

THE SYRIAN WORLD

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL, *Editor.*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SYRIAN-AMERICAN PRESS

104 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

By subscription \$5.00 a year.

Single copies 50c.

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

VOL. II. No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1927

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>A Pilgrimage to Byblos</i>	3
AMEEN RIHANI	
<i>The Two Hermits</i>	10
G. K. GIBRAN	
<i>The Agricultural Situation in Syria — Part II</i>	11
PROF. J. FORREST CRAWFORD	
<i>Before We Part</i> (a poem)	19
DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN	
<i>The Son of Haroun Al-Rashid—A True Arabian Tale</i>	20
<i>The Adieu</i> (a poem)	28
J. D. CARLYLE	

CONTENTS (*Continued*)

	PAGE
<i>Famous Cities of Syria — Byblos, City of Adonis</i>	29
<i>"Anna Ascends" — (A Play) — Act Two—II</i>	33
HARRY CHAPMAN FORD	
<i>Choice Arabian Tales:—</i>	
<i>Rare Presence of Mind</i>	45
<i>The Test of Friendship</i>	46
<i>Reward and Punishment</i>	47
<i>Notes and Comments—By THE EDITOR</i>	
<i>Bayard Dodge</i>	48
<i>The End of an Experiment</i>	49
<i>Our Bulwark</i>	49
<i>Readers' Forum</i>	51
<i>Spirit of the Syrian Press</i>	53
<i>About Syria and Syrians</i>	57
<i>Political Developments in Syria</i>	62

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ISSUE

Panoramic View of Byblos
The Fortress of Byblos
Relics of Old Glory in Byblos
Astarte, Phœnician Goddess of Love and Productivity
A City Gate in Byblos
Sarcophagus of King Ahiram
Two Illustrations of "Anna Ascends"

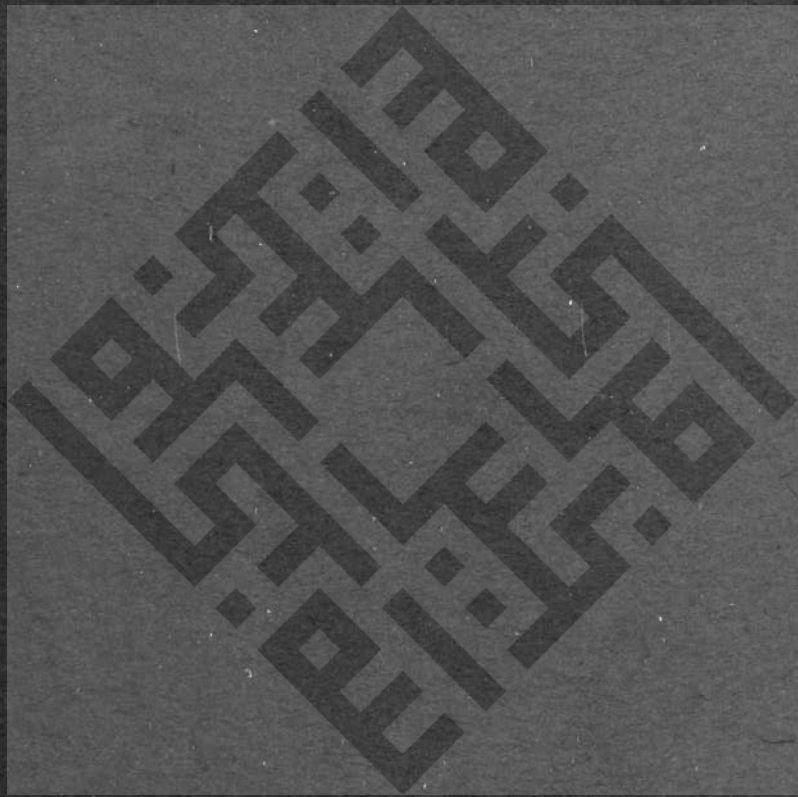
67 D 8 '27

fill gap

THE SYRIAN WORLD



OCTOBER, 1927



VO

the
the
sh
pr
pr
to
an

se
we
tu
be
so
ch
fin
T

vis

THE SYRIAN WORLD

VOL. II. No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1927

A Pilgrimage to Byblos

By AMEEN RIHANI *

*Let Urashlim and Mecca wait,
And China stew in her own juice;
This way the pilgrim staff, tho late,
Of Christian, Mussulman and Druse.*

But before we took up the staff, we were quarreling about the road. Not the road of the pilgrimage, however, but that of the Young Turks of the New Era. In the café facing Al-Munshaiyah, which had just been baptized Place de l'Union,—the prosiness of the times is become even in the East a shibboleth of progress,—my friends were engaged in animated discussion as to whether the devil, who goes by many names, was not the one and only Sultan who could never be deposed.

Sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman, a truth-seeker and distiller of essences, altho doffing the garment of his religion, continued to wear a black jubbah over his European trousers, and a white turban. A compromise this between the East and the West, as between Reason and Faith. For tho he was beginning to have some lively doubts about the inspiration of the Koran, he still clung to the spirit of Mohammed's message to the world. A fine Arabic scholar, which means he is also a versifier; hating the Turks because, while professing the Mohammedan religion, they

* The author wrote this account of his pilgrimage while on a former visit to Syria, following the declaration of the Constitution in Turkey.

would not deign to learn Arabic. This crime against the classic beauty of the Book he could never forgive.

Sheikh Atta, a Sufi and horse dealer, is a descendant of the Nabi and he values his green turban more than he does the Dastur (Constitution). He has a supreme contempt for everything that does not bear upon its face the seal of mystery. Even a horse-shoe, to him, is a symbol of some sort,—a symbol which represents a divine idea in the life of mankind. And he hated the Turks, because, as he said, they were Europeanizing, vulgarizing Asia.

The third of my friends, Izzuddin, an Arab maniac and *flaneur*, was the most picturesque and riotous of the three, both in sentiment and in dress. To assert the lofty Arabism of his spirit he wore an Arab costume of flaming red, red from his boots to the heavy cord pressed over the kufeyiah on his head. And this was the color of his hatred for the Turks. He served a week in gaol for repeating one day in the presence of some Turkish soldier the famous couplet of the desert Arabs:

“Three things naught but evil work,—
The vermin, the locust, and the Turk.”

And Izzuddin is a Druse, who had burned the book of his esoteric creed on his way to Europe. “If there be any truth in this theory of transmigration,” he would say, “I accept it only on condition that I be reborn in Paris, not in Pekin.”

And your honest scribe, reader, in his prosaic European habit, squared this picturesque circle, but did not square with all its views. Hence our dispute before we started on our pilgrimage, not to the holy places of our fathers, but to a tomb which to us,—except, of course, Sheikh Attar,—was indeed sacred.

It was in the season of the jasmines and Persian lilacs. The beautiful gardens of Beyrouth, hidden behind huge walls, dun and gray, wafted to us their sweet and varied scents, as we passed through the dusty and crowded streets, to whose noise and traffic a Belgian Company has added a Tramway. On the bridge outside the city, a flower boy offered us some sprigs of blossoming Persian lilacs and bouquets of jasmine. Izzuddin bought enough for us all, and taking his large silk handkerchief from his pocket, asked the boy to soak it in water. Whereupon, he wraps the flowers in it, and places them in his saddle-bag. A happy thought, I mused, for which he deserves to dress like an Arab Emir. If

we were tourists the dragoman would have insisted on our visiting the Church of St. George hard by, where the valorous Saint, tradition has it, did the terrible Dragon to death. Nor did we tarry at Dog River, my friends being men of ideas and ideals, and paleology for such hath no charms. Nor, indeed, hath it for me, except when the poetry of the perennial spirit of Nature flowers around the sculptures and monuments. The tourists, on their way to or from Damascus, stopping at Beyrouth for a few days, never venture beyond this river. And what is there to see here, except the huge and imposing promontory, can be of interest only to archæologists. Yet they come, these gentle people of the cork-hat and Guide Book, and after hearing the dragoman garbling his Text and lisping of the triumphs and defeats of Assyrian and Egyptian Kings, they go back with a sense of having deciphered the palimpsest and solved the riddle.

Beyond Dog River to the North are the verdant slopes which rise gently from the coast to hide Ghazir from view. There, on those sacred hills, crowned all around with convents and churches, Renan and his sister worked on the *Life of Jesus*. From those heights he could encompass not only the fruitful plains of rationalism but the flowering 'gardens of piety as well. Here be a sky which can soften the hardest logic; here be an atmosphere which can mellow the bitterest thoughts. I do not think the rational spirit of the *Life of Jesus* would have been so sweetly pious and poetic had not Renan lived for a while among these hills. Here, as in the *Life of Jesus*, are whisperings divine, even among the barren cliffs, even beneath the inexorable logic of it all.

The terminal of the Lebanon Railway is at Maameltein, which is at the base of the hill. As we enter the town, the legend, "American School for Girls," dispelled the surprise which the tune of a piano did give us. And as we passed out of it, the echoes of a hymn which the girls were singing made in our ears delectable music. The coast here is desolate, but not dreary. To our right on the verdant hilltops are convents and terraced homes; to our left the cerulean blue of the Mediterranean is palpitating under the ardent rays of the Syrian sun. And yonder in that wide strip of shining shawl, through the little sand islands, so to speak, the sweet water of the hills makes its way to the sea. But more refreshing than these is the fig grove which is hidden behind a knoll. We come to it, after trotting around the cape,

and find the women with their red baskets and long hooked staffs picking the fruits of the season. As we pass by, a sweet wild-eyed lass, her hair tied in a kerchief which suggested the bathing girl of the summer resorts of the civilized world, greeted us and offered her basket, saying, "Be so kind to eat of the figs." And Izzuddin, who is more chivalrous than any of us, dismounted anon, took out of the saddle-bag a bouquet of jasmines and gave it to her, saying, "May thy days be ever as white as these, and as sweet." She bounded with joy as she smelt the flowers, insisted on our taking the basket of figs with us, left it, billah, on the road-side, and, flourishing the bouquet of jasmines over her head, hied away like an antelope.

We cross the bridge beneath which the River Adonis of the Ancients, now called Nahr Ibrahim, debouching from thick hedges of reeds and rushes, tumultuously races to the sea. And under a shed of pine boughs near the river is a dingy dukkan (store) and a resting place for travelers and muleteers. Here one can refresh himself with arak which the Syrians call the milk of the virgin, or even with German or American beer, or better still with the sweet cool water of the spring which rises in the grotto of Afka, among the high hills, where the Romans had built a temple to Venus. Around the ruins of that temple to-day, are the habitations and fields of Nusereyieh, or Ansaries, who still retain somewhat of the Nature-worship of their ancestors, the Greeks. Some scholars say the Arabs, but this is not the place to dispute the question.

We are not far now from Byblos; the coast is not so desolate. Here are villages, even silk factories, or *filatures*. And from one of these, before the red disc of the sun had sunk in the serene blue of the Mediterranean, rose a chant as delectable as the distant hidden voices of sirens. The factory girls were chanting the litany before the close of the day's labor. "Kyrie-eleison, Christe-eleison," rose the melodious voice of the leader through the whirl of silk wheels, and a chorus of a hundred girls drowned the harsh voice of machinery, repeating the invocation. From the lips of the laboring children of Allah, at the close of their day's work, this was beautiful, inspiring to hear. And on a knoll, not far from the filature, is a monastery of one of the many Lebanon orders of monks, from the chapel of which rose the doleful Syriac strains of vespers. We could hear both and simultaneously as we entered into Byblos. "The harbinger of

dusk," Abd'ur-Ruhman called the chant of monks. "A serenade to eternal night," said Izzuddin. And both chants, as they melted in the atmosphere around us, ebbing and flowing, suggested to me a struggle between a *Te Deum* and a *Miserere*. Indeed, the Lebanon peasant still labors in joy, raising from her heart a chant of contentment, of thankfulness, of triumph, while reeling the silk from the cocoons. And the Lebanon monk, let it here be said, labors in sorrow only at vespers. He is glum, lugubrious, funereal, only when he chants.

We are in ancient Byblos. The towering fortress near the sea makes the clutter of terraced homes look like a heap of cliffs and boulders. Here, the sea-daring Phœnicians, who were as strenuous and practical as are the Americans to-day, hammered at the door of invention and thought, and, entering, discovered the alphabet, the numerals, the murex from which they obtained the famous Tyrian purple, and many other things not mentioned in Sanchoniathon or Baedeker.

In the citadel is the home and the court of the mudir, or District Magistrate. It is also a sort of caravansery for his tenants and friends, as for those who come to him with letters of introduction. Thither we wend our way, ignorant of the fact that we were of neither of the classes mentioned. But my friends, Izzuddin in his gorgeous Arab costume, and Abd'ur-Ruhman in his black jubbah and white turban, commanded the respect of the zabty, or officer in zouave uniform, at the gate. We were shown up to the top loft, after mounting a high and winding flight of stairs, dark, dingy, cold, and in one of the loopholes of the citadel about thirty-five feet deep, which is used as a huge sitting-room with divans, we were received by his Excellency as courteously as if we were spies from Yildiz. One zabty was ordered to look after our horses; another to prepare the inevitable narghileh. And at table, Excellency made us understand that the chicken, an old raw-boned hen who no longer deserved her oats, I mused, was done in our honor, since he, being a right Maronite ate not on Friday but mujadderah, which is a mess of lentils cooked in olive oil. And the following day, he insisted on our remaining his guests. He showed us through the citadel himself, and graciously requested us to attend his court. Strange disputes are heard here, on which he delivers, Solomon-like, strange decisions.

In the afternoon we walk to Amschit, which is only a few miles from Byblos, up a gently sloping hill. In these diggings the

antiquarian digs for his treasures. And the exquisite tear bottles which are found here, are sold on Fifth Avenue for what would buy in these mountains a mulberry patch and a *beit* (booth or one-room house) to boot. On entering the town, we stop before a fine white-stone, pink-gabled mansion to inquire about the tomb of Henriette Renan. The Khawaja who was sitting on the porch invited us to a sherbet and inquired of Sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman, to whom he showed particular attention, even deference, (the turban and jubbah are responsible for this) as to how the Dastur (Constitution) is faring, and whether the equality principle would not affect the agricultural interests of the country. Abd'ur-Ruhman tried to prove to mine host that it would not, but luckily he was interrupted by the servant who came out with the sherbets. This servant, who was once a distinguished citizen of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, pointed me out to his master in a most amusing manner, as one who had been in America. And the master thereupon exclaimed, "That is the land of promise. Come in, and I will show you what I have in my house from that country."

We enter into a spacious marble-hall, in the centre of which is a mahogany roll-top desk, made, I suppose, in Buffalo. We pass to the dining room among the native furniture of which, two Morris chairs come all the way from Grand Rapids, obtrude their presence. And in the kitchen our host points out the American stove, "on which," said he, "we can prepare a banquet of twenty different dishes. But this is not all. The best must come last."

And so it did; for in the bath-room, not tiled, but marbled with choice slabs from Italy, we behold, O America, thine inimitable porcelain bath-tub.

"Allah's great!" exclaimed Sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman. And so did I.

Now, Madame, on seeing the strangers is curious to know who they are. So the erstwhile distinguished citizen of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, whispers into the ear of mine host. And accordingly we are invited into the salon, where Madame, with a company of friends, is smoking the ubiquitous narghileh. She rises in deference to Sheikh Abd-ur-Ruhman (I myself was often tempted to put on a jubbah and a turban); but no sooner learns she of our pilgrimage than she sits down again, puffs at her narghileh, blows the aromatic smoke in the face of the sheikh, surveys us from top to toe, and inquires in a haughty tone, saying,

"And are you like those idiot Franje (Europeans) who come here and take with them a handful of dust or some pebbles from around the tomb? And is she so important, this woman, that people come from beyond the seas to visit her dust? No doubt she was like her brother, who did not know God, who was, as Father Nahouche assures us, a rank infidel."

Saying which, she claps for the servant and orders him to "Take these people to the cemetery" and point out the vault of the Toubeyiahs where the remains of Henriette were laid.

Before this square vault, severely plain, the surroundings of which now hunger for a flower, a blade of grass, Ernest Renan shed his tears of love and hope. A large oak throws over the tomb in the morning an ample shadow, and in the afternoon the shade of the palms below tries in vain to kiss its sacred dust. They are planted too far, and the sun, even in the last interval of the setting, seems helpless. The shadow only reaches the door of the church, near which is the vault.

Here Henriette was laid amid the chanting of the Maronite priests. For Renan admired the service, lugubrious tho it be, of the Maronite Church. And he believed that these holy men in black robes were worthy of saying the last word for the dead.

The sprigs of Persian lilac flowers we laid at the door of the vault. And Izzuddin, taking up a handful of dust, presses therein his lips, and says, "When the people of my country can see the flowers that shall bloom in this handful of dust, what great women then we shall have and what noble sisters!"

And Abd'ur-Rahman, with a tear in his eye: "And only when our harem is blessed with such sublime souls will the cradle give us a new generation, a new race. Khadijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you, and thrice blessed the children of your magnanimous spirit!"

It was, indeed, a touching scene. Abd'ur-Rahman, the Mohammedan, waters with his tears the dust in which Izzuddin the Druse plants the seeds of his love. And a Christian kisses them both for making the pilgrimage.

"Noble sentiment is the mother of truth," said Abd-ur-Ruhman, as we walked back to Byblos.

"And a pious feeling of love for the princes and princesses of truth," said Izzuddin, "is the highest and noblest manifestation of the spirit."

And I, on our way back to Beyrouth,—

Let Urashlim and Mecca wait,
And China stew in her own juice;
This way the pilgrim staff, tho late,
Of Christian, Mussulman and Druse.

The Two Hermits

By G. K. GIBRAN

Upon a lonely mountain, there lived two hermits who worshipped God and loved one another.

Now these two hermits had one earthen bowl, and this was their only possession.

One day, an evil spirit entered into the heart of the older hermit and he came to the younger and said, "It is long that we have lived together. The time has come for us to part. Let us divide our possessions."

Then the younger hermit was saddened and he said, "It grieves me, Brother, that thou shouldst leave me. But if thou must needs go, so be it", and he brought the earthen bowl and gave it to him, saying, "We cannot divide it, Brother, let it be thine."

Then the older hermit said, "Charity I will not accept. I will take nothing but mine own. It must be divided."

And the younger one said, "If the bowl be broken, of what use would it be to thee or to me? If it be thy pleasure, let us rather cast a lot."

But the older hermit said again, "I will have but justice and mine own, and I will not trust justice and mine own to vain chance. The bowl must be divided."

Then the younger hermit could reason no further and he said, "If it be indeed thy will, and if even so thou wouldst have it, let us now break the bowl."

But the face of the older hermit grew exceeding dark, and he cried, "O thou cursed coward, thou wouldst not fight!"

The Agricultural Situation In Syria

By PROF. J. FORREST CRAWFORD
of the American University of Beirut.

PART II.

In a country where agricultural operations are as old as they are in Syria, and where so many political and religious controversies have taken place, and where, as we have seen, the geographic conditions of the country are as varied, it is not surprising to find several systems of land tenure existing. There are the lands individually owned and operated by small proprietors as in a good share of the Lebanon region. Then there are the large holdings of land owned by the various religious organizations, or "*wakf*" land. In a few parts of the country there still remains some village-owned land where annual communal distribution of the area is still practised. And lastly, there are the large landed estates which include a large proportion of the land of the principal agricultural areas, such as in the central depression, the eastern plateau, and much of the coastal plain. The conservative methods employed on the *wakf* lands and on the estates of the large land owners have always retarded the agricultural development of Syria. Twenty years ago, government statistics show that as high as 70 to 80 per cent. of all the agricultural land was held under these two systems of land tenure, and even to this day this percentage is not very much changed.

In recent times, however, conditions have gradually changed so that some of the large landed estates are gradually being divided up among smaller land-owners and farmers. If the Syrian revolution has no other good results, it at least is helping to break down the feudal authority and influence in certain areas as around Damascus, in the Hauran and Jebel Druze, and in parts of the Lebanon. And fortunately so, for the social conditions fostered by these systems of land tenure have prevented the operation of the natural tendencies favorable to agricultural development.

They have especially thwarted the growth of private initiative which is so fundamental to all economic progress, and which has been the cause for most of the industrial and agricultural development of the Occident. Where the actual workers of the land have no individual interest in the land itself, they naturally fail to develop any tendency to improve its agricultural conditions. And one can hardly blame them, for as the land is not really theirs, they see no advantage in spending any time and money towards building up the soil when they know that the landlord will get most of the benefits by it.

For many reasons the landlords also are very slow at making any improvements under these systems of land tenure. Some of them are contented with what returns they are getting from the land at present, and care not to try to increase them. Others are unable to trust their workers to carry out what improvements they would like to make, and for lack of competent foremen, therefore, do nothing towards improvement. Others are afraid that if the *fellaheen* benefit by the general improvement of the land, they will no longer be willing to work for such low returns, and, therefore, deliberately prevent improvements from being introduced. Still others, and perhaps this group includes the majority, are simply ignorant of the great possibilities of agricultural improvement. They are blind to the personal benefits to themselves which would result from these improvements.

We thus see how agricultural development in Syria is bound to be slow as long as these systems of land tenure remain unimproved, for the continuance of them is the main cause for the present defective methods of farm operation.

(3) *Methods of Farm Operation:—*

In describing the methods employed in Syrian agriculture we must bear in mind the types of farming, the labor supply, and the equipment and machinery used, for under the influence of these three factors, the existing methods have been developed. As to the types of agriculture, by far the most extensive is the dry farming system of grain production. The system fits in well with the communal grazing system where the livestock is pastured in the earlier part of the year on the uncultivated land, and then after the harvest, on the cultivated fields. The migratory nomadic flocks of the desert also use the grain fields in the border regions after the harvest is over. Dry farming

and pasturage, these form the two chief types of agricultural activity in the eastern plateau, and very largely so in the central region also. In the latter, also, considerable areas are under irrigation. In the rest of Syria general diversified agriculture is the rule except where local conditions of irrigation, climate and soil, have led to the development and increase of more specialized forms of field crops and fruits.

Fruit raising, especially in irrigated regions, is rather extensively practised in the central depression, in the Damascus plain, in the valleys of the maritime range, and also to a considerable extent along the coastal plains. Especially is this true around the wide towns where the raising of vegetables has been quite widely developed. Vine culture is also very extensive in several of the regions, both the dry farming and the irrigated methods being practised according to district. The cultivation of mulberry trees for the silk industry is naturally included here, and is confined mainly to the mountainous region and to the coastal plain. The culture of hemp is fairly extensively developed as an irrigated fibre crop around Damascus and Aleppo, while cotton and tobacco are raised quite extensively as a non-irrigated crop. The former is grown especially around Idlib, south-west of Aleppo, and the latter throughout the Lebanon and especially around Latakia. In a few places they have been able to irrigate the cotton, and the government at present is doing considerable experimenting and planning to try and increase this type of cotton culture.

These above mentioned lines of agriculture are the most extensively followed in Syria. Unfortunately, they are all lacking in any constructive way of maintaining soil fertility, and thus developing a permanent system of agricultural production. Even in connection with livestock farming, the manure is largely lost for agricultural purposes, either through the migratory grazing or through being used as a source of fuel.

For the successful development of most of these types of agriculture, the present supply of labor is quite inadequate, especially with the existing types of machinery. Except in the immediate neighborhood of the larger towns, the only supply of labor is that of the *fellaheens* living in the scattered villages throughout the land. This is more or less inevitable owing to the absence of a floating supply of labor, due to the limited industrial development of Syria, and to the inability of most small

farmers to pay a living wage for adult labor. In many parts of the larger plains and valleys even the extensive crop such as wheat and barley could be greatly extended were a larger labor supply available, and so naturally the more intensive crop as cotton and tobacco are somewhat limited in the extent of their production because of the defective labor supply.

And unfortunately the existing forms of farm implements do not in the least compensate for the labor shortage, for they are very primitive, doing only mediocre work and doing even that very slowly. Take the matter of plowing, for instance, and the preparation of the land for sowing. All this is done, as a general rule, by a yoke of oxen pulling a simple wooden plow with a light metal plowshare attached. To accomplish anything like the result that a good modern plow would give, the land must be plowed three or four times, and even then the result is not quite the same. Of course it is certainly true that in such places as the steep rocky mountain sides, the native ox-plow is much better suited than the foreign heavy plow, but that is no argument for the native plow still being used on the larger, more level and more productive areas. Then the harvesting method of using the sickle is naturally a very slow and laborious way of gathering in the crop, while the old threshing-floor system of threshing out the grain is very tedious, and extremely wasteful of human labor.

Taking Syria as a whole, there is really a great need for the introduction and adaptation of better agricultural implements although possibly of a slightly different type from most of our western machinery, and better adapted to the needs of the country. This improvement in itself would greatly help to solve the farm labor problem, although of course it brings in a new problem, namely that of training farm labor how to use and care for such machinery. Along with some constructive system of soil management for the maintenance of soil fertility, better machinery would soon bring about paying results.

The last method of agricultural operation to be mentioned in which Syrian agriculture has failed to be progressive within recent times, has been the lack of any constructive system of reforestation. On the contrary, the destruction of existing trees has, until perhaps the last couple of years, been on the steady increase. And the uncontrolled cutting of younger trees along with the ravages of the numerous flocks of goats have effectively

prevented many of the best fitted areas from naturally reforesting themselves.

The possibilities of reforestation in Syria are enormous, and the beneficial results therefrom would be great. Not only would the trees hold the soil from eroding, allow much more absorption and retention of water by the soil, and add more humus to the soil itself, but they would in time furnish plenty of wood for the carpenters' use and for fuel, as charcoal and wood, and also many other economic products; as, for example, bark for tanning, and carob (*kharrub*) pods for food and fodder.

For all these reasons and for many others, including the scenic and climatic effects on the country, the much-neglected problem of reforestation should, by all means, be vigorously undertaken.

The following statistics pertaining to lands and crops are given as a helpful summary to the previous discussion, and not as a complete survey of Syrian agriculture. The fact that accurate detailed statistics are unobtainable makes it advisable to limit the statements to the few tables given herewith. The Government Department of Agriculture is, as yet, somewhat new and loosely organized and has not been able to systematically collect and tabulate complete or accurate records. It is true that there is a Minister of agriculture in each governmental state, with his representatives and secretaries and trained agricultural inspectors in each large agricultural region. This organization is doing its best to collect statistics, start museums, and encourage farmers in general. The agricultural department has secured the passage of several good laws such as the regulations about forestation and taxation, the edict reopening the agricultural bank and the projected development of new agricultural schools besides the old one at Salamiyyah and the little new school at Latakia. The former of these two schools is being reorganized with better equipment, and may accomplish good results in the future if it continues to be developed. As yet the agricultural department from which most of the following statistics come, either directly or indirectly, is unfortunately not quite strong enough or well enough organized to really put through all their own schemes of improvement.

TABLE I.

Distribution of Land by Areas.

Total area of Syria about	16,000,000	Hectares
Total cultivable area about	4,000,000	"

Cultivated Area by Districts.

Aleppo	368,000	Hectares
Damascus	349,000	"
Lebanon	200,000	"
Alaouite	160,000	"
Alexandretta	183,000	"

TABLE II.

Distribution of Irrigated Lands.

Damascus	45,000	Hectares
Aleppo	13,000	"
Lebanon	8,000	"
Alaouite	5,000	"
Alexandretta	3,000	"
<hr/>		
Total land now irrigated	74,000	"
Land capable of irrigation	300,000	"

TABLE III.

Distribution and Area of Main Crops in Hectares

Crop	Aleppo	Damascus	Lebanon	Alaouite	Alexan- dretta
Wheat	200,000	158,000	47,000	45,000	28,000
Barley	110,000	133,000	26,000	25,000	8,000
Sorghum	5,800	20,000	--	15,000	1,500
Corn	280	11,000	13,000	10,000	2,000
Hemp	200	920	--	--	--
Cotton	36,000	152	100	700	2,000
Lentils	20,000			1,500	600
Sesame	12,000				520
Tobacco			114	2,000	

TABLE IV.

Value of Agricultural Products in 1925 in Gold Francs.

Cereals, fruits, legumes	450,000,000
Tobacco, cotton, hemp	10,000,000
Olives	20,000,000
Grapes	25,000,000
Silk worms	30,000,000
Oranges and lemons	15,000,000
Other fruit trees	15,000,000
Animal products (meat, wool, hides)	15,000,000
Forests	5,000,000
Poultry and Agriculture	20,000,000

Total605,000,000

Tables I & II largely from Consular reports.

CONCLUSION

After this brief review of the more important factors affecting Syrian agriculture we may be better able to give an answer to our first two introductory questions. As to the first one about whether Syria needs any development of her agriculture, I think the answer is more or less obvious when we consider the economic importance of agriculture to the country, and the existing status of the factors affecting its development. If the productive power of Syria is to be improved, there is no question that one of the most basic ways will be increasing the economic returns from agricultural operations, whether this be done by increasing the amount of the products, or by increasing the quality of the products, or by a combination of both.

The second question is the more difficult to answer satisfactorily, for it is a good deal more complicated and involves so many other factors. As we have seen the two most changeable factors are the so-called social factors or those dependent on the conditions of society. So it is to these factors that we should look for possible changes that will lead to agricultural progress.

The first factor involves more social reform than economic change, so perhaps the best statement that could be made in a brief paper like this, is to say that any improvement which would bring about an increase in the personal initiative and interest of

the actual farmers would be very effective in developing agricultural operations.

The problem of improving the methods of operation, naturally falls under two heads, first, the problem of improving existing types and methods of farm operation, and second, that of developing and introducing new and better types and methods.

As to the first problem, there are several points at which improvement could be made. The existing methods of farm operations in handling the soil, the crop and the livestock are far from being scientifically profitable. A more constructive system of farm management could undoubtedly be developed and adopted whereby the present evils of soil erosion, soil leeching and soil defection could largely be checked and replaced by a more permanent system of developing soil fertility. A better choice of crops with a well-planned system of crop relation would help materially in this effort. Still more could be done to improve the quality of existing farm products by better irrigation and drainage schemes and better methods of cultivation.

Moreover, both plants and animals could be improved by systematic selection and breeding. All this would necessitate the keeping of regular records and the formation of uniform standards for crops and animals to a much greater degree than has been done in the past. No one at present can tell the exact total yearly yield of milk and fat of the various breeds of cattle or sheep or goats of the country, or the total annual yields per hectare, of the grain and forage under the different systems of soil management.

With the establishment of better standards, better markets will come into existence, which will automatically lead to better methods of marketing and transportation.

With all these suggestions about the needs of more profitable methods of farm operation, it must not be forgotten that some of the existing methods, which at first seem to be absurd, are really very well adapted to local conditions, though many are imperfect and wasteful and others are actually harmful. Most of these latter methods are the result of superstition and ignorance; and the best way to replace them with better methods, is by educating the farmers to understand the why and wherefore of the various operations. This means that some kind of education is necessary, either through schools or through demonstration farms or through agricultural extension service, with rep-

representatives in each section of the land.

In solving the second problem of developing and introducing better types of plants and animals into Syrian agriculture, the most help will come from the development of constructive agricultural organizations. These should include the schools, the demonstration farms and the extension service mentioned above and also such farms as nurseries, seed farms and experimental farms.

For the successful development of any of these or other similar organizations, capital, good management and the right initiative will be necessary; and, above all, a strong constructive government programme that will maintain general security and encourage public investment.

Before We Part

By DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

O stay, and let the aching heart
Relate its tale before we part
Then follow thy desire.

The peoples round for springtide long—
For with it comes the flower and song
That heart and brain inspire—

But my springtide, when in thine eye
Love's sacred flame for me leaps high
To set my soul on fire.

Or is that flame now burning low?
Am I denied its cheerful glow
And of its warmth bereft?.....

If part we must, then ere we go,
From thy sweet-bitter lips would know
What hope for me is left!

And on thy side, my heart what place
Doth hold? The right—a seat of grace,
Or is it on the left?

The Son of Haroun Al-Rashid

A TRUE ARABIAN TALE

Translated from the Arabic original.

To the people of the West, more especially to the innumerable hosts of admirers of the Famous Arabian Nights, Haroun Al-Rashid is the personification of oriental magnanimity of character and ostentatious splendour and regal pomp. To some he is but a mythical character around whose personality the fecundity of oriental imagination has woven the delicate and fanciful threads of the inimitable Arabian Nights. But to historians he is not only real, but one in whom a great many of the virtues and vices ascribed to the legendary character were found in actuality. It was with his reign that the golden age of the Abbaside dynasty in Baghdad saw its dawn, and the report of his personal benefactions and his going about in disguise in the obscurity of the night through the poorer sections of the capital, as well as the revelry and the ill-concealed licentiousness prevailing at his court, were not without foundation in fact.

But the great era of true advancement in literature, in the sciences and in all matters that count for real progress were fostered by, and found their greatest patron in the person of, the son and successor of Haroun Al-Rashid, the illustrious Caliph Al-Ma'moun, whose reign extended over a period of twenty years and ended with an untimely death at the age of forty-nine.

It was not, however, without contest that Al-Ma'moun came into power. At the very outset his authority was challenged by his paternal uncle Ibrahim Ibn Al-Mahdi who, not having conceded the right of succession to Al-Ma'moun, claimed the Caliphate for himself and established his court in the city of Al-Rai. For one year, eleven months and twelve days, he held out against the Caliph and harassed his agents while the latter displayed such forbearance as to cause some of his advisers to comment that his patience was liable to be misinterpreted as weakness. Finally the Caliph could tolerate the situation no longer and, calling together a great army, he set out by forced marches to besiege his uncle in his capital. Ibrahim was defeated in a spirited engagement and the city capitulated to Al-Ma'-

OCT

moun
wrathby th
the w
with
his h
usurp
count
utmosprize
ed wi
about
steps.
alley
I was
no eg
I wo
woul
end.
at th
solve
step
short
graciefurni
Only
were
pitab
close
banc
place
conse
haun
in co
neces
fres
An e

moun, whereupon Ibrahim sought safety in flight to escape the wrath of his victorious nephew.

An account of the events that followed is transmitted to us by the contemporary Arab historian Al-Waqidi who records in the words of Ibn Al-Mahdi himself an account of his experience with the Caliph on that eventful day when he fell prisoner into his hands and doubted not that his fate would be that of all usurpers and traitors. Al-Waqidi states that he heard the account from the lips of Al-Mahdi himself and recorded it with utmost faithfulness to detail.

Here is his narration:

When Al-Ma'moun entered the city of Al-Rai and set a prize of a hundred thousand dirhams on my head, I was seized with great fear and fled my palace at the noon hour, roaming about the city all confused and not knowing where to direct my steps. When about completely exhausted, I came upon a blind alley and there felt certain that my doom was sealed. For here I was standing at the entrance of an alley which permitted of no egress. And I reflected to myself that if I retraced my steps I would immediately arouse suspicions, while if I continued I would be cornered like a prey in a cage and meet an ignominious end. While thus meditating, I observed a black slave standing at the entrance of a house in the center of the alley and I resolved to take a last desperate chance. So I advanced with steady step and asked the slave if he could afford me domicile for a short space of time, to which he replied in the affirmative and graciously admitted me to his house.

I was pleasantly surprised upon entering to find the house furnished in simple style but in the cleanest possible condition. Only straw mats and leather cushions were in the room, but they were all immaculate. The manner of my host was most hospitable and inviting, and it was with profuse apologies that he closed the door and left me alone in the room. In my perturbation of mind, I bethought me that he had heard of the award placed on my head and had gone forth to inform against me. In consequence of which apprehension I was, all during his absence, haunted by the most tormenting fears. Presently he returned in company of a hammal who was loaded with all provisions necessary for a sumptuous repast. The bread and meat were fresh and most inviting. A new pot was brought with the lot. An earthen water jar and ewers were also included in the pur-

chases of the all-providing host. He no sooner relieved the porter of his burden than he addressed me with the utmost deference and respect explaining that he was a cupper, and that fearing I would be nauseated by the nature of his profession if he were to serve me from his own utensils, he had brought me new, clean service which no other had used or touched.

I had, by that time, grown ravenously hungry and I proceeded to prepare a meal which I enjoyed as I had none other in all my life. Having finished, the host asked me if I liked to indulge in some liquor, to which proposition I showed no aversion, and he brought me a sealed jar and a new cup of crockery and asked me to help myself, which I did, and found the beverage to be extremely good. While thus engaged, he brought me a most tempting variety of fruit, all served in new earthen dishes, and appeared to be so anxious not to leave his hospitality lacking in the least respect. Having thus waited upon me, he respectfully asked me if he could sit at a respectable distance and imbue his own liquor to complete his joy of having me as his guest, to which suggestion I unhesitatingly agreed. He drank and became even more radiant with joviality. Presently he rose and drew from a closet a beautifully inlaid 'oud which he handed to me, saying: "My lord, it is not compatible with my lowly station to ask thee to play the 'oud and favor thy slave and servant with a song, but inasmuch as thou hast given me the great honor of accepting my hospitality, I am prompted to take advantage of thy condescension. If thou chooseth to grant me this additional favor I will consider myself the happiest of men, but I shall not press my request, as thy wish is preeminent."

I was not a little surprised at his request, but instead of gratifying his desire immediately, I wanted to parry him a while to prove the extent of his comprehension and I asked him: "How comes it to thy knowledge that I am an adept at the musical art?" to which he replied with the exclamation: "Allah be praised! our lord and sovereign is known by his fame much beyond such a point. Art thou not our Caliph of only yesterday, Ibrahim Ibn Al-Mahdi, on whose head Al-Ma'moun has placed a prize of a hundred thousand dirhams?"

He no sooner divulged thus my identity than his station was immediately raised in my estimation. For such a man in apparently much need and practising what is generally considered an unclean occupation to forego the temptation of the prize

money and, while affording me shelter and safety in his house, to treat me with such generosity and consideration was sufficient to win my complete confidence. Immediately thereupon I took the musical instrument, tuned it and, considering my condition of fear and separation from my family, proceeded to sing the following verses which were the first to occur to my disturbed mind:

"May He who caused Joseph's reunion with his beloved ones, and raised his standing though captive and in prison,
Grant us our prayers and bring about the reunion of our scattered ranks, for Allah, the ruler of the universe, is omnipotent."

Upon hearing this, the slave went into transports of ecstasy. He was also prompted by his great joy to ask me if I would permit him to give a selection himself, to which request I readily assented.

He took the 'oud and sang:

"To our beloved ones we made complaint that our night was dragging long, to which complaint they answered that to them the night was very short. For speedily to their eyes comes the assuaging power of sleep, while sleep remains at all times a stranger to our eyes.

When night, the dread of those enthralled by love, approaches, we fear and shudder, while they with glee and happiness await its coming.

But if, like us, they were to feel the gnawing pangs of love, they would, like us, experience in their beds the same restlessness."

So enraptured was I by the consummate exquisiteness of his art that I felt the room whirling around and all my fears and apprehensions disappear. I asked him to sing again and he sang:

"She scorns us for our numbers being few, but I retorted that the noble were forever thus,
Why feel disgraced that we in numbers be lacking, when our neighbor is protected and the neighbor of the many is not.

A people are we who do not see in death disgrace, if
the tribes of 'Amer and Saloul so look upon it.

Our courting death does shorten the span of our lives,
while their evasion of it renders their lives long."

Such was my rapture at hearing this second song that it had on me an effect more overpowering than liquor, and soon after I was engulfed in the oblivion of an intoxicated sleep, not awaking until after sunset, only to find my mind overwhelmed with appreciation and wonderment at the generosity and hospitality, gift for entertainment and consummate art of this apparently lowly cupper.

Having collected my thoughts, I rose and washed my face and then awakened my sleeping host. I was in haste to take leave as my former fears again recurred to me, but wishing to reward the fellow as best I could with the means available, I flung in his lap a pouch filled with gold pieces, being all that I had carried away in my hasty flight, and promised him more if security and power were again restored to me.

This caused the slave to give vent to a great outburst of indignation. "My lord," he said, "men of my lowly station are only despised by men of thy rank. But can I ever permit myself to take reward for the great privilege which Allah has granted me by receiving thee in my house and having the honor to serve thee? I swear by Allah that if thou art to repeat this offer, I shall immediately end my existence."

Impressed by the determined tone of the slave, I reluctantly replaced the gold in my sleeve and proceeded to leave. But I no sooner reached the door than he importuned me to remain: "My lord," he pleaded, "thou art much safer here than at any other place thou mightest seek, while in providing for thee I have not the least difficulty. Why, then, not tarry here until such time as Allah is willing to grant thee security?"

The proposition was most acceptable, but I asked the slave to disburse from the gold which he had refused, to which condition he would not agree. For many days thereafter I remained at his house enjoying a most delightful hospitality with not a thing lacking, until I tired of my confinement and of my dependence on this good slave which I came to consider a growing imposition. So one day, when my host had gone out to replenish our provisions, I took advantage of his absence to leave the house. I affected a feminine disguise with robe and veil, and

was no sooner on the street than I was seized with great fear. I attempted to cross the bridge but was intercepted by a mounted guard who recognized me and made a dash to seize me. In desperation, I summoned all my reserve strength and gave him one impetuous push which sent him and his mount sprawling on the wet, slippery pavement. Taking advantage of the commotion that followed, I quickened my pace and succeeded in crossing. Once on the other side I flitted into an alley where I noticed a woman by the door of her house. I lost no time in approaching her.

"O gracious lady," I addressed her, "please grant me asylum as I am in great fear for my life."

"You have come to an abode of safety and hospitality," she replied, and forthwith conducted me to a secluded and neatly-furnished chamber and brought me food and refreshments, meanwhile remarking that I need entertain no fear as no one had detected my arrival.

It was but a short while thereafter when hard and repeated knocks were heard at the door. The woman made haste to open and, to my great astonishment and surprise, the guard whom I had discomfited a little while previous entered with clothes disheveled and blood streaming from wounds in his forehead and hands. The woman let escape a shrill cry of pained surprise, asking the man the cause of his predicament. He lamented that he had just been within reach of wealth by capturing the fugitive Al-Mahdi but the latter had escaped. While she was cleaning and bandaging his wounds he related to her the details of his experience and I then felt certain that my doom was sealed.

Having attended her husband and prepared his bed, the woman sought me in my hiding place and asked me if I were not the man implicated in the episode. I did not deny, but the good woman allayed my fears and was even more solicitous for my comfort and well-being than before. For three days I enjoyed her protection and hospitality, at the end of which she apologetically conveyed to me her fear lest her husband discover me. She graciously consented that I remain until the fall of night, at which time I again assumed my feminine disguise and went out in search of refuge and safety. This time I sought the house of one of my former maids at court who, upon seeing me, raised her voice in bewailment and lamentation and was most profuse in her thanks to Allah for my safety. Presently she

left with the ostensible purpose of making purchases at the market for my entertainment. I never felt in all my wandering and flight more secure than I did in this house after such demonstrations of loyalty. But I had no sooner emitted a sigh of relief than the house was surrounded by the military, horse and foot, and I saw Ibrahim of Mosul, commander of the bodyguard of Al-Ma'moun, burst into the house in person accompanied by the treacherous maid who pointed me out to him. I was carried in the same feminine attire in which I had been surprised to the presence of Al-Ma'moun who called the notables to sit at supreme council for my trial. When I was first ushered into court I greeted Al-Ma'moun with the customary salutation of the Caliphate, and his stern answer to me was: "May Allah never grant thee peace, nor life, nor security." But I hastened to rejoin by saying: "I beg thy gracious indulgence, O Prince of the Faithful. He who is the claimant of revenge has the right of choice in punishment. But pardon is more in conformity with piety. Allah, may His name be exalted, has made thee even superior to pardon just as He has caused my crime to be above all crimes. If thou now exactest thy punishment, thou wouldst be exercising thy right; and if thou grantest pardon it would be by reason of thy great magnanimity," and I then burst out in the following extemporaneous verses:

"Grievous is my crime to thee, but in magnanimity thou
art greater,
Exact thy right if thou so wishest, or else forego it and
prove thy mercy.
If I be not noble in my deeds, prove thyself noble in
thine."

Al-Ma'moun raised his head and I again addressed him in verse acknowledging my guilt and beseeching his pardon.

At the conclusion of my recitation, I noticed that Al-Ma'moun had relented perceptibly, and to me this was the augury of pardon. But Al-Ma'moun did not give expression to his feelings in words. Rather he called on his son Abbas, his brother Abou Isaac and all the other notables present to give their opinion in my case, and they all, without exception, counseled my execution, their only divergence of opinion being on the method of carrying out the sentence.

Al-Ma'moun, however, seemed not satisfied with their counsel and he called upon Ahmed Abi Khalid to express his

opinion, and the latter said: "O Prince of the Faithful, if thou killest him, such course of action would be in conformity with common practice as there are many of thy like who have killed many of his like, but if thou pardonest him, then it could be truly said that none are to be found like thee who have pardoned any like him."

At this sage counsel, Al-Ma'moun bent his head low in deep reflection, then raised it and uttered the poetical quotation:

"They are my kin who killed my brother Amim,
If I were to shoot, I would be the target of my own arrow."

Hearing which I lifted the veil from over my face and let escape a great shout of jubilation, exclaiming, "Allahu Akbar! The Prince of the Faithful has spared my life." And Al-Ma'moun said: "O uncle, thou mayest now calm thy fears." And I replied: "My crime, O Prince of the Faithful, is much graver than could be attenuated by excuses and thy pardon is much greater than could be met with adequate thanks."

Al-Ma'moun then ordered all my confiscated property restored to me and said: "O Uncle, thou hast witnessed that my son and brother have prescribed thy death. What sayest thou to their counsel?" and I replied: "O Prince of the Faithful, they have uttered sage counsel, but thou hast acted on thy charitable and generous impulses inherent in thy magnanimous character."

Al-Ma'moun's countenance radiated the reactions of extreme inward relief and joy as he remarked: "O Uncle, thou hast deadened my rancor by the virility of thy apology," and, prostrating himself on the ground for what appeared a long time, he finally raised his head and addressed me saying:

"Knowest thou, O Uncle, why I prostrate myself to Allah?" "Yes," I replied, "thou renderest Him thanks for having delivered thy enemy into thy hands."

"Not so," said Al-Ma'moun, "it was, rather, to render thanks to Allah for having prompted me to act as I did in pardoning thee."

Whereupon the Caliph assumed a most intimate attitude and asked me to relate to him the details of my flight and capture. And I related to him my experience with the cupper, the guard and his wife, and the maid who betrayed me. The latter was still waiting at her house expecting to receive the award, and upon being brought to court the Caliph asked her the reason for betraying her former master, to which she replied that it was

the temptation of money. The Caliph then inquired about her personal conditions and if she had husband or child, and when she replied in the negative, he ordered her flogged two hundred blows and imprisoned for life. The guard and his wife were then brought in, and when the Caliph learned from the man that it was the money award he was seeking, he ordered him discharged from his commission and had him take up the loathsome profession of cupping. But to the guard's wife, the Caliph said: "Thou art a woman most capable of handling difficult situations. Thou shalt be henceforth in my palace." And coming finally to the black slave he addressed him saying: "Thou hast shown such nobility of character as would necessitate giving thee ample award." He then gave him possession of the guard's house with all its contents and granted him an annuity of a thousand gold pieces for life.

The Adieu

Translated from the Arabic by J. D. CARLYLE

The boatmen shout: "'Tis time to part,
No longer can we stay."
'Twas when Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came;
"Farewell", she would have cried,
But ere the word her lips could frame
In half-form'd sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat;
While she but wept the more and said,
"Would we had never met!"

Famous Cities of Syria

Byblos, City of Adonis

What is now a modest hamlet on the coast of Mt. Lebanon, about eight miles north of the city of Beirut, was at one time the seat of a great kingdom and the center of a religious cult that swept the whole East and extended its influence over Greece and Italy as well as other parts of the West. For this little hamlet, known in our day by the name of Jubeil, is none other than the ancient and famous city of Byblos, where Adonis, the great male god of love and beauty in classical mythology, was born and died; where was laid the scene of the great love which Aphrodite bore for him; where flow the waters of the sacred river which "still runs red" at a certain season of the year from being dyed with the blood of Adonis after he had been wounded by the wild boar he was hunting in the hills of Lebanon. The name of Adonis was given this river and as such it is known in Greek mythology. Its modern name, however, is Nahr Ibrahim, or river Abraham, supposedly named after the first ruling Maronite prince of that part of Lebanon who was the nephew of St. John Maron, the first Patriarch of the Maronites. The waters of this river "run red" when in flood during spring, owing to the geological formation of the hills which dominate its course, and of this Milton says:

"While smooth Adonis from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

Thammuz is but another name for Adonis. He is known also by many other names such as Osiris of the Egyptians and the Baal-Peor of the Moabites (Calmet). His mention occurs in the Bible in Ezekiel (viii, 14), and is supposed to be, among the Phœnicians who originated his worship, the personification of the sun who, during part of the year, is absent, or, as the legend expresses it, "with the goddess of the under world; during the remainder with Astarte, the regent of the heaven." Astarte, by the way, is another Phœnician goddess whose main

seat of worship was in ancient Byblos, or modern Jubeil, and she is none other than the Aphrodite of the Greeks and the Venus of the Romans. She was the female goddess of beauty and love and productivity. Her worship, or that of her Hellenic prototype, Aphrodite, may be traced directly to the influence of the early Phœnician traders who settled on Greek shores. The "Venus and Adonis" of Shakespeare vividly portrays this great love drama of mythology which was the inspiration of bygone peoples for thousands of years.

The bibliography on ancient mythology is almost unlimited, and it is not the purpose here to go into the different phases of controversial opinions on the origin and attributes of Eastern and Western deities. Suffice it to mention that the inspiration for the conception of the Greek, and, consequently, the Roman deities thereafter, was Eastern. Adonis was the symbol of nature. He came to life in Spring and returned to the regions of the dead in Winter. This was ascribed to a good reason. Adonis being the son of the Syrian king Theias by his daughter Smyrna (Myrrha), his beauty charmed the goddess Aphrodite who was bent on saving his life when his father threatened to kill the mother of the ill-begotten child. Myrrha was transformed into a tree bearing her name and at the end of ten months, when Adonis was born, Aphrodite hid him in a box and handed him over to the care of Persephone, daughter of Zeus and ruler over the lower world. Persephone later refused to give up Adonis and upon Aphrodite making appeal to Zeus, he decided that Adonis should spend a third of the year with Persephone (Winter, death of vegetation); another with Aphrodite who was the ruler of the heavens and the giver of life as her Phœnician name, Astsarte, indicates; and the remaining third Adonis was to have to himself.

It is plain, therefore, that all Greek mythology had its origin in Eastern roots, as Persephone, who quarreled with Aphrodite over Adonis, was the direct daughter of Zeus who is the father of the gods. And Adonis' birthplace and the scene of his death were on the shores of Phœnicia, at the identical spot where now is situated modern Jubeil in the Lebanon.

The historic importance of this spot cannot be gainsaid. It is one of the oldest seats of civilization in the world and one to which the attention of geologists will be directed for a long time to come in an effort to make it cede some of the mysteries

OCT

of its
derta
tion
bound
short

ing
marc
long
ship
the b
impo
whic
in th
ed th
have
scrib
It co
the l
The
first
was
of a
poss
citac
circu

tions
on t
and
he b
ter
tant
with
oath
of t
of t
and
acce

pos

of its hoary age. Already extensive excavations have been undertaken which promise to yield important finds, and the attention of scholars is being directed to it as never before. It is also bound to become a great attraction for tourists in a reasonably short time.

For Byblos had been an active seat of civilization, a flourishing center of industry, a strategic military post in the line of march of the conquering armies of the East and the West for a long time after the date of its strongest connection with the worship of Venus and Adonis about fifteen hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. It was a city of considerable importance at the time of Alexander's conquest of the East, "at which time Enylus, its king, when he learnt that his town was in the possession of Alexander, came up with his vessels and joined the Macedonian fleet" (Arrian). Byblos seems afterwards to have fallen into the hands of a petty despot, as Pompey is described as giving it freedom by beheading the tyrant (Strab). It contains the remains of an ancient Roman theatre. It was the birthplace of Philon who translated Sanchuniaton into Greek. The name Philon is still commonly used to our present day as a first name among the people of the town and its vicinity. It was of such importance, even in the Middle Ages, as to be a see of a bishop. The Crusaders occupied it when they came into possession of the Syrian coast and fortified it by building a great citadel and encircling it with a wall about a mile and a half in circumference.

Al-Waqidi, an Arab historian of the thirteenth century, mentions Jubeil in his geographic dictionary and lays particular stress on that part of its history contemporaneous with the Crusades and the Arab conquest of the Syrian coast. "St. Giles, (may he be accursed by Allah)," he writes, "blockaded Jubeil, and after the lapse of some time opened negotiations with its inhabitants for their surrender. He pledged himself to touch them with no harm and reinforced his pledge with the most solemn oath. On this condition they surrendered to him in the year 596 of the Hegira (1218 A. D.), and no sooner was he in possession of the city than he exacted from them a tribute of 10,000 dinars and had them sell all their jewelry to raise the amount, thereby accelerating their flight from the city."

Al-Waqidi further informs us that Jubeil remained in the possession of the Crusaders until Sultan Saladin wrested it from

their hands and established in it a large number of his Kurdish followers who only ten years later sold it out to the Franks and its original inhabitants.

Following the French occupation of Syria archæological researches were begun on a large scale and many priceless objects of antique art were found among the ruins. The National Museum of Beirut has set aside a special wing for the antiquities of Jubeil. In this collection many metal mirrors, statuettes of the goddess Astarte and coins bearing the likeness of this goddess, as well as various objects with Egyptian connections are to be found. It will be remembered that at about the third millenium B. C. the Egyptians had occasion for frequent intercourse with the coast of Phœnicia, principally through the port of Jubeil. Most of their lumber for construction of every description was imported from the forests of Lebanon through the port of Jubeil. The intimate relation between Egypt and Phœnicia may be realized by the fact that Isis came to Byblos in search of the body of Osiris. Isis of Egypt is supposed to be none other than Aphrodite, or the Astarte of Byblos, Osiris being her husband and identified with Adonis. Isis of the Egyptians has the same attributes as those of her Phœnician prototype. She is the goddess of fertility and productivity, a symbol of the rebirth of nature.

The ruins of old Byblos, as they stand today, are mostly of Crusaders' origin. As archæologists dig deeper and deeper they come across Roman and Phœnician remains. Some fine marble columns may still be seen standing among the ruins, and sections of the walls and castles built by the Crusaders are still standing.

Jubeil is reached over a fine motor road from Beirut in something less than an hour. The plain surrounding it is covered with luxuriant verdure the major part of the year, and one standing on the acropolis of the promontory projecting into the sea has an enchanting view of the Lebanon coast both to the north and to the south, as well as of the majestic Lebanon range. In the immediate vicinity of Jubeil are also many places of historical interest.

Said 'Umar Ibn Abdul-'Aziz, the pious Umayyad Caliph, to a man who had offended him: "Satan had prompted me to use my authority as a ruler to wreak my vengeance on thee and bring upon myself what thou wouldst surely receive in the last day. Begone, may Allah have mercy on thee!"

PANORAMIC VIEW OF BYBLOS



An extraordinary view of Jubeil, site of the famous Phœnician city of Byblos, taken by the Syrian-American photographer, F. Askar. The hill dominating the town is the site of the acropolis, or fortress, where recent archæologic researches yielded priceless finds, including the sarcophagus of King Ahiiram having the oldest alphabetical inscription so far discovered.

THE FORTRESS OF BYBLOS



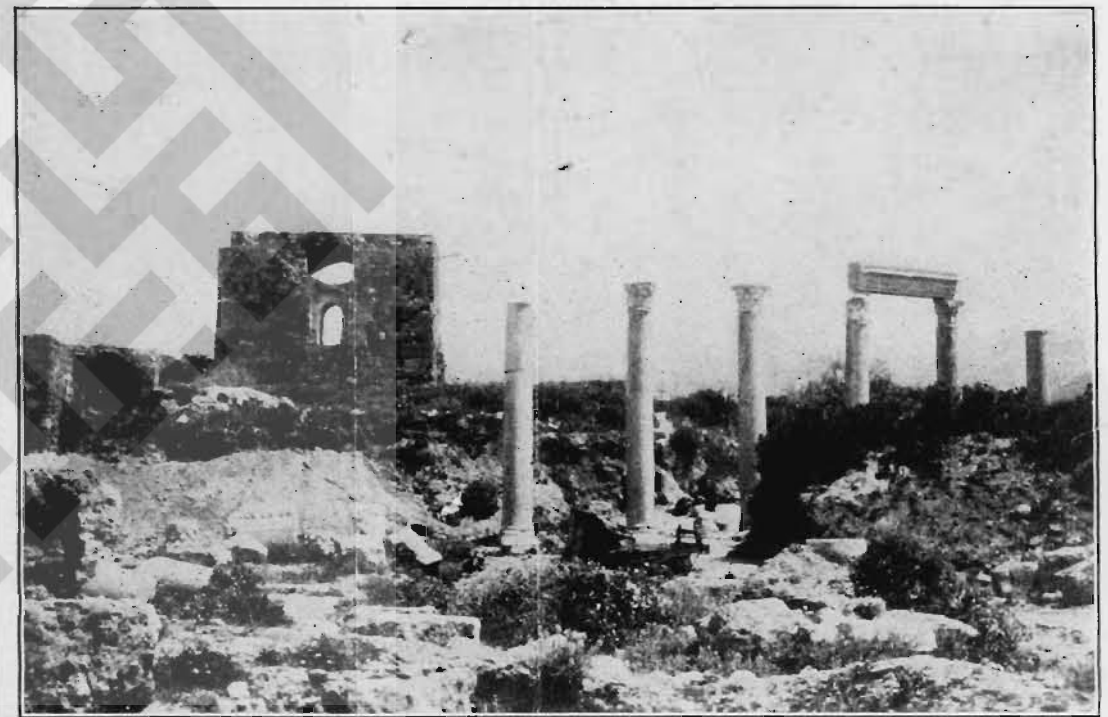
Remains of what is supposed to be the Crusaders' fort at Byblos. The chumps are pruned mulberry trees planted in what was once the court of the fortress.

ASTARTE



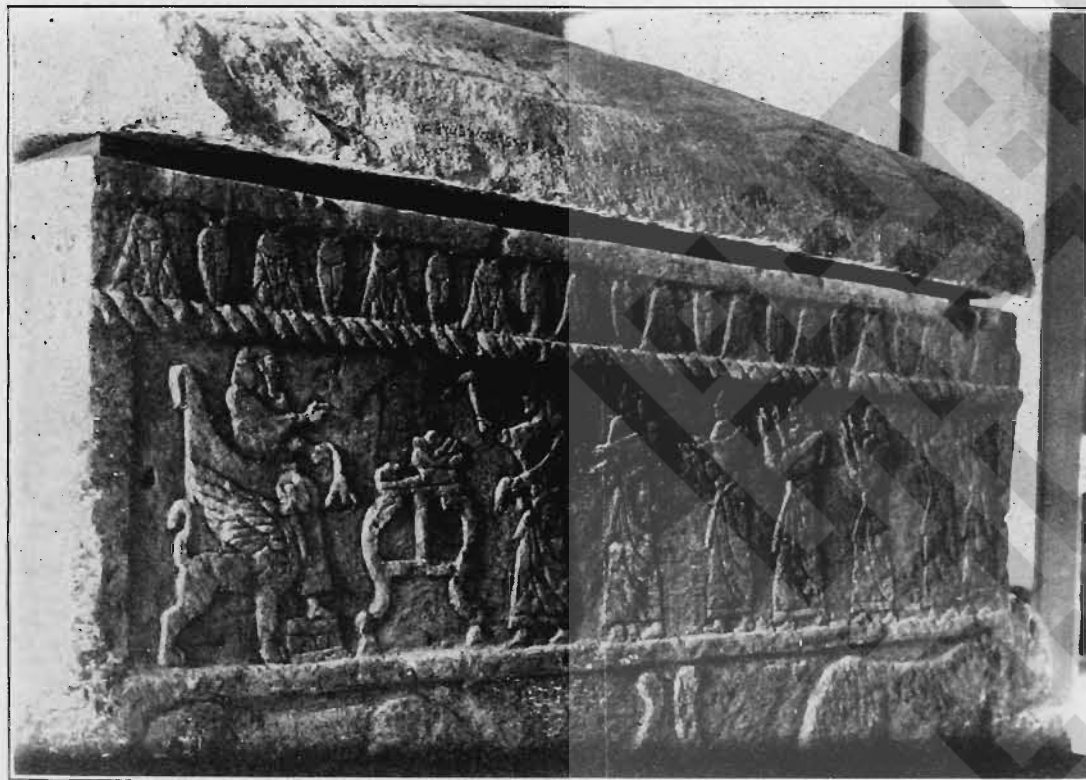
The Phœnician goddess of love and productivity whose love for Thammuz, or Adonis, had Byblos for its scene.

RELICS OF OLD GLORY IN BYBLOS



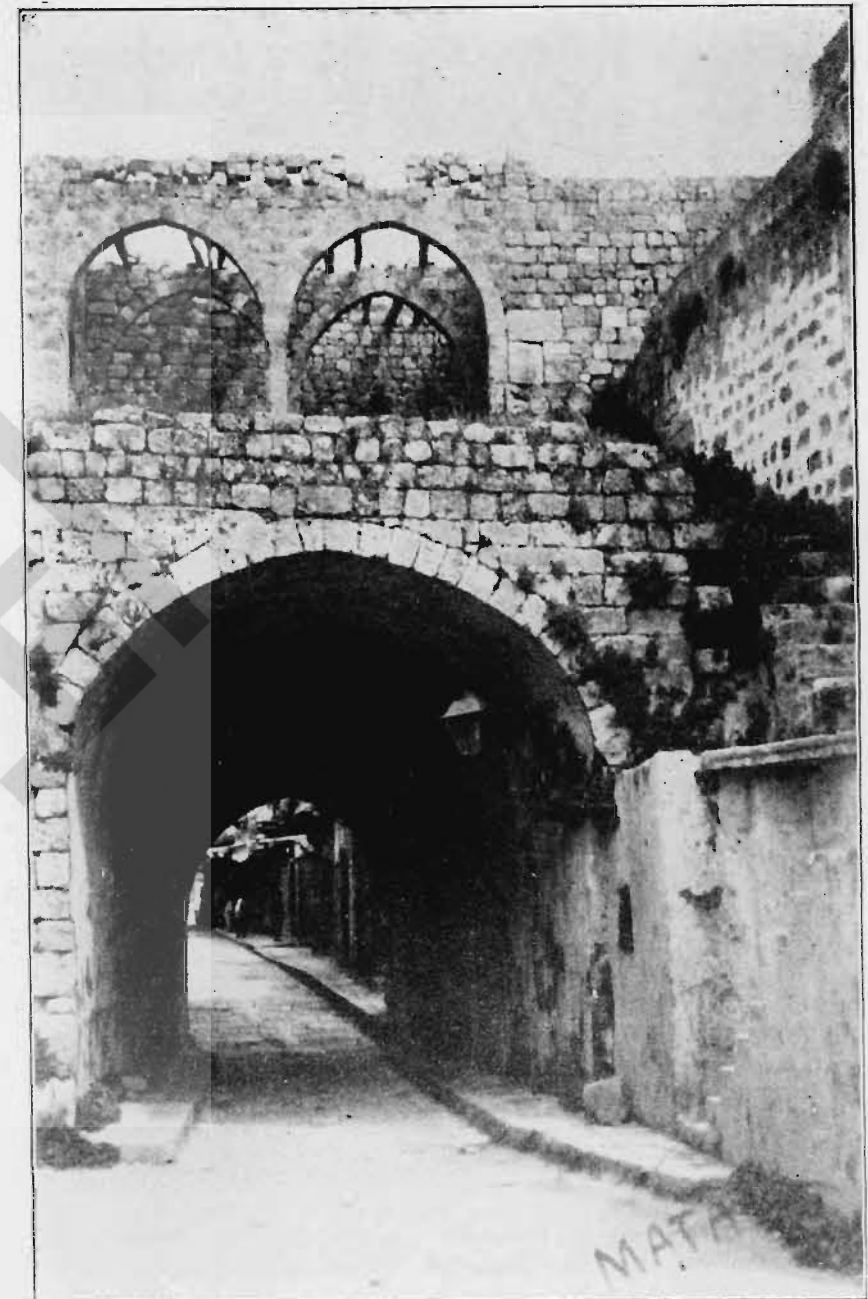
Ruins of an old temple in Byblos where extensive excavations are now under way.

SARCOPHAGUS OF KING AHIRAM



This priceless relic was found in the ruins of Byblos. A faint line running along the massive lid has been declared the oldest specimen of alphabetical writing in existence. This sarcophagus now reposes in the National Museum in Beirut.

A CITY GATE IN BYBLOS



Parts of the old wall of Byblos, modern Jubeil, are still standing. The gate illustrated above is the entrance to the main street and is a relic of the fortifications of the Crusaders.

"Anna Ascends"

By HARRY CHAPMAN FORD

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING ACTS

Gents, a high-bred American, is discovered in the restaurant of Said Coury, a congenial Syrian whose true Americanism is far more than his poor English indicates. The waitress, Anna, is a hard working, honest girl who continually strives to learn and always carries a dictionary. Gents takes interest in her and helps her learn better English. Two under-world characters, Bunch and Beauty, have designs on Anna and plan to force her into disreputable traffic. They enter the restaurant and Bunch encircles Anna's waist with his arm and moves his hand in a familiar and disgusting manner to her breast. She bites him viciously and he hurls curses at her. Gents springs to her defense and forces an apology from the detractor. Bunch and Beauty leave threatening Anna with revenge. Two finely dressed American young women, Nell and Bess, sister and fiancée of Howard (Gents), enter the restaurant and are surprised at Howard frequenting such a haunt. They disdain Anna and Howard proceeds to prove to them that she is a better American than they are. Howard leaves with the visitors and presently Rizzo, the cop, enters and announces that he is looking for Bunch for a recent theft of a shawl. Rizzo departs and is soon followed by Said, the proprietor, leaving Anna in the restaurant alone. Bunch enters and offers the stolen shawl to Anna who spurns him and, as he proceeds to use force, she stabs him. Leaving him for dead, she flees the place in the enveloping darkness of the night.

In an elaborately furnished office of a large publishing house in uptown New York, the former secretary of Mr. Fisk, head of the firm, is about to get married and is inducting her successor, Miss Adams, in her duties. Miss Adams speaks perfect English but with a slight foreign accent. Fisk examines her credentials and discovers that in a short time she made several changes. She explains that in some cases she was discharged, in others, left of her own will, but always for one reason, namely that of biting men who attempted to kiss her. She relates a personal story similar in every respect to a newly published book which proved an instant best-seller and Fisk's suspicions are aroused as to her identity. Miss Adams parries with him on the question and he resolves to take other means of satisfying his curiosity. In the meantime Howard, son of Fisk, returns from an extended trip and meets Anna but does not recognize her and his "interest" in her is evident from the start.

ACT TWO—II.

FISK — Merely to satisfy many of my subscribers. And to tell the truth I expect to satisfy my own curiosity and inquisitiveness. I hope to find out in a few moments.

ANNA — (*Slightly anxious.*) Indeed, Mr. Fisk. How?

FISK — (*Noncommittal and careless like.*) Oh, there are ways and means.

ANNA — I think I should return and study the files. (*She crosses.*)

FISK — That's right, do.

ANNA — I am ready to report for dictation when you need me, sir.

FISK — Yes. (*She exits. Phone bell rings.*) Hulloo. Yes? I am waiting. (*Pause.*) Hulloo Morris..... Oh, fine..... and you?..... that's good. Say, I see that you have turned out a readable book at last..... yes..... "Anna Ascends". I am giving it a corking review in this issue. What?..... Who wrote the blamed thing?..... What?..... What's that?..... you don't know?..... Are you spoofing me?..... Aha..... Yes..... Yes..... What's the lawyer's name? Tupman? You mean Nat Tupman..... I know him well. He's in this building. Yes, I'll get in touch with him..... You don't say. Aha..... Thanks, Morris. When you ever run over to a *real* town, drop in and see me. Yes..... Goodbye. (*Hangs up and takes receiver off after a slight pause.*) Connect me..... or get me Nathaniel Tupman, attorney, in this building. (*Hangs up.*) (*Nell, Bess and John enter and all move toward the outer entrance.*)

BESS — We're starving and are going to luncheon.

NELL — Back in half an hour.

BESS — Besides, Howard is sure to telephone here when his train arrives. Hold him here until we return and we will all go home together.

FISK — Where are you going to eat?

JOHN — At Henri's, I think. I am stung.

FISK — (*As they go out.*) I'll phone you as soon as he gets here. (*Picks up phone receiver as bell rings.*)

BESS — All right, father. (*They exeunt.*)

FISK — (*In phone.*) This is Harry Fisk. Say, Nat, will you give me an alphabetical list of your clients..... complete list..... Yes. Well, you see, we are getting up an elaborate bro-

chure to secure more subscribers and wish to mail them to real people. Yes..... Yes..... It is going to be a very beautiful pamphlet and as I know your clients *are* real people, I want their names. Yes..... Certainly..... (*Pushes button on desk.*) I'll send the boy down for it. Thank you so much. (*Enters William.*) William, go to the office of Mr. Nathaniel Tupman, in this building, and ask for the list Mr. Tupman promised me. Stay there until you get it.

WILLIAM — Yes, sir.

FISK — And bring it to me just as soon as you get it.

WILLIAM — (*Going up.*) Yes, sir.

FISK — And, William..... (*William stops.*)

WILLIAM — Yes, sir.

FISK — Guard it with your life.

WILLIAM — Yes, sir. (*Exits.*)

HOWARD — (*Outside.*) My father here, William?

WILLIAM — Yes, sir.

(*As Fisk hears his son's voice, he rises and comes to meet him.*)

HOWARD — (*Enters.*) Hullo, Pop.

FISK — My boy, my boy. (*They embrace in a chummy manner, not as father and son, but with the air of good fellowship.*) Back at last.

HOWARD — You bet.

FISK — Let me get a good look at you. (*Howard turns around.*) My, but you look great.

HOWARD — I feel great. And you're looking fine, too, Pop.

FISK — Never better. Never better. Come, sit down and let us have a good talk. Your sister and Nellie Van Husen just went to lunch with John. I told them I would phone when you came.

HOWARD — So, John is still the ever-faithful.

FISK — Yes, yes, Bess and John are hitting it off beautifully. They are quarrelling all the time. Fancy they will get spliced very soon.

HOWARD — Good business?

FISK — And you, son? No affairs of the heart..... at present?

HOWARD — No, Pop. Whole heart and fancy so and so.

FISK — I think that I mentioned that Nellie Van Husen is with your sister to meet you.

HOWARD — Yes. How is Nellie?

FISK — Just as beautiful as ever, and whole heart and fancy so and so.

HOWARD — Any love sick swains hanging around her?

FISK — No..... You have a clear field, if you want it.

HOWARD — *I* have a clear field? Why pick on me, Pop?

FISK — It has been my wish for some time that you settle down, son, and Nellie likes you very much. She is.....

HOWARD — Aw, now, Pop. I can never get interested in Nell. Nice girl and all that, but not a serious thought in life beyond her own self. I'll get married some day, when I meet the *real* one. And you can bet I'll know the *real* one the moment I lay eyes on her.

FISK — You have laid eyes on many..... all over the world.

HOWARD — Yes, I know, but I haven't seen her yet.

FISK — Nellie is the.....

HOWARD — No, Pop, I told you..... Not Nellie. I could not do it even for you.

FISK — I'm sorry, boy.

HOWARD — (*Anna enters.*) Don't worry, Pop. Some day I shall meet her. See her and will *know*, at once. (*At the end of Howard's speech Anna reaches them.*)

ANNA — File thirty-six, in reference to the book, "Hearts Aflame", is missing, Mr. Fisk.

(NOTE — *As Anna enters, she carries an extra heavy record ledger open. Her eyes are glazed to the book until the end of her line. Then, as Fisk speaks, she lifts her eyes from the book, only to meet the gaze of Howard, who has turned towards her on hearing her voice. They hold each other's gaze for a second or two.*)

FISK — Do not worry, Miss Adams, I have that file in the bottom drawer, here. (*Anna, still holding Howard's gaze, backs away a step or two. Howard shows no sign that he recognizes her as the little waitress he met for a few minutes three years ago. Anna, of course, knows the man who was kind to her and whose memory she has ever cherished. Slowly the heavy ledger slips from her grasp and falls to the floor.*)

HOWARD — (*Instantly picks up the book, with the same remark he made to her when he first noticed her in the previous act— Namely:*) Allow me. Rather heavy for a little girl like you.

ANNA — (*Answers with her first remark she ever made to him.*) Thank you. You are very kind.

FISK — My son, Howard, Miss Adams. (*To Howard.*) Miss Adams is Miss Bird's successor.

HOWARD — Oh, I know Miss Adams. (*Anna gives a slight start.*) (*To Anna.*) Were you not employed in the "outer office" before I went away?

ANNA — (*Showing great relief that he does not recognize her.*) Oh, no.

FISK — Nonsense. Miss Adams only took up her duties within the hour.

HOWARD — Strange. I could have sworn that you were with this firm when I went away.

ANNA — Oh, no.

FISK — Never.

HOWARD — (*Returns book.*) Merely a peculiar twist of mind, I fancy.

FISK — I'll return to you file thirty-six when I go over the correspondence of "Hearts Aflame", Miss Adams.

ANNA — Yes, sir. (*Starts for door.*)

FISK — Please find me the correspondence with Bryant & Temple, Miss Adams, concerning "Forever and Anon".

ANNA — Yes, Mr. Fisk. (*She exits, with a parting look at Howard... He, too, watches her until the door closes.*)

HOWARD — (*With eyes on closed door.*) Extraordinary.

FISK — Oh, you have met her somewhere, I guess, and you do not recall the incident. It will come to you. We have made no changes in the "outer office". Still have the same young ladies. (*Picks up copy of "Anna Ascends" and fingers it.*) I wish Tupman would hurry that list.

HOWARD — (*Noticing book.*) Any good literature turned out in the last eight months?

FISK — Several good works, and this in particular. (*Hands book to Howard.*) Especially this.

HOWARD — "Anna Ascends". Oh, I've read that.

FISK — (*Surprised.*) Indeed, when?

HOWARD — Oh, I don't know—a couple of years ago, it seems.

FISK — You never read that work a couple of years ago. It only came out this month.

HOWARD — No. Is that so? Now, Pop, do you know that

I could have sworn I read that some time ago?

FISK — What was the story?

HOWARD — Blamed if I know, but the title seems *very* familiar.

FISK — Well, you're wrong, because you would forget the title, long before you would forget the work. In fact you would never forget it. It is a masterpiece..... in every way.

HOWARD — (*Handling book.*) Unknown author, I see.

FISK — Yes.

HOWARD — I'll glance through it sometime. (*Puts book back on desk.*)

FISK — I forgot to phone the girls that you were here. (*Reaches for phone.*)

HOWARD — Never mind, Pop. Where are they? I'll go get them.

FISK — At Henri's, around the block.

HOWARD — (*Takes one more look at door and starts up.*) Yes, I know. (*Knocks on door and William enters.*) Well, William, who are you pulling for now, the Yanks or the Giants?

WILLIAM — For both, this season, Mr. Howard.

HOWARD — (*At door, William has passed to desk.*) Good. We'll take in all the games, as we did before I went away.

WILLIAM — Thank you, sir.

HOWARD — I'll bring them at once, Pop.

FISK — All right, son. (*Howard exits.*)

WILLIAM — Here's the list from Mr. Tupman, Mr. Fisk. I had to wait some time. (*Hands Fisk list.*)

FISK — (*Scans it carefully.*) Good Lord, it *can't* be.

WILLIAM — What, sir?

FISK — William, did you ever hear of the story about a man who searched the world over for a certain thing, only to stumble over it and break his leg when he returned and crossed the threshold of his own house?

WILLIAM — No, sir.

FISK — Well, I am that man. (*Pushes button on desk.*) See that I am not disturbed for the next five minutes.

WILLIAM — (*Going up.*) Yes, sir.

FISK — I'll be very busy.

WILLIAM — All right, Mr. Fisk. (*Exits as Anna enters.*)

FISK — Sit down, Miss Adams. I want to have another talk with you. A very serious and important talk, this time.

ANNA — (*Sits dubiously.*) Yes, sir.

FISK — (*Picks up book from desk.*) This book — do you know who wrote it? (*Anna is silent.*) Do you know who wrote it? (*Anna hangs her head.*)

ANNA — Yes, sir.

FISK — Who is the author?

ANNA — Do not ask me that, Mr. Fisk. It would involve..... it would be..... It would make me break a certain pledge to..... to.....

FISK — Enough, my child, I know who wrote it. You did.

ANNA — Mr. Fisk.....

FISK — Am I right?

ANNA — Yes.

FISK — I deduced as much. My dear little girl, why hide your light under a barrel?

ANNA — I can't explain. Certain incidents, episodes from the book, very especially one, that happened, would.....would..... Oh, Mr. Fisk, how did you ever find me out?

FISK — By playing a shabby trick on a friend of mine..... your lawyer.

ANNA — Mr. Tupman? Why he doesn't even know where I am. I have not seen him for weeks.

FISK — Well, you should see him. He has \$22,000.00 in royalties waiting for you with the amount growing every minute.

ANNA — (*Dazed.*) \$22,000.00?

FISK — Don't you know that your book has created one of the biggest sensations in the literary world in ten years? It will be a second Tribly.

ANNA — But I never dreamed..... I..... I just wrote from the heart..... and Mr. Tupman arranged all the details for its publication.

FISK — By "writing from the heart," classics are born. Why not take all the fame and glory that awaits you?

ANNA — But, I tell you. It is impossible, quite, quite impossible. You cannot comprehend and I cannot explain it to you. If the world..... certain people ever knew I wrote that book..... it..... I.....

FISK — Never mind, my child, if you have a serious reason for keeping your name from the public.....

ANNA — Oh, very serious and vital. It must never be known.

FISK — It will never be known. Your secret is safe with me. (*He rises and comes to below desk... Anna rises and comes to his side.*)

ANNA — Thank you, sir.

FISK — (*Laughs.*) It will be our secret. I suppose, now that you know you are rich, you will not want to stay in your present position?

ANNA — I want to stay more than ever. I found that out a few minutes ago, when.....

FISK — We will keep the secret and you will write another book.

ANNA — I have one nearly finished, now.

FISK — That's fine.

ANNA — Mr. Fisk, you must not tell anyone that I have all that money.

FISK — Of course not.

ANNA — \$22,000.00! That is a great deal of money to make for telling the truth. What will I do with it all?

FISK — Let Mr. Tupman invest it for you. You will have more..... much more very soon and if your second book is as successful as the first you will be independent for life.

ANNA — I am sure it will be more successful, for Anna finds happiness in the sequel.

FISK — When do you expect to finish it?

ANNA — That depends.

FISK — Which means?

ANNA — When I find happiness.

FISK — I see. You have realized your ambition but your happiness you have yet to find.

ANNA — Yes, Mr. Fisk. When I find my happiness, so likewise does Anna.

FISK — I hope, for your sake and Anna's, that it comes soon.

ANNA — If it does, I feel that I have no right to grasp it.

FISK — Why?

ANNA — I cannot explain but I have no right to happiness..... Yet.

FISK — Do not be foolish. If happiness comes to you suddenly, take it. (*Howard enters quickly.*)

HOWARD — William said that you were not to be disturbed, but I knew that you wouldn't mind me, Pop. The folks are not at Henri's.

THE RETURN OF HOWARD



Howard, you dear boy, it is so nice to have you back again.
A scene from "Anna Ascends".

NOT YET RECOGNIZED!



Allow me. Rather heavy for a little girl like you.

A scene from "Anna Ascends".

FISK — Perhaps they changed their minds and went to Martin's. I'll go out and look them up and get a bite, myself. Wait here, son. Miss Adams, in the lower right hand drawer of my desk is the correspondence on the book "Hearts Aflame". Take it and place it on file again.

ANNA — Yes, Mr. Fisk. (*She gets letters from drawer.*)

FISK — If the girls come back while I am absent tell them to wait and we will motor home together.

HOWARD — I'll hold them, Pop. (*Fisk exits. Anna starts in an uncertain manner for her room.*) Please, Miss..... er..... Adams. Just a moment. (*Anna steps nervously.*)

ANNA — Yes.

HOWARD — Haven't we met somewhere before today?

ANNA — Perhaps, like ships that pass in the night.

HOWARD — No, I do not mean in that way.

ANNA — Hardly any other way.

HOWARD — It seems we have met at some very formal function. A banquet, or something of that sort.

ANNA — No, at no banquet, I never attended one.

HOWARD — Well, at some little informal dinner? At a mutual friend's?

ANNA — Oh, yes, I am sure of that. I never attended a banquet, but I have *been present* at many, many dinners.

HOWARD — Then it was at one of those that I met you.

ANNA — Oh, I am sure of it. It *was* at one of those dinners.

HOWARD — But I am of the impression that I met you at several of them. Not *one* dinner.

ANNA — No doubt you *met* me at several, but you only noticed me at *one*.

HOWARD — I am quite sure that I not only noticed you, but I was deeply impressed.

ANNA — Yes? Impressed? So much so that you hardly remember the place of meeting.

HOWARD — Places mean nothing, environment means nothing, the time means nothing to me. It is the memory of a face that counts.

ANNA — My face impressed you, then?

HOWARD — *You* impressed me.

ANNA — (*Nervously.*) I think I had better replace this file.

HOWARD — Please don't go.

ANNA — But my work.

HOWARD — Is it so pressing? (*She hesitates.*) You speak with a slight accent. Surely we have not met abroad?

ANNA — No, I think not.

HOWARD — It will all come to me, I am sure. I could not have been so impressed and not, at some time, recall where and when we met.

ANNA — Yes?

HOWARD — Miss Adams, we met in Italy?

ANNA — I am not Italian.

HOWARD — Where were you born?

ANNA — *Not* in America.

HOWARD — Pardon my persistence, but the thought bothers me.

ANNA — Why not say that we met at a dinner..... some foreign dinner, here in New York? Will not that satisfy your curiosity?

HOWARD — Yes, I suppose so, but it is not my curiosity. It is my interest.

ANNA — Is not that the same thing? The words are synonymous.

HOWARD — Not in this instance.

ANNA — What does it matter where and when we met? As long as we belong to the "same class, the same social strata".

HOWARD — That is true. And we met today for keeps, anyhow, didn't we?

ANNA — Certainly, so why worry about a thing that is past?

HOWARD — I won't. (*Comes nearer.*) I hope to meet you often, little lady.

ANNA — Yes? Please say woman, I like it better.

HOWARD — Say.....

ANNA — (*Quickly.*) There is something about the word lady I do not like. It recalls the phrase "perfect lady."

HOWARD — It seems to me that we have had all this pro and con before, but I fancy I'm mistaken. As I was about meeting you somewhere.

ANNA — What does it matter? We are here.

HOWARD — You bet. (*Voices are heard.*) Here are the folks. You'll let me talk to you again, if I behave myself. (*He laughs boyishly.*)

ANNA — Of course, you are a gentleman. (*Howard looks*

puzzled.
all talking

FISK

BESS

Howard,

NE

tance.) I

again.

AN

Fis

NE

Fis

Ho

W

natti an

Ho

Jo

importa

Fr

Br

Jo

F

H

talk to

A

N

H

na.) I

in oft

N

H

up im

you'll

erence

party

Nell

tomc

puzzled. Fisk, Bess, Nell, John and William enter. They are all talking at once.)

FISK — I found them at Martin's.

BESS — (*Running down to her brother and kissing him.*) Howard, Howard.

NELL — (*Comes down and kisses him, much to his reluctance.*) Howard, you dear boy. It is so nice to have you back again.

ANNA — (*Standing apart.*) Hell, damn.

FISK — Doesn't he look great?

NELL — Adorable.

FISK — That's it, Nell, keep it up.

HOWARD — Are we all ready to start for home?

WILLIAM — There's a game today, Mr. Howard. Cincinnati and the Giants.

HOWARD — Not today, William. Maybe tomorrow.

JOHN — I can't leave the office. I've..... ehem..... some important work to do.

FISK — What?

BESS — He must be ill. Oh, John.

JOHN — I know it is a shock, Bess, but it's true.

FISK — You all had your lunch but I'm hungry. Come in.

HOWARD — (*Crossing down to Anna.*) I'll come in and talk to you tomorrow, if you will let me.

ANNA — Do. I'll be glad, if I am not busy.

NELL (*Taking notice.*) We are going, Howard dear.

HOWARD — (*Very indifferently.*) Oh, all right. (*To Anna.*) I'll take a chance on your being idle sometime. I'll drop in often during the day.

NELL — Howard, dear.

HOWARD — Go to the car, folks, I'll catch up. (*Nell goes up impatiently. There is a general move to the door.*) Perhaps you'll give me your lunch hour. (*This last line with all the deference in the world.*)

ANNA — In a week or two, maybe, but not tomorrow.

HOWARD — Excuse me..... I..... meant no.....

ANNA — (*Quickly and smiling.*) I know. Please join your party..... its..... embarrassing to.....

HOWARD — I'm off. (*Goes up quickly. All have passed out, Nell the last, giving the pair a hard look.*) No ball game for me tomorrow, William, I've a better game to attend, but I'll stand

treat for the week, William.

WILLIAM — Thank you, Mr. Howard. But I don't know any other game that's better'n Base-ball.

HOWARD — Wait until you are a little older, William, and you'll know. *(Exits. After the ensemble are off William stands in a nervous manner watching Anna. Anna comes center.)*

ANNA — William, come here. *(He slowly comes on a line with her.)* Do you want that kiss now?

WILLIAM — No, mam.

ANNA — Are you sure you don't?

WILLIAM — No, mam..... Yes, mam..... Oh, gosh, you know.

ANNA — I surmise from your cryptic words that you do want the kiss.

WILLIAM — *(Gulping and stammering.)* Well..... er..... Mam..... it won't hurt me none.

ANNA — You shall have it, William, you shall have it, but you must work for it.

WILLIAM — Aw, I knew there was a catch to it.

ANNA — No, all you have to do is to spell affection for me.

WILLIAM — That's easy. Aff..... Eff..... Doggorn if I can spell it.

ANNA — I'll teach you, William. Now, attention..... Affection, L O V E .

WILLIAM — Say, that ain't.....

ANNA — Oh, yes it is, William..... you want the kiss, don't you?

WILLIAM — You bet.

ANNA — Well, spell as I gave it.

WILLIAM — Affection, L O V E .

ANNA — Good boy. Once more.

WILLIAM — Aw, rats. Affection, L O V E .

ANNA — Remember it..... always. Here's your kiss..... *(She grabs the boy and kisses him impulsively.)*

WILLIAM — *(Out of breath.)* Oh, Gosh.

ANNA — *(Suddenly.)* Here, now bite my hand.

WILLIAM — WOT?

ANNA — Bite my hand, hard.

WILLIAM — Say, you're nutty. *(He rushes off.)*

ANNA — *(Happily.)* Affection, L O V E . *(Dreamily.)*
He said he'd come back. *(To be continued.)*

When
ashid, wa
id ever m
"The
abi", "was
l-Mansur
g to the
ated.

"Whe
im saying
'Bring
The r
'Art t
Jmayyads
The C
'Art t
'No,'
'Then

f the Un
The C
ith to ans
'The
ee of all l
treasury o

The
'Then
at the U
ainted by
erent sou
Again
nd a prop
'O R
ever con
o the ma
t for the
'By

Choice Arabian Tales

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND

When Al-Rabi' Ibn Yahya, the Arab vizier of Haroun Al-ashid, was asked who was the most present-minded man he had ever met, he related the following story:

"The most present-minded man I have ever met," said Al-rabi', "was a man of Kufa who was brought before the Caliph Al-Mansur on an accusation of holding in trust wealth belonging to the Umayyads, whom the 'Abbaside Caliph had exterminated."

"When the accused man appeared, Al-Mansur commanded him saying:

'Bring forth the trusts of the Umayyads!'

The man coolly replied:

'Art thou, O Prince of the Faithful, the legal heir of the Umayyads?'

The Caliph said, 'No.'

'Art thou, then, their trustee?', again asked the Kufite.

'No,' said the Caliph.

'Then under what pretext dost thou demand of me the trusts of the Umayyads?'

The Caliph bowed his head in contemplation, thinking what to answer the Kufite. Then raising his head he said:

'The sons of Umayya betrayed the Moslems, and as a trustee of all Moslems, I have right in demanding restoration to the treasury of the Moslems of all that belonged to them.'

The Kufite was not to be confuted. He replied:

'There is one thing more, and that is to produce evidence that the Umayyad wealth entrusted to me is of that which is tainted by treachery, for the Umayyads had wealth from different sources.'

Again Al-Mansur bowed in contemplation, but, failing to find a proper rebuttal, he turned to me and said:

'O Rabi', release this man, for, by Allah, I swear I have never conversed with a man like him before.' Then, turning to the man, he said: 'Ask what is thy need that we may fulfill it for thee.'

'By Allah,' replied the man, 'I request nothing more than

to be allowed to send a letter to my folks whose hearts are sorely troubled and are anxious to hear about my case.'

When the man's request was granted, he turned to the Caliph and said:

'O Prince of the Faithful, I have none of the trusts of the Umayyads, but I beg of thee to bring me together with my accuser.'

The Caliph was even more surprised at this declaration and said to the man: 'Why then didst thou not deny the charge in the first place?'

'Because,' said the man, 'this is more to the point. For had I denied thou wouldst not have believed it.'

The Caliph then commanded that the accuser of the Kufite be brought forth, and when he came, the Kufite recognized him as a slave who had fled from him, after he had stolen three thousand dinars. And when the slave was pressed he admitted his guilt, saying that he accused his master with the object of thwarting him for pursuing him.

Then Al-Mansur asked the Kufite to forgive his slave, saying: 'Count his guilt in my favor.'

The Kufite complied with the request, adding: 'I have also given him his freedom for thy sake, O Prince of the Faithful, for this is but little in the way of reward of him who was the means of my coming to thy presence, and of receiving at thy hands such undeserved praise.'

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

The famous Arab historian Al-Waqidi related the following story to illustrate the extent to which sincere friends go in helping one another when in need. He said:

I had two friends, one of whom was a Hashimite, and we were all in friendship as one soul. One day, when poverty had pressed hard on me, my wife said to me: 'My lord, we cannot manage to bear the dire straits of poverty, but my heart is torn in sorrow at the sight of our children when they see the neighbors' children jubilant and attired in new dresses for the feast. For their sake, go out and manage to get some money that we may spend on dresses for them.'

Finding that her plea was for a good reason, my heart was touched. I sat to think of some way to secure the money

when I suddenly remembered my Hashimite friend. Immediately I wrote him to send me what he could dispose of, and he sent me a bag of one thousand dirhams. I had scarcely received the money when my other friend wrote asking for a similar loan from me. I could not resist him, and sent the very bag which the Hashimite had sent me. Then I went to the mosque, ashamed to encounter my wife. But when I entered my home and told her what had happened she rebuked me not.

Presently my Hashimite friend came with the same bag of gold, still sealed as I had received it.

'Tell me the truth about this bag,' insisted my friend. I then told him how after I had received it my other friend asked me to send him some money and I sent him the same bag. The Hashimite smiled as he related:

'By Allah, yea by Allah I swear, that when you asked my help I had nothing at home but this bag of gold which I sent you. So after I sent it to you I wrote our common friend to send me some money, and behold he sent me back my own bag. Seeing then that we three have but this one bag in common, let us divide it between us.'

Saying which, the Hashimite took out one hundred dirhams and gave them to my wife, and divided the rest amongst us three, each receiving 300 dirhams.

This story reached the ear of the Caliph Al-Ma'moun, who sent for me and asked me to repeat it. When I did, he was greatly pleased and, calling my two friends, rewarded each one of us with two thousand dinars, and my wife with one thousand dinars.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT

An ingenious man appeared before Haroun Al-Rashid and asked permission to demonstrate his ability. Upon being granted permission, he produced a number of needles and, placing one on the ground, proceeded to drop the others from his full height and they would all strike the eye of the needle placed on the ground without a single miss. Haroun Al-Rashid ordered the man flogged a hundred blows and given a hundred dinars, and upon being asked the reason for his having combined punishment and reward, the Caliph replied: "I have rewarded him for his ingenuity, and punished him so that he may desist from wasting his extraordinary gifts on what is wholly superfluous."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

By THE EDITOR

BAYARD DODGE

With characteristic modesty, President Bayard Dodge of the American University of Beirut expounds the mission and the record of achievement of the great educational institution in Syria of which he is the head with not a single reference to himself. He is simply "connected" with the University. "It is my fortune to *work* in an American institution" serving Syria and the countries of the Near East in general. When reference is made to the fact that the French Government had decorated two members of the faculty during the past year, he studiously avoids mention of himself being one of the two. Yet Bayard Dodge personally, and the Dodge family in general, have done more for Syria in their support of the American University of Beirut than any other person or group. Bayard Dodge shared during the World War the privations and hardships of the Syrian people as did no other American or European of his wealth and class. The Dodge children in Beirut even went without shoes and were restrict-

ed to scant food rations, while the late Cleveland H. Dodge, father of Bayard, was in New York contributing millions towards the purchase of clothing and food for needy Syrians. Yet President Dodge proves that his love for Syrians has not been exhausted; that his educational mission to them has not been fully accomplished; that his work for reconstruction and for "manufacturing" men and women fired with lofty ideals and trained with scientific methods has still a long course to run. And he consequently chooses to devote his talents, his energy, his knowledge, to their service as a head "worker" in the American University of Beirut. This, indeed, is a proof of devotion of rare occurrence, especially in that it is coming from the millionaire son of a millionaire father and undertaken wholly and purely on altruistic motives.

Nor is Pres. Dodge seeking exemption from his self-imposed responsibilities while in America. Rather, he is here working even harder for the promotion of the work which is filling his life and, besides,

OCTO

perform
duties
good-
that h
of Ar
bilatio
man v
their
they
Nove
but a
feelin
mode
ed ec
their

TH

W
nour
TH
aat-
of
a no
by p
Eng
Syr
grie
this
unt
sec
Gh
En
the
spe
wa
ed
dic
po
co

performing all the exacting duties of the ambassador of good-will and understanding that he truly is. The Syrians of America have cause for jubilation in again meeting the man who is doing so much for their country, and the dinner they are giving in his honor on November 10 in New York is but a small testimonial of their feeling of gratitude for the modest, efficient and big-hearted educator and benefactor of their country.

THE END OF AN EXPERIMENT

We had the pleasure to announce in a former issue of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* that Meraat-Ul-Gharb, a Syrian daily of New York, had introduced a novel and interesting feature by publishing a weekly page in English for the benefit of the Syrian-American generation. It grieves us now to learn that this experiment has come to an untimely end. For two consecutive weeks Meraat-Ul-Gharb has appeared minus the English page, and although the paper itself has made no specific reference to the fact, it was learned from well-informed sources that the experiment did not meet with sufficient popular support to warrant its continuance. It is a painful ad-

mission to make considering the nature of the service intended by the enterprising newspaper. The fault must lie either with the newspaper itself in not having furnished service of the right kind, or with the reading public which did not appreciate the value of the service rendered. It is cause for pity that this pioneering effort should have run such a short course. Future attempts of this nature are bound to be studied more carefully and provided for more fully so as not to spell discredit on the Syrian press by abrupt abandonment after only a short existence.

OUR BULWARK

It is a sign of a healthy social condition for the Syrian young folks to establish societies of their own. It is also a sign of intelligent understanding on the part of the parents not to thrust themselves in the affairs of their youth and insist on managing things their own, old way. There is a chasm between the old and the new which has to be carefully bridged by mutual tolerance. For the young generation it is hard to fathom the conventional, decorous methods of conduct which their elders have inherited from a country steeped in the traditions of countless

centuries. The elders, quite naturally, will look askance at any breach of their accepted order of etiquette in conduct. Modernism has been thrust on them too suddenly and not by degrees. Even a moderate exercise of independent action on the part of their children they are liable to characterize as insubordination and rebellion.

What it is necessary for the parents to realize is that conditions and surroundings in America are totally different from those obtaining in their motherland. Changing times must also be taken into consideration. Appreciation of all these differences is essential to bring about a proper understanding between the two elements.

The young folks should not be ridiculed or discouraged in any of their legitimate efforts. Coming together in a social club, a fraternal or a benevolent society is a most laudable undertaking. In the management or conduct of such an organization the older generation should not meddle or interfere. The younger generation is better schooled in parliamentary procedure and more capable of understanding its own mind. The parents, if they value their traditions and wish to see what is best in them perpetuated, should encourage all forms of

social activities leading to co-operation among their youth. This is the best method for holding together the scattered fragments of the Syrian race. It should gladden the hearts of the elders merely to see their youth come together with unflagging spirit and without shame and unite on working for a common cause.

In the news section of this issue of THE SYRIAN WORLD there is reported the formation recently of two organizations of the young Syrian generation in two widely separated cities, each striving to attain a commendable object. Undoubtedly, there are scores of such organizations of our youth throughout the land, some of which we had occasion to refer to at different times. This movement should by all means be encouraged, not hampered. It may prove to be the nucleus of a nation-wide movement for the unification of the race in what is bound to become a great force for good both for the race and for the nation of which it constitutes a racial unit. Such a national organization would be our best medium for bringing out the best that is in us and using it to the best advantage. It depends mostly on our proper appreciation of the latent possibilities of our youth.

CONST

Editor, "

Parad
editorial
in itself
problem
permitted
burden,
permit
sense th
your e
original
a unity
us thi
things.
which p
magazi
doing s

You

readers

If "sna

ature o

ed on t

the Wo

rather

ever, i

airy,

then p

then.

philoso

the fu

The

It mus

which

such v

undoul

magaz

little l

Litera

nal, Y

it mus

all th

Amer

taking

Readers' Forum

CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS

Editor, The Syrian World,

Paradoxical as it may sound, your editorial in the September World is in itself a possible solution of the problem therein described. You have permitted your readers to share the burden, and I feel that if you will permit them to share in a wider sense that you will have fulfilled all your expectations. I think that originally it was your hope to create a unity among us all and to make us think and know worthwhile things. I believe that the ideals which prompted you to publish the magazine may be realized without doing so at your expense.

You seem to regret that so many readers demand "snappy" stories. If "snappy" means the trashy literature of which there is plenty offered on the market, I would say that the World should go out of existence rather than offer such stuff. However, if "snappy" means a bit of airy, fairy, nonsensical romance, then please give us some now and then. Whether we are young or old, philosophers or laborers, we all need the fun of romancing.

The World must fill all our needs. It must be a versatile magazine which can meet the requirements of such varied tastes as your readers undoubtedly have. We have only one magazine and we want it to be a little like the Forum, World's Work, Literary Digest, Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Companion... in fact, it must have the finest attributes of all the finest magazines on the American market. A colossal undertaking? Indeed it is. Your read-

ers are historians, housewives, merchants and students and many others. It is a huge and difficult task to please them all.

Persons interested in the arts are in the minority. A magazine of such a public nature must cater to the majority. I do not agree with you that the majority of our people are material and have deplorable tastes. They are of the earthy earth. It may be difficult for the World to be of the earthy earth, but the struggle is worth while. Stoop to the other fellow's level, and you will find that he will meet you half way.

May we have articles on modern problems of society? If you will refer to the index of any number of the Forum magazine, you will more clearly understand what I mean.

The articles of "Ibn El-Khoury", Miss Attiyeh; the story by Mr. Catzeffis; Dr. M. Shadid's letter; all these and many others were splendid.

Do you not think that a contest might be a good thing to make your readers take more interest? There are a variety of worth while subjects which might be offered for the different elements. The prize should be of second importance. Let your readers do some of the work for a change.

I know well that I know little, if anything, about conducting a magazine. Still, I find courage to express myself because I am sincerely anxious that the World flourish. Those of us who are not learned in Arabic and anxious to know ourselves have long been destitute for want of a magazine. I think that you will

find a splendid response to your call.
Edna K. Saloomey.
Bridgeport, Conn.

ASKS FOR ADDED FEATURES

Editor, The Syrian World,

In response to your invitation for opinions from readers, I think that your policy of presenting only the highest literature to represent the Syrian culture is commendable. However, by this method, you are bound to reach only the minority. I certainly would not suggest that you cheapen the tone of your publication by catering to popular demand to gain support, but I do not think it would be amiss to add a feature or two that will be of sole appeal to the average mind of the Syrian-American youth whom it is your desire to reach and to whom the present reading matter alone might prove a trifle "heavy". Gradually, the young folks should come to appreciate the wonderful background offered by this magazine.

I think your "forum" or "letters to the editor" idea, as well as prize contests might stimulate interest.

Marie Hanna.

Akron, Ohio.

PROPER WAY OF APPROACH!

Editor, The Syrian World,

Rather late to express my opinion about the August number of The Syrian World, but better late than never.

The poem of the "Falcon and the Nightingale" is superb and ought to be a golden lesson for the Syrians.

This is an age of activity and not of sentiment. People are admired and respected for what they are now and not for what they used to be a

thousand years ago. We boast of the present man and not of what our great great grandfathers used to be. Articles like Dr. Hitti's and lectures like his and other Lebanese whom I have heard ever cause the question that was asked of Dr. Hitti when he lectured at Vassar College. "What has the Lebanese of today contributed to the modern world?"

It is action this present world needs. What good is all the education in the world for the Lebanese when he is lashed with his donkey with the whip of a common French soldier, as I saw it done more than once?

People are praying for love, unity and harmony. If the Syrian denounces publicly the Palestinian and Transjordanian who are his neighbors and brothers, how could he expect the American to love and respect him? Why not work together constructively on a higher plane than jeers and criticism!

It is only my love and zeal that urge me to write this. Your purpose for this magazine is great and high, so why not encourage articles that are more constructive and uplifting; articles that create harmony and put pep and courage in the new generation to do something for their country, to save her from charity and foreign jeers and domination, to rise when the occasion comes and help those who were brave to fight for their country and freedom, be they Druzes or others, and not deceitfully conspire with the enemy with the result that they are looked upon worse than ever. Action, action is what makes men, otherwise, it is "To each they give his worth! They knew that you

Say but do not, and I say not but do."
N. Y. C. Edma Belmont.

Un
mic pic
Arabic
writers
speakin
no part
task wi
with ut
nion as

80,000

What
world's
ans?

Ever
Armeni
disappe
greater
speak,
are rep
as hav
who an
possess
point o

The
porting
the Go
menian
are to
residen
ing fac
mission
with th
their r
Nation
work f
ians; t
Armen
tion ar
in Leb
Southe
ter;
has as

Spirit of The Syrian Press

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

Editor.

80,000 ARMENIANS IN SYRIA

What can be the cause of the world's sympathy for the Armenians?

Ever since Gladstone created the Armenian question we find this race disappear and then reappear in greater numbers. They are, so to speak, like the Jews of Russia who are represented in works of fiction as having been exterminated but who are still found to be in full possession of authority, even to the point of wielding dictatorial powers.

The recent news from Geneva reporting the announcement made at the Golden Rule dinner that the Armenians now in Syria and Lebanon are to remain there as permanent residents discloses several interesting facts. It is made plain that the missionaries help the Armenians with their influence as well as with their millions; that the League of Nations is influenced by those who work for the interest of the Armenians; that France has taken the Armenians under her special protection and is building homes for them in Lebanon while the sufferers of Southern Lebanon are without shelter; that the High Commissioner has assured the Armenians of lands

and financial loans to help them establish themselves in Syria.

Under the circumstances, we wish to ask: Have not the Lebanese and Syrians a more rightful claim than the Armenians and Frenchmen to these promised lands and loans?

If sympathy is to be lavished, why not begin with the nearest of kin, as the French have a mandate not over the Armenians, but over the Lebanese and Syrians?

Everything now seems to be for the Armenians: the orphanages, the contributions and donations and all that is needed or desired. This is a policy we believe in, but only after such time when Lebanon and Syria are in no further need of assistance. And if the High Commissioner is not pleased with such an attitude, we would suggest that he remove the Armenians to his own beautiful France.

After all, the whole trouble seems to lie with the natives themselves who are capable only of complaining and are too weak to act.

(Al-Hoda, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1927.)

ARTIFICIAL CALM

The calm now obtaining in Syria is of an artificial nature. The French,

following a war which lasted two years, have succeeded in creating this semblance of quiet so that it may serve them as a subterfuge before the League of Nations and the civilized world.

Through fear that their claim would be branded as a lie by the press of Syria and Lebanon, they have suppressed the papers, especially the fearless ones.

But the Mandates Commission in Geneva is well aware of the fact that the French lie in their reports. Even the French themselves are conscious of the fact that they only deceive themselves and the world in their claims about conditions in Syria.

The Syrians, whose fearlessness and courage increase in inverse ratio to tyranny and oppression, cannot be calm in spite of outward appearances. They are more conscious now of their progress than they were heretofore, and the more they become so the more they become jealous of their right to liberty and equality with other men.

The French cannot prolong this superficial calm because it is unnatural. It is a thin veneer which the Syrian people will remove as soon as its hands are unshackled. Nay, even France may tear off this flimsy cover once she realizes that souls of free men cannot be won over by a policy of terrorism and oppression.

(Meraat-Ul-Gharb, N. Y.,
Sept. 9, 1927.)

THE GREAT POWERS AND THE LEAGUE

We have often criticised the Great Powers in the League of Nations, such as England and France, and accused them of shaping the policy

of the League in the manner most favorable to their own interests. They have opposed universal peace because it is not in conformity with their unreasonable and aggressive policies of expansion. It is they who prevented the Mandates Commission from conducting an investigation into the grievances of the nations under mandate, such as Syria, because such an investigation will only disclose their corrupt practices and intentions and prove to the world that instead of reforming they have heaped on those countries additional misfortunes.

France, who boasts of being the mother of liberty, has suppressed free speech in Syria and placed iron shackles on the press in an effort to thwart it from laying bare actual conditions. This same accusation applies to England who, it is true, has established law and order and accomplished many reforms, but, nevertheless, has not given the people their legal rights, nor has she heard their grievances or relieved them of the competition of the Jews. She has, on the contrary, acted as one who is legal owner of the land and not as one who is trustee of a people in the role of a minor needing guidance and protection.

(Al-Bayan, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1927.)

CAUSE OF THE DRUSE REVOLT

It has now become evident that the Druze revolution was inspired neither by motives of patriotism, nor reform, nor independence, nor pride. Its flames were fanned by some lazy malcontents who sought this as the most convenient means to gain some small, despicable personal ends.

Those who read between the lines

can we
of the
ment o
his agr
land is
sume
king F
of the
East.
suppor
may s
The D
Bolshe
France
tion co
parent
shevis
trouble
her fr
in her
had he
she so
them
cate h
with t
also,
the D
taken
motiv
it.

(A

A MC

No
quire
gious
Syria
decla
Syria
influe
the e
lishm
the h
cenda

We
ment
press
woul

can well discern the implied cause of the Druze revolt from the statement of Mr. Chamberlin following his agreement with M. Briand. England is anxious to have France resume relations of friendship with king Faisul because the latter is one of the gatekeepers of England in the East. England, therefore, secretly supported Faisul so that the latter may secretly support the Druzes. The Druzes were the tools of the Bolsheviks who used them to harass France. England condoned this action covertly because it was on apparent amicable terms with the Bolsheviks and sought to deal out trouble aplenty to France to prevent her from hampering her (England) in her designs. But when England had her dispute with the Bolsheviks she sought the aid of France against them and used every means to placate her. This had been her policy with the Riff revolt against France also, and it naturally follows that the Druze revolt was never undertaken for the lofty and disinterested motives that were first claimed for it.

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

A MONARCHY, NOT A REPUBLIC

No stronger proof could be required of the prevalence of religious fanaticism and bigotry in Syria than that contained in the declarations of the leaders of the Syrian Nationalist movement and the influentials in the Syrian nation, to the effect that they favor the establishment of a monarchy in Syria at the head of which would be a descendant of the Prophet.

We have alluded before to statements of some Syrian leaders expressing their conviction that this would be the best solution of the

existing Syrian problem. We wish to refer now to a statement by Ata Bey Ayoubi, published following the issuance of the declaration of the High Commissioner, in which he advocates openly the monarchical form of government for Syria with the proviso that the king be selected from across the border, meaning that the king should be either from Iraq, Transjordan, or the Hedjaz, and be of the family of the Prophet. Such is the religious fanaticism of the Syrian Mohammedans.

(Syrian Eagle, N.Y., Sept. 24, 1927.)

NECESSITY FOR SCHOOLS

We are of the firm belief that Syrian churches in the United States will be short-lived if they are not flanked by Arabic schools.

Who among the students of our present conditions will deny the fact that not only our churches, but our newspapers as well, will not live for over a quarter of a century if schools for teaching Arabic are not established in every Syrian community large enough to support a church and a school.

We are willing to lend every assistance possible in the way of encouraging the establishment of Arabic schools because our occupation requires that we keep alive the language in which we write and keep it free from impurities and defects.

Furthermore, we are of the belief that it is of prime importance to preserve the spiritual strength of the Syrian-Lebanese nation, and inasmuch as the schools are the guardians of the churches which in turn are the source of that strength, it becomes necessary for us to encourage the establishment of schools and to lend all possible support

to those conducting them.

(Ash-Shaab, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1927.)

CHANGE OF COMMISSIONERS

A High Commissioner departs and another arrives while we look into the face of each in the hope of discovering a change, but only too soon discover that the change of High Commissioners does not alter the basic mandatory policy of France in Syria. Rather it is only our ignorance of the truth which makes us see a difference in the new High Commissioner for a time.

Foreigners in the East are much more able than its own people. They no sooner occupy a place than they study carefully the psychology of its inhabitants and get to know them better than they know themselves. For this reason we find the East ever struggling impotently while the West, which rules the East, stands imperturbed in the midst of the apparent turmoil wearing a benign smile not unlike that of the Sphinx which mocks of the passing tempest. The reason for this indifference is that the West has for a long time been convinced that Eastern uprisings are but harmless storms that run their prescribed course and when their temporary fury is wasted all is calm and serene again just as if nothing had taken place.

Indeed, these are storms and not revolutions. It is a travesty on good judgment to call the Syrian drama, which had its beginning in the Druze mountain, a revolution, while it was no more than a storm which took its toll in lives and in destruction of property and passed out just as if it had never existed. The only sufferers are the natives who paid a heavy price for the experiment, while

foreigners are even at present as they were in the past, following their set policy in Syria, wearing the smile of the Sphinx which mocks of the passing storm.

(As-Sayeh, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1927.)

HYPOCRISY IN DIPLOMACY

In our opinion, M. Briand is an arch-hypocrite who professes what he believes not, and who shams piety and humanitarianism while at heart he is a convinced militarist. If he were not thus he would at least back up his professions of humanitarianism by a little action in the way of taking the initiative in reducing armaments.

His humanitarianism should especially be manifest in curbing those French officials entrusted with the carrying out of the mandate in Syria who unravel knotty problems by means of the sword and deal with vital questions by the use of explosives which they hurl from the air on innocent and inoffensive non-combatants.

Why does not Briand say the word that will put a stop to the atrocities of the French officials in Syria? Nay, why does he not consent to sending a mixed commission to investigate the charges lodged with the League of Nations against the French in Syria, charges which, had they been brought to the attention of the tyrant Abdul Hamid, would have caused him to put an end to the motives of complaint.

We only wish that some Syrian leader would translate these remarks into the language of M. Briand and have them published in a French paper in the hope that the French Foreign Minister will read them and learn the opinion which the Syrians hold of him.

(Al-Bayan, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1927.)

About Syria and Syrians

SYRIAN HAS ENTRY IN GREAT AIR DERBY

First and only Syrian to engage in
manufacture of aeroplanes.

Newspaper readers will recall the valiant fight of the aviator Steve Lacey in bringing his biplane Air King back to Roosevelt field, L. I., on Sept. 22, after having developed motor trouble on his attempted flight in the New York-Spokane Air Derby. Although the aviator had to bring back his ship and give up the attempt, his fight in bringing the plane safely to earth in what was described by experts as a perfect landing was hailed as an unparallded air achievement. Lacey had made a beautiful take off and was well across the Hudson River, having passed safely over New York, when he developed motor trouble. He decided to lighten the load of his biplane and opened the emergency valve of the forward gasoline tanks, but the drift of air from the propeller drove the fluid into the cockpit and filled it to a depth of four inches in a short time. The pilot and his mechanic were almost overcome with the poisonous vapor but Lacey gamely stuck to his post. His hands and feet were numb and it was only by following the motions of his mechanic who was leaning over the edge to get the benefit of the fresh air that he was able to direct the course of the plane.

How he was able, while in that semi-conscious condition, to navigate the Air King over New York and bring it safely to earth was hailed

by aviation authorities as one of the greatest feats of the air.

But what may further interest our readers in this connection is that the biplane Air King is the entry of a Syrian in the great air race between New York and Spokane. He is Mr. C. A. Tannous, president of the National Airways System of Lomax, Ill., which manufactures the Air King biplane. He was in New York to witness the start of the race and although his pilot insisted on making another attempt he prevailed upon him to give up.

The National Airways System is the only concern manufacturing commercial aeroplanes in the State of Illinois. It was formed through the initiative of our countryman, Mr. Tannous, who is the president and largest stock holder. Already it is manufacturing aeroplanes at the rate of 100 a year, selling for \$2,100 each. The demand has been increasing at such a rapid rate that additional ground has been acquired for the erection of a new factory.

Mr. Tannous may well claim the distinction of being the first, and, so far, the only Syrian engaged in the manufacture of aeroplanes. We know of some Syrian aviators but not of aeroplane manufacturers other than Mr. Tannous. It certainly requires courage to embark on the risks of such an infant industry.

The Syrian World is glad to make this discovery and to announce it to its readers. Such news of daring and initiative cannot be but stimulating.

It may be added that Mr. Tannous is the publisher of the Lomax

Searchlight, the weekly newspaper of the Illinois town which is identified with his manufacturing and commercial activities and in the civic life of which he has made himself a factor of pronounced influence.

PRES. DODGE EXPOUNDS MISSION OF A. U. B.

President Bayard Dodge of the American University of Beirut is in New York for what may be a furlough of a year. He is here with his family, and his homecoming has been the occasion of great rejoicing among his host of friends both Americans and Syrians. They are planning a dinner in his honor to be given at the Hotel Commodore on November 10.

President Dodge is one of the finest ambassadors of good-will between America and the East. He has devoted his life to the service of Syrians and other Eastern races in what they are most in need of—education. He could have perpetuated the tradition of the Dodge family by continuing its donations and benefactions showered on the American University of Beirut and other American institutions of learning in the Near East, but he has chosen to do that and even more. He has selected to serve the cause of education not only through his financial assistance, but by the devotion of his talents and ability in taking up the active duties of President of the American University of Beirut and choosing to live among the people he seeks to benefit. President Dodge is today about the best loved foreigner in Syria.

In a letter to the press on the mission, activities and progress of the American University of Beirut.

Pres. Dodge has given expression to the ideals guiding him in presiding over the destinities of the great educational institution on the shore of the Mediterranean. "I am 'connected'," he says modestly, "with the American University of Beirut, which is helping with reconstruction, by giving young men and women scientific training, and by raising academic standards to those of the West... Last year 35 students were in training as teachers. Entrance requirements have been made so difficult that private and government schools in Iraq, Syria, Palestine, the Sudan and Ethiopia are improving their work so as to fit their students for college entrance. What these countries need more than money is a supply of men and women, fired with lofty ideals and trained with scientific methods. It is my fortune to work in an American institution that is manufacturing such men and women."

"The American University of Beirut," he continues, "is an institution sixty-one years old which represents no sect or program of proselytism, but seeks to create international goodwill. On the teaching and administrative force there are 209 persons. Only 69 are Americans; 86 are Syrians; 6 English; 3 Canadian; 14 Armenian; 8 French; 2 Swiss; 5 Greek; 4 Palestinian; 8 Russian; and one from Austria, New Zealand, Persia, and Poland. This same group numbers 7 Moslems; 9 Druzes; 1 Bahai; 2 Jews; 14 Catholics; 124 Protestants; and 52 from the Greek and Armenian Churches. Salaries, duties and rank are fixed because of personal ability, independently of race and sect.

"Three British dependencies, and also the Prince Regent of Ethiopia,

support
Two me
been de
ernment
tors fro
colonial
Cairo a
invitati
duct ex
the Gov
duct G
of my
the Suc

"Alth
ed to a
Moslem
attend

"Dur
649 pu
second
schools
macy,
Over h
ians.
Palmy
sia.
from
and th
of pla
Africa

A SY

The
archb
Churc
Sept.
Nich
durin
Abo-I
for th
with
Fol
a bar
the C
flouri
good

support students at the University. Two members of the Faculty have been decorated by the French Government during the past year. Doctors from the French Army, British colonial service, and universities at Cairo and Damascus have accepted invitations to help the Faculty conduct examinations. The Faculty help the Government of Palestine to conduct Government examinations. One of my jobs is to appoint doctors for the Sudan army and civil service.

"Although students are not obliged to attend chapel, many hundred Moslems, Christians and Jews do attend regularly.

"During the past year, there were 649 pupils in the elementary and secondary schools, and 691 in the schools of Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Nursing and Arts & Sciences. Over half of them were non-Christians. 220 of them came across the Palmyra desert from Iraq and Persia. 206 came from Palestine, 98 from Egypt, 140 were Armenians, and the others came from a variety of places as far distant as South Africa and Brazil."

A SYRIAN ORTHODOX BISHOP FOR CANADA

The Rt. Rev. Aftimos Ofeish, archbishop of the Syrian Orthodox Church of America, presided, on Sept. 11, at a ceremony held at St. Nicholas' Cathedral in Brooklyn during which the Rev. Emmanuel Abo-Hatab was consecrated bishop for the Orthodox Syrians of Canada with a see in Montreal.

Following the religious ceremony a banquet was held in the hall of the Cathedral marked by a great flourish of oratory expressive of the good wishes of the congregation to

the new bishop by his friends and admirers both in the United States and Canada.

PROGRESSIVE SYRIAN YOUNG WOMEN FORM SOCIETY

Indicative of the spirit of the young Syrian generation in America is the creation of offices in the clubs and societies of the young folks unheard of before among the older generation. Miss Olga Andrews, of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes that she has been appointed "publicity director" of the Young Women's Aid Society of that city "organized for the purpose of establishing good-fellowship among its members and furthering the interest of St. George Syrian Orthodox Church of Pittsburgh." Although the society is but six months old, it has undertaken its work with characteristic youthful enthusiasm and vigor. Miss Andrews writes that the older generation was quite discouraging in its attitude at first, but when the young society overcame all obstacles and conducted first a card party at one of the leading hotels of the city, and then a dance which were both well attended and yielded much more results than anticipated, the former attitude of discouragement and tolerant indifference was gradually replaced by whole-hearted co-operation. Now the society is planning a masquerade ball which it feels certain will meet with much greater success.

This society of Syrian young women in Pittsburgh has a roll of fifteen members who are bent on doing something of value and going about it their own way. Their motto is "Esta Perpetua".

A LEADER IN HIS CLUB

Supplementing our account of the formation of a club by the Syrian residents of Shanghai, China, published in the September issue of *The Syrian World*, it pleases us to state now that "Mr. Buddy Ontra, a member of Mssrs. Ontra and Ontra of New York, exporters of embroidered art linens", was referred to by the *Shanghai Times* of July 3 as being "a leader in the American Lace and Embroidery Association of China", better known as "The Rose and Leaf Club".

A SYRIAN CASE OF LEPROSY IN CALIF.

"A tragedy in real life," states a despatch from Stockton, Cal., to Los Angeles papers, "was disclosed here when Dr. John H. Sippy, head of the San Joaquin health district, found a young Syrian woman, mother of three children, affected with leprosy."

"The patient," the despatch further states, "was ordered immediately to a leprosarium in Louisiana. Her husband, according to Dr. Sippy, begged to be allowed to accompany his wife. When he was refused permission, he purchased a ticket to ride in another car on the same train, so that he might walk before her window at each station to let her know he was near."

SYRIAN PHYSICIAN GRADUATES WITH HIGH HONORS

Dr. Joseph A. Macksood has graduated this year from the Loyola Medical School with a scholastic record which spells high credit both for himself and his race. We are

glad to publish an account of the scholastic achievement of this young Syrian as sent to us by Miss Olga Elkouri of Detroit, Michigan.

"Dr. Macksood," says Miss Elkouri, "came from Syria at the age of 13 and entered the first grade, completing the grades school in two years. He later entered High School and college, completing both in seven years and taking up philosophy, languages and sciences—Latin, French, Italian, Greek, German; chemistry, physics, etc. He obtained his M. D. degree from Loyola University for having the highest scholastic honors of any graduate in 1927 amongst all graduating doctors and he also holds the key from the Phi Chi International Medical Fraternity, which has 52 chapters in Class A of Medical Schools. Dr. Macksood is but 26 years old and is now serving his internship in Chicago."

SYRIANS OF LOS ANGELES HAVE PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY

Although not quite a year old, the Syrian Young Men's Society of Los Angeles, Cal., has ingratiated itself in the good esteem of the community by the excellent work it has been doing.

The purpose of the society, we are informed, "is to facilitate friendship among the young Syrian generation and to maintain the traditional customs of our forefathers... The creation of a social atmosphere among the young Syrian generation in order to invite and strengthen family ties..."

Outstanding among the achievements of the society is the establishment of a free night school for teaching Arabic which has been so well attended that increased facili-

OCTO

ties were
opening.

PARDO

Benne
court-m
the Fre
of eigh
face of
ed par
of the
to desp
27.

Doty
seen s
A. E. I
Foreig
war w
that h
There
other
rash".
serted
court-
the str
was s
He to
sociat
desert
ardice

The
the S
appro
ximat
the c
in th
initia
const
The
road
Sout
Hom

ties were required shortly after its opening.

PARDON FOR DOTY, SESERTER IN SYRIA

Bennet J. Doty, who last year was court-martialed and sentenced by the French in Syria to serve a term of eight years for desertion in the face of the enemy, has been granted pardon through the good offices of the American Legion, according to despatches from Paris on Sept. 27.

Doty is an American who had seen service in Europe with the A. E. F. He enlisted in the French Foreign Legion to engage in the war with Abdel Krim. He claims that he was sent to Syria instead. There he admits that he "met another one just as good, Sultan At-rash". With several others he deserted but was recaptured and court-martialed. It was only through the strongest representations that he was saved from being executed. He told a correspondent of the Associated Press that his "momentary desertion" was caused not by cowardice but by acute homesickness.

\$500,000 FOR ROADS

The ministry of Public Works in the State of Syria announces the appropriation of £100,000, or, approximately, half a million dollars, for the construction and repair of roads in the State of Syria proper as the initial move in carrying out the construction program of M. Ponsot. The main expenditure will be on the road leading to Baghdad in the South and on those connecting with Homs and Hama to the North.

REGULAR AIR PASSENGER SERVICE IN THE EAST

The Arabic press of Beirut reports that the Kirm Company, a native concern, has announced the completion of plans for the inauguration of a regular passenger air line between Beirut and Cairo, and between Beirut and Baghdad.

The announcement contains the further information that the company has ordered from the United States two large passenger planes for use on the two new routes. The Lebanese licensed pilot, Joseph Akar, is to be in charge of one of the American planes.

LEBANESE CHILD WINS BEAUTY PRIZE

A children's beauty contest was held in Waterbury, Conn., under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce in which entrants from all over the State participated. The winner of the first prize was Adele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tannous Zachia of Ehden, in Mt. Lebanon and a resident of Waterbury. The winner was dressed in the style of the Statue of Liberty and draped with an American flag. She is not yet four years old.

MAYOR OF DETROIT SPEAKS TO SYRIANS

The Arabic newspaper "Liberty", published in Detroit, reports that on Sept. 18, Mayor John Smith of Detroit paid a special visit to the society of St. John Maron at its meeting rooms and addressed the members and the many other Syrians present on civic topics.

The Syrians of Detroit are numerous and have made themselves a

power in business there, but now, through the efforts of their progressive organizations, they are awakening to their civic duties and taking a live interest in politics.

REBUILDING RASHAYYA

A representative commission of laymen has been holding conferences with officials of the Lebanese Government with a view to providing ways and means for rebuilding Rashayya and repatriating its destitute inhabitants. It was tentatively agreed that a sum of 20,000,000 francs be set aside for reconstruction purposes. Active in these efforts are the Rt. Rev. Bourjaily and Fares Gantous.

The case of Rashayya has remained, ever since the destruction of the once thriving town by the Druze rebels, a painful thorn in the side of the Lebanese Government. The destitute condition of the Rashayyites who bore the brunt of the revolutionary fury for no other reason than their refusal to join hands with the revolutionists has ever been cited as a proof of the neglect of the French authorities in Syria. The Rashayyites have been holding out for full reparation, and, in spite of the extremities to which they have been reduced, have refused to return to their ruined homes until their demands are fully granted.

Political Developments in Syria

The outstanding political development of the month in Syria has been the bending of energies to give shape to the proposed new National Army, called by some the National Militia, recommended by M. Ponsot in his program. The States of Syria, as well as the Republic of Lebanon, are to join forces in the formation of this military unit whose maintenance is to be borne by all, 43 per cent. of the expenses falling on Lebanon. This move, while previously advocated by the Syrian Nationalists, has now aroused considerable opposition by reason of the heavy additional burden it is bound to lay on impoverished Syria. The annual expenses of such an army, it is claimed, may amount to 10,000,000 francs or more, and this would not be in the interest of Syria but rather

in the interest of the mandatory power which would be relieved of any further heavy appropriations for its Syrian army of occupation. M. Ponsot, it is claimed, was able to win the approval of the parliament of his country in making new appropriations only on his promise to reduce the military expenses in Syria to a minimum during the year. It is proposed, therefore, to create the Syrian army so that it may replace the French forces and gradually reduce them to no more than 15,000. The Syrians, however, claim that such would not constitute a concession on a national demand because the proposed army will be officered by the French and remain in a subservient capacity.

The opponents of this scheme claim that Iraq has offered strenu-

ous ol
army
would
sity of
manda
are pu
They a
pressin
of the
tails s
while
needs
They
omic
the re
prefer
tary n

The
howev
with h
object
tour o
with g
ers, b
furthe
one al
he has
reticer
all his
progra

In L
anon
reduct
in the
some
of the
tory
grieva
alread
discus
that a
reduci
but m
much
ing T

A f
be to
the L
of onl

ous objection to raising a national army of more than 4,000, as that would relieve England of the necessity of defraying the cost of the mandate. The Syrian Nationalists are putting forth similar objection. They also wonder at the reason for pressing into execution such a clause of the reform program which entails so much expense for Syria, while other admittedly more urgent needs of the country are neglected. They are now clamoring for economic reforms which will accelerate the rehabilitation of the country in preference to providing for its military needs.

The French High Commissioner, however, appears to be proceeding with his program without regard to objections. He has made a partial tour of the country and conferred with government officials and leaders, but refrained from issuing any further statement or amplifying the one already issued. In other words, he has again assumed his former reticent attitude while concentrating all his efforts on translating his program into action.

In Beirut, the capital of the Lebanon Republic, the agitation for the reduction of taxes which culminated in the shut-down of the city has somewhat subsided. The President of the Republic has given satisfactory promises to look into the grievances of the business men and already Parliament has taken up discussion of the matter. It appears that a compromise will be reached reducing the proposed new taxes but maintaining them at a level much above those prevailing during Turkish occupation.

A further move for economy will be to amend the Constitution so that the Legislative body will consist of only one house with restricted

membership instead of an upper and a lower house as at present. It is further proposed to decrease the ministries and place all other bureaus on a more economical basis.

What has caused a storm of protest in Beirut is the wholesale suppression by the government of papers breathing the least criticism of its personnel or policy. In not more than a fortnight eight leading papers were dealt with summarily in this manner. None were allowed the right of trial or defense, and as a consequence, public opinion has been aroused to such an extent that a certain paper went so far as to call for the deposition of the government.

It was erroneously reported in earlier despatches that the law legalizing gambling in Lebanon with certain restrictions, had been passed. It now transpires that the government, while favoring its passage, thought it wiser not to press it to a vote in the face of the strong popular opposition which developed.

The armed revolution has admittedly come to an end. A rather unpleasant aftermath is the controversy raging among former leaders of the revolution over the disposition of funds intended for the prosecution of the struggle or the relief of war victims. Some rather prominent military leaders openly accuse the Syrian-Palestinian Committee, in charge of raising funds from home and abroad, with headquarters in Jerusalem, of misappropriating funds and leaving the forces in the field to suffer and thereby lose the war. It's a case of having lost the fight and wanting to place the blame somewhere. The accusations and counter-accusations finding their way into print do not form wholesome reading.

INDEX OF VOL. I FREE

A complete index of Volume I of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* comprising the twelve issues published between July, 1926 and June, 1927, will be mailed free to any of our subscribers who wishes to have his copies bound. Missing numbers will be supplied, if available, at the cost of \$1.00 per copy.

Subscribers wishing us to have their copies bound and gold stamped on the cover and back will be accommodated at the cost of \$3.50 per volume plus postage.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF BOUND VOLUMES

A few complete volumes of the first year of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* have been bound and are available at the price of \$10.00 per volume. The binding is in a heavy, dark green cloth cover stamped in gold on both front and back. The volumes are bound with index. Orders will be filled in the order received in view of the limited number on hand.