

VOL. V. No. 7.

MARCH, 1931.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE IN ENGLISH DEALING
WITH SYRIAN AFFAIRS AND ARABIC LITERATURE



THE PASSION PLAY OF THE EAST
AMEEN RIHANI

A JOURNEY THROUGH JEBEL DRUZE
SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

READERS SHOULD KNOW
EDITORIAL

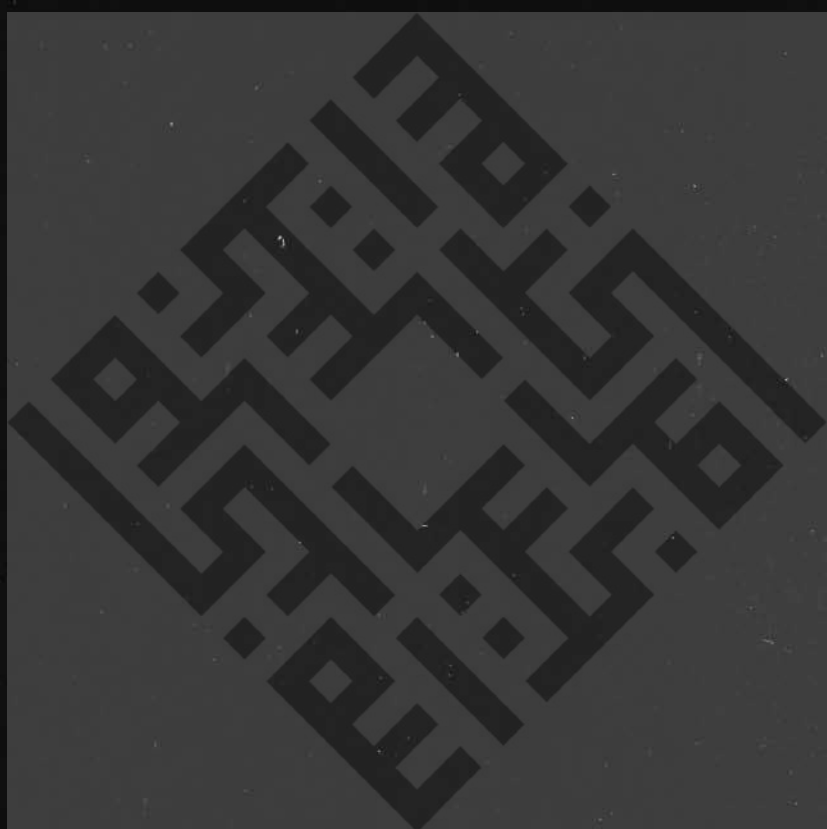
PAN-ISLAMIC IDEA REVIVED

SCOUTING IN SOUTHERN LEBANON
AZIZ RAHHAL

ARAB LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY
MICHAEL HADDAD

ALI ZAIBAQ (QUICKSILVER) (*A SERIAL*)

THE COPY 50c



THE SYRIAN WORLD

Published monthly except July and August

by THE SYRIAN-AMERICAN PRESS

104 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

By subscription \$5.00 a year.

Single Copies 50c.

Entered as second class matter June 25, 1926, at the post office at New York,
N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. V. No. 7.

MARCH, 1931.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Passion Play of the East</i>	5
AMEEN RIHANI	
<i>Scouting in Southern Lebanon</i>	17
AZIZ RAHHAL	
<i>Fair Flower</i> (Poem)	20
THOMAS ASA	
<i>Arab Literature and Philosophy</i>	21
MICHAEL HADDAD	
<i>Lebanon</i> (Poem)	24
LABEEBEE A. J. HANNA	

CONTENTS (*Continued*)

	PAGE
<i>A Journey Through Jebel Druze</i>	25
SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL	
<i>A Song of the Nile (Poem)</i>	32
DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN	
<i>Ali Zaibaq (Serial)</i>	33
S. A. MOKARZEL AND T. S. DAYTON	
<i>Speech and Silence</i>	36
G. K. GIBRAN	
<i>The Holy Grail</i>	37
<i>Editorial Comment:—</i>	
<i>Readers Should Know</i>	41
<i>Dr. Najib A. Katibah</i>	42
<i>Pan-Islamism Idea Revived</i>	43
<i>Political Developments in Syria</i>	46
<i>About Syria and Syrians</i>	50

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT WILL
BE MADE IN THE COMING ISSUE ON THE
FUTURE OF THE SYRIAN WORLD

IN THIS ISSUE

OF all the descriptions of his different adventures in Arabia, Rihani's account of the journey he made to the holy places of the Shiite Moslems, during their annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Al-Husain, is undoubtedly one of his best. Perhaps the dangers and discomforts attending the trip, plus the colorful scenes he witnessed, drew the full power of the descriptive ability of the author. The Passion Play of the East, the title of Mr. Rihani's article in this issue, is most appropriate and inclusive. The annual pilgrimage of the Shiites, adherents of Ali, assumes all the aspects of a realistic enactment of the gruesome tragedy which took place over twelve centuries ago. Mr. Rihani braved a serious danger in undertaking his perilous journey at the season when the fanatic Shiites tolerate least any intrusion upon their scenes of grief and hate, but he returned rich in the unusual experience he had acquired. This experience he now shares with our readers painted in the most vivid descriptive colors, and those who appreciate novelty of subject and masterfulness in style will readily acclaim this contribution of Mr. Rihani as

a literary treasure beyond price. Nevertheless, the author has been most generous in his gratuitous contributions to THE SYRIAN WORLD in appreciation of the ideal for which it stands and the mission to which it is dedicated. It is only to be hoped that similar appreciation of the generous impulses actuating our foremost literary talent to their cooperation will be evinced by our reading public to the end that the work to which they manifest such devotion will endure.

A delightful account of the inception and growth of the Boy Scout movement in Southern Lebanon is given in a special contribution to THE SYRIAN WORLD by the prime mover in this laudable enterprise. The constructive influence the movement has already had in building up the character of Lebanon youth is well brought out in the article, as well as some humorous incidents which attended the initial stages of the work. Credit is also due Miss Mary Tweel, a resident of Huntington, W. Va., now on a visit to Lebanon, for having encouraged Aziz Rahhal to send us this account of his efforts and experiences.

MICHAEL Haddad, a Syrian student at Columbia University, displays commendable activity in bringing to Americans a better understanding and appreciation of Arab culture. Readers will find in the excerpts from a speech he lately delivered at Columbia wholesome and profitable reading.

THE editor continues the description of his journey through Jebel Druze. In the present installment he takes the reader to the scene of some of the finest Roman ruins to be found in the mountain. He also describes young men with flowing locks and stenciled brows and blackened eyelashes. But readers should not jump to conclusions, because these very young men are immune to fear in war. This is but one of the strange experiences the editor encountered on his journey, a full account of which is being gradually developed in the hope that readers will find therein both profit and enjoyment.

AND now we find our undaunted hero Ali Zaibaq in a humorous mood. He wants to play a trick on his arch-enemy, the one who has exposed him to all the dangers attending his eventful career. But this turn in his serious and resolute nature

is brought about through the magic influence of a woman—a pretty princess whom he meets under unusual circumstances and for whose sake he braves one of the greatest dangers of his career. Read and discover how.

CAN any Christian, or non-Christian, for that matter, fail to be interested in the Holy Grail, or the cup which Christ and His disciples used at the Last Supper? This cup, according to a number of eminent archæological authorities, may be none other than the Chalice of Antioch now in the possession of a New York Syrian who has consented to exhibit it to the public for the first time since its discovery. The account is interesting, the illustrations unique.

SELDOM, in this column, do we call attention to any editorial, but we feel that the exception in this instance is justified. We are embarking on a radical policy concerning which we seek the opinion of our readers. The question is vital and we have decided to throw it open to public discussion. Every Syrian animated by loyalty to his racial interests should give the matter consideration and vouchsafe an opinion.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

VOL. V. No. 7.

MARCH, 1931.

The Passion Play of the East

*Kerbela, the City of Grief—The Forbidden Pageant of Sorrow
and Hatred—Honoring the Arch-Saint of the
Shiah Mohammedans.*

By AMEEN RIHANI

NEITHER my friend nor I had any reason to hope for eternal bliss through a pilgrimage to any of the holy cities of Arabia. For he was not an orthodox Moslem, and I was not even an orthodox traveler. He measured his good fortune by the distance that separated him from the city of his birth, the Holy City of Kerbela, and I measured mine at that time by the reverse process. Nevertheless, he did not flout my point of view. He even offered to be my companion and guide. But he pondered. How would he and his Christian friend be received in Kerbela, which is to the Shiah Moslems what Mecca is to the Sunnis? He must write. He did write.

But the reply was not encouraging. It was not wise to visit Kerbela during the commemoration of the martyrdom of Husain, the arch-saint of the Shiahs of the world. But that commemoration was the very heart of my desire. My friend, therefore, wrote again; and after waiting a week for a reply, which did not come, we decided to take our own chance.

Sheik Kazem Dujaili, the noted poet and scholar of Iraq, is unoriental, not only in his philosophy, but also in his conduct. He is prompt in keeping his engagements, and his thoughtfulness is rare among poets anywhere. When he came early the

This article was also published in the American magazine *Travel* for December, 1930.

following day to the garage, where we hired an automobile, he brought with him a stalwart and bearded Arab who looked more like the chief of a tribe than a servant of two pilgrims. He had the eyes and the voice of one accustomed to command; but he could smile like a child and he had a weakness for poets. When he was introduced as Abd'ul-Hamid, he supplemented, saying, "the servant of Sheik Kazem and his illustrious friend." But Sheik Kazem was quick to correct the courtesy. "If anyone as much as casts upon us a glance of disrespect," he said, "there is the wrath of Allah." In fact, Abd'ul-Hamid was our bodyguard.

The chauffeur, a little Bagdadi in European clothes and a fez, looked the more tawdry and insignificant as Abd'ul-Hamid took his seat beside him. No, *billah*, he did not deem it seemly to sit with the illustrious pilgrims. But he was the only one among us that looked like a pilgrim, and his imposing form before us was, to me, at least, a source of comfort and assurance.

The landscape, soon after we emerged from the shadow of the palm-fringe of Bagdad, was a canvas of desolation, a masterpiece of terrestrial harmony. There was not even a thorn in it to tickle a camel's suppressed desire, and no beaten paths to bind a traveler or a caravan; no shadows to restrain the ardor of the sun; not a patch of green to interrupt the flow of the desert gold; and rarely a break, a ditch or a bridge, to mar the even tenor of the horizon's way. Add to this an enveloping dust, a heavy curtain of dust shot with the broken rays of the sun, and you have a complete picture of a Mesopotamian landscape.

An hour through this appalling vacancy and the horizon rose in a modest swell. It was not a ridge, or what the Arabs call a rib in the earth, but a vestige of the Yousufiyah Canal, which dates back to the days of the Abbaside caliphs. If this were still in use, we would be passing through a bounty of verdure arabesqued with irrigating streams; the palm and the tamarisk would spread a cooling shadow on the road; the dust would keep its place under hoof and wheel, and there would be no reason to curse the Ottoman Turks. The ruins of ancient canals, some of which are said to be of Babylonian days, are strewn over this desolate land, which was once the granary of the East. And the valley between the two rivers was the most productive of all the rich soil of Mésopotamia! But today, for thirty miles from Bagdad on the Tigris to Musaiyeb on the Euphrates, it presents a lurid example of what the Turks have done during four hundred years.

Under a shed in front of the khan of Musaiyeb, we refreshed ourselves with *laban*, a kind of curdled milk, for which the town is noted. It is made in individual bowls of the milk of the buffalo, which is richer than the camel's or the cow's. And at Musaiyeb we beheld the first scene—a customary scene, I was told—of the unique pilgrimage. Two groups, one from Bagdad, the other from Khadimain, were resting in the khan. Resting? The mules bearing the litters and flags and drums for the procession were resting in the square, while they, the pilgrims, were engaged in a heated quarrel. There is a rivalry between the two groups—a rivalry in prowess and the art of grief, and a feud resulting from it, which is carried over from year to year. Who cuts a greater figure in the procession? Who makes the better litters? Who is more pious and brave in the demonstrations of sorrow? Who can swing the heavier chains? Who can make deeper cuts in the head with the sword? They quarreled, they boasted, they fought. And the fight that started at Musaiyeb was finished the following day at Kerbela, in the very court of the grand mosque.

Sheik Kazem rose in disgust, Abd'ul-Hamid invoked the mercy of Allah, and the chauffeur, while cranking his car, asked, "Who can make the louder noise?—But this engine has more sense than a pilgrim." And he gave us an example of how well he could drive, as he threaded his way through the narrow and crowded street with a laudable respect for human life. But he quickened the life of everything there, from the chickens to the camels, and he frightened every body except the children. They could even leap on the running board and give him, as they jumped off, the salute by applying the thumb to the nose. Abd'ul-Hamid admired their bravery, and returned the salute in like manner. We all laughed, and Sheik Kazem explained the gesture by referring to Tommy Atkins who once passed through Musaiyeb. "The curse of Allah upon him, whoever he be," exclaimed Abd'ul-Hamid. "We could teach him and his children some decency," he added as we rattled on.

Issuing from the town we came to a ramshackle pontoon bridge, which opened before us, or rather, under us, the delightful prospect of a swim in the Euphrates. But we crossed it safely and into the wilderness again. The sun was getting hotter, the dust thicker, because of the pilgrims before and behind us, and the landscape more depressing. In places the dust had its compensation: it shut from our sight the howling wilderness.

But only for a few miles, and then—a most welcome change.

There were dark spots ahead, and there was a shimmer of water. No, it was not a mirage. We were heading for a real stream; we were approaching its shaded banks. The road now wound through the palms, the curtain of dust thinned to a tattered veil, and the air immediately cooled. We breathed as through a wet sponge and praised Allah.

The Husainiyah Canal, which flows from the Euphrates near Musaiyeb for about twenty-five miles to Kerbela, is comparatively recent. But around the Holy City it is to the Shiah what the Ganges is to the Hindus, and some of the pilgrims were bathing in its turbid waters.

Kerbela (the city of grief) does not belie its name. Without its two grand mosques, two of the four most beautiful edifices in Iraq, the others being in Najaf and Khadimain, it is a miserable clutter of flat roofs and mud walls and a hopeless labyrinthine tangle of lanes, with a population of about thirty thousand souls, which, during the pilgrimage, rises to more than thrice that number. A lugubrious city, indeed, most depressing to behold, most painful to contemplate. It is the cradle, the cauldron of a religious passion, which for 1,250 years has filled the shiah soul with bitterness and grief, has kindled its fanaticism to flames, has aroused it to barbaric deeds of piety and sacrifice, has crowned it with the thorns of a tragic memory. Beside that memory, which is the head-spring of its grandiose passion, everything pales to significance; without it, in fact, nothing is worthy of reverence, or even of decent consideration in the city of Kerbela and in the heart of its people. Like the golden domes and minarets of its two mosques, which rise in woeful solitude above the darkness and dim and the squalor and sloth of the city, that passion and that memory dominate in the breast of the Shiah Moslem every other object in life, every other human passion.

Thus, the people of Kerbela are, like their city, lugubrious and depressing. They have a labyrinthine mentality, a perverse humor, a dour reticence. But they are also masters of a speech and a gesture that are all grace and charm—and obfuscation. For centuries, because perhaps they were oppressed by the Sunni Turks, they have cultivated a logic which has for its supreme object the concealment of the human mind. Even in their most cherished belief there are times when what they call *taqiya* (to conceal out of fear) is a virtue. Otherwise, they are in the shelter of their belief and in the shadow of their golden domes, a superior, a "chosen" people. And Kerbela to them is the most

sacred and the most beautiful city in the world.

Nevertheless, Kerbela is miasmatic. As we wended our way to the house of our host, a generous and enlightened Persian, our olfactories were assailed by every odor conceivable, except that of musk and ambergris. But odors are not always the harbingers of disease. There may be nothing miasmatic even in an open sewer.

But come with me into the home of a citizen of Kerbela. In the open court of every house of the rich and the poor, is a fountain, the sanctified fountain called *howdh ul-kurr*, or the specified measure of water, which is described and defined by the doctors of the law. In other words, there must be in the basin, all the time, so many cubic feet of water, over which the mullah prays, repeating a few verses from the Koran, and thus renders it pure and uncontaminable for a period of three months. This fountain supplies the household with water for washing, cooking and drinking; but it has to be continually replenished to contain the specified measure, and the mullah, every three months, must repeat his prayer and incidentally earn his fee.

If this were the whole story of *howdh ul-kurr*, there would be little or no harm in it. But I observed, when I stood before one of these fountains, that the color of water was such as to baffle description. On the surface was an opaque mystery, and when I stirred it with my hand, it suggested the palette of an impressionist. But that is not all. I made the mistake of stirring it to the bottom with my stick, and, by Allah and the Prophet and his cousin Husain, it smelled to heaven.

Every member of the family uses *howdh ul-kurr* for every purpose, personal and domestic. They wash dishes and pots and pans and clothes in the fountain; and they carry water from it, nonetheless, to the kitchen and the table. Often, too, children play, and men perform their ablutions, in its stagnant water. Miracle of purity! For in spite of what I have mentioned—and what I have omitted—the water of *howdh ul-kurr*, because of the mullah's abracadabra, is uncontaminable. And no matter how colorful it becomes, and how dense, and how odoriferous, and no matter how many kinds of mosquitoes and germs it breeds and disseminates, it can not, once sanctified, do the pious Kerbelite any harm.

I must add, however, that there is one exception to its uncontaminability. One thing can vitiate the mullah's prayer, one thing only—the ordure of a human being. And this sometimes

gives rise to a nice point of law. Is the fountain really polluted? The question can not be answered without the aid of a chemist, and there are no chemists in the Holy City of Kerbela. But there are mullahs who can quibble as well as pray. If the owners of the fountain are in easy circumstances, they are ordered to change the water immediately; and if they are of the poor, they are given the benefit of the doubt—also of the divine dictum, since to the pure, everything is pure—and are allowed to continue to use the water for another period of three months. The poor, I was told, can not afford frequently to change the water, which is carried into the city, and sold, in skins; and they find a material advantage in a religious belief. But some day Kerbela will have a modern system of water supply, and the hydrant in the home will need no mullah to purify its flow.

"You have honored our city," says the polite Oriental to a visitor. But this flattery is reversed in Kerbela, despite its *howdh ul-kurr*. No visitor, be he the Shah of Persia himself, can do it any honor, can add anything to its glory. Our visit was, of course, an honor to us, as we were told. "You have been honored by Kerbela," came after each greeting; and Sheik Kazem taught me what to say in reply, something about the city's sacred dust. For is it not the seat of the mightiest and bravest, the kindest and noblest, the gentlest and sweetest of men? The luminary of the faith, the leader of the devoted, the prince of eloquence and the lord of battle—is he not buried here, in a precious mausoleum, under a dome of gold? But the Shiah do not speak of the grand mosque as the burial place of Husain. It is the Presence, for he is here ever living, ever inspiring and sustaining. And in the neighboring mosque is his loyal brother Abbas, the Presence of Abbas.

Husain is the grandson of the Prophet. His father Ali, the last of the four orthodox caliphs, is the cousin, as well as the son-in-law of the Prophet. But he was defeated at the battle of Saffeen by his powerful rival Moawia and later assassinated. That battle marks the beginning of the great schism in Islam. The Persians, primarily for political reasons, supported the followers of Ali, and in their opposition to Omayyad power they practically made him their Prophet.

The schism might have failed, however, were it not for the succeeding events. The enmity between Moawia, the founder of the Omayyad dynasty, and Ali, was transmitted to their offspring and, through the centuries, to their followers. When Yazid suc-

ceeded his father to the throne in Damascus and sought to establish his authority in Kufah, where Ali died, the Persians joined the Arabs in revolt and called upon one of Ali's sons, who were then in Medina, to be their leader. Hasan, the eldest, refused. But Husain accepted, and he was supported by the other brother, Abbas.

The two, with their harems, their children, their servants and a few hundred followers, went out of Hijaz expecting to find in Kufah an army ready for battle. But they were betrayed. No one even came to their succor, when, fifty miles north of Kufah, on the field where now stands the city of Kerbela, they were intercepted by the Omayyad army and forced to the alternative of battle or retreat. The Omayyad army decided to give battle.

Husain enheartened his men with the words of the Prophet his grandfather.: "How many times a little band, by the help of Allah, has defeated a big army." Thus, at great odds, the battle of Kerbela was fought 1,250 years ago. For ten days it continued, and in the end Husain himself was slain and his head was carried to the caliph in Damascus.

When Yazid saw the head, he pointed with his staff to the parted lips and said: "He had a beautiful smile." "The Prophet kissed him once in the mouth," remarked one of those present. "Take it away," said Yazid, turning from it in contempt.

The head was given back to the sister of Husain and his son Ali, who had accompanied it, and they brought it back to Kerbela, where it was buried with the body of the martyr. Another account, which is supported by a few of the historians, is that the head was taken to Cairo and is still enshrined there in the Husain Mosque. A third account, which also has its supporters among those who write history, is that the head was brought back to Kufah and ensconced there in the Mosque of Ali. But the Shiah Moslems, insisting upon their own version, built the grand mosque of Kerbela, and founded the city itself as a sacred shrine to their martyr.

But the annual commemoration, the Passion Play, is in two parts, which differ only in title and the date and place of the performance. The first is called "Ashourah, or, The Ten Days," in memory of the battle, and is enacted in Khadimain, another holy city of the Shiahs, across the river from Bagdad, on the tenth day of Muharram; the second takes place forty days after in Kerbela and is entitled "The Return of the Head."

The spirit of this Passion Play has in it two supreme notes.

The first is hate, hate in all its moods—a slumbering, brooding, hissing, growling, flaming, consuming hate—an ever-living hate for the Sunni Moslems of the world, the descendants and successors of Moawia, the arch-enemy of Ali and Husain. The other supreme note is grief, the grief of centuries and of all shades of human expression—the barbaric lament, the exquisite chant, the dramatic gesture, the resigned sigh, the poignant, philosophic silence—the abandon, in other words, and the repression of grief.

This living, moving epic of hate and grief has been perpetuated in utter bitterness and horror for more than twelve centuries, from the battle of Kerbela to the present day, by a religious propaganda that is unique in the history of the world. But it is more than religious. It was first conceived in Persia as a political weapon to combat the authority of the Arabs and to undermine all the Sunni Arab dynasties of the past. The mulah was then, as he is still, the servant of the State, which must achieve solidarity and supremacy, not only in Persia, but wherever there are communities of the Shiah persuasion.

"Ashourah" and "The Return of the Head" are, therefore, celebrated annually in India and Syria, as well as in Persia and Iraq. But the most histrionic and impressive performance, a performance of barbaric grandeur, is that of Kerbela, the Seat of the Exalted Presence, the Holy City of Husain.

From Persia, from Central Asia, from India, as well as from every town and desert of Iraq, the pilgrims come; and every group has its banners and standards, its insignia and litters, its swordsmen and chain-men and breast-beaters. Outside the city the procession forms and begins in the early morning to flow through the narrow streets to the two grand mosques, where the drama is closed with prayers and sermons and more lamentations.

For five hours, from the balcony of Government House, I watched the procession with camera in hand; and for the first time in its history Kerbela has experienced, on its day of mourning, the double indignity—a Christian and a camera! But there we were, not only with our friend, Sheik Kazem Dujaili and our bodyguard Abd'ul-Hamid, but also—more assuring—with the *Mutasarref*, an enlightened gentleman, and his staff.

The drama begins in prose, as it were, rises to poetic beauty, drops to barbaric chants, and ends in a flamboyance of oratory. It is not, as a story, coherent; it is not, as a realistic representation, always consistent; it is not a masterpiece in unity and harmony: but in its singleness of purpose and its mechanism, it is a

woeful example of how a religious idea can be made to move millions of human beings to tears, to frenzy, to violence and self-torture.

This idea is spread out in twelve scenes; and as noteworthy as the most brilliant expression of it, is the order and peace that mark the whole performance. Not an incident, not the slightest confusion, while it moves. But the moment it ends, the spirit of rivalry is unleashed, the quarrels of the last commemoration are revived, new quarrels are started even within the sacred enclosures of the mosques, and before the sun goes down the cantankerous pilgrims will have added an epilogue, a sanguinary epilogue, to the drama of the day.

The curtain rises with the rising sun, along the Husainiyah Canal, and the procession is moving towards the city. Silently, the multitudes are waiting in the streets; silently, women are watching from the housetops; and silently, the first three scenes exhibit the material spirit of history. The vanguards with swords drawn are followed by the standard-bearers—a hundred flags, from a hundred cities, undulating in the breeze. Follows the transport corps, a caravan of pack-camels carrying the baggage and the supplies of Husain and his companions when they left Medina.

After this prosaic passage, there is a pause, a perspective, and lo, the steeds of Husain's little army! About fifty fine Arabs, richly caparisoned, with cashmere shawls covering the saddles, are led by grooms in black tunics and turbans. The clatter of the silver bridles, as the steeds cavort and rear, is a charming interlude between the preceding silence and the sound of drum and cymbal, which is heard before the band is seen. Behind the band, another pause, another perspective. And when the last shrill sound is lost in the winding lane, an Arab of noble mien, with a beard as black as his robes, is seen leading a horse covered with blood—the horse, supposedly, of Husain, when he was slain in battle.

This dramatic note precedes a scene of picturesque beauty and domestic loveliness. A long double row of *howdahs*, magnificent litters, ornamented in silver and gold, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are glittering in the sunlight as they rock and sway over the backs of camels. Behind those curtains of canopied devotion and care, the imagination of the audience pictures the households of Husain and Abbas, their wives and sisters and children and servants, when they left the Hijaz. And in the center of the

procession, borne aloft by four men, is the gilded cradle of Husain's infant son, also killed at Kerbela.

What has already passed is the foundation, the inspiration of what is to come. It is the fuel for the conflagration of grief. And here again the authors of the Play exhibit their skill in dramatic art; the effect of perspective, the suspense, the surprise is masterly achieved. A single black flag precedes the hosts of sorrow, who, in the first scene, are primitively, artlessly, ruthlessly barbaric. The chain-men, about two hundred of them, naked to the waist, their bronze backs with crimson stripes, the marks of the whip, shining in the sun, are marching five abreast and flagellating themselves for the sake of Husain. They swing the whip-like chains above their heads, all in a single movement, and down, with an immutably impassive expression, upon their backs. There are professionals among them, as well as fanatics; and some of the former have a trick of flourishing the chain-whip valiantly, violently, and letting it fall softly upon their skin. But the sincerity of the others is written in blood upon their backs.

More barbaric than the chain-men are those who strike their heads with scimitars and fall bleeding at the Portal of the Presence of Husain. Some of them even achieve martyrdom in this manner. But the Government of the Young Turks, before the World War, suppressed this practice.

The breast-beaters, however, remain; and their performance, although less fatal in its violence, is not less gruesome. Naked like the chain-men to the waist, their open hands rise and fall to the raucous rhythms of their leader, who is chanting a dirge to Husain. Here, too, we observe a purely theatrical note. A few of these breast-beaters, the professionals, perhaps, are performing with one hand and holding with the other a lighted cigarette. But the combined effect is that of a weird engine of grief with a thousand pistons at work and a single wail—the refrain of the dirge.

The pilgrims come, Husain, to thee,
The pilgrims pray for clemency.
A world of hearts around thy shrine,
Arise and see, arise and see!

But these two scenes do not immediately pass together. To break their violence, to give it, rather, the histrionic perspective, comes the procession of the ulema, the mullahs and the doctors of the law. Calm and serene, these venerable old men, with

flowing white beards and huge white turbans, betray neither grief nor hate. In them the drama reaches the sublime; in them is the smouldering depth of pathos, the poignancy of silence.

But here again are the hosts of the loud lament, the chanters, the wailers, the shedders of tears.

O thou sun of Hashem's line,
The one incomparable Husain,
Arise and see the golden day,
Arise, the victory is thine.

His sister Zainab, too, is often mentioned in the refrains.

Grief is Zainab's share;
Kerbela is her heir.
Hear ye Zainab's cry:
"Where's my brother, where?"

And here are the orators. Their camels are led by the halters, while they, from their high seats, are moving the multitudes to sobs and tears. In one of the processions is a conspicuous figure—a black bundle swaying in the saddle of a big black camel. Every now and then he removes the cloak from over his head, says something to the crowd, and re-assumes the posture of a veiled divinity. He personifies Husain's son, the youthful Ali, who fought bravely in the battle of Kerbela and escaped its slaughter. His words, however, are not an exception to the maudlin rhetoric of the others.

But the oration of the day is delivered by a man called Rowdhakhoun, who has a hall to himself and is one of the principal features of the commemoration. This man is more than an orator. He opens to the faithful the garden of bliss, as his name implies, and he is a master of the histrionic art. The dramatic, the melodramatic, the tragic, he plays upon with the will and skill of a snake-charmer, and his stops are even more effective than his sighs and cries. A Rowdhakhoun is a combination, in robe and turban, of a spellbinder, a mountebank, and an evangelist.

His oration was a series of climaxes, of which I note three. The first was when he told of the tragic event of the past, and, rising to the height of the melodramatic, he paused. The audience realized that in reverence for Husain he did not pronounce his name, and they burst out in sobs and lamentations. The second climax was when he told of the traveler who brought a present to his friend from the land of his travel. "What did

Ali (son of Husain) bring to his people?" The orator was seated when he spoke; but suddenly he rose and repeated the question, making it more obvious. "What did Ali bring from Damascus to his people?" It needed no further allusion. Ali brought back the head of his father. The audience shook with sobbing, a tangle of a thousand hands beating upon heads and breasts, and many among the old were drying their tears with their sleeves. This tumultuous and lachrimose demonstration lasted a few minutes, and the orator, with hands folded across his breast, was a picture of gratification. He then chanted a dirge and, sitting down again, told the story of the ring. On the table before him was a ring, which he exhibited to the audience. One of the signs of a believer is the ring he wears, as did Husain, on the index finger of their right hand. "Whose is the ring?" he cried out as he rose to his feet, and the building echoed with the sob-swellings of thousands crying, "Husain, O Husain, O my Husain! *Waa Husainaaaah!*"

It is night. But the City of Grief is still awake, the pilgrims are still praying in the mosques, shadows flit through the labyrinthine streets still sighing, "Husain, O Husain," and the heat of a summer day, likewise, does not abate. We move our beds to the roof, but there, too, we do not sleep. The heat brings us a unique compensation. Were it not for it, I would have missed the most beautiful feature, the last act, of the Passion Play. It has in it a touch of grief, but no hate, no fanaticism, not the slightest bitterness. It is an exquisite piece of art, a thing of sheer beauty.

The Arabic of the Koran is musical even when it is read; but when it is chanted by a professional reader, whose voice is not the least of his art, it has an ineffable fascination. And there, high in the golden minarets of the two grand mosques, above the maudlin grief of Kerbela, under a limpid sky, seemingly close to the warmth and brilliance of its stars, are the professional readers chanting in wingèd mellifluous verses from the Koran—words of piety and devotion, of love and peace, of good will to men, and of resignation to the will of the Most High.

There are several chanters in each minaret, who, in turn, continue the chanting till the break of dawn. On that roof, a pilgrim in spite of myself, I sat awake till the last hour of the night. And when my eyes closed, I was walking in a world that knew nothing of Kerbela but its golden domes and remembered nothing but the music of its minarets.

Scouting in Southern Lebanon

By AZIZ RAHHAL

WHEN there is hope, difficulties become obviously easy to conquer; and when there is perseverance, the once terrifying impossibilities tend to fade away and change into possible operations that are a blessing to society. There is no work in the form of an organization, which tends to revolutionize the attitude of man towards life, that comes about without obstacles intentionally put to hinder its growth or even put it out of existence. Nevertheless, sacrifice, good-will, hard work, and sincerity come out victorious at last. All this is true of the Scout movement in Southern Lebanon.

The first troop was organized in 1920 at the American school in Sidon. I had the privilege of being a member of that troop. The aims and ends of scouting are fascinating. They made us adore it. This love for the movement was encouraged by the several trips which we made. Anyone who has not had the privilege of becoming a scout does not and can not realize the thrill boys feel on their hikes. We used to feel like heroes of tales while sleeping in camps in the open country after crossing the mountains of the Western Lebanon Range.

We carried the idea with us to our homes. We were anxious to share with our friends in the villages the pleasure and the real good points we had obtained from scouting.

The spark was ignited in Sidon at the school. In the summer of the year 1922, I called a few of my friends to discuss the possibility of organizing a Boy Scout troop in my home town. They grasped the idea eagerly. We labored vigorously all that summer; and at the end of September, before my return to school, we held a reception to which we invited our parents that we might show them something of what scouting taught us. I still think of that meeting as one of the best I have ever attended.

That small troop spread the idea to the schools in our home town. We have in Jedeidat two high schools, one French and the other American. In both schools a troop was formed, but in the summer the scouts from each of the schools assembled to work together. This is a new miracle scouting caused: the union

of students from two different schools, each with its own programs and spirits and in keen friendly competition with one another!

Until the year 1927 our work had been confined within our home-town limits. I was dreaming at that time of making a trip with the Scouts to Lebanon, and, in spite of all difficulties, that dream was finally realized.

Funds are necessary for every enterprise of this sort. Where to get them was the problem. The parents of the scouts were not willing to pay their children a piaster; and the boys did not have more than a few piasters each in their pockets. Anyone I consulted called me a "fool". "It must be done," I said. One afternoon, as I was sitting alone, thinking of a solution, a friend came to me and suggested that we scouts present a play. Indeed it was a bright idea! In spite of the fact that the boys were young and inexperienced, they sprang up with joy and memorized their parts in a few days. The play was acted, money was raised; the scouts made ready; and we set off early in August. We were twenty-one in number and the trip lasted twenty-one days!

That trip proved to the people whom we visited how much scouting could do to the boys of Syria. Every mother in the Lebanon envied the Boy Scouts and felt sorry that her son did not have the opportunity to become a scout. There was a chance! As a result of our trip, three troops were formed: one in Sidon proper, and the other two in villages above Sidon.

The effect of the trip on our boys was most obvious when they returned to their homes. "My son has certainly changed," one mother said to me, "he gets up early in the morning, dresses himself, and takes exercises. I have never seen him so obedient! And above all, whatever be the food you give him, he willingly and thankfully eats it." Every mother felt proud of her son. He built the fire for her, he made coffee for visitors; he even helped her in cooking.

The blessing spread to all the villages we visited. A cry came from boys to organize troops for them. What is more affecting than this! In a village above Sidon, a group of ten men, above twenty years of age, some of them married and parents, sent me word saying they wanted to form a scout troop! I went to them thinking that they wanted to have a troop organized in their village and were anxious to help me. But to my surprise, I discovered that they themselves wanted to form the troop! I could

MARCH, 1931



A Troop of Typical Lebanese Boy Scouts

not convince them that it was for boys and not for men. They said they would act as boys! I said, "Since you are anxious to have scouting in your village, get the children of your relatives and friends to become scouts." All was in vain, and the troop was organized! Fortunately or unfortunately, that troop did not live long, for its members had to look for food for their children!

Every summer a play is presented by the scouts, from which we gain a certain sum of money which serves as a fund for necessary expenses of the troops. Midsummer we go for trips to some new places in order to become acquainted with the different sections of the country.

Now, the once young scouts, who began scouting in the year 1922, have become old and experienced enough to manage troops themselves. Four of them are actually responsible for two troops, in the two schools in Jedeidat. They are doing good work and their scouts are full of zeal and impatiently waiting for summer to come that they might share in the proposed two-weeks' camping.

We now have seven troops in all Southern Lebanon, but we hope that in a few years we shall be able to boast of more. Our main obstacle, which we hope to overcome in the coming few years, is the lack of scoutmasters. Anyway, the future looks bright to us.

Fair Flower

By THOMAS ASA

Fair flower that doth so proudly rear its head,
Thy face uplifted to the sun and sky,
Who knows but the morrow shall find thee dead,
And who but knows soon we too must die!

Ne'er an earthly flow'r but some pleasure fills,
The meanest member of thy kingdom grows
To soothe some jaded breast of worldly ills;
What matter if it be no queenly rose!

Arab Literature and Philosophy

By MICHAEL HADDAD

Editor's Note — The writer of this article is a native of Transjordan, and at present a student at Columbia University preparing himself for a career of usefulness in his native land. He finds time, nevertheless, to bring about a better understanding of Arabic culture by his lectures in churches and societies and occasionally over the radio. The following are extracts of a speech he delivered to members of the faculty and students of Columbia University.

THAT outside the Koran and the Arabian Nights there exists an Arabic literature at all, is comparatively little known. Arabic literature is the enduring monument of a civilization, not of a people. The birthplace of Arabic literature was a sandy plain, particularly desert. The inhabitants were nomadic and their physical environment moulded their habits. Due partly to their severe struggle for existence and their monotonous life, their philosophy was summed up in a number of pithy sayings and proverbs. Like most of the world's greatest literature, Arabic literature springs into existence in an outburst of poetry. Poems were handed down through successive generations of reciters called 'rawis', many of whom had prodigious memories. The heroic age was from 500-622 A.D. It gave forth collections of odes and an anthology of Arabic poetry. It is often remarked that old Arabic poetry can never be satisfactorily translated into any other language, because the things said vary so little and the whole art lies in the untranslatable manner of saying it. However, a passage quoted from the Mu'allaqah of Imru'ul-Qays will serve to give one a feeling of this kind of poetry: A poet is supposed to be travelling on a camel, with one or two companions. The road leads him to the site of a former encampment. He beseeches his companions to halt for a moment and he sorrowfully recalls how, many years ago, he spent here the happiest days of his life with his beloved. Now life, with its constant wanderings, has long since separated them and over the deserted scene roams the wild antelope.... Says he:

"Stay! let us weep, while memory tries to trace
The long-lost fair one's sand-girt dwelling place,

Tho the rude winds have swept the sandy plain,
 Still some faint traces of that spot remain.
 My comrades reined their coursers by my side,
 And 'yield not, yield not to despair,' they cried.
 Tears were my sole reply; yet what avail
 Tears shed on sand, or sighs upon the gale?"

It is very fitting to first refer to Arab philosophy by quoting Rashdall who said: Aristotle came to Paris in an orientalized dress, and that was not all,—he was accompanied or followed by Arabic commentators and by the independent works of Arabian philosophers.

Arab writers gave the name of *FALSAFA* to philosophy which was a direct translation of the Greek word—philosoph.

One of the most noted Arabian philosophers was al-Kindi who lived in 873 A. D. He translated Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Ptolemy's *Geography* and Euclid's works; he also wrote commentaries on Aristotle's "*Analytica Posteriora*", Euclid's "*Essay on the Intellect*" and another on "*The Five Essences*." The theology of Aristotle introduced by al-Kindi did not only take an assured place in the Aristotlian canon but became the very kernel of the teaching developed by the latter philosopher. Al-Kindi's importance lies in indicating the starting point from which all the later Arabic philosophers began, and he selected the material which was later developed. In all, he wrote 231 books on philosophy, astronomy, geometry, medicine, music and several other subjects. Of those, at present, we have one book on "*The Theology of Aristotle*" and two books on music which were found in the library at Berlin. A few others of his books on natural sciences are at Oxford.

A second philosopher to mention is Al-Farabi. He composed a number of works on Logic and other sciences. Al-Farabi was the author of a series of commentaries on the *Logical Organon*; he also wrote an introduction to "*Logic*." He translated books on physics and meteorology. His book on "*Intelligence and Intelligible*" which was circulated later in a medieval Latin translation, continued to be reprinted until the 17th century. In metaphysics he wrote on "*Substance*", "*Time*", "*Space and Measure*" and "*Vacuum*".

We must here refer to a society of philosophers known as "*The Brotherhood of Purity*" whose works were published in

Calcutta in a series of 51 volumes and edited by Professor Dierici. A great part of their work dealt with logic, natural sciences, metaphysics, psychology and theology. A resumé of their theological thought is as follows: God is above knowledge, and above all categories of human thought; from God proceeds the intelligence, and from intelligence proceeds the human soul, and from that soul comes primal matter. When this matter becomes capable of receiving dimensions it becomes secondary matter, and from that the Universe proceeds.

The greatest product of the ferment of thought appears in Ibn Sina who lived in 1027 A. D., commonly known and Latinized as Avicenna. He wrote several books on Logic which differ from the Greek by being expressed universally by the negative, for example: *All A is not B*—while in Arabic *nothing* of A is B. Also he differentiated between the abstract and the objective. In describing the soul he describes it as a collection of faculties or forces acting on the body. The faculties present in the soul may be divided into two classes: faculties of perception and faculties of action. During his time Bagdad was burned and he fled, and it was only through his works that the culture of his period was later re-instituted.

While on the subject of philosophy, it is meet to mention briefly a few points about Ibn Rushd, known to the West as Averroes. He was the greatest of Arabic philosophers and practically the last. He composed two theological treatises—one on the agreement of religion with philosophy, the other on the demonstration of religious dogma. There are three different classes of man, he says, the highest being those whose religious belief is based on demonstration, the result of reasoning. The lowest stratum is of those whose faith is based upon the authority of a teacher or on presumption which cannot be argued out. Intermediate between these two strata are those who have not obtained the use of pure reason but are capable of argument and controversy by means of which their faith can be defended and proved. Popular beliefs he does not accept, but he regards them as wisely designed to teach morality and to develop piety amongst the people at large. A true philosopher, he says, allows no word to be uttered against established religion because of its being a necessity for the welfare of the people. Most of his works became well known to subsequent generations particularly to the Jews, and *through them* later to Latin scholastics.

Lebanon

By LABEEBEE A. J. HANNA

They talk of California's sun,
Of Italy's blue sky,
But the mountains of the cedar tree
Is where I long—to die.

There I often climbed the fig tree,
Took grapes from wealthy vine.
There I loved the thyme and habak.
The sky and earth were mine!

Ah, Sheehah, whom I loved so well,
Although you did not know,
If you but knew my aching heart
To you would long to go!

Before I die, I'd see the sky
O'er snow-capped Sannin Mountain
I'd clasp your hand, perhaps, once more
Beside the public fountain.

And I'd drink the wine of yesterday
To your dear Syrian eyes,
And I'd sing a song of love once more—
To love that never dies!

Then when my song is ended,
And I'd drunk my fill of wine,
I'd die content in Lebanon—
And know that you were mine!



A Journey Through Jebel Druze

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

III

PLACES, PRINCES, AND PEASANTS

ALTHOUGH but seven kilometers from Sueida (about four miles), it took us almost an hour to reach Qanawat by automobile over the apology of a motor road connecting the two places. We could have done better had we decided to walk, but because we had in our company city-bred guests it would have been an insult not to invite them to ride, when there was a car and a road, while the sun was so fierce as to discourage the most hardy and adventurous. And who, anyway, is the seer that can foretell the hardships of such a short ride to what may be termed a suburb of the capital!

Yet Qanawat, according to the ambitious plans laid down by the French authorities in Jebel Druze, is to be made one of the main resorts of the country within a few years, and one that will prove a source of substantial revenue to the state by its attraction to tourists.

But the long ride to Qanawat proved profitable in affording us a fuller opportunity to study the topography of the country and ponder its glorious past and future possibilities. The road over which we traveled was partly Roman and partly—well, its description had better be passed because its condition was almost indescribable. Our Damascene chauffeur, the very one who had had two years' experience at his trade in primitive Persia, said he had never encountered such hardships in driving. His profanity under the circumstances was excusable, because he so very often had to halt in order to remove boulders from the way, or attempt to fill in holes where travel was too risky. The only pleasant word he had to say was about the sturdiness of his American car.

We finally entered the town through a narrow alley flanked by high walls of rough stone ranging in height from ten to fifteen feet and emerged into the spacious public square. Here the atmosphere immediately changed, and instead of the desolate

and forbidding landscape of the outskirts we came into a scene of life and activity that was stranger and more inviting than anything we had seen so far in this forsaken land. And we had the opportunity of witnessing for the first time the typical Druze in his unspoiled form, still adhering to those traditions which characterized his seclusiveness and detachment from modern influences.

I noticed a group of people who at first glance puzzled me by their appearance. They were attired in the long flowing robes which may be appropriately worn by either men or women. Their heads were covered with the conventional kufias and ighals from under which flowed long locks of jet black hair which fell in waves over broad shoulders or protruding chests. The eyebrows were penciled to perfection and the lashes and lids were heavy with kohl. The picture presented all the characteristics of coquettish femininity, but the conception was rudely shattered with the detection of the heavy mustaches and sometimes bushy beards, forcing the conclusion that these were the men of the tribe, inasmuch as the women were strictly forbidden to uncover their faces in public.

I hesitated to ask of any of the young men an explanation of the origin of this strange custom for fear of wounding their feelings. The conviction was slowly formulating in my mind that these particular youths must be so many Beau Brummels who assumed this role out of sheer vanity, and could not be considered truly representative of the people at large. But I soon perceived an elderly man similarly dolled up and who seemed to look upon me with the same critical manner that I entertained for him. At his sight my curiosity got the best of my reluctance, and strange to say, he seemed not to be the least offended by my inquisitiveness. Rather, he appeared anxious to explain to me that such was the accepted custom among the men of the country, and that their only cause for surprise is that strangers should see in it anything strange.

Yet these apparently effeminate men are the very same Druzes whose hearts of steel have carried their fame throughout the world as being capable of the most prodigious feats of valor in war.

At one end of the public square we saw some wonderfully preserved lead pipes running in a bedding of concrete recently uncovered by French excavators. They proved to be a part of



Ruins of the Roman temple at Qanawat which the natives have converted into living quarters for themselves and pens for their cattle.

the old distributing system which the Roman builders had installed to supply water from a central subterranean reservoir to the various sections of the town. The reservoir itself was located and cleared, and after almost seventeen centuries found to be in the finest state of preservation, its vaulted roof as well as its concrete bed with hardly a trace of a flaw.

The most imposing ruins in Qanawat are those of the temple, although they in no way approach the grandeur of Baalbek and other places of antiquity in Syria. One of the portals still stands almost intact, and the enclosing walls are partly standing, but once within the court enclosure one comes upon a scene of utter confusion, with building blocks strewn in all directions. And amidst these ruins of a once advanced ancient civilization, one comes across signs of the most primitive forms of contemporary life, where natives have converted the most suitable parts of the ruins into living quarters, stables, pens or chicken coops.

Passing by what had been the outer fortifications, one reaches an eminence commanding a view of the narrow valley deploying itself into a broad sweep until it merges with the plains and low hills in the distance. This valley was the only verdant spot we had seen in our extensive travels in this country. A good sized stream must have flown through it in times past, along which the

Romans built immense baths directly across from Qanawat. This cool spot with its running water and few shade trees and patches of green is the favorite picnicking grounds of the population of the country within a radius of ten miles or more, such is the rarity of water and vegetation in this denuded and arid land.

Our companion on this excursion was Philip Catzefflis, formerly of New York and now interpreter to the military Governor General of Jebel Druze who had traveled extensively throughout the country and promised us a still greater treat by a visit to Shahba which would fall directly on our way back to Damascus if we chose to take the more easterly road through the district of Laja, popularly known as the place of last refuge of the Druzes in their wars with invaders, due to its rocky topography and inaccessibility. We acted on his advice in leaving Sueida the next day and reached Shahba about noon after a monotonous drive of almost two hours. The sun on that mid-August day was the fiercest we had yet encountered, and it was with a great sense of relief that we realized that at last we could find some shelter.

We entered the town by the Eastern gate, an imposing structure whose main center arch and two side arches were still in a good state of preservation. Once within we found the road broad and smooth, paved with large, even slabs as the Roman builders had laid them almost eighteen centuries ago. We proceeded to the central square formed by the intersection of the two principal streets which evenly divide the town at cross angles. A number of women waiting to fill their jars at the fountain hastened to cover their faces at our approach; a Druze horseman, noticing that we were strangers, greeted us with the flow of courteous speech for which the Druzes are noted. He was anxious to serve and to please, and when he noticed me carrying a camera and fixing my gaze on the group of women with their jars, refraining, however, from taking a picture for fear of causing offense, he obligingly proffered his assistance, and in an imperious tone commanded the women to stand by until snapped. He, too, later posed for a picture, and at one time Fakhry Bey Baroodi himself had to stand by some native children to induce them to face the camera.

As was our custom, we sought to see all that could be seen, establish contact with the natives and get first-hand information from them before presenting ourselves to the authorities. And



The obliging Druze horseman who himself posed for a picture and forced the reluctant women at the fountain to do likewise.

in this case we made no exception although we were assured by the higher authorities at Sueida that telephonic instructions would precede us to the local authorities at our proposed stopping places to have them facilitate our mission of recreation and study. Accordingly we continued our exploration of the town until we came upon a gang of workmen setting up some modern building along the western section of the principal street. Here the native superintendent, in trim military jacket and baggy native trousers, advanced to greet us with the characteristic profuse expression of hospitality, and upon learning our identity, especially that our companion was the popular Nationalist leader Baroody, he became even more solicitous and obliging. He would take us, he said, to where we could feast our eyes on a work of art just discovered and jealously guarded—the elaborate house of the governor of the town at the time of its greatest splendor.

We retraced our course with our volunteer guide until we reached a house on the main street near the square, and passing through the gate into the patio we suddenly found ourselves in the spacious court of what must have been a sumptuous palace, such as the best we had seen in Pompeii. But the surprise he had in store for us was in the room which must have served as the dining hall. Here, lying for many centuries under several feet of dirt and now altogether cleared but for a single corner, was

a work of art done in exquisite mosaic depicting a festive scene as a central motif, while in an outer circle were drawn, also in delicate multi-colored mosaic, the principal birds, animals, and fruits requisite to the feast such as pheasants, chicken, rabbits, deer, sheep, grapes, etc. Native women were immediately set to work by the superintendent fetching water to clean the beautiful panel, and when water was poured over the even floor the designs appeared almost living objects in the vividness of their colors.

The depth of the dirt still visible in one corner of the room was sufficient reason to determine why such a treasure of art remained hidden for centuries. But the delicate question was: How could the authorities dispossess the squatters who had lived in these ruins generation after generation and called them their home, especially since the Druzes are so sensitive to their rights and might misconstrue every action on the part of the French authorities as rank tyranny and oppression. Especially, furthermore, that the country was just emerging from a bloody war, and the most innocent move of the French might be misinterpreted out of all logical intentions. What could these simple natives, for instance, understand of archæologic treasures and objects of art when their whole concern did not transcend the elementals of the simplest existence?

Here is where the diplomacy and tact of French officials in Jebel Druze have proved capable of winning not only the submission but even the love of the Druzes who had been at war with them only a few years since. This I have learned not from the French but from the natives themselves. And the case now under consideration serves as a fitting illustration.

Realizing the right of the Druze settlers to claim these ruins as their home, the French governor of the district, instead of evicting them by force, had a small modern house built on a vacant lot across the old palace and offered it to the squatters in exchange for their dilapidated ruins. Naturally they thought they had the better of the bargain and readily accepted, and the deal proved satisfactory all around.

Now that we had seen most of the town, we decided to visit the French District Governor, and we turned to the south of the broad, finely paved street to where our courteous guide directed. Fakhry Bey Baroody, as usual, refused to keep us company on official visits, and I and my cousin Joseph went alone. And as befitting a formerly great city whose importance had so far gone



A section of the principal street of Shahba looking towards the northern gate, showing the fine condition of the Roman pavement. Baroody Bey, in fez, is standing by some native children as an assurance in facing the camera.

unappreciated, the office of the governor was also partly in ruin. We reached it by what had been a grand open staircase and found ourselves facing a native doorman who politely inquired about our mission and readily let us in. The room into which we were ushered overlooked the whole expanse of the city and must have been at one time the observation tower of the fortress. A heavy curtain ran the whole length of the room and formed the only partition between the public reception hall and the governor's private office. Entering this crude sanctum, we found ourselves facing a young man whose general appearance and gentle demeanor were more those of a gentleman or professor than of a military man. The only furnishings were a few plain chairs and a flat table which served as desk. Lt. Eugène Roy, "officier de Service de Renseignement," and "Administrateur de Caza Shahba," received us with the utmost of courtesy. He had been advised of our coming and would be glad to place an official guide at our disposal. He appeared somewhat disappointed upon learning we had already helped ourselves to what could be seen.

"But you must see my little museum," he insisted. "It is in the garden of my house and contains a fine collection of statues and local objects of art."

The unaffected courtesy of Lt. Eugène Roy, combined with

his genuine scholarly interest in the country under his jurisdiction, impressed me even more than did the imposing ruins of Shahba. I was deeply affected by his display of enthusiasm in speaking of his plans for restoring Shahba, erecting a suitable hotel in it not later than the Spring of 1930 and making of it a principal place of attraction for tourists. The visit I made later to his "little museum" only confirmed me in my conviction of his genuine solicitude and scholarly proclivities. The modest stone house in which he lived alone had no bright spot about it except the statuettes, the fragments of columns and the odds and ends of antiquities which he seemingly had collected and arranged with infinite care and loving appreciation. The sight of this outdoor museum was sufficient compensation for the long trek to the Lieutenant's house and back over a rough stone path in the scorching midday sun of an August day in Jebel Druze.

A Song of the Nile

By DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

My waters have buried within your sands, O fair Egypt, secrets which you have been slow at discovering. Had it been given me to flow like ink on paper, I would disclose them to you one after the other.

I am Egypt! I reflect its riches, its age, its mystery, its doctrine and the beauty of its maidens, and the might and wisdom of its men. I am great Osiris. I am fair Isis.

Yes! and many an Isis (given as an offering for a heavy flood) did my arms fold to my breast of whom you were more worthy.

If the daily reappearance of the great Ra is not a satisfactory proof of the immortality of the soul and the revivication of the body, then my annual visit must be an undoubted proof.

ALI ZAIBAQ

(Quicksilver)

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURES OF THE
CHIEF OF POLICE OF THE CALIPH HAROUN
AL-RASHID, OF THE CITY OF BAGHDAD.

Translated from the Original Arabic by

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL and THADDEUS S. DAYTON

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATHS OF TOULON

SAYS the compiler of this biography: The Baths of Toulon were one of the wonders of that age, having been built by the King Toulon, father of Al-Aziz, who expended on their construction vast sums of money, so that people repaired from all parts of the kingdom to see its wonders. They flourished for many years until they became a place of habitation of the djinns and affreets who were accustomed to strangle everyone who entered there. For that reason people held the place in great fear, and it became the custom of the King, whenever he wished any one executed, to cause him to be confined in these baths where within the scope of a single night he would be strangled by the genii and his body would be found next morning lifeless at the door.

Quicksilver awaited the arrival of the evening when he bade farewell to his mother and girded on his enchanted sword and went to meet Salah-Eddin. Together they proceeded to the Baths of Toulon which Quicksilver entered, Salah-Eddin locking the door behind him and taking away the key. Salah-Eddin thereupon returned directly to the meeting place of the Zohrs and said to his men:

"Whichever of you brings me first the news of Quicksilver's death I will share with him my position."

Quicksilver remained reclining on a couch but not asleep, until

some portion of the night had passed. Then he said to himself:

"I will explore this place and find its hidden dangers." At which he unsheathed his enchanted sword and walked by its light until he reached the innermost part of the place, which he found to be of great magnificence, decorated most richly. After stopping there for a while he began to explore the different chambers, looking in all directions until he arrived at a conspicuously large and beautiful one where he remained longer than in all the others.

While he was so engaged the place was suddenly illuminated by a great and dazzling light, and he beheld a most hideous Marid, a species of djinn, one who is supposed to have been enslaved and confined in a bottle by Solomon the Great, enter the chamber holding in one hand a lamp of mysterious radiance while he bore with the other a beautiful damsel. The Marid placed the lamp on a shelf and then addressed his fair companion thus:

"O Wade'ah, you have asked me to conduct you to a bath, and this is one of the finest in the whole world. Wait here but a little."

He then disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as he had come.

As to Quicksilver, he feared that they had perceived him and that they were devising means to slay him, and he said to himself:

"I will now go forth and kill this damsel and when her companion returns I will slay him also."

Thereupon he issued from his hiding place and approached the lovely maiden whom he saw to be weeping and lamenting. Fear still being predominant in his heart, he asked in a harsh voice:

"Whom may you be, O damsel, and wherefore do I see you weeping?"

To which she replied, casting upon him a mournful glance:

"Know, O young man, that I am of the daughters of the Kings of Djinn. My father is called King Al-Forastak. This Marid whom you saw bring me here became enamored of me and asked me in marriage of my father. Upon being refused he devised a stratagem by which he inveigled me forth from my father's palace and seized me. When I found myself powerless in his hands, I requested him to conduct me to the bath, whereupon he brought me to this place. Now I am in great fear for

your safety, as you are alone and this tyrannical genii will surely slay you. Better, therefore, that you return from whence you came before he sees you."

Upon hearing her words, Quicksilver's heart was moved with compassion toward the maiden.

"Rejoice for your safety, O Princess, for surely I will put your captor to death," he replied.

"And by what device do you intend killing this terrible giant?" she asked.

"By this," he replied, unsheathing his enchanted sword which gave forth sparks of fire.

"If you succeed in delivering me from the demon," she answered, "I will be your slave for the remainder of my life."

The damsel had hardly finished speaking when torrents of water gushed from the dry fountains of the bath and the maiden trembled with fear, fearing that the Marid would soon reappear. She urged Quicksilver to conceal himself.

The genii returned and ordered the damsel to prepare for the bath, but being encouraged by the presence of Quicksilver she refused, whereupon the genii struck her a crushing blow, moved thereto by the excess of his anger, at which she cried out with all her voice:

"O mortal, protect me from this monster!"

Quicksilver sprang into the chamber with a single great bound and confronted the genii, who no sooner perceived him than he leaped fiercely toward him. Quicksilver struck one blow with his enchanted sword which cleft his breast, the glittering blade protruding from his back. Instantly the Marid fell lifeless to the ground and the maiden, perceiving this, threw herself before Quicksilver, exclaiming:

"Ask for whatever you desire and it shall be yours immediately. Even if you aspire to be the King of this land it is in my power to make you so, for you have done me the greatest service possible by delivering me from this demon."

"O maiden," answered Quicksilver, my only request is that you play a trick upon my enemy, Salah-Eddin, the Chief of the Sultan's Secret Police," and he proceeded to relate to her his whole story from the beginning to the end.

"This," replied the maiden, "will be an agreeable task and you will be much diverted in seeing how I shall humble your enemy."

After having exchanged mutual vows the damsel took Quicksilver upon her shoulders and flew with him until she deposited him safely within his mother's house.

"What befell Quicksilver's enemy," said the tale teller, "is one of the most diverting of incidents, and, if it is the will of Allah, you shall learn of it tomorrow after the day's journey is ended."

Speech and Silence

By G. K. GIBRAN

My loneliness was born when men praised my talkative faults and blamed my silent virtues.

When life does not find a singer to sing her heart she produces a philosopher to speak her mind.

A truth is to be known always, to be uttered sometimes.

The real in us is silent; the acquired is talkative.

The voice of life in me cannot reach the ear of life in you; but let us talk that we may not feel lonely.

When two women talk they say nothing; when one woman speaks she reveals all of life.

Frogs may bellow louder than bulls, but they cannot drag the plough in the field nor turn the wheel of the winepress, and of their skins you cannot make shoes.

Only the dumb envy the talkative.

The Holy Grail

Syrian Owner of the Famous Chalice of Antioch to Exhibit it Publicly for the First Time.

THE decision of Fahim Kouchakji, proud owner of the famous Chalice of Antioch recognized by many internationally known authorities as the original Holy Grail, which Christ and His disciples used at the Last Supper, has consented to exhibit the priceless treasure publicly for the first time since its discovery in Syria in 1910. He expects to sail from New York with the chalice and other precious objects of early Christian art in his possession on April 15, taking them to Paris for display at the exhibition of Christian art which will open at the Louvre late in May. The authorities of the Louvre, according to published reports, have informed Mr. Kouchakji that they will arrange with the customs authorities so that the treasure will not be unpacked until it is safe in their hands.

The controversy waged over the authenticity of this cup, which had abated during the past few years, has again been revived since the announcement of the owner's decision to permit its public exhibition. Already the metropolitan press and archaeological publications are seeking the opinions of authorities on the matter, and while some hold that the cup cannot date back later than the third century, there are many others of equal repute who maintain that the quality of its workmanship and the design of its ornamentations unquestionably mark it as the work of the first century, while its associations and the circumstances of its discovery bear convincing proof that it was the very chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper.

These circumstances would seem to be in keeping with the many appearances and disappearances of the Holy Grail through the centuries. In the legends of King Arthur, the cup voyaged miraculously to Glastonbury until the pure Knight Sir Galahad took it to the mysterious city of Sarras in the East, where it vanished from sight. In the present case, the cup disappeared still another time immediately upon its accidental discovery and only after much search was it recovered.

In 1910 excavations were being made in the ruins of a great church built at Antioch in Syria by the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century and destroyed by an earthquake in 526 A. D. The precious cup, which later became known as "the great Chalice of Antioch," together with several other silver objects of religious significance including a goblet which since became known as "the minor Chalice of Antioch," a ceremonial cross and three



(International Copyright by Kouchakji Freres.)

Original photograph of the famous Chalice of Antioch about one-third its natural size.

book covers, were discovered, and the whole collection became known as "the Antioch treasure." Soon after the discovery, however, all the objects were stolen by Arabs and recovered only with much difficulty. They came into the possession of Kouchakji Frères, prominent dealers in Oriental antiques in Paris and New York, who took them to their Paris office and had the great Chalice expertly cleaned of the coating of silver oxide which had formed around it. In 1914 it was shipped with the other articles to New York uninsured, over a sea swarming with German commerce raiders, where it was placed in a Bank vault and there remained ever since. It later became the personal property

of one of the members of the firm, Fahim.

The significance of the cup, it is stated, was first analyzed by Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, an archæologist familiar with the forms and ornamentations of art objects in the Near East. The chalice, as described by Dr. Eisen, stands about eight inches high and consists of an inner cup of silver, crudely made and without a base, around which has been placed an elaborately sculptured sheathing of silver and gold leaf. The rough lip of the inner cup extends above the ornamentation, and it is the theory of Dr. Eisen that the outer envelope was made to guard and glorify the inner cup. The sculpturing on the outer cup centers about twelve figures, which Dr. Eisen has identified as Jesus—one figure as a boy and the other as an adult—and ten of His apostles. These figures of Jesus, Dr. Eisen believes, are His only authentic portraits, made by an artist who either had seen Him or who had obtained a description of Him from men who had known Him. Dr. Eisen assigns the outer cup, because of its form and execution, to the last half of the first century.

Dr. Eisen made an exhaustive study of the cup and published his findings in 1924 in a beautifully designed and illustrated book. His conclusions aroused world-wide interest and discussion among archæologists, some disputing his belief that the cup was first century while others supporting him in his contention.

The antiquity of the cup was never disclaimed by the dissenters, their main contention being that it was of a make not earlier than the third century, and as such was too far removed from the time of Christ to be the bowl used at the Last Supper.



(International copyright by Kouchakji Freres.)

A detail of the ornamentation of the Chalice showing the figure of St. Jude.

Authorities supporting the views of Dr. Eisen on the authenticity of the cup, however, include such men as Josef Strzygowski, Professor of Archæology at the University of Vienna and Professor Arthur Bernard Cook of Queen's College, Cambridge. Professor Cook published his opinion in an article in the Cambridge Review and gave it as his final conviction that no vessel of exactly the same shape and



(International Copyright by Kouchakji Freres.)

proportions as the Chalice of Antioch is *Another detail of the ornamentation of the Chalice showing the figure of St. Peter.*

known of a date later than the first century.

"With the fall of Jerusalem, Antioch became the main centre of Christianity in the East," wrote Professor Cook. "And if so the inner bowl of the chalice was, not improbably, brought thither from Jerusalem, where it may well have been the very vessel used in apostolic times by the infant Church. Indeed, a presumption is raised that it was none other than the cup of the Last Supper. The Chalice of Antioch is certainly genuine, and as it stands, unique."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

READERS SHOULD KNOW

A FEW months hence THE SYRIAN WORLD will have finished five years of continuous publication. I am not in a position at the present time to say how long it will continue—that question will have to be determined by the public. What I can say is that public support in sufficient volume to make the publication self-supporting financially has been lacking. Whatever active co-operation has been received was in the literary field—from a number of our talented writers, some of whom enjoy national and even international reputations. They, in their appreciation of the value of the magazine, have been most generous in their contributions to it practically without compensation. Nor should it be forgotten that many of these contributors are professional writers who, were their contributions to THE SYRIAN WORLD to receive proper remuneration commensurate with their ability and fame, would be our creditors in terms of thousands of dollars. But they chose to assist gratuitously in furtherance of a cause which they considered vital. If thanks are due, our literary collaborators unquestionably have first claim on our gratitude and we here and now wish to express it to them most heartily.

A loyal group of supporters have also staunchly stood by the magazine continually since the beginning. But, we must regretfully admit, their number has not been sufficiently large to insure profitable, or even paying, operation.

And now we come to a point where the existing economic crisis furnishes a ready excuse for the withdrawal of some of our old support and the withholding of whatever was expected of new. This naturally brings about an inevitable crisis in the publication's existence. It had been operated at a loss in the first place, and with the additional strain brought about by present unexpected developments, it can be readily surmised that the publication's position could not be any too comfortable.

I would not have readers draw unwarranted conclusions from this statement. If the publication of the magazine has been conducted at a loss for all these years, without undermining my optimism in ultimate success, readers may safely accept my present

declaration of purpose not to discontinue it before sufficient advance notice *in case such a step becomes inevitable*.

Rather, it is with a view to discover ways and means of evading such a possibility that I have decided to make a clean breast of the situation to readers. I am seeking not their financial assistance as much as their moral support and candid advice. I shall ask them to discuss and decide several questions relating to the content matter, the format, the policy and the name of the magazine. I would have them express themselves frankly on the need of such a publication and the requisites for its continuation.

To this end I am calling attention to an important statement on the aforementioned points which will appear in the coming issue. The symposium will be maintained for three months, or until the end of our current year, so that in case of any change it will be adopted then.

In the meantime, we shall continue along our former course with the same determination and devotion that have marked our efforts during the past five years.



Editor

DR. NAJIB A. KATIBAH

THE unexpected death of Dr. Najib A. Katibah came as a great shock to his host of friends and admirers of his versatile talent and high literary ability. Readers of THE SYRIAN WORLD will remember him by the many excellent original poems and short stories as well as his masterly translation of some of the finest Arabic classics. But his human qualities transcended by far his literary genius, for he was a loyal husband, a loving father and a faithful friend. He passed away peacefully during his sleep on the morning of March 18, and his loss created a distinct vacancy in the Syrian community. He will be always remembered as one of the Syrians' literary pioneers in the English language in America.

Pan-Islamism Idea Revived

Editor's Note — Moulana Showkat Ali, the Indian Moslem leader, was in Syria and other countries of the Near East during March to attend the burial ceremony of his brother, the late Muhammad Ali, at the Al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem. Both brothers were delegates at the round table conference on India in London where Muhammad died from overstrain. He was immediately proclaimed a martyr not only to the cause of India but also to that of Islam, hence the suggestion to lay him at rest not in his native land but in the mosque in Jerusalem which the Moslem world holds in higher reverence than any other of their holy places with the exception of Mecca and Medina. The suggestion was advanced by the Moslem Supreme Council in Palestine and already the effect has been to revive active prosecution of the Pan-Islamic movement in the manner outlined by the brother of the dead leader in the following speech which he delivered at Beirut to a representative Moslem group as reported by the native Arabic press.

I AM exceedingly pleased at this meeting because of the opportunity it affords me to discuss the necessity of unifying Moslem public opinion throughout the world for the protection of their interests.

You certainly must have heard a great deal about my late brother Muhammad Ali. I want to further inform you that he was more like a son to me than a brother. Our father died when my brother was but eighteen months old, while I was not more than three and a half years. As we grew, I came to realize that the responsibility of my brother's future rested upon me, and I spared no pains in insuring him an education. At one stage I had to dispose of all our possessions to send him through Oxford. He became an accomplished scholar and poet, and was as well versed in English literature as the best among the English. But all this is as nothing compared to his outstanding characteristic of religious loyalty. Very often, after his return from Oxford, he used to express himself in unequivocal terms about the superior merits of the Koran, stating that of all he had read of poetry and prose in foreign languages there was nothing to come up to the value of a single letter of the Koran.

Such was the unshaken conviction of my brother in the superiority of the Koran that he was able to convince the Moslems of India to forego the allurements of European manners and practices and conform rigidly to the tenets of our Holy Book.

I, too, believe that all that humanity needs in wisdom and knowledge may be found in ample sufficiency in the Koran. But whether my brother's belief was one of rationality or of rashness, I pray that every Moslem will adhere to it for the immense benefits it will bring to the cause of Islam's unity.

The reason for my relating to you these things is to have you realize the urgency and importance of consummating our fond dream of Pan-Islamism. You, in this audience, are the Prophet's own people. You speak the language of the Holy Koran and you live at but a hundred miles from the sacred tomb of the Prophet. This is why we expect of you great deeds and what gives us the moral right to ask you: Have you done your duty in complying with the injunctions of the Koran? Have you been negligent in the defense of your sacred places?

It would seem presumptuous on my part, a Hindu who is indebted to you for the great boon of the true religion, to point out to you the way of duty. But we, in gratitude for the spiritual gifts with which you have endowed us, feel it our duty to exert every possible effort to promote the cause of Islam. It is for that reason that my brother is now buried in Jerusalem, an honor and a distinction denied princes and sultans. We wish to prove to you that our hearts and sympathies are with you, and that if we entertain any fear for your future it is that you will be contaminated with the corruption of Western influences and so-called civilization.

When I was in London I met many Moslems of various countries and discussed with them the urgency of promoting Pan-Islamism. They were agreed that no matter what our political affiliations and national divisions, we should hold paramount in our consciousness our community of religion and rally around the common slogan, "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Prophet of God."

I am now touring the Moslem countries of the Near East in the interest of promoting this great ideal. I have visited Egypt and have had an audience with His Majesty the King, as well as with Nahas Pasha, the nationalist leader, and other prominent personages. I have also visited Palestine and Transjordan and discussed the subject with His Majesty King Hussein and his son Emir Abdullah, and found them all sympathetic to the movement. I am happy to state that all true Moslems cannot fail to perceive the gravity of the impending danger of Western in-

filtration into our lands which disguises itself under the cloak of bringing us liberty and independence.

And now we come to the crucial point of how to achieve this exalted ideal. There is but one way and that is the way of faith and sacrifice. I am now resolved to tour the Moslem countries in the hope of enlisting the active support of their potentates and men of wealth, and a few months hence I shall return to you, and hope by then you would have resolved to sell the silk shirts on your bodies and the rich rugs that adorn your homes and devote the proceeds to this great cause. In the meantime, I shall visit Iraq at the invitation of His Majesty King Feisal and later proceed to Persia where I expect unlimited assistance from the Shah because of my knowledge of the great interest he takes in such a worthy cause. I have been told that in spite of his immense resources, the Shah spends on his own personal needs but three or four pounds a month, and when asked the reason for this seemingly undue economy he replied that he was saving his revenue in order to devote it later to the promotion of the cause of Islam.

The immediate duty of the Palestinian Arabs, however, is to ward off the danger of Zionism by investing all funds at their disposal in the purchase of land instead of depositing them in banks. I am in a position to assert that the Zionists' ambition does not stop at controlling the Holy Land and establishing therein a national home. Their aim is to gain possession of all Arab countries including Syria and Iraq. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader, himself stated to me that the Zionists plan is to acquire possession of all Arab countries, excepting Al-Hijaz, with the consent of the inhabitants. I could not help but smile at these false hopes and I replied to him: "If you can seize all Arabia and establish your headquarters at Mecca, don't hesitate."

But I am in a position to assure you further that Great Britain does not at heart favor the ambitions of the Zionists despite its apparent adherence to the Balfour Declaration, and if the Arabs will only show firmness of purpose they will ultimately attain all their political rights. Both England and France fear Russia and the possible effects of the spread of communist teachings in the East, and for that reason they would rather woo Arab friendship than risk the loss of their prestige. The Arabs are certain to emerge from the struggle triumphant if they will but persevere.

Political Developments in Syria

SYRIAN ELECTIONS

AGAIN DEFERRED

What political manoeuvres are going on behind the scenes in Syria may never be known, but the effects have been the continual postponement of the promised popular elections. It was at one time announced that the elections had been definitely set for March, but now comes the report that again they had been deferred for an undetermined period, tentatively set by some as two and possibly three months. The rumor crop, however, is still plentiful, but out of all the maze of published reports only very little so far has proven accurate.

What seems to be authentic is that the leaders of the Nationalist Party, fretting at the frequent postponements of the elections, have finally decided to call a national convention to be held in Beirut sometime in March. Their choice of Beirut is obviously to prove to the French authorities their steadfast resolve to adhere by their original demands and to reiterate their declaration of policy even under the nose of the High Commissioner. Some observers ascribe other motives to this bold move of the Nationalists, principally that of discrediting the recurrent reports that dissension has crept into their ranks. By meeting as a solid, cohesive body under the very shadow of the High Commissariat building, they hope to prove that not alone the Nationalists of Damascus are united, but also the representatives of the Party throughout the country, who would attend the convention and establish the Na-

tionalists' unity by their actual presence. It is yet to be seen whether these plans of the Nationalists will materialize, as there are some who express the fear that hindrances might be placed in the way of holding the convention.

Other rumors, and many there are, insist that the Nationalists have agreed to participate in the elections providing they were guaranteed non-interference by the government. Previously it was asserted that they made their participation conditional upon the deposition of the Tajeddin government because of their lack of faith in its fairness.

The visit of several members of the royal Hashemite house to Syria within the last few months has given impetus to the movement to recreate a royalist party whose candidate for the throne would be one of the sons of ex-King Hussein. The party has been duly organized and is said to include many of the leading citizens and notables of Damascus. The announcement of its organization, published February 10, states that its program follows closely upon that of the Nationalists. The Royalists demand a united, sovereign state, with the privilege of independent foreign representation. The government is to be a constitutional monarchy with Islam as the state religion and Arabic the official language; a national army will be created that would be an independent and distinct unit; a general amnesty will be sought for all political exiles and prisoners; a basis of understanding with France will be established with the view of safeguarding Syria's interests and facilitating its entry in-

to the League of Nations; public education will be made compulsory under a state program, and the Hijaz Railway will be restored as the property of all Moslems with a view of facilitating pilgrimage.

ARABS DECLARE BOYCOTT. SHUN JEWISH PARLEY

The visit of the Jewish Zionist leader, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, to Jerusalem in March was the signal for the Arabs' declaration of a new and more extensive boycott against the Jews and the reiteration of their oft announced intention never to consider a policy of reconciliation with the Jews so long as the Balfour Declaration was operative in Palestine and upheld by the British government. This new development gave rise to fear of disturbances on the occasion of the Easter season which coincided with the Jewish Passover and the Moslem festival of Nebi Moussa. The authorities are consequently taking no chances and have held large forces of military and police in readiness for any emergency.

The declaration of the Arab boycott of the Jews preceded the arrival of Dr. Weizmann. Their slogan is reported to be: "Sell Jews everything except land and buy nothing from them." The appeal to the boycott is issued by the Arab Executive and is addressed particularly to women. The object of the boycott, according to announcement, is to show the world that the Arabs are scrupulously guarding their interests and are united in their desire to protect their national rights.

The Jews, on the other hand, are said to be preparing to retaliate by refusing to sign new leases for shops and houses with Arab land-

lords at the end of the rental year at the beginning of June.

The Arabs decided on this firm policy in order to refute the allegations that they were ready to enter into negotiations with the Jews for a modus vivendi in Palestine in conjunction with the visit of Dr. Weizmann, although a strong element of orthodox Jews headed by Rabbi Chaim Sonnenfeld is sincerely desirous for such an understanding because of their fierce opposition to political Zionism.

The Arabs have undoubtedly been heartened in their stand by the visit of Moulana Showkat Ali, the Indian Moslem leader, who had been a delegate to the round table conference on India in London. His assertion that Indian Moslems would spare no effort in upholding their Palestinian brothers in the pursuit of their national rights confirmed the latter in their conviction that they had the support of not only the Arabs but of the whole Moslem world. Moulana Muhammad Ali, brother of Showkat, who also was a delegate to the London conference and died as a result of strain, was buried in Jerusalem instead of in his native India. This was a further indication that among Moslems religious cohesiveness and loyalty were paramount in their consideration.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Anglican Church, will arrive in Palestine shortly after Easter, according to press reports. The Vatican is said to have indicated its disapproval of his visit as tending to create further complications among Christian claims in the Holy Land. The Greek Orthodox Archbishop of Bethlehem, however, declared publicly that he could see no justification of such an assumption. The Anglican Archbishop's visit does not bear any official cha-

racter, as he is going to the Holy Land only as a pilgrim of exalted rank. He is the guest of J. P. Morgan, the American financier.

MOSUL OIL DISPUTE DEFINITELY SETTLED

Port of Tripoli to Get First Benefit of Pipe Line from Iraq Petroleum Fields to Mediterranean.

The long and heated controversy between France and Britain over the route of the pipe line through which the Mosul oil will pass to Mediterranean outlets has finally been settled in a manner apparently satisfactory to all parties concerned, according to special dispatch to the New York Times dated March 28. American oil interests, it will be recalled, have a 23¼ per cent interest in the total output of the Mosul area and will share proportionately in the costs of the pipe line, although it is not yet known whether the American companies will use the French terminus or that of the British.

A number of important details concerning the construction and the length of time to elapse before the oil begins to flow are now being discussed, but the main problem has been solved by the decision to build a single pipe line from the Mosul fields to a point near French-mandated Syria. From there the French branch will continue through Syria to Tripoli and a second branch will be pushed through British-controlled Palestine to the port of Haifa.

While this solution will involve the expenditure of considerably more money, it nevertheless surmounts a delicate political issue which on several occasions caused a strain in the

economic relations of France and Britain. The whole question had been the subject for the exchanges of dozens of notes, and as recently as two months ago the issue appeared to be as far from settlement as it possibly could be.

Because of the shorter route planned for the French branch, it is likely that all the participants in the Mosul agreement, including the British, will use the French outlet until the longer British line is finished. From this it may be presumed that the French won a further point in that they seem to have overcome the British and American opposition to the immediate construction of the line.

The present world overproduction of oil and the serious depression it has brought about caused the British oil interests to oppose strenuously the exploitation of the Mosul fields until world consumption increases. Inasmuch as the French line will not be ready for two or three years, it is hoped that world oil conditions will be greatly improved when the first Mosul wells begin to function and the pipe line opens.

In anticipation of the operation of the Mosul fields, the French Chamber of Deputies on March 27 adopted two oil conventions, the first giving a legal status to the French Petroleum Company—a private concern to which France has ceded her 23¼ per cent in the Mosul fields—and the second setting up a national refining industry to handle the French portion of the Mosul oil. The State will participate in the company to the extent of 35 per cent, and of the 900,000,000 francs to be raised for the initial work on the pipe line the government will put up 245,000,000 francs.

Under the provisions of the two conventions, American and other

foreign oil companies in France will continue to exercise their present privileges. Clauses in the original conventions having the effect of seriously compromising the future activities of American and British oil interests were removed, and American refining plants, which cost many millions of dollars and which were jeopardized in the terms of the original projects, are now assured of a fair opportunity to carry on.

The settlement of the pipe line controversy was coincident with the signing of a contract between the government of Iraq, in which the Mosul fields are located, and the Iraq Petroleum Company—a holding corporation representing the participants in the Mosul fields. In this company France and the United States have equal shares. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through the D'Arcy Exploration Company, Ltd., and the Royal Dutch Shell group, through the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, each has a 23¼ per cent interest.

Thus the British oil interests have nearly 50 per cent, giving them virtual control of the fields. The remaining 5 per cent has been held by C. S. Gulbenkian, an Armenian operator, but recently it was reported he had sold his interest to the Anglo-Persian company, although this has not been confirmed.

Drilling operations are under way at five places in the Mosul fields. Oil was struck for the first time in October, 1927, at Kirkuk. The well was capped pending the building of a pipe line. It has been estimated that the international oil interests included in the Iraq Petroleum Company up to August, 1930, had spent nearly \$18,000,000 in developing Iraq's oil resources.

The estimated cost of the remaining work, including the pipe line, has

been never definitely fixed, but it is believed that when oil is flowing through the two outlets and the necessary facilities are created considerably more than \$500,000,000 will have been expended.

In its agreement with the Iraq Government the Iraq Petroleum Company is understood to have agreed to pay Iraq 4 shillings a ton for the unrefined oil produced, plus an annuity of \$1,000,000. In addition to this a loan of \$1,000,000 without interest will be advanced to Iraq. This will be reimbursed if Iraq's benefits exceed \$2,000,000 a year.

The international concession consists of twenty-four plots of eight square miles each in Northern Iraq along the Tigris. It runs for seventy-five years, beginning with March, 1925. Other potential sources remain at the disposal of Iraq, and at least one other international group with half a dozen national interests involved is seeking the right to work the remaining areas.

REPUBLICAN PARTY FORMED IN LEBANON

In Lebanon there is a plethora of parties and a lack of parties at the one and the same time. The explanation of the paradox is that, over there, they are so individualistic that everyone constitutes a party by himself. Late papers arriving from Lebanon, however, announce the formation of a regularly constituted Republican Party for the purpose of "acquiring for the country the full benefits of a republican regime" in which the people would have the controlling voice in the conduct of government. The plain statement seems to be sufficiently explicit of the form of government now prevailing.

About Syria and Syrians

RIHANI SAILING

BACK TO SYRIA

Syrians of United States to Present
Him with a Loving Cup on the
Occasion of His Return.

After two years of brilliant work in the United States, the well-known Syrian author and traveler, Ameen Rihani, will return to his native land for a well deserved rest.

Mr. Rihani's presence in the United States was at a time when he was able to render marked services to the Pan-Arab cause which he has long championed and to the Palestinian Arabs' side of the controversy which developed its greatest intensity during the past two years. His defense of the Arab stand was conducted vigorously in the public press and on the lecture platform. His lecture engagements, besides, took him to all parts of the country, and everywhere he helped raise Syrian prestige by his versatile ability and broad accomplishments.

Out of a feeling of pride in his achievements, and as a token of appreciation and gratitude for his signal services, a committee was formed in New York to present him with a loving cup on the occasion of his departure. Over seventy representative Syrians formed the committee of which Dr. F. I. Shatara was elected president, A. K. Hitti treasurer and S. A. Mokarzel secretary. The cup is to be bought from the proceeds of popular subscriptions in order to afford, in the words of the committee, "all our countrymen the opportunity of sharing in this

expression of love and appreciation for Mr. Rihani on the occasion of his departure."

The presentation of the cup will be made at a dinner which the committee is planning to hold sometime before the date set for Mr. Rihani's sailing, which is still undetermined.

SYRIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

STILL IN TURMOIL

All efforts at effecting a reconciliation between the different factions of the Syrian Orthodox Church on the question of the Patriarchal elections have so far failed, according to the latest reports of the Syrian press. The supporters of both Patriarchs Haddad and Tahan are adamant in their contentions that their actions are legal, with the result that the rift in the church is becoming wider with the growth of passion and factionalism. The laymen's committee formed in Beirut to bring about an understanding has so far failed in its efforts.

The latest move in the cause of peace was the appointment by the three ranking Orthodox Patriarchs, those of Constantinople, Alexandria and Jerusalem, of a special representative to study the question of the Syrian Patriarchate and make the necessary recommendations for its solution. This representative has now arrived in Syria and is bending every effort to save the unity of the Orthodox Church.

A possible move, guardedly hinted at by one of the factions, is that in case of failure to win full recogni-

tion of their claims they will make an open bid to join the Anglican Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, now visiting Jerusalem, is expected to accelerate the consummation of such a step once it is finally decided upon by the faction having it under consideration.

SYRIANS OF CLEVELAND GIVE SUCCESSFUL PLAY

The Syrians of Cleveland, Ohio, are acquitting themselves creditably in their representation of the cultural attainments of their race. Last year they were the first among the foreign groups of the city to present a native play at the Theatre of Nations sponsored by the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but this year their presentation was even more appropriate to the occasion in that they chose a play whose theme and scene were native Arabian. The account of the play given by a special writer of the Plain Dealer on March 2 credited the actors with much ability and gave unqualified praise for the success of the presentation.

This year's Syrian presentation was *Antar Ben Shaddad* by Shukri Ganem which was first written in French and played at the Odeon Theatre in Paris in 1910 where it had a run of several months and was most favorably received by European critics. The Cleveland play was the Arabic version of the French original.

The entire proceeds of the play, according to a statement by the Plain Dealer, were devoted to Syrian charities as explained between acts by Dr. H. B. Khuri (in Arabic) and Jess. N. Saba (in English).

The cast of characters was as follows:

Joseph Shiekh, as Antar; John Sadick, as Shiboob, his half-brother; Sam Kassouf, as Malik, prince of the Beni-Abs; Sophie Jeha, as Princess Abla, his daughter; Mrs. Dorothy Joseph, as Selma, her waiting maid; Karim Khury, as Prince Amarat, Antar's rival for Abla's hand; George Ziady, as Zobeir, captive chief of an enemy tribe; Elias Kaforey, as a prince; Fred Shaheen, Assad Abraham, and Elias M. Ellis, as shepherds.

DR. HITTI TO SPEAK AT BROOKLYN MEETING

The International Institute of the Y. W. C. A. of Brooklyn plans a series of monthly Sunday afternoon meetings to which it will invite prominent representatives of different nationalities as speakers.

For its coming meeting of Sunday, April 26, it has invited Dr. Philip K. Hitti, of Princeton University, to deliver the principal address at St. Ann's Chapel, Clinton and Livingston Sts., Brooklyn, at 3 P. M. A choir will sing Syrian national songs under the direction of Prof. Alexander Maloof. Following the meeting a reception will be given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Hitti at the home of the Institute, 94 Joralemon St.

WORLD'S OLDEST RESORT FOUNDED BY PHOENICIANS

A special cable dispatch to the United Press from Nice, in Southern France, stated that that city was proud in the distinction of being the oldest seaside resort in the world, having been founded by the Phoenicians in 350 B. C. Its climate, the dispatch states, has attracted in

turn Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, and the nations of medieval and modern Europe. It may not be as old as the port of Marseilles, also founded by the Phoenicians as a trading post, but its distinction lies in the fact that as a popular seaside resort it has had an uninterrupted career of twenty-five centuries.

KURDISTAN PRINCESS DANCES IN NEW YORK

A young Oriental princess of magnetic personal charm arrived in New York late in February to exhibit her talents in interpretive Oriental dancing. She came highly recommended not only by her Eastern friends in France and the continent but by a number of the best known European critics. The Syrians of the city, however, reserved judgment on her art until after she had given an exhibition, but once they saw her grace and reserve, her modest demeanor and her exceptionally artistic interpretations, they felt proud of the visiting princess and hailed her as one of the more worthy exponents of the fine arts of the East, one who helps dispel the popular conception that all Oriental dancing is of the vulgar, suggestive type.

Princess Leila Bederkhan is this visiting princess, and she had her American debut at a concert she gave at Town Hall in New York on the evening of March 3 under the direction of Mr. Richard Copley. The musical score was by various Syrian composers, principally Mr. Alexander Maloof of New York, who conducted the orchestra and played several solo piano selections of his own composition which were well com-



Princess Leila Bederkhan
Artistic Oriental Dancer

mented upon by American critics.

Princess Bederkhan later responded to public appreciation of her art by giving a second concert at the Booth Theatre on March 18. She will give a third concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 4 prior to filling several engagements in Chicago, Detroit and other principal American cities before returning to Europe.

Princess Bederkhan is of Kurdish descent but spent most of her youth in Egypt and later finished her education in Switzerland and other European countries. She is a fluent linguist and has a good command of Arabic.

SYRIAN FEDERATION HOLDS ELECTIONS

The American-Syrian Federation of New York held its annual elections on the evening of March 12 at its clubhouse, 123 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn. George C. Dagher, the popular leader of the First Assembly Republican District, was elected President. Mr. Dagher, despite his many political and business activities, still finds time to engage in all constructive Syrian public affairs and invites rather than evades association with his own people. It is hoped that he will bring his talent for organization and his capacity for energetic work to bear in formulating a wide program of new activities for the Federation.

Other officers elected were: A. H. Macksoud, First Vice President; Wadih Gorra, second Vice President; Alier Couri, Treasurer; Thomas Amoury, Secretary. The four new members elected to the Board of Directors were: Said Akel, retiring President, John Kerge, O. A. Herro and Salim Totah.

SYRIAN JUNIOR LEAGUE HOLDS ELECTIONS

The Syrian Junior League of New York held its elections early this year, on Tuesday, March 31, due to the approaching trip to Europe of its president, Miss Adele Macsoud. The officers elected were: Miss Selma Milkie, president; Miss Louise Dibs, Vice President; Miss Maud Abouarab, 2nd Vice President; Miss Violet Zrike, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Mokarzel, Recording Secretary; Miss Leyla Mabarak, Treasurer, and Miss Selma Diab, Assistant Treasurer.

The annual spring dance of the club is being held on April 11 in

the Italian Village of the Hotel St. George. Arrangements have been made to insure its success and to more than fulfill the expectations of those who attended the league's past affairs. Miss Helen Jacobs is chairman of the committee in charge of the dance.

SYRIAN GIRL EXHIBITS AT NEW YORK ART SHOW

The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of Independent Artists was opened at the Grand Central Palace in New York on March 6 and was the most successful from the viewpoint of attendance than any of the former exhibitions. A Syrian girl, Miss Margaret Bishara, although still a student, had two paintings of an Oriental theme on display. Her work shows much latent possibilities. A large portrait of her in a setting of Lebanese scenery was also on display by the American artist L. Vasser Elam. Miss Bishara was born in Brummana and is of a distinctly Oriental type. Her native town, crowning a ridge of the Lebanon range overlooking Beirut and fringed with stately pines, introduced a pleasing color scheme in the canvas.

W. J. Z. RADIO MUSIC CLAIMED FOR SYRIAN

Editor, The Syrian World:

Every Sunday, for the past few months, we have been hearing Oriental music of exceptional quality over Station W. J. Z. The strains that come over the air are very familiar to all of us, as most of them are the original work of our well-known composer Alexander Maloof of New York and of Mr. Wadih Sa-

bra of Beirut.

My purpose in writing this letter to you is to voice my protest at the unfairness, on the part of the Director of this broadcasting, in not even mentioning the name of the composer of these Oriental melodies. He even goes so far as to convey the impression, to his radio audience, that he is the originator of these compositions.

I have also noticed that in programming the name of the composer of these pieces is not mentioned. I know of no other radio programmes where this evasive method is used. If he is the arranger let him state the name of the composer. Surely these melodies must have been composed by someone!

My friends and I have many times heard this same Director use a few bars of a well-known Syrian or Persian air and a few bars of another, etc., in order to make a complete composition, and the announcer merely says: "and now we hear the camels coming through the desert," or something to that effect; but where does the poor composer come in?

Of course if this is done with the composer's permission then it would be perfectly proper. But I wonder if these pirates of the air are just reaping a harvest on the fruits of Mr. Maloof's labors and others.

James Arnore.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EGYPT YIELDS TRACES OF PREHISTORIC PEOPLE

A prehistoric civilization, hitherto unknown, has been revealed as a result of this season's excavations just completed at El Medai, a suburb of Cairo, on the eastern bank of the Nile, according to a special dispatch

to the New York Times from Cairo dated February 9. Professor Mustapha Emer of the Egyptian University, who carried out the excavations, says the discoveries provided knowledge of a civilization in the Neolithic period, preceding the most ancient Egyptian dynasty.

The layers of debris in the earth yielded evidences of dwellings, such as storerooms, and there were large jugs probably used for storing provisions. That some of the dwellings were oval-shaped could be determined by wooden posts still in place, about half a yard in height. Only one example of a square dwelling place was found.

An exceptionally large collection of small objects was discovered. Indeed, no other site in the valley of the Nile has given up in one season such a large quantity of pottery so well preserved. There were more than a hundred jugs in different shapes and ranging in height from several inches to a yard. Some of the jugs had lids. The painted pottery bears a slight resemblance to the well-known pottery of Upper Egypt.

Among implements found some were of basalt, oddly shaped, and others were of limestone, flint and stone. More than 1,000 pieces of flint as well as 1,000 fragments, including pieces of daggers, hammers and mallets, were located. There were also pallets of very hard limestone.

The prehistoric dwellers in El Media were rich in copper, judging from the traces of this metal found there. A few beads of alabaster, plaster and bone also were discovered.

The finds indicate spinning was known to these inhabitants and that they led an agricultural and pastoral existence.

COLLEGE STUDENTS RIOT IN BEIRUT

Some of the Beirut papers hailed the disturbances caused by college students in Beirut early in March as a sign of life in the nation, and significantly commented that college students everywhere were ever the torch bearers of progress and all reform movements.

The riots, as it appears, were caused by the refusal of some amusement houses to allow the students the regular discounts in the price of admission formerly prevailing. This action was caused by the increase in taxation which the government placed on all amusements. The students indulged in wild public demonstrations and carried their grievances to the president of the republic.

Bravo, college students. Let us share the faith some of your admirers place in you as the instruments of the nation's salvation. But could you have found no better cause for riotous demonstration than the puerile reason of not receiving sufficient discount on the price of movie tickets!

POPULATION OF SYRIA LESS THAN 3 MILLIONS

According to figures published by the Bureau of Statistics of the French High Commissariat, the total population of all Syrian territory under French mandate is 2,763,000, distributed as follows:

Syria proper 1,620,000; Republic of Lebanon 800,000; Alaouite State 283,000; Jebel Druze 60,000. The rural population is 1,720,000 or 62 per cent., while the urban population is 360,000 or 13 per cent. The inference is that the remaining 25

per cent. is composed of unsettled Arabs.

The total area of the French mandated territory is 150,000 square kilometers of which 127,000 are in the State of Syria, 10,500 in the Republic of Lebanon, 6,500 in the Alaouite State and 6,000 in Jebel Druze.

SYRIANS AMONG VICTIMS OF SEA TRAGEDY

The collision between the British aircraft carrier *Glorious* and the French liner *Florida* in the fog near Gibraltar April 1 caused a known loss of life of thirty-two persons killed and eight missing. The *Florida* was returning from Buenos Aires and carried a large number of returning Italian and Syrian emigrants, who were the principal sufferers of the sea tragedy.

SYRIANS OF BRAZIL BUILD SPORTS CLUB

Through the generous gifts of some wealthy merchants of the community, the Syrians of Sao Paulo, Brazil, were able to fulfill their long cherished desire of establishing a sports club of their own. This project, according to a report of the Syrian newspaper *Al-Afkar*, was undertaken because of the discrimination against Syrians in other clubs they had been forced to attend. The two athletic societies for Syrian young men and young women have cooperated to bring about this welcome result.

MALOOF GUARDS "SESAME" TO CITY'S ORIENTAL MUSIC

BORN AMONG LEBANON'S CEDARS, TRANSCRIBES OLD SYRIAN MELODIES ON PIANO IN CARNEGIE HALL STUDIO

(Reprinted from the New York Evening Post, March 23, 1931.)

By RUTH SEINFEL

In Carnegie Hall there is a studio door which bears the name "Alexander Maloof," and at certain times during the day the corridor is filled with the sweet wail of Oriental melodies played feelingly on the piano. They are played by the fingers of Mr. Maloof himself, a stocky man with the look of a maestro.

His countrymen think a lot of Mr. Maloof. For he is the guardian and protector of Oriental music in America. Without him the younger generation might never have heard the plaintive tunes their shepherd ancestors used to pipe, dreaming of dancing girls in the bazaar, while watching over the flock on the plains of Syria.

Brought Out Syrian Culture

Mr. Maloof is a musician and a composer of music. He was born in the Biblical mountains of Lebanon, and came with his family to this country at the age of seven. While still very young he began to study with Joseph Henius, then head of the Institute of Musical Art, and presently he became Mr. Henius's assistant.

Meanwhile, the Syrians who had migrated to this Western world were suffering from a thirst for their own music. Western music was all right in its way, they felt, but it was very different from the music they

had known and loved at home. Mr. Maloof heard the call and went to work.

Syrian music had never been written down. It was played and sung from memory, and each performer had his own version. So Mr. Maloof wrote down all the songs and tunes he knew, and for those of his countrymen who had phonographs instead of pianos—a rapidly growing number—he had phonograph records made.

He wrote many compositions of his own, too, based on Oriental themes. All together he published five plump volumes of music and hundreds of records, and not only Syrians in America, but Syrians at home on Mediterranean shores gobbled them up. The Near East is strewn with Mr. Maloof's books and records.

While he was working, Mr. Maloof took into account the tastes of the younger generation. They like their Oriental music, he says, but they like it modernized. The true Syrian song is sung in unison, without harmonies. Mr. Maloof harmonized the melodies, because harmony pleases the Americanized ears of the young Syrians. The words, too, have been written into Roman type for the youngsters who aren't so quick at reading their native script, and for their parents the script is printed below.

Syrian Women Do Serenading

Mr. Maloof opened one of the books of songs at random and was asked to translate the title. The song, it appeared, was addressed to one Barhoom and told in some detail of the beauty and charm of that gentleman's person.

"That's an interesting point for you," Mr. Maloof said. "In America your love songs are all sung by men in praise of women. In Syria it is just the other way; it is the woman who sings of the beauty of her lover's eyes."

But there are the torch songs, the reporter suggested.

"Oh, those caveman songs, you mean. No, the Syrian songs are nothing like that. The Syrian songs are about men who are kind and tender."

Another book contained songs Mr. Maloof himself had written. The first was entitled "Lindy," and it told about how Lindbergh flew to Paris, and all that, the composer said. The second song was "Uncle Sammy."

"You see, we try to Americanize the Syrians," Mr. Maloof explained.

There are 200,000 of his countrymen in the United States, and they are very well behaved. You never hear of a Syrian going to jail—or at least Mr. Maloof never had. Mr. Maloof himself is a thoroughly patriotic American, for back in 1912 the New York Board of Education held a competition for a patriotic anthem that would be within the range of the ordinary voice, and Mr. Maloof won it with his "For Thee, America." Dr. Walter Damrosch sent him a letter praising the song.

Opera Among His Activities

Mr. Maloof is very busy, these days, with teaching music and playing and conducting orchestras on the radio. He is also writing an opera, half Oriental and half Occidental,



ALEXANDER MALOOF

for which he hopes Ameen Rihani, an outstanding Syrian literary man in this country, will do the libretto.

Many dancers dance to Mr. Maloof's music, and the radio broadcasting musicians are also very fond of it, apparently, for he is constantly hearing bars of his compositions played in those musical interludes that are supposed to provide atmosphere. They never play enough of one composition, however, to have to pay for the use of it, and it is a kind of plagiarism for which the composer has no redress, Mr. Maloof complained gently.

He plays frequently himself, both Oriental and Occidental music. Recently he played for Rabindranath Tagore at a reception, and presented to the Hindu poet the manuscript of a song composed in his honor. Tagore was deeply touched. Mr. Maloof played for Professor Albert Einstein, too, at his reception.



SYRIA, LEBANON, PALESTINE, EGYPT

OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE
NEAR EAST

Can Best Be Known by
VISITING — SEEING

Our native staff is in a position to give you first-hand information on any of these countries, as well as expert advice on planning itineraries that will afford the maximum of benefit for the minimum of expense.

A. K. HITTI & COMPANY

83 WASHINGTON STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Phone Bowling Green 2765