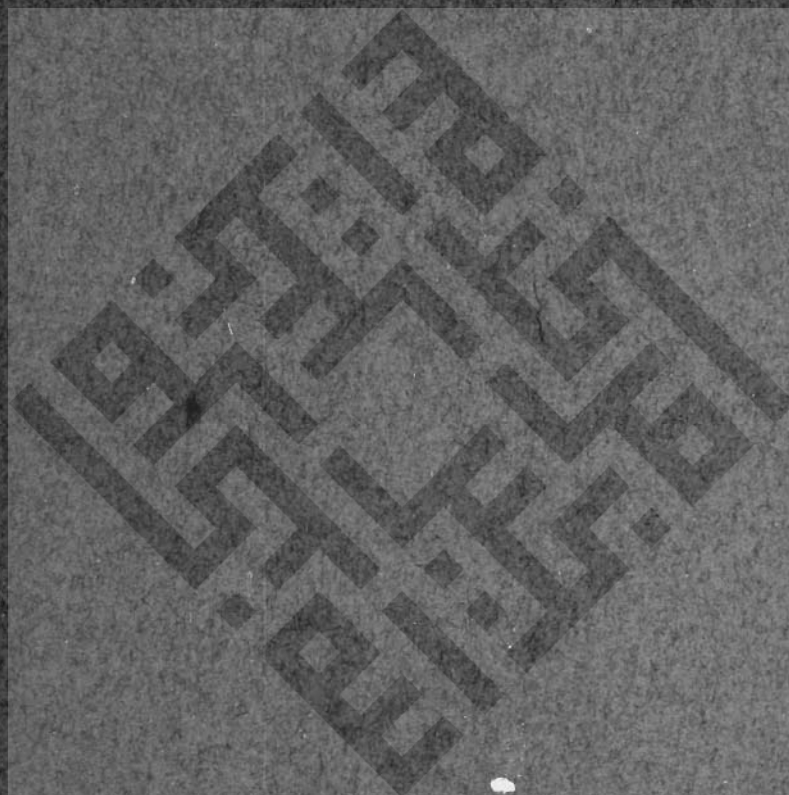


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# THE SYRIAN WORLD



AUGUST, 1927



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# THE SYRIAN WORLD

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AUGUST, 1927.

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# THE SYRIAN WORLD

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## Syrian Leadership In Arabic Affairs

By PHILIP K. HITTI, PH. D.

Syria and the Syrians constitute the first land and the first people in Western Asia to step within the threshold of our so-called modern civilization. In this they stand alone, unprecedented.

The invasion of Napoleon in 1799 was the first link in the chain that resulted in the more or less complete modernization of the land. The Turks, who were the masters of the Ottoman Empire to which Syria then belonged, had been for about four centuries previous to that *in* Europe, but they were not *of* Europe.

Not only were the people of Syria the first people in Western Asia to join the procession of modern progress but in the last century and a quarter they have achieved more genuine progress, perhaps, than any other people in that whole region. In Turkey proper and Egypt, the two leading Islamic countries of the defunct Ottoman Empire of which Syria once formed a part, the modernizing movement was launched in the early part of the nineteenth century by rulers: Sultan Mahmud II in the one case, and Muhammad Ali Pasha in the other. The Westernizing of the army was the starting point. Under the present Kemalist régime, the westernizing process is artificially stimulated, sudden, and dictated from above. How much of it will prove of permanent value it is not possible at this stage

to foresee. In Syria, on the other hand, the movement was not imposed from outside nor directed by governmental agencies. It was spontaneous and indigenous. It was cultural and social, neither military nor political.

If Syria were an island as Japan is, instead of being a thoroughfare of nations and a battlefield for invaders and conquerors, it would undoubtedly have been for the Near East as striking an example of progress as Japan is for the Far East.

\* \* \* \*

The reasons for the remarkable degree of progress attained by the modern Syrian are not hard to discern. His land is the central arch in the bridge connecting the Orient with the Occident. As such it was bound to receive the impact of the West in an intensified and concentrated form. Its strategic geographic position gave it in this respect an advantage which the adjoining lands did not possess to the same extent, and rendered it in the meantime the main gateway to Central Asia.

Then there is the racial heritage of resourcefulness and adaptability. The modern Syrian, particularly the Christian Lebanese who has undoubtedly constituted the most progressive element of the whole population, is the representative of the ancient Aramean and Phœnician. This Christian Lebanese element has in recent years supplied the intellectual and commercial leadership not only for the people of Syria but for a great part of the Levant also. In no other country of Western Asia does the Christian element constitute such a high percentage of the population — about thirty-three per cent., one million out of three millions.

Emigration should be accorded an important place in the list of agencies that have been working for the transformation of the land and the development of Syrian leadership. The emigrant class from Syria has in recent years been recruited mainly from this same element — the Christian population of Lebanon. Perpetuating the traditions of their Phœnician ancestors and prompted by the wanderlust and the desire for lucrative trade, these Syrian emigrants have carried their mercantile activity into almost all the maritime cities of Europe and the two Americas. In the United States alone there are about a quarter of a million of them and of their descendants. Business is their loadstar, and in pursuit of it they never hesitate to penetrate the most remote parts of the globe. No nook of the world escape

them. Neither Alaska, Australia nor the Philippines is foreign to their enterprise. In the days of St. Jerome as well as in our own day "their ambition and love of lucrative trade carry them to the ends of the world".

It is hardly possible to overestimate the influence which these emigrants, through their return visits, correspondence and publications, have exercised over the "folks back home". They acted as one of the main channels through which new ideas of social and political relationships have found their way into the old homeland. Neither Egypt, Iraq, nor Arabia proper has any such record of emigration to show. These lands have, therefore, been deprived of the stimulating influence which comes from the contact of their sons with foreign peoples and foreign civilizations.

Another factor which contributed to giving Syria the position of leadership which it has assumed in the Arabic-speaking world has been the Catholic and Protestant missionary forces which for the last hundred years or so have been operating successfully in Syria. Here again the Christian Lebanese, and not the Druze or Moslem population, have been the chief beneficiary. In 1921 the American Press of Beirut celebrated its hundredth anniversary of service for the Arabic-reading world. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has today half a dozen high schools for boys and for girls, and about sixty elementary schools. The British missions have their own schools running parallel to these. The Catholic missions, mainly of the Jesuit order, control an elaborate system of lower and higher education, culminating in their well-known Université de St. Joseph at Beirut. Their printing press in that same city is perhaps the best equipped in the whole Arabic world. It is estimated that in pre-war days some 50,000 students in Syria were the beneficiaries of French education. One of the strongest educational agencies in modern Syria has been and still is the American University of Beirut.

As Beirut was in the Roman times the seat of a school of law that was the most famous in the ancient world, attracting students to it from Constantinople, Rome and even Spain, so is Beirut today with its two universities, six colleges and many high schools and seminaries the leading educational center in the whole Orient. With such a record Beirut, which has a population of only a hundred thousand is, comparatively speaking,



no less an educational center than is Philadelphia, or even Boston.

The work of Beirut University, together with the work of the Near East Relief which has in the last few years spent millions of dollars in Syria for the bringing up of orphans, mainly Armenian refugees, has made the name of America respected and loved by all the people of the land. That name stands in the public mind today for benevolence, education and good will.

\* \* \* \*

This new orientation, or rather occidentation, is undoubtedly the outstanding fact in the development of contemporaneous Syria. It started, as we have seen, in the closing years of the eighteenth century and gave Syria a position of leadership in the Arabic Levant which it is still holding. The Great War introduced new elements in the situation, and, what is more important, it accelerated the processes of transformation already in operation. It tied up the destinies of the Arabic world more indissolubly with French and British interests, and made the Near East turn its face more than it ever did before towards the West.

On the intellectual side the process of modernization has resulted in nothing less than a renaissance, of which Syria is the center. The French, English and American missionary forces, which for the last century or so have made it their business to acquaint the Arabic-speaking peoples with European languages and philosophy of life and to familiarize them with the achievements and products of modern industry, science and art, have started a veritable literary awakening. Native printing presses, native societies, schools, and other educational institutions have taken up and carried on the work. Native schools now compete successfully with the foreign ones. The introduction of the printing press was in itself an epoch making event. The science and culture of Europe were thus rendered accessible in translation or adaptation. An Arabic reader may today enjoy in his own mother tongue the tragedies of Racine, the comedies of Molière, the fables of La Fontaine, the *Talisman* and even the *Iliad* of Homer. The last was done into Arabic poetry in 1906 by our famous Lebanese scholar, Suleiman Effendi al-Bustani, who died two years ago on his visit to New York City. His rendition was declared by the Athenian Academy the finest translation of that much translated work of Homer. Not only in

Syria but in many lands of the Near East today young men and women, whose fathers and mothers could neither read nor write, are studying Rousseau and Renan, Darwin and Huxley, and are delving into Marx and Bergson, Shakespeare and Hugo.

But there was still another mine of knowledge and information which the modern press has made accessible — the native Arabic sources. The republication of many classical Arabic works, which had well-nigh fallen into oblivion; the bringing to light and life of many dust-covered, moth-eaten manuscripts, and the dissemination of information relative to the past glories of the people and the great achievements of their ancestors — all these rekindled the enthusiasm of the Arabic-speaking peoples for their own national literature and contributed greatly towards the development of the consciousness of a national life, the throbs of which we still feel and hear throughout Iraq, Palestine, Syria and even Arabia proper.

As an indication of the new intellectual awakening in which the Syrians have assumed the leading role in the Arabic countries, consider the Syrian newspaper activity. The two leading daily newspapers of Egypt, *al-Ihram* and *al-Mokattam*, were founded and are still owned and edited by men of Syrian origin. The two leading magazines of Egypt, and in fact of the whole Arabic world, *al-Muktataf* and *al-Hilal*, have the same story to tell. Their editors are graduates of the American University of Beirut. The first newspaper man in Palestine to declare the Zionist program a menace to Arab nationalism was not a Palestinian but a Syrian Lebanese whose paper is still issued in the shadow of Mt. Carmel whose name it bears. The first newspaper in the whole Arabian peninsula, *al-Kiblah*, the organ of the Hashimite family and King Hussein, was edited in Mecca by a Moslem Lebanese. Wherever the Syrian emigrant went he carried with him his culture and his Arabic press. The five Arabic dailies of New York City together with its two Arabic and one English magazines are the product of his literary proclivities, as are the two dozen or so dailies in Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and the other leading towns of Latin America. It is no exaggeration to say that the new literature of the Arab tongue in science, in history, and in its different aspects and phases is but the product of Syrian mental activity.

When the British occupied Egypt in 1882 they called to their assistance as teachers, government officials, and special

agents, men trained mainly in the American University of Beirut (then known as the Syrian Protestant College) to help them carry on the work of governing and administering the land. The newly organized mandatory governments of Palestine and Iraq have likewise found it necessary to draw upon the same source for the execution of their functions, especially in the educational and public health departments. The advisers of King Feisal in Iraq as well as of Emir Abdullah in Transjordan have either been men of Syrian origin or trained on Syrian soil.

The torch of modern enlightenment, lit by Syria, was passed on in the latter part of the last century to its neighbor, Egypt. Egypt, with its larger and more homogeneous population, with its superior natural resources and wealth, and with its more or less independent government has in the last two decades made more rapid strides along the line of scientific and literary progress. But the people of Egypt have always been more attached to the soil of their land than the people of Syria, and their influence has therefore been hitherto more circumscribed. Students come by the hundreds every year from Egypt to Syria in quest of education, but hardly any Syrian youths migrate to Egypt as students. Syrian intellectuals by the thousands have found in Egypt a field for the exercise of their activity, but, with the exception of two or three, hardly any Egyptian intellectual has exercised any perceptible influence over Syrians in modern times. The influence of Muhammad 'Abdu, the modern Egyptian Mufti and up-to-date commentator on the Koran, upon thoughtful Syrian Moslems has certainly been great, but the influence of the Syrian Shumayyil, Sarruf and Zeidan over young Egyptians has been greater.

\* \* \* \*

Not only have the Syrians in recent times supplied a large part of the leadership throughout the Arabic world in progress, in commerce, in education and in literature but in nationalistic movements, too.

Of all Arabic lands, Syria is, in many respects, the most Arabic in sentiment and national feeling. The peoples of Northern Africa have never figured in affairs that are Arabic. Their Arab culture, like their Arab blood, is too much diluted with Berber semi-barbarism to be effective along this line. Morocco, Tunis, Algeria and Tripoli are outside the pale of pan-Arabism. For the last century and more Arabic Egypt has been under the



sway of a Turco-Albanian aristocracy. Egypt is Arabic in language but not in sentiment. Palestine was, until the Great War, the southern part of Syria. And so was Transjordan. The Syrians even today never think of them except as such. Iraq, ever since the Abbasid period, has been more or less culturally dominated by Persian influence. Arabia proper is practically still where Muhammad left it in the ninth year of the *hijrah* when he declared the only cities of Mecca and Medina *haram*, not to be defiled by the presence of a Christian.

On the other hand, Syria — with its western shores exposed to the contagion of occidental and nationalistic theories and its eastern boundaries inviting fresh Arab settlers from the desert and from Arabia, with its cities studded with educational institutions and schools and with its adventurous emigrants scattered all over the civilized world — this contemporaneous Syria has become the throbbing heart of modern Arabic nationalism.

Altho this land, with its autonomous Lebanon, was under the old Turkish régime the best governed state of the Ottoman Empire, yet it was the seat of chronic disturbance and proved to be the Ireland of the Empire. When in 1909 the young Turks became well installed in Constantinople, the Syrians became the leaders of the movement for decentralization which threatened to disrupt the whole tottering Empire. The pan-Arab movement, ever since its inception during the World War as the heir of the deceased pan-Islamic movement, has found in the Syrians its guiding spirits. With all his gallows and executions in Damascus, Aleih, and Beirut, Jemal Pasha, the modern Nero of the Young Turkish régime, failed to dampen the zeal of the intellectual Syrian youth and to keep Syria safe for the Turks. Thus the Syrian had passed through all the stages of decentralization and separation to the full consciousness of the right of self-determination long before President Wilson gave vogue and currency to those theoretic formulas. And today the leaders, ardent champions and protagonists of the "Arab-lands-for-the-Arabs" movement, the movement which aims to federate Syria, Palestine, Transjordan, Mesopotamia and Arabia into one integral whole are, in general, neither Palestinians, Mesopotamians nor Arabs but young intellectuals from Damascus, Beirut and Lebanon.

\* \* \* \*

Surely the hour has struck in the Arabic-speaking world.

The unchanging East is changing fast. The hands of the clock are moving ahead. As in the European renaissance so in this, the march is from the mediævalism of tradition and authority into an age of discovery, reason and progress. Secularization and modernization are the great ideals.

In this movement Syria has assumed a position of leadership.

But modernization is by no means an unqualified blessing, and westernization — no matter how much we wish to flatter ourselves — is not necessarily a boon. That is why many Syrians of the present generation stand perplexed at the crossing of the roads. Behind them lies a rich and varied heritage of achievement representing ages past. Ahead of them stand the results and products of Western civilization with its blessings and curses, its nationalism, democracy, imperialism, commercialism and progressiveness. What then to preserve of this past inheritance and what to discard? What to adopt of the Western modes of living and ideals of life and what to avoid? This is the supreme question which the modern Syrians have to answer.

The present generation has been called upon to perform a Heraclean task and to solve a problem which never confronted their ancestors in such an acute form. They are faced with the task of building a bridge connecting their old inherited civilization with modern Western civilization and spanning a gap of thousands of years.

The fact that the modern Syrians have succeeded in assuming a position of leadership in the modern Arabic world does not, however, in itself indicate that they have achieved recognition in international and interracial leadership. Here their niche is still vacant. Consult a copy of *Who's Who in the World* and while you may come across Indian, Japanese and even Filipino names you will probably not come across any Syrian name. Look over the files of the leading scientific and learned magazines of Europe and America and you will hardly see a Syrian contribution. In science, in medicine, in history, in literature, in the fields of finance, industry and commerce, the Syrian name is blank. There are no internationally known Syrians today in any of the fields of human endeavor.

The other day, after addressing a meeting at Vassar College, one in the audience addressed to me a question as to whether there was any Arabic-speaking man who within the last few

centuries has contributed anything noteworthy to the civilization of the modern world. I admitted the negative.

But this has not always been the case.

There was a time in which the people of Syria contributed to the imperishable things of life more than any other people. The early Syrians were the international carriers of the products of the civilization of the ancient world. They were the benefactors of mankind in more than one sense. They were the first to develop, use exclusively, and disseminate the alphabet — declared by some scholars the greatest invention of all time. If they have done nothing but that it is enough to mark them out among the greatest races in history. The part which the early Christian Syrian Fathers played in the evolution and the propagation of the Christian faith is too well known to be dwelt upon here.

But few of us perhaps realize the role which the mediæval people of Syria played in the furtherance of international commerce, culture, and science. During the Umayyad period (660-750 A. D.) Damascus was one of the most powerful and enlightened cities in the whole world. The word of the caliph residing in it was during the latter part of this period obeyed from the shores of the Atlantic ocean to the slopes of the Himalayas. The so-called Arab conquest of Spain was directed from Syria and carried out to a great extent by Syrians and Syrian Arabs. During the Crusades the Franks had little to teach to those people, but many things to learn from them. In law, in medicine, in philosophy, in science, in architecture, in agriculture, the Crusaders sat as pupils at the feet of these Easterners. Witness the Arabic words which at that time and through Spain found their way into all European languages and which still testify to the debt which the West owes to the East. There are no less than five hundred such words in the English language alone; words in industry — damask, muslin, azure; words in mathematics — algebra, zero and the Arabic numerals; words in astronomy — taurus, aldebaran; words in chemistry — alcohol, alkali, alchemy; and many other words like arsenal, admiral, tariff, sugar, mattress, candy and so forth. A Spanish scholar has recently startled the learned world by declaring and showing that Dante — Europe's greatest mediæval poet — drew in his composition of the Divine Comedy on the mystic ibn-al-'Arabi, and the Syrian poet-philosopher abu-al-'Ala al-Ma'arri.



His theme was expounded in two recent issues of THE SYRIAN WORLD.

With such a glorious and unparalleled heritage behind, there is no reason why the modern Syrian, given the proper opportunity, should not do his share for the welfare of humanity and the service of mankind.

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## *The Falcon and The Nightingale*

By DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

The wise Al-Hilli told one day a tale  
About the Falcon and the Nightingale—  
(And may we profit by his wisdom ripe,  
And his and our sins may Allah wipe!)

“Dark envy kept the Bulbul once awake,  
And thus unto the falcon glibly spake:  
‘What can the mighty king in thee e’er find  
To shower his kingly favors on thy kind?  
His boon companion thou by night and day,  
Thy stool his wrist, though ne’er a blithesome lay  
Thy throat can shape, but dumb eternally  
Thou livest. Harken to my silvery song,  
The joyous measures of my roundelay—  
Joy, passing sweet, they bring to old and young,  
Dull care and fretfulness they drive away.  
Yet lonely and neglected in a cage,  
I spend my life a prey to useless rage.’

Then the Falcon, in solemn words and few:  
‘To each they give his worth! They knew that you  
Say but do not, and I say not but do.’”

## Syrian Folk Songs

### THREE MAIDEN LOVERS

Translation by KAHLIL GIBRAN

ميجانا

شفت ثلاث بنات حول المعصرة	والاولى على فراق جبهها محصرة
والثانية بتقول الدعوى ميسره	والثالثة بتقول لربي انا
شفت الرقيقة بالمسا تقطف ذرى	والهوا بشعرها بيتبخترا
ومسكين يالمالك مرا	نيذك الحصرم وخيزك زوانا
حملت الارطل وراحت عالسليق	برمت الضيعا وما لقيت رفيق
رميت الارطل وقالت للحريق	ولهبتك بخور تلحق ربنا

Three maiden lovers stood by the wine-press.  
One longed silently for her lover, who was distant

The second one said, "All will be well."  
"Ah, well," said the third, "but is not love God?"

Yester-eve she was reaping with me in the corn,  
And in her hair the wind played gaily.

O ye poor, pitiful mate-less things!  
Your bread is but thistles and sour grapes, your wine!

My love took her basket to gather the herbs,  
And all through the village she sought her mate for a  
companion;

And finding him not, she threw down her basket and said,  
"Burn thou up, and let thy flames rise, a sacrifice to  
God!"

# Famous Cities of Syria

## *Baalbek, City of the Sun-God*

One of the most eloquent, yet pathetic, testimonies to the glory that was once Syria's may be found in those stupendous ruins which have held many an archæologist and traveler enthralled, as if spellbound by their majestic beauty, and which are known as the ruins of Baalbek. These ruins are, to many a keen archæologist, the greatest single group of relics of antiquity to be found anywhere in the world, not excepting even those of Egypt, Greece or Italy. Their immensity, their condition of preservation, the mystery surrounding the origin of their erection and the majesty they still bear in spite of numerous earthquakes and a succession of invasions which were equally devastating and destructive, all tend to prove that the ruins of Baalbek are, among ruins, what Baalbek was in its day among cities, one of the foremost wonders of the world.

With every new attempt at excavation, new mysteries offer themselves to be solved and manifold wonders are added to the long list of what is already written and surmised about these ancient relics. Archæologists and travelers, for nearly the whole of the last five hundred years, have been at work attempting to unravel the mystery surrounding this crowning work of man along engineering lines in ancient times, and every passing year only seems to add to the enigma and to lay bare new wonders before the eyes of an admiring and mystified world.

If Baalbek is not, generally speaking, one of the wonders of the world, its ruins are surely the most grandiose, the best preserved and, as one writer describes them, "the most beautiful mass of ruins that man has ever seen and the like of which he will never behold again."

In what epoch Baalbek was founded and by whom, no historian has as yet claimed to know with any degree of authenticity. And, as in every case where no clear record has been left to dispel doubt and forestall conjecture, many a fantastic legend has sprung in the minds of the public at different ages tending

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to express the degree of wonder at an incomprehensible feat. One of the greatest distinctions of the ruins of Baalbek, for instance, is its massive masonry which modern engineering science has been unable to account for. But to the average man who ascribes everything beyond his comprehension to supernatural powers, the quarrying of the great stones now found in one of the temples of Baalbek and their raising into position with infinite accuracy and precision could be accomplished by none other than the genii or a race of giants.

Benjamin of Tudela, a Spanish rabbi who visited Syria in the year 1163, hesitated not to state that King Solomon, in building the city, was able to perform this miracle of engineering and masonry only by invoking the genii, while Arab legends ascribe the feat to a primeval race of giants. There is still in the quarry which lies about three-quarters of a mile from the acropolis of Baalbek, a giant stone measuring thirteen feet wide, fourteen feet high and seventy-one feet long and would weigh about a thousand tons. It is called *Hajar Al-Hubla*, or the stone of the pregnant woman. Why it was given this appellation it is impossible to state authentically other than to accept the native legend bearing on it and which shows the degree of superstitious accounts clustered around the origin of Baalbek. This legend would have us believe that the giant race which built the great city handled these great stones, without recourse to instruments, as easily as we puny folk of today handle weights proportionate to our strength. This particular stone, for instance, was being pulled out of the mother rock by a young woman who happened to be with child, and as she was taking hold of it under her arm she heard her baby cry and so dropped her burden in a half-hanging position to the great wonderment of posterity.

Other great stones which have attracted the wonder of travelers are those which form the *second* layer of the basement of the great temple. They are from 24 to 37 feet in length and nine feet thick. But those which cause the greatest amazement are the three great stones which are found at the NW. angle of this building and which became so famous in ancient times that the temple above them came to be known as the Trilithon. Two are 60 feet and the third is 62 feet 9 inches in length while their height is 13 feet and their thickness probably ten feet. They are not level with the ground but have been raised to a height of twenty-three feet. How those great stones were ever placed

in position is still one of the baffling mysteries of Baalbek. What enhances this engineering feat is that these three great stones are so evenly placed, so carefully chiselled, so closely set that one at first glance cannot realize their immensity and the amount of engineering skill employed in shaping and placing them. They are so even and close that one can hardly insert the edge of a penknife between them. It is the opinion of numerous experts that they are the largest stones ever handled by man, and that in an age so remote that it is lost in the dark recesses of time and not a trace is left of any mechanical means then known to have aided the engineers in the transportation or placement. It is therefore surmised that the stones were laboriously and patiently rolled up an artificial embankment by sheer man power to a point level with their present elevation.

"Look at these stones as long as you will," says Louis Gaston Leary in a graphic description of these stones, "you can never fully see their bigness. Yet if only one were taken out of the wall, a space would be left large enough to contain a Pullman sleeping-car. Each stone, though it seems only of fitting size for this noble acropolis, weighs as much as a coastwise steamer. If it were cut up into building blocks a foot thick, it would provide enough material to face a row of apartment houses two hundred feet long and six stories high. If it were sawn into flag-stones an inch thick, it would make a pavement three feet wide and over six miles in length."

Some chroniclers associate Baalbek with the Baalgad of the Bible (Josh. XI, 17) but apparently without good reason. Others, principally Arab geographers of the twelfth century, believed that King Solomon, besides building for himself a magnificent palace in Baalbek, built also the larger temple and gave the whole city as a dowry to Balkis, Queen of Sheba. What seems to be generally accepted, however, is that Baalbek, known at one time as Heliopolis Syriae, to distinguish it from Heliopolis Ægypti, its namesake across the Mediterranean, was founded by a priest colony from the latter city or from Assyria. Its original name, none the less, was Baalbek and not Heliopolis, the latter appellation, the Hellenic equivalent of the original name, being given to it by the Seleucid sovereigns of Syria and continued by the Romans. After the conquest of Syria by the Arabs in the seventh century (A. D. 635) the city regained its Semitic, or at least its Aramean name.

FACADE OF THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS



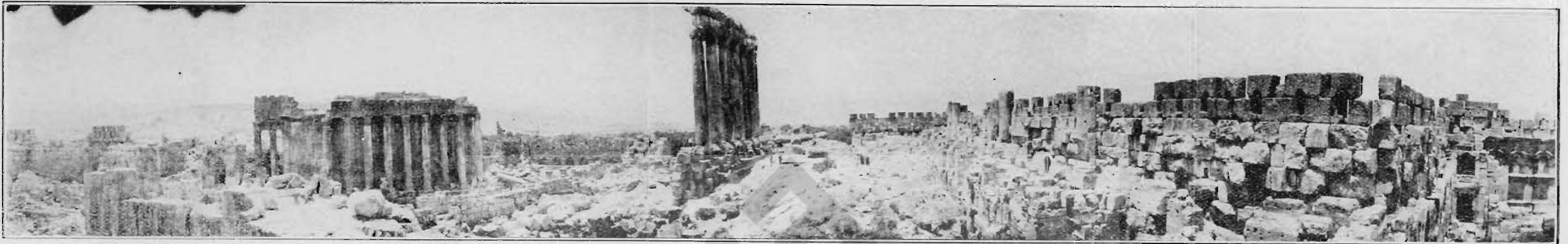
This is the lesser of the two great temples of Baalbek and lies to the left of a larger one known as the Temple of the Sun-God, now in complete ruin.

VIEW OF THE SOUTH GATE OF THE ACROPOLIS OF BAALBEK





## PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RUINS OF BAALBEK



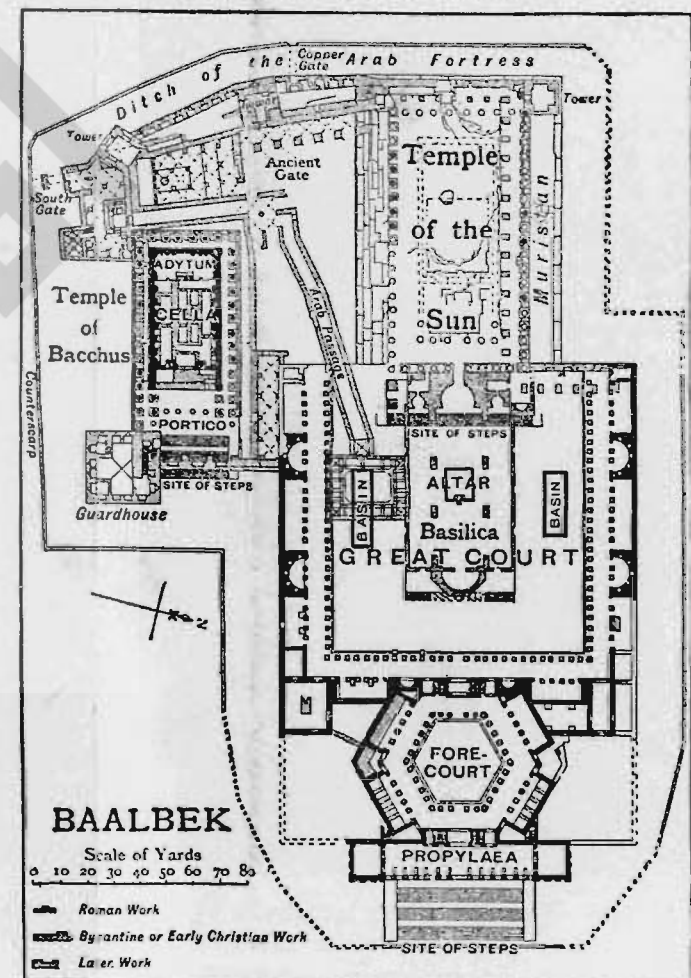
This extraordinary picture shows the central group of the famous ruins and was taken recently by a Syrian photographer, F. Askar, with a special camera. To the left may be recognized the remains of the Temple of Bacchus, while the six great columns in the center are all that remains standing of the Temple of the Sun. An idea of the size of the columns may be gained by comparison with the human figures standing a little to the right.

## HAJAR AL-HUBLA



The great stone in the quarry of Baalbek known as the Stone of the Pregnant Woman. Its dimensions are 13 feet wide, 14 feet high and 71 feet long. The quarrying, transporting and placing in position of such huge stones in building the temple of Baalbek have forever been the wonder of architects and engineers.

## DIAGRAM OF BAALBEK



GENERAL VIEW OF BAALBEK



There is little to compare between the modern town of Baalbek, shown in the foreground, and the majestic ruins of the old city, which appear in the left background.

The literal meaning of the name Baalbek in the old Syrian language is the *City of the Sun*. It derived its name from the fact that it was a sacerdotal city whose principal temple was dedicated to the worship of the sun, the Osiris of the Egyptians, and which worship was prevalent in that section of the East in all ages. The Greeks, however, indifferently attributed the great temple to Zeus or Apollo. The weight of evidence would prove that about 200 A. D., the Semitic worship of Baal became popular far beyond the borders of Syria, and the Semitic sun-god became identified with the Roman Jupiter. The Empress of Septimius Severus was the daughter of a priest of Baal at Homs, a city in the Syrian plain only sixty miles north of Baalbek. Her nephew, Varius Avilus Bassanius, also born at Homs, succeeded to the Roman throne at the death of his cousin Caracalla in 218 and thereupon assumed the title of "High Priest of the Sun-God" and erected a temple to that deity on the Palatine Hill in Rome.

The Walls of Baalbek, so far as they have been traced, occupy a space of less than four miles in compass, but it is evident that these comprise only the sanctuaries within the enclosure. As they now appear, the courts and temples within this area consist of the great temple, or that of the Sun; of a smaller temple, or that of Bacchus, and of a Basilica built by Emperor Constantine upon his conversion to Christianity in an effort to stamp out the licentious practices and orgies of debauchery practiced within the precincts of the temple. This church is known as that of Santa Barbara. Then there is the forecourt, or Forum, built on hexagonal lines, and the propylæ or portico with the great steps leading to it and now in complete ruin.

One standing on an eminence and viewing the magnificent ruins that was once Baalbek, the city of the sun-god, cannot but wonder at how such a great city, a marvel of architecture and solidity of masonry, could have come to such a sad end. It would seem, judging by the pains taken in its building, that it was designed to withstand all attacks of time and ravages of the elements. Be it Solomon or the priest colony who laid its foundations, what is incontestable is that most of its present remains are of Roman origin and the Romans could not have despoiled their own handiwork. Constantine found it to be still the flourishing center of a licentious cult and he made an attempt only to curb the objectionable practices. Abu Ubaida, the zealous convert to



Islam who was at the head of the Arab armies in their sweep on Syria, attacked Baalbek after the Moslem capture of Damascus (A. D. 635) and, according to authentic accounts, found it was "still an opulent city and yielded a rich booty." What, then, could have brought it to its present sad fate?

Undoubtedly nature had a hand in the work of destruction, but the hand of man along that line weighed down on the famous Syrian city much more heavily. In the twelfth century it was visited by the earthquake three times, and in 1759 another shock accelerated the work of destruction. But what contributed most to the damage was the succession of wars with their accompanying vandalism, desecration and retaliation which have been from time immemorial the common lot of all Syria. And in the case of Baalbek, the hand of fate seems to have fallen heaviest. After the Mohammedan conquest of Syria, Baalbek, on account of its strategic position on a foothill of Anti-Lebanon commanding approach to the fertile valley of Beka', became a bone of contention between the various Syrian and Egyptian dynasties, and in 748 was sacked with great slaughter. In 1090 it passed to the Seljuks and in 1134 to Jenghiz Kan. In 1175 it was captured by Saladin and in 1260 was dismantled by Hulagu. In 1282 Sultan Kalaun made an effort to revive it and used the material of the old buildings to erect mosques and fortresses. In 1400 Timurlane pillaged it and in 1517 it passed, with the rest of Syria, to the Ottoman Turks. Since then it went through progressive stages of decay until all traces of its past grandeur were in danger of being completely obliterated. To the unappreciative native, the famous ruins served as a ready quarry for building material and a village sprang up in the great court of the Temple of the Sun whose houses were constructed from the material at hand. Turkish Pashas who admired some of the great columns of the finest granite had them knocked down to extract the metallic axles contained in them or to use them in new building projects. Iconoclasts who objected to the carvings and statues contributed their share to the work of destruction, and not until 1901 was there any scientific attempt made to salvage and restore the precious ruins when work along that line was undertaken by the German Archæological Institute.

The bibliography on the ruins and the history of Baalbek is quite extensive and those of our readers who desire fuller information ought to find it readily accessible at any library. Its

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present importance, however, is confined to its ruins which have become a great attraction for tourists. Changes in methods of transportation have divested it of its past mercantile importance, for at one time it was the third greatest city of Syria, ceding precedence only to Damascus and Antioch. Its geographic location helped to enhance it as a center of trade because at certain seasons of the year it was the converging point of the great caravans passing between the East and the West and served as a sort of fair for the exchange of goods. In those days of slow methods of transportation, the central location of Baalbek can well be appreciated. It is situated on a gentle elevation at the N. E. extremity of the plain of Beka', about 4000 feet above sea level, and at a distance of 36 miles from Damascus, 109 from Palmyra and about 40 miles from either Beirut or Tripoli on the Mediterranean coast. It can be reached now from either of the latter cities by automobile in less than three hours. It enjoys an abundance of water supplied from a gushing spring known as *Ras-El-Ain*, or Spring Head.

Under Turkish rule Baalbek was ever attached to the vilayet of Damascus but since the repartition of the country under French mandate it was ceded to Mt. Lebanon as being within its natural boundaries together with the fertile plain of Beka'. Its present population is about 10,000, seventy-five per cent. of whom are Moslems and the remainder Christians of various denominations. It has many religious and educational establishments comprising two Greek Catholic and two Maronite monasteries, two schools for girls, one Catholic, the other Protestant, and two very old churches, one in the possession of the Greek Catholics and the other belonging to the Maronites. Its mosques are numerous but not particularly distinctive. Two modern hotels have been recently erected for the accommodation of tourists.

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### THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE

Said the Mohammedan traditionist, Abu Safyan al-Thawri, to a friend: "Seek knowledge to work thereby, and not to pride yourself over the ignorant ones, or consume therewith the wealth of the rich, or exploit the services of the poor."

## Haroun Al-Rashid and The Opulent Umayyad

An Arabian tale translated from the Arabic original.

Manara, the trusted emissary of more than one of the great Caliphs, related the following as one of his outstanding experiences while in the service of Haroun Al-Rashid.

While Haroun Al-Rashid, he stated, was in the city of Al-Koufa on one of his pilgrimages in the year 186 of Al-Hegira, there was brought to his knowledge that there was still left in Damascus a man of the Umayyad dynasty who was possessed of fabulous wealth and wielded great influence. This Umayyad, according to these reports, lived in the manner of ruling princes, having an army of sons and slaves and mercenaries whom he equipped in full war accoutrements and sent out on frequent raids to the country of the Christians. He was, furthermore, the lord of great domains comprising grazing lands, and cultivated lands, and orchards scattered in a wide area of the fertile oasis of Damascus known as Al-Ghuta. What enhanced his standing and influence was his widely known hospitality for which he had become famous throughout the length and breadth of the land.

A man of such wide influence and power, it was represented to Haroun Al-Rashid, could not but do irreparable damage to the throne once he chose to seek revenge or to retrieve the lost power of his fallen family.

Upon hearing this Haroun Al-Rashid was consumed with rage. He called me to his presence and confided to me the following message and instructions.

"I have called you," he said, "on a matter that has given me great concern even to the point of banishing from me all sleep. Now I want you to use all diligence, tact and sagacity in apprehending this Umayyad and bringing him to me as quickly as is humanly possible. Already I have ordered prepared for you all equipment and provisions necessary for the journey, and you may select for your escort a hundred picked men of my bodyguard whose endurance and valor have been tested and proved. You are, furthermore, to travel by way of the desert

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on the least frequented road to avoid comment and undue delay. Take these sealed orders to the governor of Damascus who will assist you in the carrying out of your mission in case you should meet with resistance. I am allowing you six days to go and six days to return. I realize this means hard travel for you and your men but to me, in my present state of mind, it is the maximum permissible, and I shall expect you to report to me on the morning of the thirteenth day without fail. You will also find in your equipment shackles and chains which you are to use in holding your man prisoner and preventing him all free movement. You are to ride with him in the same litter and are never to allow him to wander from your sight for a single instant. Furthermore, you are to record his every motion and word and report to me on his condition to the minutest detail. Now go and bear in mind all these instructions with particular attention to the necessity of haste."

Said Manara:

Immediately thereupon I took leave of the Caliph and rode with my men our swift hajins, or courier camels, and set out on the road to Damascus, traveling night and day and halting only for prayers and to give men and animals the most essential rest. On the night of the seventh day I reached the city, but the gates were closed and I camped without for the night. But early on the morrow I entered with my men and set my course directly to the house of the Umayyad, not even taking time to greet the governor or seek his assistance.

No sooner had I reached the house than I was greeted with a wondrous sight. Here was a palace and a retinue even surpassing the description given to the Caliph. The guards at the door made an effort to intercept me but I brushed them aside and made my way into the inner court. Here I found a large company of men seated around the fountains or by the flower beds while numerous others were everywhere in the spacious colonnades. They rose and hastened to greet me, and my first question was to ask them if amongst them was the man I wanted. They answered that they were his children and that he was now taking his morning bath.

"Hasten him out," I said, "for I have come to him on an important and urgent mission."

Saying which I immediately proceeded to make the rounds of the house and inspect its conditions. A great palace truly it

was and in the most orderly manner and luxurious appointments. It was not unlike a city throbbing with life and activity. There were enough men of both relatives and servants to form an army.

When I returned to the court, the man had not yet emerged from his bath and I was seized with fear and apprehension lest he should have made his escape. Presently, however, an old man made his way out of the bathing quarters surrounded by a large retinue of servants and slaves. He was most venerable in appearance and I doubted not that he was the man sought. He proceeded slowly and majestically to his divan and he was no sooner seated than he recognized and saluted me, asking me in a somewhat familiar manner about the Prince of the Faithful and his well-being. I felt constrained to answer and did so in a perfunctory manner wishing to proceed immediately to the carrying out of my mission. But just at the time I had finished my curt reply the servants arrived with great trays heaped with all varieties of fruit and placed them before him and his company. He, however, before proceeding, asked me to join at the table but I refused. The invitation was not even repeated. After partaking of the fruit, a servant brought him an ewer and a basin and he washed his hands. He then called for the food and there was brought to him such an array of trays bearing the most delectable varieties of foods such as I had not seen but in the palace of the Prince of the Faithful and on the occasion of great banquets. As in the former instance, he addressed me by my first name, in the most familiar and patronizing manner, asking me to join the company, but this time also I unhesitatingly refused, and, as formerly, the invitation was not repeated. Those who were in his immediate company were nine of his children and all showed the utmost respect and veneration for their father. They ate in the manner of well-bred princes and the servants went to and fro about their tasks silently and almost stealthily. They were long at their meal and I began to feel uneasy in my situation. The servants and guards, learning that I was the emissary of the Caliph, had exhausted every effort in entertaining and providing my men with all means of comfort, following the custom of great hospitality practised at the house.

I looked about me and discovered that only five of my men remained in my immediate company. "Here I am," said I to myself, "in the house of a formidable prince whose sons and

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slaves and servants are legion, and if he should choose to offer resistance I shall not be able to control the situation with the men left to me. I have not reported my mission to the governor of the city and it is therefore impossible to count on reinforcements. Besides, not an hour can I afford to lose, as the explicit orders of the Caliph are that I report to him in the city of Al-Koufa on the thirteenth day."

Reviewing the situation rapidly in my mind, my uneasiness grew more tense, especially when I reflected on the indifferent manner in which the man treated me and observed the slow method and equanimity of his actions all during the meal. My anger and impatience were such that it was with great effort that I could contain myself. Finally the meal came to an end and the man proceeded to his ablutions, ordered incense and rose to his prayers. He prayed long and sincerely and I was impressed favorably with the manner and tone of his invocations and was loathe to interrupt him. At last he emerged from the Mihrab and advanced towards me in a slow and majestic gait and asked me the reason of my visit. Whereupon I told him that I had come on an urgent message from the Prince of the Faithful and handed him the letter consigned to him. No sooner had he read it than he called together his sons and servants and presently the great court was filled with men. Again I felt great apprehension and doubted not that the man intended to deal with me roughly.

He, however, addressed the gathering in a tone ringing with earnestness and authority and swore the greatest oaths embracing the things most sacred and revered and threatening divorce and disownment, enjoining his men to repair to their own quarters so that no two should remain together in any one place and to undertake no move until they hear from him again.

Following which he invited me to shackle him and I immediately called a blacksmith and had his feet bound. I placed him in a litter with me and made haste to leave the city without even stopping to see the governor. We traveled in silence until we reached a magnificent orchard in Al-Ghuta and the man waxed happy at the sight and began to describe to me the extent of the orchard, its variety of trees and its abundant productivity. I could not but wonder at his light-heartedness for a man in his situation but refrained from making any remark.

As we progressed in our journey we came across other or-

chards, and towns, and fertile lands which the man told me in the most matter-of-fact way that he owned. He showed such little concern at his condition that I was brought to the point of exasperation and finally burst out in a torrent of angry remonstrance:

"Realize you not," I said, "that you are taken to the Prince of the Faithful in strict custody because of his fear of your wealth and influence, and here I hear you continually boasting of those very things which have brought you to your rue? Verily, your apparent equanimity and indifference is such as to cause disgust to anyone studying your situation."

I had no sooner finished than the man gave me such a look of mingled pity and scorn that I felt it cutting through me even to the marrow of my bones, then he said in that same placid and self-possessed manner which so aggravated me:

"O Manara, I had taken thee for a man whose intelligence was above that of the common people for thee to merit the trust placed by the Caliphs in thee. Now I discover by thy remarks that thou art bereft of all those qualities which distinguish the elite from the commoners. Knowest thou not that our fate lies wholly in the hands of Allah, the All-Knowing, the All-Provident, Who guides our destinies according to a prearranged plan which follows an immutable course and which no human power can change or transform? If I be destined to ignominious treatment at the hands of the Caliph then there is no agency whether on earth or in heaven, be it of man or of the spirits of the jinn, which can stay the course of my fate. And if my destiny is to receive full vindication in the eyes of the Caliph, then why should I burden myself with unnecessary worry? As to my own actions, I feel confident that once the Prince of the Faithful ascertains my innocence and realizes that what has been reported to him was but the work of jealous enemies, he will reinstate me in his favor and grant me permission to return to my family with honor. Such is my trust in the providence of Allah and the justice of the Caliph. Now as to thyself, O Manara, I had thought thee a person of wisdom and knowledge, and hoped thou wouldst be a fit companion and entertainer on the dreary journey, but realizing my misunderstanding of thee, I shall not speak to thee a single word until the presence of the Caliph separates us."

Saying which, my prisoner assumed an attitude of strict in-

difference and unconcern throughout the whole of the journey. Nor did I hear his voice once except on the occasion of reciting his prayers which he observed in the manner prescribed by the best Mohammedan traditions.

On the morning of the thirteenth day we came to the outskirts of Al-Koufa and I found that the Caliph had sent out a reconnoitering party to meet me. His anxiety was such that minutes seemed to him long as days. I received orders from the convoy sent out to meet me to proceed directly with my prisoner to court even before stopping at my house for a bath and a change of clothes. And once in the presence of Al-Rashid he commanded me forthwith to proceed with the report of my experiences.

I began by relating the manner in which I entered the palace of the Umayyad prisoner and proceeded to describe in detail the extent of the establishment, the number of attendants, the great display of wealth, and the unhurried manner in which the man partook of his meal and rose to his prayers. All throughout this narration I could see the features of the Caliph contract in a growing storm of anger, and a vein between his eyes which showed only on occasions of the greatest provocation began to beat fast and furiously. I felt certain that he would order the man beheaded that very instant.

But the Caliph controlled himself sufficiently to listen to the end of my story. I related how the man gathered his household together and enjoined them from any action in his behalf; how he willingly and unhesitatingly gave himself up to the shackles; how he bore his condition light-heartedly and once on the way began to entertain me with the description of his lands and properties, and I omitted not to relate to the Caliph the details of my remarks to him on that occasion and the nature of his rejoinder.

As I progressed in my narrative thereafter I observed that the features of the Caliph began to relax and instead of that intolerant and raging anger with which he appeared to be consumed there came a gradual change to what seemed a sense of shame, and most surely a feeling of extreme benevolence.

I had no sooner finished than the Caliph rose and sympathetically embraced the prisoner and ordered his shackles knocked off forthwith. He then invited him to a seat by his side and conversed with him in the kindest manner.

"We have heard news about thee which we are now convinced are the machinations of jealous enemies. Now we want to do thee honor and make thee compensation. Surely a man in thy station cannot fail but need some favor from us and this we are willing to grant immediately thou expressest a wish."

"My only prayer," replied the Umayyad, "is that Allah grant long life to the Prince of the Faithful and consolidate his power. Other than that I have nothing to wish for. The agents of the Caliph have been just and equitable and peace has reigned throughout the land by virtue of his vigilance and uprightness, for which conditions we are most appreciative and thankful. I am the obedient servant of your majesty and immediately you grant me permission I shall want to return to my family to allay their fears and relate what I witnessed of your magnanimity."

The Caliph thereupon ordered a convoy to escort the opulent Umayyad to his native city of Damascus in all honor and loaded him with many gifts.

### ENTERTAINMENT OF VALUE

The Caliph Al-Ma'moun was visited one night with insomnia and he called upon one of the court entertainers to distract him in his wakeful hours.

This entertainer was as conscientious as he was witty, and having heard reports of grave injustice being done to the people, he took it upon himself to subtly break the news to the Caliph, and related to him the following story:

There was once an owl in Mosul and an owl in Basra. One day, the Mosul owl sought the hand of the Basra owl's daughter for her son in marriage. The Basra owl would consent to the match only on condition that the Mosul owl give as dowry the ruins of one hundred towns and villages. The Mosul owl was much chagrined by the excess of the demand. "Still," she said, "if the present governor of Mosul remains in office for another year, it will be comparatively easy for me to comply with your demand."

Al-Ma'moun was quick to sense the moral of the story and it is said that he thenceforth bent every effort to purge government offices of corruption and kept the strictest watch on all governors of outlying districts.



## Everybody's Book Shelf

—II—

### WHAT SHALL I READ, MOTHER ?

By BARBARA WEBB BOURJAILY

They have learned to read now, these children of yours. They have in their possession a key that will unlock the doors to all manner of treasure, and to piles of trash as well. Just as you guided their first footsteps, turning them aside from pitfalls, rejoicing as the steps grew stronger and more purposeful, it now becomes your pleasure and your duty to guide their minds toward the books that will teach and train and stimulate their mental growth.

For the material in this article I must draw largely on my own reading as a child. My boys are not yet at the age where they read to themselves, and my reading being at present away from the field of juvenile literature it is more than probable that I shall not mention recently published books for the eight to twelve year olds that are by way of becoming standard. So I suggest that in addition to the books which I am going to discuss, you consult the manager of the juvenile department in your book store and the librarian of the children's branch of the public library for other titles.

But before inviting Robinson Crusoe and Peter Pan and Pilgrim and Heidi and the four Little Women into these pages I want to make a plea for a bookshelf of their very own for your children. Every book which I shall mention can be had from your public library. But there is a feeling about a book that belongs to the child that never attaches to a book he takes out on his library card. In proportion to the joy they give, the price of books is very small. We invariably give each of our boys a book on his birthday. At Christmas time our lists are incomplete without the name of a book for each child. Compared with the price of soon outgrown or outworn toys these lasting gifts of books are the finest things you can provide.

The first book I ever read to myself was Dickens' "Oliver Twist". We lived in the country on a farm at the time and

after my mother had read aloud our supply of nursery rhymes and fairy tales and I had learned to read to myself I cast about for something to practice on. I suppose, thinking back to the reasons for my choice now, it was the red binding of our Dickens set that attracted me. Certainly I knew nothing of Dickens beyond seeing my mother spend many evenings over the red volumes. But once I had started with Oliver on his sad wanderings I was unable to leave him, though the path was tearmarked, and I was vastly puzzled over the to-do made about his mother's not having a wedding ring. I am not recommending "Oliver Twist" as the first book to be placed in your child's hands after he has learned to read. But I do feel that often we continue to feed children on literary pap when their minds are quite able to digest a full sized book.

I think the first book I shall offer my oldest son when he is ready to read to himself will be "Robinson Crusoe". This goes for daughters as well. "Robinson Crusoe", by Daniel Defoe, is the story of an Englishman who was cast ashore alone on a desert island. He was able to salvage from the wreck of his ship enough supplies to support life for a time. After that he tamed goats, made rude clothing for himself, devised a calendar, planted crops, taught a parrot to speak, captured a savage whom he named Friday because the capture was made on that day of the week, and in general by his own unaided efforts managed to make quite a little paradise of his island. Eventually he is rescued and returns to civilization. But the story of his life on the island never wearies the young reader and I feel sure there is real value, as well as entertainment, in the child's reaction to the problem presented. He may be encouraged to wonder, "What would I do if I were Robinson Crusoe?", and you may have some very interesting and amusing conversations with him on this subject.

Probably one of his answers will be "Build a radio set." For he will of course interpret the story in modern terms. The book in its original form is very long and the author, through Crusoe's reflections, makes clear a great many of his own pet philosophical theories. There are a number of editions from which this extraneous matter has been removed and you may buy one of these if you like. On the other hand, most children will skip blithely over the parts that slow up the story on a first reading and the second and third readings may yield some men-

tal progress gleaned from poor Crusoe's long, long thoughts as the endless days and nights passed over his lonely head.

"Treasure Island", by Robert Louis Stevenson, is another book of adventure that will lead your child far away from crowded traffic and canned music to a land of adventure and daring and piracy on the high seas with a heaped up treasure at the end of the story. This is the tale of Jim Hawkins, a simple country boy who joins some of the gentry in a hunt for treasure buried by the evil Captain Flint. Long John Silver with his hearty wickedness, foiled by Jim the simple rather than the gentlemen of the party, offers an escape to the imagination of every child. I wish I might go back to my first reading of the story. I envy those of you who are about to be thrilled by it for the first time.

"The Swiss Family Robinson", by Jacob Van Wyss, is another story of adventure where an island becomes the home of an entire family. They make the most delightful of houses for themselves in a tree and I for one could never understand their anxiety to leave this country they had discovered, abounding in cocoanuts and alarums and high adventure.

Adventure of another kind is found in "Pilgrim's Progress", by John Bunyan. This is the story of Pilgrim — Everyman — who left the worldly City of Destruction to find salvation for his soul. The story is an allegory of the spiritual progress of mankind, but to the child it is a glorified fairy tale. Pilgrim falls into the slough of Despond at the very outset of his journey. He is rescued by Hope and proceeds on his path to the Celestial City. Enroute he is made prisoner by the Giant Despair, he is set upon by the Seven Deadly Sins, he becomes a spectator of the mad city of Vanity Fair. Only after long and arduous struggle does he reach the Delectable Mountains and finally the Celestial City. I recommend that an abridged version of this story be provided for the children. Bunyan was a religious zealot with a case to prove in writing it. Although he was captured by the story and much of it moves along in rapid fashion there are numerous excursions into the hellfire and damnation gospel of the day which serve no purpose whatever to the modern child, however valuable they are to the historian.

In this same class are the famous "Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag" of Jonathan Swift. An abridged edition of this book is almost a necessity for the young child. Swift was a

bitter cynic and boldly portrayed the vulgarity and viciousness of his day in the story. The Lilliputians were a race of pigmies and the Brobdinagians a race of giants. Into these two countries comes an Englishman of ordinary size — huge to the pigmies, an insect in the sight of the giants. The edition for children will present only an older fairy tale which later may be illuminated by an explanation of the real purpose of the book if the child is of an enquiring mind.

These five books all filled with adventure of one kind or another are particularly suitable for the young reader because they have no element of love interest whatever. They are sheer action and sexless and timeless.

Side by side with these may come a first glimpse of romantic love as given in the stories of King Arthur, Robinhood, The Cid, Don Quixote, Charlemagne and the heroes of the Norse Sagas. I think the versions of the King Arthur and Robinhood stories as written and illustrated by Arthur Pyle are the best. But that is merely my own personal opinion and there is little danger of straying from the path of good literature in any edition you buy.

About this time some of the stories from the Arabian Nights, which many of my readers have been fortunate enough to read in the original, make a strong appeal. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves and Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp have become English classic tales and the central idea of the Arabian Nights, a collection of stories told to avert calamity or to divert the mind, has been used of course in many other literatures.

Marching up from these stories come the Leatherstocking tales of James Fennimore Cooper. These have an entirely American background of pioneer times. Leatherstocking or the Scout or Natty Bumppo as he is variously called is the hero of five books filled with the daring, the hardship, and the glory of the pioneer days. There is a romantic interest in these stories but it is subordinate to the lives of the indians, the scouts, the soldiers, and the vast panorama of newly discovered lands. Daniel Boone, an historical figure, is supposed to be the character after whom Cooper fashioned Leatherstocking. The Deerslayer, the Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder, The Pioneer, and The Prairie are the five titles in this group. Everyone of them is intensely interesting, but perhaps the best and most moving of them is "The Last of the Mohicans".



The novels of Walter Scott, particularly "Quentin Durward" and "Ivanhoe" are not too advanced for the child of twelve whose reading has been guided. There are beautifully illustrated editions of these books to be had for boys and girls and they are well worth buying.

Earlier than these, however, should come a reading of "Black Beauty", by Anna Sewell. This is the classic story of a horse and his trials and tribulations in an automobile-less age. I read this aloud to my boys not long ago and was interested to find that it still held charm for them, although their experience of horses is most limited. Let me say a word here, too, for the "Little Women" stories of Louisa Alcott. Although these books were written primarily for girls I am sure that boys of ten to twelve will not find them tiresome. They are wholesome, full of fun and pathos and typically American in their picture of family life at the time of the Civil war.

There are books of Dickens, too, that will interest the child of this age. "The Old Curiosity Shop", "Oliver Twist", "Little Dorrit", "David Copperfield", "Nicholas Nickleby" are all novels of English life in the nineteenth century. "The Tale of Two Cities" is a fine exciting story and Sidney Carton and his great sacrifice will strike chords of sympathy and hero worship in the child's heart.

Kipling's books for children deserve a whole paragraph to themselves. "The Just So Stories", "Kim", "Stalky and Company", and the imperishable Jungle Books are a constant joy. I have already introduced my children to Mowgli and his jungle friends. Mowgli was a little native boy who was adopted by a family of wolves in India. He grows up in the jungle, taught by Baloo the bear and guarded by Bagheera the panther, believing himself to be a wolf. His adventures make deathless reading for children and grown ups as well. "Rikki Tikki Tav" which I believe to be one of the finest stories ever written for children, is found in the second Jungle book, and I can't at this moment recall a story which I can read over and over with so much enjoyment.

"Peter Pan and Wendy", by James Barrie, is the whimsical story of a boy who never grew up. He lives in the Never Never Land and consorts with pirates and indians and fairies to whom he introduces the Darling family, Wendy, John and Michael, the children of mortals. Parents who are interested in child

psychology can learn a great deal of the workings of the child mind from this story. Altho I have read it aloud to my boys I believe it belongs to the ten year olds or olders rather than to the pre-school little people.

So far I have written only of fiction. And with reason, for fiction as exemplified in the books mentioned above, presents the history and culture of many countries and times in digestible form. Of the thousands of non-fiction books offered for children I select only one for mention. It is "The Story of Mankind", by Hendrik Van Loom. It tells in simple form the story of the world so far as we know it today. The style is simple, humorous, spirited and the book presents in thoroughly readable form the great panorama of human endeavor. I recommend this to parents, too.

Other books of this class will unfold the wonders of science, astronomy, the stories of various animals, the history of particular countries, the lives of great men and women, all the myriad interests of humanity for the child mind. You may see and judge these books for yourselves in a trip to your bookstore. But so much of this material is presented in school that unless the child betrays some great interest in a given subject it hardly seems necessary to fill his bookshelf with this technical sort of book.

Some children are fortunately born readers. They need checking rather than urging toward books. Others need the utmost encouragement and sympathy from their parents to induce them to drink of the "Pierian spring". The wise mother will see to it that her child has a comfortable chair, a good light, and the right book for his reading hours. It is splendid training, too, for the parents to let the child tell what he has been reading, giving the story in his own words, commenting on the characters and motives and explaining his reactions to the various stories.

I do not know at just what age children generally begin to like poetry. Of course, nursery rhymes are nursed on rhythm and the very young child responds to the swing of the words. Some of the child verse of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley is appealing to children, but much of it was written as those authors viewed childhood from the vantage of adult years and lacks the magic touch of understanding. I have had better success with the simpler nature poems of Shakespeare, extracts from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and such poems as tell a defi-

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There are some very good collections of poems for children drawn from many sources and one of these collections belongs in the child's library as a matter of course. But I think it will rather depend on the individual child as to whether his taste and inclination will lead him to read poetry with pleasure or not.

There are two great sources of literary supply for every child, his home and the library. In the library he may read widely, voraciously, gobbling up whatever strikes his fancy. At home he should possess for his very own those books that have stood the test of time, the books he will want his own children to read in the generations to come.

A plan that was followed in my own family when we were growing up was to buy for us not only standard books, but such books by modern authors as we had read from the library and liked well enough to want to own. I remember being given "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall", "When Knighthood Was in Flower", "A Bow of Orange Ribbon", "Janice Meredith", "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Path", "Lovely Mary", slight books which I have more or less outgrown now, but which gave me tremendous pleasure at the time. They were read and re-read and then when the time came they took their lesser places beside my permanent treasures.

I am aware that I have outlined a strong diet for modern young readers who are nursed along on boy scout stories and pollyanna books. I have heard it argued that such reading is better than no reading at all. Perhaps it is, but I am asking you to provide a training in literary taste and discrimination in the formative years of your children's lives. And that training cannot be furthered by the easy stories of sentimental theme so many people feel called upon to write for children.

This lighter reading has its place. It will be found in quantities on the shelves of the library and provides plenty of entertainment of the summer fiction variety. Such periodicals as the American Boy, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Child Life, The Junior Home Magazine are full of fine, well written stories and articles of the children's own milieu. A subscription to any one of them makes a splendid Christmas or birthday gift and serves as an introduction to general magazine reading in later life.



The cultivation of literary taste and the building of a library, like the growth of a tree, is a slow and time absorbing matter. I am not pleading for many books for your children's bookshelves, but I am pleading for some two or three books a year selected with judgment and shared by father, mother, and child alike. For, as I have said before, in the kingdom of imagination we meet our children in the land where "time is not", and we can be fairies and pirates, gods and devils, heroes and villains, at will.

Appended is a list of books suitable for general reading for children of every age up to one hundred and one, and beyond if the span of life endures.

Don Quixote .....	Cervantes
Robinson Crusoe .....	Defoe
The Swiss Family Robinson .....	Van Wyss
Treasure Island .....	Stevenson
Pilgrim's Progress .....	Bunyan
Voyage to Lilliput .....	Swift
Quentin Durward, Kennilworth .....	Scott
The Leatherstocking Tales .....	Cooper
Black Beauty .....	Sewell
Oliver Twist, David Copperfield and others .....	Dickens
Peter Pan and Wendy .....	Darrie
Little Women, Little Men, and others .....	Alcott
The Jungle Books, Just So Stories, others .....	Kipling
* The Story of Abraham Lincoln .....	Brooks
Adventures of a Brownie .....	Craik
Heidi .....	Spry
Pinnocchio .....	Lorenzinni
King of the Golden River .....	Ruskin
* East of the Sun and West of the Moon .....	Thomsen
Sara Crewe, Little Lord Fauntleroy .....	Burnett
Water Babies .....	Kingsley
Arabian Nights .....	Olcott
Merry Adventures of Robinhood, Champions of the Round Table .....	Pyle
Dog of Flanders .....	Ouida
* Shasta of the Wolves .....	Baker
Mysterious Island .....	Verne
* Greyfriars Bobby .....	Atkinson
Westward Ho .....	Kingsley

Letters to his Children .....	Roosevelt
Story of Mankind .....	Van Loom
Moby Dick .....	Melville
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm .....	Wiggins
Tom Brown's School Days .....	Hughes
Scottish Chiefs .....	Porter
Tanglewood Tales .....	Hawthorne
Honeybee .....	France
The Uncle Remus Stories .....	Harris

Books which are starred are books I have not read but include at the recommendation of the New Haven Public Library.

### EASY MONEY

Pressed by necessity, Urwah Ibn Uzina, an Arab poet, came to Damascus to seek the favor of the Caliph Hisham Ibn Abd el-Malek. When he was ushered into his presence and learning the object of his errand, the Caliph remonstrated with him saying:

"Art thou not the one who said: 'Why should I go forth in quest of a livelihood when what by destiny is allotted to me will eventually come to me without effort?' and now I see that you have come all the way from Hejaz to Syria seeking assistance?"

Upon hearing this the poet bowed in resignation and said: "O Prince of the Faithful, you have preached most effectively." Then, mounting his camel, he set his face in the direction of Hejaz and would not tarry in Damascus one unnecessary moment.

That night the Caliph could not sleep. He reproached himself for having turned back, empty-handed, a man of the tribe of Koreish who had traveled all this distance to seek his favor, and early on the morrow bid one of his messengers take two thousand dinars and deliver them to Urwah at his home in Hejaz. The poet accepted the gift gratefully, but bade the messenger deliver to the Caliph the following message:

"Are you now satisfied of the truth of my assertion that whatever by destiny is coming to me eventually finds its way to my door without my seeking after it?"

# "Anna Ascends"

By HARRY CHAPMAN FORD

PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME AS ORIGINALLY  
PLAYED ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING ACT

Gents, a high-bred American, is discovered in the restaurant of Said Coury, a congenial Syrian whose true Americanism is far more than his poor English indicates. The waitress, Anna, is a hard working, honest girl who continually strives to learn and always carries a dictionary. Gents takes interest in her and helps her learn better English. Two under-world characters, Bunch and Beauty, have designs on Anna and plan to force her into disreputable traffic. They enter the restaurant and Bunch encircles Anna's waist with his arm and moves his hand in a familiar and disgusting manner to her breast. She bites him viciously and he hurls curses at her. Gents springs to her defense.

## ACT ONE — II.

GENTS — (*More tensely, yet very quietly*) Call her what?

BUNCH — (*Rubbing his injured hand with the other*) Little lady.

GENTS — Good. It would be well to always remember that she *is* a little lady, especially when I am around.

BUNCH — I get you, Steve.

GENTS — Right. And I'll be around quite some time.

BUNCH — (*Backing a step or two*) Little lady, always.

BEAUTY — Say, you going to let this guy get away with this, *YOU, Bunch Derry?*

BUNCH — Can that. He's a Bull, sure, even if he doesn't drink.

ANNA — He's no Bull — das gentleman.

SAID — Beat it out of here or I call Rizzo, das cop.

BUNCH — Sure, we'll vamp. Never mind calling Rizzo. Put away your little tin whistle.

ANNA — Remember, hands in pocket when conversation rag chew with me.

BUNCH — (*Moving up with Beauty*) You'll see me again, soon.



ANNA — Sure, Meek. Any olds times.

BEAUTY — Come on, we're in bad here with no Gat or nothing.

BUNCH — (*At door. Beauty on steps above him*) I'll see you later, Anna, — and you'll kiss this hand to make it well. Like mother use to do.

ANNA — Sure, I kissed it just now, didn't I?

BEAUTY — Come on, come on, you're in wrong.

(*They slowly ascend the steps that lead to the street.*)

BUNCH — Mind your own damned business, will you.

BEAUTY — I ain't said nothing, have I?

BUNCH — I know what I am talking about. (*They walk slowly up the street, arguing.*)

SAID — Did I tell you das Bunch Derry is a bad, bad boy?

ANNA — He's pig.

GENTS — He'll be back after I'm gone. He said he would.

SAID — You stay here lak a good boy, Gents, 'till I tak das box to my good customer. I be back in teen-fifth minutes.

GENTS — Certainly.

SAID — Anna, wrap Mr. Gents up a pound of pistachio nuts. I forget.

ANNA — Yas, boss.

SAID — Help me wid das box. (*Gents strains box to Said's shoulder.*)

GENTS — Goo.....ing up.

SAID — Das oil is heavy.

GENTS — And the garlic is strong.

SAID — (*Staggering up steps*) Don't mak me laugh, dis way. I'll come back soon.

ANNA — What das mean. Das Goo.....ing up? (*Imitates Gents.*)

GENTS — Going up means to..... well to ascend.

ANNA — Going up..... to as.....cend. Going up..... to ascend.

SAID — I should tak dis in home..... pack-tri-cal-doses, eh Gents?

ANNA — (*Running up to Said excitedly*) Say, boss where in hell you get dat fine beautiful word?

SAID — Great, ain't it. Ask Gents. (*He exits up front steps repeating the word.*)

ANNA — (*Coming down to Gents*) Boss, he start to learn too. All fine words.

GENTS — Who taught you the words hell and damn?

ANNA — Das the first words I learn.

GENTS — Well they are *not* fine words and you must not say them.

ANNA — No? They seem fine words to me.

GENTS — Do you know what the word "wicked" means?

ANNA — Wicked, yas, means bad, I know that.

GENTS — Well, hell and damn are wicked words. No lady will say them.

ANNA — Thanks, I say them no more.

GENTS — That's right.

ANNA — I say homeopactic. (*Starts to weigh out nuts.*)

You are 'Merican?

GENTS — Oh, yes.

ANNA — I mean real 'Merican? No Ellis Island one.

GENTS — Yes, real A-merican.

ANNA — Real A-merican. Thanks. You know "The Star Spangled Banner"?

GENTS — I think I could repeat the first verse.

ANNA — Das it. Das it. I been here 'leven months and I never saw a real 'Merican — A-merican who could go by the first verse. I know it all. I know it before you. Every bit of it.

GENTS — Marvelous.

ANNA — (*Fishing quickly for her book*) Das a new one.

GENTS — You try to learn too many at a time.

ANNA — What else can I do?

GENTS — You ought to get Said to let you get a good job up town somewhere and then you could hear big words all the time. In that way they would come easier and your speech would become more fluent.

ANNA — (*Book business*) Fluent — Das a.....

GENTS — Stop. You're exasperating with that.....

ANNA — (*Repeats business*) Exasperating.....

GENTS — Wait. And listen. What is the use looking up those big words if you do not know the first four or five letters of them? You will never improve your vocabulary.....

(*She starts to look at book, but he takes it away.*)

ANNA — Hell..... damn..... no, no..... excuse, please?

GENTS — Get a job..... up town. You'll never learn anything down here.

ANNA — Yas? Why you here den? You know everything already?

GENTS — Get a job and go to night school uptown. Ascend.

ANNA — Das it. Anna ascends.

*(Gents puts book in his pocket.)*

GENTS — That is the true American spirit.

ANNA — Yas. I am a true American. You go back uptown sometime?

GENTS — Yes, very soon.

ANNA — Then you tak me wid you.

GENTS — Take you with me?

ANNA — Yas. I live wid you. I das good cook..... Said say I good girl.

GENTS — But my dear girl. That would be impossible.

ANNA — So? Why?

GENTS — Well..... er..... it isn't done in this country.

ANNA — Why?

GENTS — We would have to be married.

ANNA — Oh, is das all? Well I marry you, quick. You good gentleman..... you be gentle to me I know.

GENTS — Why talk nonsense? Why we would have to love each other.

ANNA — Well now I think das I.....

GENTS — And to love each other, people must belong to the same social strata — the same class.....

ANNA — Yas..... I see..... Anna must Ascend. *(Two ladies accompanied by driver and footman appear at steps and scan the front of the store closely.)*... See the beautiful ladies. Das strata and class.

GENTS — Good Lord. Nellie and Bess. *(The group descends the steps.)*

ANNA — You know das stratas?

GENTS — Yes, my sister and a friend.

BESS — *(Entering, followed by Nell and the servants who stand at the door.)*... Here he is, Nell.

NELL — Howard..... at last. *(They both kiss and hug him.)*

ANNA — Hell Damn. *(Snaps her fingers as if she had made a mistake.)*

HOWARD (GENTS) — How did you ever find me out?

BESS — Carter saw you last night and followed you to



your..... er..... lodgings..... Such an awful place, Howard.

HOWARD — Oh, they are not so bad.

NELL — But your landlady..... she could hardly speak English. She directed us here.

HOWARD — My landlady does not even know my name?

BESS — We described you minutely. (*Anna starts to feel in her pocket for her book.*)

NELL — She told us you er..... dined here. Oh, Howard, how can you live in close propinquity with such people? (*Anna searches frantically for her book, murmuring the words "minutely" and "propinquity".*)

BESS — It is so foreign to your own environment, dear. (*Anna can stand the strain no longer. She goes over to Howard and gently pulls at his coattails.*)

HOWARD — One environment is as good as another, if one is satisfied.

ANNA — Say, Gents, where das damn book of mine?

BESS — This person addresses you in a familiar manner as "Gents". Have you entirely lost your identity?

NELL — Gents. Terrible. It really cracks one's teeth.

ANNA — (*Awed and in a slightly trembling voice.*) Gents, das book of mine. You have it, yas.

BESS — Oh, Howard, who is this blasphemous female?

ANNA — Blasphemous..... Das new and it don't sound right.

HOWARD — That is Anna, the waitress here. That is all I know about her.

ANNA — Gents, please.....

NELL — Gents?

ANNA — (*Near tears in her embarrassment.*) Howard, excuse, please, my dictionary? (*He takes it from his pocket and hands it to her.*)

NELL — Dictionary? She crucifies it.

HOWARD — Enough, please. Is it her fault that she does?

BESS — Howard?

HOWARD — Give her soft clothes, rich food and a chance and she would pass you both in five years. (*Anna has backed to the counter and watches the scene with her precious book hugged to her breast.*) Give her maid service..... a good modiste, pleasant surroundings, fresh air and a "chance" and she would soon be the true type of American womanhood.

ANNA — (*Brightening*) Das me. American woman. See?

(*She takes out her little flag.*)

HOWARD — Let me have that Anna, just for a minute. Thank you.

ANNA — Much obliged, too.

HOWARD — Do either of you know the "Star Spangled Banner"?

NELL — What nonsense, Howard.

BESS — Of course we know it.

HOWARD — Well, let's have it.

NELL — Howard, have you gone mad?

HOWARD — Come on now, let's have it.

NELL — Bessie, you repeat it.

BESS — No, you.

HOWARD — Both, together.

BOTH — Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
That so proudly.....

ANNA — Das wrong. *What* so proudly—not Das so proudly.

HOWARD — There, you see. How many stars on this flag?

BESS — Oh, how we should know? A few dozen, I should judge.

HOWARD — How many, Anna?

ANNA — Forty-eight, Gents.....Howard.

HOWARD — (*Returns flag.*) Thank you, Anna. Follow your flag and carry your dictionary and you will soon become a fine lady—American lady—or should I say—woman.

ANNA — I lak woman better, I think.

HOWARD — It *is* better. Remember that?

BESS — Howard, you are humiliating, extremely so.

HOWARD — Not at all, merely just.

BESS — I do not get my patriotism out of a book.

NELL — Nor I from counting stars. (*Said appears and enters quickly.*)

HOWARD — Neither does this girl. It comes from her heart.

SAID — Well, das is done. (*Sees women*) Slummers.

HOWARD — No, Said, just my sister and a friend. I'll go home with you.

BESS — You must. Father is worried. (*The servants exit. Bess, Nell and Howard start up.*) You show little affection for your family to disappear and stay away for weeks.

HOWARD — Perhaps it is the lack of affection that sends me away.

BESS — Lack of affection, Howard. (*They move up... Howard has entirely forgotten Anna, who stands in mute despair at his going. Suddenly as the women start up the steps (Howard has held the door open for them) Anna cries out with all her heart.*)

ANNA — Gents. (*He turns and she beckons mutely.*)

HOWARD — Yes, little lady. (*He comes down to her.*)

ANNA — Little woman, please, Gents, I like it better.

HOWARD — Of course, Little woman, then.

ANNA — You now go back up town, Gents?

HOWARD — Yes, to see my father. He wants me.

ANNA — You not come back again?

HOWARD — Oh, I'm sure to come back, sometime.

ANNA — How long is das some time?

BESS — (*From steps—calling.*) Howard, are you coming?

HOWARD — (*Starts up*) In a minute. (*Anna grabs his arm.*)

ANNA — Teach me to spell das word before you go. I lak it, too.

HOWARD — (*Puzzled*) What word?

ANNA — Das Affection.

HOWARD — I'm sorry, but it would take up entirely too much time. The ladies are waiting.

ANNA — Dis woman is waiting to learn the word. Please.

HOWARD — All right. Now listen. Affection. A - F - F - E - C - T - I - O - N.

ANNA — Affection. A - F - F..... What was it, Gents? It's var hard.

NELL — Howard, dear, do come.

HOWARD — Right. I must go, Anna. I'll teach it to you some other time.

ANNA — Please Gents, you gentleman, be gentle. Teach me quick.

HOWARD — Here, I have it. I'll make it easier. (*He takes her arms and turns her to face him. Anna looks attentively up into his smiling face.*) Once more. Attention. Affection... L - O - V - E. Now spell it.

ANNA — Affection..... L - O - V - E.

HOWARD — Excellent. Try it again.

ANNA — (*Very emotionally*) Affection..... L - O - V - E.

HOWARD — Will you remember it?

ANNA — Always, yes. Thanks.

HOWARD — That's a good girl. (*Goes to Said and shakes his hand*) So long, Said. See you soon again, I hope. (*To Anna, hardly glancing her way*) Goodbye, Anna. (*He goes up and off, joining his party and they exeunt.*)

NELL — (*As they exeunt*) Howard, dearest, it is so nice to have you back again. (*She takes his arm as they move off.*)

SAID — Das lady who calls him "Howard Dearest", he marry some day — I bet yer.

ANNA — (*Who stands dazed at the sudden turn of affairs*) No. He marry no lady. He marry woman, some day.

SAID — (*Picks up package of nuts that Anna has previously wrapped*) He forget pistachio. War das counter knife? (*He searches the counter and finally picks up a small dangerous looking knife and cuts the string of package dumping the nuts back in the nut-bin during the following scene. Anna has lost most of her animation.*)

ANNA — He say he come back, sometime.

SAID — I give you your tree dollar tonight, Anna.

ANNA — Affection..... L - O - V - E.

SAID — You hear me, Anna. I give you your wage tonight.

ANNA — Yes, boss.

SAID — How much you save now?

ANNA — (*Her hand goes to her bosom where she keeps her money.*) One hundred-two dollar.

SAID — (*Takes out old soft leather bag and removes three dollars.*) Here. (*She crosses to counter.*) Put das away lak a good girl. Soon you be reech.

ANNA — Thanks. (*She removes her money from her bosom and places what he gives her with her original roll, then replaces it in its hiding place.*) Das mak one hundred-five dollar. Soon I go to school. Uptown school.

SAID — Uptown school?

ANNA — Yes, boss. Uptown school and..... uptown job.

SAID — What you mean..... uptown job?

ANNA — I lak you boss to let me get a good job uptown, somewhere and then I could hear big words all the time.

SAID — Yas.

ANNA — In das way they would be easier and my speech would become more..... fluent. I den improve das vocabal-lary.



SAID — Hell.

ANNA — Das exasperating wicked word, boss.

SAID — You leave me, Anna?

ANNA — Yes, boss. I am "Going up" jas for a while. I come back, sometime, lak Gents come back.

SAID — I raise your wage. Two more dollar, Anna.

ANNA — Das fine, boss, but you can't raise *me*. I so sorry. You var good to me, but das will not mak me fine A-merican lady..... woman.

SAID — You no go, Anna. Dere is Bunch Derrys, everywhere.

ANNA — Yas. But I know how to tak care myself. When they get das fresh, I kiss them—on the hand.

SAID — You go to strange people..... you no know their ways.

ANNA — Das why I want to go. To learn their ways. Now you good boss man. You gentleman..... like..... like Gents. You let Anna go and she promise to come back..... sometime. Anna come back, dear boss reech and tak care of you. I go, boss, yas?

SAID — You good girl, Anna. And God will tak care of you. You go when I get das Faddma girl.

ANNA — You no get das Faddma. She no tak care of you or the store. I find you nice girl before I go.

SAID — I weel mees you Anna, but I want you to become a good 'Merican.

ANNA — A-merican, boss.

SAID — A-merican. Dis is a fine country, and you get me good girl den you go and I be glad for you.

ANNA — Das the true American spirit.

SAID — Mabbe you see Gents uptown?

ANNA — Uptown is a var big place.

SAID — Even so. Dey 'say the world is a small one, after all. I hear lots of A-mericans say that.

ANNA — (*Crosses to tables*) I clear up. It's near time to close, yas? (*Rizzo appears and comes down steps.*)

SAID — Yas. Here's Meester Rizzo.

RIZZO — (*Entering*) Hullo, Said Coury.

SAID — Hello, Meester Rizzo.

RIZZO — (*To Anna*) Hullo, Anna.

ANNA — Hullo, Mr. Rizzo.

SAID — You come to peench me, yas? (*All during this*

*scene, Anna is clearing the tables, carrying the dishes back to the kitchen, putting the pipes in the right place... Doing it all in a quick manner.)*

RIZZO — No, not this time. I'm looking for that "Duster" Bunch Derry.

ANNA — Going to peench *him?*.. Das good.

RIZZO — No, I only want to question him. Someone stole a nice shawl from Ragoub's counter a few minutes ago and Ragoub says that Derry was hanging around with his pal, Beauty Tanner. You ain't seen 'em, have you?

SAID — Sure. They were both in here not a big while ago. Bunch, he got fresh with Anna.

ANNA — (*Crossing to counter with two pipes.*) Das right, and I kissed him for it.

RIZZO — Well I must look up those two crooks. See you later. Good luck, to you, Anna.

SAID — (*Goes up to windows and turns out the lights.*) I go play pool with Zackey and Azzerah, Anna. And I tak my key. You fix latch on door vfore you go up stairs to study. (*After Said has turned off lights the stage is lighted up from the lamp-post in street and the gas jet on wall back of counter. Said takes his hat from peg, a box of cigarettes from case and starts to go.*)

ANNA — Hay, dare.

SAID — (*Stopping*) Eh?

ANNA — You tak cigarettes from case and no pay for them?

SAID — Excuse, please. (*He takes coin from his pocket and puts it in cash drawer.*)

ANNA — How you expect to keep making money, if you meex up your accounts. I bet that new girl will let you do as you like.

SAID — No, Anna, I'll remember. Fix my pipe when you go up stairs.

ANNA — Yas.

SAID — An' bank the fire, too.

ANNA — Sure, boss, I remember everything, when you don't.

SAID — (*Going out*) Das right. Das right. You good girl, Anna.

ANNA — I know that, too.

SAID — (*In Syrian*) Goodbye.

ANNA — (*In Syrian*) Goodbye.

ANNA — (*Starts to place the chairs on tables. Humming a Syrian love song all the while. She finds a dime on the table where Gents sat, puts it down her bosom. She starts to cross the counter and stops suddenly. Bunch appears and quickly and silently comes down the steps hiding in the alcove outside.*) Affection. L - O - V - E. (*She starts up and pulls down shade of right window, is about to cross to the other window when Bunch steps in front of her. He carries a small parcel under his arm.*)

BUNCH — Hullo, Anna, I'd said I be back.

ANNA — And I said, "Hear Anna, but don't talk." Miss Ayyoub, to you.

BUNCH — (*Takes off his cap with a sweeping bow.*) Miss Anna Ayyoub, I have come back.

ANNA — For me to kiss your hand again, mebbe, yas?

BUNCH — (*Rubs hand which he has bandaged.*) Now that's all right. I was a little raw in my method. That's all. I'll be more careful next time.

ANNA — You be more careful *this* time.

BUNCH — I'll be a regular Romeo. I'm stuck on you, Anna..... Miss Ayyoub.

ANNA — You better go. I now close up.

BUNCH — I want to talk with you.

ANNA — Too late. Come around when the boss is here. He go play pool now.

BUNCH — (*Laughs knowingly.*) Sure, I know. I saw him go. That's the reason that I want to see you—alone.

ANNA — Get out, I say.

BUNCH — Say, what's eating you? I try to shine up to you in a level way and you put me out?

ANNA — Das where you belong—out.

BUNCH — Say, you want a swell job. And meet a lot of rich guys? Swell guys like that dude, Gents?

ANNA — Gents no dude. He's gentleman.

BUNCH — Well I know plenty that look like him. You want to meet them?

ANNA — No, I meet one. Das would be plenty.

BUNCH — Then I introduce you to jest one.

ANNA — Ner mind. I met one already.

BUNCH — I know one that will give you \$20.00 jest to sit

with him at Brenner's and have a drink. Twenty Dollars.

ANNA — You talk lak fool.

BUNCH — I got a present for you, Anna.

ANNA — Yas? I watch you closer then. (*Unwraps parcel and shows shawl.*)

BUNCH — Ain't that a darb of a rag?

ANNA — Where you get das?

BUNCH — It'll look swell on you.

ANNA — Yas? I think it would look most swelliest on Ra-goub's counter.

BUNCH — Try it on?

ANNA — You steal das.

BUNCH — Aw no, I *bought* it for you. I'll buy you lots of fine things, too.

ANNA — Yas, like you buy das shawl.

BUNCH — Aw, I *did* buy it, I tell you. I'll get you swell duds. Joelry and everything, if you meet that swell guy I spoke about.

ANNA — I tol' you.

BUNCH — (*Takes a step nearer*) Here, try this on.

ANNA — Keep away.

BUNCH — (*Steps nearer*) Ah, Anna.

ANNA — Say you, I keel you once you touch me.

BUNCH — Here, catch. (*He tosses her the shawl.*) Now try it on.

ANNA — (*Catching shawl*) No, I won't try it on. I give it to Mr. Rizzo, the cop. He was here looking for you not long ago.

BUNCH — Well, he's not here *now*. He's up at the other end of his beat.

ANNA — But he'll come back.

BUNCH — But not in time. Get me?

ANNA — Oh, yas, in plenty time.

BUNCH — Not in time to save you, you damn little wench.

ANNA — What you mean?

BUNCH — I mean that I am going to *take* from you what you are willing to *give* to that uptown dude.

ANNA — I say, what you mean?

BUNCH — I mean that when I'm through with you, you're going to be damn anxious to sit at the table and have a drink with that guy with the \$20.00. *Now* do you get me?



ANNA — I no 'fraid of you.

BUNCH — And when you get that twenty, you are going to bring it to me or I'll beat hell out of you.

ANNA — Keep away..... Rat.

BUNCH — Rat, sure. And I am going to bite. (*He grabs her. Standing with feet wide apart he holds her in a vise like grip, close to his body... His arms being around her he has her arms pinned tight to her sides. Therefore she can only move her head and legs. All during the following lines of Bunch's she kicks violently at his shins... Tries to keep her face away from his, but is too frightened to make an outcry.*) Now, you listen, to me, you little cat. You're going to work for me. You understand. Keep still, damn you, or I'll trim you, quick. I'll take you out every day, every night, you hear? (*He presses his face to hers, when suddenly she goes limp in his arms and is still. He laughs. Lifts her up and faces up stage. Rizzo appears and stops at window street. Bunch swiftly carries Anna to left of counter and puts her on the floor out of the line of vision of Rizzo. He then crawls on his hands and knees along side of the counter, so as not to be seen by the officer until he reaches the window. Slowly his hand reaches the shade cord and slower still he pulls down the shade. He then moves to the doors and pulls the shade down slowly on each door.*)

(*During all this business, Anna comes to her senses. She struggles to her feet. To help herself her left hand reaches up to grab the counter for support and falls on the counter knife with which Said cut the cord earlier in the act. She is quite well balanced and fairly poised when Bunch finishes his work. He rushes to her.*) Now I'll start your education, baby. (*Her back is towards him as he rushes down stage to grab her. Both her arms are on the counter for support. The knife she holds tightly in both hands. As he nears her, she turns swiftly and as he grabs her in his arms as before he runs directly by his own force into the knife, which Anna holds rigid.*)

Note — All during the struggle Anna has unconsciously retained the shawl and when she grabbed the knife the shawl wrapped itself around the handle.

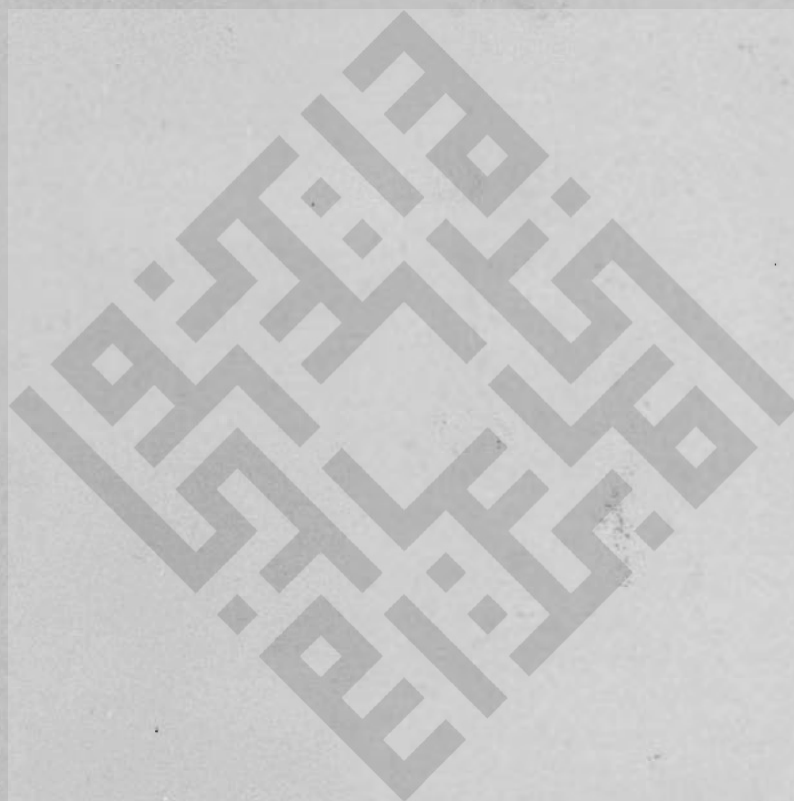
Bunch gives a low cry of fright, pain and surprise. His tone is pitious from now on.) Oh, my God, Oh, my God. Now you done. Now you done it.

ANNA — (*Quiet and low*) I tol' you I keel you.

A DRAMATIC SCENE IN "ANNA ASCENDS"



Anna, the Syrian girl who has been in America only a short time, prides herself in her knowledge of the Star Spangled Banner to the delight of her American admirer.



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BUNCH — (*His arms and hands tightly hug his left side. He sways unsteadily and his knees begin to tremble. He whines.*) Oh, my God. I'm tired, I'm tir..... (*He sways from side to side and then sinks to his knees and pitches forward on his face.*)

Anna moves to above the fallen man and after a moment's pause, she drops the knife and shawl on the body. She then crosses herself. Looks at the man once more. Runs to behind counter. Gets her own shawl. Comes again to the body. And works herself up to a great feeling of repulsion and relief. She shows no remorse for saving her honor. She spits on the man and with eyes on him always she backs slowly to the door, first saying "Dog". Her back bumps the door before she realizes that she is anywhere near it. Her left hand feels for the knob.) You drag me down. Anna Ascends. (*She opens the door and slips out silently.*)

#### C U R T A I N .

#### GOOD DISPOSITION

(*A selection from the book of "The Morals of the World and of Religion," by the famous Arab Imam and Cadi, Abu-l-Hasan al-Mawardi.*)

It is related of the Prophet (may Allah praise and exalt him) that he said: "God has chosen Islam as a religion for you. Honor it, therefore, with good disposition and generosity, for it will never be complete without these two."

And said al-Ahnaf Ibn Kais: "Shall I tell you of the worst of ailments?" They said, "yes." He said: "It is evil disposition, and a foul tongue." And said one of the wise men: "He whose disposition has become evil, his livelihood becomes constrained," and the cause for this is apparent. And said one of the eloquent ones: "He who is of good disposition is at rest with himself and at peace with others; while he who is of evil disposition finds he is in trouble with others and at odds with himself." Said the poet:

"If a people's disposition is not expansive,  
Even the wide open spaces would be too compact for them."

When a man's disposition is good his friends multiply and his enemies diminish; difficult affairs become easy for him, and hardened hearts soften for him. It is related of the Prophet that he said: "A good disposition and a good neighbor build up homes and lengthen one's age."



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

By THE EDITOR

There are certain subjects which every editor loves to dwell upon, foremost among which are occasional heart-to-heart talks with his family of readers, especially when the publication is of the nature of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* whose readers really constitute one large, close family even if its membership is scattered all over the world.

Why these intimate talks are pleasing is because there exists between the readers of this publication that close kinship of race, that community of interests, that similarity of conditions which truly binds in an intimate and strong spirit of brotherhood. We have readers in Canada as well as in the United States, in Australia and New Zealand as well as in Africa and Liberia, in South America as well as in Syria and Egypt, and all these, although so widely scattered, are brought together through the medium of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* to sympathize one with the other, to take interest in each other's joys or sorrows as behooves the members of one large family who were driven to seek better fortunes in different lands but

never lost sympathy with, or interest in, those spiritual family bonds which are dear to the hearts of all.

When, therefore, we indulge in intimate talks with our readers, it is not unlike holding a family council where all barriers of formality and conventionality are let down and the atmosphere of the council room is permeated with the consciousness of true family congeniality.

Those of our American readers who are sufficiently interested in our affairs to follow our developments and activities are naturally welcome to our inner circles, and we may venture to hope that through their sympathetic interest a fuller and more enduring understanding of the true qualities of the Syrian race will be brought about.

\* \* \*

The primal motive of Syrian immigration was economic. Some there are whose emigration was forced by religious, political, or other conditions, but the overwhelming majority sought in other lands the opportunities for the betterment of their economic conditions

which their mother country could not supply.

The dominant factor in the lives of the Syrian immigrants has been, therefore, the accumulation of wealth. As is the case with every group of people, only few attained fortunes, although the proportion of those of independent fortunes may be larger among Syrians than among most other races. Those few appreciate the value of a broader scholastic education and are affording their children every opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge. It is to be feared that the majority of the second generation, however, are not afforded the opportunity to take full advantage of even the free educational system available to all in most countries, especially the United States. One is inclined to believe that this class of Syrians still adheres to the old tradition that the best there is in America is the opportunity it affords for making money. The children are consequently not only discouraged in their aspirations towards higher education, but are considered mere tools for helping the family attain better circumstances and are unscrupulously put to work immediately upon reaching legal working age. This is a lamentable condition and should be strongly discouraged. Our edu-

cated class should consider themselves under the strongest moral obligation to stamp out the practice.

\* \* \*

Upon THE SYRIAN WORLD entering on its second year, we received numerous testimonials of the highest appreciation and commendation from a host of our friends all over the land. Throughout all these letters there is evident a tone of the highest satisfaction for the magazine as it now stands. To these intellectuals THE SYRIAN WORLD should reflect the high cultural standards of the race and should be maintained along the line followed during its first year. To a large number of these readers THE SYRIAN WORLD, in many respects, ranks amongst the highest publications of its class in the English language.

But, on the other hand, we have had many discontinuances of subscriptions for the plainly stated reason that the publication, as at present conducted, was too erudite, and, in plain language, "above our understanding". It is evident that this class of readers has imbibed too fully at the fountain of popular literature. We would like to gather again these stray readers to the fold but loathe to lower the standard of the

publication on that account. Are there any new features that would attract this class, which we presume is quite numerous, and which may prove in the future extremely valuable to the race if adequately informed, by the employment of the proper methods of approach?

We are planning several new features to which we are now giving careful study, but would prefer to hold a symposium on the subject first. Our readers are cordially invited to give us their opinions in 'true "family council" fashion, and their communications will be treated in strict confidence if they so state.

\* \* \*

After all, THE SYRIAN WORLD may be considered in the nature of a pioneering experiment which may be expected to pass through many evolutionary stages, but shall never be abandoned. Although undertaken on purely personal initiative, it has fully proven its fitness to live and its ability to serve its chosen mission. More active support on the part of those who approve of the plan and policy of the magazine cannot fail, however, to enlarge its scope of service and usefulness.

\* \* \*

Although of a literary nature primarily, THE SYRIAN WORLD has inaugurated many departments which should make a strong appeal for popularity. "Anna Ascends" is a fiction serial of the highest order and the moral theme it brings out should constitute the strongest inducement for the young Syrian generation to peruse it. There are also the "Readers' Forum" and the news section appearing under the title "About Syria and Syrians". In the case of the latter we are covering the world in news of interest about the Syrians and their activities. The Readers' Forum is at all times open for the discussion of all Syrian problems of whatever nature. We would like to see this department serve its purpose more fully and to that end we invite our readers to express themselves on all serious topics that present themselves to them. We are refraining from publishing letters of appreciation and commendation although the generous expressions of our readers on that subject are none the less appreciated.

Our readers are also cordially invited to send in news of all events of general interest about Syrians in their localities.

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## Spirit of The Syrian Press

Under this caption we hope to present from time to time a microcosmic 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.

### CRITICISM OF FRENCH REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD

Most of the small French representatives abroad are weak-willed, or inclined to be so in the choice of their proteges and friends so that they may be in congenial company and be able to masquerade in a cloak of authority and power. In Morocco, Tunis, Algeria and Tonkin they have pursued the same policy and assumed the same false front as they are now doing in Syria and Lebanon, and the only result has been to besmirch the glories of their heroes and bring injury to the fair name of France. This policy has revealed at times such weak spots in the French as to often border on fatal results. These small French officials are sapping the foundation of French prestige abroad which has been laid by the devoted and unselfish efforts of the truly great Frenchmen at great pains and sacrifices. They are doing that through their petty methods and in pursuit of their own selfish ends which renders them susceptible to believe the pusillanimous praise offered to them. France, it seems, is still incapable of bringing itself to the point where it can emulate the policy of England and Ger-

many in making a thorough investigation into the record of all would-be friends before placing implicit confidence in them. It has also shown deplorable inaptitude in gaining the good-will of other nations by manifesting interest in the general welfare of those nations instead of the welfare of one or two individuals.

(Al-Hoda, N. Y., July 22, 1927)

### THE REVOLUTION AND THE REVOLUTIONISTS

The revolution is honorable if those who undertake it prove to be honorable in the methods employed and the objects aimed at. It is unhonorable if those who are at its helm are working for ulterior selfish motives which are neither of the warp nor the woof of an honest revolution.

We wish to declare that we are adherents and supporters of the honest revolution, but we will not support a revolution at the head of which we know men who invoke their country and their countrymen simply to gain an office, or obtain personal revenge for an old rancor. These we have known to be dishonest in their claims and aspirations



and we are therefore prompted to judge the whole revolutionary movement as such because the turbid spring cannot flow clear waters.

The only revolutionists who were true to the cause were those unfortunates who joined the ranks of the fighting forces and offered the supreme sacrifice only in furtherance of the selfish ends of the leaders.

Our proof of the dishonesty of those leaders is that they are now, when the revolution has come to an end, disclaiming their old principles and adopting and professing new ones simply because they seek to bolster their tottering prestige for which purpose they assume a different role according to changes of circumstances and conditions.

(As-Sayeh, N.Y., July 18, 1927)

#### STRANGERS TO THEIR COUNTRY

No better illustration can be had of the perfidy and injustice of the powers than that given by the Treaty of Lausanne which places innumerable obstacles in the way of the Palestinian immigrant wishing to return to his own country and family while the Jew, a foreigner, who had never set foot on the soil of Palestine before, finds not the slightest difficulty or those conditions which are termed in the English language as "red tape".

These same conditions hold true of Syria where the immigrant son of the country is beset with all forms of difficulties while the Armenian foreigners are welcomed with open arms.

This is a condition to which we call the attention of the native societies in the land of our immigration in the hope that the matter will

be taken up with foreign ministries of London and Paris, or, as a last resort, with the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations.

(Al-Bayan, N.Y., July 11, 1927)

#### M. PONSOT EXAMINES THE CASE OF RASHAYYA

It is reported that M. Ponsot, upon his return to Syria, has given special attention to the study of the case of Rashayya and was seen at one time examining the map of the town most carefully.

This is a sign of interest which is welcome. But in our estimation the case of Rashayya is so plain and evident that it requires no study. Are there not ruins in Rashayya? Then who is the one that caused them? If those responsible are your French soldiers then you yourselves should make reparation. If, on the other hand, those who caused all this destruction are the barbarian revolutionists, then why delay exacting reparation from them? And, finally, if you wish to use extreme leniency in dealing with the revolutionists for any purpose of your own, it is but right that you assume the responsibility of reparation yourself.

Fear not a recurrence of a revolutionary outbreak if you deal out justice and visit due punishment on criminals; rather, it is meet for you to fear the turning of public opinion against you if you employ undue tolerance, disregard the rights of the oppressed while setting at liberty the oppressors and criminals, and, finally, while you heap honors on the aggressors and prove thereby that you fear their might.

What Syria is in need of most today is a policy of just and deter-

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mined force. We therefore ask you, M. High Commissioner, to bring into use that firmness upon which alone depends the rehabilitation and the progress of the country.

(Syrian Eagle, N.Y., July 21, 1927)

### ACQUAINTING AMERICA WITH LEBANON

Most of what is being written about the beauties of Lebanon as a summer resort is done with the object of inducing the Egyptians to spend their summer vacations there. We are inclined to believe, however, that a little expenditure of money and effort to advertise Lebanon in America would not be amiss. The Lebanon government is squandering vast sums of money on many useless things and it would seem only fitting for her to extend an invitation to an American newspaper commission to visit its mountain and have an opportunity to witness its wonderful natural beauties and describe them to their readers.

And our wealthy class! There are any number of them who, during the summer months, spend as much money to send their families to places not far from New York as would be sufficient to defray the expenses of travel for their families both for going and return. Is it not meet, therefore, for them to send their families during the summer to beautiful Lebanon?

(Meraat-UI-Gharb, N. Y.,  
July 21, 1927)

### WHY WE OPPOSE

#### THE MANDATE

We have fought and shall continue to fight the mandate so long as it continues to constitute a danger to

the existence of Syria. This is the only proper course of action for every newspaper and every patriot devoted to the cause of his country. Successive events have proved that in following this course we were fighting injustice, oppression, arrogance and unscrupulous colonization. The whole world and even all sane and impartial people in France itself have testified to the fact that France has transgressed on the spirit and the letter of the mandate and that she had been in Syria even more oppressive than she had been in her backward colonies. Now, however, she is making an effort to correct her mistakes, and this may be construed as an actual admission on her part of her former crimes against that helpless country (Syria) which had no crime other than her love for liberty, her trust in the fairness of liberty-loving nations and her dependence on the promises of the diplomatic representatives of those nations.

(Meraat-UI-Gharb, N. Y.,

July 22, 1927)

### A DECLARATION OF POLICY

This newspaper is proud to declare its independence from any political affiliation, which is to say that it is not bound to any individual anywhere in the world or in receipt of subsidy or remuneration from any political party or government. All subsidies and decorations which have been offered to it have been uniformly refused while it has spent, in conjunction with the Lebanon League of Progress, tens of thousands of dollars in the service of the old country and the Allied cause during the war, and up to the

present time these two forces are still continuing their efforts along former lines, namely, to secure the independence of Lebanon under the protection and tutelage of France, inasmuch as the United States has definitely refused to take over the mandate.

We believe France to be the logical European power to guide Lebanon in the path of progress and freedom.

We believe that to come to an understanding with a power who is a model of present-day civilization is far superior to an understanding with a race whose only boast is of a past civilization of which only the name remains. If we were to adhere to everything ancient then we should more reasonably invoke the civilization of the Phœnicians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans and others which would mean that we are simply going backwards.

We believe that Lebanon should be independent of its neighbors and that the so-called Syrian unity is but a nightmare in the present intolerant condition of the country and will not become a pleasant dream until there is a cessation of bloodshed and other abhorable acts of violence and barbarism which prove the predominance of the baser animal instincts in the people immediately they feel free from any restricting influence.

(Al-Hoda, N. Y., July 21, 1927)

#### TROUBLE AT THE SOURCE

Because some of the staunchest supporters of France have now reversed their stand and are criticising the actions of the French, it natural-

ly follows that all that which has been said in praise of the French was only lies applied to liars.

It may be the contention of some that this criticism, coming as it does from former friends of France, is directed not at France but at its agents and officials in Syria. These, of course, it may be further contended, are subject to removal. But in refutation of this poor logic let it be understood that the French officials in Syria are, after all, only Frenchmen who receive their instructions and orders from Paris and follow a set policy laid down for them by their statesmen in the French capital.

If they be liars, it is because Paris itself lies.

If they steal, it is because Paris has sent them.

If they foment discord, it is because Paris so decrees.

If they disregard promises and trifle with covenants, let it be remembered that Clemenceau was the first to do that while he was Premier! The written promises he gave to the Patriarch while the latter was the accredited representative of all the people of Lebanon proved not to be worth the paper they were written on.

(Meraat-Ul-Gharb, N. Y., July 19, 1927.)

#### RESULT OF THE REVOLUTION

The demands of the Syrian revolutionists continued to contract until they settled finally on the single demand of asking for amnesty.

(As-Sayeh, N. Y., July 25, 1927)

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## About Syria and Syrians

### YAKUB SARRUF, PUBLISHER, DIES IN EGYPT

The death on July 10 in Cairo, Egypt, of Dr. Yakub Sarruf, publisher, scholar and one of the pioneers of the literary and scientific renaissance of the Arabic-speaking world, was announced by a cable dispatch from Bayard Dodge, president of the American University of Beirut to the headquarters of the Near East Colleges in New York.

Dr. Sarruf is claimed by the American University to have been its most prominent alumnus, having graduated from that institution in the first class to complete the course of Arts and Sciences in 1870. After engaging in the publication business in Beirut for some time he moved to Egypt where, in company with Mr. Faris Nimr, he established the scientific review "Al-Muktataf" and the newspaper "Al-Mukattam", both of which are now recognized as the leading publications of their class in the Arabic world. Only last year there was celebrated in Egypt the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "Al-Muktataf" in the Valley of the Nile, an occasion which was held under the auspices of His Majesty King Fuad and attended by delegates from all parts of the Arabic-speaking world. Dr. Sarruf was, further, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of England and the author of many scientific works.

Dr. Sarruf was born in Hasbayya, Syria, in 1851. He moved to Egypt in 1885 and while having interest in many publishing enterprises both in Egypt and the Sudan most of his efforts were devoted to the service

of the cause of science through his monthly review "Al-Muktataf" of which he retained active editorship until the last.

### THE EARTHQUAKE IN PALESTINE

Palestine, that part of Syria known as the Holy Land, was visited on July 12 by a severe earthquake which caused, according to first reports, damage to property valued at over a million and a half dollars and claimed a toll in human lives estimated at about five hundred dead and a thousand injured.

The shock traveled from West to East and from North to South, and it was felt in Egypt and Transjordan but not in the northern sections of Syria and Lebanon.

Many historic buildings were damaged, among which were the Dome of the Rock, otherwise the great Mosque of Omar, and the Basilica of Bethlehem, together with many other churches and institutions including some buildings of the Hebrew University and the Government house on the Mount of Olives. The damage to private dwellings and business property was much greater in extent.

News of the disaster was learned from both press dispatches and from private cables to Palestinians in America. The latter were appealed to for urgent help, and they immediately rose to the occasion and formed a committee for the collection of relief funds whose address is in care of Mr. Peter George. Woolworth Building, New York City.



It is gratifying to see that all Syrian newspapers in New York, regardless of their political affiliations, rallied to the support of this movement.

#### DR. ALKAZIN'S PLAY STAGED BY SCHOOL

Wadeh Coriaty, a young Syrian high school student in Fall River, Mass., is so fond of his *Syrian World* that whenever he receives it he carries it about with him and reads it at every opportunity. When he received his March number he took it with him to school and felt proud in showing it to his teachers. His teachers were seized with great admiration for the literary quality of the publication. The result was that they elected to stage the one-act play, "The Stranger", by Dr. Salim Y. Alkazin, published in that issue, as their school's yearly dramatic production. It was staged with great effect and was enjoyed and admired by everybody.

Young Coriaty also drew on the material of *The Syrian World* for a talk he gave on the Arabic sources of Dante based on the articles published under that title by Dr. Philip K. Hitti. The Syrian student, we are assured, never felt prouder in his life than when he realized the extent of the educational contribution he was able to give on these occasions to his Alma Mater.

#### ABUNDANT CROP OF YOUNG INTELLECTUALS

Of a single Syrian family in the United States, that of the Rashids, which is to be found mostly in the States of Illinois, Iowa, the Dakotas and Michigan, sixteen young men

and women graduated this year from high schools, colleges and universities. About that many receive the honor almost every year.

Among this year's crop of the Rashid graduates was Miss Josephine Naman Rashid of Kewanee, Ill. In her graduation address she stressed the necessity of education to both males and females among the Syrians and thanked her parents for the interest shown in her educational pursuits. She also had some timely remarks to make about gifts and their respective values. Although she had been the recipient of many tokens of love and felicitations on many occasions, and especially on the occasion of her graduation, the one gift which appealed to her as being of most value, she said, was that made her by her uncle, Mr. S. M. Rashid, consisting of a subscription to *The Syrian World*. We are assured that in making this statement she was intensely sincere.

#### SYRIAN GIRL WINS HIGH SCHOLASTIC HONORS

In its issue of June 1, the *Morning News Review* of Florence, S. C., carried on its first page a picture of the talented young Syrian girl, Miss Florence Nofal, of that city, together with the following account of her past record and future intentions which it gives us pleasure to reprint herewith. It is gratifying to note how Syrian individuals, by their achievements, bring credit and honor to their race.

"Miss Florence Nofal," says the *Morning News Review*, "daughter of Mrs. Joseph Nofal, of Florence, has brought honor to herself, her family and the city for whom she was named, in being adjudged one

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of two high honor students at her graduation from Converse College.

"'Miss Florence' is the title that this fair daughter deserves without contest, it is hers by right of conquest in a larger field with much competition. Not satisfied just to get by, Miss Nofal delved deep into the realm of social and economic science.

"In spite of the exacting requirements of honor work she also found time for many and varied college activities. She has served as president of the International Relations Club; business manager of the college annual; directress of the Philosophian Society, and also on the staff of the college publications. She was a member of the Alpha Sigma and Gamma Sigma societies.

"'Mis Florence' has just begun her education. After a three months' tour of the educational centers of Europe, Miss Nofal will enter the University of Pennsylvania to prepare for the degree of bachelor of law."

#### A SYRIAN HONORED FOR PATRIOTIC SERVICES

The Evening Post of Salisbury, N. C., published the following account in its issue of July 21st which we are glad to reproduce:

"A. B. Saleeby, of this city, head of the Saleeby Distributing Company, has been awarded the Patriotic Service Medal by the executive committee of the United States Flag Association, the national headquarters of which are in Washington, and of which President Coolidge is honorary president; Elihu Root, president. Mr. Saleeby has just been notified by Colonel James A. Moss, U. S. Army, retired, director gen-

eral of the flag association, of the honor that has been conferred upon him. The following citation accompanies the medal:

"'Mr. A. B. Saleeby: As a loyal citizen of the republic he has rendered meritorious service to the flag of our country through his helpful and sympathetic co-operation with the United States Flag Association, which co-operation has resulted in the forming of Living Flags amongst Syrian-American citizens of North Carolina, thereby promoting reverence for the flag of the United States and bringing into greater appreciation the ideal, traditions, institutions and principles for which the flag stands.'"

#### AMERICANIZATION MOVEMENT AMONG THE SYRIANS

"The Syrian-American Confraternity", we learn through a communication from Mr. Ellis Khoury, Secretary, has just been organized in Grand Rapids, Mich. Its purpose, as published in several American local papers, copies of which were sent to us, is "to inculcate and impress the doctrines of Americanism upon, and to make better citizens of, the Syrian people; to create the spirit of brotherhood and unity regardless of religion or creed, in the Syrian colony of Grand Rapids and its environs; to uplift the Syrian name and make the Syrian people of Grand Rapids and vicinity good representative citizens of the United States."

The organization gave a play in Arabic which was largely attended and was favorably commented upon by many American papers of the city.

### SYRIAN BOY WINS ORATORICAL CHAMPIONSHIP

A Syrian lad of sixteen, Louis Dakil, of McAlester, Okla., is now the oratorical champion of his state for 1927. This honor was won by him in a contest held at the University of Oklahoma which was open to all. The Syrians of that state are proud of their champion and have ample reason to be so.

Young Dakil is a graduate of the McAlester High School and is entering this year the University of Oklahoma to take up the study of medicine. He had previously engaged in numerous oratorical contests and uniformly won distinctive honors.

### SYRIAN MUSIC TEACHER GIVES SUCCESSFUL CONCERT

The Shreveport Times of Shreveport, La., gives an interesting account of the musical concert given by the talented Syrian music teacher of that city, Miss Louise Yazbeck. We had occasion to refer before to the recognition Miss Yazbeck is receiving among lovers of music in that part of the country in appreciation of her ability, so that last year she was appointed chairman of the local committee for music week and there was developed a strong demand for the broadcasting of her concerts over the radio. What is more pleasing is that Miss Yazbeck is making a serious effort at interpreting to her American audiences the charms of the music of the Orient, and it is gratifying to learn that in that endeavor she is meeting with considerable success.

### LEBANON BANK IN NEW HEADQUARTERS

The Lebanon National Bank of New York will open its new headquarters at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Second Street for the transaction of business on Monday, August 15th. The new building, located in the heart of the midtown business district, has undergone extensive alterations and is a fit home for this the largest and most creditable Syrian business enterprises in America.

What is of equal importance is that the old home of the Lebanon National Bank, located at 59 Washington Street, will be maintained as a branch bank for the accommodation and service of clients in the downtown section of the city.

### YOUNG GENERATION HELPS BUILD CHURCH

Miss Rose Corey of Terre Haute, Indiana, advises us that the young generation of the Syrian community in that city are helping wholeheartedly in raising funds for the erection of the church which the initiative of the Rev. Anthony Bashir has made possible in that city. Readers of *The Syrian World* will remember our previously published account of the surprising literary fecundity of this Syrian missionary in America, and we are now pleased to say that his talent and ability in the missionary field are proving to be equally as fertile. The rallying of the young generation in Terre Haute to the support of the Church project is in itself testimony to the enthusiasm infused in the community by this active missionary.

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## LAWRENCE RESPONSIBLE FOR DISASTER IN SYRIA

So, after all, it was not the super-human genius of Col. Lawrence which aroused the Arabs of the desert to revolt against the Turks and won them to the cause of the Allies. If we are to believe a London critic supposed to be a high British official in the Orient, it was British gold more than anything else which was responsible for the performance of the miracle, and if Col. Lawrence was responsible for anything at all it was in his having helped His Majesty's Government to bring disaster to the people whom he claimed to be serving, as well as despair and remorse to his own people.

In a special cable dispatch to the New York Times under date of July 23, we are advised that "a fierce attack upon 'Lawrence of Arabia' is contained in the current issue of the Central Asian Journal, the organ of the Central Asian Society in London, signed with the initials 'A. T. W.', which are said to be those of a high British official in the Orient, who has spent most of his life in the midst of British politics in the East.

"The writer," continues the dispatch, "reviewing Lowell Thomas's book 'With Lawrence in Arabia' and Lawrence's 'Revolt in the Desert', calls the latter the work of a pardonably vain man rather than of one who has created a myth with enormous modesty and characterizes the former as the work of Lawrence's chief press agent.

"'For the estrangement of Anglo-French relations in the Middle East and the present deplorable condition in Syria, Lawrence more than any other man is responsible,' he writes.

"Recalling Lawrence's request to General Allenby for 200,000 sovereigns with which to convince and control his converts, the writer says:

"The official history, when it appears, will perhaps tell the world how many hundred thousand sovereigns were needed monthly to feed the languid fires of Arab nationalism. We do know, however, that when the golden stream that flowed freely from the British Treasury to the Sherifian family and thence much less freely to the Bedouin it was a signal to break up the Arab revolt so painfully fostered.'

"The attack concludes by referring to the end of Lawrence's Arab Bureau in Cairo in 1920 as "dying unregretted, having helped His Majesty's Government to adopt a policy which brought disaster to the people of Syria, disillusionment to the Arabs of Palestine and ruin to the Hedjaz."

"Lawrence is now serving as a private in the Air Force in India."

## AIR MAIL BETWEEN FRANCE AND SYRIA

The press of Beirut reports that M. Ponsot has concluded an agreement with an aerial navigation company for the transport of mail between France and Syria. "Lisan-ul-Hal" of Beirut comments that with this arrangement it will be possible for the people of Syria to read the French papers on the very second day of their publication. Furthermore, "the Syrian and Lebanese press will not thereafter depend on Egyptian papers as a source of information on world developments because the French papers will begin to reach Syria in quicker time."



### MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN STUDYING IN AMERICA

The first Mohammedan woman to come to America to study medicine is now in New York taking a summer preparatory course before entering a medical college. The girl in question is Miss Sanieh Habboub who comes from Beirut and has had the moral courage to break centuries-old traditions to travel abroad, alone, and seek a profession which in all ages has been heretofore confined to men.

Dr. R. Taki Deen, a prominent Syrian physician of New York, is our authority for the above statement. Himself born a Druze, he is enthusiastic over the prospects of a Mohammedan girl studying medicine to practice her profession among the extremely modest women of the East. "I have no doubt," says Dr. Deen, "that she will make a success among her people who, by the way, are in need of the services of such a girl with broad views and thought."

### DANTE RAISES A STORM IN BRAZIL

The Arabic newspaper *Abu 'l-Haul*, (*The Sphinx*) published in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been waging a vigorous campaign against the activities of Mr. Tofiq Corban, a Syrian, who is lecturing in that South American country on the Arabic sources of Dante.

What Mr. Corban is claiming does not vary from what our eminent scholar, Dr. Philip Hitti, has stated in a series of articles published in recent issues of *The Syrian World* and based on the findings of the learned Orientalist, Prof. Miguel Asin of Madrid. No storm was raised in America over the publication

of the supposedly disparaging statements of Dante. Not so, however, is the case in Brazil, where the Syrian paper referred to unhesitatingly expresses the fear that such criticism of Dante, coming from a Syrian, is bound to alienate the sympathies of the large Italian colony in that country and arouse them to acts of retaliation against the Syrians. The commercial relations between Syrians and Italians in Brazil, claims the newspaper, are very extensive and the resentment of the Italians to the attacks on the literary standing of the great poet whom they idolize is bound to prove disastrous to the Syrians.

### SYRIAN WOMAN PHILANTHROPIST

#### IN EGYPT

The greatest Syrian philanthropist of the present age, according to the *Men's and Women's Review of Cairo*, in a statement appearing in the April issue of that publication, is Madame Helen Siage, whose total contributions to the cause of charity and education already run above a hundred thousand dollars. Her latest benefaction was her creation of a trust fund of \$50,000 for the erection and maintenance of a school in Alexandria the cornerstone of which was laid in the presence of many notables and men of literary distinction.

What is of equal importance, according to the account of the review above quoted, is that another Syrian woman of independent means has volunteered to direct the school simply through her love for the promotion of the cause of education and was instrumental by her example in having many other Syrian women similarly situated to emulate her example.

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## Political Developments in Syria

M. Henri Ponsot, French High Commissioner in Syria, arrived in Beirut June 21st as previously announced. Acting on his expressed wish, the local government refrained from any ostentatious display as was the custom in the reception of former High Commissioners. M. Ponsot immediately repaired to his official residence and denied himself to all callers except the few high officials with whom he wanted to take up the questions involved in the carrying out of his program of reforms. He still adheres to his policy of extreme reticence, but the country seems to be reaping the reward of its patience by the results which have now begun to appear in the complete pacification of the troubled sections and the return of normalcy.

Up to the present, M. Ponsot has not made public announcement of his complete program. He is proceeding to carry it out in sections without recourse to press-agent methods. His emissaries are scouring the country making agreements with the chieftains and paving the way for the introduction of the proposed reforms. Those approached, however, are bound to secrecy, and although there had been manifested a strong spirit of impatience at M. Ponsot's methods heretofore, now the people are beginning to see by actual results that the High Commissioner was going quietly about his business in planning what he thought best for the interest of the country.

The plan of the Commissioner on the unification of Syria has not been

known in detail but is supposed to comprise the application of the principle of federation to the whole country with the exception of Mt. Lebanon. In the latter country, drastic measures of economy and governmental reform are being resorted to, chief among which is the formation of one general legislative assembly to replace the present upper and lower houses which have been found to be a useless prodigality at the expenses of the taxpayers.

The armed revolution in Syria has definitely come to an end notwithstanding the statements of some revolutionary sympathizers to the contrary. Even such a staunch supporter of the revolution as Al-Mukattam, the leading Arabic paper of Egypt, admits that the French are now in complete control of the situation and places the blame for this turn of events on the co-operation the English in Palestine gave the French in Syria by declaring martial law in Transjordan where Sultan Pasha Atrash and his loyal supporters took refuge and sought to harass the French by guerilla tactics. Sultan Pasha Atrash, according to this same newspaper, has now retired to a distant place in Arabia under the jurisdiction of Ibn Saoud where, it states, he is assured of enjoying true Arab hospitality and protection. All other minor leaders have offered their submission to take advantage of the terms of the amnesty which was made to include all rebels with the single exception of Sultan Pasha and two others.

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## WHAT HAPPENED TO ANNA?

ANNA is the Syrian immigrant girl who, upon landing in America, discovered herself in lower Washington Street, New York, but wanted to "ascend".

Read her wonderful story now being published serially in *THE SYRIAN WORLD*.

Follow this virtuous, determined and intelligent Syrian girl in her defense of her honor and her struggle for success.

Learn what became of her when she was under the illusion that she was a fugitive from justice for a fancied murder, and what was the climax of her secret love for the wealthy, educated and socially prominent young American who had espoused her cause.

"ANNA ASCENDS", by the well-known American author and playwright, Harry Chapman Ford, was staged on Broadway and had a successful run of a whole season with the famous American stage and screen star Alice Brady appearing in the stellar role. The play was later filmed for the screen. It was never published in book form. Your only chance to read this gripping love story eulogizing the Syrian girl is by following it in *THE SYRIAN WORLD*.

"ANNA ASCENDS" is being published in its original form to preserve all its color and dramatic interest.

A limited number of back issues of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* containing former instalments of "Anna Ascends" are still available to new subscribers.