

# DJADDESDE

BY MELEK HANUM

*[The writer of the following tale is perhaps the most popular authoress in Turkey, and is also a leader in the feminist movement in her country.]*

From *Pester Lloyd*, December 5  
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

DJADDESDE is a favorite game in the harem. I am told it is also played in the West. A player who accepts any object from his or her opponent without saying *Djaddesde!* ('I think of it!') loses. Of course, such a game can last for weeks and months; indeed I played it once for a year and a half, and even then it was not ended by an oversight, but because the man who was my opponent grew tired and irritated at its interminable duration.

Once upon a time a wise man, who had thoroughly fortified himself against the wiles of women, was journeying through a desert. Suddenly he saw a white tent standing in the shade of a date tree. Before the tent was spread a gorgeous carpet. As he approached, a woman arose from this carpet and invited him courteously to enter the tent. Since it would be impolite to refuse, he complied.

However, the husband of the woman was absent. The wise man had scarcely seated himself on the soft and sumptuous carpets inside the tent before the woman had placed fresh dates before him. As she did so, he observed the wonderful delicacy and softness of her hands.

Thereupon he took alarm, for he recalled the proverb: 'A woman's hands are a devil's claws'; and in self-defense he drew from his girdle a book he himself had written that recorded partly

his own experience. It was entitled 'The Thousand Enticements, Beguilements, and Tricks of Women.' The fair hostess observed with wonder the conduct of her guest, and said to him, in a voice sweeter and more melodious than he had ever heard before:

'This must be a very important book, since you feel that you must read it instead of talking with me. What is the science or wisdom that it contains?'

The wise man replied: 'It treats of a philosophy of life that does not concern women.'

Naturally the young woman secretly resented this reply; but unconcernedly lighting a cigarette, and stretching a foot clad in a tiny gold-embroidered slipper forth from beneath her gown, she moved closer to him and, glancing over his shoulder at the manuscript, said: 'I should awfully like to know what kind of book it is.'

Thereupon he told her what the volume contained.

'Ah,' she said, 'and have you really learned all these enticements and beguilements and solved completely the puzzle of woman?'

'All,' he said.

'Ah, then you are nine times a wise man. For I truly thought the subject was inexhaustible.'

'No,' said the wise man; 'there are only one thousand, and they are all here.'

When he said this, the woman

stared at him with a gaze of such challenging surprise and teasing and impertinent incredulity that he almost lost his composure. But just then she sprang to her feet, turned deathly pale, and listening intently said: 'Allah save us! Do you hear that horseman? My husband has come. If he should find you here we are both lost. Where shall I put you? There — in that chest!'

The cover stood open. The nine-times-wise man sprang into the chest and crouched down. She closed the cover, turned the key, and taking it from the lock hastened to meet her husband.

'Allah be praised that He has sent you!'

'What then has happened to my gazelle?' asked the rider and wrapped her in his arms.

'While you were away, a philosopher arrived — a wise man. He assured me he knew all the enticements and beguilements of woman and began to make love to me.'

'Where is the scoundrel?' exclaimed the Arab wrathfully.

'At first I was frozen with terror. But he spoke so passionately —'

'No! No!'

'But just then you came — You have saved me!'

'Where is the dog? Let me kill him!'

'There in the chest. I locked him in and here is the key!'

The man snatched the key from her in a fury and rushed toward the chest, whereupon the young woman shrieked with laughter.

'Djaddesdé!' she shouted, and clapped her hands with joy. 'You have taken the key without saying "Djaddesdé"!'

Her husband looked at her for a moment in bewilderment. Then, throwing the key to one side with a gesture of irritation, he said: 'How could you be so cruel as to anger me like that, just to win the game!'

But the woman put her arms gently around her husband's neck and inquired pleadingly: 'When do I get the gold chain I have won?'

Thereupon he laughed aloud.

'Right off,' he said. 'I'll go to town at once and get it.'

And he mounted his horse and rode away. Thereupon the wife cautiously picked up the key from where her husband had thrown it, opened the chest, and released the nine-times-wise man more dead than alive. Smiling quizzically, she sped him on his way with the question: 'Is this trick also in your book?'

# POMPEII IN 1922

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

*[This article supplements Dr. Hans Barth's 'Resurrected Pompeii,' which appeared in our issue of September 9. It is of especial interest because it describes the extremely interesting and important new excavations that have not yet been opened to the public.]*

From the *Morning Post*, December 6, 14, 19, 21  
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

SOMETIME between this and Doomsday — perhaps next spring; perhaps not — the excavations which have been taking place at Pompeii these dozen years or so will be thrown open to the public. A wild rumor ran round the world that they were to be so thrown open last September; but certain eleventh-hour finishing touches apparently were required, or certain ultimate hesitations supervened — at any rate, September came, and nothing happened.

Though the excavations are not open, it is not impossible to see them. All you have to do is to go to Signor Spinazzola (you will find him in his office in the Palazzo Reale), speak nicely to him, and he will give you a permit. Not only that, but he will probably ask one of his *Inspettori* — Dr. Aurigemma, for example, or Dr. Spano — or his trusty and devoted *chef de service*, Signor Carotenuto — enthusiasts all — to show you round. And next morning you will catch the little slow body-racking impatience-breeding train that wanders circuitously round the base of Vesuvius to the station called Scavi; and one of the magicians I have just mentioned will reverse time for you, and switch you back, for the day, among the people of nineteen hundred years ago; and in the evening you will return to Naples, tired and dazed, and all but drunk with overindulgence in unaccustomed emotions.

For recent operations at Pompeii constitute little less than a re-creation, so far as that is now legitimately possible, of the past. Earlier excavators had, for the most part, contented themselves with disentangling, as best they could, the surviving ruins from the mass of circum- and super-incumbent rubbish. What stood they left standing; the rest they cleared away. It is ungracious to criticize those who have put us so deeply in their debt; but it may be said that this procedure resulted in the destruction of much that might have been preserved — in the disappearance, for example, of most traces of the upper stories of the houses. Modern methods are different.

Spinazzola excavates by layers, removing fifty centimetres or so at a time, working slowly downward from above. Everything that is found is marked and laid aside: notes, photographs, drawings, measurements, plaster-casts are taken as the work proceeds; and in the end everything is lovingly and reverently reconstructed — so far, that is, as the data permit and the original materials suffice, for fakes and even conjectures are, of course, absolutely barred. The diggers perhaps come across a roof, fallen in upon the rooms it covered: its tiles are all lying broken and higgledy-piggledy, but the mortar on the adjacent wall shows how it ran, the cavities in which the supporting