

The SYRIAN WORLD

THE COMING GENERATION OF SYRIAN
LEADERS

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

CONDITIONS IN THE NEAR EAST

BAYARD DODGE

A MOSLEM SAINT OF DAMASCUS

H. I. KATIBAH


CONFLICTING STANDARDS IN SYRIAN
HOMES IN AMERICA

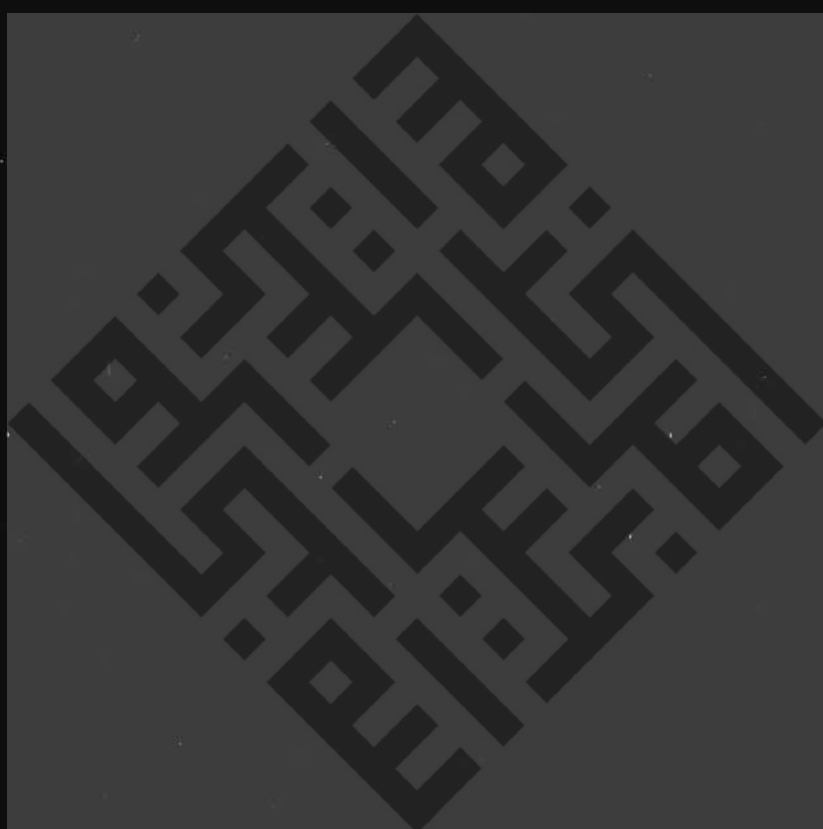
A. HAKIM

WILL FAISAL BE KING IN SYRIA?

A TRUE ARABIAN TALE

THE COPY 50c





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The Syrian World

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL, Editor.

VOL. VI. NO. 3

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The Coming Generation of Syrian Leaders

BREAKING THE BOUNDS OF AGE-LONG TRADITIONS,
THEY SEEK TO LEAD THROUGH ENLIGHTENED
AND CONSTRUCTIVE EFFORTS.

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

ALTHOUGH the French might be partly responsible for the Syrian and Lebanese youth's change of outlook on some of their pet traditions, it is, nevertheless, incontestible that these youths themselves have by their own process of reasoning reached the momentous conclusions that are now carrying them on the crest of a wave of a radical transformation. The youth of Syria and Lebanon are becoming practical. They are seriously applying themselves to the study and application of methods that, in comparison with their age-old traditions, might well be considered revolutionary. What is more significant is that this change of outlook is evident not only among the masses but also among the classes. The leaders are actually blazing the way for this renaissance which augurs such a bright future for the country. Enlightened leadership may well be considered an almost accomplished fact not in the very distant future.

Where it had been the time-honored tradition to rely upon and maintain family prestige on the old accepted lines of hereditary leadership and authority, the scions of the nobility, so-called, are fitting themselves by industry in the acquisition of the technical

knowledge and training to improve their own conditions and those of their followers. This radical transformation in viewpoint I was able to observe in three widely separated sections, but with unmistakable signs of a singleness of purpose.

* * * *

Early in August, 1929, while visiting Latakia, capital of the Alaouite State of Syria, I met Emir Muneer, son of Emir Jaber Al-Abbas, President of the Legislative Council of the State and hereditary chieftain of the whole Alaouite nation by virtue of his being the head of the principal clan in the country. It was through this meeting that my interest was first aroused as to the attitude and disposition of the younger generation of leaders in the country. The aspirations and ambitions of the young man were a revelation. Yes, he would succeed his father as the leader of his people. Such was his hereditary privilege which he would not dream of relinquishing. But he would by all means justify his claim by enlightened leadership. The country is in a state of an epochal transition and transformation. Its population is almost completely homogeneous and its land is capable of great productivity. Its resources must be exploited and husbanded and its political rights maintained. Hence his sense of prime duty to equip himself for the task of true leadership—leadership that would guarantee his people their rights and privileges. And to that end he was taking up the study of international law.

It was a voluntary task he had set for himself, and he was determined to carry it through. He positively will not follow it as a profession because he was amply independent in his own right. But it was for the purpose of protecting his people in their rights that he was foregoing a life of ease for one of study and research. Already he has graduated from the law school of the Syrian University in Damascus and was now going to Paris for further study. He was to be in Paris that very year.

Muneer Al-Abbas is in his early twenties but observes the strict tenets of his religion, indulging neither in smoking nor in drinking, but for all other appearances he does not differ from the well-dressed Parisian of the boulevards.

Unlike some others, he was not reticent in giving his political views. He believes in the necessity of the mandate and in a policy of understanding and cooperation with the French. Independent political actions, he also was frank to state, will not be productive until the country achieves a decided improvement in its economic

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and social status. He entertains no delusions as to the actual need of the people in this respect, and his self-imposed task is to safeguard the rights of the country during this period of transition.

* * *

Another young Syrian leader is Emir Hasan Al-Atrash, scion of the principal Atrash clan in Jebel Druze and the titular leader of the country. I met him in Sueida, capital of the mountain Syrian state and found him to be equally determined as to his future ambitions. Although a faction of his people is still nominally at war with the French, he believes that war is destruction if not actually hell, and he would apply himself to practical, constructive methods for improving the conditions of the country. And since agriculture is the principal industry in Jebel Druze, he is engaged in the conduct of agricultural experiments on a large scale on his vast lands near Sueida. He has already bought several tractors and other modern farm implements which, once he proves their value, he will recommend for general use in the country. The topography of Jebel Druze and its individual agricultural problems would seem to justify special consideration before reaching a decision as to which method or kind of machinery is most suitable.

Emir Hassan Al-Atrash also is in his early twenties. He makes no secret of the fact that his literary propensities are not strong, but it is evident that he has a keen judgment in what relates to his particular problems. Like his people, he is endowed with that brand of courage which borders on recklessness. He has engaged in the war against the French in its earlier stages, but came to realize that the interest of the country would be best served by a



Emir Muneer Al-Abbas

*Young Hereditary Leader of the
Alaouites Who is Studying
International Law.*

policy of understanding. Hence his present relations of amity and cooperation with the French.

To one who had only book knowledge of Jebel Druze and its people and rulers, the natural expectation was to see a prince in full panoply and brilliant entourage moving about in state among his subjects, especially that Druze princes in their forlorn mountain still rule according to accepted feudal practices. Not so, however, was the appearance of the young Atrash prince. The charger gave way to the speedier and more reliable and comfortable automobile; the flowing bedouin robes to European attire and the costly and pompous entourage to a single attendant. Democracy and the spirit of sportsmanship went further with our young Emir—he himself was always at the wheel and his attendant did not appear in livery or bear any outward mark of difference from his master.

The night my companions and I spent in Sueida we were, together with the Emir, guests for dinner at a Christian notable's house. The Emir appeared not to have the least consciousness of rank. He doffed his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves and sat to the board in the accepted native fashion. He is not of the 'Ukkal, and consequently had no scruples about smoking or drinking. Nor was he unduly prudish. Everybody knows about his youthful romance with the Jewish dancer which caused him to knock down the French superintendent of the school he attended in Beirut and escape over the fence, so why not tell it himself in its true details. And he did tell it with apparently little remorse, rather with much relish. It was but a youthful escapade and his view of it was typically modern.

* * * *

The third promising young leader is in the Lebanon. Although still in his teens he has very decided opinions of his future career. What if his forebears once were the absolute rulers of the country and his branch of the family still holds an undisputed position of leadership. He will deviate from the path of his ancestors and shape for himself a course of his own. Not for him a life of empty dignity that spells inaction. He will rehabilitate his fortune by industry and blaze a way of marked economic improvement in the country by the promulgation of modern producing methods. If he himself, due to his tender age, does not express himself altogether in such terms, his mother acts as his spokesman with evident authority, because, in truth, she is the one primarily responsible for his training along these lines.



Front View of the Palace of Sitt Nazira Janblatt in Lebanon, Which is the Scene of Much Industrial Activity Along Modern Lines.

Kamal Bey Janblatt, son of Sitt Nazira Janblatt, who is concededly one of the outstanding feminine figures in the East, is doubly fortunate for being the scion of one of the principal Druze families in Lebanon and for having such an able and enlightened mother to guide his footsteps. Ever since the child's infancy, when a cruel fate struck down her husband in the discharge of his duties as the governor of the southern district of Lebanon, she not only has acted as mentor and guardian to her children but strove to maintain and bolster the position of the family. Nay, she has succeeded in materially enhancing its prestige and improving its means. And this despite the restrictions of her social status as a Druze woman. So much, in fact, has been her success that she is pointed out as a pioneer in many economic enterprises and a paragon and champion of the Eastern woman's emancipation.

One of the enterprises of Sitt Nazira was the installation of a hydroelectric plant utilizing the abundant water brought to her palace at Mukhtara from a great distance and hitherto gone almost totally to waste. With the power generated she is now able to run a mill and a carpentry shop besides illuminating the palace and a part of the town. Her enterprise and energy deserve special treatment which will be given in an independent chapter.

But the mysterious generation of electricity and the wonders of transformation it has wrought captivated the imagination of her son who now resolved on seeking a career in electrical engineering. The boy's mind is completely wrapped in his selected calling. His mother often sends him in state to attend some official public functions which she, out of deference to her people's traditions, wishes to avoid, and at which she feels her family should be represented. But the boy's interest in these ostentatious functions is perfunctory. His passion is electricity and its application. He even avoids play to study on the subject.

Sitt Nazira led us from one of the elaborate reception salons facing the spacious open court into the nursery. And there was the boy Kamal Bey, unnaturally grave for a boy of twelve, watching over his younger sister. He appeared to take but a mild interest in his mother's enthusiastic and admiring explanations. Rather it was the attitude of one who resented intrusion on his pet subject and its being held up to public discussion. The look in his eyes was more in the nature of an appeal to his mother to spare him in his chosen profession, but his good breeding forbade any articulate objection.

* * * *

As good fortune would have it, my first visit to Damascus afforded me the opportunity to meet and study a typical young son of the desert leaders in the person of Emir Fowaz, son of the celebrated Nouri Shalan of the tribe of Rowla. In him, too, were very evident the signs of the great transformation, but not along the lines manifested in the others. He was just a colt let loose and he well acted the part. With a number of Damascene notables we were having dinner at the roof garden of the Hotel Victoria Annex, which in appointment and atmosphere is but another edition of a high-class Parisian cafe. It is reached through a circular hall where many of the principal social functions of the city are held. That night it was the scene of a musicale and dance. Men and women in fashionable evening dress packed the room, among them being a large representation of foreigners. But there was a solitary figure in glowing Arab costume who moved about with the nonchalance of a habitu  . A handsome young face protruded from under the folds of a silken headdress with but a faint trace of a black moustache. Only his patent leather pumps and silk socks indicated a concession to European dress. He was none other than Emir Fowaz of the Rowla tribe, and although I did not personally interview him,

I learned from my Damascene companions that he had a town house in Damascus and is frequently seen at social functions. He once almost caused an unpleasant international incident when, true to Arab temperament, he fell violently in love with an English concert dancer and took the shortest cut to possessing her by kidnapping. He ceded her back only after several months of exciting life of romance in the desert.

But for the present, at least, the nomad Arabs of the desert do not seem to form an integral part of Syrian life. Nevertheless, they are beginning to feel the inroads of modern influences, and if one of their young leaders maintains a city home and engages in social activities on such a large scale, a change is bound to come into their life. Already they have modernized their methods of warfare and use automobiles in conducting their raids; other radical changes will not be long to follow.

* * * *

A change looms on the horizon in Syria. It is bound to prove more productive, and will surely be highly accelerated, through the serious efforts of the young leaders who are fitting themselves constructively for their future tasks.

Affluence

By EDNA K. SALOOMEY

I shall embrace my poverty, and bless
Fate for willing me not the Midas touch.
Thus, am I spared from having to confess
Futility, a craving for death, and such
Desires as satiety brings to men.
When all need is fulfilled, what need to live?
What pleasure shall await to-morrow, then,
If today credit all life has to give?
From the vast depths of Stygian of the dawn.
Man's gratitude for the beauty of the dawn.

The Deeper Pain

By

KAHLIL GIBRAN

Editor's Note—Through the courtesy of Barbara Young, literary executor of Kahlil Gibran, some of Gibran's original writings in English will be published exclusively in the *Syrian World* from time to time previous to book publication. The following is the first of the series.

To burn but not to shine, that is indeed great pain, but to burn not at all is the greater pain.

To have a full heart and an empty hand is pain indeed,
But to have both heart and hand full, and no one to receive is greater pain.

To be a cripple at the foot of the mountain of your heart's desire is a great pain,

But to reach the top of the mountain and find yourself alone, that is the deeper pain.

To have a song in your spirit but not the voice to sing is to know great pain,

But to have both the song and the voice, and none to listen, is the greater pain.

Once I stood, a beggar, at the gate of the temple.

Night veiled all things, and my hand long stretched forth, was still empty.

At that hour, my friend, I knew pain.

After seven moons I stood again in the portico of the temple to tell of Spring in the forest,

And Spring in the heart of a maiden,

And Spring as the beginning of the race,

And behold, there was not one who listened to me.

That was the deeper pain.

Conditions in the Near East

By BAYARD DODGE

President, American University of Beirut

(Excerpts from President Dodge's Annual Report for 1930—31)

LIKE THE rest of the world, the Near East has suffered from the commercial depression, which has been the principal feature of the past year. Overland trade through Syria has been cut down, the tourist business in Egypt and Palestine has been at a low ebb, and the Arab states of the Persian Gulf have been unable to sell their pearls.

Persia has been making a heroic effort to introduce a gold standard of currency, which has involved such a large readjustment, that the trade of the country has been seriously affected. Worst of all, there has been such an overproduction of cotton, that Egypt, the Sudan, Iraq and North Syria have endured heavy financial losses.

Ever since the University was founded, the surrounding districts have been sending thousands of emigrants to the West, and these adventurers have sent back a constant stream of money to their relatives in the East. The present economic crisis has stopped these remittances, with a corresponding share of hardship for many old parents and unfortunate children. Furthermore, emigration itself has been stopped to such an extent that the poor can no longer seek their fortunes in more prosperous parts of the world.

Mankind seems to be learning that war brings poverty and peace gives prosperity.

Like America, Egypt did not feel the ill results of the war, while the fighting was going on. The cotton crisis of the past year has enabled the Egyptians to appreciate what serious readjustments war involves.

In Syria, Iraq and Palestine the situation is very different. A few weeks ago a friend said to me:—"We Syrians are the luckiest people in the world; We've already struck the bottom, so that what ever happens in other places, we can't go any lower."

The Mosul oil project, the exploitation of Dead Sea chemical deposits, the new harbor at Haifa, plans for overland railroads to

bind together the Euphrates valley with the Mediterranean, the presence of foreign institutions, and the promotion of new industries are brining new hope for reconstruction.

A spirit of cooperation is springing up between the neighboring states and in cooperation lies the future of the Near East. Men are beginning to dream that some day there may be new irrigation systems and new cities, along the Orontes and the two rivers of Mesopotamia, where civilizations once bloomed and populations multiplied.

It was the wars of the Sassanides and the Tartar invasions that wrought havoc and left behind a wreckage of broken canals and ruined towns.

Twelve years of peace have already made it possible to develop overland motor routes and to open up new channels of trade, so that it is reasonable to believe that continued security and increased cooperation will result in reconstruction.

The Near East is the cradle of our monotheistic faiths. Oriental forms of religion are so old that they have become too much matters of ceremony and sect, and too little a concern of the spirit. The University does not wish to increase the confusion by adding a new sect, but rather to rear up men and women, who are filled with spiritual enthusiasm and anxious to make religion a bond of fellowship, rather than a basis for hostility.

The states of the Near East have tried competition and war for over five thousand years. They have become so impoverished that they form a great contrast to the states of the new world, which have developed prosperity as a result of team work. The contribution, which it is worth while for America to give to the Levant, is this idea of team work.

The city of Beirut is like the hub of a wheel, to which students come from a great radius seeking education. Even in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era there was a great law school at Beirut, which drew students from the Mediterranean provinces and Western Asia. The Roman jurists, Ulpian and Papinian were professors there. Nonnus, the poet; Saint Gregory of Neocesaria, the Miracle-worker; and the famous Saint Gregory of Naziansus were students. Two of the professors, Dorotheus and Anatolius, helped the Emperor Justinian to prepare his code of law.

East and West; North and South; Anglo-Saxon and Latin; Semite and Greek; Muhammedan, Christian and Jew; Roman

Catholic and Orthodox, have met and still meet on the bridge of land, which joins together Africa, Asia and Europe.

Emigrants from Syria have scattered all over the world and their children return to study in the land of their fathers. In spite of the economic depression of the past year, students have come to study at Beirut in greater numbers than ever before.

The first essential for reconstruction in the Orient is to teach the young men and women that they cannot catch up to the progress of the West by political agitation and street riots, but rather by working so hard, that they can measure up to the intellectual attainments of Europe and America.

It is for this reason that the University has adopted the academic standards of New York State as minimum requirements and made the courses in medicine and pharmacy as long as they are in France. During the past year French and British doctors from Syria, Iraq, and Palestine have assisted with the final examinations of the School of Medicine, so as to assure standards equal to those of Europe.

Victor Hugo once wrote:—"In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live."

The development of character and of consecration to spiritual things, on a campus radiant with friendship and good will, is the ideal of a modern university.

At Beirut there is no sectarian religious society, but rather a Brotherhood, in which men of all races and creeds have an equal share to join in social service work and common worship.

One could realize that a new day of economic cooperation and political peace is dawning in the Near East, as he saw these men and women stand shoulder to shoulder, in the front of a crowded chapel, and heard them take leave of their Alma Mater to go out into life, singing—

"These things shall be,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known will rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity."



THE SLAVE GIRL WHOM THE GRAND VIZIER COULD NOT BUY

WHEN the caliph Haroun al-Raschid was on one of his visits to the city of Al-Basra, his famous vizier and boon companion Jaafar Ibn Yahya, the Barmecide, was in his company. Jaafar, however, could well afford to neglect the business of state and follow his natural bents in seeking his personal pleasure due to the extraordinary confidence he enjoyed with the caliph. So immediately upon the arrival of the royal caravan to the city Jaafar called to him Isaac Ibn Ibrahim, the famous singer and entertainer of the caliph, and bade him seek information concerning a reputedly extraordinary slave girl the fame of whose charm had reached the capital Baghdad. Isaac enlisted the services of the foremost slave dealer in the city who readily gave his expert opinion about the unsurpassed qualifications of the girl in question, but added the further information that her master would never consent to exhibiting her in public, and will let her be seen only in private and at his own house.

Jaafar, undaunted, said that he would seek her wherever she might be, be she in a palace or in a hut, in the city or the wilderness, because his heart was set on viewing her vaunted beauty and hearing her reputed unexcelled art in singing and playing the 'oud. He therefore, immediately ordered that preparations be made for the visit, and not long thereafter the three parties to the conversation, in disguise, were wending their way through the narrow, tortuous streets of the city towards the house of the girl's master.

In one of the poorer sections the slave dealer stopped at the door of a dilapidated house and knocked. A young man, emaciated in form and with hollow eyes and pallid complexion, reluctantly

opened the door. He spread a straw mat, the only article of furniture in the place, on the floor and invited the visitors to be seated. They were so impressed by the haggard appearance of their host that they almost forgot their quest, and they noticed particularly that his robe was of a coarse material and apparently very old. Finally the slave dealer recovered sufficiently to explain their mission and ask to be shown the girl.

The young man made no reply. With eyes downcast and an expression of deep suffering, he slowly made his way to an inner room from which, shortly afterwards, a girl emerged at whose beauty Jaafar was held actually spellbound, he who had the resources of the empire at his command and to whom were always brought the most beautiful maidens whether in bondage or free, of his own and of foreign lands. She came out alone, and he noticed that the robe she wore was the identical one in which her master had previously received them, and was much too ill-fitting for her shapely form.

The girl appeared to have been in tears, and with almost a total lack of ceremony she proceeded to condition her instrument and presently began to sing an old Arabic classic which ran as follows:

Although were we to part after such long companionship,
And what had feign appear perpetually self-renewing in
our relationship now become exposed to the danger
of rupture through age;
Never shall I forget that what now appears old was at
one time new;
Nor that the house which is now deserted was once
teeming and gay with life;
For you, to me, are the dearest that ever trod on soil;
And I, in my love, have consumed myself in the effort
to make myself worthy of your attention.

The girl could proceed no further. She rose, tripping in her robe, and reentered the inner room. For a while the perplexed visitors heard pitiful sobs, which gradually subsided and gave way to a silence as profound as the stillness of death. Jaafar and his companions waited a reasonable time and then decided to investigate. But when at the point of forcing entry to the inner room the young master of the slave girl emerged, again wearing the same robe, and while he appeared more haggard and wan, his eyes shone

with the light of a strong determination. It was he who broke the oppressive silence.

"You are my witnesses that I have set her free," he said, "and that I now take her as my lawfully-wedded wife."

Jaafar was much grieved and disappointed at having lost the opportunity to purchase this extraordinary slave-girl, but controlled himself sufficiently to ask the young man the reason for his action. The latter remarked that his story was a long one, but that he would be willing to tell it if they were disposed to listen. They readily assented.

"My father was one of the notables of the city," he began, "and we lived in great opulence. To this the slave dealer will testify. My mother had a large number of slave-girls, and because I had access to the harem quarters I had occasion to mingle with them all. The girl whom I have just freed was one of them. She was young, intelligent and vivacious, and as we grew together I came to love her passionately. We were tutored together until such time that my mother decided she would give her a musical education, but because I could not bear parting with her we took up musical study together. Then came a time when my mother decided to sell her because of the high price she would bring, and no sooner I realized her intention than I begged her to reconsider her decision as I could not bear to live without the girl who had been my life companion and had now become the very essence of my existence, and once my mother realized the situation she readily granted her to me and we lived happily for a number of years, during which time my father continually begged me to marry whomsoever I chose of the daughters of the leading men of the city, but I persistently refused because my heart would countenance no substitute for the slave girl, although my father interpreted my action as one of chastity. And in time my father died and I came into such wealth that I thought would never be exhausted, and I spent and squandered foolishly. The inexorable sequence is the plight in which you now find me, with nothing more than this single robe which she and I share between us."

The three men appeared transfixed with his story, and particularly did Jaafar feel pity for the gifted girl who was now reduced to such pitiable circumstances. The young man cast searching looks on them, as if to learn if they were interested in having him continue his narration, and when they requested him rather impatiently, to proceed, he took up the trend of his story as follows:

"I well realized that the situation could not be borne any fur-

ther, and when I heard that the caliph had come to the city I broached to her the idea of a sale, explaining that I could not further suffer subjecting her to such wretchedness. But when you came to negotiate for her purchase and she realized that the hour of parting was drawing near, she came to me weeping, in the manner in which you have seen her, and reproached me that if I only reciprocated her feeling I would not be willing to part with her.

"But would you be willing to share my misery to such an extent when you realize to what straits I have been reduced?" I pleaded. "However, since this is your wish I will free you and marry you legally," I hastened to explain.

"If your love is true, this is what you should do," she replied. And immediately I agreed to free her and take her as my legally-wedded wife, to which you are now asked to stand witness."

The situation was tensely dramatic, and the three disappointed visitors made their way silently out of the house.

Said Isaac Ibn Ibrahim. "After having ridden a long way in silence, I thus addressed Jaafar: 'You, O vizier, whose bounties have flooded the land and saved many a destitute, will your heart not take pity on these two lovers now that you have witnessed their pitiable situation?'

"Yes," replied Jaafar, "but my mind has been completely distracted by the natural and acquired gifts of the girl."

"Then turning to the slave dealer he asked; 'How much do you carry?'

"Three hundred thousand dinars," the latter replied.

"Return immediately and give the whole sum to the girl's master, and bid him come to see me on the morrow," he ordered."

In giving an account of what followed, Isaac Ibn Ibrahim said that the young master went into transports of joy over this turn of fortune, and when he appeared on the following day to express his gratitude to the vizier, the latter presented him to Haroun Al-Raschid, giving a complete account of what had occurred, and the magnanimous caliph was so pleased that he added the young man to his retinue and made him gifts and grants that insured his happiness forever after.





BARBARA YOUNG, *Editor*

Poetry is a deal of joy and pain and wonder, with a dash of the dictionary.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

Poetry is for the ears and not for the eyes. The enchanting old custom of the minstrel, the bard, reading or chanting in the market-place is one of the lost delights. Today there are small companies of human beings who still reap a rich garnering from the rather rare occasion when poetry is well-read, aloud, in some semi-public place.

It would seem a good and pleasant thing if the practice might be extended, not for the purposes of discussion and criticism—the time is moth-eaten with these two pastimes—but for sheer enjoyment and relaxation. There are certain poets and certain poems that provide also to the mind and the heart, a quickening and refreshment that is of actual economic value, notwithstanding the somewhat general opinion to the contrary. A half hour of listening to certain portions of Brooke or Masfield, Frost or Kipling, Noyes or Gibson will add a sense of zest and vigor to the day which the keen employer of labor will do well to consider. Like music, poetry which is the sister of music, lifts the vibration of the human spirit and accelerates the blood—but poetry read aloud, not with the eyes alone, for only in such wise is the complete and blessed harmony of the muse communicated.

LD
NOVEMBER, 1931

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Soil

By JOHN STERLING HANEY

The soil is my mother.
I am the child of the mountain.
I am the son of the cleft in the rock.
I am the foundling of the swift-running plain.
My brothers are the whispering pines of the forest
And the long passionate grasses by the stream.
My sisters are the young vines of the uplands
Heavy with grape.

My mate is the wild slender willow upon the moor.
My beloved is the cloister'd poplar beyond the wall.
I walk among my fellowmen in the town
And I shake hands with the deserts and with the fields.
The hills walk up and lay their arms across my shoulder,
And the marshlands meet me and pass the time of day

The soil is my mother,
I shall not fear.
She speaks to me out of the mouths of men,
She yearns for me in the white breasts of women.
Her arms are the crowds upon the streets
And the fingers of her hands
Are the longings in the heart of the crowds.
Her voice is the words of men
When they are silent.

I am one with my fellowmen,
It cannot be otherwise.
All men are one with me,
The soil is our mother.
I and they shall return to her.
They and I shall lie down together
When she calls.



New Poetry

"PRELUDES FOR MEMNON" by Conrad Aiken, (Scribner's, \$2.50) is a book for a small company of the elect. It is a volume of some fifty-odd cantos which record with minute and meticulous detail the daring intellectual adventure into a realm far beyond the region of intellect. The poet has not hesitated, as indeed why should he? to plunge into the labyrinths of the soul's darkness seeking to pierce its gloom. The theme of the work seems to be clearly stated in the following stanza:

"What did you see?"

—I saw myself and God.

I saw the ruin in which godhead lives:

Shapeless and vast: the strewn wreck of the world:

Sadness unplumbed: misery without bound.

Wailing I heard, but also I heard joy.

Wreckage I saw, but also I saw flowers.

Hatred I saw, but also I saw love.

And thus, I saw myself.

—And this alone?

—And this alone awaits you, when you dare

To that sheer verge where horrors hang, and tremble

Against the falling rock; and, looking down,

Search the dark kingdom. It is to self you come,—

And that is God. It is the seed of seeds:

Seed for disastrous and immortal worlds."

Here is unequivocal and final pronouncement of the poet's philosophy of life. It is a splendid and sweeping gesture. The great self of man is the supreme self. There is no mistaking the clarity and the definiteness here. Unfortunately, this clarity does not prevail throughout the length of the poem. Mr. Aiken is a master of subtleties that often rise up and defeat the communication of his thought. There is too often a wordiness that amounts almost to incoherence, as if the poet were over-intoxicated with his own ecstasy. The steed that he has mounted appears frequently to run away with the rider.

There are passages in which we perceive the poet's meaning not because of his fabulous expression but in spite of it: they seem to struggle for breath, to wrestle for release.

Yet there are also passages of pure poetry, pure thought.

"Then came I to the shoreless shore of time
Where never summer was nor any tree,
Nor sound of water, nor sweet light of sun,
But only nothing and the shore of nothing,
Above, around, below, and in my heart."

And there are such lines as these which are not poetry in any language :

"Poor fool, sad anthropomorph, give up this notion
Centrifugal; perpend awhile, instead
The world centripetal—"

And these:

"What is a symbol? it is the 'man stoops sharp
To clutch a paper that blows in the wind;'
It is the 'bed of crocuses bending in the wind,' the
Light, that 'breaks on the water with waves,' the
Wings that 'achieve in the gust unexpected.'"

This is a book which does not lend itself to the tools of the reviewer. It were better discussed friend with friend before a waning fire. There is no narrative to relate, for the poem is concerned with a Tale of somewhat more than our paltry three dimensions.

Conrad Aiken's is a powerful pen. There is magic in the ink he dips. But there is an occasional blur in its record, sometimes by reason of overworking such words as "coruscation" "vascular" "ventricle," sometimes by over-intellectualization.

The whole poem seems like a feverish groping search for the meaning and the reason of being, partially blinded between the impact of light and darkness; like an attempt to convince others though the poet himself is not entirely convinced.

The lover of the golden word will find however, many a passage of rare distinction and delight. Two stanzas follow:

"Beloved, let us once more praise the rain.
Let us discover some new alphabet,
For this the often praised; and be ourselves
The rain, the chick-weed, and the burdock leaf,
The green-white privet flower, the spotted stone,
And all that welcomes rain;"

"Forget the proud in wisdom, those who fear
To know the things they do. We are the sons
Of that bright eight that knows no turning back;
We the prometheans who never die;
The crucified who scorn their crucifixion,
Because we know our fate was in ourselves.
We are the Jesus and the Judas, too."

To Our Lyric Poets

The world that listens to John Masefield, poet laureate of England, embraces a vaster population than the world that listens to plain John Masefield, poet.

It is a good and gracious event when a man who has wise and wholesome recommendations to make to a people, finally achieves the eminence from which he may be heard. What he says from the heights is precisely what he had been saying in the valley of his quieter days; but now the faces are upturned to his face, and they wait for his lightest word, who were before, fully occupied with their own words.

To *The New York Times* Herbert W. Horwill, writes from London:

"John Masefield suggests that there is a fine opportunity waiting for some of our enterprising young poets to start poetry entertainments in London. According to his plan, poetry written especially for the purpose would be read aloud in small halls.... The poets would be writing directly for their public, and this would result in vigorous, vital work. They would have the advantage of seeing its effect on an audience—an invaluable guide which is denied entirely to the man who writes for books."

Why not this plan also for young American poets of Syrian origin?



Rubaiyat Au-Tayeb

Translated from the Arabic

By AMIN BEDER

الا لا اري الاحداث مدحا ولا ذمّا فما بطشها جهلا ولا كفها حلما
الى مثل ما كان الفتى مرجع الفتى يعود كما ابدي ويكرى كما ارمى

I neither blame the hand of fate, nor praise
The urgent guest who steals away our days;
It wants but little till we shall pass on,
From earth to earth, for life is but a maze.

اني لاعلم والليب خير ان الحياة وان حرصت غرور
ورايت كلاً ما يعلل نفسه بتعلّة والى الفناء يصير

Enticing is this life. . . . the sages know,
And yet their wisdom melts like April's snow.
They soon forget its witcheries are false,
And Lo! we find them actors in the show.

واذا كانت النفوس كباراً تعبت في مرادها الاجسامُ

High aspiration is for thee a pest,
My soul, if thou be greedy in thy quest,
Thy body is the one that suffers most;
And 'neath the curse of sickness it must rest.

ومن هوى الصدق في قولي وعادته رغبْتُ عن شعري في الرأس مكتوب

Beauty that's false is surely in the lead,
Endeared to women like a noble steed;
To me the real appears a golden trait;
No dye nor paint will enter in my creed.



*Ode**(From BOOK ON NATURE)**By THOMAS ASA*

Thou hast reclaimed the world's lost loveliness,
O wand'ring dryad from Pierian bow'rs,—
Revived rich beauty with thy soft caress,
Imparted sweet perfume to scentless flow'rs,
And stirred the dormant zephyrs with thy laughter—
Restored the music of the sylvan streams,—
Thy time today, and not the morrow or thereafter,
No crude awak'nings in this life of dreams.
Ah! would I soon forget the world of men,
To follow thee where'er thou mayest lead;
And through thine eyes divine the woodland ken,
And with my lips drink deep thy sacred mead.
Lead thou my spirit to thy safe retreat,
Show me what mortal eyes have never seen;
Reveal the secret of those silent feet
That walk the carpets of the woods unseen—
And now the sun has gone its wonted way,
Left o'er the hours to twilight and the night,
And soon the earth in dreamless slumber lay,
To wake again but with the morning light—
But in that mystic region of no sleep—
But in that fabled realm of life unseen,
Which from the world its hidden borders keep,
And vanishes within the forest green.
Beneath the drooping lilacs lost in sleep,
The woodland elves a noiseless revel hold.
Arch schemers they, how sharp the vigil keep!
That no intruders might their sight behold.
Oh how delightful was that moonlit glade,
Where reigned Queen Titania with her train,
And on her vernal throne of Flora's shade,
Unseen by men, and ever thus remain.

Fresh as the dew-drop on the morning rose,
Fair as bright Hesper in the evening sky,—
And would thine eyes but for a moment close,
And all the world of beauty then would die.
Fain would I make my presence known to thee,
O wondrous queen of this sweet land I see.
Now through the woodland sounds a trumpet note,
Dear to the fairy queen it seemed to be.
Might I have known it issued from Love's throat,
When came King Oberon his queen to see!
Immortal ruler of a cherished race!
With thy fair queen in lasting glory spend
Unnumbered days within this favored place,
Edenic peace and gladness without end.
And never may the toll of future doom
Find thee, sweet Myrtle, weeping dewy tears,
As thine oblation to the saddened gloom
Of crumbling Eros shrines that Venus rears.
And there bright Phoebe through the swaying eaves
Illumes, with its soft gleam, the sylvan throne;
And with the faint rustle of Autumn leaves
Gentle Zephyrus sings its soothing moan.
All this have seen, but not with earthly eyes,
But in the inmost regions of the mind,
Where dwells the impish Genie of surmise,
Which rues the thoughts and wishes of mankind.
Long shall I rove the verdant fields of thought,
By gliding streams of Love and Beauty steep
My inward soul, until old age has brought
Me to the verge of unawak'ning sleep.



A Moslem Saint of Damascus

AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE INTO THE DAILY ROUTINE
OF LIFE OF THE FOREMOST MOSLEM
TRADITIONIST OF THE AGE.

By H. I. KATIBAH

IF SOMEONE had met you on the street and told you: "Meet brother Abelard, just coming out from his lectures at the Priory of Maisoncelle", or just as casually: "Let me present you to Saint Anselm, celebrated schoolman and author of the *Proslogion*," you would realize something of the surprise which was mine when I was presented, two years ago last summer in Damascus, to "the Greatest Traditionist, Our Master Badr-Ud-Din al-Hasani.

For I had always associated a traditionist in my mind with musty tomes of yellowed leaves and with the misty past of Moslem history, when both schoolmen and traditionists ruled the day and were influential figures in the world in which they moved.

As I pored over some ancient Moslem hagiography such as *ar-Risalt-ul-Qusheiriyah*, or *Kitab ul-Luma'*, or turned the rich pages of the *Ihya* of al-Ghazzali, the vivid descriptions of the lives, the manners and idiosyncrasies of those spiritual paragons and ponderous pundits of Moslem learning seemed to conjure them to life in my imagination, and their quaint figures rose to meet me through those yellowed leaves from the glamorous past to which they had receded.

Vaguely I realized that there were such men still living today. Somewhere in Mecca, in Baghdad, in Samarkand, in Kerbala, in Nishabur and in Damascus itself, solitary men in their silent meditations were still saying their *wirds*, (devotions) or squatting on a worn out mat reading their Qoran with a gentle sway of their bodies. Just as I knew that here and there in the moss-covered monasteries of Europe there were still monks whose outward appearance and daily habits remind us of the days of St. Francis of Assisi and of Thomas Aquinas, but I had met in person neither the former nor the latter, and they had remained in the world of my mental visions enveloped by their aura of mystery and antiquated charm.

It was therefore with some justifiable thrill and flutter that, when I passed through Damascus after an absence of sixteen years, one of my first experiences was to meet in person one who was described to me "as a living Moslem saint," a celebrated successor of Ibn Malik, Ash-Shafii, Ibn Hanbal, Abu-Hanifa and the rest of the great host of Moslem traditionists and theologians. He was popularly designated as "the greatest living traditionist, the *qutb* (authoritative pivot) of his time." To bring his position and importance into the ken of my world of ideas, as they thought, some of my Moslem informers of whom I sought information about the personage into whose august presence I was to be ushered that afternoon, had compared him, without realizing the serious false analogy, to the Pope in the world of Christendom. Sunnite Moslems recognize no ultimate source of authority, save the Qoran and Traditions of the Prophet. But the key of the interpretation of these and their application to the exigencies of life from generation to generation lies in the hands of the *traditionists*, among whom Badr-ud-Din, in the opinion of the myriads of his followers and admirers the world over, is most supreme and exalted.

Imagine an ordinary two-story building of the type common in Damascus, rather dilapidated and its mud plastering scaling off. A row of little cells, identical in size and shape, line the four walls of the building surrounding a stone-flagged courtyard, with a little pond in the middle for purpose of drinking and ablutions before prayers. That was the "House of Tradition" in Damascus which we reached from the Hamidiyyah Street, through a little, indistinguishable side-alley called al-Asruniyyah.

To one of those cells on the upper floor we ascended the stone stairs and were ushered first to "the man" of Shaykh Badr-ud-Din, Shaykh Yahya al-Maktabi by name. He was his spokesman, his agent, his publicist, and occupied a position similar to that of a secretary to a great celebrity with us. He was the buffer that stood between the saintly master and the mundane world.

My friend, an instructor at the American University of Beirut, and myself sought to interview His Eminence, Shaykh Badr-ud-Din al-Hasani on a burning issue that had agitated not only Syria and the Near East but the whole civilized world. For it was following the Arab-Jewish riots of that summer, 1929, and the name of the Wailing Wall, or Buraq, flared with letters of fire on the front page of every daily newspaper. We wanted to secure a legal opinion on the Moslem claim for al-Buraq, and that from the highest Moslem authority.

We made our mission known to Shaykh Yahya al-Maktabi, an affable gentleman with a typically Semitic face and neatly trimmed black beard. He wore the characteristic dress of a Moslem religious man, and welcomed us with a genial smile and a truly Damascene congeniality of spirit which made us feel that we had long known the man and had met him on familiar terms before. He excused himself and went to another cell on the same row, then after a minute's absence he returned assuring us that after a few minutes "Our Master" will receive us gladly. He insisted on making Turkish coffee for us with his own hands in his own cell, as he requested us to wait until "Our Master" was through with his *dars*, or lecture. He squatted on the mat-covered floor, totally unfurnished but for a few rush stools, while we sat on a simple faded ottoman, as he regaled us with glowing accounts of the saintly life of "Our Master."

"... He sleeps but few hours during the night, and eats but one simple meal every twenty-four hours," he delineated, his face gleaming with reverent pride, "and the rest of his time he spends between the House of Tradition and the Umayyad Mosque."

"Long before the *blind dawn*," he continued, "he rises up to say his *wird* and chant the Qoran. Then he goes from his house to the Umayyad Mosque, which is only a few paces away, to attend the dawn prayer with the congregation. After that he goes to the House of Tradition and prepares for his lectures which start in the morning, and at noon he goes out again for prayer at the mosque. Then again he returns to his lectures, and in the afternoon, after the prayer, a large circle of worshipers forms around him as he expounds to them some topic from the Qoran or Traditions. Back again to his lectures he goes, and after the sunset prayer he breaks his daily fast and immediately afterwards pores over his books till long after midnight, when after a few hours of sleep he rises up again and so begins another round of daily studies and prayers. Hardly anything else occupies his mind or diverts his attention...."

The coffee by this time had boiled over and we sipped it between ejaculations of surprise at, and praise of, the ascetic life of a living Moslem saint.

Then suddenly a figure appeared at the door. We did not know what to make of it: an old man in the eighties, slightly bent with age, with an innocent ruddy face, almost child-like and a sparce little white beard. His attire consisted of a shabby but clean, striped cotton kimbaz, open partly near the neck and held in place with a simple white woolen girdle. A towel was tucked in the up-

per or bosom opening. On his head he wore a low fez with a turban of white cotton of speckled yellow design, known by the trade-name of *aghabani*, while his feet were comfortably tucked in homespun socks and native yellow shoes with upturned toes. There was no attendant with him and nobody to usher his arrival. Was he an old instructor of the school, was he a trusted employee, or could it be that he was. . . .

Shaykh Yahya noticed our embarrassment and immediately stepped forward and introduced us to the man who had already crossed the threshold of the door. He was none other than Shaykh Badr-ul-Din al Hasani himself, whose fame for learning and piety had spread from China to the United States, and from Siberia to Somaliland, wherever the faithful believers turn their faces towards Mecca in prayer.

He sat on the edge of the sofa, near the door, waving Shaykh Yahya in an authoritative gesture when the latter begged his master to move higher to a more respectable seat.

And this ascetic man, who is also the nominal head of the Sufis or Mohammadan mystics of Damascus, this high custodian of the Traditions of the Prophet who is said to have held the Azharite ulema (dons) spellbound on an occasion when he delivered a lecture within the precincts of that highest seat of learning in the Moslem world, dismissed the whole subject of the troubles in Palestine in a few words, a *fatwa* (decision), as it were, couched in religious legalistic language of deliberate choice.

"The whole Masjid-ul-Aqsa, with the neighboring region called Al-Buraq, is a waqf to Islam, a sacred public property which no one has any right to grant away, lease, sell or turn into any other use save that for which it was originally intended. This is true, according to our Moslem religion, of the common or simple waqf set aside for charitable or religious purposes. How much more is it true of the third most sacred spot in the world to all Moslems, the first *qubla* of the Prophet and the site of the spot from which he was transplanted to heaven by Gabriel mounting on al-Buraq.

"If some king, Moslem or otherwise, had granted the Jews in the past some privileges in connection with this wall, it does not signify that these privileges give the Jews any legal rights to it. No king, not even Our Master Omar, were he to rise from the dead today, could legalize the possession by the Jews of this portion of al-Masjid ul-Aqsa. A Moslem king or caliph has no right to give an opinion on a religious matter but merely to execute what is recognized as the sunna (Qoranic law). One of the established tra-

ditions declares that a Waqf is inviolable, from the seventh earth to the seventh heaven. These latter-day arrangements cannot be concurred in by Moslem jurisprudence."

There was a note of finality to the words of the venerable shaykh as he rose, excusing himself with the remark that it was time for mid-afternoon prayer.

As we bade Shaykh Yahya farewell and left the House of Tradition I could not help but recall another visit which I had made a few weeks previously to the summer residence of another religious dignitary, the supreme head of a Christian sect in Lebanon, for the contrast was so vivid and significant to my mind.

At that other visit we were made to wait about an hour before His Beatitude finished his breakfast. Then we were bid to stand in the corridor with others who were also standing and waiting for the appearance of the supreme religious head. Suddenly a gentle, venerable, white-bearded old man, bent with age and walking with the help of a stick, appeared in the corridor, followed by a train of dignified bishops and priests.

He carried his title of "Saint," one of his official ecclesiastical titles, as gracefully as he did his scarlet sottana and pelerine, which he wore. A simple, black, turban-shaped cap, a heavy golden cross hanging pendant from his neck and a big ring on the fourth finger of his right hand completed his informal ecclesiastical vestment.

Almost a year after my interview with Shaykh Badr-ud-Din I was also passing through Damascus. There was a wave of popular murmur and rumble of resentment against the local native government headed by Shaykh Taj-ud-Din, son of Shaykh Badr-ud-Din himself. I was discussing the general political situation with a young nationalist, a modern Mohammedan graduate of the American University of Beirut. Among other things I asked him whether the fact that the head of the Syrian government was the son of the "Greatest Traditionist" gave him much prestige and influence with the general Mohammedan populace. He said:

"I will answer your question with an incident which I myself witnessed:

"Before the war, if you had passed through the Umayyad Mosque after mid-afternoon prayer, you could have seen no less than five to six hundred persons in the *halaqa* (circle) of Shaykh Badr-ud-Din, listening intently to his lectures. Recently I passed through and found only a handful, not more than fifty in number. Then, as I was going out through the eastern gate I found two religious shaykhs also leaving the mosque, a young man and an elder-

ly one. I greeted them saying:

"Why are you not in the Shaykh's circle?"

"The elderly man looked at me meaningly, but the younger one, more impulsive and frank, heaped a few imprecations on the head of the august Shaykh, adding:

"Let him first drag away his son from the salons of the artistes!"

Books Received

(To be reviewed in the December issue)

A Study of Kahlil Gibran—by Barbara Young. Privately printed first edition limited to 250 copies. Serially numbered and autographed by the author. Price \$2.50. The Gibran Studio, 51 W. 10th St. New York.

This is a handsome brochure, illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs of the Syrian poet, by the American poet who was closest to him and is now his literary executor. Miss Young is the foremost living authority on Gibran and she writes of him understandingly and sympathetically. The brochure is evidently written to satisfy the numerous requests for intimate information about our celebrated poet from his hosts of admirers.

* * * *

History of Palestine and Syria, by Prof. A. T. Olmstead. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 664 pp. illustrated. \$7.50

A beautiful volume on the history of Syria to the Macedonian conquest. The author is Professor of Oriental history at the University of Chicago and one of the foremost American orientologists. The present work is a companion volume to the author's "History of Assyria" and has been given the utmost of typographical care by the publishers.

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The Book of American Presidents, by Esse V. Hathaway, New York, Whittlesey House, illustrated, 367 pp. \$2.50

Miss Hathaway embodies in this volume the results of her extensive research and study of the life of our Presidents, including Coolidge and Hoover. The book should prove invaluable to students of American history. Facsimile signatures of all the Presidents are reproduced together with pen and ink illustrations.

Seek and You Shall Find

A EUROPEAN RESIDENT OF BEYROUTH THOUGHT
HE COULD PROVIDE THE NATIVE POLICE WITH
A MYSTERY THEY COULD NOT SOLVE.

(A SHORT STORY)

By CHARLES J. SASSEN

IT WAS a night in the Syrian Springtime, the time of night when love longings reached their climax and revels were at their peak. In the brilliantly lit cafes in the Street of the Cat in cosmopolitan Beyrouth the haunting strains of the urgool tinged all love lilting sadness. A fitting dirge for the dead—a bouquet to many a blushing bride—the haunting melody rose and fell.

Softly, sweetly pealed the bells of St. Daniel. From afar came the voice of the Muezzin "La Ilah-a-Illa'l Lah; Wa Muhammad Rasoul Allah". In a room in a house nestling beneath the tower of St. Daniel on the left and the minarets of the Mosque on the right, a man lay dead. A neat little hole in the centre of his forehead denoted the fact that his spirit had not danced out of his body to the tune of a harp, but to the bang of a bullet.

The Chief of Police of the City of Beyrouth loved a mystery. In fact, he would prefer being engaged to unravelling an intricate crime far into the small hours of the coming day to lounging about at ease in one of the numerous Cafes on the waterfront, listening to the throb of the tambouriyat and sipping the milky white arak. Murders were his hobby, and a strange hobby it was. Nothing delighted him more than to ascertain how, why and when, and lastly by whom, the foul deed had been committed.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of that day (European time) the Chief of Police sat at his desk—a very puzzled man. A message had just come over the wires to the effect that at eight o'clock he should search the house between the church of St. Daniel and the Mosque of Muhammad. The prolocutor gave no name and laughed at the Chief's repeated requests for further information.

The Chief had more than half decided to regard the matter as a joke, when he was interrupted in his reverie by one of his sub-

ordinates. El Halabie was no ordinary man. Reared in the gutters of Beyrouth, there was consequently fostered within him a queer philosophy. His greatest argument was that the poor never committed suicide, that that was a luxury indulged in by the rich and the middle classes. Although uneducated, he had great wisdom, for he came of an Arab father.

Such was the man who entered the office of the Chief. The Chief being in conversational mood immediately decided to place the facts of the afternoon before El Halabie with a request for his opinion on the most advisable course to pursue.

After narrating to him the meagre facts the Chief demanded: "Well, and what do you advise?"

"Well," replied El Halabie, "as we have nothing to do this evening, why not visit the house? From what I know Joe Cordovan the wealthy tanner, occupies the place."

"Good," replied the Chief, "meet me in front of the house at about eight o'clock."

At eight o'clock to the second the Chief, accompanied by El Halabie, stood on the door step of the house of Joe Cordovan. Looking about and over the house the Chief remarked that he could not notice anything unusual, but as they had come so far they might as well enter the house under some pretext or other. He thereupon knocked at the door and waited. After an interval of about thirty seconds, having received no reply, he knocked again—this time longer and louder. After an elapse of another thirty seconds he tried again, but all to no avail. This unaccountable silence appeared all the more strange as practically all the lights in the house were on.

By this time the curiosity of the men had been awakened. In exasperation the Chief turned the handle of the door and to his surprise found that the door was not locked. With El Halabie at his side he stepped into the brilliantly lighted passage and shouted "Yahoo, Yahoo" in a stentorian voice. Still no reply.

"This seems strange," muttered the Chief. "However, let us search the house."

Room after room was searched, but though the lights burned in all the rooms yet no trace of a living occupant could be found. Arriving at the last door the Chief tried the handle, fully expecting the door to swing back on its hinges revealing an empty interior. To his surprise the door proved to be locked. Bending down he placed his eye to the keyhole, but his vision was impeded by the key in the lock on the inside. The Chief rapped at the door but

received no reply. El Halabie decided that no key yet made could prevent a determined officer of the law from manipulating it. In a few seconds the lock of the door clicked and El Halabie straightened his back with a sigh. He turned the door knob, but the door remained firm. With a puzzled air he turned to the Chief: "Must be bolted on the inside" he remarked. The Chief merely nodded. After a few moments of indecision the Chief barked: "El Halabie, go round to the window and see if you can make an entry into the room through there."

In a few minutes El Halabie returned with the disturbing news that the window was also locked and the blinds drawn. By this time the Chief had worked himself up into a state of impatience and curtly ordered El Halabie to obtain an instrument wherewith the door could be forced open. El Halabie soon returned with a formidable crowbar and the forcing of the door was but the work of a few minutes.

The Chief and El Halabie burst into the room simultaneously. The room was well furnished after the taste of a European resident in the East. Numerous beautifully colored and hand worked cushions littered the carpeted floor. The intricate workmanship on divan and Chesterfield was thrown into bold relief by the light cast by a large electric chandelier in the centre of the room.

In front of the fireplace of pure marble a man lay on his back. A neat little hole in the centre of his forehead testified that the coroner could not justifiably pronounce the verdict of death due to natural causes.

The two men stood rooted to the spot. The Chief's gaze wandered from the body to the window and his brain mechanically registered the fact that this was locked on the inside. Slowly his gaze returned to the body, then to El Halabie.

"Well," was his only comment.

"Murder!" was the laconic reply.

El Halabie tiptoed towards the body and fell on his knees beside the prostrate figure. A blotch around the wound showed that the death weapon had been fired at close range.

"Smell anything?" questioned the Chief.

"Burnt powder," answered El Halabie.

"Who is he?"

"Joe Cordovan."

After casting another look at the body El Halabie rose and tried the window. A close examination of the walls revealed that the only mode of ingress and egress was through either the door

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or the window. Yet until the door had been forced both that and the window had been firmly locked on the inside.

With the idea of suicide uppermost both men commenced a search for the weapon. After ten minutes of fruitless probing El Halabie returned to the body and dropped on to his knees. He skillfully ran his dexterous fingers through the pockets, but apart from a few personal papers nothing of a helpful nature was found. Now thoroughly puzzled, El Halabie allowed his gaze to stray meditatively over the body from the feet up.

Suddenly his gaze became rivetted on one spot—the left hand. The edge of a piece of paper was protruding from the clenched fist. He picked it up and read. The god of doubt sat heavily on his features as he handed the slip to the Chief.

"Listen and you shall hear, seek and you shall find," was all it contained.

"Who wrote this, I wonder?" asked the Chief.

"The murderer," was the prompt reply.

"Where is he?"

"Hiding up the chimney, waiting for us to catch him," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

Looking at the grate, the Chief seriously replied, "If my eyes did not show me that a full sized cat could not hide in the grate I would certainly believe you."

Suddenly realizing that inaction would not solve the mystery, the Chief got into communication with headquarters and soon an ambulance was at the door. The body was subsequently conveyed to the mortuary.

* * * *

Five days later—on a Friday—the Chief sat in a chair in his well appointed office. In a recumbent attitude, in the one armchair the office possessed, reclined El Halabie, with his hat tilted over his eyes and an aromatic Turkish cigarette dangling loosely between his lips.

"Yes," the Chief was saying, "I'm afraid the demise of Joe Cordovan must be catalogued as a case of suicide or murder by some person or persons unknown."

El Halabie who could seldom resist a jest at his superiors' expense, remarked that it was apparent one could not, within reason, adapt over feeding to the bullet wound.

After a period of silence El Halabie rose reluctantly out of his comfortable seat, stretched himself, and surprised the Chief by

saying that he was going to do some private investigation on his own account, at the Mystery house. The Chief nodded assent and relapsed into an attitude of repose.

In a thoughtful mood El Halabie wended his way to the house and let himself in with the key provided by Headquarters. In silence he made his way to the death room which had not been disturbed since the fatal night. He realized that a search would be in vain, and resolved to make himself comfortable whilst thinking the matter over.

He seated himself on the divan, lifted his feet on to the table, pulled his hat over his eyes and folded his arms over his chest. An hour... two hours passed and yet no sign or movement from El Halabie. The interior of the room darkened as a sign that the sun was setting and twilight was creeping stealthily over gay Beyrouth. El Halabie sat still as death. But though his physical members were at rest his mental faculties were tuned to catch the slightest movement or sound, for the import of the mysterious message still lingered in his mind.

Suddenly a thrill ran through his frame, yet he remained in an attitude of repose for fear of disturbing the stillness of the room. His eyes became glued to the fireplace—he listened. Softly, ever so softly, came to his ears the pealing of the bells of St. Daniel, followed by the far off voice of the muezzin, "La Ilah-a-Illa'l Lah; Wa Muhammad Rasoul Allah." Stealthily El Halabie moved to the fireplace and dropped on his knees in front of the grate. Bending low, he twisted his face round so as to look up the chimney flue. Slowly his hand crept over the grate and into the flue. He remained in this position until it seemed his neck must break with the strain. Suddenly he withdrew his hand and regained his feet. Taking off his hat he made a deep bow before the grate and muttered "Joe Cordovan, though you be dead I pay you homage." Casting a last look around he made his way to the front door and from there into the street.

Deliberately El Halabie seated himself in the office armchair, selected a cigarette and lay back with a sigh of content. The Chief, being familiar with the idiosyncrasies of El Halabie, continued the perusal of certain uninteresting documents on his desk.

Then it came. "Chief, did you realize that the room in which we found the body of Joe Cordovan is absolutely soundproof?"

"Yes," replied the Chief, wondering what his subordinate was driving at.

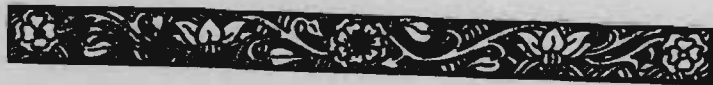
"Chief, listen, and you shall hear of as devilish a trick as ever

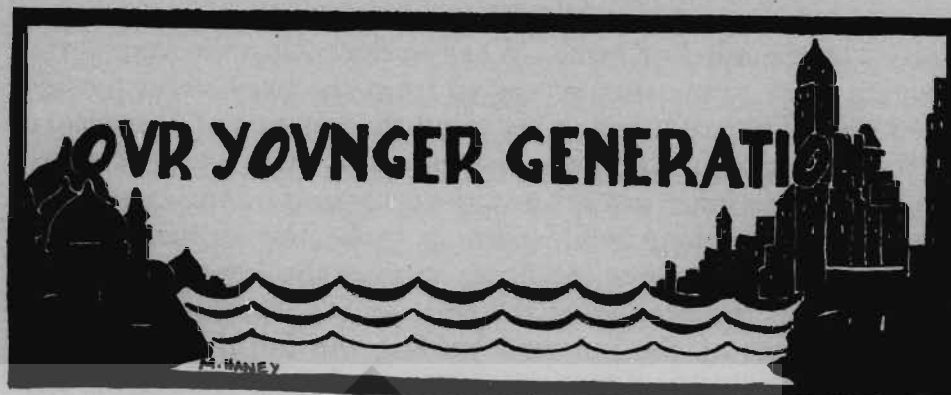
conceived by the mind of man. When in the room this evening the realization came to me that no sound from the busy street outside reached me. Then recurred to my mind the contents of the strange note "Listen and you shall hear, seek and you shall find." Obeying the impulse of an inner instinct and the command of the message—I listened. For a long while nothing broke the stillness of the room. Suddenly, just when my hopes were at the lowest ebb, there came to my ears the pealing of the bells of St. Daniel followed by the fervent tones of the muezzin bidding the faithful to prayer. My sense of direction told me that the sounds emanated from the fireplace and on it I concentrated my faculties. In my mind I pictured the outside position of the house nestling beneath the bell tower of the church and the minaret of the mosque. I thereupon concluded that as the bells pealed and the muezzin prayed far above the house the only sound that could reach one in the room would be by way of the chimney. Then the true significance of the note made itself plain to me. I had listened and I had heard, I sought and I found.

"Gazing up the chimney there met my sight a curious and devilish contraption. About eighteen inches above the grate was a long nail firmly driven into the side of the flue. Suspended by about eight inches of catapult elastic, tied to the nail, was a revolver. The magazine contained one live cartridge and the breech contained an empty cartridge case. From this it was but a simple matter to reconstruct the deed.

"Joe Cordovan sat on his heels in front of the grate, inserted his arm up the flue and withdrew the revolver. Stretching the elastic as much as possible he pointed the barrel at the centre of his forehead and fired. The force of the bullet pushed him over on to his back whilst the released revolver was again drawn up the flue by the elastic."

There was a look of elation in the eyes of El Halabie as he continued: "Poor Joe Cordovan. He looked lightly upon life and thought he would even depart with a joke. He thought of providing the police of Beyrouth with an insolvable mystery."





A. HAKIM, *Editor*

CONFLICTING STANDARDS IN THE SYRIAN HOME IN AMERICA

REFERENCE was made in the opening remarks of this department to "Two opposing forces—two sets of diametrically different ethical conceptions and standards developing in our social order," with a hint to the dire results which are bound to follow if this condition is not treated rationally and in time. It is now the purpose to amplify this statement and discuss all phases of this social condition in an effort to devise means of alleviating its evils and mollifying its effects. The subject, as can readily be seen, has breadth which does not permit of full treatment in one article. The fundamentals, therefore, must be considered first, and with time it is the hope of this writer to consider every phase of the conditions affecting our family life in America.

The fundamentals are mainly cultural, and to a much lesser degree economic. Old traditions are clashing with conceptions of both parental authority and filial obligations as well as of moral standards. The parents make demands to which the children cannot concede, and while this conflict of views brings distress to the parents it also creates a considerable measure of instability in the characters of the children.

Syrian immigration into the United States is comparatively recent and rarely does it go beyond the second generation. The first immigrants, therefore, are still the dominant factor in our home life. And they are imbued with certain ideals of conduct and rules for living which it could not be reasonably expected that they should easily forego and relinquish. These ideals are so dominant in them that they may be considered a part of their very being, and any dis-

turbance of the order which has governed their life will bring in its wake untold unhappiness and misery. Their economic fortunes might undergo serious changes which they will bear with stoicism, but for them to have complete peace of mind, their ethical codes and standards must not suffer any radical change.

It takes but little mental effort for any of us to realize what the older generation values most in life. They have cleaved their ties with the motherland seeking primarily economic opportunities, but the realization of their ambitions along this line is not in itself sufficient gratification of their subconscious motives. Their ulterior objective is to live their life along the lines they conceive to be most conducive to happiness. These lines follow certain standards which have been ingrained in their nature and without the fulfillment of which they can never experience true happiness. Whether they are totally justified in their reasoning, or rather in their natural inclinations, is beyond the point. The fact is that they were so born and have so grown and lived, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to realize the amount of stress this generation must endure to forego the things they consider almost inalienable to their very nature.

Now this generation of first immigrants builds up homes and brings forth children who grow under painfully conflicting influences. From early childhood the standards of the home would seem to be at variance with those of the school. American Public School education seems to concern itself simply with the individuality of the child, aiming to prepare him for the struggle of life as an independent and separate entity. No effort is made to treat and train him as a unit in the family. While against this standard of training the Syrian child finds himself at home facing totally different influences. Instead of being looked upon as an independent entity he is considered an integral family unit. The Syrian father withholds nothing from his child, because of the conviction that if he sacrifices all for his child and cannot in consequence provide for his old age, the child, in conformity with Syrian family standards, will insure him against want. In other words, Syrian parents of the first generation count on their children as part of the family ensemble throughout life, and cannot bring themselves to admit that changes of conditions of life and economic viewpoints should alter their long prevalent standards.

The young generation, on the other hand, because of their lack of appreciation of, or sympathy for, their parents' viewpoint, consider these demands in the nature of an imposition. Why, they

argue, should they be hampered in leading their own lives? It is the individualistic principle as against that of family obligation and cooperation. It forms one of the most serious problems of the Syrian-American home.

A phase of this problem is the attempt of parents to enforce their standard of conduct on the children. Let it be conceded that from the viewpoint of education the children have by far the greater advantage. Thanks to their parents, it must be remembered, they were able to profit by the educational facilities generally provided in America and which in the motherland are available only to a limited few. But be it also remembered that scholarly education is not character, nor culture, nor ethics, nor morals. And even when the parents are illiterate this is no justification for disrespect or an attitude of overbearance or impatience. This condition in the Syrian home is a marked one at the present time, and just where to draw the fine line of distinction in the relations of parents and children should prove a subject for serious consideration.

But the clash is most serious in the enforcement of the moral standard. Syrian parents view with unconcealed alarm the tendency of their children towards so-called modernism, while the children resent what they term undue and unwarranted interference in their personal liberty. It is again the conflict of two codes of ethics which subject the unity of the Syrian-American home to an immense strain. And perhaps this particular problem is the most virulent and irksome of all.

* * * *

We do not presume to have covered here the entire range of the problems confronting the Syrian home in America. We have only alluded to the more pronounced complications, and that in a general way. Amplification of the infinite details will ensue at another time. What we do hope for, however, is to arouse interest and insure thought on the subject of our social relations to the end that a better understanding might be promoted in the Syrian home. Every family has problems peculiarly its own, whose solution could come only through the serious consideration of the persons directly concerned, actuated by a sympathetic and indulgent attitude of each toward the other's viewpoint. After all, family ties should be made to endure and they cannot be binding nor permanent unless based on understanding. It is true that the period of transition through which we are passing is a difficult one, but will not our culture prevail in compelling us to hearken to the voice of reason?

Youth Speaks

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE A BURNING QUESTION WITH THIS SOCIALLY-MINDED CORRESPONDENT

Editor's Note—Whatever agitates the minds of our younger generation we invite them to write to this department about it unreservedly. The department was created for their benefit and of this fact they may take full advantage. This was the explicit understanding with the editor in chief without reservations as to the nature of the communications. The intention is to have the department serve as a public forum to reflect the actual thought of our youth. The following is the first received.

Dear Mr. Hakim

It is again with interest that I renew my subscription to the Syrian World. Now that I am taking it I want to say that I would not be without it for the simple reason that it is doing me a great deal of good. I am learning much of our former civilization as well as of current problems confronting the Syrians both here in America and in our fatherland. I could go on to say many more things regarding the benefits I am deriving from this magazine and of the great influence of our lost but not forgotten poet, Kahlil Gibran, but to continue to do so would be to get farther away from my particular discussion.

I write on the subject of the new department, "The Younger Generation." My question is: "What is being done to bring the younger generation together?" In my discussion and correspondence with the younger Syrian-Americans I find they are getting away from each other instead of coming together. This is much more evident in the smaller cities as far as I am informed. It seems that fewer marriages are taking place among the Syrians and that they are intermarrying with other elements with much more frequency than usual. To illustrate my point, I quote a few lines from a correspondent in your own state. "Of the boys ranging from 16-19 yrs. of age," he says, "hardly any of them go with a Syrian girl at all. There is just a couple of them that do. One couple

were married last week and they had a big wedding. We have a lot of pretty Syrian girls here who don't even have a fellow. The Syrian boys and girls don't stick together at all here. Most of the boys I know go with American girls." These few lines are surely self-explanatory.

As the saying goes: "There is something rotten in Denmark." Some force is needed to bring the two groups together. What is it? I am sure I don't have a solution but from observation I will lay the greater extent of the blame on the parents. They prohibit their daughters from going with boys until the latter show serious intentions of marriage. I can say that I certainly admire the girls for their high standard of morality and ideals. There is nothing more to be admired than a clean, decent, intelligent, and home-loving Syrian girl. I can say wonderful things about many of the boys, too.

It is against mental and physical principles to suppress certain natural emotions. I mean the clean, ideal emotions such as love, joy, happiness. The boys, having a much freer latitude than the girls, seek company that satisfies these emotions. This results in the boys marrying American girls. Now what is there left for the girls to do? They must do the same or become old-maids. If the youth were taught more about Sex, Love, Courtship, and Marriage, I think that this dilemma would be more readily solved. I am now attending a series of lectures on this subject, and I find it of much benefit. I was given a questionnaire to be used in the compilation of the ideals of the youth of today concerning these problems. Here are the questions.

- I. In seeking for a wife would you prefer a home-maker or a society woman?
- II. Do you want a wife who smokes?
- III. In seeking a wife would you consider sexual purity on her part an absolute requisite?
- IV. Which are the most essential qualifications of a good wife—physical beauty or genuine moral character?
- V. What criticism in general would you offer of the young women of your acquaintance?
- VI. If you and your fiancée were both employed before marriage, would you want her to continue in her employment after marriage provided your own income was sufficient to provide for the home?
- VII. If you establish a home of your own, do you want children?

I think that the conventions reported in the Syrian World as

being held in various places are doing wonders in bringing the Syrians together, but there is still much to be done. I also note some Syrian families a reoverdoing matters and developing snobbishness. I have tried to organize a group of boys but have lacked sufficient cooperation, or perhaps my plan is all wet. I would like to have some comment on this problem by both yourself and the readers. If I am cockeyed with my ideas somebody please tell me so. After all, I still retain many Syrian ideals at heart. So help me God!

Thomas G. Ember.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Beyond the Sun

By BARBARA YOUNG

Behold this vast incalculable ray,
Brighter than stars, more luminous than suns,
More distant than all space beyond all space
In its beginning, if indeed there be
Birth or beginning to that principle
Man's mind hath never conjured, nay, nor will,
Perchance, with all his weighty conjuring
This side the glimmering secretive Veil.

Behold this ray, ineffable, informed
Beyond the sun, beyond these measurements
Of skies and firmaments and fashioned voids;
This uncreated, all-creating volt,
This unthought word, this might without a name,
That shook Old Chaos into rhyme and rhythm,
No single atom looted or laid waste
Unto this hour.

What hath God wrought indeed—
Himself, and light and law and life and love,
These from the mist that moves beyond the sun.

The Times, New York.



New Egyptian Minister in America

THE APPOINTMENT recently of His Excellency Sesostris Sidarouss Pasha as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Egypt to the government of the United States again focuses public attention on the fact that Egypt is the only sovereign Arabic-speaking state having diplomatic representation abroad. The growing national consciousness of Egypt is making her forge ahead rapidly as the leader among Arabic-speaking countries in the struggle for world recognition. She also is nobly acquitting herself as the leader among those countries of the renaissance movement in literature, the arts, and sciences.

This cultural movement the Syrians have had a strong influence in launching and promoting, as Egypt, for over fifty years, has been the logical field for the display of their talents. The proximity of Egypt and Syria, and their being bound by a common language and common traditions, has given rise to the popular reference to them as the "sister countries."

Abroad these cordial relations seem to manifest themselves as strongly as they do in the home countries. Everywhere, especially since the ushering of the era of Egyptian diplomatic representation in foreign countries, the Syrians, particularly in America, look upon the Egyptian diplomatic representatives as their own in the sense that they are representatives of a "sister country." The strong bond of kinship and traditions between them transcends the limitations of time and space.

These bonds of cordiality and co-operation are expected to be materially strengthened through the influence of the new Egyptian Minister at Washington. A man of broad vision and deep understanding, it cannot escape his observation that while Egypt enjoys the distinction of being the only Arabic-speaking country maintaining diplomatic representation abroad, the Syrians, at the same time, form the only Arabic-speaking element in America. The necessity of co-operation between the two would seem but obvious.

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The record of Sesostries Sidarouss Pasha is one of brilliant achievement. Born in Alexandria, he was educated at St. Andrew's Scotch School and the Jesuits' College of St. Francis Xavier of his



*His Excellency
Sesostris Sidarouss Pasha
Egyptian Minister at Washington*

native city. After having obtained his French degrees in Arts with honors, he took up the study of law in Cairo and in Paris, and received his degree of Doctor of Laws in the latter city.

His first practice was before the Mixed Court of Appeal in Alexandria as an assistant prosecutor in the office of the Attorney General. Later he was appointed in the Ministry of Justice in Cairo as private secretary to the Judicial Adviser and secretary to the Committee of Judicial Surveillance.

In 1907, he was selected as Professor of Law at the Royal Faculty in Cairo where he was given the Chair of Civil Law, in both the English and the French sections. Later he was also entrusted with the direction of the Faculty, as Vice-Principal.

Asked to join the Diplomatic Service, he was appointed First Secretary to the Royal Egyptian Legation in Paris in December 1923 and acted at the same time as Charge d'Affaires in Brussels until December 1924.

In 1922 he was called to the Bench as Judge at the Mixed Court in Cairo.

He was promoted to the post of Counsellor to the London legation in 1925 and given charge of the Legation as Chargé d'Affaires ad interim.

In September 1929 he left London to take over his post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Athens and Belgrade. In May 1930 he went, in the same capacity, to Brussels and The Hague, and from August 1930 until August 1931 he was on a mission in London.

Sidarouss Pasha left England on August 1, 1931 to undertake his duties in Washington and on August fourteenth he presented to President Hoover the letters accrediting him as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Egypt to the Government of the United States of America.

Sidarouss Pasha's services have been recognized not only by his Government but also by several Foreign Countries. He holds, among others, the highest Egyptian title, that of "Pasha," as well as the Egyptian Orders of the Medjedieh and the Nile. He is bearer of the Grand Cross of the Belgian Crown, of the Greek Order of the Phoenix and of the Yougoslav Order of St. Sava. He is Commander and Officer of several other Orders: The Royal Victorian Order, St. Gregory the Great, the Legion d'Honneur, the French Public Instruction, and St. Sylvester.

Sidarouss Pasha is not only a jurist and a diplomat but a writer and a linguist as well. His Principal publications are: his famous

and rare book on "The Patriarchates in the Ottoman Empire and especially in Egypt," (cf which he is now preparing a new edition), "The Personal Law Institutions in Egypt," "The Year Book of the Egyptian Ministry of Justice," the translation in Arabic of "The Sudan Codes," "Penal, Criminal Instruction and Civil," without mentioning his various contributions to literary, legal, and scientific Reviews and Magazines, such as the "Egypte Contemporaine" organ of the "Société d'Economie Politique, de Statistique et de Législation."

Sidarouss Pasha is a widower; his wife, a daughter of the late Boghos Ghali Pasha, died in 1922.

He has three children: two sons, Maitre Stephy Sidarouss, a barrister before the Mixed Courts in Cairo, and Doctor Max Sidarouss, a specialist in Radiology and X-Rays now practising at the Kasr-el-Nil Hospital in Cairo, and a daughter who by marriage to a Frenchman in Paris has become Countess Charles du Bourg.

The Traveler's Cloak

By DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

The traveler:

Kind tailor, through rough and hostile land,
For leagues and leagues I've wended;
And my cloak is torn and sorely worn,
And would 'twere rightly mended.
Its fabric, you can see, is rare,
And should have met with better care.

The tailor's apprentice:

But master, why, since the gaping harm
You have undone, you turn
Upon him your back? you hide the cloak
Away—why not return
The man his own? Or what I see,
A secret of the craft may be!

The tailor:

Perchance of waiting he will grow
Fatigued, forget his cloak and go.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ALTHOUGH we have set a definite plan for the *New SYRIAN WORLD*, we do not propose that this plan should be so rigid as to become stereotype. The effect would be only a monotone bound to detract from the refreshing aspect of new and varied material. Hence the omission in this issue of some departments in order to make room for the other material that does not fall under any particular classification, but which, nevertheless, will be found equally interesting. Our plan is meant to be somewhat elastic and hence indicative of the freshness of new currents of life.

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READERS will observe that the working of the arrangement above referred to has not applied to travel, poetry and fiction. There are two travel features in this issue which are admittedly informative and entertaining. Particularly Mr. Katibah's contribution will be found highly appealing to both scholar and layman. While Miss Young is always resourceful in the choice of material, whether original or selective. Our only complaint is about the paucity of her own poetry in her department. It is a sense of modesty that is depriving the readers of some of the loftiest poetry of all time. Her last published poem in the *New York Times* was featured in box form in the *Literary Digest* of November 14. We have also learned from independent sources that the Thomas Moulton "Best Poems of 1931" prints her "Requiescat" also from the *Times*, and the only poem from the American daily press to be included in the collection. We fear we shall have to go over her head in future selections.

Fiction is also maintained, an original short story and an Arabian tale appearing in each issue. But of fiction we promise even more, and we would especially invite that class of stories that shall touch on our home life in America.

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SOME readers gained the impression from our announcement at the beginning of our sixth year that by popularizing the material of the *SYRIAN WORLD* we intended to lower its standard. They expressed themselves after perusing the two last issues as being pleasantly surprised that such was not the case. The fact is any question

of lowering the standard never entered our mind; we only planned to furnish reading material of such nature and such form as to cause less mental strain, and at the same time convey a distinct message and serve a definite purpose. The reaction to our present policy so far has been quite wholesome. We trust it will be translated into cumulative substantial results.

* * * *

WERE WE to follow the practice of our native press, we would be publishing what is tantamount to a standing appeal to subscribers to "please remit." This, however, we do not propose to do. Certain practices of the Syrian press might be pardonable owing to a peculiar psychology. A Syrian subscriber, for instance, is apt to consider it an insult, induced by lack of confidence, if the editor were to discontinue sending him the paper even though he ignores the numerous statements sent him and fails to make payment. As for ourselves, we wish to act on the assumption that those who read English and are aware of American practices will live up to them. Hence our announced decision to discontinue unpaid subscriptions after the lapse of a reasonable time. we will gladly entertain any request for deferred payment, and we will certainly appreciate the courtesy of an acknowledgment of statements or special letters, but how are we to evade hurting the feelings of the subscribers if discontinuance is forced through his failure to take such action.

What we would urgently ask, however, is some display of interest on the part of our loyal subscribers in promoting the future circulation of the magazine. It is a publication that by the very fact of their subscribing to it they admit its usefulness. If it is so to them, it should be so to many others, and each subscriber can be a missionary in his own circle. May we count on some volunteer in every city? The cause is worthy and help is needed.

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Those who contend with the perennial problem of selecting Christmas gifts might well consider the propriety of making gift subscriptions of the Syrian World. Aside from being a gesture of cultural recognition, such a gift comes to the recipient throughout the year for comparatively a nominal consideration. Friends of the Syrian World are asked to keep it in mind during the coming holidays.

Political Developments in Syria

SYRIA AND IRAQ UNDER ONE KING?

King Faisal to Rule in Damascus and Appoint his Brother Ali Regent in Bagdad.

The most sensational rumor to appear so far concerning a possible solution to the Syrian problem is that of the plan to create a dual kingdom of Syria and Iraq with King Faisal as ruler of both countries established at Damascus and his brother Ali acting as regent in Bagdad. Just how much truth there is in this rumor it is impossible at present to determine, because of the abundance of the rumor crop on the subject of the Syrian question with no indication of possible materialization. This latest rumor, however, seems to have enjoyed even more vogue than any other and there are many responsible Syrian leaders who apparently attach much credence to it.

During the summer, King Faisal was in Europe and spent much time in Paris. High Commissioner Ponsot was also in Paris, as were many prominent leaders who are not in the habit of visiting Europe for their health. King Faisal had once been king in Syria and owing to his popularity and influence it was commonly accepted that he was attempting to help the French solve their problem in Syria by inducing them to revert to a monarchical form of government with his brother former King Ali of Arabia on the throne in Damascus. The fact that King Faisal is the better diplomat, plus the fact that he still has a large following in Syria

where once he was king, makes the proposal of establishing him on the Syrian throne instead of his brother sound like a more logical solution. England is represented as favoring this arrangement despite her rivalry with France for the preponderance of influence in the East because of the stability it would insure for that part of the Arabic-speaking world. Especially that King Faisal has won tangible results from his negotiations for good will and amity with King Ibn Saoud of Arabia, who had forced the abdication of his father King Al-Husain and later wrested the throne of Al-Hijaz from his brother King Ali. It will also be remembered that King Faisal is a direct descendant of the Prophet and of the line that had the custody of the holy places of Islam. While his other brother Emir Abdullah is the ruler of Trans-Jordania, making it possible, with the proposed creation of the dual Kingdom, to form one solid bloc of homogeneous countries under three brothers, extending from the Mediterranean shore to the borders of Persia, with the exclusion of the small strip of Palestine.

All these considerations make the proposed scheme of the dual monarchy not only feasible but highly desirable in the opinion of its proponents. What would seem to lend weight to there having been serious discussions of

such a possibility between the French authorities and King Faisal is the reference the latter made to his policy in Syria during his rule in Damascus in an official interview he gave to newspapermen and notables of his kingdom after his recent return from Europe. This interview was described by the correspondents as being in the nature of a speech from the throne. The King's remarks about the Syrian situation were to the effect that his hands were forced to assume the attitude he took towards the French in 1920 and which had such disastrous results. The Syrians were too impatient, he said, and sought to gain by force what they could have achieved by patience and a spirit of conciliation, and this despite the fact that they were too little equipped for the military undertaking on which they embarked.

There are those among the Syrians, on the other hand, who disapprove unequivocally of any plan to restore the Syrian kingdom irrespective of personalities. A considerable number of the Nationalist leaders maintain that Syria has a legal constitution which declares for a republic, and that the provisions of this constitution must be enforced until amended, and this amendment cannot be undertaken except by the convocation of a popular assembly enjoying the same powers vested in the Constituent Assembly which first drafted the constitution. Particularly are the Nationalist leaders of Aleppo bitter in their opposition to any change, because of their professed belief that a monarchical form of government would be construed as a step backward for the country. They further argue that the French would naturally favor a king because a single responsible person would lend himself more readily as a tool in their hand.

In the face of all these rumors no

word has been forthcoming from French official sources. All that the native press could procure was a statement by an official of the High Commissariat who refused to be quoted under his own name, and who denied there had been any conversations of a concrete nature between the French government and King Faisal while the latter was in Paris.

Meanwhile, High Commissioner Ponsot, according to the latest reports of the Syrian press, was still in Paris. His movements and plans continue as mysterious as he is reticent. There had been a report at one time that he planned to return to Beirut the latter part of October, but later advices indicated that his return had been delayed until late in November. His return is naturally awaited with great interest because of the expected announcement of the solution he might have reached on the Syrian question. The expectation is that he will order new elections for a popular assembly not only to determine the form of government to be adopted but also the relations Syria should assume with France. This will naturally depend on the conditions France will lay for Syria by way of concessions to its demands for fuller independence.

A logical reason ascribed to the protracted stay of the High Commissioner in France is his desire to discuss the final arrangements of the solution of the Syrian question with Premier Lavale upon the latter's return from Washington.

CONDITIONS IN LEBANON

Lebanon appears satisfied with its political destiny. Apparently the republic has come to stay and there is less disposition at present to raise the question of union with Syria, at least until Syria is able to determine

its own political status. What would seem to occupy most the attention of the Lebanese at present is their acute economic problem, with taxes weighing heavily on the people and the government facing a crisis in attempting to balance the budget.

Emil Eddy, one of the prominent possible candidates for the Presidency in the 1932 elections, has returned from Paris and categorically denied the rumors that he had sought, while in France, to create of Lebanon a national home for the Christians in the East by an exchange of population with Syria. It was learned, however, that the French, in whatever

solution they might arrange for the Syrian problem, are determined to maintain the status quo in Lebanon, both in its political institutions and its geographic boundaries. They are said to be unwilling to return to Syria any of the districts formerly attached to it and since ceded to Lebanon, although they would have no objections to the formation of a union between the other Syrian states. For the purpose of accelerating the solution of the Syrian problem, it is further asserted, they would even be willing to cede the port of Tripoli to the Syrian government, but this would represent the maximum of their concessions.

BEIRUT'S FINEST STREET NAMED FOR EGYPT'S KING.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the accession of His Majesty King Fuad I to the Egyptian throne, which falls on Oct. 9, the Lebanese government, this year, gave proof of the growing spirit of good-will between the two peoples by naming the finest thoroughfare in its capital for the King of Egypt. The dedication ceremonies were attended by the Prime Minister and many high government officials as well as by representatives of the French Army and Navy and Civil Administration. The occasion was hailed by the press as emphasizing the traditional friendship between the two "sister countries."

The Consul General of Egypt in Beirut, Muhammad Sary Bey, represented his Majesty the King at the exercises. He expressed in the name of his Majesty Egypt's appreciation of this new gesture of friendship on the part of the Lebanese and said that it went far to strengthen the bonds of brotherly relations between the two countries. The Syrians and the Lebanese are at home while in Egypt, he asserted, because they form an in-

alienable part of Egyptian life since they have played an important role in accelerating the renaissance movement in the Nile Valley. Such names as Mutran, Jemail, Zaidan, Ridha, Rafi, Sarrouf and Barakat, will ever be remembered as those of men who have marched in the van of Egypt's movement of progress. Especially in the civil administration and in their early monopoly of the press will the Syrians and Lebanese be remembered as having rendered Egypt an invaluable service.

In responding to the address of the Egyptian spokesman, the mayor of Beirut appropriately remarked that the strongest bonds between nations are those of language, culture and tradition, and all these conditions are common property between the peoples of the two sister countries.

Other speakers stressed the point of Egypt's leadership in the renaissance movement among the Arabic-speaking peoples. All agreed that co-operation between the two peoples was essential for their continued progress and their proper recognition among the family of nations.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

NEWS SECTION

VOL. VI. NO. 3

NOVEMBER, 1931

"PROPHET" OF GIBRAN IN AMERICAN CHURCH

Impressive Memorial Services and Dramatic Presentation Given in St. Mark's in New York.

Gibran Kahlil Gibran, Syrian artist and author and "Poet of the Cedars," was hailed as a true prophet from the pulpit of the church of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie in New York by Rev. William Norman Guthrie the rector, during the memorial services given on Sunday afternoon, October 25, as a loving tribute to the memory of the departed poet. The Church was packed to overflowing by Gibran's friends and admirers who had come from all parts of the city and many of whom shed copious silent tears throughout the touching ceremonies.

The services consisted of two parts: a devotional office composed entirely of the earlier poetic works of Gibran, read alternately by Dr. Guthrie and several assistants; and a dramatic presentation of the "Prophet" as devised by Phoebe Anna Guthrie and presented by her with the assistance of a carefully selected cast of participants—dancers, enactors and a reader.

This is the fifth presentation of the "Prophet" at St. Mark's, but although not new it assumed particular significance on this occasion owing to the

recent death of the author. The souls of the vast audience were touched as much by the symbolism of the work as by the memory of the man who has given the world this masterpiece of power and beauty. The fact that he was hailed as true prophet, and the recurrent presentation of his work as a self sufficient devotional service, gave rise to the thought that a cult was in the process of formation around the work of Gibran, now bound to take additional momentum since his demise.

Following the religious ceremony a reception was held at the rectory where tea was served. Later in the evening Miss Laura Williams gave a recital of Arab songs.

On November 8th, and at the same church, a further service was held in memory of Gibran, at which several of his unpublished poems were read by Barbara Young, and following this five leading American poets paid their tributes to his spirit, in original contributions. They were Robert Underwood Johnson, Dean of the Hall of Fame, New York University, Anna Hempstead Branch, Director of Cristadora House, Mary Siegrist, William Griffith, President of the poetry Society of America, and Leonora Speyer.

It is but fitting that we reproduce the sincere tribute of Dr. Guthrie to our beloved countryman, as published in a special leaflet distributed on the occasion of the presentation of THE PROPHET. It follows:

KAHLIL GIBRAN

By Dr. William Norman Guthrie

Kahlil Gibran, prophet-poet and painter from Mount Lebanon, had for over twelve years moved among us as one of us. To some he was friend and comrade, as well as teacher—for that he always was. Unpedantic and unassuming, though never falsely modest, naively spontaneous, though subtly constrained by beauty, in speech and gesture, he represented to us an almost racially distinct tradition.

For generations Christian in culture, he yet received his inspiration and fashioned its expression instinctively in the Arab tongue, of which the supreme music and magic are forever in the spells and oracles of Mahomet. So a strange gnomic quality, a thrilling suggestiveness, mystifyingly concrete and logically unseizable, characterize all his utterances in English.

Was this the wedding gift of that union in his soul of two tongues? Languages of course not only express but subconsciously impose, even as deep as the insight and oversight of the mystic.

He knew other European tongues, but deliberately chose that of England for the work of his maturity, which aimed at a world hearing. Few have achieved that, as he most certainly did, while also retaining a provincial loyalty. And how closeknit is that earlier following of his, that great reading public, throughout the Near East, and even to the borders of China as well as the heart of India, to whom Arabic is the holy tongue!

It was, then, in a four-fold capacity, of Syrian, of Arab singer and seer, of English-American poet, and always original illustrator of his poetic work, that he made so wide and deep an appeal.

O for a few more years! Not for exactly the same reasons that we would have given of our own to Keats. How cruel, to have Kahlil Gibran arrested by the hand of death, at the very gate of his Eden, so that he could not take us with him, past the whirling sword of the cherubim, to the sacred Tree of Life.

AMERICAN MISSION IN
EAST EDUCATIONAL

So Declares President Dodge of the
A. U. B. at Dinner Given in his
Honor in New York

By H. I. Katibah

Once more President Bayard Dodge has given a clear and unequivocal expression to the new spirit which governs and guides the American University of Beirut and other institutions of learning made possible in the Near East by the generous contributions of American philanthropists and humanitarians.

At a banquet in his honor and that of Dr. Mary Belles Patrick, President-Emeritus and for fifty-three years active president of Constantinople Woman's College, fittingly given at the International House of Columbia University, New York, on Nov. 16, President Dodge declared that the new attitude of the American colleges in the Near East has been one of cooperation with the peoples of the respective countries where these institutions of higher learning are posted; to make the students who flock to some of these institutions from all quarters of the Near East realize their vast opportunities at home and equip them with the technical knowledge to cope with them.

Dr. Dodge emphasized the amazing speed with which conditions are

changing in the countries of the Near East, where formerly time had very little value. The next day the Herald Tribune featured in bold letters an instance which Dr. Dodge gave to illustrate his point, namely that Bedouins of the Syrian Desert today carry their raids by means of Hudsons and Dodges, instead of horses and camels, giving the chauffeur 25 per cent of the booty as his share! Another sign of this change cited by Dr. Dodge was that whereas formerly very few Turkish girls attended Constantinople Woman's College, today they form 80 per cent of the student-body.

As usual, Dr. Dodge's speech was replete with witty and illuminating remarks. One of these was that applications from Americans of Syrian origin, particularly of Brooklyn, for admission to the American University of Beirut have been so numerous that the authorities of this University have decided to apply the brakes on them.

The new spirit of the American institutions of learning in the Near East is an antithesis of the spirit with which the crusaders, whom he called the most bigoted people that ever went to the East, invaded the Holy Land to wrest it from the hands of its Moslem possessors. It is also different from that condescending spirit with which some Western philanthropists and missionaries approached their work for the natives. It is, in short, the American spirit of give and take, of working together for one single aim. Dr. Dodge would apply the American spirit of democracy which allowed each nationality to develop freely its innate culture, and yet molds all in one loyal body when duty calls for common action. to the whole world.

The banquet itself was an embodiment of this new spirit, for it consisted of alumni of different nationalities: Syrians, Greeks, Turks, Arme-

nians, representing the six American colleges in the Near East. About 300 guests were present.

Mr. William Fellowes Morgan presided. Musical entertainment for the evening was provided by Madame Fedora Corban, styled the Syrian Nightingale, who sang the Syrian national anthem in Arabic and some French and English operatic selections, and by the Quarles Sisters, Virginia, Marguerite and Alice who played the piano, the 'cello and the violin.

SYRIAN BROADCASTING ACTIVITIES IN AMERICA.

The first regular commercial Syrian broadcasting effort which has come to our knowledge is that of the Arabian Eastern Broadcasting Co. operating over station W. N. J. in New York and of which Mr. Salim Ayoub is the business manager. The company has engaged the services of several well-known professional singers and musicians, whose repertory embraces the classics as well as modern popular songs. They can be heard every Sunday at 9 P. M.

Miss Louise Yazbeck of Shreveport, La. advises us that she believes herself to be the first to have broadcast Oriental music in the United States. Her work was started in 1924 when radio was still in its infancy, and she has broadcast not only from her home city of Shreveport but from many other Southern and Southwestern centers. She now broadcasts regularly every Sunday evening at 10.45 Central Standard time over station K. F. K. H. 850 kilocycles, featuring an Oriental program and using principally Prof. Alexander Maloof's compositions. She also makes regular broadcasts every Thursday, over the same station, giving an American program.

SYRIAN RADIO ARTIST



Miss Louise Yazbeck
First to Broadcast an Oriental Program

Miss Yazbeck is a recognized piano teacher of high standing in Shreveport, and lately has been elected President of the Progressive Music Club composed of the piano teachers of the city.

INDIAN SPEAKER
GUEST OF SYRIANS.

Miss Sumayah Attiyeh, the well-known Syrian lecturer, invited the Hindu speaker and companion of Mahatma Gandhi, Mr. Das Gubta, to address a meeting held at the Wells House in Brooklyn Thursday evening November 19. Miss Attiyeh introduced the visiting Indian in glowing terms and the latter gave a detailed and comprehensive account of the private and public life of Gandhi based on personal knowledge.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

WAHHABIS OF NAJD

KILL ARABIC SCHOLAR.

Press dispatches from Jerusalem reported on Oct. 27 that the Wahhabi Arabs had killed the Danish Journalist and Arabic scholar Knud Holmbo near Amman while he was on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Although the exact reason for the murder is not made clear by the dispatches, there would seem to be no doubt that the fanatical Wahhabis resented the insistence of the European scholar on making the pilgrimage to their holy city, apparently doubting the sincerity of his motives in becoming a Moslem.

Knud Holmbo was but thirty years old and had achieved considerable distinction as an Arabic scholar. In Scandinavia he was known as the Danish Lawrence, and his love for the Arabs prompted him to take many adventurous trips in their various countries. Two years ago he made an automobile expedition to Tripoli and was arrested by the Italians on the suspicion of spreading Bolshevik propaganda because of his open championship of the Arab cause, which in Tripoli is interpreted as sedition. He was released only after persistent diplomatic representations by the Danish government.

In the summer of this year he was reported by the Syrian press as having reached Damascus on his contemplated pilgrimage to Mecca. He openly embraced the Moslem faith and adopted the name of Ali. Apparently he could not proceed on his journey any further than Amman which is the capital of Transjordan.

The Wahhabis are the fanatical followers of King Ibn Saoud and are known as Al-Ikhwan, or the Brethren.

A STUDY
of
KAHLIL GIBRAN
"The Man from Lebanon"

Barbara Young, the American poet who is now Kahlil Gibran's literary executor, speaks with authority in a 48 page brochure concerning his life and work, illustrated with several hitherto unpublished portraits of the Poet of the Cedars, and a reproduction of one pen and ink drawing and one page of original manuscript.

A few copies of the limited first edition, serially numbered and autographed by the author, are still available. The price for this edition is \$2.50.

Owing to the wide interest in the brochure, a second printing will be necessary. These will not be numbered nor autographed, and will be procurable at \$1.50 the copy.

Checks may be made payable to the Gibran Studio, 51 West 10th Street, New York City.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION
of The Syrian World, published monthly at New York, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1931.**

**STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK.**

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Salloum A. Mokarzel, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of The Syrian World, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	Post office address—
Publisher, Salloum A. Mokarzel,	104 Greenwich Street.
Editor, Salloum A. Mokarzel,	104 Greenwich Street.
Managing Editor, Salloum A. Mokarzel,	104 Greenwich Street.
Business Manager, Cecil J. Badway,	104 Greenwich Street.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Salloum A. Mokarzel, 104 Greenwich Street.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

S. A. MOKARZEL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1931

[Seal.]

Edna M. Huckner.

(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

Gibran's Message To Young Americans of Syrian Origin

By G. K. GIBRAN

Author of "The Prophet,"
"Jesus the Son of Man,"
etc.



(Written Especially for
The Syrian World)
Reprinted from the First Issue of
The Syrian World, July, 1926

I believe in you, and I believe in your destiny.
I believe that you are contributors to this new civilization.
I believe that you have inherited from your forefathers an ancient dream, a song, a prophecy, which you can proudly lay as a gift of gratitude upon the lap of America.

I believe you can say to the founders of this great nation, "Here I am, a youth, a young tree, whose roots were plucked from the hills of Lebanon, yet I am deeply rooted here, and I would be fruitful."

And I believe that you can say to Abraham Lincoln, the blessed, "Jesus of Nazareth touched your lips when you spoke, and guided your hand when you wrote; and I shall uphold all that you have said and all that you have written."

I believe that you can say to Emerson and Whitman and James, "In my veins runs the blood of the poets and wise men of old, and it is my desire to come to you and receive, but I shall not come with empty hands."

I believe that even as your fathers came to this land to produce riches, you were born here to produce riches by intelligence, by labor.

And I believe that it is in you to be good citizens.
And what is it to be a good citizen?

It is to acknowledge the other person's rights before asserting your own, but always to be conscious of your own.

It is to be free in thought and deed, but it is also to know that your freedom is subject to the other person's freedom.

It is to create the useful and the beautiful with your own hands, and to admire what others have created in love and with faith.

It is to produce wealth by labor and *only* by labor, and to spend less than you have produced that your children may not be dependent on the state for support when you are no more.

It is to stand before the towers of New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco saying in your heart, "I am the descendant of a people that builded Damascus, and Biblus, and Tyre and Sidon, and Antioch, and now I am here to build with you, and with a will."

It is to be proud of being an American, but it is also to be proud that your fathers and mothers came from a land upon which God laid His gracious hand and raised His messengers.

Young Americans of Syrian origin, I believe in you.

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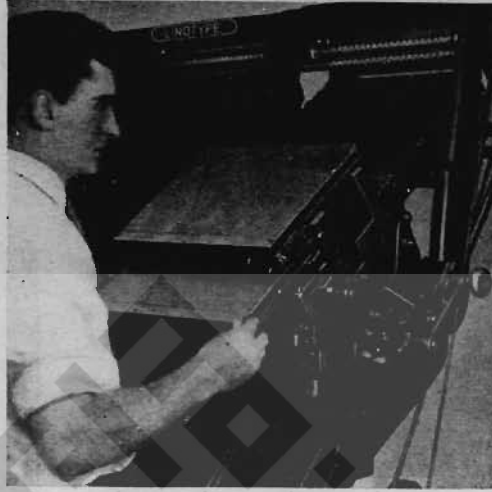


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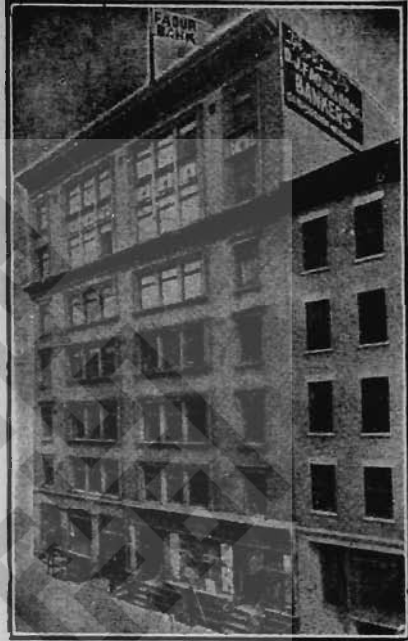
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