

BOOK SECTION

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ROYAL J. DAVIS, Literary Editor

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SECTION THREE

The Tragedy of Gallipoli

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN. By Henry W. Nevins. London: Nisbet & Co. 18/net.

"THE struggle will be heavy, the risks numerous, the losses cruel; but victory when it comes will make amends for all. There never was a great subsidiary operation of war in which a more complete harmony of strategic, political and economic advantages has combined, or which stood in truer relation to the main decision which is in the central theatre. Through the Narrows of the Dardanelles and across the ridges of Gallipoli lie some of the shortest paths to a triumphant peace." So spoke Winston Churchill in the summer of 1915 after growing dissatisfaction with the Allied venture in the East had forced his resignation from the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Nevins, commenting upon his words, finds justification even at that juncture for his point of view. For despite its failure, its critics have been forced to acknowledge the brilliant possibilities of Mr. Churchill's project. The Dardanelles campaign will go down in history not as a gigantic fiasco but as a failure the tragedy of which lay not in the completeness of the miscarriage but in the narrow margin that separated it from success. Had the plan for an expedition to force the Straits been laid along the lines deemed essential by those most competent to gauge its necessities; had the naval bombardment that ceased as the Turks were on the point of evacuating Constantinople been continued but a short while longer; had it been supported from the first by a military attack, or, failing that, had the troops ultimately dispatched to the Peninsula been sent with promptitude instead of delayed during critical weeks, the entire course of the war would undoubtedly have been changed and millions besides the thousands who left their bones on the sands of Gallipoli would have been spared the agony of battle. As it was, a strategic scheme of immense potentialities came to worse than naught through faults of execution.

Winston Churchill, in whose mind the project was conceived, and on whose insistence it was carried through the War Council, suggested the advisability of an attack on Gallipoli as early as September 1, 1914, at which time Turkey had not yet entered the war. He advanced the plan in anticipation of that eventuality, and as one to be put into effect, if occasion arose, by the Greek Army. He was then advised by General Callwell, Director of Military Operations, that "it ought to be clearly understood that an attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula from the sea side (outside the Straits) is likely to prove an extremely difficult operation of war," and that it would not be justifiable with an army of less than 60,000 men. In November, Turkey in the meantime having entered the war, the First Lord reverted to his plan of dispatching an expedition to the Dardanelles, but on the statement of Lord Kitchener that the time for such action had not come, again laid it aside. At that period Mr. Churchill, it should be noted, in common with all others who gave the idea consideration, thought only of joint naval and military operations.

In January, the project still being in abeyance, a new turn was given to affairs by the situation in Russia, where Turkish victories in the Caucasus coming on top of Hindenburg's drive on Warsaw had produced a serious crisis. The Russian Government called for some demonstration against the Turks from its allies, and Lord Grey having declared that Britain was bound to render what aid it could to its hard-pressed associates, Lord Kitchener, after advising Mr. Churchill that the Dardanelles was the only point at which there was hope of stopping the flow of reinforcements going East, sent word to Petrograd that action would be undertaken in behalf of Russia. It is probable that the Secretary for War at that time regarded his promise as implying little more than a feint to be made against Turkey, but since, as Mr. Nevins tells us, he completely dominated the War Council, Britain was committed to whatever intervention in Gallipoli he saw fit to sponsor. Mr. Churchill, in whose mind a far larger scheme had developed than that of a mere demonstration, finally won Kitchener's support for a naval bombardment by arguing that the guns of such ships as the Queen Elizabeth and the Inflexible ought to prove as effective against the defences of Gallipoli as had the German howitzers against the forts of Belgium, of the levelling of which Mr. Churchill himself had been a witness when he accompanied the British marines and Royal Naval Division to Antwerp. Turkish revelations after the Allied evacuation of the Peninsula proved how narrowly, despite the small damage to the forts themselves, the sea attack failed of its

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An Arabian Poet in New York

THE SLEEP WALKERS

In the town where I was born lived a woman and her daughter, who walked in their sleep.

One night, while silence enfolded the world, the woman and her daughter, walking, yet asleep, met in their mist-veiled garden.

And the mother spoke, and she said: "At last, at last, my enemy! You by whom my youth was destroyed—who have built up your life upon the ruins of mine? Would I could kill you!"

And the daughter spoke, and she said: "O hateful woman, selfish and old! Who stand between my freer self and me! Who would have my life an echo of your own faded life! Would you were dead!"

At that moment a cock crew, and both women awoke. The mother said gently, "Is that you, darling?" And the daughter answered gently, "Yes, dear."

—From "The Madman," by Kahlil Gibran.

ROUGHLY speaking, what Tagore is to the East, Kahlil Gibran is to the Near East. Each is the reigning poet of to-day among his people. Tagore supreme among millions of his native Bengal, Gibran the most widely known writer in Arabic—and there are 250,000,000 who speak it. Both employ largely the parable. Both have written in English with as fine a command of the Western tongue as of their own. And each is an artist in other forms besides poetry. But there the resemblances end and differences appear, the most striking being in their physical appearance. Tagore, with his long, picturesque hair and beard and his flowing robe, is a figure from some canvas Sir Frederic Leighton might have painted of a religious mystic. Gibran is Broadway or Copley Square or The Strand, or the Avenue de l'Opera—a correctly dressed cosmopolitan of the Western world.

His dark brows and moustache and somewhat curly hair above a good forehead; the clear brown eyes, thoughtful but never abstracted in expression; the sensibly tailored clothes, smart but not conspicuous—there seemed to me a chameleon-like ease of adaptiveness about him. In his studio in West Tenth Street he looked a sensible denizen of Greenwich Village for such there be. But had I seen him at a congress of economists, or in a Viennese café, or in his native Syria, I feel sure he would look equally at the picture in each instance. It is not a case of lack of individuality with him but, on the contrary, an unusual common-sense and sympathy which transcend differences and enable him to understand so well each environment in which he finds himself

that he neither feels nor looks the stranger.

Nor is it merely a case of understanding. He goes further and creates. In the Arabic world he is poet, novelist, critic, historian, worker for the relief of his distressed fellow countrymen in Syria. In Paris he drew and painted. In America he wrote his poetry in English. Merely versatile? Then very remarkably so, for there is most impressive testimony to his mastery in various fields of endeavor. By the 250,000,000 men and women whose tongue is the Arabic he is considered the genius of the age. When a youngster of twelve he wrote a long poem commemorating one of the Eastern wars. That was twenty-four years ago. To-day almost every peasant in Syria knows the poem so well that its phrases are bywords. His novel "Broken Wings" is accepted by the Arabic world as its modern national masterpiece. Another novel, "Spirits Rebellious," the first to attract world attention, roused discussion so widely that in the Arabic magazines and newspapers alone there were over 300 articles and reviews called out by it.

In Paris Auguste Rodin said of Gibran, particularly of his drawings, "He is one of the few people living who have a real sense of form. . . . I know of no one else in whom drawing and poetry are so linked together as to make him a new Blake." He has exhibited at the Salon in Paris portraits of eminent personages of to-day, a series which he calls "The Temple of Art" and which he has continued. Among those who have sat for him are Rodin, Rochefort, Debussy, Rostand, Sarah Bernhardt, President Eliot of Harvard, Edwin Markham, Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, and John Masefield (a head of the English poet by Gibran appears on another page of this issue). In another domain of his painting Mr. Gibran devotes himself to symbolic groups and figures. Of the exhibition of some of this work in Knoedler's a critic writing in the *Seven Arts* said, "Mr. Gibran needs only a small sheet of paper to give us the meaning of the human spirit."

Notwithstanding his citizenship in the world as a whole, Mr. Gibran feels himself a Syrian. To him there is no contradiction here. He is working to bring about a world in which there is one great fellowship of mutual understanding and sympathy.

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War Garden on Boston Common

From "The War Garden Victorious," by Charles Lathrop Pack

(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Echoes From the Poets

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill—
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

An Arabian Poet in New York

(Continued from Page One.)

"But in that great process the task of each people will be not to do away with its national character, but to contribute it," he said to me. "And the Arabic people have contributed much to the rest of the world and will give more. Their literature, when it comes to be known by the West, will, perhaps, be found one of the richest on earth, with the Koran as its masterpiece. Even in pre-Islamic times, the Period of Ignorance as it is called, there was a great body of poetry, very masculine, moving, and imbued with gigantic vision, that was not without its influence on the Western world. The Book of Job, for instance, is an Arabic work translated and adapted by the Hebrews.

"There was such a wealth of poetry produced that many and complex forms had to be developed as its vehicle. Remember that among Arabic peoples poetry then, as to-day, had not been confined to the cultured few, but is the prized possession of the great mass of even the illiterate. It originated in the songs, improvisations, recitations, and stories of the pre-mahomedan Arabs when of written literature, as far as we know, there was little or none. And much in the same way to-day our national literature spreads among the masses. For verbal memory is strong with us. Epigrams, satires, gems of feeling which were born in improvisation, were treasured by hearers and carried home and passed on through the generations. But the experience of all peoples is that memory has to be helped by form. So sentences became balanced. They were given definite endings. They grew short and usually carried a rhyme or an assonance. The simplest form of this in Arabic literature is the *saj*, or rhymed prose, which Mohammed used in many parts of the Koran. Then metre was introduced into the body of the sentence. From this developed other forms until even the Western world adopted some of them. For example, the sonnet was copied by the Italians from the Arabs by way of Spain.

"In the century after Mohammed, the Arabs comprised the greatest empire in the history of the world, from within sixty miles of Paris to the heart of China. And with it grew the literature and learning of the people. At that time they had the only universities in the world. They knew that the earth was round long before Galileo. And in the towers of their churches were telescopes. Later, when the Spanish came and conquered, they replaced them with church bells.

"When all Europe was dark in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, the Arabs had a school of translators of Greek philosophers. Most of them were Syrians and they formed a link between Greek culture and a renaissance of Arabic culture. In the fifteenth century the Turks destroyed the Arabic empire, and its culture went into eclipse, until within the last eighty or one hundred years. But even in the long interim there was kept alive the fundamental virile spirit of the race through their struggle with the desert, a quality which, when poetry emerged again, gave it a stirring power.

"Of the graphic arts among Mohammedans there has been but little development because it is forbidden to make an image of God's work. So that painting and sculpture are practically non-existent. But nature's forms, greatly conventionalized, have gone into rug weaving and kindred art, and considerable progress has been made there. In music also the Arabs have made themselves felt by the Western world. The songs of southern Russia, for example, would be well understood and enjoyed by my people, their origin often being Arabic. Tchaikovsky and Verdi have left its influence. 'Aida' is composed of Arabic motifs Italianized. Debussy told me that he, too, had taken our motifs and built upon them some of his works.

"The renaissance in Arabic culture which has taken place within the last century has a strong admixture of Western influences. Certainly we are acquainted with your best. In Syria and Egypt we know Dante, Shakespeare, Hugo, the French poets from Villon to Maeterlinck. And it would not surprise me if a survey of how widely Shakespeare is read among us were to show that we read him as much, as you do, if not more. The average educated man in Syria knows at least English and French in addition to his own language. And there are few in Mount Lebanon—I speak from personal experience—who not only do not read great foreign literature, but also memorize it and sing it; for, remember, literature is largely vocal with us.

"Until the coming of the Allied armies in the great war the Arabs were under the yoke of one of the most ruthless despots in history. Now that the yoke of Turkey is off our people our hope of self-determination is strong. We will seek guidance, of course, and one of the Allied nations, perhaps France, may take us by the hand. If so, and the natural reciprocal exchange of national cultures take place, our people will have much to give. There is an enormous body of romantic and epic poetry locked up in our language. There is a more brilliant Arabian Nights left untranslated in our literature than even that which you

know. There is a precious store of mystical philosophy hitherto untapped by outsiders. And when all this wealth is added to the culture of the world, it will be found to be the contribution of a great people."

In New York alone there are four dailies in Arabic, half a dozen semi-weeklies, and three magazines, one devoted solely to poetry. All of these are illustrated. Needless to say, Mr. Gibran is an important, if not the foremost, contributor to these. How wide and strong is the influence of his work upon his people is strikingly shown by the Syrian who after thirty-five years learned Arabic that he might read Mr. Gibran. When the poet was in Boston a fellow countryman of his sought him out and recited hundreds of lines which Mr. Gibran had written as a boy and which he had almost forgotten.

What his influence on the English-reading public will be remains to be seen. But he has come to stay, if one is to judge by the impression created by his first work, "The Madman," a collection of poems in parable, some translated by him from his own work in Arabic, others written in English. Certainly there is no lack of the modern element in his work, as the selection at the head of this article indicates, with its parable treatment of the psycho-analytic teaching of Freud and Jung. His is an irresistible vigor and clarity of thought and feeling, together with a power of simple picturing, which make it unforgettable. A child could grasp and delight in the figures with which he depicts in "The Greater Sea" the various temperaments of men. The pessimist is "a man sitting on a gray rock taking pinches of salt from a bag and throwing them into the sea." An optimist takes sugar from a bejeweled box and tries with it to sweeten the ocean. A man picking up dead fish on the beach and putting them tenderly back into the water is the humane philanthropist. A mystic traces his shadow on the sand. The waves come and erase it. But he goes on tracing it again and again. An idealist scoops up foam and puts it into an alabaster bowl. The realist has his back turned to the sea and with his ear to a shell, listens to its murmur and cries, "This is the deep sea!"

There is picture for the child and thought for his elder in the little satirical parable: A fox looked at his shadow at sunrise and said, "I will have a camel for lunch to-day." And all morning he went about looking for a camel. But at noon he looked at his shadow again—and he said, "A mouse will do."

The painter and the poet in Mr. Gibran—he would say that the two arts are inseparable—combine in "Faces":

I have seen a face with a thousand countenances, and a face that was but a single countenance, as if held in a mould. I have seen a face whose shadow I could look through to the ugliness beneath, and a face whose shadow I had to lift to see how beautiful it was.

I have seen an old face much lined with nothing, and a smooth face in which all things were graven.

I know faces, because I look through the fabrics my own eye weaves, and behold the reality beneath.

Mr. Gibran was born within a mile of the famous cedars of Lebanon. He is emerging into citizenship of the whole new world. Is it Kahlil Gibran, the individual, who is thus emerging? Or is it the voice and genius of the Arabian people? JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

Gallipoli

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object of forcing the abandoning of Constantinople.

Of the epic nature of the drama enacted on the Gallipoli Peninsula, even so sober and categorical a description as Mr. Nevinson's avowedly unimpressionistic account cannot fail to make its readers aware. History holds no record of more desperate fighting or more heroic sacrifice than took place there. The attack on the forts began from the sea on February 18, continuing at intervals throughout a month. Toward the end of March it was apparent to the authorities that unless a military landing was effected, the Dardanelles expedition must be abandoned. Despite grave objections to such action, the success of which was threatened by lack of adequate preparation, the small number of troops available, and ignorance of the strength of the enemy's forces and positions, Sir Ian Hamilton in conjunction with the naval authorities determined upon a joint land and water attack. Toward the end of April, some 70,000 men having been assembled, among whom were Australian and New Zealand detachments, the General decided upon several simultaneous landings, and on April 23 gave orders to the vanguard of the transports to make for the shore.

As the black painted vessels wound their way through the battleships and cruisers of the Anglo-French fleet and past the Anzac transports waiting to follow on the next day, cheer upon cheer rang out to greet them and was returned from the decks of the moving ships. In the cold stillness between the setting of the moon and the sunrise the guns on the battleships

Labor and Reconstruction in Europe

By ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN, Editor of "American Problems of Reconstruction"

The Hon. W. B. WILSON, in an Introduction, commends the book as having "these great merits. It is— notwithstanding the wide range of considerations dealt with—compact, brief, coherent, and clear."

The book supplies a definite, unbiased statement of what is being done or proposed for the readjustment of labor problems, giving the programs of all the leading parties, the Whitley and other reports in England, Germany and France.

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opened fire on the land defences, but drew no response from the enemy. With the hostile forts still silent, the transports approached the shore, threw out the gangways, and the men swarmed on the decks. Suddenly a hell of fire burst from the enemy redoubts upon the advancing Irishmen, causing such havoc in their ranks that the men of the "first company" felt so thick that many were suffocated and crushed by the sheer weight of the dead dropping upon them." A second company, undaunted by the fate of their comrades, pushed forward over their bodies, only to be swept in masses into the water as the tide tore from its moorings the pontoon bridge over which they were passing. The bridge repaired, fresh troops rushed across, suffering as terrible losses as those that had gone before, the few survivors of whom they joined upon the shore. After a short pause, another landing was attempted, only to end in failure as the bridge was again swept away. The boats being virtually all lost, the landing on V Beach was finally given up, the men on the shore being forced to undergo desperate suffering until relief could reach them.

As on V Beach, so at other points prodigies of valor were performed. At Z Beach, for all time immortalized as Anzac, the Australian troops plunged into the water before the boats reached the shores, struggled to land, and bayonets in hand, charged the enemy wherever they could see him. Continuing the fury of their first assault they rushed through a gully and up steep heights under a devastating fire, and firmly entrenched themselves in positions which in the main they held until the end of the campaign. All order was lost in the wild charge, men fighting with whatever battalion or company they found themselves with, in small knots, running, leaping, and stumbling on. In Mr. Nevinson's graphic words:

Right across the valley they struggled, shouting their battle-song. "Australia will be there," bayoneting all Turks they caught, and cursing as they fell. Up the opposing heights they climbed, heights so steep on the face that later in the campaign had to be cut for paths, and supplies were hauled by pulleys. Over the top of that steep ridge the groups charged on. Many got farther than Anzacs were ever to go again. Some looked down into the valleys where the nearest Turkish camps of Koja Dere and Boghall wood. Many disappeared for ever into the unknown wilderness. "They refused to surrender," the Turks said at the armistice of a month later—"they refused to surrender, so we had to kill them all."

The deeds they performed on that first day were only the precursor to the heroism displayed during all the months of the tragic summer. Space is lacking to recount other incidents of the landing and the campaign, or to rehearse the episode of the evacuation, a triumph of military skill which removed under the guns of the foe the entire personnel of the Franco-British forces, with only the accidental loss of two men. Mr. Nevinson recounts its events with precision and detail, writing with admirable balance and judgment, and with the restraint of the historian.

Faults of generalship, decline of morale due to the effects of a debilitating climate and untoward conditions, the imperfect training of the troops sent out to reinforce the original contingents, and fumbling and mismanagement by the home authorities all had a part in the failure of the Dardanelles venture. Mr. Nevinson neglects no aspect of the expedition, presenting its various phases in such manner that they dovetail into a general picture. His book is a work of fascinating interest.

For the Drafting Room

Charles D. Collins' offers a reference book for engineering offices and for draftsmen in "Drafting Room Methods" (Van Nostrand, \$2). He describes methods and illustrates forms which are generally applicable in engineering offices and drafting rooms, combining with this the conventional symbols or standards for the different branches of drafting, such as architectural, electrical, mechanical, Patent Office, structural, and topographical. Provision is also made in the index and at the end of each part for the inclusion of special instruction, data, etc., pertaining only to the business of each user. Parts I and III are intended for those directing a drafting room, as well as draftsmen; Part II will be of chief value to draftsmen; Part IV gives some of the tables most often referred to by the draftsman, without entering the field of the engineering handbook.

Future of the Town

THE LITTLE TOWN, ESPECIALLY IN ITS RURAL RELATIONSHIPS. By Harlan Paul Douglass. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

THE village, as the author believes, is the natural center of the rural community. In New England alone, however, has it been really treated as such, and the rural community has consequently failed to possess much in social unity and neighborliness that it might otherwise have had. In pioneer times throughout most of the nation the economic independence of the farmer left small practical need for a town; the spiritual need that it might have filled was unappreciated, and as practical needs slowly came into being under modern conditions, and the town developed its stores and markets to meet them, it failed to develop proper agencies of social and spiritual ministrations.

Mr. Douglass, whose acquaintance with the small town is obviously confined to the region west of the Missouri and north of the Ohio, describes accurately and vividly its usual shortcomings there. He goes over the results of various social surveys of typical towns or sets of towns, and summarizes their defects from the cultural, aesthetic, economic, sanitary and other standpoints. Above all, as he sees it, it fails in not being the genuine servant of the surrounding region. Some people, he declares, despair of ever making it such a servant, and look forward to the development of distinctly rural centres—rural schools, rural churches, rural civic centres, and so on. There cannot be many of these, for any such development would be too artificial to succeed, but at any rate Mr. Douglass preaches with vigor and hopefulness the opposite view.

He lays down a score of programmes in brief for the improvement of the village. A few words are said upon the physical plan of the town, though naturally in such a book as this nothing but generalizations can be ventured. The advantages of having a commercial chamber or club to take some ordered control of the town's economic life are pointed out. There are chapters or parts of chapters on the town's moral plan, on its homes and home life, on its educational ideals, on the local church, on the library, on the pageant, and on civic organization. In the latter portion of the book the proper share of the outlying and purely rural region in the development of all these institutions and features of the model town is rather disappointingly lost sight of. Mr. Douglass traverses ground, all or nearly all, of which has been traversed before, and he has the handicap of a style that betrays ecclesiastical training. But he knows his subject and has produced a substantial, if not original book.

"Architecture"

The San Diego Exposition has left more in its train than the permanent buildings that survive it, in the impetus which it has given to the development of a suitable architecture in Southern California. From an early period the Spanish influence has been predominant in that region, especially as manifested in the popular mission style, but it is only since the holding of the exhibition that the colonial motif has been successfully or largely introduced. In the brief period that has elapsed since the Fair was thrown open, there has grown up, says Elmer Grey in an article in the March number of *Architecture*, an admirable adaptation throughout Santa Barbara and neighboring sections of the Spanish colonial architecture of Mexico in combination with the original Spanish, resembling a new American domestic architecture whose beauties and fitness to the California setting are both described by Mr. Grey and depicted in the excellent illustrations that accompany his article. In sharp contrast to these homes of the wealthy, but no less interesting in their own fashion, are the workmen's cottages, studies for which are submitted by Alfred C. Bossom, whose plans for a unique housing development have been adopted by the Danielson Mills, Connecticut. Views of some of the famous gardens of Europe and a series of pictures of American dwellings in various sections add to the attractiveness of the sumptuous periodical.

—Robert C. Holliday, author of "Walking-Stick Papers," has been made editor of the *Bookman*.