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Geo. P. Freeman

TURKISH GEMS

35
Tables

TURKISH GEMS

OR

The Tales of my Childhood.

BEING

THE FUNNY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

NASSR-ED-DIN HODJA,

THE TURKISH ÆSOP.

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T. A. M'NARY,
53 & 54 N. DIAMOND ST.
ALLEGHENY, PA.

THE HODJA.

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PREFACE.

NASSR-ED-DIN HODJA is the name of a man who is looked upon by the Turkish people as their Æsop. He is supposed to have lived in the city of Bagdad. His title "Hodja" indicates that he was a learned man. In fact, he was both a priest and a teacher. He dressed himself after the style of an Imam well characterized by his venerable turban and the priestly mantle.

Whether there actually lived such a person, or whether he is altogether a fictitious character, matters but little. The fact is, that there is in Turkey to-day a large collection of fables and stories, daily rehearsed and applied to actual life by the people, which are circulated under his name, not necessarily because he is the author of them, but because he plays the part of a hero in them. He has done and said certain things and in certain ways that have appealed to the humorous nature of his contrymen. They are a great source of pleasure for the Ottoman. They

embody Turkish humor in its simplicity. Though the proverbial sedateness of the Turk has created doubts in the minds of the Occidentals as to whether he has any humor in him or not, yet one cannot fail to see him delighted as he eagerly listens to the tales of the great Hodja. In the numerous coffee houses throughout the Turkish empire where the turbaned man finds so much enjoyment in his coffee and pipe, nothing is more fascinating to him than the rehearsal of the eccentricities of Nassr-ed-Din.

There is no doubt that the restrictions of the Harem which absolutely prohibit the intermingling of the sexes in a social way, are not in favor of developing the Turk's humor. Moreover, owing to the fact that nearly all such stories purported to appeal to his humorous nature, and make him laugh with a prolonged "kah, kah," are recited in the Cafés, or assemblages composed exclusively of the sterner sex, some of these stories, though often with good morals—for there is hardly a story afloat in the Oriental atmosphere that does not teach a moral—are not refined enough to appear in print. I have, therefore, selected only such as are readable by both sexes.

As most of the stories have good morals, it is suggested that, while the children are reading or rehearsing them, the parents should ask them to point out their possible morals.

In introducing the TURKISH GEMS to the American literature, while it is not expected that the funny Hodja will become as popular with the American people as he is with the Turkish, it is, however, hoped that it will not only amuse the young and contribute to their stock of story-knowledge, but that it will equally prove entertaining and useful to their elders, even to the most philosophical, by furnishing them with specimens of humor that embodies various phases of Oriental life so full of interest.

Hoping then that the good-natured Hodja will be a welcome guest in many an American home, and receive better treatment than he did when once a guest in his own country, (See page 43.)

I remain, respectfully,

S. V. BEDICKIAN.

Allegheny, Pa.

Turkish Gems.

THE HODJA IN THE NEXT WORLD.

WHILE walking in a graveyard, the Hodja* falls into an old grave. "Now I am dead. I'll see if Gabriel will come," says he, and anxiously waits for the angel of death. Presently the jinglings of mules' bells reach his ears. "Verily, the fellow is coming with all the rackets of the resurrection," says the Hodja, and attempts to lift up his head out of the grave. The noise, however, was caused by a caravan of china merchants who were just unloading their mules for the purpose of resting a while and letting the animals graze close by the graveyard. As the Hodja lifted his head up,

* Pronounce Hŏd-jä. This is a title word of Persian origin, meaning a "teacher," or "professor." It is, however, often applied also to persons who are not teachers. When used alone, it may then be followed by the word "Effendi," which has various meanings, as Mr., Sir, Esq., etc.

the mules got frightened and in a second utmost confusion reigned among the mules as well as the men, so that all the chinaware was trampled down and broken to pieces. The owners of the caravan at once laid hold on the Hodja and, with their eyes full of wrath, demanded what he was and what business he had there. The Hodja trembling from foot to head answers: "I-I-I am one of the de-de-dead. I came out for some f-f-fresh air." "You wretch! wait, we'll give you more than you want of it," return the men, and beat him to insensibility. The Hodja coming to consciousness, starts for home, which he reaches in a ruined condition. His wife seeing the blood coming forth from his mouth and nostrils, asks him what the matter is. "I am coming from the world of the dead," answers the Hodja tearfully. "And what news do you bring from there?" inquires his wife again. "Verily," returns the Hodja, "woe is to the man in that world who frightens the mules of a china merchant.

THE HODJA'S BIG FIND.

One day the Hodja, wishing to build a stable in the ground under his house, commences to dig, and after having dug for a while, he reaches his neighbor's stable which he finds full of oxen. Delighted by the find, he runs out and in a loud voice hollows: "Wife, good news, good news!" "My dear husband, have you gone crazy? What's the matter?" inquires his wife. "What's the matter? I have just found a subterranean stable full of oxen from the times of the Romans," answers the Hodja.

THE HODJA WANTING TO KILL HIS OX.

One day the Hodja asks his neighbors to go and help him take the ox upstairs. "Hodja, have you gone crazy? What do you want to take the ox upstairs for?'" inquire the neighbors. "So I could kill him for a banquet," answers the Hodja. "But why don't you kill him in the yard?" demand the men. "Because," returns the Hodja, "the knife is upstairs."

THE HODJA PREPARING FOR IT.

Having heard that the Hodja is going to get married, the neighbors call and kindly advise him not to take the step for the reason that if he marries, his wife would turn his house upside down. Sometime after, the Hodja commences to build his house. In doing this, however, he begins building the roof first. The neighbors, astonished at this apparently foolish plan, ask him if he has gone crazy that he builds the roof first and not the foundation. "Why," says the Hodja, "didn't you tell me the other day that if I married, my wife would turn my house upside down?" "Yes, what of that?" reply the neighbors. "Well," says the Hodja then, "I am now building my house wrong side up, so when my wife turns it upside down the right side may be up then.!'

THE HODJA AND THE JEW.

One day the Hodja prays as follows: "O Lord, give me one thousand pounds, one less

this number I will not take." It happens that a Jew neighbor hears this prayer. Now the Jew, wishing to try the Hodja's honesty, puts in a purse nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds and deposits it through the chimney into the Hodja's room. Seeing the purse, the Hodja says to himself, "the Lord has accepted my prayer," and counting the money, he finds it to be just nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds. "He who gave me so many will also give me another one," says he, and puts the money in his pocket. The Jew hearing this, begins to feel uneasy, and says to him, "Hodja, give my money back." "Give you nothing, it was the Lord who gave me that money," replies the Hodja. The Jew now completely on fire, entreats him to give the money back, saying he did that simply to try him, but the Hodja is unmoved. The Jew then demands that he appear before the Kadi (judge). "I don't go to court this way, Jew," replies the Hodja, "if you want me to, you go and get me a horse and a sealskin overcoat, otherwise I won't go." The Jew departs, and soon returns with a fine horse and a costly overcoat for him. The Hodja puts on the overcoat, mounts on the horse

and in a dignified manner proceeds to the court house. Here after the Jew has explained the matter, the Hodja addresses the *Kadi* as follows: "Your Honor, I have nothing to say concerning the Jew's falsehood, let the Lord judge him in that. But to show you to what degree this man is a liar, let me, however, tell you this much, that had he an opportunity, he would claim even the very coat I wear and the horse I ride on." The Jew now hardly able to manage his tongue in his mouth, speaks out, "But, Hodja Effendi, are they not mine?" and bursts into tears, while the Hodja with an air of triumph remarks to the court, "Your Honor, did't I tell you so?" The Kadi declares further evidence unnecessary, and the poor Jew is dismissed.

THE HODJA AND HIS COAT.

One day the Hodja attends a wedding, but no one pays him any attention. Immediately he returns home and putting on his sealskin overcoat, he goes back to the wedding. This time everybody present has a

word of welcome for him. Soon he is put at the head of the table. When all ready to eat, the Hodja holding the hem of his coat on the plate as if to dip it in, remarks, "Help yourself, you coat of mine," "Hodja Effendi," demand the astonished guests, "what does that mean?" "Nothing at all," returns the Hodja; "but since you have honored me on account of my coat, let it enjoy the dinner also."

THE HODJA AND HIS TURBAN.

One day while wraping his turban on his head, the Hodja loses the end of it. He trys to find it for a long time, but in vain. He becomes so provoked at this that he at once takes it to the bazar to sell. Some one wishing to buy it, asks him what he wants for it. The Hodja approaching him quietly whispers in his ear: "Don't you buy it, brother, the end of this turban can't be found."

THE THIEF IN THE HODJA'S HOUSE.

One night a burglar enters the Hodja's house. His wife seeing the man, exclaims: "There is a burglar in the house husband," "Never mind," answers the Hodja, "let him find anything at all, if he can, I'll take it from him."

THE HODJA AND THE WOLVES.

"Wife," says the Hodja one day, "how do they tell that a man is dead?" "When they see that his feet and hands have grown cold," answers his wife. A few days after, while cutting wood in the mountain, the Hodja discovers that his hands and feet have grown cold. "Now I am dead," says he and stretches himself underneath a tree. Wolves then put in their appearance and devour his donkey, and while they are having a grand feast of it, the Hodja lifts up his head and remarks: "Well have you struck the ass whose owner's dead, help yourselves."

THE HODJA AND THE CAMEL.

As the Hodja was riding on a camel one day, the animal got frightened and threw the Hodja down. The people gathered around the poor Effendi and cared for him until he regained consciousness. "Let those who love their God," said he then, "bring me hither the mischievous beast that I may take my revenge on him." When he was asked what he would do to him, he replied: "I'd break his horns off and thrust them into his ears."

THE HODJA SELLING LADDERS.

One day the Hodja, by means of a ladder, got into a walled garden for the purpose of stealing vegetables. Just as he was landing on the inside he saw the gardener coming whereupon he at once put the ladder on his shoulder and began auctioneering it. "Hodja, what business have you in this place?" said the gardener. "I am selling ladders here, sir, can't you see?" returned the Hodja. "But

is this the place to sell ladders in?" repeated the other. "My dear friend," replied the eccentric genius, "fear makes a person do lots of things regardless of the circumstances,"

THE HODJA ON THE BENCH.

One day two men to settle a dispute, go to court. It happens that day the Hodja has called on the Kadi (judge). Having some other business to attend, the Kadi requests the Hodja to judge the parties for him. One of the men states his case as follows: "Your Honor, a dog died in front of this man's house, but he won't haul it away, saying that it died in front of my house." "No sir," says the other, "it did not die in front of my house," and they commence to quarrel in court. The Hodja now stepping in between, demands: "Wait a moment, don't fight, aren't your houses fronting on the national pike?" They answer "yes, sir." "If so," decides the Hodja, "the Kadi must haul it away. You have nothing to do with it."

THE HODJA AND HIS YOUNG BULL.

One day the Hodja's young bull was jumping around and making a great deal of noise, being, as it were in ecstacy. The Hodja took a stick and began to whip the old bull. "Husband," says his wife, "what fault has he that you whip him?" "You keep still, wife," replies the Hodja, "if the little one hadn't learned these tricks from him, how could he act them, being yet of yesterday? For the fault of a son his father is punished."

THE HODJA'S GENEROSITY.

One day while going home the Hodja meets three *dervishes* (mohammedan monks) and invites them to his house to partake of a soup. The men accept his invitation and follow him home. The Hodja takes them to a second-story room and comes down to tell his wife to cook a little soup for the strangers. "My dear husband," exclaims the surprised wife, "how can I make a soup with nei-

ther rice nor butter in the house?" "Don't get excited, my dear," says the Hodja, "hand me a soup bowl." He then takes the bowl upstairs, and showing it to the strangers says: "Had there been rice and butter in the house, I'd have treated you to such a bowl of soup, mind you!"

DEATH ON FOREIGN SHORES.

One day the Hodja goes to the cellar and lies behind a barrel there. Later on, his daughter accidentally discovers him in that condition. "Baba," (papa) asks she, "what are you doing in here?" "My dear child," answers the Hodja with a deep sigh, "in the hands of your mother, I shall die on such foreign shores."

THE HODJA AND THE BEGGAR.

One day a beggar knocks at the Hodja's door. The Hodja inquires from upstairs what is wanted. "Dear, sir," says the beg-

gar, "come down, I want to tell you something." The Hodja goes down and the man says to him: "Most gracious, sir, please give me some alms." The Hodja gravely asks him to follow him upstairs; he does so, and there the Hodja taking his seat on the sofa remarks: "May Allah give you the alms." * The beggar then angrily replies: "But why did you not tell me that at the door?" "And why did you not tell me what you wanted while I was upstairs?" returns the Hodja.

THE HODJA AND THE HOT SOUP.

One day the Hodja's wife, wishing to do some mischief, boils the soup to an extreme degree of heat. When they sit down to eat, however, she, in the course of conversation forgets the condition of the soup and puts a spoonful in her mouth which brings tears to her eyes. The Hodja asks her what she is crying about. "My dear mother," answers

* It is customary in the Orient when a person does not wish to give alms to a mendicant to say: "May Allah give" (you what you want).

she, "used to like this soup very much in her lifetime, and that's what I am crying about." The Hodja believes her and quietly puts a big spoonful of the soup in his mouth, which forces large drops of tears to appear in his eyes. "And what are you crying about?" asks his wife. "And I am crying for the reason that your mother died and such a daughter as you survived," answers the Hodja.

THE HODJA'S ANSWER TO A TRAVELER.

One day the Hodja lies down at a river bank as dead. Presently a traveler comes along and stops near where the Hodja is lying dead, wondering to himself as to where the safest crossing is. Thereupon the Hodja raises his head up and remarks to him: "When I was alive I used to cross this way, but now I don't know."

THE HODJA'S CLOSE SHAVE.

One day an awkward barber shaves the Hodja. During the operation he makes many cuts on the face and in each place he sticks a little cotton in order to stop bleeding. When the shave is over, the Hodja looks in the glass, and finding his face all covered with cotton, becomes provoked and refusing to pay the bill remarks: "You have planted cotton over half of my head, I'll go and buy seeds with this money and plant flax on the other half, and when the harvest comes around I'll divide the crops with you."

THE HODJA AS A WITNESS.

One day the Hodja goes to court to give a false testimony. "Your Honor," says the man who has brought the Hodja for a witness, "that man there has stolen so much of my wheat, and I have a witness to prove that it was wheat." "Is it so?" asks the

Kadi to the Hodja. "Yes, your honor," replies the Hodja, "that man stole this man's barley." The plaintiff, quite embarrassed at this, suggests: "Hodja Effendi, you made a mistake." "What's the difference, if I am to tell a lie," replies the Hodja, "I'd as soon tell it about barley as about wheat."

FROM ASS TO COLT.

The Hodja's neighbors were in the habit of calling him an ass. His wife not being quite pleased with the title, wants him to have his name changed, otherwise she threatens divorce. Tired of the trouble his wife is daily giving him on that account, the Hodja invites his neighbors together and requests them to change his name. They then change his name from ass to colt. The meeting dispersed, his wife comes in and wants to know what they named him. "Colt," answers the Hodja. "You big fool!" remarks his wife, "didn't you have sense enough to know this much that the colt, growing becomes an ass?"

THE HODJA AFTER HIS DONKEY.

One day the Hodja, on going to the stable, discovers that the ass is not there. Thinking he has hid himself, he looks for him in the cupboard, in the earthen jars as well as in every mouse hole in the house. However he fails to find him. Finally he notices that the door stands open and there is a donkey tied up in the yard. (His wife had tied the beast there in order to water him.) The Hodja thinking that his donkey, having found the door open, has run away, immediately mounts on the donkey outside and fiercely drives him in a certain direction where he supposes most likely the ass has fled. After having gone over a considerable distance at full gallop, a man meets him and asks where he is going in such a haste. "My dear, sir," answers the Hodja, "my wife had left the door open and the donkey has run away," "You're off, Hodja," says the man, "you are on the animal." The Hodja, as if coming to his senses, remarks: "Eureka! thousand thanks, sir; if you had not met me I'd have gone as far as eternity," And he turns the donkey's head

homeward and gives him a good whipping, never again to run away when the door's open.

THE HODJA BECOMING A SHEPHERD.

One day the Hodja becomes a shepherd to a rich man. He takes the sheep—ten in number—out to pasture, and after wandering over a good distance, he sits down under the shade of a tree and goes to sleep. Presently a wolf comes along and carries away one of the sheep. When the Hodja wakes up, he discovers the loss, but it being quite late in the evening, he at once drives the sheep to the fold. The owner then coming in, counts the sheep and lo, they are nine. "Hodja," says he to his new shepherd, "what has become of one of the sheep?" "There is none lost, sir, they are ten," returns the Hodja. The master again numbers them and finds one missing. "Are you crazy, shepherd?" says he, "they are not ten." But the Hodja still insists that they are ten, whereupon the owner commences to merci-

lessly whip him, and while the Hodja is receiving the strokes of the lash one after another, a passer-by, pitying him, remarks: "Come, shepherd, confess it and you will not be whipped so much." "You mind your own business, sir," replies the Hodja, "think you I am foolish enough to say they are nine and pay for the lost one?"

THE HODJA'S FÊTE DAY.

A certain man has promised his wife a a pair of shoes on the occasion of the *Beiram* —great fête day among the Mohammedans. This day has at last come, but he has failed to fulfill his promise. His wife, however, not knowing for sure that the *Beiram* has come, applies to the Hodja for information as to whether the *Beiram* has come, as they have told her it has. "Go home, my daughter," says the Hodja to her, "they have erred in telling you that, whenever you get the shoes, then is the *Beiram*.

THE HODJA'S IMPUDENCE.

On a Friday* morning the Hodja puts on his best and costly suit and starts out for a visit to friends in a neighboring village. On the way he becomes thirsty and applies to a fountain nearby. Seeing a piece of wood stuck in the nozzle of the fountain, he pulls it out, whereupon the imprisoned water so forces itself out that it splashes the Hodja all over. The Hodja now becoming exceedingly wroth remarks: "You darn thing, it must have been for this crazy way of flowing that they have shut your mouth up with this stick."

THE DESPISED WATERMELONS.

One day the Hodja taking a few watermelons with him, goes to the mountain to cut wood. Becoming thirsty, he cuts one of the watermelons, but finding it "tasteless," throws it away. The second melon is tried

* Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath.

and it too, shares the fate of the other. In this manner the Hodja cuts open all of them and finding none of them good, he throws them away in disgust, to express which, he spits on every one of them. By and by, finding thirst unbearable, the Hodja resorts to the despised melons, and persuading himself that he did not spit on this or on that one, he eats them all one after the other.

THE HODJA'S REVENGE.

While traveling on his donkey the Hodja, at a certain place, alights from the beast, and throwing his coat on the saddle, he goes a short distance to get a drink. In the meantime a thief steals his coat. On his return, the Hodja finding the coat stolen, immediately strips the donkey of his saddle, and putting it on his own back, remarks to the beast: "You son of a thief, if you want your saddle, give my coat back.

THE HODJA'S SERMON.

One day the Hodja addresses his congregation as follows: "O congregation, do you know what I am going to preach to you?" Surprised at this, the congregation answer: "Hodja Effendi, how can we know without your telling us?" "Well," returns the Hodja, "if you don't know, what shall I say to you?" and he immediately leaves the pulpit and goes out. The following morning the Hodja again puts to them the same question. This time the congregation, as if to get away with the Hodja, interrupt him and say: 'Yes, sir, we all know it." But the Hodja becoming angry, returns: "Well, if you know it, what's the use of telling you it?" and leaves the mosque. The congregation now become very curious to know what he was going to tell them, and while thinking as to how to outwit the Hodja and learn his mind, the Hodja as usual takes his stand at the pulpit. "O congregation," says he again, "do you know what I am going to say to you?" They answer: "Some of us know it and some don't know it." "If that's the case," returns the

Hodja, "let those who know it teach those who don't know it."

THE HODJA ACTING THE EAGLE.

One day, while the Hodja was carrying a liver* home, an eagle attacks him and seizing the liver off his hand, flies away with it. Having in vain entreated after the bird to return the liver, the Hodja walks towards a large stone and stands on it, waiting for a prey. Now it happens that a certain man passes that way with a liver in his hand. The Hodja hurriedly coming down from the stone, captures the liver off the man's hand and starts to flee. The latter, ignorant of the Hodja's experience with the eagle not long ago, hollows after him: "You shameless thief, what did you do that for?" "Say stranger," returns the Hodja, "don't you fool yourself that way. I am no thief; I was simply trying to act the eagle."

* In some parts of the Orient, carrying uncovered meat in the hand from the market home, is quite an ordinary sight. Moreover, what they term liver, in domestic language, consists both of the liver proper, lungs and heart, with the windpipe for the holding place. The people utilize the lungs of a sheep's or goat's liver, but not those of the cows, etc.

THE OX IN THE HODJA'S FIELD.

One day the Hodja discovers an ox grazing in his wheat field. He runs after him, but fails to catch him. In the evening on his way home, he meets a farmer driving a pair of oxen before him. Seeing that one of the oxen resembles the mischievous animal that was in his field during the day, he commences to beat him with a whip. "My dear, sir, what do you want from that ox?" asks the owner, to whom the Hodja replies: "You keep still there, sir. The animal knows his guilt."

THE HODJA AND THE ROOSTER.

One day the Hodja gathers his poultry in a cage and takes them to Sivrisar—a city of Asia Minor—to sell. After traveling over a considerable distance, the Hodja pities the chickens for being so long shut in, and so he lets them out for a little fresh air. Once liberated, the fowls take to all directions and make it impossible for the Hodja to gather

them in again, whereupon the Hodja now burning with rage, lays hold of the rooster and beating him mercilessly remarks: "You scoundrel, in the midnight watch you know well it is morning and now in the broad day light do you not know where all these your wives have gone to?"

THE HODJA'S WISH.

The Hodja going to the city, discovers that everybody is eating, drinking and is having a big time. As they see the Hodja they take hold of him and make him eat and drink a whole lot of good things. "What a blessed country!" says the Hodja, "I'll go and bring my house here." "What's the matter with you, Hodja," says one to him, "to-day is holiday." "Ah," remarks he then, "I wish every day were holiday."

THE HODJA ON THE TREE.

One day the Hodja climbs up a tree and begins to cut off the very branch he is sitting

on. Presently a passer-by comes to the spot, and seeing the Hodja in a precarious condition, remarks: "You fool, you will fall down if you cut that branch off." But the Hodja pays no attention to what he says. The stranger resumes his travel. A few minutes later, however. both the branch and the Hodja fall down on the ground, the latter with some of his bones dislocated. He at once runs after the stranger and overtaking him, says to him: "Since you knew of my fall, you must know also the day of my death, tell me it also." The man seeing no other way to get rid of him, tells him that while going down the hill with his donkey laden with wood, if he brays once, half his spirit and if he brays twice the whole of his spirit will depart from him. The Hodja returns. One day while driving the donkey down the hill the beast brays; the Hodja recalling the man's prophecy, begins to tremble and anxiously waits for the second braying. Sure enough the beast brays the second time, whereupon, "Now I am dead," says the Hodja, and lays himself down in the middle of the road. The people come out and putting the Hodja's body in a bier, start for the grave yard. When they

come to a muddy place and seem to be at a loss as to where the safest crossing is, the Hodja lifts up his head from the bier and remarks: "When I was living I used to go that way" (pointing the direction).

THE HODJA'S DUCK ONE-FOOTED.

One day the Hodja roasts a duck and takes it to the Pasha for a present. On the way his appetite is aroused and he yields, the result is that he eats up one of the legs and takes the rest to his honor. The latter thinking the Hodja is making fun of him, asks him where the other leg is. The Hodja in his embarrassment answers: "My Lord, the duck has only one foot, if you do not believe me, look at the flock yonder." Now it happens that a flock of ducks at this time are seen standing on their one foot. The Pasha seeing this, orders the drummers all at once to strike their drums. As they do so, the ducks take to flight, whereupon he triumphantly points out to the Hodja how each duck has

two feet. "My Lord," answers then the Hodja, smilingly, "if you had had that other leg too, you would become a quadruped."

THE HODJA'S BLACK PUPIL.

One day the Hodja spills ink (black ink) on his trousers. Now it happens that he has an Etheopian (colored) pupil by the name of Hamad. When a friend asks him what is spilled on his trousers the Hodja replies: "Our Hamad, being late for his lessons, had run hard and sweat very much, and so while I was hearing him recite, his sweat fell on my trousers."

THE MOON IN THE WELL.

While drawing water out of the well, the Hodja sees the reflection of the moon in it, and thinking the moon has fallen in the well, he runs home and soon returns with a hook attached to a rope. He then lets the hook down in the well which takes hold of a stone,

and begins to pull the rope with all his might. After a great deal of exertion, the rope breaks and he falls flat on his back, in which position, seeing the moon in the sky, exclaims: "Thank God, notwithstanding my fall, I have rescued the moon all the same."

THE HODJA ENTRAPS THE BURGLAR.

One night while in bed, the Hodja hears the footsteps of a burglar on the roof of the house. He at once awakens his wife and, by way of conversation, tells her that when he used to be a burglar he always said *Bismillah* * and following the moonlight, descended through the chimney, Now the burglar overhears this statement and taking courage from it, after a little lapse of time, utters a *Bismillah* and lets himself down through the chimney, and in doing this, he gets very much bruised and several of his bones broken.

* From the Arabic, literally, "In the name of God." An expression which a Mohammedan utters when about to do almost anything, or undertake a doubtful or hazardous task. Thus he would use the expression when about, for the first time in the morning, to commence working in his shop or field, or fording a river, etc.

Very much pleased with the result of his treacherous suggestion, the Hodja quickly jumps out of bed and laying hold on the burglar calls out: "Up wife, light the candle I've caught the man." Meanwhile the burglar, with tears in his eyes, pleads for mercy and remarks: "Fear not Hodja Effendi, so long as you have that blessed *Bismillah* and I have a fool's mind, I shall be in your power."

THE HODJA'S DONKEY DEVOURED.

One day while the Hodja is chopping wood in the woods, a wolf devours his donkey which had astrayed a little piece from him. Now a man who happens to see the carnivor, begins to make a great deal of noise by way of invoking help to pursue and kill him, whereupon the Hodja rushing before the man, says to him: "You great fool! it was my donkey that was devoured. What business have you to make all this racket here?"

THE HODJA'S PUZZLE.

One day with ten donkeys the Hodja went to the woods to get wood. He loaded the nine of them and reserved the other to ride on. Just before starting homeward he counted them and they were ten. He then rode the one and drove the others before him. On the way he again counted them but they were nine. He then alighted from the beast and putting his finger on each one of them, he numbered them the third time and they were all right. The Hodja became puzzled at this, and kept counting them almost all afternoon, now while he was mounted and now while he was alighted. At last a traveler came to the spot, "My dear friend," acosted the Hodja, "are you a good mathematician? What's the reason that these donkeys are ten when I count them while I am dismounted, but when I count them mounted, they are nine? Where in the world does the other one go to?" "Why, my foolish sir," replies the man, "the reason of that is that when you count your donkeys while mounted, you don't count the one that

you are on." On hearing this the Hodja puts his eyes almost out of their sockets and heartily thanks the stranger for the information and remarks: "If you had not told me that, sir, I would be counting these asses until the day of resurrection."

THE HODJA'S SENSIBLE ASS.

One day a man calls on the Hodja and wants to borrow his donkey. "Wait a minute, I'll go and ask him," says the Hodja, "if he is willing to go with you, I'll bring him out." Accordingly he goes to the stable and brings word to the man that the ass wasn't willing to go; he says that when I loan him to others, they both beat him and curse his owner.

THE HODJA AND THE BLACK DOG.

One day the Hodja takes his ox to the bazaar to sell. "Hodja," says an evil-minded man, "you can't sell this ox unless you break

one of his horns off." The Hodja believes his word and breaks one of the horns off. This time another man coming along remarks, "Go and break off that other horn too, if you want to sell it." The Hodja again complies with the suggestion and brings the ox with his horns broken off. Subsequently at the advices of different persons, the Hodja cuts off the ears, the tail and even plucks out the eyes of the unfortunate beast, and exposes him for sale. "You're a great fool, man," say then the people to him, "this ox is not worth anything," and put him out of the bazaar. The poor Hodja, now broken-hearted, with great difficulty leads the animal for home. On the way he comes across a black dog which barks at him. Thinking it wants to buy the ox, "All right, pet" says he, "what will you give me for him, I'll sell him to you very cheap." He then makes the bargain to himself and sells the ox to the dog on thirty days credit, kills him for it, and goes home. After thirty days the Hodja finds the dog which, recognizing its benefactor, begins to show expressions of gratitude, by shaking its tail and jumping over him. The Hodja, unmindful of these demonstrations, says to

it: "I want my money, sir, at once," but seeing the dog indifferent, raises his staff to strike it. The dog then runs away before its angry creditor and enters an open door, and gets lost of sight. The Hodja with wrathful utterances follows it in the house. Now it happens that there is a negro upstairs who has come to see a bad woman. Alarmed at the racket the Hodja is making downstairs, and for fear they have taken the house by storm, the woman rushes down-stairs and seeing the angry intruder, demands: "My dear sir, what's the matter? What do you want?" "You go and tell that black dog," answers the Hodja, "to pay me what he owes me, else I will come and break his neck." The woman's heart now commences to beat wild. "My dear sir," she again inquires, "but what money is that you are demanding?" The Hodja becoming still more provoked, answers, "The cur bought an ox of me sometime ago for 150 piasters, which he promised me to pay this day." The woman now with trembling steps proceeds to the colored man and says to him, "My dear sir, there is a fellow down-stairs who wants me to 'tell that black dog, who purchased an ox

from me for 150 piasters, to pay me the amount, or I will break his neck,' please give him the money and let us not get ourselves into trouble." So she takes the money and hands it over to the Hodja who goes on his way whistling.

THE HODJA IN THE DARK.

One night the Hodja lodges in a stranger's house. At a midnight hour he wakes up and asks his host for a candle. The host, instead of getting up and giving him the candle, tells him that the candle and matches are on a shelf on his right. The Hodja feeling insulted, remarks: "And you are a fine fellow! In this hellish darkness how can I see my right?"

THE HODJA SELLING HIS DONKEY.

One day the Hodja wishing to sell his donkey takes him to the bazaar. On the way

the animal's tail gets quite muddy. Thinking the people will not buy him for that reason, he cuts off the tail and puts it in the saddle-bag. In the bazaar, a man comes around to buy the donkey, but seeing him tailless, remarks, "But I don't like to purchase a donkey without a tail," whereupon the Hodja replies, "you proceed to the bargain, sir, I'll let you have the tail also."

THE HODJA REWARDING THE FROGS.

The Hodja was coming home from a distance. Though he knew the donkey was thirsty, yet he neglected to give him water. As they approached a lake, the beast threw the Hodja down and rushed for the lake to get drowned. Frightened, however, by the great racket made by the frogs, the donkey jumped back, whereupon the Hodja caught him again and throwing a handful of money into the lake, said: "Many thanks to you, lake birds, take this backshish and buy candy for yourselves."

THE HODJA AND THE ROW.

At a midnight hour, the Hodja hears of a row outside in front of his house. "Wife," says he, "rise up and light a candle and see what the trouble is." Upon her refusal, however, he gets up and wrapping a blanket around his person, he rushes out. While looking this way and that way, a man pulls his blanket off him and runs away with it. It so happens that at this point the row comes to an end, and the crowd disperse. The Hodja now shivering with cold returns home. "Hodja, what was the cause of the trouble?" inquires his wife. "Our blanket," answers the Hodja, "for as soon as they got away with it the row was over."

THE HODJA GETS THERE.

The Hodja had a big ox. Every time he returned from the pasture, the Hodja's heart would be beating with a strange desire to sit on the top of his head between his horns.

One day as he saw him lying beside the donkey, he jumped on the ox and sat between the horns. The ox, frightened at this, so vehemently knocked the Hodja down that he became unconscious for some time. On recovering consciousness the Hodja saw his wife by his side, crying, and remarked: "Don't cry, wife, though he knocked me down, yet I got there just the same."

THE HODJA'S GRATEFULNESS.

One day the Hodja's wife washes his mantle and hangs it out in the yard. At night the Hodja seeing it thinks that some one is standing there with his hands outstretched. Immediately he enters the house, picks his gun and shoots at the supposed burglar, and carefully bolting the door he goes to bed. In the morning he discovers that what he shot at was his mantle, whereupon he kneels down and with tears running down his face prays: "O Lord, I thank Thee for this, for if I had been in the mantle, I would have surely been killed."

THE HODJA AND HIS WIFE.

One night the Hodja's wife tells him to lie a little farther in the bed. Thereupon he jumps out of the bed, dresses himself hurriedly and riding on his donkey, he leaves the town. After having gone two days' distance, he meets a townsman and says to him: "Go and ask my wife if I am far enough from her."

THE HODJA AND THE LIVER.*

Every time the Hodja brought a liver home, his wife would cook and eat it secretly. One day the Hodja having lost patience, asks his wife what becomes of the livers that he brings home. "Upon my word the pussy eats them," says his wife. Whereupon the Hodja picks up the hatchet and locks it in the cupboard. "Hodja," inquires his wife, "what do you put that hatchet in the safe for?" "The cat," replies the Hodja, "which

*See page 31.

covets a liver worth only two cents and steals it, will he not steal a hatchet worth ten cents?"

THE DIRTY CROW.

One day the Hodja and his wife go to the riverside to do washing, and while busy with something or other, a crow picks up the soap and flies away with it. As his wife attempts to run after the bird the Hodja holds her back and remarks: "Let him carry it, don't you see he needs soap to wash himself white?"

THE HODJA GOES FISHING.

In company with his friends the Hodja goes to fishing. As they cast the net into the water, the Hodja throws himself in it. His friends at once run to his help and rescue him from drowning. When asked why he acted that way, "Verily," replies he, "I mistook myself for a fish."

THE HODJA OUTWITS THE CHILDREN.

One day a number of children make up their minds to make the Hodja climb a tree and steal his shoes. With this intention they gather under a certain tree and challenge anybody to climb it. The Hodja accepts the challenge and, contrary to their expectations, putting his shoes in his pockets he begins to climb up. "Hodja," shout the children, "what are you going to do with your shoes up there?" "If I find a road beyond," replies he, "I shall make use of them."

THE HODJA'S RABBIT SOUP.

One day a peasant presents the Hodja with a game of rabbit. The Hodja in return greatly honors him and treats him to a bowl of soup. One week after the peasant again comes around and puts up with the Hodja who again treats him to soup. Several weeks after a company of men come to the

Hodja's house. To his inquiry as to who they are, they say, "We are neighbors to the man who presented you with a game of rabbit." A week after, another party of men come to stay with the Hodja. When he wants to know who they are, they say, "We are neighbors to the neighbors of the man who brought you the rabbit." "All right, sirs, you're welcome," says the Hodja, and puts before them a large bowl of hot water. Surprised at this novel treat, the guests ask him what that is. "And this, gentlemen," answers the Hodja, "is the water of the soup of the rabbit."

THE HODJA SLIGHTED.

The Hodja, being about to get married, invites his relatives, friends and neighbors to the wedding. After good deal of conversation, smoking and coffee-drinking, they all sit down to dinner. However they neglect to ask the Hodja to sit down among them, whereupon he skips out. After a while they discover that the Hodja is not there. Soon

they commence a vigorous search for him. Finally they find him hiding in a barrel in the cellar. "Gracious groom!" they say to him, "it's two hours we've been searching for you." "Go away," answers the Hodja angrily, "whoever ate the dinner, let him be the groom."

THE HODJA'S RECIPE.

One day the Hodja's wife asks him to buy some meat for dinner. He goes to the bazaar and as he approaches the meat stall, he discovers that he hasn't enough money for meat, so he steps aside and asks a person to lend him a little money. On learning the Hodja's story, the man advises him to be economical and buy liver instead. And so he does, but having never before used liver in the house, he wants to know how it is to be prepared and cooked. On hearing the recipe, he distrusts his memory and not finding a piece of paper on which to write it down, he writes it on the palm of his hand, and proceeds homeward. On the way a hawk makes

an assault on him and seizing the liver, flys away with it. Thereupon the Hodja hurridly licks the recipe off his hand, and, with an air of triumph, exclaims after the bird: "All right for you, you fool, you got the liver* but I got the recipe, you go and eat it raw and kill yourself."

THE HODJA'S NAIL.

The Hodja sells his house to a man with the agreement that a certain nail in one of the rooms will remain his property. The purchaser consents and the sale is effected. Some days after, at a midnight hour the man is aroused by a vigorous knock at the door. He goes to the window and inquires who it is. "It is I," says the Hodja, "come down and open the door. I want to tie a string on my nail." The owner willingly or unwillingly complies and lets the Hodja in to tie his string. Few days after, at about the same time of the night, the Hodja again applies to

*See page 31.

the same door. The man again comes out of his bed and inquires who it is. "It is I," answers the Hodja, "I want to untie the string off my nail."

THE HODJA IN THE WELL.

While teaching school the Hodja was in the habit, whenever he sneezed, of making his pupils drop their books and clap their hands, saying: "Mashallah, Mashallah!" —"God save" (the Hodja)—one day while the youngsters were drawing water out of the well, the bucket fell off their hands into the bottom of the well. They notified the Hodja of it and he, having fastened a rope around his waist, descends to get the bucket. "When I shout 'pull,' you pull me up," says he to the boys as he goes down. A few seconds later he gives the order and the pupils begin to draw him up. When almost up, the Hodja irresistably sneezes, whereupon the pupils let the rope go in order to

clap their hands and say, "Mashallah," and lo, down goes the Hodja to the bottom of the well.

THE HODJA'S DONKEY CHANGED TO A MAN.

One day while the Hodja was going to the vineyard, two highwaymen undertook to rob him of his donkey which he was leading by the halter. Accordingly, while one of them carefully removed the bridle off the donkey and put it on himself, the other carried the beast away. After following the Hodja for a short distance, the donkey stops. The Hodja at first pulls the halter hard, chirrups to encourage him onward. Seeing, however, that the donkey wouldn't go any farther, the Hodja turns around and to his utter astonishment, discovers that the beast has changed to a man. "Ah there my pet," says he then, "and what disadvantage did you find in being an ass that you became a man?" "Once," answers the man, "I was a man serving a certain Effendi, who one day became out of humor and cursed me to change to an ass. His malediction took effect and I

was at once transformed into an ass, when they took me to the bazaar to sell, and there you bought me. But now the time of my punishment being fulfilled, I have recovered my manhood." "If such is the case," resumes the Hodja then, "you may now be free, but see that you will never become an ass again." The man goes his way. As the Hodja oouldn't get along without an ass, the following day he proceeds to the bazaar to purchase him one. Here to his surprise, he sees his former ass for sale, whereupon he approaches to him and whispers in his ear: "You rascal! what mischief did you do that you have again become an ass? Evidently you're not built for manhood." As the Hodja steps back, the auctioneer observes: "Hodja Effendi, see if the ass would do for you?" "Not necessary, sir, we are well acquainted with each other," answers the Hodja.

THE EXTRA WORSHIP.

One day the Hodja calls the people of the town to the mosque, to worship. Every-

body wonders what this extra prayer is for. "My dear congregation," says then the Hodja, "this special service is to thank God that he has not created the camel with a pair of wings; for if he had wings, he would perch on the top of your chimneys and bring the roofs of your houses down on you."

THE HODJA RESURRECTED.

Starting out for a walk, the Hodja perceives at a distance several horsemen coming his way. Thinking they are robbers, the Hodja strips himself of his clothes and hides them somewhere near, while himself sits down upon the tombstone of a grave. The horsemen seeing him in that condition pity him and ask him why he is sitting naked on that stone in the cold. "Upon my word, dear sirs," replies the Hodja, "I died yesterday and was buried here, finding, however, the inside overcrowded and myself almost suffocated, I came out to take some fresh air." The men taking him for a lunatic, resume their travel without further delay.

THE HODJA SELLING EGGS.

The wise Hodja was noticed buying nine eggs for a cent and selling ten eggs for a cent, A neighbor's curiosity being aroused about this queer speculation, he inquired: "Hodja, why do you buy nine eggs for a cent and sell ten eggs for a cent?" "Simply to let the world see me in business," answered the Hodja quietly.

THE LOST DONKEY.

One day having lost his donkey, the Hodja asks a man if he saw him. The man wishing to fool him answers, "Yes, sir, he is in the court-room, juding the people." The simple-minded Hodja believing his word, at once, with a handful of hay, repairs to the court-room and seeing the Kadi (judge) chirrups for him, showing him the hay. The Kadi begins to laugh at this novel phenomenon in the court-room, when the Hodja angrily remarks, "you son of an ass, you laugh, eh?"

I've been wandering through the mountains in search of you, and you have been holding court here!" The Kadi, now becoming enraged, orders the Hodja whipped and put to prison.

THE HODJA CAUGHT STEALING.

One day the Hodja goes to a garden for the purpose of stealing. While there, whatever comes in his way he plucks and thrusts into his bag. Presently the gardener puts in his appearance and asks him what business he has there. "Why, do-do-do you mind the hur-hur-hurricane the other day?" asks the Hodja. "Well, what of it?" "That hurricane brought me here." "Well, but who plucked these here?" "The wind was so fierce that whatever I laid hold on gave, way," "Still, how did they get in the bag?" Here the Hodja finding himself cornered, replies: "That's what I was trying to find out when you came in." Whereupon the gardener takes hold of the hoe-handle and whips him out of the garden. The Hodja now once more at

large murmurs to himself: "Though I got licked, yet I thank God I got rid of this wicked man's hand."

WHAT ARE THE STARS MADE OF.

"Hodja Effendi," asked the villagers one day, "what becomes of the old moons?" "They're cut up into stars," said the Hodja.

THE BAD BREAK.

One day the Hodja invited his neighbors to a banquet. While eating the *pilaf*,* a grain of rice lodges on the beard of one of the neighbors, whereupon the man's servant remarks to his master. "My lord, there is a canary perching on the rosebush, catch it with your hand." The man takes the hint and carefully removes the grain with his napkin. Now the Hodja very much admires this beautiful specimen of polished etiquett

*Boiled rice saturated with butter.

so poetically expressed. He then excuses himself to go to the stable to feed the ass. Here he tells his son that when he returns to the table, he will, while eating of the *pilaf*, intentionally let fall several grains of rice on his beard and that he should then remark: "Father, there are canaries perching on the rosebush, catch them with your hand." The boy says allright, and the Hodja proceeds to the table. Accordingly the Hodja purposely lets fall several grains of the rice on his beard. But the boy unable to recall the formula, observes, "Father, the stable matter is on your beard."

THE HODJA DUPED BY HIS WIFE.

Every time the Hodja took a duck home, his wife, in company with an admirer, would have a picnic of it and then story to her husband to the effect that it was carried away by a dog, or by a mouse, etc,, so for a long time she deceived him. The Hodja's patience at last coming to an end one day he again brought a duck and ordered his wife to roast

it in his presence. The wife at once commenced the work and soon had it ready to carve. The Hodja now shoved up his sleeves and sat down to do justice to the duck. At this point, his wife observes that it is sin to eat by himself, besides he couldn't eat it up, but that he should go and bring in a poor man to share the enjoyment. The poor Hodja listening to his wife, goes out, and seeing a *dervish* (Mohammedan monk) on the street, takes him home.

"Dear Hodja," says then his wife, "we haven't a bit of bread in the house, let the guest stay in the room while you go and fetch us some bread." The Hodja now begins to curse as he proceeds after bread. Now, while yet he is out, the woman in front of the *dervish* commences to sharpen a large knife. The guest growing curious about the matter excuses himself to ask her what she is going to do with it. "I am sharpening this," answers she, "that when my husband comes in, he may cut a little flesh off you." On hearing this answer the stranger takes to his heels. He isn't out of sight yet, when the Hodja puts in his appearance and seeing his wife at the door asks her what's wrong.

"Dear me! run, husband," answers she, "run after the guest, he is carrying the duck away." The Hodja, throwing the bread off his hand, at once starts to run after the man and, in the hope of eating at least a little bit of the fowl's meat, hollows, "O *dervish*, please, just a small piece!" But the frightened fellow thinking he means a small piece of his own flesh, the faster he runs. And while the Hodja is running after the stranger, his wife again in company with her favorite enjoys the duck.

THE HODJA AT THE WEDDING.

For fear he might get lost in a great wedding where he was to be present, the Hodja tied a blue ribbon around his arm with which he would distinguish himself from the rest. A shrewd man in the company, seeing the ribbon, suspected that the Hodja had a freak in it, so, in the rush he stealthily untied the ribbon from the Hodja's arm and put it on his own arm. When it was time for the guests to leave, the Hodja looked for the sign on his

arm, but it was not there. He then began to watch for it among the company and when he saw it on another man's arm, he approached him and said: "My friend, I am sure you are myself, but who am I?"

THE HODJA'S CALENDAR.

As the Ramazan* approaches, the Hodja secures a jar, and in order not to forget the day of the month, he casts a pebble in it each day. His daughter, wondering at the object of the pebbles, throws a handful of stones in the jar. It happens that some of the Hodja's friends ask him that day what day of the Ramazan it is. "Wait a minute," says the Hodja and going home, he counts the pebbles in the jar. He finds them to be one hundred and twenty. "If I tell them this entire number," reasons he, "they'll call me crazy." "To-day is the forty-fifth day of the Ramazan," says he then to his friends. The latter, with a laugh at the Hodja's answer, say,

*Ramazan is the Mohammedan Lent, during which the followers of Mohammed fast for one complete lunar month, eating only after sunset and during the night.

"Hodja, the month has only thirty days, how do you make it out this to be the forty-fifth?" To this the Hodja, with an air of resentment, replies, "ye ungrateful people, I thought I was quite reasonable in saying this was the forty-fifth day, whereas, according to the jar, it is the 120th.

THE HODJA'S HENS MOURNING.

One day the Hodja tied a piece of black cloth to the neck of each of his hens and let them go. When the people asked him what that meant, he said. "Their husband has died and they are mourning him."

THE HODJA MOURNING HIS SON'S FATHER.

On another day the Hodja dressed himself in black. "Hodja Effendi, what's the matter?" asked the neighbors. "My son's father's dead and I am in mourning for him," replied he.

THE HODJA'S SON GONE CRAZY.

One day news reaches the Hodja that his son has lost his mind. The Hodja begins, with his beard in his hand, to appear in profound thinking. "Hodja, what are you thinking about?" ask the people. "I am thinking," says he, "of what that might have been that he lost; for he had no mind."

THE HODJA ACTS THE ROOSTER.

One day a number of boys in the city of Ackshehir wishing to make the Hodja pay the bath bill for all, devise the following means. Each one takes an egg with him and they all enter the bath-house having invited the Hodja along too. While in the bathing-room one of the boys makes a statement to the party to the effect that whoever shall fail to lay an egg like a hen, he shall pay the bill for all. Thereupon the boys all stand on the marble bed in the center of the room and having secretly depos-

ited their eggs under them commence cackling like so many hens. Thereupon the shrewd Hodja at once stands on his toes and striking his hands to his sides begins to crow like a rooster. "Why, Hodja, what are you doing?" ask the boys now completely surprised. "Nothing at all, boys," returns the Hodja, "but don't you think there ought to be a rooster for these hens?"

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

The Hodja had a lamb which was very dear to him. One day his friends determined to play a joke on him and thus secure the lamb and have a picnic with him. So one of them goes to the Hodja and says: "Hodja Effendi, what will you do with your lamb, they say to-morrow is the Day of Resurrection, let us have a good time with it to-day." The Hodja at first does not believe his words, but presently another friend comes in and speaks to him in the same manner. Whereupon the Hodja kills the lamb and invites his friends to the banquet. The friends

come. Now, while he is engaged in roasting the lamb, his friends, delighted over the success of their joke, take off their garments and go to another room to dance. Before long, however, the Hodja discovers that this was a practical joke on him, whereupon he collects their clothes and throws them into the fire. On their return, the men, seeing their clothes burnt, ask him what he did that for. "My dear friends," answers the Hodja, "what's the use of clothes, they say to-morrow is the Day of Resurrection?"

THE HODJA AND THE THIEF.

One day a thief enters the Hodja's house and, having sacked a whole lot of stuff, leaves the premises. The Hodja meeting the thief in the yard, hastens to the house, and gathering the rest of his moveables runs after the thief. The latter finally enters an open door, the Hodja following him quietly, whereupon the thief, now very much alarmed, inquires, "my dear sir, what do you want in here?" "Well," says the Hodja then, "haven't we moved here?"

THE HODJA'S BOSS.

One day while passing by a grave, the Hodja sees a shepherd dog vomiting on the tombstone. Displeased at this, the Hodja picks up a stone to throw it at the sacrilegious beast. The latter perceiving his hostile intention at once turns around to attack him. The Hodja seeing himself in danger of being ripped immediately throws the stone away and exclaims: "You're the boss, you're the boss, pass on, sir."

THE HODJA'S DUCK SOUP.

One day the Hodja saw a flock of wild ducks in the trough of a fountain. He attempts to catch one of them, but while doing so, the flock take to flight. Disappointed at this, he then breaks a loaf of bread in the trough and begins to eat it with a spoon. A passer-by seeing this strange conduct of the Hodja asks him what he is doing. "I am eating duck soup, sir," replies the Hodja.

THE HODJA'S NOVEL REQUEST.

The Hodja one day requests his congregation to bury him, when he dies, in an old grave. When asked the reason why, he replies: "So that when the examining angels approach me I may tell them, 'I have already been examined, sirs, see how old my grave is.'"

THE HODJA'S BELLY ON FIRE.

One day while eating, the Hodja swallows a spoonful of hot soup, whereupon he rushes out on the street and hollows: "Help! my belly is on fire!"

THE HODJA AND THE ASS' SKULL.

The Hodja secures an ass' skull and covering it with a quantity of yarn, he takes it to the bazáar to sell. The merchant feeling the ball too heavy for yarn, says to him, "Hodja, isn't there a stone in the inside of

this?" "No, it's an ass' skull," answers the Hodja by way of sarcasm. The merchant finally buys the stuff, weighs it, and pays him the value and the Hodja goes his way. In the evening the merchant sits down to unroll the ball and in it he actually finds an ass' skull. The following morning he causes the arrest of the Hodja. But the latter wins the case when it becomes known to the Kadi (judge) that he actually did tell the truth, though the other took it for a bit of sarcasm.

THE HODJA'S MISTAKEN GUEST.

One day the Hodja takes a stranger home as a guest. Uneasy as to who the man is he finally addresses the stranger, saying, "Excuse my ignorance, sir, but I like to know who you are." "But why did you take me home if you didn't know me?" demands the stranger. "I saw that your turban was like my turban, your toga like my toga, and so mistaking you for myself, I brought you home," replies the Hodja.

THE DONKEY'S EGG.

One day the Hodja went to the city of Diarbekir (Asia Minor). Seeing large watermelons for sale there, and having wondered for sometime as to what they are, he finally asks the gardener what they are. The latter finding him so green tells him they are donkey's eggs and will hatch donkeys. The simple Hodja believes the man and buys a watermelon. When he is through with his business, he leaves the city for home. On the way he sits down to rest awhile, and at the same time, he takes the watermelon out of the bag and looks at it, speculating as to how he should harness the young ass that is soon to hatch. Just then the watermelon slips off his hand and rolls down the hill until it stops against the home of a rabbit, which, frightened by the intruding object, comes out of the hole and runs off at full speed. The Hodja, seeing this, thinks the donkey has hatched and so he runs after the rabbit. The latter finally enters a vineyard and disappears. Now it happens that this is the Hodja's property where he finds his wife

gathering grapes. "Wife," says the Hodja, "did you see our colt enter here?" His wife thinking her husband has really bought a donkey replies, "Bless your soul, husband, I have been thinking about going to the bath-house to-day, it's a good thing that you have bought a donkey. I'll ride him sure." "Ride nothing, woman," replies the Hodja, "you'll break his backbone if you do so, he is too young yet for that, he has just come out of the shell." On hearing this, the woman thinks her husband has gone crazy and takes to her heels.

THE HODJA'S GUESS.

A certain man with an egg in his hand approaches the Hodja and addresses him thus: "Hodja, if you know what I hold in my hand, I'll give you an egg." The Hodja asks for a clue and the man begins saying, "the outside is white, the inside is yellow, and——" "That'll do, that'll do," replies the Hodja interrupting him, "I have it, it's a turnip whose inside has been filled with car-

rot." "No, sir," says the man, and hitting him in the face with the egg, runs away. The Hodja seeing it's egg that's running down his beard, remarks. "Praise the Lord, if this had been stuffed with carrot, that fellow would have mashed my nose and destroyed my eyesight."

THE NEIGHBOR'S COPPER VESSEL.

One day the Hodja borrows his neighbor's large copper vessel in which to boil his washing. When done with it, he puts a much smaller one in the inside of it and returns it to the owner, "Light to your eyes*, neighbor," says he, "your vessel gave birth to a 'baby' vessel last night," Absurd though his story is, the owner pretends credulity and appears to be delighted with the happy result of the loan. Week or so later the Hodja again applies to the same neighbor and wants to borrow the large vessel, at the same time inquiring if the "baby"

*This is the literal translation of an expression which is used both among the Turks and the Christians in Turkey to congratulate one on a happy event, such as a birth, marriage, a civil appointment, or promotion, etc.

is doing well. "It is doing splendidly," replies the neighbor, and lets the big vessel over to him. The Hodja takes it home, but when done with it, he does not return it. Week or two elapse and the owner calls on the Hodja and asks him what became of his vessel. "'May your head live**'" says the Hodja, and goes on to tell him that the vessel had taken sick and died, and he had buried it. "Why, Hodja, have you gone crazy, can a copper vessel die?" inquires the neighbor, now harboring the wildest suspicion as to the fate of his property. "Well," returns the Hodja, "the last time when I told you that your vessel had given birth to a 'baby' vessel, you believed my word, and do you now disbelieve me when I say that your vessel died? Verily, whatever begets, dies also."

THE HODJA'S TRUTHFUL ASS.

One day a neighbor asks the Hodja to lend him his donkey. "I am sorry to tell you," says the Hodja, "that the donkey is not

**A phrase used by the same people to express condolence.

here. I hired him to a friend this morning." Just as he finishes the sentence, however, the donkey begins to bray loudly from within the stable. "Why, Hodja," asks the man looking at him with astonishment, "how is this? You told me he wasn't here." "My dear sir," replies the Hodja, "would you rather believe the ass than myself?"

THE HODJA'S SCHEME TO PARTAKE OF THE WEDDING DINNER.

One day the Hodja asks his wife to cook a certain favorite dish which is quite an expensive affair and which, however, is a principal feature in the menu of an Oriental wedding dinner. "My dear husband," returns his wife, "have you gone crazy, how can I make that stuff with no butter, no sugar, no flour and no charcoal in the house? Let us first find bread to eat and let that go." "Trust in the Lord, wife," suggests the Hodja, "there is a way to everything, if we only think of it, we will find it." With these consoling words the two sit down to

deliberate upon a plan to procure the desired object. Now it happens that there is a wedding in a neighbor's house across the street, and a party of guests have just sat down to partake of the wedding dinner. As the Hodja lifts up his head as if from a deep thinking, he happens to see the party around the table. "Eureka," exclaims he and begins to unfold his great scheme to his wife. "Let me go downstairs," says he, "and be looking for a broomstick, you keep your eyes on the wedding party, when you see my favorite dish brought in, you cough, whereupon I will hasten upstairs and commence a sham fight with you; we will then raise a big racket as if I am whipping you to death, after awhile you run away from me and enter the neighbor's house crying for help, I will still follow you there, doubtless the guests will run to your assistance and endeavor to have us make up, and invite us to share the dinner with them." When the Hodja got through speaking, all at once they commenced fighting and raised a great racket so as to be heard on the street and attract attention. Presently the wife ran downstairs and entered the neighbor's house, screaming for

help, and the Hodja followed her there with a broomstick in his hand, his eyes apparently full of wrath, and uttering threats. The scheme worked like a charm. The company at table rushed to the woman's help, got hold of the Hodja and with entreating words quieted him down. They then reconciled the two and invited them to eat dinner with them. The invitation was, of course, readily accepted, and soon the Hodja and his wife had a glorious time of the wedding dinner and especially of the favorite dish, for which they had so skillfully fought the sham fight. Now the Hodja so greedily ate of it that his belly began to swell like a baloon. When they left the house, people on the street, seeing the Hodja in this form, asked, "Hodja, what's the matter with your belly? Hope it will end well." "Is that any of your business," replied the Hodja, "if my belly has swollen, that's his business, let him take care of himself."

THE HODJA'S DREAM.

Once in his dream the Hodja is offered nine dollars, but he refuses the offer saying

that he wants ten dollars, and while insisting on this, he wakes up and sees that there is no money in his hand, whereupon he closes his eyes and stretching his hand out, exclaims. "Allright, sir, let it be nine, bring it to me now," and goes to sleep again.

THE HODJA IN THE LICE-BAZAAR.

One day as the Hodja was meandering in the Lice-Bazaar* a certain man approached him and asked him what day of the month it was. "You fool!" returned the Hodja, "do you think they deal in days and months here?"

THE HODJA'S LETTER RATES.

A certain man called on the Hodja to have him write a letter for him. The Hodja asked him what price writing he wanted, for he said: "If I write a letter for five cents, I

*That quarter of an Oriental city where they deal in second-hand clothing is called the Lice-Bazaar.

myself cannot read it, if for ten cents, I alone can read it, but if you pay me twenty-five cents for a letter, then everybody can read it." The man paid the last named price.

THE HODJA FOOLS THE STUDENTS.

One day the Hodja meeting several university students on the street, invites them to take dinner with him. They accept the invitation and follow the Hodja home. When they reach the house, the Hodja asks them to wait a minute on the outside that he may go in and get the room ready for them. But the Hodja goes in and tells his wife to turn the students away. So the wife going to the window inquires of the men what is wanted. Quite displeased at her inquiry the students reply: "Lady, are you crazy? The Hodja has invited us to dinner, himself just entered the house to put the room in order for us." "No, sirs," insists the woman, "the Hodja hasn't come in yet." And while they are disputing the fact, the Hodja all at once puts in his appearance at the window:

"What's the use of all that fuss you men are making down there? It may be that he wasn't quite willing to entertain you and so has skipped out through the back door."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

One day the Hodja's neighbors asked him when the world would come to its end. "When my wife dies," answered the Hodja, "half of the world will come to its end, and when I die, the whole world will come to its end."

THE HODJA'S DOWNFALL.

One day the Hodja was fixing the roof of his house. In the evening he wanted to come down, but there was no ladder handy by which he could do so. During the day he had drawn up the boards by means of a rope, which fact led the Hodja to think that he could go down by the same means, provided

someone would pull him down. So he fastened the rope around his waist, and calling his wife out, asked her to pull the end of the rope which he let down to her. Now as she did so, the foolish Hodja fell down with such force that he broke himself to piece.

THE HODJA'S MERCIFULNESS.

The Hodja had a donkey which could carry on his back one hundred pounds weight and no more, if, at the same time, his master rode on him. Now the Hodja happened to have one hundred and fifty pounds of pumpkins which he desired to take to the bazaar. As he knew the capacity of the animal and was very merciful to him, he shouldered 50 pounds of it himself and putting the rest of the load on the donkey, he rode on him to the bazaar.

THE HODJA RACING.

One day the Pasha sends word to the Hodja to have a horse race with him.

Accordingly the eccentric Effendi saddles an old ox of his and riding on him proceeds toward the palace. "Hodja," says the Pasha, when he sees him mounted on the ox, "have you gone crazy, can an ox run?" "Upon my word, sir," replies the Hodja, "when this ox was yet a mere calf, no horse could outrun him."

IF ALLAH WILL.

"If it rains to-morrow I will go to my field, if not, then I will go to my vineyard," says the Hodja one evening to his wife. "Husband, you'd better add, if Allah will," remarks she. "No," says the Hodja, "whether he wills or not I will do so." Now the morning comes and the sun is shining bright. Accordingly the Hodja starts for the vineyard. But he has not gone very far when the road commissioners stop him and make him work on the *djaddeh* (royal road) from morning till evening. It is almost dark when he reaches home, and knocks at the door, his wife coming to the window demands what is wanted. "If Allah will, please open the door for me, wife," says the Hodja.

THE HODJA FERRYING.

One day while the Hodja was sitting at the river-bank, ten women came along and entered into a bargain with him to transport them, one by one, across the stream, offering him one cent per capita. As the Hodja carried the women across, it happened that the last one fell off his grip and was hustled down by the tide, thereupon the others began to scream and make a great fuss about it. Whereupon the Hodja with an angry air remarked: "What are you making all this fuss about, give me one cent less for that if you wish, it is I who must cry for having lost a cent." The women enraged at this, beat him to insensibility and go their way.

THE HODJA'S PRESENT TO THE PASHA.

Putting three large plums in the center of a large tray, the Hodja starts for the palace to make the Pasha a present of the plums. As he walks along, carrying the tray

on his head, the plums begin to roll from one side of the tray to the other. Thinking they are fighting, the Hodja deliberately eats two of them, and proceeds with the other to the palace. The Pasha pleased with the novel presentation of the plum, sends the donor away with a large sum of backshish (boodle). Once having had taste of this most celebrated lotus of all the Ottomans—the backshish, the following week the Hodja buys several quinces for the Pasha. His wife on learning his intentions, advises him to take the Pasha some tender fresh figs instead of quinces, on the ground that the Pasha is too old to eat quinces. "Once in forty times one should listen to his wife's advice," murmurs the Hodja, and takes the figs to his Excellency. Now it happens that the Pasha is in bad humor that day and so when he learns that the Hodja has again brought him a present, commands his servants to throw the figs at him. While the figs strike him in the face, the Hodja philosophically bearing the shame, remarks, "God bless your soul, wife, and give you long to live." The Pasha, wondering at this, asks what he means by that. "Your Excellency,"

replies the Hodja, "it was owing to my wife's advice that I brought you these figs, had I followed my own foolish wit and brought you the big and hard quinces which I had bought for you, I would have been killed now." The retort brings the Pasha into good humor again and he sends him away with another sum of money.

THE HODJA IN THE BATH.

One day the Hodja goes to the bath. While bathing in the hot room, people bring him word that his wife has frozen at home. "Get out, you rascals," says the Hodja, "a person can't freeze in a weather like this."

THE ROTTEN FISH.

One day the Hodja is invited out for dinner. When at table there comes in a dish of small fish in a rotten state. The Hodja wishing to express the unpleasant condition of the fish, holds a fish to his lips and then

to his ear, finally placing it back in the dish. He then takes a second one to his lips and whispers something to it, and, as if to get an answer from it, he takes it to his ear. His table companions wondering at this ask him what it all means. "Eight days ago," answers the Hodja, "my brother got drowned in the sea, I asked the fish if they met him, but they said, 'It is now fifteen days since we have left the sea, consequently we have not seen him; ask those coming out later on.'"

THE HODJA ADVISING HIS SON.

One day the Hodja calls his son to him and gives a lot of advice. When he gets through, his son remarks: "Papa, since you commenced advising me, thirty flies perched on your turban and went away." "You rascal!" answers the Hodja angrily, "and I was thinking that you were sensible and attentively listening to me whereas your mind has been in my turban all that time."

THE HODJA IN THE RESTAURANT.

The Hodja, having been, for a long time, out of employment, commences to entreat everybody that he comes across on the street, that he might be helped on with a little job. One day he meets a gentleman and says to him: "Kind sir, I beg you to put me in with a storekeeper as I am about starving to death. O, do it for God's sake!" "You must be put in with a restauranter, that you may be satisfied," growls the man. "I did not mean, sir," returns the Hodja apologetically, "that I couldn't be satisfied, but that I may have an employment of some kind, whereby I could earn a little bread and thus keep myself alive." The man at last takes him to a friend of his in the business of a restauranter, and secures him the regular work of a waiter. Here, in order to show himself an industrious fellow, the Hodja busies himself like a bee, running in every direction and taking three or four stairs at a time. "Eat, drink and be merry, my friends, that you may never experience the pangs of hunger such as I have had," he would say to the

customers who are not, however, grateful enough, on leaving the room, to make the Hodja's heart glad with a *backshish*, so common a gift to servants. On a certain day a gang of men with intentions of mischief, enter the restaurant and begin to make the Hodja hustle like a shuttle, by making him carry upstairs a whole lot of stuff from below, the kitcken. When satisfied with their enjoyments and mischief, the men begin a sham quarrel among themselves, each claiming that he should pay the bill as well as the backshish to the waiter. As the noise increases, the Hodja runs upstairs and volunteers to solve the problem. "Let me be blindfolded," says he to them, "and whomsoever I catch, let him pay for the rest." "Excellent idea! let us do it," says the gang, and having heavily blindfolded the Hodja, commence one by one to skip out. Meanwhile the Hodja, running to every direction in the room, upsets the table and breaks every dish and cup on it. At this point the owner rushes in to see what all this noise is about. The Hodja now hearing the footsteps of a man in the room, lays hold on his master and shouts: "I caught you, I caught you, you're the one

to pay the bill and my *backshish.*" But when he pulls the handkerchief down, he is shocked to learn that the man caught is his master. However, soon recovering from the stun, and seeing the whole affair a swindle, says to his master when he wants to know what all this meant: "You're not blind, can't you see? Your patrons ate and drank all they could get and upsetting the table, ran away, and while I was trying to catch them you came in my way. So you pay the bill and learn a lesson."

THE HODJA'S SYRUP STOLEN.

One day the Hodja bought two jugs of syrup. He brought them home, and having carefully sealed one of them he put it in the cellar and told his wife that she should not make use of his syrup whatever, while of the other jug he used whenever he wanted and locked the rest in the cupboard and carried the key in his pocket. However, the woman's patience at last expired and she seeing it

wouldn't do to break the seal open, bored a hole through the bottom of the vessel, and for some time had a good time of it without raising the least suspicion of her husband. Now when the syrup of the first jug gave out, the Hodja applied to the other jug, and having satisfied himself that the seal was not broken, he opened the jug, but to his great surprise, he found the syrup in the middle of the jug. Thereupon he began to make a great fuss about it, which brought his wife down stairs to ask him what the trouble was. "Why," said the Hodja, "I had this jug carefully sealed so that nobody would steal my syrup; now, the seal was unbroken, but I found the syrup half way in the jug. How in the world has this happened?" "Husband," suggested his wife, "it may be that they have bored a hole through the bottom of the jug and thus stolen your syrup." "Why, foolish woman," replied the Hodja, "the syrup in the bottom part is allright, but the syrup on top is what's missing."

THE HODJA BECOMES A WIFE.

Once the Hodja says to his wife, "Wife, we have lived together as husband and wife these many years. Now let us change the order, after this you be the husband and I'll be the wife." "Allright," says Mrs. Hodja, and immediately turns her apron over to him. The following morning the Hodja gets up early, while his wife remains in bed, and busies himself about the house. He first builds the fire and cooks the breakfast; then he washes the dishes, sweeps the rooms and goes to the well to draw water, all of which he resolutely does without a murmur. In the meantime his wife, after breakfast, takes the donkey out and goes to the woods to fetch wood. But the Hodja's patience at last gave out when he went down to feed the chickens. He had prepared a large kettleful of bran-mush for them which he, instead of putting it inside the coop, put in the yard and let the chickens out. The chickens having eaten their breakfast, began to wander away. The Hodja fearing that they might get lost and his wife, as the husband, might make it hot for him

when she came home from the woods, tried to gather them in the coop, but in vain; as fast as he put some in the coop and went after others those in the coop would come out again, and this sort of work made him so mad and noisy that it awakened the baby upstairs which began to cry violently. He now rushed in to quiet the baby. He first brought in a big cow-bell and began to ring it vehemently, thinking its noise would quiet the baby, but the effect was different, the child cried the more. Next he put his thumb in its mouth, but the baby refused to suck it; he gave it various objects to quiet it, but the child threw everything at him. He stopped a minute to think how his wife used to quiet it, then all at once he took his handkerchief out, put a small lump of candy in one of its corners and first he sucked it through the cloth and then he put that part of the handkerchief into the baby's mouth, and the child was quieted. He then went downstairs to coop the chickens, but they had disappeared. He now secured a good switch and began to whip himself so violently that his cries attracted the neighbors who wanted to know if he had gone crazy. "My dear friends,"

said he, "I am wise now, and can advise you never to become wives while you are husbands, for by a crazy notion yesterday I made an agreement with my wife that she be the husband hereafter and I be the wife, and you can see how I am in the soup now. No, I don't want to be a wife, boo-hoo-hoo!"

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