the rear of the large caravans, answer this question in short and hurried tones: 'Shurà-dan! Burà-dan! Shurà-dan! Burà-dan! (From here! From there!)—meaning, presumably, from everywhere. While the bells ring thus, the camels' heads swing from side to side, pointing alternately to the right and to the left, while the huge beasts amble quickly and impatiently in the rear of the caravan. The point of the joke is that when the bell says 'Shurà-dan!' (From here!) the camels' heads are all pointing emphatically to the right, as if they meant that the whole tract of country out there should be annexed. When the bell says 'Burà-dan!' (From there!) the camels' heads point with equally strong emphasis to the country on the left.

"Even in the eyes of the Mohammedan camel-drivers this joke has now lost all the little point it ever had as a result of the gradual retreat of the Osmanli on their Asiatic base during the last three hundred years, and especially of their heavy territorial losses in the last Balkan war. But still this story is told.

"From Basseroh to Bagdad, from Jerusalem to Damascus, from Mecca to Medina—in short, all over Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabistân—these caravan bells still tinkle; and, in loyal observance of the compact made with the old camel-driver of Bagdad, the camels still follow the ass."

THE ASS THAT BRAYED

A CARAVAN on a long and arduous journey in the desert is sometimes obliged to leave such animals as can no longer carry their food which they carried is divided among the other burden.

It so happened that one day both a camel and a donkey were in this way given their freedom at the same time could not keep pace with the rest of the caravan any hours were numbered. Agreeably surprised at the change in their condition, the liberated ass and camel laid their heads on the ground and watched their companions disappearing from sight. They rested a long time, pangs of hunger at last made them get up and something to eat. Fortune favoured them, and of w grass they found plenty. After many days of rest, as much food as they wished for, their strength returned and they lived as they had never lived before.

Spring came, and the ass in his exuberance with the sedate and supercilious camel, nor take he melancoly companion's advice to cease these gait enjoy life. But as the days lengthened, and the sun stronger, the ass became more of an ass than ever. G to the camel, he said, "I feel so happy that I must whereupon he kicked out as hard as he could, and race
THE RAGMAN'S TREASURE

Inside the famous Seven Towers and near the famous Golden Gate itself there once lived an old ragman who earned a precarious livelihood by gathering not only rags, but also cinders and useless pieces of iron, which latter he sold to smiths.

Often did he moralize on the sad kismet that had reduced him to the task of daily labouring for his bread to make a shoe, perhaps for an ass. Surely he, a true Mussulman, might at least be permitted to ride the ass. His eternal longing often found satisfaction in dreams of wealth and luxury during his hours of sleep. But with the dawning of the day came reality and increased longing.

Then did he call on the spirit of sleep to reverse matters. But it was all in vain. With the rising of the sun began the gathering of the cinders and iron.

One night he dreamt that he begged this nocturnal visitor to change his night into day, and the spirit had said to him: "Go to Egypt, and it shall be so!"

This encouraging phrase haunted him by day and inspired him by night. So persecuted was he with the thought that when his wife called to him, from the door-step, "Have you brought home any bread?" he would reply, "No, I have not gone; I will go to-morrow." For he had thought that she had asked him, "Have you gone to Egypt?"

At last friends and neighbours began to pity poor Ahmet—for that was his name—as a man on whom the hand of