



The SYRIAN WORLD

THE GREAT RECURRENCE

KAHLIL GIBRAN

PALESTINE OF RELIGIOUS ROMANCE
AND HISTORIC REALISM

H. I. KATIBAH

ORIGINAL POEMS

BARBARA YOUNG—ALICE MOKARZEL
SELECTED CHRISTMAS POETRY


NEWS AND VIEWS

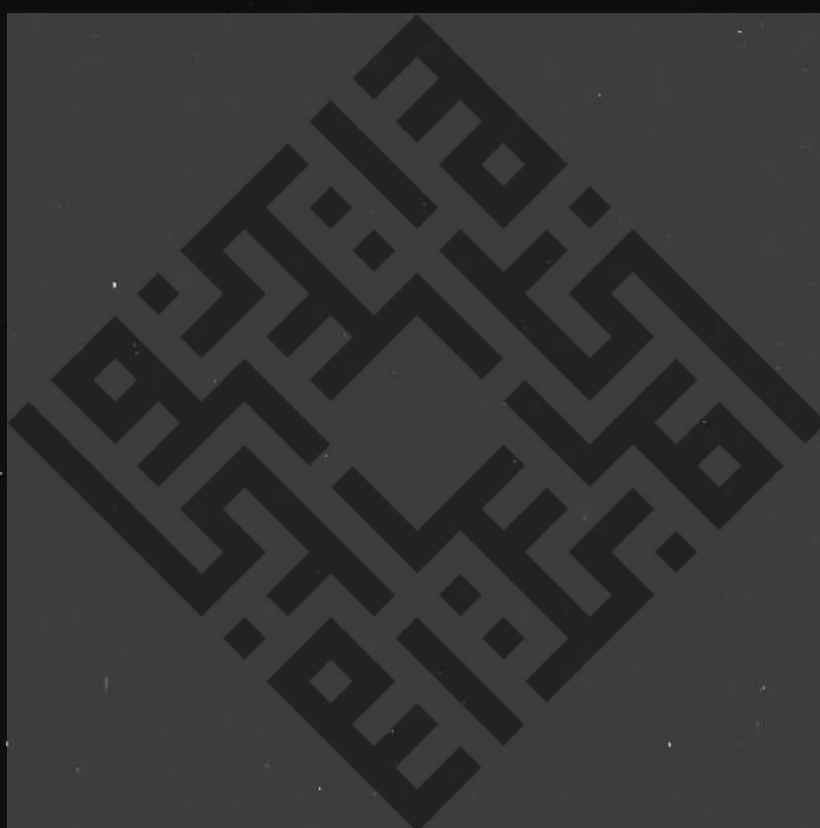
By A STAFF OBSERVER

A PARTY FOR ANEESA (A SHORT STORY)

By EDNA K. SALOOMEY

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The Syrian World

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL, Editor.

VOL. VI NO. 4

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Palestine of Religious Romance and Historic Realism

THE SUCCESSION OF EVENTS WHICH MADE A HOLY
LAND OF THE SMALL SYRIAN PROVINCE
LYING AT THE INTERSECTION OF
THREE CONTINENTS

By H. I. KATIBAH

PALESTINE, to millions of our matter-of-fact, practical, realistic generation, is not a geographic term so much as a state of mind and imagination. It suggests not so much plains, hills, valleys, rivers and stretches of gray, rocky, barren land as it does an idyllic state of serenity, happiness, joy and eternal peace.

It is not surprising that such were the connotations and associations invoked by the word "Palestine" to the generations of our grandfathers and great grandfathers in countries far removed from that little country squeezed in the southern portion of a little corridor between three continents—Asia, Europe and Africa. For Palestine, to them, was something they learned about in the Bible and from queer, multicolored maps of the Sunday schools. It was studied always in connection with an ancient history that was always surrounded with a halo of sanctity and mystery, and often a sense of taboo besides. Rarely was it ever studied with any effort at historic and geographic perspective. Great and mighty nations as the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians and Greeks, were just outlandish, distant names that gain significance only in that

they are brought in association with the name of the Hebrews, the chosen people of God.

There was such a thing as "sacred history" and "profane history," and our ancestors sincerely believed that the former could be studied separately, encompassed as it was between the two morocco covers of a collection of books—the Bible. In the minds of those pious forefathers of ours even profane history became "bibliocentric," and the achievements and civilizations of great neighboring countries was dwarfed and dwindled in contrast with the earnest, religious message of the Hebrew prophets and psalmists. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, who came in the twilight of Hebrew history, were perhaps unknown to most of the Hebrew learned men and priests of their days, and Greek civilization, which at one time threatened to swallow the Hebrew and other civilizations of the East, was condemned as an unclean, heathen innovation. And to most of those who read the Bible a hundred or fifty years ago, even to many who read it today, this great ancient civilization meant just as little. It mattered little that Greek philosophy stole through the backdoor of Christian theology and square-footedly occupied a secure place in the Bible, or that it was two great Jews, Philo and St. Paul, who introduced this same Greek philosophy to the Semitic, practical religion of the Jews.

It is no wonder, we say, that our ancestors took such an exclusive view of Palestine and its history, and that to them Palestine was an idealized term of religious sentiment and distant history. In those days there were no cables to link far-flung countries of the world together and make them seem like a little country town where all the gossip of the day could be exchanged around the stove of the country general store; there were no fast trains that devoured space, no airplanes that annihilated time, and shrunk this globe of ours to one tenth of its original size. For, after all, time and distance are relative terms, and only have sense in relation to our capacity for turning them into subjective human experience.

But the wonder is that to a great number of people among us, in this age of the cable, the fast trains, trans-Atlantic steamers, zeppelins and airplanes, Palestine still is a term of religious romance that has little historic realism and practically no geographic perspective to them.

I was strongly reminded of this in a little anecdote that a friend of mine, a former research worker in the Foreign Policy Association, once related to me. She told me that she was once dictating a letter to a Jewish stenographer in the office, and when

the letter was finished she directed that it be addressed to a certain gentleman in Jerusalem, Palestine.

The Jewish girl opened her eyes wide with sudden surprise.

"Jerusalem?" she asked, her eyes shining with a mysterious, distant gleam, as if the word suggested to her some golden dream of romance and bliss.

"Yes, Jerusalem!" replied the research worker, smiling.

"Palestine?" again asked the surprised stenographer.

"Yes, Palestine" added the research worker.

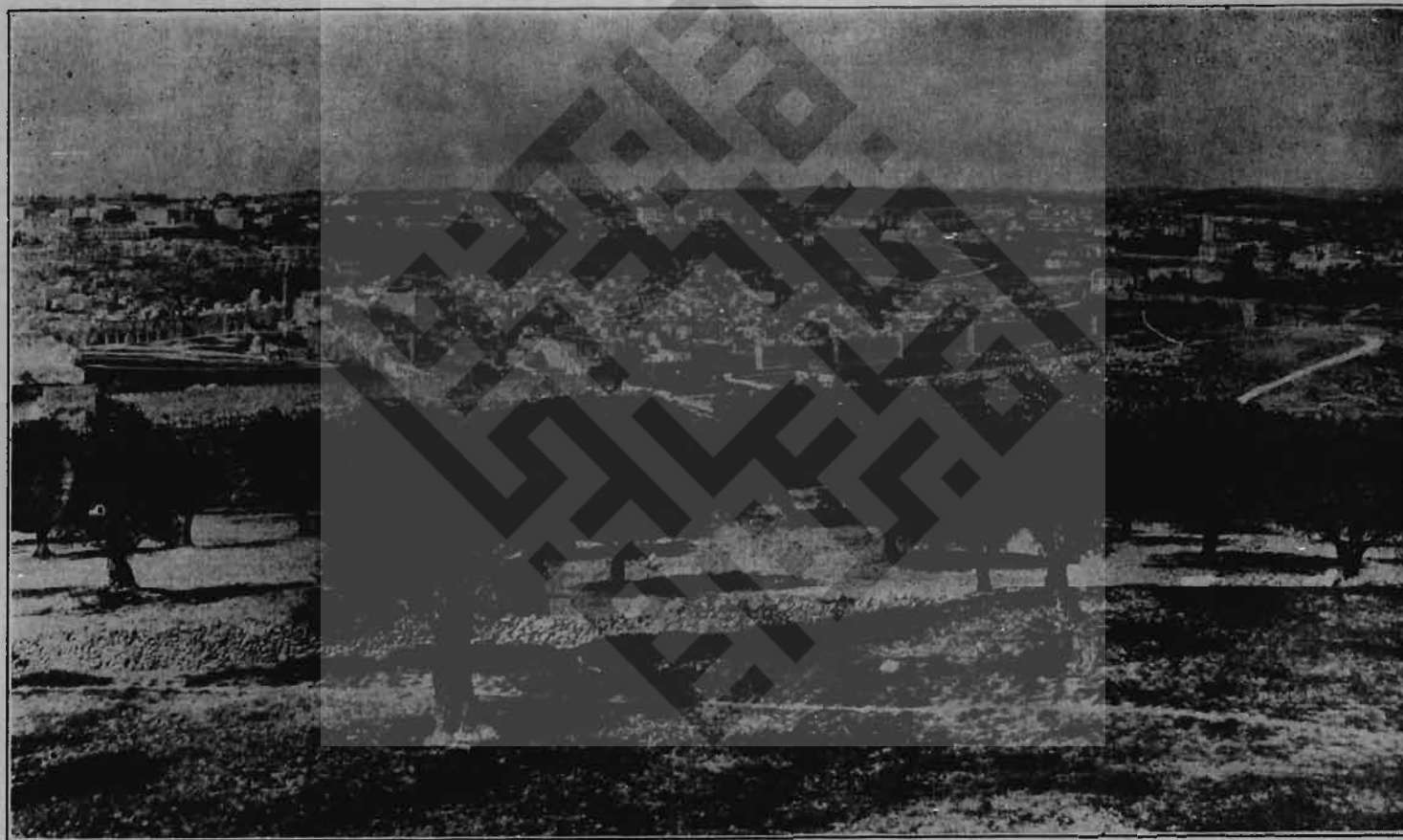
"And will it reach there?" still persisted the puzzled questioner.

"Certainly it will!" assured the young lady whose job it was to keep a great section of American public opinion fully informed on the latest developments in Palestine, Syria, Egypt and the rest of the Arabic-speaking world.

Not only to Christians, but to Jews and Moslems also, the earthly Palestine, and particularly Jerusalem, is inseparably linked with the heavenly one.

The Jews, among the followers of the three great monotheistic religions, were the ones to whom the earthly Palestine, the earthly Jerusalem, was not only real, but the very centre of their reality, and without which their hopes, aspirations, their history and religion, were without significance or substantiality. At least that could be safely said of the orthodox Jews. They had a feverish, fanatic, almost fetichistic attachment to the actual soil, the actual stones, the hills, valleys, trees, the very air that circulated in the clear, translucent sky of that little bit of a Holy Land. This was especially true after the second destruction of Jerusalem under Hadrian who ordered the city rebuilt as Aelia Capitolina and prevented the Jews from even entering it again on the pains of death. Jerusalem became then to the Jews the land of their lost dream, their ultimate hope and salvation, when Jehovah would gather them from their diaspora in every corner of the world and bring them back in rejoicing and triumph to Zion.

Once the land came into the possession of a friendly Semitic people, the Arabs, it was this same passionate longing for Palestine, for Zion, that burned in the hearts of pious Jewish pilgrims and made them leave sometimes comfortable homes in lands where they had flourished and prospered, facing innumerable dangers of seas and lands, to arrive to the land of their happy dreams, even if it were only to lay their hands on its sod and die. It was this inexplicable attachment for a land from which they were separated by



The Holy City of Jerusalem, as it appears from the Mount of Olives.

thousands of miles and almost as many years, that gave rise to numerous legends and ceremonies which added more halo and romance to a country, otherwise less fortunate than many others in the same neighborhood, and less favoured by Providence and nature. Jerusalem became the city "in the middle of the world," and the city to which all the dead will be gathered in the day of resurrection. Those who could not go to Palestine and die there, have to walk in dark, subterranean passages when the archangel Gabriel blows his horn, and every soul answers the roll call to appear before the Great Judge. In their superstitious yearning for "Eretz Yizroel," it was considered a soothing compensation for Jews who die outside Palestine to sprinkle a little of its sacred soil between the legs of the dead—the seat of life.

Perhaps no Jew gave a more intense, sublime expression to this yearning than Jehuda Halevi who lived in the 12th century in Spain, in the heyday of Arab supremacy. He himself wrote in Arabic as well as in Hebrew, and was well off in the country of his sojourn. But there was a mysterious unrestfulness about him which seemed to egg him on and prod him to visit Palestine. Life to him was worthless unless that object was fulfilled, and he sang in longing and anguish of that land of his forefathers that sometimes rose to the heights of the Hebrew psalms, and were shot through with references to biblical passages and incidents. Legend has it that as he was within sight of his cherished dream he was shot by an Arab soldier with an arrow, and so the Jewish poet died within a stone's throw, so to speak, of the Temple, of which he had sung so majestically and pathetically. Here is a typical song, perhaps one of his best, of Jehuda Halevi, from the English translation of Nina Salaman:

"Beautiful of elevation! Joy of the world!
City of the Great King!
For thee my soul is longing from limits of the west.
The tumult of my tenderness is stirred when I remember
Thy glory of old that is departed—thine habitation which
is desolate.
O that I might fly on eagles' wings,
That I might water thy dust with my tears until they
mingle together.
I have sought thee even though thy King is not in thee
and though, in place

Of thy Gilead's balm, are now the fiery serpent and
scorpion.

Shall I not be tender to thy stones and kiss them,
And the taste of thy soil be sweeter than honey unto me?"

But neither in Jehuda Halevi nor any of his compatriots who wasted themselves for Palestine do we hear a celestial note. For while it is true that Aelia supplanted the time-honored name (Jerusalem), as Margolioth remarks, and the latter name began to be used exclusively for "the heavenly city of devotional fancy painted in more gorgeous colours than before," the Jews still clung to the earthly Jerusalem, while Christians, whose Messiah had already come and was with the Father in heaven, lost all interest in the earthly Jerusalem and concentrated it on the heavenly Jerusalem, and often was the former transfigured beyond all recognition of its geographic and historic identity.

Thus when a Bernard de Morlaix, who was contemporary to Jehuda Halevi, sang of:

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest"

we are, sometimes, not quite sure whether the hymnodist had in mind the heavenly or the earthly Jerusalem, or perhaps both in some mystic union of devotional fancy and fervour.

Perhaps the ones who held the most realistic view of Palestine were the Moslem Arabs who occupied the country in the seventh century, the first to fall under their control in their swift and brilliant series of conquest after they sallied forth from their Arabian homeland.

Yet, even the Arabs themselves did not want to be outdone by the Jews and Christians in their devotion to Palestine, "the resting-place of the prophets, the descent place of the angels and of inspiration." It was this desire to rival its sister Semitic, monotheistic religious in pouring its tribute to the "Sacred House," that was back of that most audacious "revelation" of the "Isra," or "nocturnal journey," from the Holy Temple in Mecca to "the Furthermost Temple" in Jerusalem. At the same time of that revelation, one year before the hegira, many of the believers themselves cast serious doubts on the Prophet's claim that that distance, which took a whole month to cover by swiftly driven camels one

way and another month back, was actually traversed by him in one night. There were no airplanes in those days, of course, nor did the Prophet say that he rode on a magical carpet of wind. On the contrary, Mohammed asserted that Gabriel supplied him with a green mount, a cross-breed between a donkey and a mule, called al-Buraq. Once in Jerusalem, Mohammed tied his miraculous mount to a window outside the Temple wall, and to the present day the Mughrabite custodians of the Buraq quarter point to you that very window without any qualms of doubt or trepidation. Then he entered the Temple, and behold Gabriel had gathered for him all the prophets from their graves, and he led them in a short prayer of "two kneelings!"

In this way the transfiguration of Palestine became complete, and the real, earthly Palestine put on a sheen of myth and sanctity more mythical and more sanctified than realistic history could possibly justify.

It took a long and arduous campaign of historic and critical scholarship to restore Palestine to its realistic proportions. Whole books and monographs have been written and are still being written to remove an endless number of illusions about the Holy Land, illusions that have no origin in fact, but were generously supplied by the pious imaginations of devotees to a country so intimately and inseparably linked with the cradle of their religions.

Mark Twain poked satiric fun at those religio-romantic tourists who travelled up and down the Holy Land gushing forth exaggerated and unbridled sentiment about its unmatched beauty and undying glory. He was, on the contrary, impressed especially by its aridity, the sordidness of its environment and lack of scenic beauty. To bring the realization of its proper dimensions nearer to his readers in America he declares that "the State of Missouri could be split into three Palestines, and there would then be enough material left for part of another—possibly a whole one." That this reminder of Mark Twain was not unjustified or uncalled for may be appreciated from an incident which I beg to cite from my own experience. Travelling one day in Ohio, some fifteen years ago, I was engaged in conversation with a pious old lady who was trying to win me to her peculiar form of religious vagaries and convince me that the second coming of Christ was very near, within a few years at most. She gave me some literature to read in which the descent of the Heavenly Jerusalem over the earthly one was vividly described. The heavenly city was to be three hundred miles in length and three hundred miles in width.

"Do you realize, my dear lady," I commented as I read that description, "that the heavenly Jerusalem you speak of would cover twice the size of Palestine, and a large part of it would lie in the Mediterranean Sea!"

Singling out a particularly sentimental tourist who had written more fancy than fact about Palestine, Mark Twain describes him as one who "went through this peaceful land with one hand forever on his revolver and the other on his pocket handkerchief. Always, when he was not on the point of crying over a holy place, he was on the point of killing an Arab." Then he adds with a touch of indignant irony: "More surprising things happened to him than to any traveller here or elsewhere since Munchausen died!"

Mark Twain did a great service to the people of his generation, and his "Innocents Abroad" is a classic of debunking which every tourist, particularly to the Holy Land, should read.

Nevertheless the stream of sentimental literature about Palestine still goes on. But the banner of fervid eulogizing and romancing vagary today is not carried by Christian monks and tourists, but by so-called "practical Zionists," who refuse to believe that Palestine is too small, too barren and utterly unfit for ethnic, industrial and military considerations, to be the seat of a revived Jewish state. Nor would they even read their own history with eyes undimmed by the wish-fulfillments of their harried, persecuted career in Palestine itself and ever since they were driven out from it.

To Zionists in particular, and to all others who cannot or refuse to separate in their minds between Palestine of fancy and Palestine of fact, Palestine of religious romance and Palestine of historic realism, I sincerely commend a recent book written by a Jewish rabbi, a scholar and gifted writer, who took upon himself the task of redrawing the whole history of the Jews in deft and broad strokes that restore its true picture to us and place it in a true perspective of history and balanced reason. This book, "Stranger than Fiction," by Lewis Browne, is a great work of popularization which brings within our reach the painstaking labours of hundreds of scholars and historians—that disquieting tribe of indefatigable workers who ever insist on bringing us back to our senses and destroy our cherished illusions that have no roots in fact, and often not even in fancy.

One paragraph from this book, describing Jerusalem in the days of David, is sufficient to illustrate the spirit and aim of the author:

"When David took hold of Jerusalem," writes Mr. Browne, "it must have been much like any other Canaanite town. From end to end its length was probably that of ten of our city blocks, and surrounding it was a tremendously high wall of stone..... The houses were flat-roofed, one story huts of stone plastered with mud; and there was no furniture inside them. The people ate and slept on the ground, and the animals ate and slept with them. Horrid smells filled every corner of the town, for of course there were no sewers and no street-cleaning department. Nasty insects buzzed around everywhere, for refuse rotted in front of every house. Savage, half-starved dogs prowled about, and here and there dirty little children, naked save for the good-luck charms hung around their necks, with bellies swollen from drinking foul water, and faces covered with sores and scars, played amid the filth or ran errands.

"Such was Jerusalem that became the capital of David's empire. There he established his harem of twenty or thirty wives—and right proud he must have been of it, for in those days the might of a monarch was largely judged by the size of his harem—and there he served as high priest and chief justice and king."

Christmas Altar

By ALICE MOKARZEL

There is a holy quiet here—
A sacred stillness that breathes a calm
Unto the troubled heart; a balmy incense
That seeks the weary soul and bids it rise
And behold the comfort of a thousand years
Revealed above the glamour of this shrine.

There are the gifts of Magi here—
In leaves that twine the golden cross,
And candles, soothing the beloved dark
Like pallid, love-lit soldiers, guarding
This world-heart of the hearts of men.

There is an unsung carol here
That fills the breast of king and shepherd,
And quells the tired and aching heart
That finds its solace near His bed.

The Great Recurrence

By KAHLIL GIBRAN

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

MANY centuries ago they said that the humble shepherds of Judea and the wise Kings of Persia came to a manger to worship the infant Jesus. They also said that the shepherds sang of peace and good will, and of love that binds man to man; and that the wise Kings laid gold and frankincense at the feet of the Blessed Babe.

Today we children of the vast yesterday come to a manger, which is in truth our solitude; each one of us a shepherd who would have peace in the pasture of his thoughts, and the good will of all the other shepherds—and each one of us a King of his own destiny, who would lay gold and frankincense at the feet of his greater self: gold for assurance and frankincense for dreams.

You and I and all our neighbors would kneel before the anointed genius of mankind, which is in us all.

And they say that Jesus was born in a cave even like his forerunners, Orpheus and Methra and Zoroaster. They said this for they knew that only the secret depths can give birth to great heights.

And today, we, too, believe that vast souls, even as vast worlds, move from darkness to light, and from oblivion to recognition, from hidden roots to blooms that laugh in the sun and dance in the wind.

But they said that the King of Judea decreed, in his fear, the slaughter of all the newborn in the land, for he was told even by the Persian seers that the infant Jesus should overrule him and deprive him of scepter and diadem.

Today we in our fear of the unknown tomorrow would slay the innocence in us that it may not be a stumbling block in the path of our governing intelligence.

But, thanks be to the heavens above, there is for some of us an Egypt for an escape and golden sands and palm trees for safety.

We go there in faith, knowing that that which we would save in us is the truth and the beauty which the angel of our white nights so graciously taught us to love and protect.

Yea, it was in that distant yesterday when the genius of our heart's desire was born, and the secret in our depth was revealed to us, and the innocence in us sought escape from the designing which is in us also.

And all this shall come to pass many times before we reach our homecoming. It is the mystic recurrence of the divine mystery before the face of the Son.

(Reprinted from the Herald Tribune, Dec. 23, 1928)



Symbolic of The Great Recurrence.



BARBARA YOUNG, *Editor*

"The child is but a day old, yet we have seen the light of our God in His eyes and the smile of our God upon His mouth.

"We bid you protect Him that He may protect you all."

Kahlil Gibran

GOLD AND frankincense and myrrh. . . . Never the celebration of the Christmas holiday that these words do not ring in our hearts like temple bells. The poetry of the Yuletide is like the poetry of no other time in all the twelvemonth of the year, even as the poet whose birth we now remember, surpasses all other poets who have lived and died upon this planet; the Poet who lived his poems and who left not so much as one written word on any parchment.

In that little bridge-country which has been an embattled field since time began, in the midst of civil turbulence and inter-racial violence, this Poet, and this Prince of Peace was born.

In the East, in the Arabic speaking countries, all princes have been poets. There were long ages when such a being as a king who was not also a poet was unthinkable.

But the Poet of Nazareth, born, the churchly record reads "in Bethlehem of Judea," has bequeathed to mankind a heritage of poetry such as none other of any land, of any time, has left.

What he may actually have said really matters little after all. The divine beauty and power that invested his human person, the mighty emanation from his ageless spirit lives and shall live, a persistent song in the deep heart of the race, and a golden word upon its tongue.

More poetry has been written in his name than in the name of any other ten of earth's high spirits. And there is that in every remembrance of this Man which imparts a rhythm and a melody even to the prose that takes his doings for its theme. The magic of his being bestows a quality of music upon our common words, and every poet who puts quill to paper delights to ponder his ways and his comeliness.

"Then suddenly, one night,
I had a vision—we will call it so.
I saw a Young Man working with his tools,
Hammer and plane and saw, beside a bench.
It was a room like this. Often he stopped
And looked away out through the open door
To the low hills. I heard him speaking, too
He was a comely fellow, very young,
Twenty perhaps, with eyes like mountain pools,
The kind you'd know would gather stars at night
In their dark depths. His hands upon the wood
And on the plane were like two conscious things
That breathed and thought and lived a separate life.
I've never seen two other hands like those,
Nor such a frame, compact like a young tree—
And his face, Michael, it was like a god,
And like a child, and like a woman, too;
But most of all it was a poet's face,—
A poet who could be a warrior
If need be, or a shepherd, or a king,
Or just a man, a village carpenter."

* * * *

Today there is a great stirring in the world above this world. This Christmas Eve when the choirs from our great city churches gather around the living tree that comes to visit Times Square, and when the people of Becharre, far away in the Lebanon hills, go through the snowy night, singing and carrying their lanterns to the village sanctuary, there will be also a mighty convocation in the ether, of those freed spirits who have achieved the heights since last the Christmas carols ascended from the hearts of earth to the great Heart of Heaven. And if we shall listen in the innermost of our being, who knows that we too may not hear the echo of a heavenly host chanting the poetry of that world beyond this world?

Blithesome Boy

I think he was a blithesome Boy.
 I think his words were clear and free;
 I think he was as straight and brown
 As some young tree.

I think his laugh rang down the wind.
 I think he tossed his tumbled hair
 And flung a snatch of simple song
 Upon the air.

I think he lingered on the hills,
 And learned the magic of the grass;
 And knew the heart of every tree
 That saw him pass.

And heard upon the mountain-top
 The distant singing in the sun
 From cedar branches blowing green
 On Lebanon.

I think he came to Mary's door
 With eager homeward-running feet,
 And to his hungry human mouth
 Her bread was sweet.

Yet he himself was bread, and wine,
 And olive-branch and cedar tree,
 And grass, and star, and shining depth
 Of Galilee.

Oh, he was laughter and delight,
 And he was pain, and tears, and death,
 And every suffering, and joy
 Of Nazareth.

He was all silence, and all song;
 He was a cross, a diadem;
 The Man of Sorrows, and the Babe
 Of Bethlehem.

BARBARA YOUNG
 from *The Keys of Heaven*

Christmas Poetry

STILL THERE IS BETHLEHEM

All love and mystery in one little face.
All light and beauty in a single
star

That rose among the shadows, pure
and far,

Above an humble place.

All heaven in song upon a lonely hill,
Earth listening, fain and still.

The long years go; the old stars rise
and set,

Dreams perish, and we falter in
the night.

Still there is Bethlehem; could heart
forget

That loveliness, that light?

Shadows there are, but who shall
fail for them?

Still there is Bethlehem.

Nancy Byrd Turner
in *Good Housekeeping*.

CAROL

The Christ Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(Oh, weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(Oh, stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ Child stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at
Him

And all the stars looked down.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

SECOND COMING

He found us like the deathly thief
In all our night of unbelief;

A new star, like the Magi's gem
Above a blind new Bethlehem.

He lighted up the little way
Of men lost fearfully in clay.

Firefly or foxfire he was not,
But some eternal burning spot.
Some fagot that the gods forgot,

Some alien torch that dropped in place
From bonfires on the fields of space;

With beauty almost blasphemous
He aureoled and haloed us.

And we who had not known before
The white of daisies by a door,
The white of cloud and sycamore,

Knew suddenly the feathered frond
Of angel's wings—and worlds beyond.

Though some men craven with their
fear
Shaded their eyes when he grew near,

Some men who did not dread the
glow,
Went close and were translucent so,
With souls like hexagons of snow.

For we who once were darkened glass
Through which men's gazes could not
pass.

Each opened and a rainbow was!

Ernest Hartsock
in *The Best Poems of 1931*
Thomas Moulton.

News and Views

By A STAFF OBSERVER

ARE THESE GREAT MEN REALLY SYRIANS?

FAR BE it from us to advance any preposterous claim calculated to nourish an unseemly racial vanity. But we cannot very well omit, for the purpose of historical record, reference to some facts which every now and then creep into public print and have a direct bearing on Syrian ethnology. Our excuse is that since others discuss such matters openly we are entitled to the same privilege. In saying this we do not mean to be apologetic; simply modest!

Upon the visit of Premier Laval of France to the United States reference often was made in the American press to the fact that he was of Arab blood. A writer in the New York Sun was so positive of this fact that he attributed to it not only the French Premier's "extreme swarthiness of complexion but also the impregnable placidity he exhibited in trying circumstances." A Syrian lady who attended the dinner given in the Premier's honor in New York called the office of the Syrian World the following day to break the glad news that M. Laval was not only Arab but Syrian. The secret had been revealed to her, she said, by someone who was in a position to know, and we knowing the lady to be of judicious discernment were strongly inclined to credit her report, but for fuller confirmation sought information of one of our French friends in New York, M. H. Jules-Bois, a scholar and author of standing who had lectured at the French Institute on the career of M. Laval under the official auspices of the French consul. M. Jules-Bois neither affirmed nor denied, simply confining himself to the statement that he did not know sufficiently about M. Laval's ancestry to render conscientious judgment. He was positive, however, that the district in France in which M. Laval was born is known to have been settled by Moors centuries back, and the report that he had Arab blood in his veins might not be devoid of truth.

So much for the Premier of France. The other great man of

our time who is persistently referred to as a Syrian, and sometimes is attacked for being one, is Arturo Calles, the strong man of Mexico. Reference was often made in the pages of the Syrian World to the fact that Calles was frequently called by his political opponents "El-Turco" The Turk. Some Catholic papers in the United States who resented Calles' attitude toward the church traced his genealogy and asserted that his father was a Syrian immigrant who had started as a peddler and later settled in the interior of Mexico as a farmer and trader. It must be borne in mind that all Syrians, whether in the United States or in Mexico, were formerly classed as Turks in the immigration records. In declaring their country of origin they were entered as Turks because they were under Turkish rule. Hence the contention of a Federal Judge in one of the Circuit Courts of the South that the Syrians were not eligible to American citizenship because they were of Mongol blood, the Turks being originally of Mongol stock, and the Syrians, because they were under Turkish rule, were consequently Mongols. This view would appear preposterous on the face of it, but the Syrians, nevertheless, had to carry the case to the United States Supreme Court to prove their descent from the white race.

This is by way of demonstrating how public conceptions are at times deceiving, and why Calles should be called a Turk although a Syrian. Calles himself is not known to have ever denied it. In the face of all attacks levelled upon him in the heat of political campaigns, he is not known to have uttered a word of explanation as to his racial origin. He took the attitude that if his opponents chose to call him a Syrian or a Turk, let them howl to their heart's content. He is what he is, a true Mexican determined to bring order out of chaos in that troubled country. This he seems to have succeeded in doing with a display of energy, generalship and statesmanship that have won him great admiration. Perhaps in later years, when his biography as the political saviour of Mexico is written, his descent will be traced back to its true origin. For the present let us be content to advance the claim as it stands. While not positively claiming Calles as a Syrian, we cannot help recording the fact that he is "accused" of being one.

Altogether out of this class, but equally famous in his own line, is another celebrity whom some claim to be a Syrian. We refer to that undefeated champion in the pugilistic ring Mr. Gene Tunney, the battling marine of pronounced literary proclivities. The Arabic press of New York on several occasions made capital of the rumor that Mr. Tunney is none other than the son of Peter

Touma, one of the famous companions of the Lebanese hero Joseph Bey Karam who fought the Turks to preserve the independence of Mt. Lebanon. Touma is credited with having attacked a Turkish mountain battery single-handed, and after putting to rout the gunners shouldering the cannon and carrying it triumphantly to his own camp. There does not seem to be as much substantiation for Tunney's claim, however, as for the others.

Of more intimate relation to the subject under discussion is the revelation of the extent of Arab influence in the Argentine Republic which came about as a result of the last revolution in that country and caused the downfall of President Irigoyen in the fall of 1930. The President was represented as the last of the caudillos, the fierce Arab horsemen credited with having brought about the Republic's existence. An account of their romantic activities was published in the October, 1930 issue of the Syrian World, from which we reprint the following extract as reported by a staff correspondent of the New York Times writing from Buenos Aires:

“*** The downfall of Dr. Irigoyen definitely marks a new era in Argentine history in an even more romantic sense, for it means the passing from history of the old caudillos (petty chieftains), who were a product of gaucho civilization on the Pampas. Argentine owes its very existence to these gauchos who were wild nomad horsemen, whose fathers handed down to them the Moorish blood they brought from Spain in the days of the conquest and whose mothers were South American Indians.

“The gauchos retained many characteristics of their Arabian ancestors who had overrun Spain, and they formed a barrier between the tiny outposts of civilization and the wild Indians of Pampas, who until the late '80s resisted Argentina's efforts to establish herself as a nation. **** The caudillos led the numerous civil wars which for so many years retarded Argentine progress until another gaucho caudillo, Juan Manuel de Rosas, set himself up as dictator and ruthlessly wiped out all other caudillos who opposed him, thus paving the way for organized government in Argentine. Dr. Irigoyen is the last of the caudillos.”

Commenting on this news at the time of its publication over a year ago, the Syrian World made the following observations: “Had a Syrian or Arab writer laid claim at any time to the Arab's exercising such a great influence in the social and political order of a new and progressive country in the New World such as the Argentine Republic, his claim would have been branded as preposterous. Immediately the accusation would be made that we would want

to claim everything for the Arabs, the Phoenicians and other Eastern peoples. ***In the present case the Arabs are not advancing any claim of influence. They are accused of having it. ****That this influence did not prevail until the end is not the question as much as its having existed and lasted for so long a time in the history of Argentine, and having been so strong as to be the cause for the safety of the country while it lasted."

ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY

IN A SERIES of articles by Karl K. Kitchen on present conditions in Soviet Russia now appearing in the New York Sun, this American writer offers what may seem a novel explanation of the Russians' apparent lack of chivalry towards women as compared with other European races. Here are his exact words:

"It might not be amiss to explain one reason for the equality of the sexes in the Soviet Union. The bulk of the races that inhabited this part of Europe did not take part in the great crusades during the Middle Ages. The idea of chivalry never came into their lives. Consequently women were never placed on a pedestal, as they were in many other parts of Europe. And that is why today women are treated exactly the same as men, in every phase of life as well as before the law.

"This also explains the bad manners, or at least the lack of consideration, which the vast majority of Russians have for women. And, on the other hand, it accounts for the sturdy type of self-supporting, self-reliant woman that is encountered on every side."

The plain deduction is that chivalry, as it is known in Europe, originated in the East as a result of the crusades. And it naturally follows that it originated in Syria since Syria was the theatre of war in those days and the main object of the crusades was to free the Holy Land from the domination of the Moslems, and the Holy Land is a part of Syria. The crusaders learned the rudiments of chivalry from their opponents and brought it back to their homelands where it bloomed into its present form. Russia apparently lacks chivalry because it did not contribute its quota to the host of the crusaders.

There is no dearth of English literature on this subject. Only recently our Syrian scholar, Prof. Philip K. Hitti of Princeton, wrote a treatise on this subject which appeared in the April, 1931

issue of the Syrian World. Those of our readers who desire further enlightenment on this interesting topic may profitably refer to that article, or better still, they may refer to his lengthy work on the subject entitled the *Memoirs of Usamah, an Arab Syrian Gentleman and Warrior in the Times of the Crusaders*, published by the Columbia University Press.

EAST AND WEST

The following is an editorial of the New York Times of December 7.

DEDICATION of a building at the University of Chicago devoted to the investigation of early man—a building which “finds no parallel in any other University, either in America or abroad”—draws the Near East still nearer to the West. It is in the East that the origins of the civilization we have inherited are for the most part hidden; and the Oriental Institute under Western skies seeks now to help man in a literal sense to “orient” himself—to get his bearings and see in true perspective the history of the human race. Especially is it to help bridge the gap between the savage of the paleontologist and the historian’s story of the people who emerge in Europe as “civilized” beings.

Dr. James H. Breasted, with his general headquarters in this building, has an army of diggers not alone with spades but also with modern excavating machinery, directed by an archaeological staff, on a 3,000-mile front, stretching from Luxor in Egypt northward past Sinai, through Palestine and Syria to the uplands of Anatolia, eastward and southward across Mesopotamia to Persepolis in Persia. Many other groups are making independent research, but for the first time a single organization is able to “control and correlate” research and excavation throughout the leading early civilization in a “single composite construction” of the pre-European course of human life, when for thousands of years man was advancing along a front as wide as the United States.

Of special significance is the evidence that in this period man in Egypt began “to hear remote voices that proclaimed the utter futility of material conquest.” It was then that “conscience and character broke upon the world.” The coffin lids of Egyptians five hundred years after the Pyramid age and millenniums B. C. revealed

a longing for felicity beyond the satisfactions of food and drink and shelter.

In the spacious walls of the Oriental Institute the East walks again in its beauty and majesty, but with sobering if not frightening suggestion to the present, which sees in every object reminders of a perished past—of the death of civilizations that dreamed they were immortal. Yet every earthen fact is touched by the spirit of skill that begat it and is passed on as a symbol of struggle toward an ideal. The great winged bull that looks with steady gaze into a strange world may be but an early dream of human flight—the man's face appearing above the wings, the strength of the bull suggesting the power of the motor that has taken the place of beasts of burden.

Even if these relics of a dead past cause disquiet in these days, it is cheering to remember, with Mr. Fosdick, speaking in their presence, that it is the continuing peril that develops the human spirit, that it has been in times of instability and not in hours of placidity that the greatest contributions have been made to the cultural life of man. The past only tells us, in the words of a great present-day philosopher, that it is the "business of the future to be dangerous."

OMAR KHAYYAM—HIS GRAVE AND SHIRAZ WINE.

A RECENT press dispatch from Teheran announces that the Persian government had decided to raise a tomb over the grave of her great national poet Omar Khayyam, of Rubaiyat fame, whose remains reposed for nearly eight centuries at a distance of about four miles from Nishapur, where he was born, almost unmarked and in a deplorable state of neglect. This interest of the Persians in their famous poet is comparatively recent, induced only through the greater interest displayed in him by his Western admirers, who came to appreciate his philosophy through the masterly translation of Fitzgerald. It is a well known fact that the Tent-maker, although famous as a mathematician and astronomer, did not enjoy among his countrymen the reputation of Hafiz and Sa'di as a poet. Actually it was Fitzgerald who established Omar's reputation as a poet. This is but one of the many instances where the translator, by his improvement on the original, practically creates a luminous and glamorous spirit out of what was only a mere shell. This does not preclude the other fact that in most cases the transla-

tion never comes up to the standard of the original.

In commenting on the proposed action of the Persian government, the New York Sun quotes Professor A. V. Williams Jackson of the department of Indo-Iranian languages of Columbia University, as describing Omar's tomb as "a simple case of bricks and cement. Vandal scribblers, found in Persia as in every other land, have desecrated it by scratching their names and making random scrawls. A stick of wood, a stone and some fragments of shards profaned the top of the sarcophagus at the time we saw it. There was nothing else**** There were no evidences of the roses which Omar had wished might mark his burial place, neither was there fulfillment of his prediction that roses would fall in showers upon his grave**** We wished for a taste from that jug of wine made famous by Omar's line. Our messenger returned after a search round the town, only to bring a vile specimen of Russian vodka."

This condition finds its counterpart in the grave of the other Eastern poet Abul'Ula whose English translator is our own Syrian poet Ameen Rihani. The philosophy of the Syrian poet transcends that of the Persian. He is styled by some of his admirers as the Oriental Dante. He antedates both Dante and Omar, and even has a work on an imaginary visit to the nether regions, *Risalat al Ghuf-ran*, much similar to Dante's *Inferno*. He also gave expression to much of Omar's later philosophical tenets, but he did not sing of wine and women and roses in such manner as to appeal to the popular fancy.

Why these and other Oriental poets are more honored abroad than at home provokes thought. They live and die in want, although their songs are on the lips of city dwellers and desert travelers. They give out of the overflowing of their hearts and do not invoke copyright laws. Just how much Western poets are subject to the same lot would bear discussion. But we do not wish to trespass on the Poetry Department.

The remark of Professor Jackson on Persian wine is equally interesting. For vile vodka to supplant the fine Persian wine is tragic. Especially that one of the finest brands of European wine owes its fame and popularity to Persian origin. This is on the authority of the late Khalil Bey Aswad, a Syrian scholar who died a few years ago in New York and had resided for a considerable time in Persia. Cherry wine, he explained, is not a concoction of the cherry fruit, but was so named after a certain method of brewing. Originally it was known as "cherries wine," which is a corruption of the original name of Shiraz wine, the similarity of sound being ob-

vious. Shiraz wine, in other words "Persian wine," was famous in olden times for its superior quality, and when the Portuguese first began to trade with Persia they discovered these virtues of Shiraz wine, "which flows in the veins like liquid fire." They imported it to their country and began to manufacture it according to the process of the Persians, giving it its original name which in time underwent the process of corruption.

PROMOTING RELIGIOUS UNDERSTANDING

THE AMERICAN HEBREW, Jewish national newspaper, is the sponsor of a movement for fostering better understanding between Christian and Jew in America and has given a gold medal to be awarded each year to the "outstanding contributor to intra-religious comity and understanding." The movement was inaugurated in 1930, and for that year the medal was awarded to former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, a Protestant. This year, by the unanimous selection of fifty-three judges, it was awarded to Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, a Catholic.

The very fact that such a movement has been started and is meeting with the approval of leading men among Christians and Jews indicates the existence of an amount of ill-will and misunderstanding that is bound to be harmful if allowed to go unchecked. The most effective way to check it is by recognizing and rewarding the efforts of those who try to mitigate it. This is what the American Hebrew set out to do.

The gratifying feature of the movement is that it is being done with a method. People of the West work along set plans and their efforts are consequently rewarded with success. We of the East conceive of brilliant ideas and act on them hastily, in response to sudden impulses, and fail to achieve lasting results. The example of the West should carry a lesson.

Upon the promulgation of the Ottoman Constitution in 1908 the people went into transports of joy, and Christian priests and Moslem Sheikhs were known to have embraced publicly in Beirut in the course of popular demonstrations. This seems to have been but a momentary flare which soon died out. When the first excitement subsided long standing prejudices reasserted themselves in even more virulent form. Only lately, when deliberating on the Syrian Constitution, the religious element was injected in the basic structure of the State. Representation in Lebanon also is determined along religious lines.



BAHIA AL-MUSHEER, *Editor*

THE DIETETIC VALUE OF SYRIAN FOOD

VERY often we hear Syrian parents remark (and some complain) that their children have lost their taste for Syrian dishes and speculate about the cause, advancing theories for it, sometimes rational and sometimes otherwise. That a large percentage of our children partake of Syrian dishes under protest is, I regret to say, a fact. It makes it hard for the old folks because they enjoy the dishes on which they were brought up, and they consider it an unnecessary sacrifice on their part to submit to the whims of their offsprings. To him who appreciates the value of diet, this attitude of our young generation should be a cause of great concern. I say this because of my conviction, which is based on study, that our dishes in their dietary values and in their flavor, are second to none. Here I want to take exception to the statement often voiced by some to the effect that Syrian dishes are, as they put it, "heavy", meaning of course that one's stomach feels overloaded after finishing with a meal. As a matter of fact, it is not that the dish in itself is "heavy" but that the portion of it with which they load their stomachs is excessive. I will admit one point, however, and that is this: By faulty preparation, one will make any dish "heavy" and indigestible. For instance, what can be worse than "Dawood Basha" served with a half inch of fat floating on the surface of its gravy, and the rice swimming in butter? So when I say faulty preparation I mean the lack of judgment in the balancing of the ingredients, and the failure in cooking or rather curing of them. Then there is the question of the combination of dishes. In this we often make grave mistakes, especially when we have guests and are afraid lest

we should be considered inhospitable. Let me inject here a short reflection: Any virtue can be abused in such manner as to make of it a vice; and hospitality should be an attitude and not a display. Now, then, can you imagine the condition of a diner after a meal composed of stuffed squash, kibbi in two or three styles, chicken and the accessories and baqlawa? Who will ever sit to a meal composed of New England boiled dinner, Boston baked beans, roast beef and pie? We are serving American dishes at our table in the same manner they are served in American homes, to the enjoyment of our guests and our own. Why then don't we use the same judgment when we serve our native dishes?

I stated above that in food values as well as in flavor our dishes are inferior to none, and in a previous issue, I hinted that our forbears, by instinct, experience, or expediency, or all of these, made us heirs to a highly scientific mode of cooking and way of feeding. This statement may startle those among us who are apologetic about their race and its accomplishments and who find nothing good coming out of Nazareth. This takes me back to the starting point and our younger generation and their attitudes towards our native food. I see in that a reflection on the way we look down upon what is our own; considering it, without a study or intelligent reflection, as inferior. I do not mean for one moment to say that one should be blindly partisan, approving only of himself and his own ways and taste. We have a saying in Arabic that runs somewhat like this: "Eat what pleases you, but wear what pleases others." I should modify that first part by saying: Eat what is good for you, be it Syrian or otherwise. Then the question resolves itself into this: Study your diet, balance its ingredients, make it as simple as possible, prepare it properly, and use it sparingly.

A MENU FOR AMERICAN GUESTS

DO OUR American friends enjoy our cooking? So far as I am concerned, I make a point to offer them only of our dishes, and they have invariably enjoyed them, and, moreover, I know they were good for them. I admit that I give the planning of the meal a great deal of thought in order to make it simple, palatable and healthful. Perusal of the menu does not give that impression, but it is a fact.

Supposing I should give a sample:—

Lamb broth with small meat balls, garnished with minced parsley, and lemon juice.

Mushroom, or Okra, or String Bean Stew with side of rice.

Broiled Kibbi

Vegetable salad, lemon juice and oil dressing.

Fruits in season.

PROPER ROASTING

IN ROASTING chicken or turkey, let me suggest placing the bird in the roasting-pan first on one side, then on the other. When two-thirds done, lay at breast up. This will brown it evenly and prevent the breast meat and drumsticks from over-cooking and becoming too dry.

HOW LADIES COULD USE IDLE HOURS

WHAT are our young ladies and matrons who have time to spare doing with it? Time was when they used to pride themselves on the articles they used to make for their own personal use or for their future or present homes. I realize that knitting, tatting and embroidering are passé, still there is something not only beautiful and useful when it is done, but is fascinating in the making, and like a fine oriental rug, increases in value as the days go by. Moreover it is very fashionable. I refer to needle point. Patterns could be bought with the required yarn for them. I recommend the renaissance design. Some of them have petit-point centers already worked out and the finished pieces for a chair or cushion have nothing to be desired insofar as artistic effect and richness and durability are concerned. By the way, I read somewhere that there are 2,850 stitches to the square inch in the petit-point work.

But don't be frightened, this comes already worked out in the pattern and all you have to do is to fill out the needle point part of it.

The best part of it is that you can work on it while listening to the radio.



A Party for Aneesa

A SHORT STORY

By EDNA K. SALOOMEY

THE SUN snuggled a bit in the misty horizon and then, as though resigned to December bleakness, it flung its rays through the morning haze, directly into the windows of the Faris kitchen.

Mariam, wife of Khalil Antoun Faris, was unaware of the wonderful panorama without, so busy was she preparing Khalil's breakfast. She hustled from the pantry to the stove, from the stove to the table.

For twenty years she had been rising early for this daily task. She would no more have dreamed of remaining asleep and letting Khalil get his breakfast as best he could, than she would have thought of being separated from him except by death. This task was done not from a sense of duty; it was to her a ritual.

In her pink, cotton dress, with her curly black hair, which was streaked with gray, and her rosy, fair complexion, she was indeed a delectable housewife. Her black fringed, dark brown eyes had a very naive, kindly expression which belied all her efforts to appear as the ultra-modern wife of Khalil Antoun Faris, the successful merchant. The only streak of vanity she had, was her pride in having acquired enough knowledge of English to read newspapers. Her reading was confined mostly to the social page.

Mariam was setting the table for two. Aneesa, a girl of eighteen and the only child, never arose in time to breakfast with her parents. By virtue of having completed her high school course shortly before, which was a rare achievement in the eyes of her parents, Aneesa was privileged to sleep late.

The glowing coals in the grate made the kitchen pleasantly warm. On top of the stove, the coffee bubbled tempestuously in the percolator. To one side was a frying-pan in which eggs were sizzling in olive oil. On the table was a dish of fat, juicy olives which had ripened in some Syrian grove; a dish of laban, and one of dates stewed in sugar. There were small, flat disks of Syrian bread, baked especially for Khalil. Mariam did not like to see him

making cartwheel of slices of American bread, which he did by removing the inner part and eating the crust.

When Khalil entered the kitchen, he found his wife placing the frying-pan of eggs on a hot-pad in the middle of the table. He greeted her perfunctorily and she answered him in the same vein. Their love needed no verbal reiterations or effusive greetings.

"How do you feel this morning? Is your cold better?" she asked solicitously.

"I'm much better. I didn't cough very much during the night. This looks like a cold day. I expect we'll sell some blankets and oil stoves today. Are you coming down to the store?"

Khalil had a department store and always thought of the weather in terms of his business.

"Yes. Aneesa needs a new hat, and she and I are going down town together. I think I'll select a party dress for her at the same time."

"Party dress? What, does she need another one already?"

Mariam did not answer his question. Quite frequently since he married her, she had surprised him with some new idea; and this time, she took a round about way to do it.

"I was reading last night about the big party the Morgans gave for their daughter, and I think we ought to give a party for Aneesa," she said.

"What, are you comparing us with J. P. Morgan?"

"No, no. Habeebi, do you think I've lost my mind? I mean the Morgan family that owns the big laundry in town. You've seen their ads, haven't you?"

"Certainly, I have; but I don't know all about their family affairs."

"Well," she said eagerly trying to arouse his interest, "they have a daughter the same age as Aneesa, and they had a wonderful dance for her last night at the hotel."

"If they sneeze, do we have to sneeze too?" He was not impressed by the information, nor convinced of the necessity of having a party for Aneesa.

"Every night I read in the papers about this family and that having parties for their daughters. Why, do you suppose, they have these affairs? Well, just so that their daughters can meet the nice kind of people. How do you expect Aneesa to meet anybody, if she doesn't have a chance?"

"If that's the case," he answered, "what more do we want? Don't we have a lot of company? Weren't the Doumits here last

night, and wasn't the family of Barbour visiting us on Tuesday, and weren't Father Daher and the Abbouds here last week? Many people come to our house."

"Do you expect Aneesa to marry, if she meets only your friends. The Doumit children are mere children, and Mr. Abboud's brother is nearly forty-seven. I want her to meet more young people, and you know that if we don't invite them to the house, she can't become acquainted with them elsewhere. For instance, Peter Mansour"

"Oh, now I understand. If a party is necessary to induce him to visit our home, I don't want him here. Isn't our home good enough for him without our having a party?"

"Of course, it is. Don't you see, I want to invite him in a not too obvious way. If we have a party, he will see how we live, and how pretty Aneesa is; she looks so lovely in a party dress. We'll pretend we're having a party for the young folks."

But he was still unconvinced. "Well, if my daughter isn't good enough for a king, I don't want her to marry at all. I'm satisfied to have her with us all the time. What times these are, when we have to do the courting."

Mariam saw that her husband nearly finished his breakfast, and that she needed to act quickly to obtain his approval, which was necessary as her plans entailed spending of money. She always asked for his approval before undertaking any expensive plan.

"We wouldn't be doing the courting," she said persistently. "We have a nice home and a lovely daughter. Why should we be different from other people who arrange parties for their children? We could have such a pleasant evening."

The thought of having "a pleasant evening" appealed to him.

Khalil Faris had one great weakness, if such it might be termed; he was hospitable to the nth degree and he dispensed his hospitality with typical Syrian lavishness. He enjoyed nothing more than having a houseful of guests and nothing less than solitude. A perfect evening for him consisted of a few friends playing two hundred or pinochle.

So, as he arose from the table and went to put on his hat and coat, he said hurriedly, "Do whatever is proper. But, remember, Mariam, we're not worrying about a husband for our daughter, and all Peter Mansour's money means nothing to me. What was his family in the old country, anyway?"

Mariam appeared very meek as she stood near the door. "Button up your coat, Khalil; else your cold will become worse."

Mariam had obtained official approval of her plan. She became as deeply engrossed in arranging the party as any socially prominent American mother could be, planning with the aid of secretaries for her daughter's debut at the Waldorf-Astoria.

And, after giving his approval, Mr. Faris completely forgot about the entire matter, until one morning, three weeks later, his wife reminded him of it.

"I ordered a turkey for tomorrow night," she informed him.

"Turkey? You're going to give us turkey for Christmas dinner? It's six days to Christmas."

"No, no. I ordered it for the party."

"Party? What party?"

"What? Have you forgotten that we're having a party tomorrow night for Aneesa?"

"Would you believe it, I forgot all about it? Who and who is coming?"

"Father Daher, Peter Mansour, Fred Khouri, the Milhim girls, Rose Saba, Paul Munier, Simon and Nazira Doumit, and Philip Abboud and his wife Helany. I asked Simon and Philip especially for your sake so that you would have company when the young people dance. Father Daher will have to leave early, because he promised to see some people to-morrow evening."

"Are you prepared for such a large group? Shall I order anything today?"

"Nothing is needed," his wife assured him. "Shall we have arak or imbeed?"

"Have both, and I've got something that Simon likes. What are you going to have for the supper, turkey?"

His wife put his fears to rest regarding the plentifulness of food. She named six dishes, any one of which would have sufficed for the main course.

He was satisfied with everything, until she said, "Khalil, take your tuxedo to the tailor today for a pressing."

"Tuxedo? What for? I'm not going to a banquet."

"This is a formal party, and you should wear your tuxedo."

"Suppose Simon and Philip come and find me wearing a tuxedo, when they surely won't wear one."

"Is this their party? You're the owner of this house, and you're the one to wear a tuxedo tomorrow night. Peter Mansour will wear one, I'm sure."

"Well," he drawled, "from now till tomorrow night, I'll think about it."

Mariam Faris had won her point again.

No one anticipated the party with more pleasure than Aneesa. If her mother was planning it especially that Peter Mansour might open his eyes to Aneesa's charms, she was as ignorant of that plan as he was. Her joy was inspired by the anticipation of seeing Paul Munier whom she liked better than any boy she had ever met. She really loved him, which fact she would not have discussed even with her mother. One didn't admit being in love until one's engagement was announced. And Aneesa, being the typical, obedient daughter of typical, conservative parents, loved Paul from afar. She saw him in church, on the street when passing with her mother, at the home of mutual friends. Never did they exchange other than a casual hello. She met him at church socials, held once in winter and again in spring. At these socials, Paul always asked Aneesa to dance with him, which was permissible as the dance was being held for a worthy cause, and he never danced with any one else.

He was as careful about concealing his own affections for her as she was her's for him, because he wished to be certain that the affection was mutual before making public the fact he loved her. As he had not succeeded in getting an inkling from her, it was a case of letting the matter take its own course. Paul was wise enough to know that Mrs. Faris was not especially desirous of having him for a son-in-law. He was earning a goodly salary for a young man of twenty-seven. He was employed at an aviation factory located on the outskirts of the town, and his only claim to prominence was knowledge of flying planes, which he had learned in record time. He was considered a skilled aviator and the testing of airplanes was entrusted to him.

Mrs. Faris was not interested in Paul's prowess as she was in Peter Mansour's extensive real-estate holdings and his impressive home located on a high elevation in the town's most exclusive residential section.

Peter was nearly thirty-seven, which to Aneesa implied that he and her father were in the same class as far as age was concerned. His financial rise had made him a bit conceited and perhaps, justifiably so, as he had earned his success by the dint of his own shrewdness and tireless efforts. He was much sought after by designing mothers and ambitious young women, and the more they catered to him, the more he shied from marriage. He respected the Farises a great deal, knowing that to Khalil Faris character and breeding counted more than money, and not suspecting for one second that Mrs. Faris, who was so proud, had even entertained the thought of

his marrying Aneesa; so discreet had she been in her planning.

The night of nights arrived. Mariam Faris was too excited at the prospect of having so many guests and by her efforts to carry out her plans to perfection. She worked unceasingly from dawn, sweeping and dusting, washing the best china dinner set, laying out her best linen cloth and napkins. She had cooked the entire meal herself. Aneesa had shopped for fruits and had arranged the flowers in the living room and dining room.

When Khalil returned from his store that night, he found Mariam wearing a black velvet dress; her hair lovelier than ever; her face rosy with excitement, and her eyes sparkling with the thought of gaining many social laurels for the evening.

She scarcely said hello to him, she was so anxious to have him dress quickly.

"Yallah," she urged him, "everything is ready for you. I pressed your tuxedo myself yesterday, and you'll find it on the bed. Your socks and tie are on the dresser. I purposely dressed early so that we wouldn't get in each other's way."

"All right," was all he said. He knew that the occasion demanded acquiescence because Mariam was too intently thinking about other things to listen to anything he might say. He didn't like to rush, he preferred to contemplate everything slowly and to talk matters over with her. But as they had no way of knowing how soon the guests would arrive, it was necessary to be ready in time to greet the first arrival.

By seven-thirty, every one would have come, except, perhaps, the Doumits. Mrs. Doumit was a bit like Mariam in her desire to do everything according to etiquette. She always insisted on her husband's delaying their arrival at any affair, because she was certain that an early arrival was an indication of lack of etiquette. The more attention she gave to etiquette, the less she knew about it. This evening Mariam was hoping and praying that the Doumits would not be too long arriving, lest the food spoil from overcooking.

Scarcely had Khalil finished adjusting his tie, when the door bell rang. Aneesa paused to greet her father, and was going down to open the door when Mariam stopped her.

"Aneesa, you don't need to open the door. Let Flora open it; that's what I hired her for."

This was the first time that Khalil knew that his wife had hired a maid for the evening. The thought of Mariam's piling up so many expenses, all for a party, depressed him a little. His

regrets were compensated, however, by the sight of Mariam looking so charming in her black velvet dress with its dainty lace yoke and sleeves; and his heart filled with pride because Aneesa was so lovely in her white tulle dress with its rose sash.

The bell rang again. Mariam was provoked. "I knew that Flora would never be a help. She thinks I'm paying her just to wash dishes tonight. Aneesa, open the door, while I speak to Flora."

The guests were certainly convinced of Mariam's culinary skill that evening. The dinner was excellent; it was a meal for epicures. The arak and the imbeed (wine) and the "something else" which Khalil brought out inspired much speech making. Father Daher spoke eloquently of the host. Mr. Doumit attempted a lengthy toast in his best classical Arabic, and Philip Abboud was content to say a brief wish for the health and happiness of all.

Mariam was highly elated. The party was proving a huge success. She was wondering just how to arrange for the rest of the evening, after everyone had finished eating. Of course, Aneesa must play a few piano selections.

The guests gathered in the living room. The men sat in a group near Father Daher, and were soon engrossed in a political discussion. The young people commenced to feel restless. The girls talked together, and the young men listened dutifully to Father Daher. When Father Daher arose to leave, every one arose to bid him good-night.

While Mariam was listening to Father Daher's appreciative expressions, Khalil took matters into his own hands.

"Yallah," he said turning to Philip and Simon Doumit, "Let's play pinochle. Will you play?"

"Certainly," they both agreed. "We want a fourth person to play."

"Do you know how to play pinochle, Paul?" Khalil asked, as he arranged the bridge table.

"I wish I did. But, I don't know the king from the jack."

"Well, you won't be a help then. How about you, Mister Peter?"

"Certainly, Mr. Faris. I'll be glad to play with you."

When Mariam re-entered the room, after seeing Father Daher off, she found her husband and his three friends seated around the table, intent on bidding. She was angry at Khalil for having suggested the card game, which she was certain from past experience he had done. This was not her idea. If Peter Mansour spent the

evening playing pinochle, what was the good of having this party?

She spoke to Mrs. Doumit and to Mrs. Abboud. The young people were chatting and laughing, seated in a circle near the victrola. Aneesa was sitting next to Paul, which didn't relieve her mother's consternation.

Mariam thought of calling Khalil out on a pretext. She went into the kitchen, and called to Aneesa, asking her to tell Khalil that he was wanted. Aneesa went to her father.

"Papa, mother wishes to see you for a minute."

But Khalil had an excellent hand and he wanted to score as he and his partner, Philip Abboud, were being left far behind by their opponents.

"See what your mother wants, Aneesa. Tell her I'll be through in a few minutes. Let's see what we can do, partner." He became oblivious of everything but his game.

Aneesa told her mother that Khalil would come in later.

Mariam was provoked. What was the use of trying to call Khalil's attention to anything, now that he had started. She joined her friends, Nazira and Helany.

The guests had divided into three groups: the ladies were grouped by themselves, Khalil and the older men, including Peter Mansour, were busily playing pinochle, and the younger people were dancing. Paul Munier was having the best time of all; he was dancing to his heart's content with Aneesa.

The party was a successful one. Every one assured Mariam Faris that such an enjoyable time was had only rarely. Khalil felt grateful inwardly; it had been so pleasant to have had a house full of guests, and he was feeling especially cheerful because he and Philip had won the game.

Mariam said nothing to him. It would be petty to mention her sentiments, her anger at his having drawn Peter Mansour into a card game; and she did not wish Aneesa to know that she had deliberately planned the evening in order to have Peter become better acquainted with them.

About ten minutes had passed, when the telephone bell rang. Aneesa rushed to answer. Her face lighted up, as she listened. "Yes" and "no" was about all that her parents gleaned from her conversation, which lasted only three minutes or so.

"Who was that?" her mother asked, curious to know who could be calling them after midnight.

"Paul Munier. He called up to say goodnight."

"What's that?" her father questioned. "He was just here saying goodnight.

"Well," she answered evasively, "he wanted to call me up to say it again."

"He certainly must have rushed home," Mariam said.

"He wants to come over tomorrow night," Aneesa announced shyly. "He wants to speak to you, papa, and to mama. He asked me if I would like to have him speak to you, and I didn't say no; I didn't say anything."

"What's this? What's this?" Khalil asked.

"Why, he wants to marry Aneesa and he will come over to get our approval," Mariam replied, impatiently and resentfully. She was blaming this turn of affairs on Khalil's card party, which had thrown Paul and Aneesa together and deprived Peter Mansour of an opportunity to observe Aneesa's charm. She was tired by the thought of having done so much in vain.

"We'll discuss the matter tomorrow," she told Aneesa. "It's very late, we should go to bed. I have to be up early to get your father's breakfast."

"I'll get up early tomorrow, mama. You stay in bed," Aneesa urged her. She felt that she would want to be up early, there was so much to look forward to; and she knew how tired her mother must be.

"Don't you believe it," her mother answered firmly. "When I have a fever of 102, I'll stay in bed. You go up to bed now, else you will be too tired tomorrow to help me with the work that needs to be done."

"Good night, papa. Good night, mama," Aneesa said, kissing them.

"Good night Aneesa. By the way, what time is Paul coming over tomorrow night?"

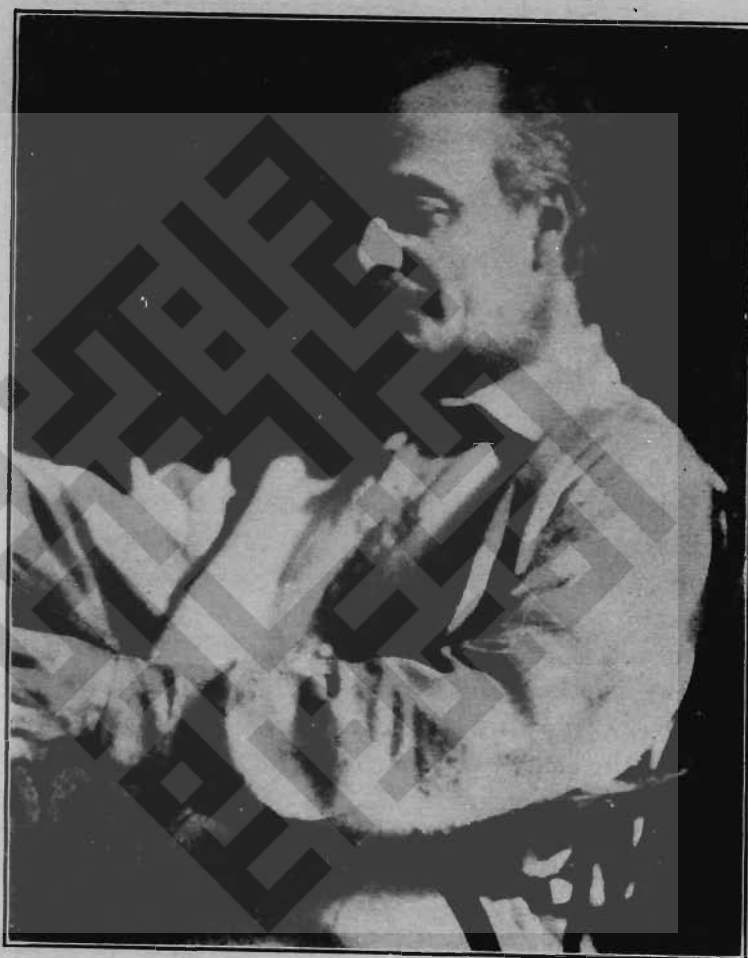
"He didn't say, papa. But he told me to tell you that he will learn to play pinochle and that at present all he knows is a queen when he sees one. He means me, papa."



A BOOK OF SENTIMENT AND FACT ON A GREAT SYRIAN POET

A Study of Kahlil Gibran, by Barbara Young. Privately printed First Edition limited to 250 copies numbered and autographed by the author. The Gibran Studio, 51 West 10th Street, New York. \$2.50.

In this handsomely printed brochure on her friend Kahlil Gibran, Barbara Young writes not as a dry biographer citing facts in chronological order, but as a poet who records her impressions of the great epic poem that was Gibran's life. Dexterously she outlines his racial background, giving a glimpse of the rustic surroundings, almost feudal conditions in which he was born and reared, but does so subtly, almost unconsciously alluding to the facts only as details in the broad scheme depicting the many-sided genius of Gibran. And of the intimate details of his earlier and later life she has copious knowledge, gained through her long friendship and literary association with this gifted son of Lebanon who has won by his innate goodness of character and consummate perfection of his art, both of pen and brush, the love and admiration of so many kindred spirits among the children of the West. Even to us, his own countrymen, some of the details weaved into the mosaic of the account came as a revelation of the author's vast store of accurate and intimate knowledge. It is apparent that only Gibran himself could have supplied the information, in reminiscent moments when the two friends discussed their earlier lives and later aspirations. And this Miss Young now uses so well in producing this "Study of Kahlil Gibran," which is as much a fitting tribute to his greatness as a monument to her own great devotion.



KAHLIL GIBRAN

Photographed in his studio by Mrs. Pliny Fisk a few weeks before his death. From "A Study of Kahlil Gibran."

The illustrations in the booklet, some consisting of hitherto unpublished photographs of Gibran, and to which only Miss Young seems to have access, span the whole life of the poet-artist from his early youth to his closing days. A facsimile of an original manuscript and a pen-and-ink sketch by Gibran done in his student days in Paris add considerably to the value of the work.

It is evident that Miss Young does not intend her present work to be a complete biography. It is an appreciative study, but nevertheless factual and illuminating. It is most welcome as an authentic, and so far the only literary treatise extant, on Gibran's life. For this Miss Young can lay just claim to the gratitude of Gibran's countrymen, who surely wish to assure her of it unstintingly. In years to come, it is their hope that she will accomplish her announced task of making a fuller study of Gibran with a view to a more complete biography.

RESURRECTING THE GLORY OF SYRIA

History of Palestine and Syria, by Prof. A. T. Olmstead, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 644 pp. Illustrated. \$7.50.

THERE IS a group of men in the West whose devotion to the cause of scientific research, backed by the wealth of organizations and individuals who appreciate the importance of retrieving the hitherto lost record of human progress, is bringing untold blessings to human enlightenment. These men are practically recreating history. They have resurrected the East and restored to it its prestige as the cradle of the race and the birthplace of civilization. In the words of Prof. James H. Breasted at the dedication of the Oriental Institute, "It was in the Near Orient that man began to hear remote voices that proclaimed the utter futility of material conquest, and conscience and character broke upon the world."

Professor Olmstead is a co-worker with Professor Breasted at the Oriental Institute. His latest book on the history of Palestine and Syria is a companion volume to his earlier *History of Assyria* and represents the summary of all historical records, whether long known or of recent discovery, in Syria and the Near East from the beginning of time to the Macedonian conquest. The work bespeaks the most exhaustive thoroughness and scholarly research. As a book of reference it is invaluable, but it can also be highly

recommended as a readable book on general historical information. The author has the happy faculty of creating "atmosphere", of treating what would be generally considered dry, technical material in a manner readily understood and relished by the layman, although never swerving from his objective and incorporating in his account all the scholarly information he means to convey. As such it proves useful not only to the scholar but to the general reading public. Those whose racial origin is rooted in Near Eastern countries should be particularly interested in this work.

Professor Olmstead covers the whole range of the history of the land and its people from all angles. He treats the physical, political, social, ethnological and religious evolution in its various stages. His account of the origin of Eastern mythology, the relation between the Syrian and Egyptian conception of a deity, and how several forms of Eastern worship were borrowed from the East by Western Europe will prove particularly illuminating. He displays a keen sense of appreciation of some concepts in Syrian mythology whose poetical value modern rationalists spoil by matter-of-fact interpretation.

The chapter on "Ships of Gebal", which is exceptionally interesting, is partly based on the author's personal survey of the Syrian coast which once was the scene of the flourishing civilization of which he writes. Of exceptional interest also is the fact he establishes that monotheism was known to Syrians and Egyptians long before it was adopted by the Hebrews. So were "the races which were to enter into the composition of the Hebrew people established in Syria a millenium or more before the conquest of the Promised Land. The very language in which our Old Testament is written was spoken by Canaanites and Phoenicians from these same early days. Already Syria possessed a high culture, mixed to be sure with foreign elements, but made its own; before the Hebrew conquest, its civilization might be compared without disparagement to that of the great empires."

The dedication is made to Professor James Henry Breasted, Director of the Oriental Institute in the University of Chicago, and the author's predecessor in the chair of Oriental History in the University.

The book is profusely illustrated and has been given the utmost of typographical care by the publishers.

SPANNING THE NATION'S HISTORY

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

IN THIS book of close to four-hundred pages, Miss Hathaway not only gives a biography of the Presidents but records the history of the nation. She starts from the assumption that the Declaration of Independence required of the President only to do his best to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and emphasizes the fact that in the choice of president there was no question of family, fortune, education or past experience. This she deduces to be proof positive of the unswerving faith of the founders of the nation in American manhood.

It is along this line that the author reconstructs the lives and achievements of American Presidents. She brings out in each the quality for which he was most noted and gives to the chapter on each president a title indicative of that quality. Thus Washington is "Starting Right"; Thomas Jefferson is "Extending Boundaries"; James Monroe is "On Guard"; Abraham Lincoln is "Welding"; until the end of the list is reached with Harding, Coolidge and Hoover "At the World's Cross-Roads".

Nothing but the author's deep-rooted love for her country and her pride in the achievements of her nation and its heads could have induced such painstaking research and study. And she has certainly accomplished her task well. We wish to applaud the success of her efforts especially because her Americanism is not of the narrow provincial sort. She has been a reader of THE SYRIAN WORLD and often has expressed her approval of our method of approach to enlightened Americanism. We therefore feel confident that our readers of young Syrian-Americans will derive great profit and pleasure from her book.

The pen-and-ink illustrations of all the Presidents appearing in the book are by Samuel Bernard Schaeffer. There are also facsimile reproductions of all the Presidents' signatures.



Peace and Good Will, Plus Faith

By THE EDITOR

THE ECHO of the angels' glad tidings of peace and good-will still reverberates among the hills of Judea and is heard round the world. That distant voice of centuries continues to increase in volume and velocity as the message of Christianity is carried to an increasing number of men with the passage of each year. That message brings comfort because it reminds man of his divine origin, his hope of redemption and his ultimate perfection.

No single event in human history bears as much significance as the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, because no other single event has wrought so much change in man's conception of his destiny.

The small land of Palestine, a geographical part of greater Syria, owes its importance chiefly to the birth of a child in a manger on a cold night in the little town of Bethlehem.

Three Magi kings were guided to that humble spot on the night of the great event by a star; now the thoughts of hundreds of millions of believers in the teaching of that child of Nazareth and Bethlehem are turned with love and devotion to the land of the child's birth on his anniversary, their hearts throbbing with ineffable joy and the echo of the message of the angels filling their ears.

The commemoration of the great event has ever been a source of joy and hope and spiritual solace. In the present crisis through which the world is passing it should prove of greater significance and effect. Men now need hope and courage as they never did before, and the spiritual fortitude which the Christmas season brings forth should impart steadiness to wavering souls. The present economic crisis is an aftermath of the World War's cataclysm, and if the world was able to emerge safely from the war crisis, so will it find the courage to weather the resulting economic crisis. Peace and good-will and hope and courage are now sorely needed, and the commemoration of the one who preached this doctrine should inspire the believers in him to practice his teachings. Now of all time, is the need to practically apply the Christian spirit to the needs of civilization so that the work which had its birth in the little town of a Syrian province nearly two thousand years ago, and which Christendom the world over commemorates each year, might be carried on.

Political Developments in Syria

NEW ELECTIONS ORDERED IN SYRIA FOLLOWING RETURN OF HIGH COMMISSIONER—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT DEPOSED

The Syrian problem at last appears to have entered the final stage for a definite solution. With the return of High Commissioner Ponsot to Beirut on November 15 and his swift action in ordering new elections in Syria, together with the apparent cordiality which characterized his conversations with the leaders of the Nationalist party who were in frequent conferences with him, it becomes evident that some common understanding has been reached for composing the long drawn out differences between the Syrians and France on the political future of Syria. Additional proof of the High Commissioner's determination to speedily end the present uncertainty in the political situation may be deduced from his having lost no time in deposing the provisional government of Sheikh Tajeddin Al Hasani preparatory to holding the new elections and assuming in person the conduct of government ad interim and supervision of the elections.

M. Ponsot's arrival in Beirut was attended by much ceremony despite his having banned any form of ostentatious display. Official delegations from all parts of Syria flocked to Beirut to take part in the reception, presumably at the bidding of Sheikh Tajeddin, according to press reports. There was a representative delegation also of the Nationalist party headed by its veteran leader

Hashim Bey Al-Atasi. The delegations were received by the High Commissioner at his private residence and there was evident cordiality marking his conversations with the Nationalists.

Only two days later the High Commissioner proceeded to Damascus and immediately went into a lengthy conference with the head of the provisional government. Later the two went together to the Siraya where the High Commissioner announced to the officials of the Syrian government his decisions on his future policy.

Following these moves three official communiques were issued by the High Commissioner setting forth his decisions as follows:

Assumption by the High Commissioner of direct government in Syria pending the elections for the Constituent Assembly which were set for the middle of December. An executive secretary will represent the High Commissioner in the conduct of government. Most of the members of the provisional cabinet were retained.

Appointment by the High Commissioner of an Advisory Council to supervise the elections with a view to insuring their fairness and impartiality. All former heads of the Syrian government since the beginning of the mandate are appointed to membership in the council, including Sheikh Tajeddin. The High Commis-



SHEIKH TAJEDDIN AL-HASANI

For three years Provisional President of the State of Syria, who was deposed by High Commissioner Ponsot in November.

sicner reserves the right to appoint to membership all outstanding personalities whose presence induces confidence. He has consequently appointed several leaders of the Nationalist party, including Al-Atasi, the judge of the Supreme Court of Damascus, the President of the National University, the Presidents of the

Chambers of Commerce of Damascus and Aleppo and several others.

The third communique deals with the coming elections and sets forth the conditions under which the primary and final elections are to be held in the different districts and among the various classes of the population. This appears necessary in view of the special conditions of the population, some being nomads or semi nomads. The High Commissioner assumes the right of exercising direct supervision of the elections in his capacity of head of the government.

Although the Nationalists appear to be on the friendliest terms with the French authorities, no official declaration of their stand has yet been given. But immediately following the announcement of the action taken by the High Commissioner the leader of the Nationalists, Hashim Bey Al-Atasi, issued a call to all district leaders and former members of the Constituent Assembly to convene for a party conference at Damascus to discuss their future policy. It is hinted in Nationalist newspapers, however, that the Party will assume an attitude of co-operation with the mandatory authorities and participate in the coming elections since they have been convinced that the High Commissioner has earnestly secured the maximum terms for the Syrians, and that there are some rights which France in her role of mandatory cannot relinquish.

These new developments would seem to mark the beginning of the end of the Syrian problem. At least they appear to pave the way for a new approach to an understanding if not a permanent solution. If present plans are carried out according to schedule, the new Constituent Assembly should convene in the middle of February to deliberate on the new form of government to be adopted for Syria.

With these developments agitation for a monarchy in Syria, or even the creation of a dual monarchy to be composed of Syria and Iraq with King Faisal on the throne, seems to have subsided. The wish of the Syrian people was expressed in the first Assembly which formulated a constitution and declared for a republic. Now with the Nationalists maintaining their former strength which insures their control of the coming Assembly, their often expressed adherence to their republican principles is expected to be maintained.

LEBANON OCCUPIED WITH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

N. A. Mokarzel, New York Editor,
Proposed by Influential Group as
Logical Candidate.

The paramount occupation of the Lebanese at present seems to center on the coming Presidential elections. In this connection some unexpected developments have taken place which in some respects indicate the desperate stage of discontent among the Lebanese with present methods of administration.

One of the curiosities of the Lebanese Republic is that representation in the Legislative Assembly is still maintained by religious denominations along the lines obtaining in the former regime. And this despite the fact that the structure of the government is supposed to be republican. The first President, however, was chosen from among the minorities, presumably owing to the impossibility of agreement on a candidate of the majority. President Dabbas has now had two terms, and while there are rumors of the possibility of his election for a

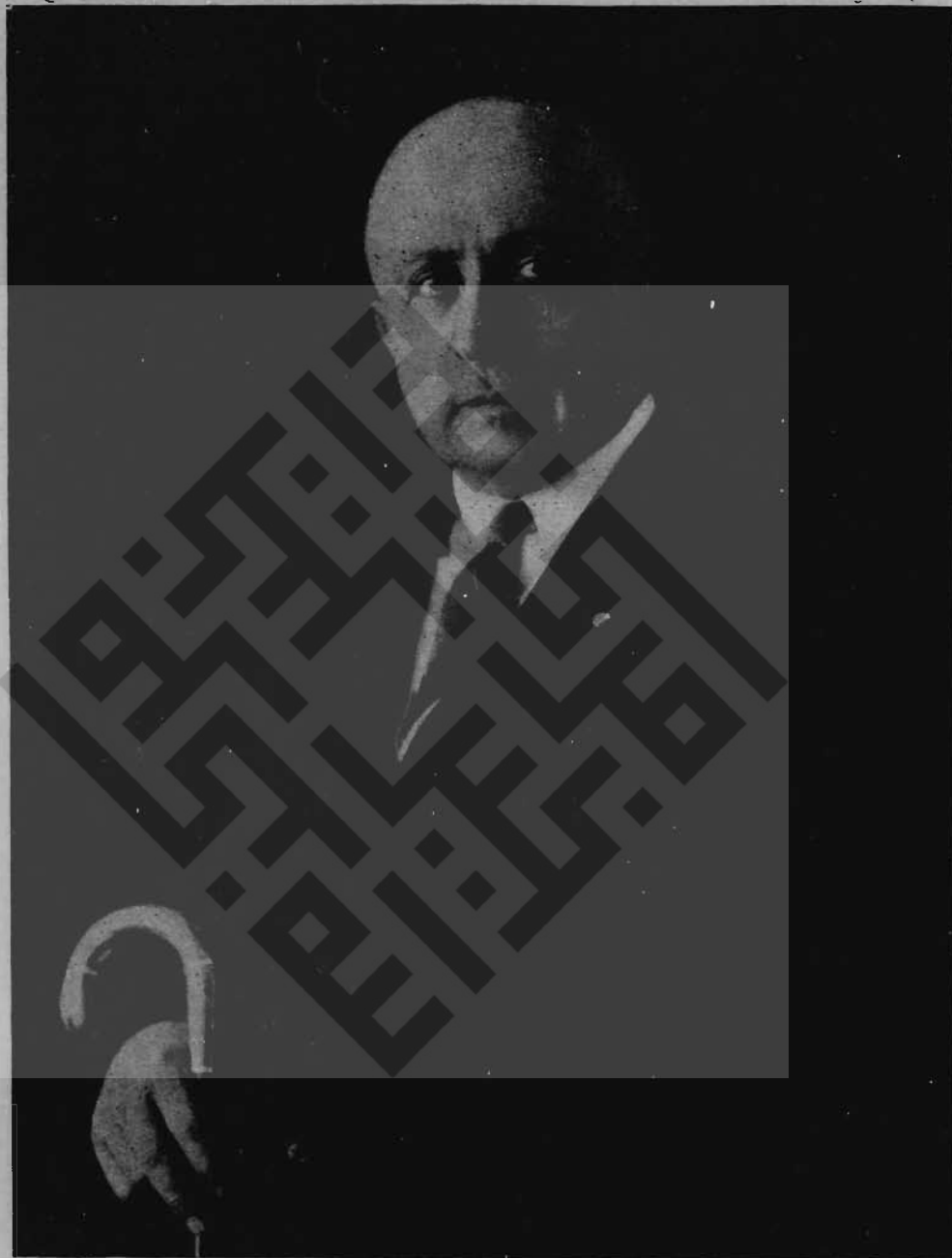
third term, such a possibility seems to be remote.

The Maronites, who compose the largest single group in the country, are now claiming the Presidency as their right in accordance with the law of majority representation, but as on previous occasions, they are not agreed on a candidate, the two most prominently mentioned at present being Emil Eddy and Bishara Khoury, both former Premiers. As an alternate proposition the suggestion has been advanced that the Presidency be withheld from all the larger groups and given to one from among the minorities. In this connection the one most prominently mentioned is Dr. Ayoub Thabet, former Minister of the Interior who is credited with having inaugurated many reforms. Dr. Thabet is a Protestant.

But what appears to be the most startling suggestion is that coming from an influential group in Lebanon who advocate the election of N. A. Mokarzel, the veteran Lebanese editor of *Al Hoda*, to the Presidential office. The suggestion was first advanced by the Lebanese notable Sheikh Edmond Belaibil, in an open letter which he sent to Lebanese papers and was received by a considerable number of editors with much favorable comment, eliciting from some even enthusiasm. The grounds on which the suggestion is based is that Mr. Mokarzel, being above local politics and having had a long record of distinguished service to his mother country, together with his tireless energy and administrative ability, would be the Moses who would save Lebanon from the wilderness of its present chaotic condition.

Commenting on this proposal, the editor explains in detail in the issue of *Al-Hoda* of Dec. 12 the reasons for his refusal to entertain the suggestion. While expressing appreciation for the generous gesture and the proffered

PROPOSED FOR PRESIDENT OF LEBANON



N. A. MOKARZEL

Veteran Lebanese editor of Al-Hoda, oldest Arabic-language newspaper in the United States, who is offered the Presidency of the Lebanese Republic.

honor, he reiterates his oft expressed decision not to accept office in any form. He takes the occasion to criticize the present form of government in Lebanon and calls attention to his advocacy since 1911 of the appointment of a governor in Lebanon for life, preferably a Frenchman without the right of hereditary succession. France, of course, is to retain the mandate over the country, but to enjoy less than the right she now exercises in its administrative affairs. These principles constitute the demands of the Lebanon League of Progress, a political organization in America, which the editor of *Al-Hoda* founded twenty years ago and of which he still is president.

PAN-ISLAMIC CONGRESS HELD IN PALESTINE.

dealt chiefly with the activities of the Moslem Congress which convened in Jerusalem the middle of December. It was attended by delegates from all the Moslem countries, including Egypt and India. The question of the caliphate was not given much consideration and the deliberations seem to have entered on Zionists' aims in Palestine, despite the assurance of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem given to the British authorities that politics would not be discussed at the sessions of the congress.

Joseph M. Levy, special correspondent of the *New York Times* in Jerusalem, reports that a heated controversy took place between the Indian delegate on the one hand, and the delegates of Syria and Iraq on the other, over the question whether Moslem opposition should be confined to the Jews or made to include the mandatory power in Palestine. The Indian protested against the congress going on record as opposing England, but his opponents won.

Delegates also bitterly criticized the action of Italy in condemning to be hanged Omar Mukhtar, the Senussi rebel chieftain in Tripoli.

Considerable opposition developed under the leadership of Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, Mayor of Jerusalem, to the Grand Mufti's ambitions to Moslem leadership. A meeting of protest was held at the Mayor's call which is said to have been attended by 1000 representatives from all Palestine.

Resolutions finally adopted by the congress, according to *The Times'* dispatches, include, first, a protest to the League against the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine and the ousting of Arabs; second, a boycott by Moslems throughout the world of all Jewish goods manufactured in Palestine; third, to broadcast to the Moslem world that Zionism is a catastrophe for Palestine; fourth, to reject the Wailing Wall Commission's decisions, and, fifth, to propagate throughout the world the Palestine Moslems' claims to independence. It was unanimously resolved to form a \$5,000,000 corporation with shares to be subscribed by Moslems throughout the world for constructive purposes in Palestine to counteract the Jewish nationalist activities.

According to press dispatches, the session of Dec. 12 was characterized by violent attacks on the British mandatory policy, delegate after delegate rising to deliver a fiery speech on the subject. Mohammad Ali Pasha of Egypt discussed at length Zionist aims in Palestine as well as economic depression among Moslem peasants, alleging that Jewish leaders had made statements that it is the Jewish plan to colonize Palestine with Jews, ousting the Arabs and restoring the ancient Jewish temple on the site of the Mosque of Omar.



His Excellency Sesostri Sidarouss Pasha, Minister of Egypt (left) being greeted by Salloum A. Mokarzel editor of the Syrian World at the dinner given in the minister's honor by the Syrian Friends of Egypt in America.. Nasib Kalaf, a member of the committee, is shown in center.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

NEWS SECTION

VOL. VI NO. 4

DECEMBER, 1931

NEW YORK SYRIANS HONOR SIDAROUSS PASHA.

New Egyptian Minister in Washing- ton Reviews 71st Regiment.

His excellency Sesostris Sidarouss Pasha, the new Egyptian Minister to the United States, was received with much acclaim by official and social circles upon his first visit to New York since his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty the King of Egypt at Washington in August. He arrived in the city November 29 to review the 71st. Regiment of the New York National Guard at its armory on Park Ave. The military review was followed by a reception at the private quarters of the commanding officer in honor of the minister.

His Excellency was the guest of honor on the following day at a dinner given in his honor by Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh. He was also officially received by Acting Mayor McGee at the City Hall and entertained at an official luncheon which was attended by many prominent city officials.

Profiting of the presence of His Excellency in the city, the newly-formed committee of the Syrian Friends of Egypt in America invited him to a dinner which was held at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn Dec.

1. Despite the limited time, approximately one hundred guests were present. The response was a spontaneous expression of the genuine friendship which the Syrians of America entertain for the Egyptian nation and its diplomatic representative.

Salloum A. Mokarzel, editor of the Syrian World and chairman of the committee, opened the speaking program with a few words of welcome in the name of his colleague on the committee and invited Mr. N. A. Mokarzel, editor of Al-Hoda and dean of the Arabic press in America, to preside as toastmaster. The speakers were selected to represent the various professions and classes of the community, and included George A. Ferris, dean of the Syrian legal fraternity, and Dr. F. I. Shatara both of whom spoke in English, and Rev. Mansur Stephen who spoke in Arabic. The Minister responded in both languages expressing his deep appreciation of the friendly sentiments displayed towards his government and himself.

The toastmaster introduced between speeches Madame Fedora Kurban who sang operatic selections in both Arabic and English, and Professor Alexander Maloof who played several solo piano selections.

The committee sponsoring the dinner was composed of Dr. Salim Y. Alkazin, Dr. F. I. Shatara, Nasib Traubulsi, Nasib Kalaf and S. A. Mokarzel.

Those in the Minister's party were

Major and Mrs. Thomas MacDonald, Wajih Rustum Bey Secretary to the Legation, Mr. H. Khatib, acting Egyptian consul in New York, Abdul Latif Hannawy and Mr. Osman Hilmy of the Egyptian consulate.

The guests included.

Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Abbott; William Abouchar; Dr. & Mrs. S. Y. Alkazin; Mrs. C. Arb; E. J. Audi; Mr. & Mrs. Selim Ayoub; Mme Fedora Kurban; Mr. & Mrs. George C. Dagher; Dr. Najib Barbour; Miss Daw; Miss DeMoor; Saleem Hatem representing Al-Bayan; Mme. Marie El-Khoury; Mr. & Mrs. D. J. Faour; Peter S. George; C. H. Griffith; Miss Daisy Hamad; S. J. Hermas; Dr. A. Himadi; Jamile B. Holway; Major & Mrs. Howard Hutter; Mr. & Mrs. B. M. Jabara; Mr. & Mrs. F. M. Jabara; Miss Gladys Jabara; Mr. & Mrs. George Jebaily; Miss Laurice Jebaily; Mr. & Mrs. N. Kalaf; A. G. Khouri; Mr. & Mrs. P. Kohlhaas; Edward Leon.

Also, N. Makanna; Fred Malhame; Elias Mallouk; Prof. Alex. Malloof; Assad Milkie; Mike Mobarak; N. A. Mokarzel Editor of Al-Hoda; Mr. & Mrs. S. A. Mokarzel; Miss Mary Mokarzel; Miss Rose Mokarzel; Miss Alice Mokarzel; Dr. & Mrs. H. Rasi; Najeeb Sahadi; Selim Sahadi; Mr. & Mrs. Michael Saydah; Dr. & Mrs. F. I. Shatara; Mr. & Mrs. Robert Shephard; Mr. & Mrs. Abdullah Sleyman; Albert Staub; Rev. Mansour Stephen; Mr. & Mrs. John Stephen; Mr. & Mrs. Selim Totah; Mr. & Mrs. Nesib Trabulsi; Miss Barbara Young; Fuad Zrike representing Meraat Ul-Gharb; Mr. & Mrs. P. Zrike.

EGYPTIAN MINISTER VISITS ARABIC LINOTYPE FACTORY.

While in New York His Excellency Sesostris Sidarouss Pasha, Egyptian Minister to the United States, was

invited to inspect the Mergenthaler Linotype factory in Brooklyn which manufactures the Arabic Linotype. He was accompanied by Major Thomas MacDonald, Wajih Rustum Bey of the Legation staff, Mr. H. Khatib acting Egyptian consul in New York, Mr. Abdul Latif Hanawy and Mr. Salloom A. Mokarzel editor of the Syrian World who acted for the Mergenthaler Company in extending the invitation.

The party was entertained at luncheon in the Company's dining room by the President Mr. Norman Dodge, Mr. Joseph T. Mackey, the Treasurer and Mr. C. H. Griffith, Assistant to the President. Later the minister and his companions were conducted through the vast factory and the various processes of production and inspection demonstrated to them. It was explained to the Minister that the Mergenthaler Company manufactures composing machines for nearly fifty languages and that it has given special care to the manufacture of the Arabic Linotype which now has been in use in America for almost twenty years as the only method of Arabic composition, and is being gradually introduced into all Arabic-speaking countries, including Egypt.

Earlier in the day the Minister visited the Empire State Building as guest of former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

CHARITABLE ACTIVITIES AMONG N. Y. SYRIANS.

The needy among the Syrians of New York will not want of Christmas cheer this year despite the prevalent depression. Churches, organizations and the press are working along one form of relief or another, the response being gratifying.

Leading the movement among the press are the two important dailies,

Al-Hoda and Meraat Ul-Gharb. The Syrian Ladies' Aid Society has sent an appeal by mail to a select list of over one thousand individuals. St. Nicholas' Club is planning a Christmas party for the needy Syrian children of Brooklyn.

The American Syrian Federation held a cabaret and dance at its club-rooms on Dec. 15 the proceeds of which are to be devoted to Christmas baskets. Featuring the entertainment was Ted Black and his orchestra who are in demand by the principal hotels and restaurants of New York. Ted Black is a Syrian whose original name is Aboussleman. He donated his services.

A musicale and entertainment was given at the Wells House in Brooklyn on Dec. 17 by the Syrian Christmas Fund Committee to raise funds for providing Christmas baskets. The principal sponsors were Mrs. Victoria Z. Shehab and Miss Sumayah Attiyeh.

GIBRAN'S WORKS DRAMATIZED AT AMERICAN CHURCH

Scenes from "Jesus" ably presented
at St. Mark's

By Alice Mokarzel

St. Mark's on the Bouwerie was the scene on Sunday, December 13, of a vivid and living interpretation of excerpts from Kahlil Gibran's *Jesus, the Son of Man*, under the caption "Liturgical Mystery of Jesus the Prophet." This performance marked the second of Gibran programs presented by St. Mark's Church since the recent death of the Syrian poet-prophet.

The host of faithful and loving friends of Gibran who filled the church to capacity, wept silently during the scenes that were enacted with consummate beauty and feeling.

Fitting music for the occasion was composed by William Arthur Goldsworthy, who also conducted the choir assisting the performers and cantors. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's Church, and Lester Leake Riley alternated in reading portions from *Jesus, the Son of Man*. They were assisted in this by Bryce Fogle, who interpreted in singing some of the parts. Fedora Kurban, the Syrian singer of merit, opened the musical program with an appropriate Arabic song.

Mary Magdelene, revealed in the first scene by Phoebe Anna Guthrie, is filled with the vision of Jesus whom she beholds for the first time, and 'obsessed by an alternate hate and remorse when Jesus fails to recognize her. When again she sees him "sitting under the cypress tree" across her garden, she goes to Him and pleads with Him to come into her house. But Jesus grants not her request. "And when He had walked away," Mary Magdelene, remembering the "sunset of His eyes," feels no hate but only the lofty spirit of the woman born anew in her being.

In the second scene, Judas (Gordon Place) reveals to a friend his betrayal of Jesus, and finds no comfort for his anguish even in the confession of his treachery. After ceaseless torment of spirit, Judas realizes an end to his suffering in self-destruction and goes forth thus determined.

Ann Elizabeth Stroud portrayed with sincere and fervent feeling the character of the Woman of Byblos who is burdened with sorrow and anguish and "unable to see beyond grief" in the realization of her "personal loss" in the fate of Jesus.

Bertha Kunz Baker, whose art has already exceeded itself, cannot be praised sufficiently. She gave the character of Mary, Mother of Jesus, a living imprint upon the hearts of

the audience. The depth of the feeling she wrought, although created by her voice and expression, was more so in the silent yet speaking movements she made as Mary, the Mother who sees with "spiritual understanding Jesus' death" and "through sorrow and vision, the calm acceptance of God's way." This was a living and suffering Mary, who hears in silent anguish the crash that marks her Son's death and who "at dawn is still standing among us like a lone banner in the wilderness wherein there are no hosts."

In the concluding scene, Phoebe Anna Guthrie, assisted by St. Mark's Choreographic Group, characterized the High Priestess who sees in His death only "exaltation and glory."

Many interpretations of Gibran's works have been given in St. Mark's Church, but never, more than on this occasion, has Gibran seemed so living and beautiful and so appealing and touching to the human heart.

GIBRAN TO REPOSE IN LEBANESE MONASTERY.

Gibran's life-long wish is to be partly gratified. He had often confided to his friends that it was his supreme ambition sometime to retire into the seclusion of Mt. Lebanon, there to spend the remainder of his days in the shadows of the Cedars, amidst the surroundings of his youth which influenced his life work and for which he felt an ever growing longing. The Cedars, the Sacred Valley, and Becharre his home town, all in close proximity, held associations extremely dear to his heart.

The Lebanese press now reports that Gibran's wish in this respect is to be respected. Having learned from his sister who accompanied his remains to his native land that he had

wished to acquire for his retreat in his old age the Monastery of Mar (St.) Sargis, Gibran's countrymen opened negotiations with the owners of this monastery to purchase it and convert it into a museum for Gibran's works and a resting place for his remains. The monastery is ideally situated above Becharre and below the Cedars, perching on a ledge in the mountain overlooking the Sacred Valley.

The Syrian World is in receipt of information that Miss Mariana, Gibran's sister, intends to purchase privately the monastery that is to be dedicated to her brother.

GIBRAN'S MESSAGE

READ TO D. A. R.

Mr. Roderick Donley, a neighbor of the Syrian World, whose wife is an active worker in the Daughters of the American Revolution, admired the spirit of Gibran's Message to Young Americans of Syrian Origin which we had specially printed for framing as a gift to our subscribers. We gladly gave him a copy to take home. His wife also admired the spirit and made excellent use of her admiration. During the State Convention of the D. A. R. lately held in Paterson, Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York delivered an address on the pernicious activities of foreign communists in America. Mrs. Donley, in making her report as committee chairman, took the occasion to declare that not all foreigners should be classed in the same category. The Syrians, she said, were law-abiding and useful citizens. As proof she read to the convention Gibran's Message.

DR. SHATARA LECTURES ON ARAB CIVILIZATION.

Dr. Fuad I. Shatara of Brooklyn was the principal speaker at the

LEBANESE AVIATOR PROMOTED.

Baltimore Open Forum before an audience of 700 at the Baltimore Auditorium on Sunday, Dec. 13. His subject was the Arabs' contribution to civilization, and he defended Islam against the charge of having been spread by the sword, as reported in the Baltimore Sun of Dec. 14.

Dr. Shatara encompassed the whole history of the Arabs and enumerated their various contributions to science and education. We are fortunate in having secured the copy of Dr. Shatara's lecture and shall publish illuminating excerpts from it in a coming issue of the Syrian World.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB
GIVES ENTERTAINMENT.

The Young People's Club of the Syrian Protestant Church of Brooklyn gave an entertainment at its club-rooms connected with the church on the last Sunday of November. President Shibly Kassis asked Philip Kahwajie, chairman of the entertainment committee, to direct the meeting. A varied program of song, music and games was provided.

The educational feature of the evening was an address by the editor of the Syrian World who spoke on the special role of the Syrian-American generation and related some experiences of his recent trip abroad. Dr. K. A. Bishara, pastor of the Syrian Protestant congregation, also spoke in corroboration of the editor's remarks.

LEBANESE FLYER MADE
FIRST AIR DEPUTY.

The Eagle-News of Poughkeepsie, New York, in its issue of October 10, carried on its first page an account of the appointment of Thomas Moawood Mokarzel, the first licensed pilot in the Hudson Valley, as deputy



THOMAS MOAWOOD MOKARZEL.

Appointed Deputy Sheriff in charge of aviation in Dutchess County, N. Y.

sheriff in charge of aviation in Dutchess County. The appointment was made on the recommendation of Senator J. Griswold Webb, chairman of the New York State legislative committee on aviation, and County Judge Flannery.

Mr. Moawood is regarded as the leading pilot in the Hudson Valley, according to the News-Eagle. Although he has been a licensed pilot for over six years, he has never had a serious mishap. On the two occasions when he had minor accidents

he has shown admirable presence of mind. So far he is credited officially with 21,000 flying hours. Last year he won a race held at the Poughkeepsie Airport in which sixteen pilots took part, some of whom enjoy a national reputation. The cup he was awarded on this occasion appears in the accompanying picture.

Mr. Moawood is also known as the "Lebanon Eagle". He is proud of his Lebanese descent and one of his greatest ambitions is to make a non-stop flight to Mt. Lebanon once he can secure sufficient backing.

DISTURBANCES MARK SYRIAN ELECTIONS.

A special cable dispatch to the New York Times from Damascus dated Dec. 20 read in part as follows:

The situation here in connection with the elections today became so serious and demonstrations of opposing factions so turbulent that at 2 P. M. the Government decided to halt the elections to avert bloodshed.

Although in some quarters everything passed quietly, it was regarded as expedient to postpone further polling in Damascus and Hama until some indefinite date, but in Aleppo and Homs as well as adjoining locations they were allowed to continue until completed.

After the voting places were closed Damascus was comparatively peaceful and the demonstrations ended, but until 2 o'clock this afternoon the city was actually in a state of riot, all parties fighting one another. While the polling proceeded at the Town Hall stones were hurled at its windows, doors were smashed and trolley cars also were stoned. Police and troops, with the aid of the fire brigade, tried to repulse the mobs.

The police were obliged to open fire to frighten the rioters and the fire brigade dispersed them by turning their hoses on them.

Women and students joined in the uproar and general excitement by issuing manifestos, driving automobiles to all quarters of the city and urging the people to vote for Nationalists. Many students were arrested for throwing stones.

The Nationalists here and in Aleppo continue to send one protest after another to High Commissioner Henri Ponsot. The latest one is against the officials in charge of the polling boxes. One was sent yesterday asserting that the Syrians, having placed confidence in the High Commissioner's earlier declarations, had decided to participate in the elections in expectation that the elections would be fair and free. The telegram protests that "measures were taken by government authorities to instigate Government officials to transgress personal liberty and arouse trouble in the country by opening fire on the public." The telegram further requests M. Ponsot to submit the complaint to the League of Nations and the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Communication with Damascus today was practically cut off, as no one was allowed to enter or leave town and private long distance telephone calls were not permitted, the telephones being reserved for the Government.

Disturbances occurred yesterday in the Kurdish quarter here, when at a meeting, a Nationalist speaker was attacked, beaten and ejected. There was a clash also at El Kuneitra, between Royalists and Nationalists resulting in several persons being wounded.

SIXTEEN ARAB STUDENTS IN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

A correspondent of Meraat Ul-Gharb reports that in the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, there are sixteen Arab students this year, drawn from Syria, Palestine, Lebanon and Iraq, the newest comer being Miss Wadad K. Mackdici, who is specializing in sociology.

Miss Mackdici is the daughter of Prof. Jurius Khouri of the American University of Beirut and had graduated with honors from the latter institution. She spent a year teaching in Baghdad and is now completing her advanced studies on a scholarship.

CO-OPERATIVE HOSPITAL OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

The co-operative hospital of Elk City, Okla., opened in the fall of this year, and marking the success of several years of strenuous efforts on the part of the Syrian physician Dr. M. Shadid, was described by a feature article appearing on the front page of the Daily Oklahoman of Oklahoma City as the only institution of its character in the United States.

The writer lauds the courageous enterprise and tireless energy of the founder and declares that he is on the way of overcoming the financial difficulties resulting from the failure of some subscribers to complete payment for their stock. The writer also hints that through professional jealousy some private practitioners had lodged charges against the co-operative hospital with the State authorities. The principal cause of complaint is that the hospital is dispensing medical services much below the customary fees, and providing medicines at one-third less than the prevailing prices. This is branded as socialistic, but is exactly what the

founder of the hospital intended when he launched his enterprise. He is defending his practices with unwavering courage.

DICTIONARY CORNERSTONE OF MOSLEM RENAISSANCE.

In a debate on Moslem culture in one of the sessions of the Moslem Congress in Jerusalem, Mohammad Ali Pasha of Egypt declared that the Arabic dictionary, when compiled, will be the cornerstone of Moslem revival. He emphasized that although the Arabic language was replete with classical terms it did not embrace modern scientific words, which now are borrowed from English and French. A dictionary, he said, is vitally essential to bring about the Moslem renaissance. He suggested that Egypt's geographical position be utilized to concentrate on the preparatory work of this dictionary particularly in view of the fact that the Egyptian government had started organizing a special academy for the same purpose.

FORMER EGYPTIAN KHEDIVE FOR SYRIAN KING.

Contrary to previous advices, it now seems evident that the royalist agitation in Syria has not died out. The elections now taking place disclosed the existence of a strong element favoring a monarchy.

The latest personage mentioned as a propable candidate for the throne is Abbas Hilmy, former Khedive of Egypt, who will arrive in Jerusalem on Dec. 23 enroute to Syria, where he will be received by the French High Commissioner. A dispatch from Jerusalem says that rumors are persistent that the ex-Khedive is coming to Syria on the explicit understanding of being placed on the throne.

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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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.

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In our last advertisement in this publication we gave a list of Arabic Linotype users in Egypt. This month we list the Linotypes now in operation in Morocco. It will be seen that not only is it used in the Government Press but in many commercial printing establishments.

This testifies not only to the superior merits of the Arabic Linotype but also to the spirit of progress in the country. The printing industry is one of the fundamentals of progress, and the Linotype is the machine which accelerates the progress movement.

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G. Pfister, Algiers	1 Linotype
"La Renaissance", Tunis	2 Linotypes
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