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THE SYRIAN WORLD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE IN ENGLISH
WITH SYRIAN AFFAIRS AND ARABIC



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AT THE GATE OF ARABIA

AMEEN RIHANI

A DAY IN ABU-HAMED

DR. NEJIB A. KATIBAH

DISCOVERING THE SYRIANS

JAMES MYERS

EASTERN RELIGIONS IN THE WEST

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN SYRIA

THE COPY 50c.



THE SYRIAN WORLD

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL, *Editor.*

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>At the Gate of Arabia</i>	3
AMEEN RIHANI	
<i>The Saint</i>	13
KAHLIL GIBRAN	
<i>Children of America</i>	14
<i>Eastern Religions in the West</i>	18
SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL	
<i>Snowdrops</i>	20
PAUL DEAB	
<i>A Day in Abu-Hamed</i>	21
DR. NEJIB A. KATIBAH	

CONTENTS (*Continued*)

	PAGE
<i>Verses To My Daughters</i>	29
J. D. CARLYLE	
<i>Discovering the Syrians</i>	30
JAMES MYERS	
<i>Arab Wisdom</i>	32
<i>Success of Federation Assured</i>	33
<i>Editorial Comment—</i>	
<i>Tours to Syria</i>	37
<i>Pride in Ancestry</i>	38
<i>Youth and Age</i>	39
<i>Spirit of the Syrian Press</i>	41
<i>Readers' Forum</i>	45
<i>About Syria and Syrians</i>	50
<i>Political Developments in Syria</i>	56

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ISSUE

Ameen Rihani

Testimonial Dinner to Ameen Rihani

THE SYRIAN WORLD

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At the Gate of Arabia

FIRST LEG OF THE EPIC JOURNEY OF THE NOTED AUTHOR
AND TRAVELER, AMEEN RIHANI, TO FORBIDDEN ARABIA

By AMEEN RIHANI

THEY were loading petroleum, stacking the surplus cargo on the promenade deck of the *Dakhalieh*, when we arrived. The other passenger, a lady going to Tor, did not seem perturbed. For her, inflammability had perhaps lost its charm; or she was accustomed to a repression hermetically sealed. But for me, there was the possibility of annihilation, particularly because a certain happy climax of life had already been reached. I imagined myself going up in a bonfire East of Suez—it needed but a lighted cigarette to do it—and I enjoyed the extravagant fancy. But, being a reader as well as a writer of books, I had come prepared for everything saving such an end. Civilization was left behind, and all that was antithetic to it I expected to find East of Suez. It were best, however, had I contented myself with the literary conception megaphoned to two worlds by Rudyard Kipling. In any case, there was still a rush-light of romance left, which no disappointment, literary or real, could snuff out.

East of Suez, south of Suez rather, particularly on a February afternoon, when the *Dakhalieh*, with its inflammable cargo, steamed out of the harbor, was full of promise. I deserved all that was coming; for I had insured myself only against Incredibility and its lame cousin Doubt. My sympathetic mood, which often became a sympathetic vision, was my only pass-card to the heart of Arabia, its people, and its kings. I learned to say *mashallah* and *inshallah*, whether I was listening to a historical

narrative or to a fairy tale (both are too often hopelessly mixed in Arabia), and afterwards, despite the buckram of common sense, included Allah in my judgment. I was a traveller, a pious and believing traveller; and, with all the willingness in the world, I was ready to believe that the Red Sea, for instance, was at one time as red as carmine, and that East of Suez is, even in our day of grace, a moral murk, an abysmal continent. For not only Orientals delight in romancing, be it remembered. You may travel in Arabia with the Critique of Pure Reason in your saddle-bag; but you have to balance it, willy nilly, with the Koran.

WHY THE RED SEA IS CALLED RED

The only other passenger on the Dakhalieh, the lady going to Tor, knew something about the Koran and the Red Sea. Indeed, although of Celtic origin, she was at home in both. She told me the story of a sea monster once captured near Tor. The strength of forty men was required to pull it out of the water. She saw it and wrote about it to the Royal Society. It had a head like a monkey's, a thorax like a human being's, while the rest of the body was that of a fish. This was neither a mermaid nor a merman, but a mermonkey, unknown, methinks, to the students of Celtic folk-lore. She also told me why the Red Sea was called Red; and here too she spoke as an observer with a scientific mind. It was not red once upon a time as the legend goes; it is not red everywhere and at all times; but only in the spawning season and in places where the sea swarms with gold fish, which glisten in the pellucid water and impart to it the color that gives it its name—Red Sea!

The sundown glow interrupted the folk-lore conversation. Celtic mermaids and gold fish were forgotten as we steamed south between Africa and Asia in what seemed an apotheosis of calm, crowned with chromatic grandeur. Mt. Sinai was partly in shadow; Mt. Ataka opposite to it was in effulgence; while behind us, the canal looked like a green ribbon floating northward, and Suez faded in a purple haze. The scene was continually shifting and changing. No sooner had the sand hills of Sinai lost the glamor of sundown than the hard contours of Ataka softened in the glow, undulating withal. Gradually again the scene was transposed. Mt. Sinai was resplendent in rose and violet hues, its outline seeming wondrously plastic, while in the West the dark grey and sable of Ataka, set off by a rich cream tinged here and there with gold, made its peaks seem more aggressive as the sun dis-

appeared. It was indeed a masterpiece of atmospheric beauty and color-contrasts. The ruggedness of Ataka and the delicate splendor of Sinai could not be more appropriately rendered, or more harmoniously composed. Hardly anywhere else in Egypt is the colorful Oriental sky so eloquently expressed. The close proximity of two continents, rising in a supreme effort on either side of the water, must give the sun its cue; and when it goes down, the interval between two splendors is not long. Soon after darkness the sky is crowded with stars. They had all come out to enjoy, like ourselves, it seemed, the warmth and the calm of that February evening. A low sky crowded with stars. It was "rush-hour" in heaven!

PURIFYING THE PURIFIED

My fellow traveller spoke of the pilgrims and of the Quarantine at Tor. She has been in the Egyptian service more than twenty years, has seen more of Al-Islam in its pious mood and squalor than any one else of her race East of Suez or West of it, and continued nevertheless to love the Muslims and nurse them with tender care. Not without reason is she called Mother of the Pilgrims. She carries in the pocket of her love the key to health and sanitation. She reads the Koran to better understand her children and she continues, for the sake of remembrance, to read the Bible. "Let them go to Mecca," she said; "it's a splendid spiritual exercise. But they must on their way back make us also a call—at least for a bath."

The Quarantine Station at Tor, the second best in the world, is, indeed, one of the guide posts of Civilization East of Suez. It is international; but its administration is in the hands of the Egyptian Government. On that sunbaked sandy wilderness, not far from the village proper, it stands out, a town by itself, hygienically conceived and built; its wards and its stores, its clinics and disinfecting rooms, its soda water factory and ice plants—they recall the best in Europe. It can accommodate from two to three thousand pilgrims at a time, the total number for the whole season sometimes rising to forty thousand. The Egyptian pilgrims, returning from Mecca, are first disinfected and then sent into wards for a period of from three to ten days, according to the prevailing health conditions at the time.

No greater service to Al-Islam, to the world, in fact, could be rendered by medical science. Ever since the Tor Quarantine was established, about thirty years ago, Egypt has not had a single

cholera epidemic. It is, moreover, teaching the Muslims sanitation and hygiene. They first balked at the idea of a quarantine, resented the interference with the pilgrimage, and objected strongly to the disinfecting process; but they have gradually reconciled themselves to it, and now they appreciate the incomparable virtues of Tor. They are beginning to even enjoy the stay, and the first thing they ask for, when they arrive, is the bath. There may be something blasphemous in a disinfectant after a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. "But health and well-being and cleanliness," said the Celtic Mother of the Pilgrims, "are enjoined by the Prophet." She knows the Muslim's Book as well as her own.

MOTHER OF THE PILGRIMS

A quiet, modest, sympathetic soul, and not without a warmth of feeling, was my companion of an evening; she had also a sense of the divine, which her silence expressed. I could not help thinking that, like the local deities of old, she had imbibed the spirit of the place. From Suez to Tor and from Tor to Suez is a pilgrimage in itself, chastening, uplifting. For one thing, there are no loud voices on the Red Sea, neither in the sky, nor on the water, nor upon the hills on either side of the Gulf of Suez:—no over tones in the coloration, no dogmatism, as it were, in the forms, no harsh outcries in the waves. Everything seems to contribute to the apotheosis of tender variability.

In the morning, at sunrise, the opposite coasts are a pageant of peaks and domes of a texture not unlike the dunes of the Nufud; they seem so brittle on the African side that they would crumble under a gust of wind; while the play of light and shade on the Sinai slopes, set off by a strip of pinkish haze above, and another of white sand looking like a mirage at the base, is like quicksilver and bronze in a frame of fascinating composition. On neither side do the colors betray the least violence. At sunset they are more expressive but not less delicate. The orange that melts into saffron, and the saffron that goes into mauve, and the mauve that rises to the sky to embrace its azure limpidity, all stand in the background of a picturesque chain which becomes bolder in outline as its color atmosphere becomes more subtle, more ethereal. Even the darkness on the hills is not devoid of a certain glaze, a certain shade of lucidity. It makes them look in their serrated peaks like scalloped black lace hung upside down on a silver thread.

There are also peaks softened by time in the soul of Mother of the Pilgrims; and there is a silver thread for a few ideals among which she sometimes hangs her humor to dry. Some one was carrying in a crate a few geese to Tor. "But surely they can not in Tor afford fresh water for geese," said I. "They are Muhammedan geese," she remarked, "and if they do not like salt water they can have sand.* In any case, they'll die among the pilgrims and go to Paradise." A lucky goose who can find some one to take him to Tor.

Measuring my luck, since I cherished the hope of going even to Mecca, though there be something of the goose-nature at the bottom of such a hope, I considered myself the happier traveller. For a moment, however, when saying good-bye to my Celtic friend, a shadow of sadness lingered across my path. What if our humor were the reality, the Koranic truth? Here be a Christian woman doing Al-Islam a noble service; and Al-Islam, in the Paradise to come, gives all its prizes exclusively to the Muslem man. Mother of the Pilgrims, forsooth. I prefer not to dwell further on the subject.

Even the Dakhalieh's tea, a murky mixture of something and milk, which was brought early in the morning by the steward in a cup as thick as his thumb, were more welcome than such a Paradise. The sin of the steward was in knocking at my door when I had just gone asleep. For I had spent most of the night on deck, enjoying the blissfulness of an evening of ineffable calm as compared with the disquieting atmosphere of a Transatlantic ship of tourists. In fact, I was still under the influence of the sunset, and the gibbous moon, with malice or without, came offering me another drink. She brought with her a soft enticing breeze—another intoxication. I surrendered myself. I was in thralls. About morning I went down to my cabin, seeking freedom in sleep; but soon after, the steward knocked at the door and, opening it, offered me a cup of tea. I cursed him in Arabic, thinking half-awake that I was on an Atlantic liner. He apologized afterwards—in Arabic! He crushed me.

The Dakhalieh is not the best steamer of the Line, but she is better than the general run of Red Sea craft. I was disappointed, because I did not expect anything so good south of Suez—barring the tea—and so clean. What does it matter if she makes

* "And if you can not find water, make your ablutions with sand."—The Koran.

but seven knots an hour, and if the skipper is a prurient Greek? From Tor down I was the only saloon passenger, and, in spite of the cargo on the promenade deck, the illusion of a private yacht was irresistible. Allah in His mercy has not forgotten His slave Ameen of Manhattan Island. Allah be praised.

AN EXCITING FIGHT

Al-Wajh, the first Arab port of call, is a little village on a sandy coast, with two mosques, twelve policemen in khaki uniform, a school, and an empty prison. But this should not be mistaken. The prison is empty, not because of the want of criminals, but because they are seldom caught. Nevertheless, Al-Wajh breathes an air of prosperity. It makes its own smacks (*sanbooks*) which carry its charcoal, its salt fish, and its sheep butter to Suez in exchange for wheat and cotton cloth. And north of Al-Wajh, near Dhoba, I was told, are oil fields unexplored. The seepage along the coast runs visibly into the water.

One of the twelve policemen of the town, a youth of twenty, carrying a whip with a silver knob, came on board with the school teacher to supervise the discharge of the cargo. There was, to be sure, a chaos of outcries and a crowding of *sanbooks*; but the only incident that threatened the peace was handled by the young policeman with firmness and decision. A black boy in one of the *sanbooks* picked a quarrel with an Arab; and the two, from the prows of their boats, not far apart, shouted insults at each other. The black was the first to act. He stretched himself forward, lying on his bosom, and clutching at the Arab's arm, dragged him forth and pushed him into the water. The boy struggled amidst the craft, and climbed up again to his own, crying and cursing aloud. The police lad, who witnessed the quarrel and tried to stop it from the deck, adding his own curses to those of the two boys, sent for the black eventually and there and then applied the whip to his bare skin. The boy did not cry. But when he went back to his *sanbook*, he stretched himself on the prow, grinned at his victim, and spat into the water. He then looked up towards Abu-Kirbaj (Father of the whip) and grinned and spat in the water again.

CAMELS HAVE MANNERS TOO

Just then the camel of Sherif Zaggal was in the air above the black's head, hanging by a rope to the derrick chain; and either out of fright or meanness she staled upon him. Where-

upon, the Arab boy chuckled and exclaimed: "Allah is just!" The Sherif Zaggal, Governor of Al-Wajh, who was going with us to Jeddah, changed his mind at the last hour and sent his camel instead. The camel, too, might have changed her mind, if she were human. But being a camel, and, although on her first sea voyage, she was indifferent. I paid her a visit on the morning of the following day when she was lying down. A two-year-old, and evidently a thoroughbred. Her manner, if not her features, was a proof of this; for like an Arab girl she was extremely polite. She got up when she saw me coming and stretched her neck towards me, turning her head to the right and to the left;—turning her cheek rather, for she did not resent being kissed. The camel of Zaggal is gifted also with curiosity; for often she would stretch her neck above the railing and gaze at the sea and snort. As much as to say, Why has the desert changed its color? And why do the sands roll and tumble over each other as if swept by the simoon? Yet, there is no simoon. She sniffed the air which she seemed to enjoy, and, pursuing her adventure, she made an effort with her neck to reach the water. She was wondering whether it was real sand: she would find out for herself. Gifted with curiosity, indeed, is Sherif Zaggal's camel, and well bred. I wonder if his subjects are likewise.

The police lad at Al-Wajh was certainly polite, and, in one or two instances, evinced curiosity. He asked me if we had any camels in New York and if we taught the Koran in our schools. I made a straightforward reply, which surprised and shocked him. He was surprised to know that we had no camels, and shocked to hear that we did not know anything about the Koran, and that we seldom really pray.

At noon and at sunset, the Third Class passengers, who sleep on the lower decks, spread their little rugs or mats or bits of cloth and turn towards the East to pray; they really pray;—honestly, strenuously, fervently pray. For Allah is there, beyond, as palpable as the ship under their knees, and is all-hearing. Beside him sits Muhammad, who smiles benignly upon the Faithful. And the huris are there, too, waiting for the Faithful to come. If this were not so, how could they put up with life, how could they endure its hardships and trials, how could they see and not desire the creature comforts that we in our First Class infidelity were enjoying? No, they neither desire nor envy. They have the best God in the world, the best Prophet in the world, and the best Paradise in the world to come. It is yet my lot, and that

of the reader who goes all the way with me, to realize that an illusion in a state of detachment can achieve reality, though but for a spell.

AN ARTIST'S DELIGHT

Meanwhile, we toy with little things and surrender ourselves to the joy of the moment. Color is not only a form of enjoyment; it is a necessity as well as a luxury—like love. Indeed, color is to the soul what air is to the lungs. And what on the Red Sea is more gorgeous than its blue? It is a limpid and lustrous blue, a deep and sensuous blue; a Nile blue which is lyrical in the sun; a blue through which, even in the shade, you can see the porpoises many feet under water. Neither the Caribbean nor the Eastern Mediterranean in the shadow of the Lebanons can approach it in purity and rare glaze. It is washed, as it were, of all the atmospheric vapors and all the particles that make the waters of the Atlantic opaque and dark. It is a filtered blue. The eye drinks of it and never tires.

In the Gulf of Suez after sunset there still lingered here and there patches of gold which added to the fascination of its blue. The fusion made the slow rolling little waves look like melted emeralds in gold-lined bowls; and where they did not fuse, they presented a charming design, a lyrical design;—a melody of saffron hues moving briskly over the broad cerulean rhythms of the sea.

I asked the Maltese ship doctor if it was the same blue early in winter, and his reply was that he didn't pay much attention to it. He further admitted that he couldn't tell one shade of blue from another. But I heard him at table speak of the blue mouth of a pretty girl among the Arab passengers. Her lips are tattooed, said the Skipper, and then made a remark in Greek, at which the Doctor laughed. The wireless operator, a pink-cheeked, clean-shaven youth from Lancashire, who understood the Skipper's Greek by inference or by precedent, did not try to conceal his disgust. He later told me that he was going to leave the ship. Once I tried to change the conversation, asking, to my regret, a question about the Maltese language, which is considered to be a conglomeration of Italian, Spanish, and Arabic. But the Doctor, coming to the rescue, seemed to say, My mother tongue, right or wrong. He told us that Maltese is the ancient Phoenician language and that Arabic is derived from it, that is,

from the Maltese! There is always some one on board to spoil a sea voyage.

It is not necessary, however, to make any serious attempt to avoid an unpleasant subject or situation, on board a ship which brings you everyday to a new port. The change, with a little patience, is inevitable. At Yanbo', which is the seaport to Al-Medinah, I met an ancient friend, who is familiar to every one that reads Arabic poetry. For what poet, ancient, medieval or modern, has not drawn upon Mt. Radhwa for a simile or a metaphor? They have made it walk, and ride, and fight battles; but it still stands where it stood of old, casting its shadow over Yanbo', in the morning, and in the afternoon, over the plains and hills which separate it from the second Holy City of Al-Islam.

Not only the Mountain has not changed, but it harbors a section of the tribe of Juhainah which shares with it the virtue of immutability. These Juhainah Arabs are herdsmen who have lived apart from their fellow tribesmen ever since the days of the Prophet. They go in sheepskins, live in huts up in the mountain summits, and are self-sufficient. Seldom does any of them come down to the plain, and seldom do any other Arabs go up to their heights. Of a certainty, no traveller, native or European, has visited the Juhainahs of Mt. Radhwa, for the Hijaz Government, even today, cannot give the necessary protection.

AT THE GATE OF ARABIA AT LAST

About twenty-four hours after we leave Yanbo' we sight the first landmark of the harbor of Jeddah, that is the clearing mark of the navigator, which is Mt. Hamaniyah and the saddle of Mt. Hadda beyond it. Soon after we come to the outer reefs near which the water is of a milky color caused by the coral sand, which is stirred up by tidal streams or storms. Over these reefs the billows break and form in winter a line which, seen from Jeddah, gives the illusion of a foaming coast in mid-ocean.

From the first reefs to the shore is a body of water, which is only affected by the tide. This is the harbor, and in it are three lines of reefs, with gateways, which are charted minutely for the foreign navigator, giving the direction of the reefs, their size, their form, and their sloping to shoals. All of which the native boatmen know as good as the book of the Red Sea pilot. They even know more, or they have an eye that penetrates the darkness. For they can negotiate the reefs at night without any mishap, zig-zagging around them and going through the gates

as if they were lighted with electricity.

We made our way through the hidden gates meandering to an anchorage about two miles from land. The reef formations were betrayed by the light and dark green color of the water;—crescents of emerald, floating ribbons of saffron, and here and there a white spot indicating a shoal. Another charming passage in the canvas was the ochre over a bed of sand forming a foil to the green, and both balancing a path of deep blue.

Jeddah is a clutter of buildings from two to four stories high stretching about a mile along the coast and inward not more than half a mile. Its minarets and its tall buildings make its skyline suggestive in parts of that of lower Manhattan. The architecture is pure Arabic, but not of an elaborate style. The walls are mostly of madrepora plastered on both sides, and a characteristic feature is the woodwork of the *mashrabiya*hs (lattice screens) which stand before the windows. They have also contrived, to combat the summer heat, a sort of bay window, a projection of wood rather, which hangs like a balcony over the street, and can be opened on three sides to the breeze. From a distance the city presents a decent view of prosperity; it is not even lacking in the aspect of grandeur.

Steam launches and *sanbooks* came zig-zagging around the reefs to meet us. And lo! My friend Constantine Yanni, who, ten years ago, a beardless youth, was editing a newspaper in Syria and fulminating against the Turks, had become a hirsute Arab and was in the uniform of a Captain of the Hijaz Army. Hola, Constantine! But he had come with other officials of the Hashemite Government, and the greeting, in the name of His Majesty King Husein, was formal, as it should be, and a bit pompous. Later, we slapped each other on the back.

At the Quarantine pier, more officials and more ceremony. The mayor of Jeddah expressed to me the regret of His Majesty, who was in a state of uncertainty about my arrival, caused by my neglect to cable from Suez that I was coming on the *Dakhali*eh. Otherwise he would have come down from Mecca to meet me. "But he is waiting for a word from us," said the Collector of Customs, as he entered into the office of the Quarantine Superintendent. And there I got the first big surprise in my travels in Arabia. A telephone in the Holy City of Mecca! The Collector sat at the desk, and, taking up the receiver before him, asked Central, without any preliminary "Helo" or "'Elo," to give him Mecca—Royal Palace. There was no parley and no

waiting. The Hashemite Secretariate was informed of the arrival of "Saiyed" Ameen Rihani, and in half a minute the Collector conveyed to me the Hashemite Secretariate's reply: "Saiyedna (our Lord) is coming. He will leave Mecca in half an hour."

The Saint

By KAHLIL GIBRAN

IN my youth I once visited a saint in his silent grove beyond the hills; and as we were conversing upon the nature of virtue a brigand came limping wearily up the ridge. When he reached the grove he knelt down before the saint and said, "O saint, I would be comforted! My sins are heavy upon me."

And the saint replied, "My sins, too, are heavy upon me."

And the brigand said, "But I am a thief and a plunderer."

And the saint replied, "I too am a thief and a plunderer."

And the brigand said, "But I am a murderer, and the blood of many men cries in my ears."

And the saint replied, "I too am a murderer, and in my ears cries the blood of many men."

And the brigand said, "I have committed countless crimes."

And the saint replied, "I too have committed crimes without number."

Then the brigand stood up and gazed at the saint, and there was a strange look in his eyes. And when he left us he went skipping down the hill.

And I turned to the saint and said, "Wherefore did you accuse yourself of uncommitted crimes? See you not that this man went away no longer believing in you?"

And the saint answered, "It is true he no longer believes in me. But he went away comforted."

At that moment we heard the brigand singing in the distance, and the echo of his song filled the valley with gladness.

Children of America

The following article, based on the research and study of the Foreign Language Information Service, and published in the January, 1929, issue of *The Interpreter*, its official organ, is an able presentation of conditions obtaining in the homes of recent immigrants in America. The relations between the older and younger generations have been the concern of all ethnic groups, Syrians included. The article touches on many social problems which the *Syrian World* has been treating for the past three years. Principally because it comes from an organization specializing in the study of conditions among the foreign born, and committed to the policy of sympathetic interpretation of the point of view of the immigrant, the article recommends itself highly to the serious study of our readers.—Editor.

THE sweeping indictment of aliens as criminals, implied at least in so many discussions these last ten years, has been dismissed by all fair-minded Americans. It had its origin in a racial holier-than-thou attitude and fell to the ground as soon as our sociologists and statisticians had time to marshal the facts. The conclusion of careful students seems to be unanimous that the percentage of law-breaking among our immigrant population is less than with the native born.

Yet the "crime waves," which are still with us, have made notorious a host of "foreign" names. The role of inmates in our prisons and reformatories creates an impression of immigrant criminality which is not justified by investigation and statistics. Most often the "alien criminal" turns out to be American born and American bred, with an "un-American" name for his only foreign heritage. It is the second generation that contributes more than its due quota of arrests and commitments to American prisons. The children of immigrant parents have a still higher rate of juvenile delinquency. There is comfort in the fact that this same second generation has apparently produced more than its quota of achievement in science, the arts, business and inventions, of feats of enterprise and valor. In such instances these young people are our pride, not our problem. We speak of them as Americans. It is when they are socially inadequate, that we are apt to refer to them as the second generation.

Theirs is an American birthright, with opportunities far greater than their immigrant parents had. With them is no handicap of language. They are beneficiaries of our public schools. In many cases poverty or social environment may work

for delinquency but, on the other hand, the immigrant father, just because he has been at the bottom of the ladder, usually does his utmost to see his children ascend. Their frequent failure is the more striking because of the straight path which their parents have kept in a country strange to them.

Obviously, no theory of race or nationality fits here. The complaint that there is more respect for law in foreign countries than in America with its tradition of pioneer freedom, does not suffice to explain the apparent anomaly. In the villages and small towns of Europe from which so many of our immigrants have come, behavior was controlled not so much by outside pressure as by habits which had been formed in many centuries of living together. That the daily bread must be earned by hard work and by work only, was an experience of daily life for many generations. The few and simple social groupings had developed a strong group solidarity. The mode of life was primitive and for every occasion there were fixed standards of what was or was not fit to do. There were ancient usages, codes of honor and the power of a closely-knitted community opinion. In America the immigrant slowly moves away from his traditional norms but the old habits persist and are still so strong that his proportion of delinquency is below that of native-born Americans.

No such tradition exists for the second generation. No cultural values have come to it from long lines of ancestors. The old country community with its fixed limits and standards has no substitute here. Even the immigrant family—the only social grouping to survive the trip across the sea—breaks down, strong as are its ties. Only parents of more than average intelligence and intuition are able to transmit to their American-born children something of their cultural tradition and to preserve the solidarity of the family. More often the “revolt of youth” leaves here much deeper wounds than in native families. The new, English-speaking American is prone to look with contempt upon the language and the queer customs and memories of his parents. He hears the terms of derision which we apply to foreigners and greenhorns. Even in school he may learn that everything that is not American is inferior, and he sees this inferiority exemplified in mine workers and factory hands who want to exercise a parental authority over him. He is ready to gain his way wilfully—maybe with a justifying reference to “American customs”—and when the father tries to enforce obedience in a way which is actually un-American, their relationship may be past remedy.

Every teacher, social worker, and discriminating law officer knows how much youthful wrong-doing can be traced to homes which have been broken up by such cultural dualism.

If Americanization is too rapid it may be as bad as though it were too slow. Externals of American life are easily assimilated but it is difficult for an individual to establish his own standards in the stream of American migrations, occupational changes, social contrasts and shifting groups. With no fixed habits of conduct young people are apt to assimilate what James Truslow Adams calls our lawless heritage.

It is mostly for the sake of their children that immigrant fathers and mothers go to evening school. They are anxious to keep up with their sons and daughters and to make themselves understood in a common language. Often by teaching English to parents our evening schools have helped them to keep their homes together and to check the early delinquency of their children. Yet a knowledge of English can not be a remedy for all cases. The first immigrant generation, no matter how willing it may be, cannot meet the second on the latter's terms alone. Few immigrants can assimilate the life of America so rapidly as to be able to cope with the influence of our "lawless heritage" on their children. If a too rapid disintegration of our ethnic groups with their traditional standards of behavior is to be prevented, the parents must be met by the children half-way.

The task of bringing the second generation nearer to the traditions and ideals of the first cannot be accomplished by the individual father or mother. How many of us can effectively interpret the culture in which we live? There is a task for each immigrant group as a whole acting through its organized bodies. Unlike the immigrant "colony" which is an expression of the newcomer's strangeness in America, the fraternal, social and educational organizations which have been established by various groups, represent their conscious effort to adjust themselves to American conditions. More or less effectively the old country language, culture and associations are reconciled with and brought into touch with the new life in America. An effort by these organizations to reach out after the younger American-born generation is only a recent development. It is dictated only in part by the wish to increase membership. There is always the recurrent feeling that the organizations should take care of their members' children and bridge the gap between the two generations.

If they can do it, these foreign language organizations deserve our encouragement and cooperation. There is no danger of perpetuating a foreign language or loyalty even among the American born. Each organization which bids for the interest of its members' sons and daughters, starts by introducing the English language in its publications and lodges; it is the only language in which the second generation can express itself freely. As additional inducement activities and devices are adopted which will attract American born children, and, as a sanction in their eyes, the cooperation of American schools and agencies is looked for. Instead of falling back into alienism, the children will bring their parents further within the influence of American life. They never can have the same interest that the first generation has in politics abroad or journeys to the mother country. But they will be willing recipients of a historical tradition, art and literature in which they can take pride among and as Americans. Italian or Spanish, Slav or Scandinavian books will teach them that it took all sorts of "wops" and "bohunks" to make the world's civilization and that the language and the culture of the old folks may be worth getting acquainted with. If the organization brings to the younger generation an understanding of another civilization and of folkways and traditions of other peoples and inspires in them a respect for their own parents, a benefit will accrue to everybody concerned. As between a "native" neighborhood gang and commercial amusements, on the one side, and a "foreign" club room with American parties, sports and contests, some old country music, song and dance and a "parental blessing" on the other, the choice should not be difficult.

Three basic truths must not be forgotten: that crime has always been a problem chiefly of youth; that while there is no single cause for delinquency, the conflict or inadequacies at home lie nearly always at the bottom of it; and that the conflict in immigrant homes is a conflict not only of generations but of cultures. It is not inevitable. Many of us have traveled abroad, have learned a foreign language and have acquired another culture without coming nearer to prison gates. Why should the second immigrant generation be burdened only with the conflict of the two cultures to which it is the natural heir? It would seem that its natural mission is to reconcile them and to interpret and contribute to American life the valuable elements of all the cultures from which the parents of the "second generation" have come, which is all the world.

Eastern Religions in the West

*Extracts from the address delivered at the luncheon of the
Daughters of the United Maronites' Society at the Hotel St.
George in Brooklyn, February 10, 1929.*

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

A preceding speaker referred to the fact that the Feast day of St. Maron, the patron saint of the Maronites, falls in the same month as those of Lincoln and Washington. Let me remind you that this in itself is no indication of greatness. Greatness is in the work which endures—in the character of the service that is so essential, so noble, that it is carried on from one generation to another with as much conviction and enthusiasm as when it was first performed by the author himself.

Now here you are in the United States celebrating the feast day of a saint who has given his name to a valiant people and whose work has endured for many centuries long before the discovery of America. There must be something of genuine value and worth in the teachings and the services of this religious teacher that they have endured so long. Owing to this very fact you who are now honoring his memory should be proud that you are carrying on a work and keeping alive a tradition which has withstood the ravages of centuries. This is a privilege and a distinction of which you should be especially conscious.

But you are now facing a situation unlike that which obtained during all the centuries since St. Maron was establishing his work. You are now in a new country and encountering new conditions which require unshaken determination to carry on the work preserved by your forefathers. You find that your services and rituals are unlike those practised by your neighbors and might at first waver then decide to break the ties which bind you to the past. In this I would like to issue to you a warning—I would loath to see you lose a valuable heritage and a precious legacy of which you are now the custodians. Religion is not a style that could be subject to the vagaries of fancy. Religion is a principle and a creed whose test of worth is in its endurance. It would be a great pity indeed if merely with the change of political allegiance you would be prompted to a change of religious rituals.

This could not be construed as an indication of progress since it would not entail a repudiation of creed or change in fundamental dogma, but merely a superficial transition from one form of ritual to another.

I wish here to remind you of some historical facts over which you may reflect and ponder. The Maronites profess the Catholic faith. They are as much Catholics as the American, Italian, French or any other Catholics anywhere in the world. The fact that they practice a different form of ritual does not alter in the least the fundamental character of their creed. They should rather, feel proud of the distinctive merits of this ritual. It is conducted in the very language supposed to have been spoken by Christ Himself. Aramaic, the spoken language of Syria and Palestine during the time of Christ, is a bosom sister of the Syriac. They, together with the Hebrew, Chaldean and Arabic, form the Semitic group. That the rituals of the Maronites' services are conducted in Syriac should be a distinction and an honor of which the Maronites should feel proud.

We see the Latin language used in Catholic rituals and we look upon the fact as a matter of course. Now let us see how Latin came to be used as the ritual language of the Catholic church.

At the time of Christ Rome was the capital of the Roman Empire, of which Syria was a vassal state. St. Peter, head of the Apostles, came to Rome to establish Christianity as the state religion of the Roman Empire. Latin, the spoken language of the state, was adopted for the rituals because it was the language commonly spoken and understood. Hence we discover that the language of the ritual is but an expediency. Latin has now become unintelligible even to the descendants of the Romans. Still we find it used in the ritual out of respect for ancient tradition. This tradition seems to have been sanctified by constant and uninterrupted usage. Now one is prompted to ask: If the question is one of tradition, why shouldn't we adhere to the tradition that is more substantially based on fact than of expediency?

Regardless of the fact that the Maronite ritual is conducted in the language supposed to have been spoken by Christ, its hoary age and its hallowed traditions should make it worthy of perpetuation for the particular purpose for which it is being used. In this respect it is of a class with the ritual language of the Greek Orthodox and the Melchite Catholic churches. They should all be preserved as a matter of racial pride and as indication of tenac-

ity in religious principles. To renounce them would be to break the most sacred ties that bind us to our ancient and honorable history.

With the present generation this precious heritage seems to be safe, but the concern is for the future and it rests upon the coming generations to insure the continuity of the work that has so far endured for nearly sixteen centuries. Those of the younger generation who are here today celebrating the day of the patron saint of their parents should be congratulated upon their sense of appreciation of a noble and worthy heritage. It is to be hoped that they will imbue coming generations with this same sense of obligation towards a sacred cause, to the end that this noble heritage which has come down to them through the ages will endure to the lasting glory of a valiant race and a most worthy saint and reformer.

Snowdrops

By PAUL DEAB

MY love sleeps deep in a snowdrop's heart,
That grows on a gaping mountainside,
By the banks of streams that leap and dart—
Dazzling and ruffling that mountainside.

The snowdrop bides in a paradise
Of carolling birds and sighing pines;
Of velvety shades and sapphire skies;
Love's symphony—those sighing pines.

My love now lies in eternal sleep;
For the snowdrop did weary of earth.
Both secret treasures are buried deep;
Loved and cherished by wearying earth.

But love is no vagrant gypsy elf
Frollicking here and then out of sight.
Its roots, deep as the snowdrop's itself,
Shall live forever in thy heart and sight.

A Day in Abu-Hamed

By DR. NEJIB A. KATIBAH

[T was late in 1897. The Dervishes had been routed at Abu-Hamed in August, and Kitchener Pasha had already pushed his troops farther south toward Berber. All was excitement and activity at Wady Halfa, then the headquarters of the Sudan Military Railway. Two construction trains had to be loaded and dispatched to railhead daily, in order to keep the terminus within easy reach of the advancing army, so as to prevent catastrophe in case of unexpected reverses, and to facilitate the transport of ammunition, supplies and reinforcements whenever necessary. With the carrying capacity of that single-track narrow-gauge line taxed to the extreme, it was impossible to furnish comfortable passenger accommodations. In fact this was reduced, in many instances, to spare space in the "brake-van," or to a returned empty "animal-truck," in the case of officers and civilians, the troops shifting as best they could on top of sleepers and rails.

It was in one of those springless brake-vans that, one day, I found myself traveling, in obedience to orders detailing me for temporary duty at Abu-Hamed. It was, therefore, not without a sigh of relief that I did limp out from my irksome place, as soon as the stout little English engine came to a stop at railhead, now in the midst of the Nubian Desert. "Surely," I said to myself, "they will furnish me with less wearisome conveyance for the rest of my journey." But alas! In this I was doomed to be keenly disappointed; for, from railhead to Abu-Hamed—a distance of about 100 miles—I was made to experience what it was to be churned into—not butter—but a mass of aching muscles and bruised bones. This process was brought about by a Sudanese camel and a Sudanese camel-saddle, minus the makhloofa, the usual riding fur. Ah well! I do not wish to dwell long upon this part of my experience, as the memory of it creates within me a sense of extreme tension and discomfort.

There is, however, one thing in this journey, over which my memory loves to hover. It is the desert. There is a peculiar charm in that golden yellow sheet of sand spreading out in gentle undulations all around you. It is the charm of feeling, somehow, greater than you had been hitherto. You feel that you have a

personality, and that that personality gradually expands seeking to fill the vast expanse around you, or perhaps to come in touch, to commune, with the universal personality that permeates all space. A feeling of reverence overpowers you. Unconsciously you become—you feel you are—a Moses, a prophet and a leader, free, noble, indomitable and full of holy zeal. On one occasion I was exceptionally impressed as my eye restfully followed the successive waves of sand until they kissed the azure sky in the distant horizon, describing a clearly defined line against the "welkin's cheek." It was early in the morning, and the east blazed with blending hues of purple, orange, yellow, pink and red, which my Arab guide appropriately termed "Allah's radiating glory." And then all was still—nature was worshipfully silent; and, as it were in obedience to the natural promptings of the heart, my only companion, the Arab, fell on his knees, looked up to heaven, then prostrated himself in befitting adoration.

Such, however, were not my thoughts as I neared Abu-Hamed. I was then musing over war and its horrors. I had previously witnessed an action, and visited the battlefield an hour later. It was sickening. The suffering, the agony, the anguish of the human soul as it violently leaves its earthly abode, without a word of sympathy or term of endearment, away from home and friends, and sullen with deep longing for a last look from that eye that once beamed warmth, devotion and love, was a sight at once repellant and heartrending. Such were the thoughts that arose in me as the tall date trees, fringing the Nile, broke upon my view in the distance, and reminded me of the struggle to death between man and man that had taken place there a few months before. Yes, I expected to arrive in a village laid waste and desolate by war, with nothing therein to greet the eye save wounded and disabled men, or no men at all, orphaned children, and disconsolate wives.

What was my astonishment, therefore, to find that this was not the case. I found that if, indeed, the people had suffered, their suffering must have been slight; or, perhaps, owing to the childish nature of the Sudanese, upon whose memory fortunes and misfortunes make no lasting impression, the natives had buried their sorrows along with the dead, and, for the time being, given themselves up to merrymaking. The hubbub of voices, mixed with the loud and measured beating of drums, filled the air for miles, and reached my ear long before I arrived at my destination. As I drew nearer, the noise grew louder but more

distinct. Finally I alighted in the midst of the rejoicing blacks. My first observation was that the crowd was divided into as many groups as there were drums, each drum being the center of a circle, and each circle making a strenuous effort to out-drum, so to speak, and to out-sing the other circles.

The Sudanese will not have to have a cause for frolicking. The whim suddenly strikes someone to sing, someone else hears him and runs to his side, others soon join, and the contagion spreads like wild fire. The drum-beaters come out. Each one of these worthies is usually affiliated to a staff of volunteer experts, composed generally of a "master-minstrel," a responding chorus, a few noted dancers, and various odd seconds and sympathizers. The drummer, being attracted by the noise, selects a spot of vantage near it, and beats away at his drum; his supporters congregate around him, and by their combined effort attract a crowd.

In this instance, however, there was occasion for the hilarious gathering. A buxom Sudanese lass had been receiving attention from two young men at the same time; and as it was not within her power to reject either, and naturally impossible for her to espouse both, the rivals determined to fight it out—the usual recourse in those climes when Eros is thwarted. The drummers were promptly advised, hence the gathering and the noise. The time for the duel not having come yet, the various circles were still intact, wholly absorbed in their noisy songs any naive dances, and ostentatiously displaying their vigor, skill and taste to the admiring spectators. One circle after another could be seen to thin down to the modest number of its performers, and again swell to exaggerated proportions, as the spectators were attracted by uproarious flourishes, now here, now there, by the emulating "artists..". At times the competition grew so keen that the spectators themselves were carried away by enthusiasm, and frantically yelled and clapped and hopped in unison.

There was dancing in every circle, the man usually holding the woman around the waist in European fashion and dancing in regular steps to the measured beats of the drum. Some of their dances seemed to require practice, but, on the whole, the movements were too violent and the steps too grotesque to suit our taste.

However harshly we may express our opinion about his other dances, the Sudanese seems to grin indifferently; but he

does not do so when we happen to speak lightly of the *Shubbal* dance—the goal of every young woman's ambition in that land. The supple *Shubbal* dancer is the graceful ballet artist of Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. She is always sure of large and appreciating audiences. Lightly she steps into the enclosure, and at once throws her chest forward and upward, and imitates, with wonderful accuracy, both the movements and the cooing of the male pigeon a-courting. She puts her feet closely together and takes the smallest steps possible, thus making but little progress as she makes her round. She, however, manages to complete the circle, notwithstanding the prolonged stops she makes in front of the men to whom she intends "giving the *Shubbal*." During these stops she gradually exaggerates the forward and upward upheaval of the chest, bending backwards, until she makes a sharp curve of her body, her head hanging within a few inches from the ground. At this, the man steps forward, gently stoops over her, passes his hand under her loins, snaps his fingers in a peculiar fashion over her face, and shouts "*Hababik ashara, hababik ashara!*" (you are ten-fold welcome), then deposits a coin upon her forehead, which she will retain if she manages to keep in the same position so long as she remains thus arched. On resuming the natural erect posture, supported by the man's arm, she makes a side sweep with her figure, and gently brushes his face with her short braids, thus bestowing upon him the highest public favor within her power. This means as much as a kiss, and is termed "giving the *Shubbal*," after which the dance is named—the word *Shubbal* meaning a suit of hair.

Some of their songs struck me as being politically unwise, to say the least. The expedition for the reconquest of Sudan was virtually an expedition for the destruction of the rule of fire and sword created by the Mahdi. And it was only recently that these folk had witnessed the superiority of regular troops to the disorderly hordes of the Khalifa. The breaches made by the cannon balls in the walls of their mud huts had not been repaired yet, and should have stared their dull brains to reflection. Yet there stood those negroes, who had come out much the worse for wear and tear of Dervish misrule, singing the praises of the very impostor at whose door they should have laid their miseries.

Here are some of those songs with literal translation:

W'el Mahdi ya khulla,
D'an nawwar el hulla,

Darab el medir zalla;
Gumu b'il ajal d'al Mahdi d'az zahar!

The Mahdi, friends,
It is he who has illumined the camp,
The sword of victory he has drawn;
Arise quickly—it is the Mahdi who has appeared!

Another:

El Mahdi nuru tibbi!
W'il nima jabik rabbi!
B'ul Kasim balabbi.

El Mahdi, his light is medicinal!
O the grace my Lord has brought thee!
It is B'ul Kasim's (call) that I answer.

(B'ul Kasim is one of the names of the Mahdi whose full name reads: Mohammad Ahmad Abu'l Kasim El Mahdi.)

Another stanza of the same:

El Mahdi nur ainaiya,
Kharab el dawla el misriya!
B'ul Kasim zukhriya.

The Mahdi is the light of my eyes,
He has destroyed the Egyptian government!
B'ul Kasim is my treasure.

The nature of these songs spoke plainly of their origin and their date, and at first I was at a loss to explain why they were sung in such an incongruous connection, and at such an inopportune time. Of course wide margin should be allowed for their wild enthusiasm, under the influence of which they were likely to say what they never meant. In confirmation of this I should mention that the very singer (not a drinking man) leading in the first song quoted above, was, soon after, the soloist in the following:

Ya teir in masheit sallim ala Amara,
'O kul lihum el balad 'tsallamuha el Baggara;
W'il bint el min gubeil b'il baham tiddara
El yom wityet el mallala.

O bird, if thou goest, give greetings to Amara,*
And tell them that the town is captured by the Baggara;**
And the girl who formerly took shelter from the moon's rays,
Today steps barefooted on the hot sand.

This will be enough to show that they sang at random, giving no thought to the meaning.

But apart from all that, drunkenness was a great factor in this confusion.

The Sudanese, both men and women, have a strong appetite for intoxicants, and, like monkeys, take to them naturally. Every Sudanese family brews its own beer under the name of *Merissa*. It is "dhurra" (a kind of maize), soaked in water long enough to be mashed by hand, then left undisturbed to ferment. Merissa is a repulsive-looking drink, thick and muddy, but to all appearances, its effect is quite equal to that of beverages more tempting to the eye.

On occasions like this, Merissa is procurable from any dame who seizes upon the opportunity of making a few pennies by converting her hut into a temporary tavern. She advertises this by hoisting a rag, plain or red, at her door. There the men (and occasionally women) resort, squat in a circle on the bare ground, and help themselves to repeated and deep quaffs from a wooden bowl—the Sudanese stein—that the woman fills and refills and passes around.

The time for the duel having come, its announcement was followed by a general scramble for the first line, the sitting row, in the duel circle. The rivals had already taken their places in the enclosure and proceeded to bare their chests and backs. Soon they were ready and stood with folded arms, proudly and defiantly facing each other. They carried no weapons. The commotion arising from the rush for places soon subsided and eventually ceased.

Suddenly someone uttered a loud shout, and tossed a whip into the circle, which fell between the motionless rivals. It was a monstrous article. The handle, which was beautifully and artistically covered over with interwoven strips of variously dyed leather, was a little over one foot in length, of medium weight and of exceptional strength. The lash which was slightly over four

* Amara is a village on the Nile, north of Dongola.

** Baggara (herdsmen, cattle breeders) is the aristocratic tribe of the Dervishes, from whom the Mahdi sprung.

feet in length and moderately flexible, was made of tough rhinoceros hide, emerging thick from the handle and tapering to a free but weighted extremity.

"Begin first, Idris," shouted one of the spectators.

"No, no, you go first, Fanoos," replied another.

At this one of the girls sang a verse in praise of Idris, which was promptly answered by another in behalf of Fanoos. This broke the ice, and a flood of panegyric flowed from all quarters, here in eulogy of one, there of another, until it was impossible to distinguish either words or tunes. In the meantime each rival invited his opponent to pick up the whip, and each in turn turned away from it, haughtily pointing to his back.

Finally an elderly man, apparently of some authority, cast lots, and Fanoos was handed the whip. Idris, with perfect composure and apparent indifference—nay, with a faint smile on his lips—leaped into the center of the circle, folded his arms, balanced himself firmly on his feet, and looked fixedly at his rival's face. Forthwith the duel began.

The duel is a test of endurance, of fortitude, of stoicism. Whilst being flogged by his opponent, the man must remain motionless and insensible. He must not flinch or wince; an involuntary shrug, an unintentional twitch, a slight betrayal of feeling on his part, will be sufficient to constitute defeat. Each adversary in turn takes the hateful whip in hand, walks, leaps, and jumps around his silent opponent, swings his arms at full length, and works his whip ready for the cut; and when all are silent with exquisite expectation, and the poor devil has strained his nerves to their highest tension in anticipation of the blow—all is brought to naught by the sudden walking away of the man with the whip. He, however, soon recoils and seeks again to quell his victim's spirit by resuming his hellish work. He jumps exultingly in the air, flourishes his whip and fiercely bites his lip to nurse his ire; now he lands to the right, now to the left of his man; now he gives a terrible cry behind his back, now he steals, cat-like, upon him; here he whips the air to display his skill, and there he flogs the ground to show how deep he cuts the sand; and through it all his piercing eye remains riveted upon his prey. He studies to defeat his rival, not only by the might of his arm and the exercise of skill in managing the whip, but also by wearing out his mettle and never dealing the blow when most expected. The whole sight is repulsive and savage, and this feature of it is the most inhuman of all. The cruelty of the spectacle can be appre-

ciated only when one sees that every time the whip falls, it inflicts a deep gash from which the blood quickly trickles.

But it is the supreme delight of many a Sudanese to hear some admiring girl sing out his praise and pour out her love to him in verse, the louder, the deeper cuts the lash into his flesh. How often have I seen them bare their backs to each other and exhibit the scars in proof of their superior "manliness." In fact, some of them become so enthused over the scene between the rivals that they jump into the circle and brave the whipper to make them flinch. To this end they provoke him, calling him "sissy-armed," "a mere woman," "a feeble stripling," and the like. These are generally friends of the victim, and probably do this to afford him a moment's relaxation, as well as to focus attention upon themselves.

And at last, when one of the two is defeated—when he shows he is more normally human than his fellow—he walks away crestfallen, or sinks down to be carried away by his friends. He never again shows his face in that community, but betakes him to some distant land, where ridicule and satire, sung in commemoration of his "unmanliness," never reach his ear.

Two verses of such a song are the following:

Ya ammati Hawwa,
Ma jibti 'wleid..
Ya ammati Hawwa,
Ma jibti 'wlied;
Y'al fanjari daggo kidi rakasan suleib!

O Aunt Eve,
Thou hast not begotten a man child.
O Aunt Eve,
Thou hast not begotten a man child;
The worthless fellow! When they struck him his backbone
danced!

Ya ammati Hawwa,
Kharji Allah,
Ya ammati Hawwa,
.... Kharji Allah,
Y'al fanjari daggo kidi aglo 'nsalla!

O Aunt Eve,
Allah be my help,

O Aunt Eve,
Allah be my help;
The worthless fellow! When they struck him his mind slipped
out!

Verses to My Daughters

Translated from the Arabic by J. D. CARLYLE

WITH jocund heart and cheerful brow,
I used to hail the festal morn—
How must Mohammed greet it now?—
A prisoner helpless and forlorn.

While these dear maids in beauty's bloom,
With want opprest, with rags o'erspread,
By sordid labors at the loom
Must earn a poor, precarious bread.

Those feet that never touch'd the ground,
Till musk or camphor strew'd the way,
Now bare and swell'd with many a wound,
Must struggle thro' the miry clay.

Those radiant cheeks are veil'd in woe,
A shower descends from every eye,
And not a starting tear can flow,
That wakes not an attending sigh.

Fortune, that whilom own'd my sway,
And bow'd obsequious to my nod,
Now sees me destin'd to obey,
And bend beneath oppression's rod.

Ye mortals with success elate,
Who bask in hope's delusive beam,
Attentive view Mohammed's fate,
And own that bliss is but a dream.

Discovering the Syrians

By JAMES MYERS

Industrial Secretary, Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

(Editor's Note — This article is appearing in the following publications. The Baptist, The Churchman, The Christian Leader, The Evangelical Herald and Zion's Herald. It is to be included in a book by the author which is to be published next fall under the title of "Churches in Social action.")

[T was with unusual anticipation that I followed the man with the gray megaphone on a trip to Little Syria and later to radical headquarters. The man with the megaphone was the Reverend Clarence V. Howell, an ordained Methodist minister, who has pioneered in the development of Reconciliation Trips in cooperation with Dr. George B. Dean, Secretary of the Department of Evangelism of the Methodist Episcopal Church, working through the New York City Society of that denomination.

When I joined the group it had already reached the Syrian quarter on old Washington Street, one block back from the river front in lower New York. We went from shop to shop, viewing the distinctive arts and crafts of the Syrians, the pottery and earthen vessels of the east, the hammered brass, the Oriental rugs, the embroidery and fine linens, the beautiful furniture: tables, chairs and desks all inlaid with ivory and pearl in intricate designs.

The personnel of the trip was a study in itself. They were college students from the graduate schools, for the most part, with a few professors, a minister or two, and some social workers. The students included a Negro, a Chinese, a Japanese, a Frenchwoman, and a German, as well as Americans and others. There were Jews, Protestants and Catholics. We were about as interesting to each other and to the Syrians as they were to us. "Oh, look at the Chinese lady," said a little Syrian girl as we passed. "They're slumming," said another, and "He's drunk," remarked a little boy of the Reverend Mr. Howell as he waved his megaphone at the head of the group. But we were not slumming,

nor was our leader filled with new wine—a familiar accusation, by the way, of those other disciples under the spell of a new evangelism in the past.

Mr. Howell led us to "The Sheik," a Syrian restaurant where a luncheon of native dishes was set before us. There were two menus, one printed in English, the other in Arabic. Mr. Howell came to each table and explained what we were eating! The menu included stuffed grape leaves, squash dried in Syria and sent over; rice, okra, and lamb roasted on a spit. Thoughts of an ancient civilization and religious sentiment entered in as we were told that the large, thin "loaves" of Syrian bread before us were undoubtedly identical in form and substance with those broken by Jesus long ago by the shores of Galilee. For dessert we had *biklawwa*, a Syrian confection made up of pastry, nuts, fruits, and honey, followed by Turkish coffee.

Mr. S. A. Mokarzel, editor of the Syrian World, then addressed us. He alluded to the ancient culture of his people. He recalled the contributions of their forefathers, the Phoenicians, to civilization, including the art of navigation and the invention of the alphabet. He spoke of the hospitality of the east and assured us that this trait had been brought to America by his people, in whose name he extended to us a most gracious welcome.

He explained that the Syrians have immigrated only within the last fifty years. They had all been peddlers at first, dealing largely in religious goods, rosaries inlaid at Bethlehem, carved wood from the Mount of Olives. The Syrians have prospered greatly. They are no longer peddlers. Each has his store and the line of goods which they carry has greatly widened in scope. Their more prosperous stores have moved uptown and now occupy sites on Fifth Avenue and the side streets. They do a worldwide trade in laces and rugs. Single houses now have their own factories in China, Japan, Italy, France, Belgium, as well as in Syria. For the opportunity of economic prosperity, the speaker said, his people are deeply grateful to America.

Mr. Mokarzel brought out the fact that the Syrians are a most law-abiding element in the population and are seldom found in the courts or jails. The filial respect and devotion of the Syrian home is the ultimate reason for their good citizenship. These Syrian domestic traditions are maintained in this country, although their homes are subjected to serious strain from the prevailing American environment and ideas. He spoke of recent contributions to art and literature by Americans of Syrian birth. "America

has developed in intellect and material things," he said, "but has not yet refined its palate." He pointed to the careful combinations and subtle flavors of Syrian dishes and the sweets, famous from the time of the Arabian Nights, as indications of an ancient culture and one of the Syrian contributions to American life.

The question period which always follows an address on a Reconciliation Trip brought a query from the group in regard to the language of Syria, which Mr. Mokarzel said has been Arabic since the conquest of the country by the Moslems but was previously Aramaic, the language spoken by Jesus. Other questions followed in regard to assimilation and American citizenship, Syrian women, the "younger generation"; did they go to college? What did the Syrians think of Lawrence? Was the immigration quota law fair to the Syrians? The friendliness, the fairness, and the informative nature of the speaker's address and answers to questions were the climax of our colorful visit to Little Syria. No one in the group would be likely ever again to think of the Syrians as despised foreigners. Rather, one felt a strong inclination to return, as was suggested by Mr. Howell and as many do after Reconciliation Trips, to visit the shops and restaurants and to cultivate a further and more intimate acquaintance with these interesting people. When one realizes that Reconciliation Trips are conducted not to Syrians alone, but to Chinese, Japanese, Russians, Italians, Indians, Mexicans, Latin Americans, to Negro Harlem and to the Jewish Ghetto, to the Stock Exchange, to factories, to regular labor headquarters, and to radical labor groups, some of which I shall describe, the results are felt to be incalculable. Only in that day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made known, will it be possible fully to measure the results of these human contacts.

Arab Wisdom

For one to leave wealth to his enemies after his death is better than to be in need of his friends during his lifetime.

Two things give rise to the greatest worry: The loss of a beloved and the passing of an opportunity.

Little work with knowledge is infinitely better than much work with ignorance.

Relaxation of mind is as important as the relaxation of body.

Success of Federation Assured

FIVE ADDITIONAL PLEDGES RECEIVED DURING FEBRUARY

PLEDGES RECEIVED

Syrian Young Men's Society.....	Los Angeles, Calif.
The Phoenicians	Jacksonville, Fla.
American-Syrian Federation.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Syrian Young Men's Society.....	Birmingham, Ala.
The Good Citizenship Club.....	Birmingham, Ala.
The Goodfellows Club.....	Tyler, Texas
Syrian-American Club	Detroit, Mich.
Syrian-American Club	Cleveland, Ohio.
Ladies' Syrian Association	Spring Valley, Ill.
United Young Men's Aleppian Club.....	Paterson, N. J.
St. George Young Men's Society	Canton, Ohio.
The Phoenician Club	Birmingham, Ala.
Young Phoenician Society	Lansing, Mich.
Ladies' Auxiliary Phoenician Club.....	Birmingham, Ala.
Progressive Syrian-American Club.....	Oklahoma City, Okla.
League of Americanized Syrians.....	Oklahoma
Caravaneers Club	Boston, Mass.
St. George's Syrian-American Society.....	Cleveland, Ohio

The number and the tone of responses so far received to our call for a federation of Syrian societies in the United States indicates that the idea is increasing in favor to a degree which promises ultimate success. Although there had been previous attempts at such coordination, judging by the several references to this fact in some of the pledges received, not one, to our knowledge, was ever launched on such a large scale nor received such nation-wide response. A perusal of the pledges will immediately reveal the widespread interest created by our appeal. From as far West as California, to as far South as Texas, and throughout the other sections of the Union the spirit of our progressive element has been aroused to action, and indications are that the movement is destined to complete success. The cause is admittedly worthy and our civic consciousness is now being directed in the proper channels. The example so far set by pledged societies will undoubtedly have its effects in prompting others to take action.

As previously mentioned, final action cannot be deferred.

indefinitely. It would, therefore, behoove those who still have the matter of joining under consideration to ponder the necessity of an early decision. No single organization need fear the loss of its individual identity and autonomous prerogative, as the fundamental purpose of the Federation is to bring the scattered units together in matters of national policy only. This is a fundamental fact upon which the appeal was based and in conformity with which action has so far been taken.

Furthermore, organization and purpose, together with the definition of the status of the different constituent bodies, will be subjects for decision either by the assembly, if convened, or by referendum, and in this every constituent member will have a voice. From this it can readily be seen that the destiny of the Federation is in the hands of its own members who may shape it in the manner they find best.

The immediate objective, however, is to get pledges to the basic idea of the Federation, leaving working plans to be formulated later.

It is with satisfaction that we publish the following additional pledges. They mark a substantial increase in the general list of acceptances. We further trust that they, also, like formerly pledged organizations, will work actively to promote the movement.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

WOMEN'S CLUB JOINS MOVEMENT

Editor, The Syrian World:

The Ladies' Auxiliary Phoenician Club of this city heartily endorses the movement for a national federation of Syrian societies in the United States and wishes to subscribe its unlimited support towards the success of the undertaking.

For the benefits that are bound to accrue from such a project, we sincerely wish that it will become a reality in the near future.

Heretofore the activities of this club have been limited to the Syrians in this city, but through the Federation, in cooperation with its several constituent bodies, it hopes to extend its field of activities to include the general welfare of the race.

The Ladies' Auxiliary is a sister organization of the Phoeni-

cian Club, composed of Syrian business and professional men and women of Birmingham. It was organized in 1916 and is chartered under the laws of the State of Alabama.

The principal object of the Phoenician Club and its Auxiliary is to develop its members educationally, socially, physically and morally, and to absorb the ideas and principles of Americanism, thereby creating worthy, representative citizens. It also supports and strives to advance any undertaking which aims towards the betterment and progress of the Syrian race.

For your splendid efforts in promoting the Federation Movement, we wish to extend to you our hearty congratulations. Truly no other medium could better serve this purpose.

LADIES' AUXILIARY PHOENICIAN CLUB.

Mrs. Wm. Meshad, President.

Birmingham, Ala.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

JOINING IN PARIS

Editor, The Syrian World:

At a recent meeting of the Progressive Syrian-American Club of this city, the matter of forming a federation of Syrian societies in the United States which you are advocating was brought up for discussion and an expression of commendation was made by nearly every member present. For your information I beg to state that our club, together with the League of Americanized Syrians of the eastern part of this state, has discussed the organizing of a federation of Syrian societies of this state with the hope that the movement would eventually become a national one. From that you will see that the idea has been in favor with our club and only goes to show the necessity of forming such an organization for the welfare of our race.

Kindly keep us posted on the progress of this most worthy movement which we earnestly hope will materialize in the very near future.

PROGRESSIVE SYRIAN-AMERICAN CLUB.

E. Samara, Secretary.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

BOSTON, MASS.

CARAVANEERS ARE ON THE MARCH

Editor, The Syrian World:

It pleases me to let you know that the proposed federation of Syrian societies in the United States has met with the whole-hearted approval of our organization. We gladly pledge our consent as we are very much interested in the furtherance of this movement.

With every good wish for the success of this patriotic undertaking, and assuring you of our keen willingness to cooperate in all activities along this line, we are,

Fraternally yours,
CARAVANEERS CLUB OF BOSTON,
Samuel E. Kinhan, Secretary.

Boston, Mass.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

BEAUTIFUL DREAM THAT SHOULD BE REALIZED

Editor, The Syrian World:

I am happy to advise you that the St. George Syrian-American Society of this city has taken under consideration your proposition for federating the Syrian societies in the United States and decided to subscribe to this most worthy movement in view of the great benefits it is bound to bring to our race. This is a most beautiful dream which every true Syrian patriot should cooperate in bringing to a realization. Our society feels it is its patriotic duty to respond to the call and hereby pledges its moral and material support for the success of the undertaking.

I wish to add a word of commendation for the lofty motive prompting you to this action and pray that your efforts will be crowned with the greatest success.

ST. GEORGE SYRIAN-AMERICAN SOCIETY No. 1.
C. Shantery, Secretary.

Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TOURS TO SYRIA

AMERICANS are no longer the provincial, self-sufficient people they were once reputed to be. Now Americans are the greatest traveling nation in the world. American tours are conducted every year not only to near-by countries of Europe but to every other country of any interest. Americans are becoming increasingly interested in world conditions, and to that end seek to gain more accurate knowledge of countries and peoples by actual contact. This is proving to be the best medium for bringing about a better understanding among nations, and ultimately will develop into a most potent factor for the elimination of misunderstanding and the establishment of permanent peace. It naturally follows that all efforts to develop international amity and accord should be heartily commended and encouraged.

Aside from its ultimate effect on international understanding and good-will, travel should be encouraged for its broad educational value. The march of human progress cannot be more graphically illustrated than by a survey of the actual scenes of the outstanding events in history. One can re-

construct and appreciate as by no other means the evolutionary stages through which the world has gone.

For these considerations, we believe Syria should be the most attractive land in the world for tourists and students of the evolutionary stages of human history. Containing, as it does, the Holy Land with its Biblical and Christian associations; old Phœnicia with its remains of ancient cities once the centrifugal point of knowledge and civilization, and its many other points of inestimable interest, Syria should be the land of first choice on every tourist's itinerary. Leaving out of consideration the recreational attractions found in some cities and resorts of Europe, where else in the world could we find within the confines of a small country like Syria such an impressive mass of genuine historical and educational material — Jerusalem, the city holy to three great religions, is in Syria, as also are Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ; Tyre and Sidon, seats of the great Phœnician civilization; Damascus, reputed to be the oldest city in the world; Baalbek, whose ruins have defied time and remain to this day one of the wonders of the world, and many other places

of similar import?

Not alone to the average tourist, but especially to American educators and to the young American generation of Syrian extraction a visit to the historical places of Syria should prove of unusual interest.

Considering the above, and in furtherance of the educational purpose of the Syrian World in bringing to the Syrian-American generation a better understanding of their historical background, this publication heartily endorses and approves of the projected plan of educational tours to Syria now being actively promoted by Messrs. A. K. Hitti & Co. As further encouragement, the editor will conduct in person the first tour scheduled to begin with this summer season. We trust our readers will approve of this step as marking another milestone in our career of service along our chosen line. We further hope to bring back material of such vital and varied interest as will afford them pleasant and profitable reading for a long time to come.

It is also our purpose to take photographs of persons and places in an effort to make the Syrian World more profusely and interestingly illustrated than heretofore. Other plans for innovations and improvements in the publication will be announced in due time.

PRIDE IN ANCESTRY

There is no gainsaying the fact that America is the most democratic country in the world. We have no classes and no nobility. The highest office within the gift of the nation is within the reach of every man no matter how humble his birth. The fathers of the country, in framing the Constitution, meant it as a document of complete and absolute disfranchisement of all Americans for all time from all hereditary and distinctive ranks and stations of the old world.

Nevertheless, there is that latent desire in human nature which craves for distinction. Somehow, there are still many, even in the most democratic of countries, who place the highest value on social rank and pay high premiums for the privilege of its acquisition. Hence an impecunious European prince recoups his lost fortune by marriage to an American heiress. An American millionaire spends fabulous sums in transplanting whole an old European castle. The art of the old world is being rapidly transferred to American museums and homes. In architecture, old style public and private buildings are being copied profusely in this land in the making, and home furnishings and decorations have taken a decidedly "period" style. In his search for the aesthetic, the modern American seeks to lend the charm and the grace of antiquity to his new surroundings.

In purely American history, it is subject of the greatest pride to trace back one's ancestry to the Pilgrim Fathers. It is of common occurrence to hear one remark, under the flimsiest pretext, that he is American in the fifth, sixth or so many more

generations.

One of the most indicative recent illustrations of pride in ancestry is the statement by the founder of a nationally known chain of restaurants at a stockholders' meeting at which he was ousted from control, that with him it was a question of family pride to retain control of the company. His forebears, he explained, had been pirates as far back as the thirteenth century and had won for themselves a coat of arms which he has adopted as a sign of distinction for his business establishment. His pride in the retention of this family emblem was so manifest that he seemed to deplore the loss of control of the business he founded chiefly on this account.

All of which goes to prove that there is that subconscious feeling deeply rooted in human nature which seeks the distinction of that which has been hallowed by age and which cannot be claimed as the common heritage of all sons of man. Material wealth is within the reach of all, and in the attainment of it there is undoubtedly a distinction. But the nouveau riche abhors to be al-luded to as such even to the extent that a claim to pirate ancestry having a coat of arms seems to be more of a desirable insignia of honor. Money would have as a complement anything that bears the stamp of antiquity.

In the nature of the case, there should be some moral satisfaction to Syrians who can lay claim to one of the oldest civilizations in history, and whose ancestors roamed the seas not as pirates but as merchant princes bent only on promoting the interest of civilization and peace.

YOUTH AND AGE

Some wise counsel is being dispensed in the many communications on the subject of the young generation's relations with their parents. It is sincerely hoped that the discussion will result in a better understanding by the youth of the parents' viewpoint. The wide divergence in opinion must have some particular reasons inherent in the writers' special circumstances or resulting from varying points of observation. What must be taken in consideration is that not all home surroundings are alike, nor also the particular dispositions and training of either parents or children. It is dangerous to lay iron-bound rules or draw immutable conclusions.

An article appearing in another section of this issue treats of the same problem as it exists among other nationalities. What must be considered is that the period of transition from old traditions and customs to new modes of life is always a painful one, let alone the fact that we are living in a rapidly changing age. Some concession, it would seem, must be made from both sides.

In the conduct of this controversy we are permitting the widest latitude of liberty in order to give each side the fairest possible hearing. It would not be conducive to an amelioration of the situation if the facts were suppressed. Syrians, while perhaps brought up under a stricter code of family restrictions, cannot, nevertheless, be impervious to the influences of times and conditions. Most assuredly practices and standards obtaining in the motherland cannot be rigidly lived up to in America. Conditions in Syria itself are undergoing a violent change,

and to expect rules of conduct of even a generation ago to be enforced on the present generation would be demanding the unreasonable and the impossible.

What we would urge is that the young generation weigh with calm deliberation and in a sincere spirit of moderation the causes which prompt their elders to their action. Surely the parents cannot be accused of remaining altogether foreign to the requirements of modernism after having been so long in America. It must necessarily be deduced that they cannot be altogether blind and deaf to reason. Their solicitude for the welfare of their children is admittedly above question, and with the proper method of approach they

may be expected to make some concessions.

But the children must never dream of coercive tactics. They must ever bear in mind that their debt of devotion to their parents can never be fully repaid, and the least that is expected of them is kind consideration. The Syrian World, while permitting the freest expression of opinion, is fully alive to its peculiar position in that it is read mostly by the young generation and it is in the hope of bringing to bear the proper influence on the youth that it strives for the establishment of harmony wherever the problem under discussion has become acute in Syrian homes.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

AMEEN RIHANI—Internationally known scholar and traveler. Author of "Maker of Modern Arabia" and of many other works of poetry and prose.

KAHLIL GIBRAN — Author of *The Prophet* and other celebrated works and styled by American writers *Poet of the Cedars* and *The Syrian Poet*.

DR. N. A. KATIBAH — Arabic and English poet and scholar. Professionally a dentist of Brooklyn. One of our regular contributors.

JAMES MYERS—Industrial Secretary, Commission on Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

PAUL DEAB — Pen name of a Syrian college graduate living in the vicinity of New York.

Spirit of the Syrian Press

Under this caption we hope to present from time to time a microscopic picture of the Arabic press, not only in this country, but wherever Arabic dailies and magazines reflect the opinions of responsible, thinking writers who are treating the different problems that confront the Arabic-speaking world from all conceivable angles. Needless to say, we will take no part in the discussions reproduced, nor assume any responsibility. Our task will simply consist in selecting, to the best of our knowledge and with utmost sincerity, what we think is representative of the public opinion as expressed in these editorials.

Editor.

EXCLUSION IN MEXICO

The present immigration law in Mexico is tantamount to an exclusion measure against the Lebanese and Syrians. Every Lebanese and Syrian seeking entry into Mexico is required to possess 10,000 pesos, or the equivalent of \$5,000. It is evident that anyone in possession of such a large capital is not in need of immigration.

This represents a discriminatory measure taken by Mexico only against the Lebanese and Syrians. Why such a law was enacted permits of several interpretations, two of which are the most current and seem the most plausible. One would have it that a certain close friend of Gen. Calles was bribed by some of our people and when his case was exposed fell into disgrace. Calles, therefore, is taking revenge on the Lebanese and Syrians for having caused the fall of his friend. The other explanation is that Calles has been repeatedly referred to in the press as being of Syrian extraction, and he, in order not to show any partiality towards his kinsmen, singled them out as an object of discipline.

Whatever the case may be, it must

be admitted that business rivalry is a potent factor in the situation. The Lebanese and Syrians are noted for their commercial and industrial enterprise, and the natives must seek some way of eliminating their strong competition.

Among the Syrians, however, there are thousands of Jews who, while not associating with our countrymen, assume their name. This element has been responsible for gross infractions of the law and the stigma of their onerous actions has attached to the Syrians as a whole. There seems to be no possible way of correcting the situation other than by the Lebanese and Syrians arousing themselves to take collective and effective action to save their reputation from further injury.

Al-Hoda, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1929.

ZIONIST ACTIVITIES IN PALESTINE

The Jews appear to be working methodically and speedily towards the attainment of their racial objectives in Palestine. A perusal of their reports on economic development indicates that they are quietly but steadily making progress along con-

structive lines. They are engaged in exploiting the resources of the country in establishing factories and pushing land developments. They are reported lately to have asked the government for a protective tariff as a means of insuring the prosperity of some of their infant industries.

The Arabs, on the other hand, are loud in their protests and complaints about the activities of the Jews. Their papers are full of lengthy articles on plans and suggestions, while no constructive action is being taken. It is but natural that they should get nowhere if this continues to be the case. For them there is no hope of ever achieving their national aims unless they emulate the Jews and buckle down to work. In other words, they should stop talking and do some working. They should turn their attention to the land and display some genuine energy in cultivating it, the same as the Jews are doing.

It is evident that the Jews are making progress in Palestine. They are fast gaining on the Arabs and absorbing the land. Are not the Arabs of the same clay? The only difference seems to be in the willingness to work. Work is the only weapon for waging modern warfare, and if the Arabs are really sincere in their determination to effect the salvation of their country they should employ the only and most effective weapon in hand above mentioned.

Meraat-Ul-Gharb, N. Y. Feb. 19, 1929

THE NEW SYRIA PARTY

The fourth annual convention of the New Syria Party in the United States is an added proof of the Syr-

ian Nationalists' determination to continue their fight to the end.

Not only the general public but the Mandatory Power itself has come to look upon this Party as the most potent and active factor in the prosecution of the just demands of the nation in the claim of its right to life and liberty. The great sacrifices of the Party have become known and appreciated by all, and the nation that is capable of producing such an active force is a nation that can be trusted to govern itself. It must also be borne in mind that these sacrifices are not confined to the contribution of money but have manifested themselves most nobly in the readiness to court danger in the battlefield. Such a party, therefore, deserves the support of every liberty-loving, liberal-minded Syrian, and those renegade papers which have been opposing this party should cover their faces in shame when they perceive the great efforts the party is doing for the welfare of their country. These papers should at least display some consideration for truth by giving their readers honest and faithful reports instead of feeding them on lies. In this they are only exposing themselves to the ridicule of fair-minded observers.

Al-Bayan N. Y., Feb. 7, 1929.

EMIGRANTS AND THEIR MOTHERLAND

The visit of Sheikh Joseph Estephan member of the Lebanese House of Representatives, to the United States and Australia is bound to result in immense benefit to both the emigrants and their motherland. The two principal objects underlying this visit are to study the advisability of appointing Lebanese attaches at

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French consulates and to promote the emigrants' interest in the economic development of their country of origin. Both objects are not only feasible but of prime importance. In regard to the first question we can readily see the benefits accruing from the presence of Lebanese attaches at the consulates who would expedite the business of their countrymen and help thereby to eliminate the cause of much misunderstanding resulting from the lack of knowledge of French. This at times gave rise to suspicion which had no foundation in fact.

As to the exploitation of the national resources and the development of industrial enterprises in Lebanon, such a policy seems the only way to the salvation of the country from being depopulated through the ever increasing stream of emigration. The emigrant sons of Lebanon may be depended upon to extend the proper help in all such enterprises.

As-Shaab, N. Y., Mar. 1, 1929.

ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE

The action of High Commissioner Ponsot in dissolving the Syrian Constituent Assembly had not been altogether unexpected. Ponsot could not with any semblance of consistency concede to the Syrian Nationalists their demands embodied in the six articles under dispute. It must be admitted that he was not sent to Syria to enact the role of French generosity. In his capacity of representative of a definite policy he had to obey orders and under these orders it was impossible to grant the Nationalists their demands, otherwise Ponsot and his whole retinue would have nothing left for them to

do in Syria but pack and return home.

Looking at the situation from this viewpoint it can readily be seen that in the face of the Syrians' obstinacy the situation had to come to such an impasse with the result that we have seen. Now their Assembly has been dissolved with no prospects for its reconvention in the future. The result is not very encouraging to the success of the Syrian nationalistic policy.

The six disputed articles are above reproach in themselves. They represent the enthusiastic aspirations of their makers and stand for lofty Syrian patriotism. But the line should be drawn between the possible and the impossible. The six articles are of such a nature that it is impossible for the High Commissioner to grant them.

Now the Syrians have lost the opportunity of winning at least some concessions by bargaining. They insisted on the six articles in whole and only succeeded in losing them in whole. The wiser policy would have been to consent to a compromise in an effort to gain the ultimate national ends gradually.

As-Sayeh, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1929.

UNIFYING LEADERSHIP

No great work can be accomplished without the unification of leadership. Even the most casual observation of events will illustrate to us the truth of this axiom. It is doubtful if the result of the World War would have been what it was had it not been for the unification of the Allied command under Marshal Foch. In our everyday surroundings we find that every family or

clan has its leadership, and so on all the way up the line from the city, to the state and the whole country.

We Syrian and Lebanese immigrants are in urgent need of an intelligent leadership. Those of us who are in any particular city may speak for themselves but cannot represent all the race in the whole country. What would appear logical under the circumstances would be for the local and regional representatives to elect a national leadership in which alone would be vested the power to speak for the people as a whole. This leadership should enjoy the cleanest record both in its political and economic activities. A convention should be held every year for elections and for the discussion of national policies. A strict account should also be given as to receipts and disbursements. From these different leaderships should evolve a world leadership that would represent all of our settlements in every part of the world.

Al-Hoda, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1929.

NEED OF DICTATORSHIP IN THE EAST

Democracy was the battle-cry of the Great War. Its name was held synonymous to the lofty principle of equality for which nations were fighting. The youth of each land gave its blood freely for the disfranchisement of the world and the establishment in all its glory of the great theory.

After four years of bloody struggle peace came to the world and the great nations reverted to their greed and love for additional power. They were not cured of the evil of colonization and the subjugation of weaker nations. The autocratic spirit was still rampant in the world and the

dream of democracy was never to be realized.

Now we find the world rapidly gravitating towards dictatorship. Foremost among the dictators are Mussolini in Europe and Mustapha Kamal in Asia. Each is doing splendid work for the stability of his people's affairs and the advancement of the cause of order and peace. Amanullah of Afghanistan made a weak attempt to imitate them and failed miserably.

If dictatorship has proven of such benefits to Europe it should prove infinitely more so to the peoples of the East. The East is still far removed from democracy because Orientals are still slaves to old traditions and customs which render them incapable of understanding the true democratic spirit. They are envious of their gold brocaded uniforms and what follows in their train of worthless titles. It is surprising that the country which used to give the Syrians their titles has now discarded them while the recipients cling to them as though of the utmost value.

Especially do we believe that Syria and Lebanon are in the greatest need of a dictator, a man of iron will and inexhaustible energy who would take charge of the helm and save the country from its present chaotic condition. Greed for office has been the greatest curse of our people, leading to the bartering away of the liberties of the nation.

Meraat-Ul-Gharb, N. Y. Feb. 20, 1929

Why do archaeologists in our country restrict their operations to digging in the ground? In the very souls of our people there are many antiquarian relics which date back thousands of years.

As-Sayeh N. Y.

Readers' Forum

SYRIAN GIRL EXPLAINS MEANING OF FREEDOM

Criticism Directed Only to Some Syrian Social Practices

Editor, The Syrian World:

I was glad to see the criticism in the February issue regarding my letter which appeared in the January issue. My letter seems to have caused lively arguments and discussions, and I am glad because that is just what I wanted it to do. My critics made me realize that my letter was incomplete. I would say in this connection that the conclusions I reached in January's letter were the result of nearly two years of study and observation of Syrian social life and discussions with many different Syrian girls, old folks and all. Through these conversations I find that most of the problems of our girls are alike, and while there may be many exceptions, the condition really exists among Syrians in general, especially in large Syrian localities.

Most Syrians misunderstood that word "Freedom," which appeared so often in my letter. My critics, Miss E. K. Saloomey and Miss Edna Shakar, misunderstood the word. I am, therefore, writing this letter to explain my understanding of "Freedom."

I don't doubt that most people who read my letter think that I am one of those wayward girls who believe in doing "everything" and "nothing." Well, you may be surprised, but I am not. I want to explain to Miss

Edna Shakar that I do not believe in free love, companionate marriage, etc. Also to Miss Saloomey, "I do not believe in going to theaters and dances every night." I go to a dance occasionally, to a theater quite frequently, but I have never been inside of a night club, and I hope that as long as my mind is normal, I will never be seen in one.

"Freedom" does not necessarily mean dances and theaters every night, night clubs, and so forth. "Freedom" can be had with very little or no attendance to any of these places. A girl need not go with every Tom, Dick and Harry. That is not at all what freedom means. But a girl should be at liberty to have boy friends.

One of my critics stated that there were thousands of fatherless children born each year. That is very true, but is it all due to freedom? Can you solve the problem by keeping your daughters home? I say that you cannot. There isn't a girl but desires to go with the other sex sometime or other—not because she is immoral, but because she is human.

Most Syrians seem to think that it is impossible for a fellow and a girl to go together unless something happens. If that is the case, then there must be something wrong with the Syrian morals. Isn't it possible for a girl and a fellow to go together unless something happens? Can't a girl and a fellow be companionable, friendly, and have a good clean time? They certainly can, and for that there is all the proof in the world. Nothing makes a man out

of a fellow more than the companionship of good clean girls, and the same holds true with a girl. Girls and fellows should go together—and there is nothing more wholesome for either. The trouble with most Syrians is that they are narrow-minded and can only see the dark side of such friendships. They never stop to think that there is another side, which is bright and beautiful, and which leads to happiness.

Does a Syrian mother ever say to her daughter, "Now, daughter, since you are old enough you may have boy friends, but be very careful who you go with. You must always go with someone who is dependable, someone you know very well. Bring him home first. And when you go out always be a lady, and gain the respect of your companions. Never cheapen yourself by doing things against your will. Go only to respectable places, etc. etc." Oh, no! Rather, she would say, "Daughter don't you ever go out with fellows, especially American fellows, because it isn't nice and the people will talk, and no one will want to marry you." So you see, the mother does not even expect her daughter to go out. Perhaps that would be a fine thing if all the girls abided by such a rule, but do they? I don't believe very many do. Instead, many girls will step out secretly and fall in line with the rest of the crowd. Nine chances out of ten, when a girl goes out secretly, she is not going to go with the right company, but when she is expected to bring her boy friends home, she is going to bring someone whom she would be proud to introduce to her folks—a gentleman.

Now, then, which is best, to let your daughter go out with your permission and know with whom she is going, or make her stay home until

THE SYRIAN WORLD

she becomes rebellious and steps out secretly? Isn't it much better to know that your daughter is being escorted to a theater, party or wherever she may go, by a nice, clean, trustworthy fellow than to know that she is coming home alone which gives a chance for other fellows to pursue or scare her? How are you going to solve the problem? Surely not by keeping your daughter home. Don't forget that every girl wants to go out and be among young people. She wants to have her good time while she is young and carefree.

Some Syrians may let their daughter go out with Syrian fellows but they will hold the line when it comes to going with American fellows. Why is this? Simply because they think that a Syrian fellow is cleaner. He is not. Of course, a Syrian fellow acts nice when he goes with a girl of his own nationality, but does he act in like manner when he goes with other girls? Syrians have the wrong attitude towards American fellows and girls. There are some wonderful American fellows—fellows that are clean, respectable and trustworthy. No parent need worry about their daughter if she goes with a nice, clean American lad. Syrian fellows are all right, but a girl can not always find a suitable Syrian fellow neither is she required to. Syrian fellows do not always marry Syrian girls. When a girl works, goes to school, attends some church, belongs to any club, she comes in contact with Americans, and oftentimes meets an American fellow that she likes to go with. Why not give her the privilege to do so? The boys have had this privilege all along. American fellows are human; they are Christians, and I believe that American fellows make just as good husbands as Syrian fellows, if not bet-

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ter. At any rate, no fellow, whether he be Syrian or American, would harm a girl against her will. A girl that respects herself can easily gain the respect of others, but if a girl does not respect herself then why should a fellow respect her?

Then, we often misunderstand the American girl. The American girl is not as bad as most people think she is. A girl that comes from a good American home is sweet, attractive, full of pep, life and ambition. She is a lady—clean in mind and body. She is a girl that fellows love and respect. Of course, there are very nice boys and girls in every nationality, and there are others that are not so nice. No one nationality gets all the credit. Therefore, we should treat all people alike.

I wish to congratulate Miss Edna Shakar on the stand she takes towards popularity, and I only wish that every girl felt the same way.

Let's give our girls more freedom, but teach them how to use it. I am sure that most Syrian girls are capable of taking care of themselves.

MARY SOLOMAN.

Mishawaka, Ind.

SYRIAN GIRL APPROVES OF OLD CUSTOMS

Editor, The Syrian World:

The young Syrian generation in America must feel grateful for the opportunity of expressing themselves through the Syrian World. The magazine is getting to be indispensable as an organ of service and usefulness to our race.

In recent discussions in the magazine I noticed lately that some girls complain about the fact that most Syrian boys are allowed more privileges than the Syrian girls.

Probably this is true, but it does not imply that they are far superior to the girls. Not by any means except in one case which I will cite later. Our parents impose restrictions merely for the protection of their girls against the influence of some degrading social conditions. Independence is often the cause of unhappiness and misfortune; so, girls, let's not complain about not being allowed privileges as are the Syrian boys because our prudent parents know exactly what they are doing. It is for our own good at the present time and in the near future. We owe our parents the highest esteem possible. Sometimes their opinions and moral codes seem a little harsh and do not please us at that particular moment but they generally are true and will be realized later. Miss Edna K. Saloomey is absolutely right in stating that "If there were more like our Syrian parents, there would be no need for Juvenile Courts, Divorce Courts and the increasing number of private schools which must serve as homes as well."

In Miss Edna Shakar's comment about defending the Syrian girl, she advocates that most girls complain about not having "The right to go out with boys at will." Personally, if my mother gave me absolute permission to go out with boys at will, I would not care to do so. Now why should I come to this conclusion? The simple reason is that upon analyzing this problem, I became greatly provoked at the actions of some girls in their reach for "Popularity." If a girl is tactful, reserved, well-mannered, and possesses poise, she will easily reach that goal.

Our boys are also accused of being parsimonious when in company with Syrian girls and liberal when in the

company of others. My analysis of this is that our boys look upon our girls in an altogether different capacity. They do not expect anything from them in return and their companionship therefore does not become lavish. This in itself is proof of more respect on the part of our boys for our girls.

It has been stated that "few girls have a chance to select their own husbands." In reply to this I would say that the marriages in which the parents did the selecting, the results seem to have been very successful and encouraging. When parents select the husband, they generally use good judgment. They visit the boy's parents several times and then form their opinion as to whether he is suitable or not, for if a boy is good to his parents and very considerate of his mother, naturally he will have the tendency to act the same to his wife. In most Syrian families there is always much peace and happiness. Therefore, the custom of Syrian marriages is certainly worth while in order to aid our race in living happily and successfully.

Mr. Aboud, in the January issue, suggested reforms in marriage customs which are excellent. Pre-nuptial demands are quite ridiculous. This is the cause for a decrease in our present marriages. Girls and even parents in many cases expect too much from the future husband. Immediately this causes him to hesitate about marriage. Can anyone blame him? How many young men can readily be classed as being "settled," say, at the age of twenty five. Quite a minority, indeed. Very few are even in business for themselves or have a position where there are opportunities for advancement. Consequently, how can the future hus-

band meet the demands of his wife after he is married?

Another reason for the decrease in Syrian marriages is that a Syrian boy feels as though he is under a certain obligation if he speaks to a girl. Also, if, perchance, "a girl is seen talking to a boy, it necessarily follows that she is engaged or else people will proceed to question the character of the girl as to why that certain boy ended his calls on her." Is this fair to our present generation? No, not by any means. A boy or girl who possesses self-respect is always respected under all circumstances. What harm is there in a boy conversing with a girl if he or she were present at some social affair, or anything of the sort, where both are surrounded by many people or just a few? That is the vital point in which our girls and boys are handicapped. People begin to gossip. Nine times out of ten it is mostly false.

Syrian girls do not hate their parents (which is contrary to Miss Solomon's statement in the January issue), but they are disgusted with the point of view of their parents in regard to matters of personal conduct. Although I have never attended any Syrian social affairs in New York, I have heard girls complain about their parents' strictness at these affairs. They stated that quite often they would sit as wallflowers during these special occasions. Now what wrong can there be found in dancing properly, especially in the presence of one's parents? I am sure certain reforms can be made in persuading the parents to become a little more lenient.

When the Syrian girl starts out in life, she is deprived of certain freedom, which is true. Later on, when she gets married, has a nice

AMEEN RIHANI



Photo by Chas. Matar

TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO AMEEN RIHANI

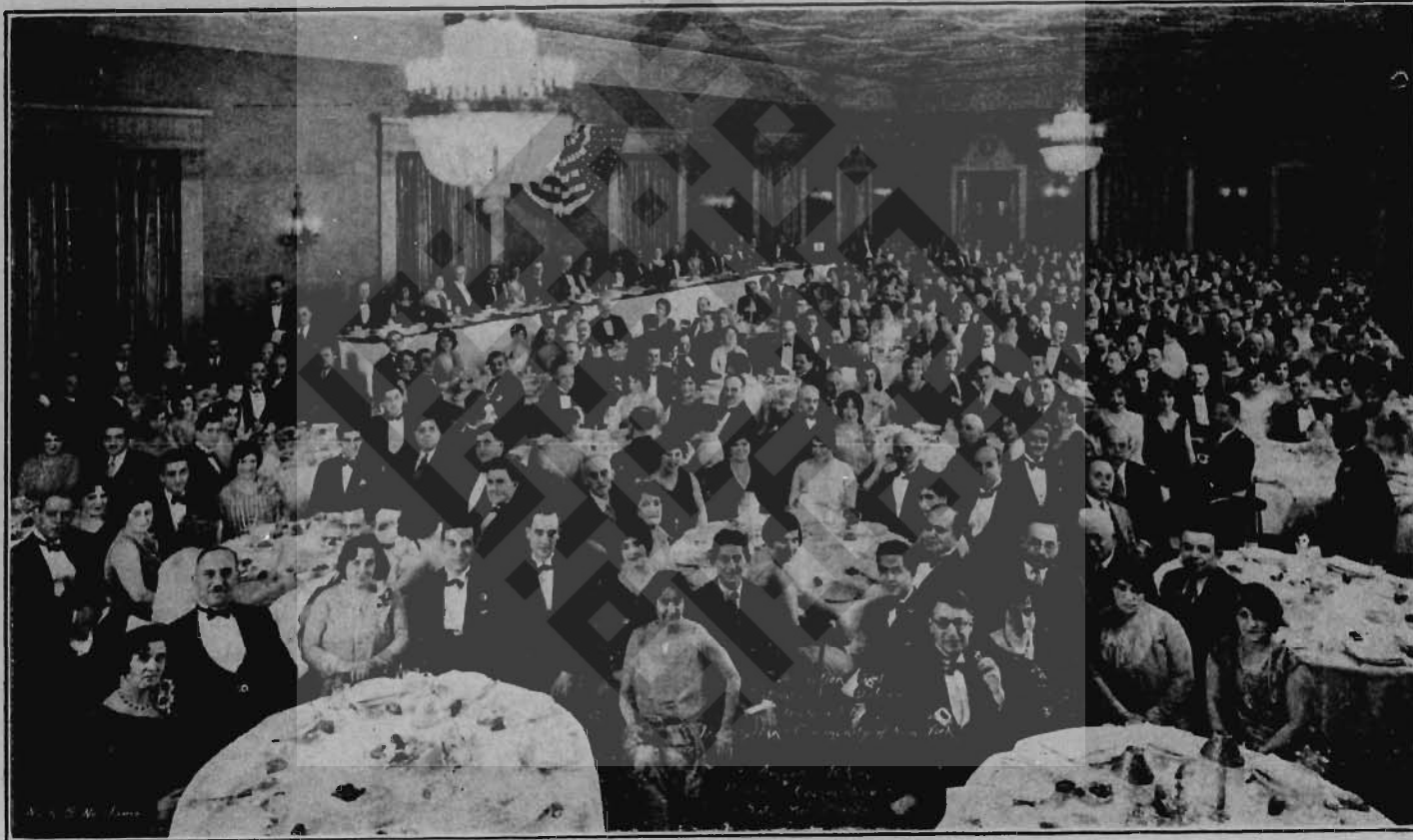


Photo by Nash B. Ne Jame

Given by the Syrian community of New York under the auspices of the Principal societies, at Hotel Commodore , March 2, 1929. The attendance was over four hundred

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home and children, she knows that even to the end her husband only belongs to her and no other person. I feel sure that we all firmly believe this is a splendid characteristic found among the Syrians.

There is just one more thing I would like to mention about the Syrians as a whole. Why is there so much conceit and jealousy amongst us? I believe it is because we attempt to live far beyond our means, and consequently, envy gets the best of us. This problem must be faced and conquered, for "Envy is the root of all evil." Some people become narrow-minded on account of it. When the problem is solved, we all will become happier and more progressive. The decrease in marriages and the problem of social freedom will be solved, if our parents will practice certain reforms advocated by Mr. Aboud. If the Syrians thought more of cooperation and stopped gossiping and being critical, how much more improvement would accrue especially to the future of our girls and boys? Let's all respond to this chord in the interest of our personal success and happiness and to the good cause of the race.

MATILDA G. ABSI,

1928 Graduate of High School.
Norfolk, Va.

to live in this age according to the laws of the past, or to expect compliance with the code of even two or three decades ago.

To expect a girl in these modern times to live in strict confinement is to apply to us moral laws that were born in the remote past and are applicable only to particular countries. Why should a Syrian girl be expected to remain at home and be refused the privilege of going out? As for myself, I see no reason for such a strict rule and feel that the girl who is brought up in conformity with Syrian concepts of morality needs no such restrictions. She may be absolutely trusted to be able to take care of herself providing, of course, she would have been properly enlightened and advised as to the consequences of undue liberties.

My whole reaction to this situation may be summed up in the following: Don't raise slaves in your homes, but independent, intelligent ladies with the right perspective upon the problems of life, who appreciate the value of a clean, moral character, and they may be trusted to take care of themselves under all circumstances.

CLARA K. BISHARA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DON'T RAISE SLAVES IN YOUR HOMES

Editor, The Syrian World:

I am following with much interest the controversy that is being waged in the pages of the Syrian World on the question of social ethics and moral concepts among Syrians. To my mind, it is a mistake

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The editor is in receipt of several anonymous communications on the present controversy which he is compelled to ignore. Letters may be published under assumed names if the writers so wish and advise the editor confidentially.

About Syria and Syrians

SYRIANS OF NEW YORK

FETE AMEEN RIHANI

Celebrated Author and Traveler
Entertained At Reception And
Dinner By Over Four
Hundred Admirers

The Syrians of New York celebrated the return of Ameen Rihani to their midst with fitting jubilation.

On Saturday March 2, the Reception and Testimonial Dinner tendered in his honor were held at the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore. The large dining room was filled to its capacity of over four hundred.

Guests began to arrive at seven, and in spite of the inclement weather had all arrived within an hour. The gradual arrival of the guests permitted orderly introduction to the guest of honor who received in a private room adjoining the ballroom. All were seated promptly at eight.

The gathering was one of the most distinguished in the annals of the Syrian community of greater New York. There was, besides, a substantial representation of American men of letters, arts and the professions.

The speaking program was restricted to four speakers and planned so as to encompass the life and literary and scholarly accomplishments of the guest of honor. Mr. Salloum A. Mokarzel, editor of the Syrian World, presided and introduced as the first speaker our foremost educator, Dr. Philip K. Hitti of the faculty of Princeton University

who gave a comprehensive outline of the history of Arabia, dwelling particularly on the fact that while this old country is in the heart of the world, it still remains a land of extreme mystery, man being ignorant of vast areas in it while he has succeeded in exploring both the North and South Poles. The world, therefore, he concluded, owes a debt of gratitude to Ameen Rihani for the contributions he has made to human knowledge of this interesting country by his travels and researches.

Dr. Salim Y. Alkazin, the second speaker, equally able in his scholarly attainments in Arabic and English, surveyed the works of Ameen Rihani in Arabic.

Dr. Marion Miller, American author and critic, gave a glowing appraisal of Rihani's contributions to American literature both as an essayist and a poet.

In introducing Mr. Rihani, the toastmaster spoke of his early life and his sustained efforts in his literary quests.

Mr. Rihani's address was in both English and Arabic. He expressed pleasure at being back among the friends of his youth in New York and spoke a word of sound advice to the young generation of Syrians on the necessity of retaining that which is valuable in their racial characteristics. In his account of his travels in Arabia Mr. Rihani told of many novel experiences in a most entertaining manner.

The committee had decided on making an appropriate gift to Mr. Rihani on this occasion and Mrs.

Joseph W. Ferris, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, was asked to make the presentation. In introducing her, the toastmaster took occasion to refer to her tireless efforts in planning the arrangement for the dinner, and described her as a "human dynamo." The gift consisted of a gold watch and a set of thermometer, compass and aneroid.

(Excerpts from the speeches delivered at the dinner will be published in a coming issue of the Syrian World.)

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the toastmaster announced receipt of telegrams of good wishes and regrets from the following:

Mr. N. A. Mokarzel, editor of *Al-Hoda*; Mr. N. M. Diab, editor of *Meraat-Ul-Gharb*; Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Sabbagh, Mr. Guttas Faris and Dr. Najib Barbour.

An old friend and admirer of Mr. Rihani, Judge John Jerome Rooney of New York, sent a beautiful letter of appreciation with Mrs. Rooney.

What gives cause for elation is that the dinner, given under the auspices of the Syrian societies of New York in the name of the Syrian Community, was the first effort of its nature undertaken collectively by the Syrian organizations of the city. They came together at the invitation of the editor of the *Syrian World* and their display of a fine cooperative spirit gives promise of much greater collective and constructive action in the future.

The organizations officially participating in the promotion of the affair were: American Syrian Federation, Book Club, Damascus Fraternity, Syrian Educational Society and Syrian Junior League.

Guests of honor as given in the program included: Dr. Salim Y. Al-

kazin, His Excellency A. Azer Bey, Mr. Sliman Baddour, Mr. Nageeb G. Badran, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Colton, Mr. Nageeb M. Diab, Mr. Nat J. Ferber, Mr. A. A. Haddad, Dr. Philip K. Hitti, Mr. Joseph M. Khoury, Mr. and Mrs. Troy Kinney, Miss Amalie Knobel, Mrs. Laura Miller, Dr. Marion Miller, Mr. Naoum A. Mokarzel, Mr. Salloum A. Mokarzel. Mrs. Max Morgenthau, Jr., Miss Theresa R. Nagel, Mrs. Henry Neumann, Mr. J. G. Raphael, Mr. Ameen Rihani, Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitch, Dr. Riza Tewfik, Miss Lillian Wald and Capt. and Mrs. M. A. E. White.

MERCANTILE STANDING OF ARGENTINE SYRIANS

A report of American Consul Dana C. Sycks at Buenos Aires, Argentine, gives the following information abstracted from the November 16, 1928, issue of the *Review of the River Plate*:

"The Syrian community in the Argentine Republic consists of 400,000 members and boasts of 18,000 business houses having an aggregate capital of 500,000,000 paper pesos (\$210,000,000). Of the 18,000 Syrian firms operating in Argentina, no less than 7,000 are engaged in the textile and dry goods trades. The banking needs of the Syrian community are served by the Banco Sirio-Libanes del Rio de la Plata, established in 1925. One of the recent innovations to the credit of this bank, and one which has met with the greatest success, is its commercial department and permanent exhibition of merchandise covering the lines of no less than 65 different importing and manufacturing firms operating in Buenos Aires. The per-

manent exhibition is so arranged that the buyer from the provinces is able to look over the latest novelties offered by the 65 exhibiting firms in a very short time. The bank does not act as intermediary in any sale resulting from this service, but does handle mail and telegrams for its clients."

IMPORTANT LECTURE BY DR. PHILIP HITTI

Prof. Philip K. Hitti of Princeton University and formerly of the American University of Beirut, delivered an important lecture at a meeting of the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on February 24. Dr. Hitti's subject was "Civilization's Debt to the Near East" and his easy manner of delivery together with his wealth of historical material made a profound impression on his audience. Dr. Hitti, admittedly our foremost educator in the United States, is ably and nobly serving the cause of his countrymen by his erudite exposition of their eminent racial qualities on every possible occasion.

It is a pleasure to state that the metropolitan papers carried long accounts of Dr. Hitti's lecture, some of them devoting to it as much as a whole column.

SYRIAN ENGINEER HONORABLY MENTIONED

The Sibley Journal of Engineering, in its February issue, publishes the following on the success of one of our Syrian engineers:

"Dr. Michel G. Malti of the Electrical Engineering faculty was recently notified that his paper, "A

Theory of Imperfect Solid Dietetics," has been awarded honorable mention for 1927 by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

"The paper which received this recognition consisted of the last four chapters of a Thesis, presented by the author to the Graduate School of Cornell University, for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy."

The same Journal announces simultaneously the election of Dr. Malti to its editorial board.

DODGE MEMORIAL FUND

The late Cleveland H. Dodge will ever be remembered with the deepest feeling of love and gratitude by the people of the Near East for his many benefactions and sincere and helpful endeavors. Especially do the Syrians cherish his memory for the solicitude he displayed in promoting the cause of education in their country through the American University of Beirut of which his son, Dr. Norman Dodge, is now president. The proposed Memorial Fund bearing his name and intended to complete the work he had begun should, therefore, be welcomed as a fitting opportunity to honor the memory of the man by helping the cause that was so close to his heart.

The appeal explaining the purpose of this Memorial Fund, addressed to us by Mr. Wm. M. Kingsley, chairman of the Executive Committee, should not fail to meet with adequate response from the Syrians of America. It follows:

"On the sixty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the late Cleveland H. Dodge, January 26, a group of friends who had been associated with him in his many philanthropies

began raising a \$4,000,000 "Dodge Memorial Fund" to realize one of his most cherished dreams—the permanent financing of the six American Colleges in the Near East.

"Shortly before his death in June, 1926, Mr. Dodge formulated plans for raising \$15,000,000.00 to endow these colleges with which his family had been connected for four generations and to which he had devoted much of his time, his thought and his wealth. At the beginning of the year the fund amounted to \$11,000,000. His friends decided therefore that the most fitting memorial to his name would be the completion of the fund by July 1, 1929, the date which Mr. Dodge determined.

"The memorial appeal is a strong one to the men and women who have been connected with Mr. Dodge in one or another of his humanitarian and educational undertakings. The possibilities for training leadership through these institutions, in a field still barely touched by the force of organized modern education, has a strong appeal to believers in international cooperation. Mr. Dodge himself was firmly convinced that American wealth could be put to no more useful purpose than to offer modern scientific training and an understanding of western ideals to the youth of backward countries.

"Substantial gifts have already been received toward this Dodge Memorial Fund, on condition that the entire amount be subscribed before July 1, 1929. Among them was a personal gift of \$500,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. Friends and admirers of Mr. Dodge throughout the United States are being urged to help perpetuate his name and his work by sending contributions to the office of the Near East College As-

sociation, 18 East 41st Street, New York."

MUNIFICENT GIFT TO A SYRIAN NEWSPAPER

What As-Sayeh, a daily Syrian newspaper of New York, heralds as an unprecedented event in the annals of the Syrian press in the United States, was reported by that paper in its issue of February 26. In their comments on this extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, other Syrian newspapers agree with As-Sayeh that the latter has good reason to thank its lucky stars and deal praise to this modern Hatem Tai in fullest measure.

Here is what happened, according to the report of the editor of the Syrian paper:

Early one February morn, when he came to his office with an overburdened brain and an extremely light wallet, the postman handed him with the mail a letter from Curacao, B. W. I., which, upon being duly opened and its contents carefully examined, was found to contain a draft on a New York bank for the exact amount of \$2,361.58. The treasurer of the publishing company was called over the telephone to be told the good news, but April first being still far in the distance, and the treasurer being too shrewd a business man and too practical a fellow, he refused to believe. How could he when such a thing was never heard of before? Nevertheless, he came down to the office that day earlier than usual, for the purpose of getting to the bottom of what he still considered a hoax. But, to his amazement, he found the report absolutely true, so true that the

amount was immediately put to use in paying some past due accounts which had been a source of no little annoyance.

Now the man who sent in this draft is a Mr. Waheeb Boulos Simon who had been a subscriber but for a short time and is a total stranger to the editor. Realizing, however, the necessity of supporting such a worthy Arabic newspaper as As-Sayeh, he sent the large sum as a price of one share of the stock of its publishing company, the par value of which is \$100. The draft was accompanied by a covering letter which left no doubt as the purpose of the donor.

Considering the continuous wailings of Arabic papers in re the tardiness of their subscribers in remitting their subscriptions, such good fortune as befell As-Sayeh should give the editors hope that chivalry is not dead.

N. Y. SYRIAN EDITOR PLANS WORLD TOUR

Mr. N. A. Mokarzel, editor of the leading Arabic-language newspaper in New York, after a recent visit to Mexico, announces that he plans to undertake a world tour in the interest of studying the conditions of Syrians in all countries of their immigration. No definite date is set by the editor for his tour, but he states that he will undertake it immediately the necessary arrangements can be made.

His plan, as outlined, is to form a party of prominent Syrians, each of whom will travel at his own expense and take observations which will be later compared with those of the others with the object of suggesting improvements and creating

a sort of coalition among the different emigrant groups. Recruits to the party will be made from each country as it is reached. The itinerary will include not only Syria, Egypt, and other Near Eastern countries, but South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and countries of the Far East as well.

LEBANON NATIONAL REMAINS UNDER SYRIAN DIRECTION

A rumor to the effect that the Lebanon National Bank of New York had passed from Syrian hands elicited prompt denial by the bank in a signed statement published in the Arabic-language press of the city. Those who had been associated with the bank since its organization and have so far guided its affairs remain in office. At the last election held in January the President and founder was returned to office as well as many other officers and directors. The present management is composed as follows:

Officers: J. A. Mandour, President and chairman of the Board; J. F. Connor, Esq., Vice President; J. W. Griffiths, Assistant to Vice President; H. A. Walsh, Cashier; N. A. Haddad, Assistant Cashier; Wm. N. Mandour, Assistant Cashier; C. V. Tapp, Assistant Cashier; W. C. Barber, Credit Manager.

Directors: J. A. Mandour, George B. Zaloom, M. A. Saidy, Wm. F. Buzaid, Henry Hadad, Hon. George A. Colgan, Theodore J. Richmond, Barron W. Schoder, Nathan Berkman, Abner Baron, Louis Borgenicht, Abraham Jelni, Irving L. Kadin, Hon. Lester Lazarus, Stuart C. Ross, Henry D. Sinram, Abraham Prince, Isidor Wels, Samuel Davis, J. Jonas Jacobs, Edgar A. B. Spencer.

NEW EGYPTIAN CONSUL IN NEW YORK

A. Azer Bey, the newly appointed Egyptian consul in New York, is the typical modern, well educated Egyptian who combines the genial characteristics of the East with the erudition of the West. In the discharge of his duties he is most efficient and conscientious. He professes genuine friendship for the Syrians and bids them avail themselves of all the facilities of the consulate.

ELECTION OF ORTHODOX PATRIARCH IN SYRIA

Following the death of the late Patriarch Gregory Haddad of the Syrian Orthodox Church, rumors have been circulated to the effect that the Greeks are plotting to regain their lost control of this church by the election of a bishop from among them to the vacant see. Other rumors maintain that there exists among the Syrian Orthodox themselves a strong preference for the election of a Russian Patriarch who would give the Syrian Church the benefit of his organizing ability without subjugating it to foreign domination. What appears certain, however, is that a native Syrian will be elected from among the several candidates whose names have been proposed.

POWERFUL SYRIAN TRADE COMBINATION

The Syrian community in Detroit, Mich., is second only to that of New York City in numbers. It is said to total about twenty thousand.

The Syrians of Detroit have gone heavily into the grocery business, their retail stores in this line totaling almost one thousand.

Heretofore, however, they had no trade association in which they could come together for the protection of their mutual interests or the promotion of purchase or sales policies. This they are now reported to have attempted to remedy by forming a trade organization early in February to which have already subscribed almost five hundred members.

NEWS OF SOCIETIES

At the last election of the Ladies Auxiliary Phoenician Club of Birmingham, Ala., the following officers were elected for the current year:

Mrs. Wm. Meshad, President; Mrs. M. H. Bite, Vice-President; Miss Emiline Meshad, Secretary; Mrs. C. S. Meshad, Treasurer; Miss Amelia Mickwee, Publicity Director. Board of Managers: Mrs. J. N. Pharo, Miss Clementine Kabose, Mrs. Abraham Tebsherany, Chairman.

NEW YORK

The Daughters of the United Maronites' Society gave a luncheon and dance at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, February 10th, on the occasion of the feast day of the patron saint of the Maronites.

Miss Munera Asfour president of the society, presided but requested Mr. Joseph C. Chediac to act as toastmaster. The guests of honor were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis Wakim and Rev. Mansour Stephen. The speakers were the Rev. Mansour, Dr. Najeeb Barbour, diplomatic representative of Lebanon with the French Consulate in New York; Naoum Hatem, Dominick Faour and Salloum A. Mokarzel.

Miss Margaret Hatem gave several piano selections.

Political Developments in Syria

All hope for a rapid solution of the Syrian problem seems to have been shattered by the action of the French High Commissioner in Syria in proroguing the Syrian Constituent Assembly only a few days before the date set for its reconconvocation on February 11. Ever since the return of the High Commissioner from France after his absence of almost six months, negotiations had been carried on actively between him and the leaders of the Nationalist Party in the hope of finding grounds for a common understanding. When, however, the negotiations dragged until almost the very date set for the reconconvocation of the Assembly without any announcement being made of a solution, the Syrians were convinced that the situation had reached an impasse. Their fears were justified when the High Commissioner promulgated his decree adjourning the Assembly *sine die* and made public the text of the letter which he sent to the President of the Assembly stating the reasons for his action. Now the situation is shrouded with so much obscurity that it is impossible to advance any possible suggestion as to the probable outcome. On the face of it, it would seem that the Syrian Nationalists have steadfastly refused any suggestion of compromise in the stand they have taken since the first meeting of the Constituent Assembly at which the Constitution was formulated containing the clauses objectionable to the Mandatory Power.

The reason given by the High Commissioner for proroguing the

Assembly as contained in his letter on the subject addressed to Hashem Bey Al Atassi, Nationalist leader and President of the Assembly, is contained in the following paragraph:

"It is neither in an atmosphere of misunderstanding nor by attempting to disregard the plain facts of the situation that the difference, which has interrupted for six months the work of the Constituent Assembly, can be settled. A preserving effort still appears necessary in order to find an issue from the present difficulties. But in the meantime, and until deep reflection has prepared a way for a solution of this essential problem, the convocation of the Assembly would be without object. This is why, in the present state of uncertainty, when a definite result, so much desired in France as well as in Syria, I have today issued a decree adjourning *sine die* the Constituent Assembly."

It will be remembered that, having permitted elections to the Constituent Assembly, the French High Commissioner gave this body a free hand in framing a constitution for the country. In this the Assembly adopted certain clauses to which the Mandatory Power took exception as being in conflict with the terms of its mandate from the League of Nations. The High Commissioner offered the suggestion at the time that the Assembly adopt the constitution minus the objectionable articles which would be deferred for discussion at a later date and probable inclusion in a treaty to be entered into between France and Syria. This the

Assembly refused to entertain, with the result that it was adjourned for three months pending the result of negotiations between the High Commissioner and the Foreign Office in Paris. The protracted sojourn of M. Ponsot in Paris necessitated another adjournment, but the negotiations initiated after his return the latter part of December having failed, the Assembly was prorogued.

The native Syrian press sheds no light on the exact nature of the new causes of disagreement, but it is hinted in some quarters that the Syrians agreed to exclude the objectionable articles from the body of the Constitution in an effort to arrive at a solution of the difficulties, the articles to be incorporated later in the proposed treaty according to the High Commissioner's original suggestion. At this stage, however, M. Ponsot is said to have insisted on the elimination of the articles unconditionally, leaving the matter to the option of France whether or not to consider them as a basis for future negotiations. This the Syrian Nationalists are said to have refused on the ground that they were responsible to the nation for carrying out the program upon which they were elected and could not yield to the point of betraying their trust.

As the situation now stands, the provisional government appointed for the supervision of the elections to the Constituent Assembly is still in power. Sheikh Tajeddin, the President, continues to enjoy the confidence of the mandatory authorities in spite of the strong opposition to him by the Nationalists. The agitation for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy seems to have abated. Public demonstrations

are reported to have taken place in Damascus following the proroguing of the Assembly but without any violence. The Nationalists are extremely reserved in discussing their future plans with the result that the country is as much in doubt now of its future as it ever was. The next move seems to rest with the High Commissioner.

Sultan Pasha Atrash, the famous Druze leader of the armed revolution in Syria, was reported in press dispatches to have made to the French an offer to surrender. This was promptly denied by the New Syria Party of the United States.

Acting on the conviction that the Druze refugees in the Syrian desert are still holding against surrender, branches of the New Syria Party are sending funds continually to Sultan Pasha Atrash and his band of faithful followers.

THE SITUATION IN LEBANON

The approaching presidential elections in Lebanon appear to have assumed secondary importance in face of the violent controversy which continues to be waged around the personality of Emir George Lutfallah who is said to be a candidate for the office. His hopes of ever achieving this ambition seem, however, to have been definitely put at rest with the issuance by the Bureau of Statistics of the Lebanese government of a statement denying him the right of claim to Lebanese citizenship. The Maronite Patriarch is said to have endorsed the present incumbent of the office for a second term, waiving thereby the right of claiming the office for a Maronite, which makes it almost certain that Mr. Charles Dabbas will be re-elected.

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