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The SYRIAN WORLD

OUR PRIDE IN OUR ANCESTRY

REV. W. A. MANSUR

BLUE BLOOD
A TRAGEDY OF ARAB TRADITIONS

H. I. KATIBAH

POETRY

BARBARA YOUNG

OUR YOUNGER GENERATION


EDNA K. SALOOMEY

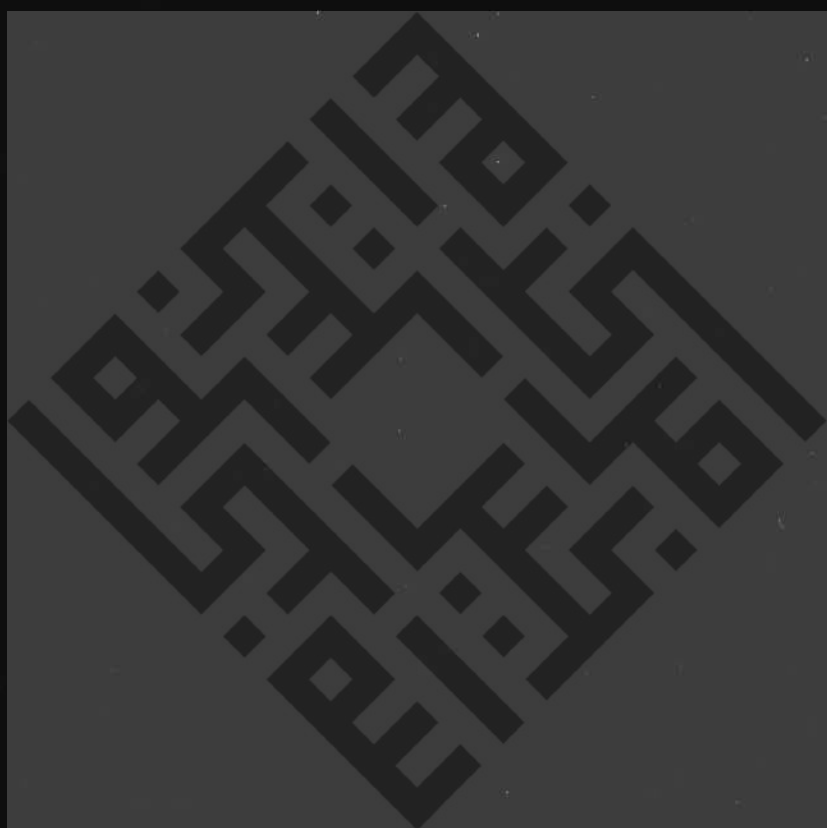
A CHANCE MEETING IN THE OASIS

A TRUE ARABIAN TALE

POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN SYRIA

THE COPY 50c





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VOL. VI NO. 6

FEBRUARY, 1932

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Pride in Our Ancestry</i>	3
REV. W. A. MANSUR	
<i>She Is Not Dead</i> (Poem)	12
ALICE MOKARZEL	
<i>Ya Baity</i> (Syrian Folk Song)	13
DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN	
<i>Poetry</i> , Edited by BARBARA YOUNG	
The Poetry of Labor	14
A Man Bereaved	17
PADRIAC COLUM	
Scarcity	17
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	
Sonnet	18
JOHN MASEFIELD	

CONTENTS *(Continued)*

	PAGE
<i>Our Younger Generation</i> , Edited by EDNA K. SALOOMEY	
Do You Agree?	19
A New Era	21
Al-Jirn	22
<i>Blue Blood</i>	23
H. I. KATIBAH	
<i>Water and Flowers</i> (Poem)	27
AMEEN RIHANI	
<i>Excavations in Syria and Iraq</i>	28
DR. HAROLD INGHOLT	
<i>Syria in Romance, The Brethren</i>	36
RIDER HAGGARD Condensed by DAGNY EDWARDS	
<i>True Arabian Tales</i>	40
A Chance Meeting in the Oasis	
<i>Freedom and Slavery</i>	43
KHALIL GIBRAN	
<i>Editorial Comment</i>	
Apology	44
Hard Times	44
Which Shall Survive?	46
And Now Our Case	47
Departments	47
<i>Political Developments in Syria</i>	49
<i>Syrian World News Section</i>	53

The Syrian World

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL, Editor.

VOL. VI NO. 6

FEBRUARY, 1932

Our Pride in Our Ancestry

HIGHLIGHTS IN OUR RACIAL HISTORY WHICH
EVERY SYRIAN AND LEBANESE BOY AND GIRL
OUGHT TO KNOW

By REV. W. A. MANSOUR

"One of our chief objects," said S. A. Mokarzel, "in helping Syrian-Americans discover themselves is to breed in them a consciousness of appreciation for their racial qualities and inheritances so that they may comport themselves with a befitting sense of honor as citizens of this great American nation.

It is, then, in such a spirit of service that this publication was conceived, and it is with a sense of reverence that we dedicate it to the memory of a race whose contributions to the progress and well-being of mankind shall ever be valued as of paramount importance, and whose descendants should feel proud of keeping forever alive their sacred memory." (Syrian World, Vol. I, No. 1, Page 3).

I write deliberately to awaken Syrian Lebanese boys and girls to the appreciation of their racial ancestors—the Phoenicians. I wish to keep alive through them the sacred memory of their forefathers—the Phoenicians. I hope to create a realization of their inherited racial talents from their illustrious ancestors—the Phoenicians.

When Syrian Lebanese boys and girls know of their race greatness, they will be thrilled from within. It will open the springs of their racial soul. They will understand the call to become foremost among modern races. They will assert with confidence their place, pride, prosperity, and progress in the world.

I write that you may know the greatness of your blood, the power of your abilities, and the far reaching importance of your race in modern times. When you appreciate your racial qualities and inheritances you will then be better able to comport yourselves with a befitting sense of honor as citizens of this great American nation, or any nation on earth. It is for these reasons that I thought it good to write of some things every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know about their Phoenician ancestors.

I. PHOENICIAN ORIGIN OF SYRIANS AND LEBANESE.

It is very important that every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that they are descended from the Phoenician race. They will find the Phoenicians to be Semitic, Caucasian, white. They will discover the independent character, progressive nature, and cosmopolitan type of people to which they belong. They will realize their ancestors were foremost among the civilizing races of ancient times.

"Now to what race belonged these first Lebanese at the dawn of recorded history?" Philip K. Hitti asks. He answers, "Undoubtedly they belonged to the Semitic race. Some unquestionably, were Canaanites who were akin to the Arameans,—both being of the same Semitic stock. As regards the Phoenicians, they are none other than the Canaanites who lived on the sea coast and who were called Phoenician (blood red) by the Greeks who knew the Phoenicians as traders in purple. The history of the Phoenicians began in Lebanon about 2000 B. C. Traces of the Phoenician temples, tombs and forts are still evidenced not only in Tyre, Sidon, Byblos, Amrit and the rest of the coast cities, but also in Afqa, Samar Jubail, Bait Miri, Hermon and other localities situated far in the interior of the country." (Syrian World, Feb. 1931, Page 9).

The Phoenicians were a hardy, resourceful, and adaptable people to conditions and times. They maintained the spirit of independence, while situated in a land which was a thoroughfare of conquering armies. They were talented in improving things. Their alphabet has become almost the alphabet of the whole world. Although one of the smallest nations of antiquity, the Phoenicians became the most illustrious people of ancient times. Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know they are descended from the Phoenicians—a foremost race of ancient times.

II. THE GEOGRAPHICAL HOMELAND OF THE PHOENICIANS.

To understand the character, the nature of their movements in history, and their relation to the surrounding nations, it is absolutely necessary to know the geographical location of the homeland of our Phoenician ancestors. Their physical environment partly explains the reason for their independent character. Their mountainous country partly reveals their interest in navigation. Their central location partly shows the reason for their developed adaptability in their relation to adjoining nations, races, and cultures.

S. A. Mokarzel says, "Old Phoenicia is none other than the Lebanese Republic of today. Syria contains within its natural geographical boundaries Palestine, which we know as the Holy Land, and Phoenicia, the home of the great navigators of old and the land whose people have given us that great instrument of knowledge and progress, namely the alphabet." (Syrian World, May 1930, Page 37).

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to locate and study the geographical position of Phoenicia on the world map. It will reveal the amazing smallness of the land of Phoenicia. It will magnify the importance of Phoenicia and Phoenicians in the history of mankind. It will emphasize the degree to which the Phoenicians, though small in number, have served the progress of mankind. It will establish the importance not of numbers, militarism, or bigness, but of talent, achievement, and progress of a people in its service to humanity.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that Phoenicia is a foremost motherland of the progressive urges for the betterment of the nations, races, and cultures of earth.

III. THE PHOENICIANS WERE THE FOREMOST NAVIGATORS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Our Phoenician ancestors were the foremost navigators of ancient times. Hemmed in between desert and sea, they developed the art of navigation. The forests of Lebanon provided them with lumber for ships. Without chart or compass Phoenician navigators followed the Pole Star.

"Along the eastern end of the Mediterranean," says H. G. Wells, "the Phoenicians, a Semitic people, set up a string of independent harbour towns of which Acre, Tyre, and Sidon were the

chief; and later they pushed their voyages westward and founded Carthage and Utica in North Africa. They were great seamen because they were great traders." (The Outline of History, page 157)

The exploits of the Phoenicians are celebrated in the annals of navigation. They were the first to push out far beyond the mainland. They passed the pillars of Hercules down the coasts of Africa, circumnavigating it; along coasts of Europe; and possibly crossed the Atlantic to the New World. Their navigation took them to India, Ceylon, even China, and the Far East. These seafaring people brought the peoples of the earth together through their inter-oceanic navigation and commerce.

Arthur Brisbane says, "*Inscriptions found on rocks in the valley of the Amazon revive the belief that the seafaring Phoenicians from the far end of the Mediterranean discovered America long before Columbus and the earlier Lief Ericson. Archaeologists think the Phoenicians went up the great Amazon with their ships and founded a South American city 4,000 years ago.*" (See Associated Press dispatch from Rio de Janeiro, Jan., 1, 1930. Given in full in Syrian World, Dec. 1929, Page 53).

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that their Phoenician ancestors were the greatest mariners of antiquity. They ought to know that it was Phoenician galleys that taught the nations the importance of sea travel and sea commerce. They ought to know that Phoenician ships carried the goods of the nations which proved of civilizing influence upon all. They ought to know that Phoenician genius in ship building laid the foundations of inter-oceanic travel and commerce of all nations and times.

IV. THE PHOENICIAN ANCESTORS AS THE GREATEST PEACEFUL COLONIZERS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that their Phoenician ancestors were the greatest peaceful colonizers of the ancients. The Phoenicians, because of their small number, made it impossible to extend their possessions by conquest. They secured their possessions by more peaceful means than any of the ancients: through mutual trade and benefit.

"*The colonies and foreign possessions of the Phoenicians,*" says the author of TYRE, "*were most extensive and valuable, far exceeding those of any other state in ancient or modern times, possessing in its original territory no larger amount of the world's surface than ancient Phoenicia. These colonies were not obtained by con-*

quest, or, as in the case of many other nations, by the forcible removal of the original inhabitants, and the settlement of others from a distance in the vacant territory; but there were peaceful emigrations of enterprising traders to such localities as were discovered from time to time by bold navigators, and which were considered to present opportunities for originating and maintaining commerce."

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know the romantic story of the colonies of the Phoenicians among the Islands of the Mediterranean, the coasts of the Mediterranean countries, the west coast of Africa, the western coast of Europe, Ireland, England, on the Persian Gulf, the Far East, and possibly along the Amazon.

I write that Syrian Lebanese boys and girls may be thrilled by the greatness of their Phoenician ancestors; that they may comport themselves as worthy descendants of a great people.

V. THE PHOENICIANS GAVE THE WORLD THE ALPHABET.

Every Syrian boy and girl ought to know that the alphabet was the gift of the Phoenicians to the world. It is the alphabet of the Phoenicians which makes possible modern intercourse; the mediation for the highest type of written language for science, art, literature and what not; and the possibility of international characters everywhere.

The Phoenician alphabet is the greatest secular gift which any people has ever made for the progress of mankind.

William A. Masson says in "A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WRITING," of the Phoenicians, "They carried with them their wonderful alphabet as a necessary part of their civilization, using it in conjunction with their trading enterprises and imparting it to the Hellenic people among whom they sojourned. No tradition seems ever more thoroughly substantiated, both by internal evidence and external fact, than that recorded by the Greek authors that the alphabet used in Hellas came from the Phoenicians.

"The classic authors differed in their opinions as to the origin of the Phoenician letters. Herodotus the Greek, and Pliny the Roman, believed that the Phoenicians invented the letters; while Brosius attributed them to the Babylonians and Tacitus to the Egyptians. But practically all the world now believes that it was the Phoenicians who introduced the letters into Greece proper."

"What an honor," exclaims Masson, "it confers upon this little

nationality of Phoenicia, nestling along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea twenty-five centuries ago, that her written and spoken alphabet, modified to the extent that we have indicated, is used to-day practically the world over, up to the wall of China and the land of the Rising Sun."

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that the Phoenician alphabet marks one of the greatest eras in the development and evolution of the human mind. It is the greatest instrument for the human mind. It is the greatest enlargement for the range of thought and intercourse for humanity. It is the finest means for the continuity and preservation of man's thought by writing.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that measured by its effect upon the human mind, human history, and human progress, the alphabet of our Phoenician ancestors marks an achievement without any superior in the progress of man and mankind.

VI. THE PHOENICIANS' GENIUS FOR TRADE.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know of the genius of their Phoenician ancestors for trade. They were a great seafaring people because they were great traders. They developed trade routes, sea navigation, and inter-oceanic commerce to extend their trade. Their country, centrally located between great empires of the Mediterranean, became a market place for sale and exchange. Their ships carried their wares, and those of other nations, to every part of the world.

"The genius of the Phoenicians was for trade," says W. Warde Fowler, "and the splendid position of Carthage, near the modern Tunis, with a rich corn-growing country in the rear, had helped her merchant princes to establish by degrees what may loosely be called an empire of trading settlements extending not only along the African coast, but over that of Sardinia and southern and eastern Spain, and including Sicily, as we have seen." (W. Warde Fowler in *ROME*).

Cunningham Geike says in "*HOURS WITH THE BIBLE*," "—Phoenicia lay in the centre of the Old World, and was thus the natural entrepot for commerce between the East and the West. The trading routes from all Asia converged on the Phoenician coast; and the centres of the commerce on the Euphrates and Tigris forwarding their goods by way of Tyre to the Nile, to Arabia, and the West; and, on the other hand, the productions of the vast regions

bordering the Mediterranean, passing through the Canaanite capital to the eastern world." (Vol. III, page 344).

I hereby challenge Syrian Lebanese boys and girls with the genius of their glorious Phoenician ancestors—for trade. I challenge them with the heritage which is in their minds and hearts and destiny. I challenge them toward achievement in trade, commerce, mutual welfare among modern nations.

Let every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl be thrilled by the glory of our ancestors to create pride in our ancestry, appreciation of our genius, and the will to move forward to the forefront among the nations.

VII. INDUSTRIES OF THE PHOENICIANS.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know of the industries of their Phoenician ancestors. They developed their own materials through manufacture. They drew raw materials from other peoples and manufactured them into fine luxuries, or food, or clothing. They improved many things so that their products became popular objects of desire. The Phoenicians at home and abroad became builders and organizers employing vast numbers of people in their industries.

George Adam Smith says, "Her armour, bowls and webs are sung by Homer. Hebrew and Greek writers acclaim the wealth of Phoenician industries and the size and the range of Phoenician ships.—The Phoenician markets drew ivory, scented woods, silk and other stuffs from India and China, and passed them to the West. Conversely Chinese writings of an early time rate the products of Syria, which they call Ta-tsin, above even those of Babylon. The incense of southern Arabia reached the temples of Greece and Italy through the port of Gaza."

The Phoenicians brought silver and gold from Spain, tin from England, incense from the east, corn from Egypt and Syria; they brought the products of all countries to their land and from their country to every other.

The Phoenicians had productions and inventions of their own: the celebrated Tyrian purple, glass, ornaments, utensils, toys and things for the bazaars, inlayings with ivory, and hundreds of luxuries were made and sold to luxury loving people everywhere.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that Phoenicia and Phoenicians and their colonies became centers of industries to the peoples of ancient times.

VIII. THE PHOENICIANS AS AGENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that among those who laid foundations for international civilization in ancient times were their Phoenician ancestors. Their trade, through exchange of products of every nation, became a means of civilizing influence. Their language, their alphabet, became a bond of union between their colonies and their peoples. Their ships transported peoples of all nations to one another's land. The Phoenicians became great agents of civilization.

C. F. Keary says, "But of course the Phoenicians must still be reckoned as the great transporters of civilization from Egypt and from Asia to the rest of the world. They could hardly be said to possess a country; but they possessed cities of vast importance and no small significance along the coast of Palestine—Lamyr, Aradus, Byblos, Sydon, Tyre. From these centers went out that boundless maritime enterprise which made the Phoenicians the trading people of the world. Very early—in pre-historic ages—the Phoenicians had possessed themselves of Cyprus. From that point to the Grecian coast of Asia Minor, or to the coasts and islands on either side of the Aegean, was an easy transition; then on to the Mediterranean, to Sicily and Italy, but more especially to the island of Sardinia; or again to Egypt and the farther coasts of Africa on to Spain, and finally, through the pillars of Hercules, to the far-off "tin islands" of the west, which were, it is likely enough, the British Isles. This is, in brief, the picture of the doings of the Phoenicians long before the days of history had begun to dawn upon the Aryan nations of the Mediterranean." (The Dawn of History, pages 315-316)

Herein lies one supreme glory of our Phoenician ancestors, their civilizing influence upon the world. They are entitled to rank forever as the greatest of all civilizers. Their influence upon the world of the ancients marked the beginning of a new trend in the history of mankind. Their influence opened new thoughts, new cultures, new modes of writing, new commerce, new principles, new navigation, and new international relations.

IX. THE PHOENICIANS AS THE DISSEMINATORS OF THE SUPREME ETHICAL PRINCIPLE.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that their Phoenician ancestors developed through trade the supreme ethical

principle. Fair dealing, mutual gain, and abiding confidence were essentials developed by Phoenician traders. They established trading posts on the basis of right dealing, the continued satisfaction to buyer and seller.

"The Semitic peoples, we may point out here," says H. G. Wells in *THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY*, "are to this day *counting peoples* strong in their sense of equivalents and reparation.—Other races and peoples have imagined diverse and fitful and marvellous gods, but it was the trading Semites who first began to think of God as a Righteous Dealer, whose promises were kept, who failed not the humblest creditor, and called to account every spurious act."

The Semitic Phoenicians were foremost among the Semites to plant in human thought the ethical principle of right dealing between man and man. They thought of God as a Righteous Dealer. They spread this idea among the nations.

It is this contribution of the Semitic Phoenicians of right dealing, this supreme ethical principle, that makes faith in God, in man, and in the universe of paramount significance to mankind.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that Phoenicia and Phoenicians are the land and people whose contribution of right dealing to civilization should awaken pride in their ancestry, arouse self-esteem, and urge them to high achievement in modern times.

X. *FIRST TO EMIGRATE TO THE NEW LAND.*

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl in America and the New World ought to know that they are the descendants of the Phoenicians. They ought to feel the urge of their racial splendor. They should discover the latent talents within them. They will be filled with worthy sentiments about themselves and their posterity.

"From the oldest country in the world," says S. A. Mokarzel, "to the land known as the New World, they bring their priceless racial distinction as heirs to the culture of the ages. They come with the gifts of all the attributes of varied but virile blood—Phoenician, Semitic, Roman, Grecian, and Arabian. And it is a significant fact that the first of the Syrians to emigrate were the Lebanese of the north who claim direct lineal descent from the Phoenicians. It would seem that the law of atavism seeks to assert itself and here finds complete vindication. The great sea-wanderers of old have bequeathed their wanderlust to their long line of descendants."

(Syrian World, May 1930, page 39).

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to know that again the Phoenicians, through their descendants the Syrian-Lebanese, are spreading themselves among the nations. The Syrian Lebanese, the modern Phoenicians, are now establishing themselves through trade, new homes, and new achievements in many parts of the world. The Syrian Lebanese are proving themselves, through leadership, achievement, and endeavor, the worthy heirs to their illustrious ancestors the ancient Phoenicians.

I write deliberately that Syrian Lebanese boys and girls may be awakened to appreciate their descent from the famous Phoenicians. I wish every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl to feel proud of his racial heritage. I expect them to rise to a renown similar to that achieved by their Phoenician ancestors.

Every Syrian Lebanese boy and girl ought to keep alive the sacred memory of our glorious ancestors the Phoenicians, should appreciate their racial qualities and inheritances, and through race pride comport themselves as worthy descendants through splendid achievement.

She is Not Dead

She is not dead, who lies so silently
Where drooping flowers guard her rest;
She is not dead, beloved child,
Whom angels watched, whom God has blessed.

One muted string in quiet song
Above the mundane rafters sung;
One fallen star come home again
Where deeds in holy light are hung.

Weep not, then, child, for heaven's gain,
For peaceful rest, for ended pain;
Though tears will come and laughter go
Within each aching heart, we know
She is not dead.

ALICE MOKARZEL

Ya Baity

Translation by DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

يا بيتي ويا بويتاتي	يا مستر عوبياتي
فيك باكل وفيك بشرب	وفيك بمدّ جريّاتي
بיתי صغير وعلى قدّي	واعزّ منه ما عندي
فيه ولدت وتربّيت	وقيه برّبّي وليداتي
العز مخيمّ عاسطوحك	وروحى ممزوجى بروحك
من جسمي وقلبي بنيتك	وجبلت الطين بدمّاتي
كيف ما دار الدهر بدور	عالحالين عايش مسرور
ظلمه مليح وحلمه مليح	وصابر على جروحاتي
يا بيتي وبيت جدادي	يا عزي وعزّ ولادي
فيك بحيا وفيك بموت	وفيك بتفنى عظيماي

Home, my unpretentious humble home,
To you to hide my faults I come;
In you I drink, in you I eat,
In you I rest my weary feet.

Though humble, still you fill my need.
(As dear as to my soul its creed.)
Born in you, in you I grew,
In you I'll train my tender crew.

I've built you of my heart and bone,
And mixed the mortar with my blood;
Since our souls have become one,
To glory you've become a throne.

No matter what my fate may bring,
You'll see me smile and hear me sing.
Or fair or foul, I take them both,
Embrace what joy or nurse the sting.

My own and my forefathers' toast,
My pride and my children's boast;
In you I'll live, in you I'll die,
From you in dust my bones shall fly.



BARBARA YOUNG, *Editor*

"Work is love made visible."

"We only live to discover beauty. All else is a form of waiting."

Gibran

The Poetry of Labor

IN GEORGE MOORE'S "Confessions of a Young Man" we find a paragraph which reads like a clipping from yesterday's editorial. He says: "The world is dying of machinery; that is the great disease; that is the plague that will sweep away and destroy civilization. Men will have to rise against it sooner or later. . . I say that the great revolution will come when mankind rises in revolt and smashes machinery and restores the handicraft."

In the East, Gandhi is saying the same thing. A year ago AE., George Russell, the Irish poet came from his little island to urge upon this wide land of ours a return to the farmland and the timberland. Count Keyserling lecturing in Paris said, "The United States is dead emotionally, because of machinery." Anne O'Hare McCormick writing in the New York Times, asserts that "the fate of all the present issues lies in the lap of the gods of the machine."

Will Rogers, that keen and kindly sage to whom we might listen with great profit, has said in his own delectable fashion: "Every invention during our life time has been made just to save time, and time is the only commodity that every American, both rich and poor, has plenty of. Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save. Two hundred years from now history will record: 'Amer-

ica, a nation that flourished from 1900 to 1942, conceived odd notions for getting somewhere, but could think of nothing to do when they got there.' "

In the minds of all these thinking persons there is more than meets the eye, and the ear. They have not simply been tossing off phrases for the sake of making copy. They have been expressing, in one way or another, a basic principle of human existence, and an essential tenet of the faiths of our fathers, living yet, that man shall not live by bread alone.

Beauty is a saving grace into all people, and there is beauty in the weaving of the cloth, in the modeling of the bowl, in the tooling of the leather.

In a news item of recent date I read: "An effort to counteract the machine-made art of the present time and to revive the old craftsmanship of the Middle Ages is being carried on by the Greenwich House Workshops at 16 Jones Street. There under the five hundred-year old apprenticeship system as it was practised by Michaelangelo and other Masters, youths are being trained in the arts of stone-cutting, wood-carving, cabinet-making and bronze work."

Why not multiply 16 Jones Street by a thousand, in all parts of the land and see what happens? Why not add spinning and weaving, the making of pottery, hand-blown glass, laces, embroidery and smocking, the making and binding of fine books, the tooling of leather and the cobbling of sandals, to a wide circle of 16 Jones Street, the country over?

And this I propose not for the employment and rehabilitation alone of the economic man and woman, though that might very naturally ensue, but for the quickening and refreshment of the mind, and for the very sustenance of that element of the human being which our forefathers were wont to call the immortal soul.

Can we not conceive that happy condition which may be attained if the man or woman who has the soul of a weaver may earn a contented and competent livelihood beside the loom? When the man whose fists ache to grip the handles of a plough shall have his own small acreage and till the generous soil? And when the sandal-maker may sit at his bench and fashion the simple foot-gear of the pilgrim? This is the poetry of labor, and it can be lived.

This can be done. Nothing is impossible to a civilization which has achieved the diabolical material and mechanical success of the past five decades.

Do not misunderstand me. I have no such absurd idea that steel is a vice and a destroyer in itself; nor that wheels and cogs as such, imperil the breath and sinews of the nation. The menace lies in the destruction of balance which the unbridled multiplicity of the essentially innocent machine has brought to pass.

We have the disease of steel, and it is the cancer of the soul. Sometimes it is steel for steel's sake, and sometimes it is steel for gold's sake. They are equally fatal. A sliver of the shining stuff in the mind is as imminent a danger as the sword hanging by a thread over our couch.

The poets have always been telling the world whither the crafts of State were drifting. But the world would not listen. Will it listen now? It is extremely doubtful. But there is a fistful of men who have the vision of the poet as well as somewhat of the fanaticism of the prophet, and these may suffice. Let them fill the hands of men and women with good raw products and they will work out their simple destinies to their own pleasure and profit and to the redemption of the Commonwealth. Put the adaptable resources of this nation into the promotion of handicraft, turn the idle shops and factories into housing centres for instruction in these pursuits, encourage the individual selection of the art or trade which will excite the liveliest interest and pleasure, and in which therefore, the artisan will the sooner acquire a deftness and skill; and place as instructors the multitude of men and women among us who are of the East, and who have by rightful inheritance both the knowledge and the love of these works of the human hand.

Our education seems to be toward the suppression of this racial endowment. We do not educate, we inculcate. It is an outside-in process when it should be an inside-out operation. We are sure that John will make a first-class lawyer, because we are sure that John will make a first-class lawyer. And it just as absurd as it sounds, for John himself knows perfectly well that he wants to farm or to garden or to forest. But we whip him through college and law school and State Bar examinations and turn him out a very third rate counsellor-at-law who has still a great yearning for the soil. This is malpractice upon the human entity, and it has produced the conditions which stagger us today.

A day or two ago a man who is in the midst of the melee said, with great weariness, "I can forget the desperateness of the situation only by listening to my daughter playing Brahms or Schubert to me, or by reading some of Masefield's sonnets." And

then he said, "I envy the shepherd on a hill in Judea—if there is such a being left as a shepherd, today."

There will always be men and women who are potters and lace-makers at heart, and there will be always, the wheel and the gadget men. But let us cease this thrusting of lever and throttle into the hand of the poet and the spinner and the wine-presser. Thus has been our colossal error. All men are not born free and equal, nor are they born with like tastes and gifts. This is the writing on the sky, if we shall turn our eyes and read.

A Man Bereaved

My wife and my comrade
Will not come at all
Though the pine tree shall flourish,
The green rush grow tall,
And its cone to the ground
The larch tree let fall.

And I'll not hear her sounding
Songs over the din,
Where the people are crowded,
The harvest being in;
Nor see her come lilting
From the field or the fold,
Nor plaiting her long locks
In the young or old.

PADRIAC COLUM *in Old Pastures*

Scarcity

Scarcity saves the world,
And by that it is fed;
Then give it hunger, God,
Not bread.

Scarce things are comely things;
In little there is power;
November measures best
Each vanished flower.

If you dig a well,
 If you sing a song,
 By what you do without
 You make it strong.

And life as well as art
 By scarceness grows,
 Not surfeit. Theirs must be
 The hunger of the rose.

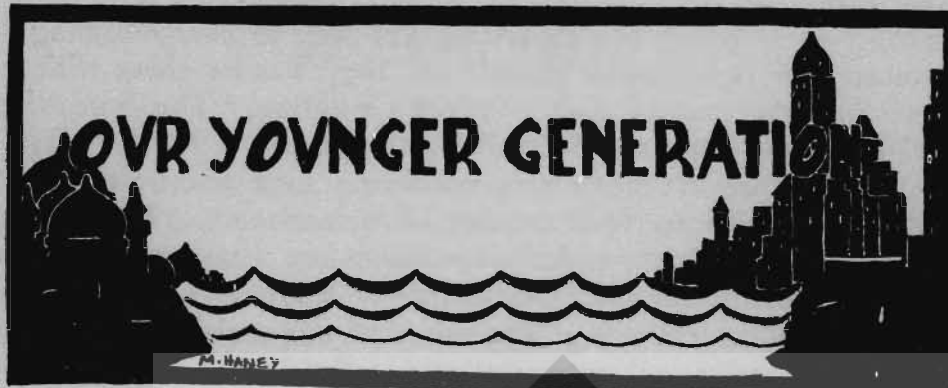
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE
in White April

Sonnet

I never see the red rose crown the year,
 Nor feel the young grass underneath my tread,
 Without the thought "This living beauty here
 Is earth's remembrance of a beauty dead.
 Surely where all this glory is displayed
 Love has been quick, like fire, to its high ends;
 Here, in this grass, an altar has been made
 For some white joy, some sacrifice of friends;
 Here, where I stand, some leap of human brains
 Has touched immortal things and left its trace;
 The earth is happy here, the gleam remains;
 Beauty is here, the spirit of the place.
 I touch the faith which nothing can destroy,
 The earth, the living church of ancient joy."

JOHN MASEFIELD.





EDNA K. SALOOMEY, *Editor*

"I will not shut me from my kind,
And lest I stiffen unto stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind."
Tennyson.

With the exquisite words of Tennyson, this department is dedicated to the younger generation, including all those whose hearts are young regardless of their years.

Do You Agree?

TODAY'S younger generation of Syrians is in a category all by itself. Some reader will elaborate this statement by adding, "in more ways than one." By all means, say that; for we are different in more ways than one, to the regret of some of our critics, and to the joy of others.

We have in mind one fact which distinguishes us from those who preceded us and those who shall succeed us. This fact is characteristic of this younger generation, which is composed of those individuals who have been growing up with the twentieth century. This distinguishing mark is our predicament.

We are wedged tightly between tradition and experiment. Always there has been a struggle between these two to conquer, but for us, who have been transplanted into surroundings entirely new, the battle has been keener than any before. We are at a loss whether to succumb to tradition, or die for experiment. There are some

amongst us to whom the experience has been so overwhelming as to cause their reason to be dazed; and they wander about with an expression like that of Elihu Vedder's painting, "The Sorrowing Soul Between Doubt and Faith."

In our case, we have been wandering in a desert partly our own creation and partly a creation of circumstance. Though we have much in common, as far as problems are concerned, we have made no effort in common to solve them. We have become so disintegrated by an increasing barrenness of our social life that our young people go to all extremes looking for a satisfaction to their gregariousness.

Our progress, individually and collectively, is hindered immeasurably by the lack of unity. There have been occasions when we have had to pay dearly for this deficiency.

Unlike every other nationality represented in the United States, we have no organization, social, fraternal, or educational, of nation-wide scope. Even a mythical unity does not exist amongst us. We need some such unity for the three purposes mentioned above, for social, fraternal, and educational benefits.

Some may contend that they have found their places in the sphere of existence. All power to them; they are to be congratulated if they have so succeeded. But, it must be remembered that for every high diver, there are hundreds who have not learned yet to swim. It is these people who are groping to adjust themselves that we are thinking of, when we claim that some bond should exist amongst us. Even those who are self-satisfied will not deny that genius itself thrives better on sympathetic understanding.

Up to the present time in the history of Syrians in this country, there has been only one meeting-place, figuratively, for the younger generation; and that is "The Syrian World." Within its pages we have learned about "the rest of our world" and what our compatriots are doing elsewhere. We have spanned the entire distance of the globe, and communed with those in far distant lands. This magazine is the nearest approach to a means of uniting our common interests and, we hope, shall be the chosen voice of the younger generation.

We give you our hand in welcome in hope that together we may bring understanding out of the chaos engendered by our inarticulateness, passivity, and indifference. Let us be united here, that whatever is noble in us, as a people, may be registered on the consciousness of all. Let us not stiffen unto stone.

FEBRUARY, 1932

A New Era

THE ECONOMIC disaster, which has tremendously influenced our lives during the past three years, needs no retelling, because all of us, more or less, have been uprooted by it from what we had, in blind, youthful optimism, believed was permanent security, and thrown helter-skelter into places not of our choosing. None of us has escaped from the effects of this disaster; for those, who may not have suffered financially, have, nevertheless, been distressed by the flaws in the economic system which are like so many jabs at man's sense of security.

The repetition of this discussion about depression is like poison to some people, especially to those who think the entire matter may be settled by psychologists. We think differently for we can not stifle what is suffocating us, and we depend neither on psychologists, nor psychiatrists for that matter.

All of us, before the advent of the depression, had been dreaming over the chapter of romance and success and joys unending, when life turned the page to the next chapter. It is this chapter in which we are now engrossed beyond our power to escape. For the first time in our existence, we have come close to an understanding of some of our economic lessons which looked so harmless and uninviting in the pages of text-books. We know now that our economic system is a hundred times more vulnerable than Achilles' heel, and that it is perfect only in so far as the natures of the individuals who create it, are perfect.

Does all this make us feel downhearted? No!

This event in our country's economic history is of immeasurable importance to us, for its cessation in due course, shall mark the beginning of the second era in the history of Syrians in the United States.

The immigrant period is over. Our people have no longer to contend with problems of languages and customs. Even though the immigration bars were to be removed entirely, which is quite unlikely, the newcomers would never need to fare as did those who came here first.

Our younger generation has been given ample opportunity to avail itself of educational facilities. The opportunity has been at the cost of a sacrifice to some parents, but has been given ungrudgingly. That the old order has changed is proven by the pre-

THE SYRIAN WORLD

of families in our midst, where one or both parents are illiterate, whose children are college graduates. In some families, there are as many as four or five children who hold degrees from colleges.

What significance has the comparison? It means that we have not been idle; that we are better fitted for the life here.

The second era shall find us more largely represented in the field of professional activities. The benefits derived in this field are computed not so much in terms of money, as in the benefits which accrue to mankind's welfare. Those engaged in this field shall deserve unbounded appreciation, for our people shall inevitably reflect their glory.

When the pendulum, that symbol of the trend of the times, reverses its movement, we shall be prepared to write the second chapter of our existence here. May it be as excellent in spirit as that written by our predecessors who fought against odds, greater even than a depression.

We know that the younger generation shall not fail. If you wonder at our power or divination, here is the answer:

"Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeper, darker understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee."

Tennyson.

"AL-JIRN"

In the magazine's January issue, Mr. Faris S. Malouf, who is deservedly one of Boston's favourite sons, characterized us as being a difficult people.

Coming from Mr. Malouf, who ranks high in the field of jurisprudence, and who sees with clarity and speaks with discrimination, that characterization merits consideration.

We challenge Mr. Malouf to prove that we are any more difficult than the rest of God's children.

* * *

Aunt Mary, aged four-score plus, to grandniece: "I want to dance at your wedding. When shall it be?"

Her grandniece: "We can't say just yet. Selim and I are saving now for a ten-piece-walnut dining room set."

Blue Blood

A RECENT TRAGEDY OF LOVE AND DEATH CAUSED
BY A BREACH OF A SOCIAL TRADITION AMONG
THE ARABS

By H. I. KATIBAH

AN AMBITIOUS young man of Baghdad, wealthy and cultured but of humble origin, who had attained through his application and brilliancy to the high post of General Director of the Ministry of the Interior, paid with his own life the price of aspiring to marry into a noble family much higher than his own.

He had returned from a honeymoon trip with his bride to lovely Lebanon, a month spent with blissful oblivion to the sombre shadow of tragedy that was dogging their steps, and was attending to his duties at the ministry when an enraged member of the bride's family forced his way to the director's chamber and emptied his pistol point-blank into the body of his unsuspecting victim.

And the report of that shot has reverberated in every Arabic-speaking land from the furthestmost limits of the Land between the Two Rivers to the furthestmost limits of Somaliland and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. It has been reechoed in ever further countries, in the United States of America, in Canada, in Argentine and Brazil, in Chile, in Australia, in Transvaal, in Dahomey and in the Malay Peninsula—in every place where the ubiquitous Arabic newspaper has found its way.

For it is not an uncommon tragedy, and its implications are very far-reaching. A great issue hangs in the balances, and the shot that was heard three months ago was the sign of the challenge, the challenge of the old to the new, of archaic, decadent aristocracy to aspiring, vital democracy. Since then the challenge has been met, and the defendant has been condemned to death for his most daring crime. The attenuating circumstances, the appeal to the old nomadic traditions of the desert, were brushed aside, and another victory for democracy and progressiveness in the East has been won.

The story of that murder would make interesting reading in some of our sensational newspapers. It has all the elements of

violent passions, of deep-seated emotions that spring from centuries of tribal notions and clannish traditions. It belongs properly to the glamorous pages of the Arabian Nights and the travel books of the Arabian Desert and Bedouin life.

The characters of the tragedy are Abdullah Ibn Falih al-Sa'doun, scion of one of the noblest families of Iraq, and Abdullah al-Sani', son of an ambitious commoner who had risen to wealth and influence through his own efforts and those of his father and grandfather before him, and a young Sa'doun girl whose father was dead and whose mother is of Turkish origin.

For over a hundred years the Sa'doun family had ruled Iraq. From it sprang governors and viziers in the days of the Ottoman Empire; and it had sent representatives to the Turkish parliament when the Young Turk regime overthrew Sultan Abdul-Hamid and introduced a constitutional form of government to Turkey. So powerful indeed was the Sa'doun family that the Turkish Government in the days of Abdul-Hamid held some of its members as hostages, educated them in a special school for the nobility and occupied them with government tasks in Constantinople, as it did with princes of the Sheriffs of Mecca and other scions of noble families from its far-flung empire. When the World War was over, and the British succeeded the Turks in Iraq, the prestige and power of the Sa'douns were recognized by the agents of His Britannic Majesty, and one of the premiers of Iraq a few years ago was a Sa'doun, Muhsin Bey al-Sa'doun. He was a sincere patriot, but his effort to reconcile between the intransigent nationalists and the demands of the British led many to suspect him of treachery. So heavily did this charge weigh on the sensitive soul of this noble Arab that he ended his own life by a shot in the head rather than stand the stigma of a traitor.

The Sa'douns migrated to Iraq over seven hundred years ago. They come from a pure Arabic stock, and can trace their ancestry to the Sheriffs of Mecca. In this way they are distantly related to the same family from which Feisal, King of Iraq, sprang.

Most of the Sa'douns still lead the nomadic life of the Bedouins in the Muntafik district, named after an ancestor of the Sa'doun family, where they have always been recognized as emirs and shaykhs of their tribe. But many of them moved to the cities of Baghdad, Basra etc. where they soon established their influence and became principal characters in the checkered life of Oriental cities. But never, neither as Bedouins nor as settled citizens, did

they allow themselves to forget that they are a distinguished clan, members of a blood nobility that never permitted the admixture of other inferior blood with that of their family.

Marriage customs among the Arabs go back almost to the prehistoric days of the taboo and totem conceptions of religious restrictions. A Sa'doun would never dream of giving his daughter in marriage to any but a Sa'doun. Theirs was the noble blue blood, the pure blood of chivalrous warriors and governing rulers, and under no condition should it be contaminated with that of other species of the human race.

On the other hand, the family of the bridegroom in this strange tragedy was not only of humble origin, but, as the name indicates, menial artisans who, in the eyes of the Arab nobility, were only a hairbreadth removed from the status of slavery. The ancestors of the Sani' family were servants, it was claimed in the defense of Abdullah al-Sa'doun in the Baghdad court, to the Sa'doun family. Be that as it may, they were artisans, and in the eye of a full-blooded Sa'doun that amounted to the same thing.

True the Sani' family travelled far on the path of progress, and many a Sani' was superior in wealth and social accomplishments to many a Sa'doun. The grandfather of Abdullah al-Sani' was a prosperous merchant of large means, and his descendants intermarried with the shaykhs of al-Kuweit, whose nobility cannot be denied. He himself was offered a large capital by the Al-Ibrahim family, rich pearl merchants on the Persian Gulf, who were also counted among the nobility of the Arabs. Abdullah al-Sani' was a man of undisputed worth and high ambition, and like Muhsin al-Sa'doun had won his promotion through his friendship to the British.

But all that did not change the situation. Al-Sa'douns were Qubeili, a genuine tribal Arabs, and al-Sani's were Khudairis, mere artisans, men who attached themselves to the tribe, and whose origin was dubious.

And that's that. Abdullah al-Sani' might have succeeded so brilliantly as to become the premier of Iraq, or he might have devoted himself to some science and distinguished himself as a great scientist, recognized by the universities and academies of Europe and America, thus bringing glory to himself and all the Arab race. Still he was a Sani', and considered beneath any Sa'douni. On the other hand a Sa'douni might so degrade himself as to become a burden on society, or he might be a dull clout whose total life would

amount to nil, and in his heart of heart think himself superior to all the Sani's in existence.

This sort of mentality is not strange to those who know the old traditions of the East. We all know of Emirs who are cab drivers and boot-blacks in the streets of Damascus, Beirut or Baghdad.

One of the men who always attracted my attention in Beirut was an eccentric peddler who usually stationed himself on the corner of Bab-Edris. He sold candy and displayed a banner with queer writings on it. I asked about him, and was told that he was an Ay-youbi, a descendant of the great Saladin! On another occasion I was leaving Baghdad, and a beggar approached my automobile for charity. Before I had chance to drive him away, a fairly respectable fellow came forward and chased the beggar. Then after a minute or so he himself asked for a tip. I was surprised, and said to him: "Only a while ago you chased that other beggar, and now you are begging yourself, what does this mean?"

Suavely the second beggar replied: "But I belong to Ahl al-Beit." I understood what he meant but rebuked him and drove him away just the same. For those who do not know what Ahl al-Beit means, we will inform them that it means the descendants of the Prophet Mohammed.

The blood of the Sa'douns, we are assured, is blue, very blue indeed, and that of al-Sani's perhaps is red, or black, or whatever the blood of slaves and artisans may be characterized.

But just here comes science to dispel another antiquated notion, to disillusion the pride and equanimity of the master class in the East.

For biology is positive on one point, whatever it may be on others. It is positive that the blood of the mother has as much to contribute to the blood constituency and color of the offspring as that of the father.

According to the marriage customs of those aristocratic families of the Arabs, it is not necessary for a male member of those families to marry into the same family, or one of equal rank, not even one of the same race. From the earliest days of Islam we have records of marriages between noble Arabs and Greek or Persian captive women; and some of the greatest figures in Islam are children of such unions. Even today we have members of such noble families as al-Bakris and Huseinis married to European ladies, and the bride's own mother in this celebrated case is a Turk, according to account.

But, according to biology, when a Sa'douni or a Bakri is married to a woman of foreign blood, or one not quite as blue, the blood of the children is undoubtedly determined by that of the mother and her ancestry. The old conception that a woman is only "a vessel" for the transmission of the male's inheritable characteristics, is completely exploded and confuted by modern science.

What then becomes of the blue blood of the Sa'dounis and others who for generations have taken for themselves the liberty to marry wherever their fancy chose and denied that right to the female members of their families?

A certain scholar who once undertook the fantastic task of studying the royal family of the reigning Ottoman sultans came out of his investigation with the assertion that not one drop in a million in the blood of that long lineage could be called "royal."

It seems to us like a recrudescence of barbaric notions that in this day and generation there are still people in the East who seek to determine the destinies of half of their genre by high-handed and arbitrary manners that have no foundation in fact or reason.

Water and Flowers

By AMEEN RIHANI

Here are flowers, O my Beloved,
Here are flowers;
Let us lay our hearts today
Among the flowers
Let us not be led astray
By the mirage far away;
Here is verdure, and in verdure
Love embowers.

Here are springs, O my Beloved,
Here are springs;
Let us rest and build a nest
Near the springs;
Let us cease our weary quest
For the mountains of the blest;
Here is water, and in water
Blessing sings.

Excavations in Syria and Iraq

Important Recent Discoveries Have Materially Added to Our Knowledge of Origin and Progress of Civilization.

Editor's Note:—Al-Kulliyat, organ of the American University of Beirut, summarizes in its December issue four public lectures on the progress of excavation work in Syria and Iraq delivered by Dr. Harold Ingholt, Professor of Archaeology at the University. The lectures epitomize almost the whole history of these ancient lands and are here reprinted by courtesy of our esteemed Beirut contemporary with whom we heartily join in the praise of the "generosity of the Syrian lady who established the chair of archaeology at the American University of Beirut" and made possible the addition of this most important subject in the University's curriculum.

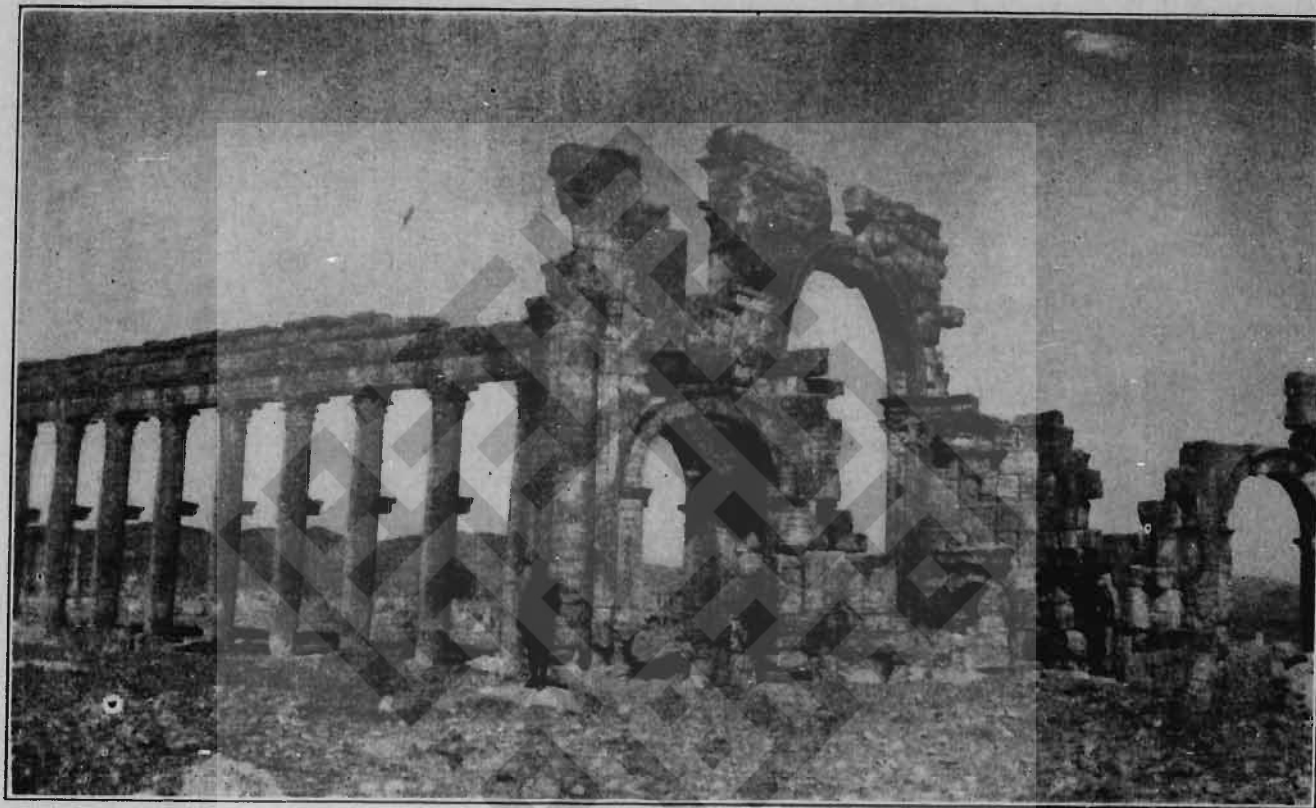
By DR. HAROLD INGHOLT

EXCAVATIONS AT PALMYRA—

IT SEEMS strange that Palmyra, now a small oasis with only about 2000 inhabitants, once was the undisputed mistress of Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt and the greater part of Asia Minor, powerful enough under the famous queen Zenobia to give Rome a hard fight for the supremacy of the whole of the Near East.

The abundant springs in Palmyra must early have attracted settlers and the first mention of the city does in reality go as far back as 1100 B. C., when it was sacked by the Assyrian king Tiglat-Pileser. It was then called Ta-ad-mar, the exact equivalent of its modern name, Tedmor. For many centuries nothing is heard of the city but when it reappears in history, in Hellenistic time, it is as a city of considerable importance. Its location between the Parthian and Roman empires was of great political significance and during the first three centuries of the Christian era, it became commercially important, being one of the chief junctions for the caravans, which brought goods from China, India and Persia to the Occident. The Palmyrene merchants were assured protection in the dangerous desert-district by means of the famous mounted Palmyrene archers, and in return the city levied a heavy duty on all the goods which passed through: silk, perfume, oil, etc., and also made the caravans

FEBRUARY, 1932



*Main Entrance to the Great Colonnaded Street in Palmyra, Once
Queen of the Syrian Desert.*

pay for the right of watering their camels. As the wealth of the city grew, magnificent buildings were erected, the ruins of which still bear witness to Palmyra's glory. A big, colonnaded street went through nearly the whole length of the city, the columns being adorned with statues of prominent citizens, and the main sanctuary of Palmyra, the temple of Bel, competed in size and splendor with the temples of Baalbek and Damascus. The chief authority rested with the "Senate and the People," but in the latter part of the third century the Odainath family became more and more prominent and finally took absolute control. When the Persians in the year 260 A. D. defeated the Roman army in Northern Syria, Palmyra's existence was also in danger, and it was the younger Odainath, who with his Palmyrene army and the remaining Roman troops, drove the Persians back to the other side of the Euphrates. Odainath was later murdered in Homs (266 or 267), but at that time the whole of Syria and Mesopotamia virtually was under Palmyrene domination, even if it nominally still belonged to Rome. Odainath's widow, Zenobia, famous for her beauty and learning, took advantage of the next years, in which the Roman emperors had more than enough to do in the West and having added Egypt and the greater part of Asia Minor to the possessions of Palmyra, she felt strong enough to declare war against Rome in the year 271.

The new Roman emperor Aurelian was a much more formidable adversary than his immediate predecessors and in spite of heroic efforts the Palmyrene armies were defeated near Antioch and near Homs. Palmyra was besieged and taken in March, 272, after Zenobia herself had been taken prisoner at the end of her audacious camel-ride across the desert.

The first excavations in Palmyra took place after the great war when two French-Danish archaeological missions worked there under the direction of Durand and Ingholt (1924) and Gabriel and Ingholt (1925).

UR OF THE CHALDEES—

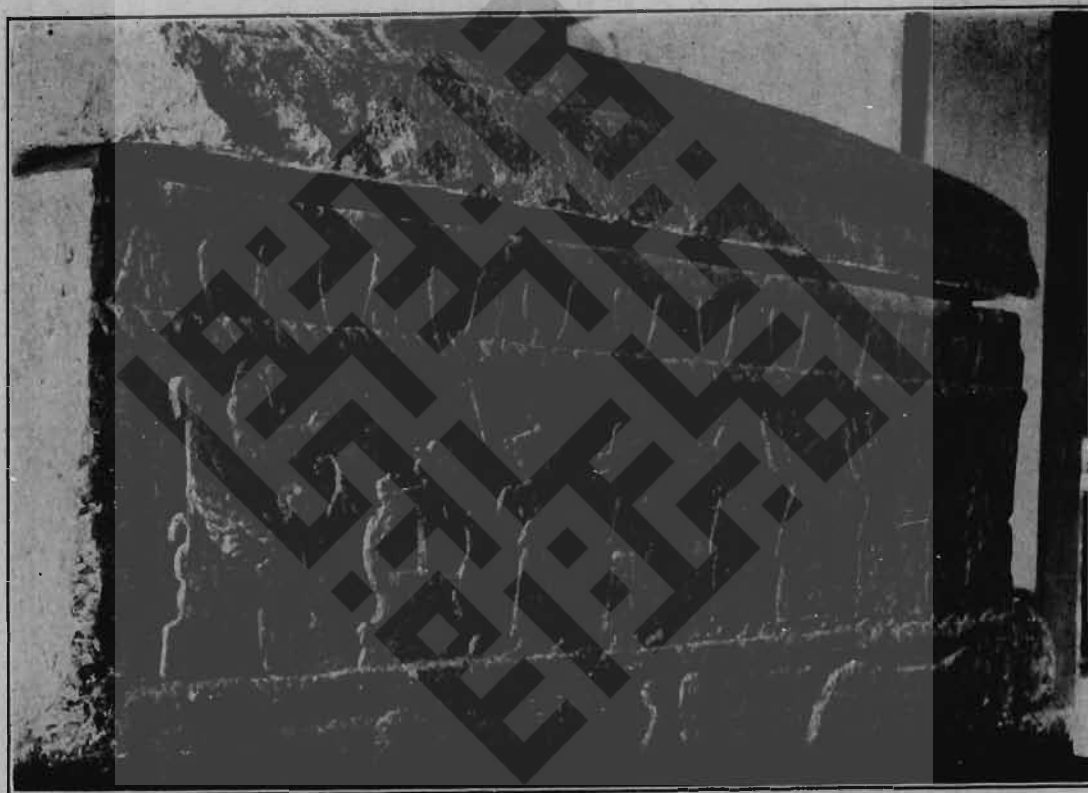
A systematic excavation of this most important site, the paternal city of Abraham, was not undertaken until 1923, when an archaeological expedition, financed by the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia, under the direction of the British archaeologist, C. L. Woolley, started work on the huge mound.

The oldest layers were found in the 1929 campaign, on the bottom of a 12 m. deep shaft, containing flint artefacts and pottery

with geometric decoration on a characteristic brown or greenish surface. Above this level lay for $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. a layer of homogeneous clay, free from any foreign particles. This layer can only have been deposited by a huge flood, which may be the same as the Biblical deluge.

The most impressive building cleared by the excavators was the "Ziggurat," the tower-like temple of Ur, built by king Ur-Nammü, who lived about 2300 B. C. The building, which is all made of brick, sundried in the core, burnt bricks on the outside, consists of three rectangular platforms with tapering walls, the lowest black, the second red, and the top one blue. Fragments of a stele were found in another temple representing the king, Ur-Nammü, sacrificing to the moon-goddess, Ningal, and the moon-god, Nannar, and receiving the order from this last deity to build just that same "Ziggurat."

The richest and most surprising finds were made in an old necropolis, in which Woolley discovered a number of royal tombs dating from about 3200 to 3000 B. C. A beautiful gold dagger, the lapis-lazuli handle of which was studded with golden beads and the hilt done in exquisite filigree-work, bore witness to the marvelous skill of the Sumerian goldsmiths, as also a golden helmet, found in the tomb of a certain Meskalamdug. In another tomb a beautiful mosaic came to light, mounted on two pieces of wood and representing the Sumerian army in action and a feast at the royal court. The most interesting tombs, however, were those of Abargi and his queen Shub'ad, in which for the first time clear evidence was found of human sacrifices as part of the Sumerian funeral rites. In Abargi's tomb no less than fifty-nine skeletons were found in definite and appropriate positions, so that one might suppose that the soldiers, the grooms, and the court-ladies had been marshalled in order and cut down where they stood. The ladies had very ornate head-dresses: gold-ribbon, four wreaths of gold leaf pendants and one of lapis lazuli and gold beads were wound around the head and at the back a large "Spanish comb" of gold, its seven points ending in rosettes with gold and lapis centres. Beautiful fluted gold vessels, gaming boards, harps, a silver boat for the king's last voyage and a very naturalistic donkey and bull, respectively of electrum and silver, originally placed as mascots on the rein-rings of the chariots, further rewarded the careful excavators. Similar finds were made in other tombs and as the excavations are still going on, we may expect still many finds of importance for the early history of Mesopotamia.



The Massive Sarcophagus of King Ahiiram Discovered at Jebeil in Lebanon. The Cover Bears the Oldest Known Inscription in the Phoenician Alphabet and Dates Back to the Thirteenth Century B.C.

FEBRUARY, 1932



Some of the Archeological Treasures of the National Museum of Beirut.

BYBLOS—

When Renan arrived in Syria in 1860 the first place he chose to excavate was Byblos, the present Djebel, no doubt prompted by the most important rôle Byblos had played in antiquity, not only as the chief sea-port for the export of timber to Egypt, but also as center of the Osiris and Adonis cult in Syria, the temple of Byblos being known as one of the oldest in the world.

Excavations on a larger scale were, however, not undertaken until after the great war. From 1921 to 1924 the French Egyptologist, Montet, worked there, after him Dûnand, and it is not too much to say that no excavation in Syria has produced richer or more important results.

Besides tomb deposits of about 3000 B. C., Montet found what probably is the site of the old temple, and there a number of most interesting foundation deposits containing vases, cylinders, ivories, bronzes, scarabs, jewels, all dating from before 2000 B. C. Several sculptures representing gods or kings of Byblos were also found within the temple enclosure.

A landslide revealed in 1922 a royal tomb belonging to the king Abishemû, contemporary with the Egyptian pharaoh Amenemhet III (1850-1800 B.C.). Even if it had been robbed in antiquity several interesting pieces were still left: a beautiful obsidian cup set in gold, the silver "tea-pot," a pair of silver sandals, a golden weapon in form similar to a sickle, the so-called "harpé," etc.....; the remarkable golden jewels, which by way of Jerusalem and Chicago have come back to Syria and were acquired by the National Museum in Beirut, probably also have come from the same tomb: bracelets, rings, a pectoral with the sacred Hathor-cow, and a gilded bronze bull. Other royal tombs were found near by; one belonged to king Ypschemuabi, son of king Abishemû, and contained a beautiful obsidian casket, a golden pectoral and pendants, a magnificent harpé inscribed with the king's name, a silver knife and a silver mirror with papyrus-handle of gold. The fifth tomb of the group proved to be the most important of all. It was built for king Ahiram, who lived in the first half of the 13th century B. C. and whose sarcophagus was found unimpaired in the funeral chamber. Represented on the sarcophagus was found the king himself, seated on a throne and receiving homage from his servants; on the two small sides wailing women tear their hair and beat their breasts. On the lid the king is seen blessing his son Itoba'al. The sarcophagus in itself, with its mixtures of Assyrian, Egyptian and Phoe-

nician influences, is a most important archaeological document, but its importance is further enhanced by the Phoenician inscription engraved on it. The oldest inscription in alphabetical letters was until then the one on the Mesa-stone, from about 850 B. C., but the Ahiram one goes back still 400 years and gives us the oldest alphabetical inscription known, the prototypes of the letters, which we use today, and with which this article is written.

MINET EL-BEIDA AND RAS SHAMRA—

A subterranean tomb, built of large stone slabs, was found in 1928 by a farmer ploughing his field at Minet el-Beida, a small natural harbour 13 k. m. north of Lattakiah. The Cypriote vases left in the tomb and the Cretan character of architecture seemed to justify further researches, and in 1929 work was begun there by the two French archaeologists, Schaeffer and Chenet. The excavations soon revealed the great importance of the site in antiquity, when it was the chief harbour on the Syrian coast for the Cypriote export of copper, to the Near East.

In Minet el-Beida two burial-grounds were found, one with many animal bones, deposits of pottery, dating from the 13th century B. C., and near a small wall two bronze statuettes of the Egyptian falcon, the one inlaid with silver, a statuette of a god, may be the Phoenician weather-and-war-god Reshef, and a gold pendant of a nude goddess, probably Astarte. In the other necropolis the excavators found tombs similar to the one brought to light by the fellah, and in one of these a beautiful ivory lid, probably of a toilet-paint box, representing the Cretan goddess of fertility, flanked by two goats.

On Ras Shamra, the acropolis of Minet el-Beida, the excavators cleared a temple, in and near which a number of interesting Egyptian sculptures were found, as also two steles with representation of the Ba'al and Ba'alat of Sapûna, the ancient name of the city. But the most important find was that of the library, with tablets written in Akkadian, Sumerian, and an enigmatic language. These last tablets have now been deciphered (Bauer, Dhorme and Virolleaud) and proved to be written in the Phoenician language with twenty-eight alphabetic signs taken from the cuneiform sign-system. An epic poem of eight hundred lines is among the texts discovered, and it will, when published, no doubt give us most welcome information about the Phoenician civilization of the 14th century B. C.

Syria in Romance

The Brethren

By RIDER HAGGARD

Condensed by DAGNY EDWARDS

(Continued from December)

Days went by and one hot July night the brethren sat in their camp gazing from the mountain top across the plains toward Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. The next day they were to advance across the desert plain to battle with Saladin, who lay above Tiberias. As they sat there, Godwin had a vision wherein he saw Saladin walking to and fro alone in the royal pavilion. Godwin read his thought.

It was: "Behind me the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, into which, if my flanks were turned, I should be driven, I and all my host. In front the territories of the Franks, I have no friend; and by Nazareth their great army. Allah alone can help me. If they sit still and force me to advance across the desert and attack them before my army melts away, then I am lost. If they advance upon me round the Mountain Tabor and by the watered land, I may be lost. But if, oh! if Allah should make them mad, and they should strike straight across the desert then, then *they* are lost, and the reign of the Cross in Syria is forever at an end. I will wait here. I will wait here."

Awaking, Godwin told his tale to the king, and all his pleading prayers, and those of the bishop and Wulf, who saw truth in the dream, could not change his mind to hold the army. Advancing in war, the dream was fulfilled terribly, to the extent that one of the most hideous fights in the history of the world took place, on the battlefields of Hattin, which broke the power of the Christians in the East. Wulf settled his score with Prince Hassan for the killing of his uncle and the poisoned wine, by killing Hassan on the battlefield. But before death took him, Hassan in all friendliness toward Wulf gave him the badge of his House, the famous star jewel, that was to stand the brethren and Rosamund in good stead, later, when they sought to make their escape.

Awaiting her chance, Masouda instructed the brethren how they might escape from Saladin's camp, for which they were to pay Masouda's assistant in the plot, the jewel of Hassan. Rosamund was not informed of the slightest detail, lest in any case they should be caught before they were well away. That night, Abdullah, who received the jewel, was captured and confessed that he had been bribed to bring the princess to a certain garden outside the camp. When morning came, Abdullah was dead, he gave no more of the plan away, but Godwin, Wulf, and the ladies were brought before the wrath of Saladin, who, however, could not punish them since there was no direct evidence against the brethren. Finally, an imam of the Sultan consulted with him. Saladin was pleased. Leaving the court, the imam returned presently with two small boxes of sandalwood tied with silk and sealed, so alike that none could tell them apart. In one, lay the jewel known as the Star and Luck of the House of Hassan; in the other lay a pebble of the same weight. Rosamund was asked to give a box to each of her cousins. He who had the jewel should die. Beseeching Saladin to be less cruel and spare her the task, Rosamund was forced to present the boxes to her cousins, each taking the box nearer to him. Opening the box, the gleaming enchanted Star of Hassan fell to the feet of Wulf, as Rosamund cried out,

"Not Wulf! Not Wulf!"

Then it was that the brethren knew which she loved.

Later that afternoon, Godwin offered Saladin his life as the guilty one in place of Wulf; and though loathe to believe him, the Sultan granted him his wish. Then bidding farewell to Rosamund, (as he thought, for it was really Masouda in disguise, who again planned Rosamund's escape, and showed her love for Godwin), Godwin was about to speak to Wulf who entered the death vault, when Saladin came in, and spoke to them both saying that he refused such sacrifice as Godwin was about to make, and since they were brave men, he would much prefer to kill them in war. Making them a gift of fine horses, he bade them go to Jerusalem where they might meet again within its streets, in war.

Once again Rosamund made her escape, through the ingenuity of Masouda. Rosamund, dressed as Masouda, was brought by the latter's uncle, Son of the Sand, to Godwin and Wulf in Jerusalem. They placed Rosamund in a sanctuary with the nuns of the Holy Cross, where none would ever dare drag her. Then Godwin fearful for the fate of Masouda, left behind, returned to Saladin's camp, for he felt a strange love for that fearless young woman who

braved death for love of him. Through the trickery of the Sultan and his imam, who led Godwin to believe that Masouda, though their prisoner, was well and alive, he entered the prison vault, and there to his horror and grief found Masouda dead. Then he knew that he truly loved her, even as she had loved and died for him. Stung by the mockery of the imam, the same who had planned the casting of the lots, Godwin smote his eye out with a silver lamp, then falling across the corpse of Masouda, he lay sick for a long time.

The siege of the Holy City had begun, and slaughter waged on both sides. As Godwin lay resting in camp, wondering what the outcome of the struggle would be, he remembered Saladin's vision, that through Rosamund much slaughter should be spared. Seizing an opportunity, Godwin broached the subject to Saladin, who greatly vexed, would not listen to him, although as he left the tent, he pondered the matter.

Several days later, Godwin by his own wish, though still in the camp of Saladin, was ordained a priest by the hand of the Bishop Egbert, amidst the triumphant servants of Mohamet, who rejoiced at the approaching downfall of the Cross.

Misery and despair settled over the tens of thousands of fugitives within Jerusalem, and finally the Sultan declared that only on condition that Rosamund surrender to him that he might deal with her as she deserved, would he have anything to say to the embassy sent to discuss terms with him. Then was Rosamund's hiding place discovered, and the men came to plead with her to return, but she staunchly refused.

The battle went on and on, the people ever suffering new terrors, fearing momentary death. Again they pleaded with Saladin; again he refused to deal with them till Rosamund surrendered, but even as he listened to their pleadings for mercy, did he think that this was the massacre of which he dreamed—eighty thousand lives.

Prayers and sobs mingled with the cries of the people outside the convent, came to Rosamund as once more they besought her to go to Saladin. A final message came to her there, from him, telling that if she came to him willingly he would consider the question of the sparing of Jerusalem and its inhabitants. If she refused, everyone, save those women and children who might be kept as slaves, would be put to the sword. Listening to the pleading all around her, from the Queen Sybilla, the women, children, knights and lords, Rosamund asked Wulf, would he have her die. "Alas!"

he answered, "It is hard to speak. *Yet they are many, you are one.*" Then Rosamund of her own will declared that that too was her wish, and prepared to go. But Wulf declared that he must die with her, and thus they made confession of their sins before the priest, received absolution and the sacrament for the dying, while all in the church knelt and prayed, as for souls that pass. So the solemn ritual ended, and they entered the presence of the Sultan, kneeling before him.

The Sultan heard them speak that Rosamund was ready to pay the price, to fulfill his vision, and spare the city, and for its blood he should accept hers as a token and offering. Then did Salah-ed-din show his mercy. The terms of his treaty were fair; he was just and kind, even paying out of his own treasury the ransoms of hundreds of ladies whose husbands and fathers had fallen in battle.

For forty days, Rosamund and Wulf lay in separate prisons, awaiting death, while the ransoms outlined in the treaty of peace were being paid; and when it was over, Saladin took possession of the city. The Crescent had triumphed over the Cross in Jerusalem.

As the camp broke up at length, Rosamund and Wulf were summoned before the Sultan. Dressed in festive robes, Rosamund knew not what to think as the ladies of the court clad her in fine linen, and put over it gorgeous, brodered garments and a royal mantle of purple, and brought her to Salah-ed-din. As she stepped within his presence, trumpets blew, and a herald cried: "Way for the high sovereign lady and Princess of Baalbec!" And again they cried, "Way for the brave and noble Frankish knight, Sir Wulf D'Arcy!" And thus Saladin restored to Rosamund her title and estate, and further, led them to the Convent, where stood a Christian priest to perform the marriage service. As the service ended the old bishop withdrew, and another hooded monk uttered the benediction. His hood fell back, and there stood Godwin, the priest!

Once again they stood before Saladin, and this time he declared that they had drunk the dregs of their cups; the doom which he decreed for Rosamund had been accomplished, and now that they were man and wife, they were free to do as they wished, whether they desired to enjoy their rank and wealth in the East or return to England. Bewildered and happy the pair chose to return to their home across the sea, but Godwin, in his newly found joy in the Cross, declared that he would stay in Jerusalem, and serve the Cross, that was down, but not forever.

Then bidding Wulf farewell, Godwin was gone.



THE CHANCE MEETING IN THE OASIS

THE TRIBE of 'Uzra was renowned among the Arabs for the intensity and purity of its love. "Uzra love" was synonymous with Platonic love in the highest sense. It was a sacred tradition among the 'Uzraites to love intensely, but in a manner that would exact the strictest abstention from physical indulgence. No other Arab tribe had the reputation for devotion in love to equal that of 'Uzra.

The tales of love among the men of 'Uzra are many. Often they ended in stark tragedy because of the fierce stoicism which would countenance no weakening in the traditional abstinence. The following tale, however, is a happy exception. It is related on the authority of the well-known Arab traditionist 'Amru Ibn Rabi'a and is here retold in his own words.

Said 'Amru:

Ju'd Ibn Muhje', of the tribe of 'Uzra, was a young poet who enjoyed a wide reputation both for his intense love as well as for the traditional reserve of his tribe. He was in the habit of making an annual pilgrimage to Mecca, where his appearance was anxiously awaited by a group of poetry lovers and intellectuals who formed a steadily growing circle about him. For he was also a prolific entertainer with erudite and well authenticated Arab folk tales.

One year, during the pilgrimage season, Ju'd failed to make an appearance and his absence was greatly felt. I took it upon myself to make inquiries about him and sought the camp of the 'Uzraites for the purpose. I made my object plain to the first group upon whom I came, and a man from among them emitted a sigh

and quote the well-known verse which signifies desperation in love:

By thy life I swear that my love for Asma
Will neither drive me to die in despair,
Nor set me free to live in peace.

Alarmed, I asked the man if anything had befallen Ju'd, and to my surprise and consternation, he replied in a spirit of contempt that for me to be so anxious about him only meant that I was of his ilk, wandering in a trackless desert of corruption and ignorance.

"And who may you be to so condemn my friend?" I asked.

"I am his brother," was his curt reply.

The year following, at the same season, I found myself at 'Urfa among a group of pilgrims from the 'Uzra tribe, and I noticed particularly a young man who had almost become unrecognizable through his emaciation. Although erect, he seemed nothing but skin and bone, a shadow of his former self. I was able to recognize him as Ju'd only through his familiar camel. When I greeted him and asked him of his condition, he emitted such a deep sigh that I thought his soul would depart with it. I then sought to divert him by impressing on him the sacredness of the occasion and the necessity of prayer. He prayed until sundown, and when he had finished I heard him exclaim,

"O Allah, the compassionate, the merciful! Be thou my support in bearing the load that has weighed upon me since the day of the oasis."

At this my curiosity was aroused and I asked him for an explanation as to the nature of the "day of the oasis," but he whispered to me that he would confide all to me once we were in seclusion.

That evening, when we were alone, I again asked him for an explanation as to the cause of his exclamation, and it was then that he unburdened his heart and recounted to me the following story:

"You recall," he said, "that my maternal uncles are of the tribe of Kalb, who, aside from being men of reputation for their fair dealings, are numerically strong and much feared among the Arabs for their valor. All of which prompted me, upon the death of my father, to appoint them custodians of my property and take up domicile with them.

"One day, while traveling in the desert, the heat of the day became unbearable and I sought the shelter of the first oasis that lay in my path. I had food and drink in sufficiency, and after having partaken of my needs, I reclined to enjoy the welcome shade

of the hospitable palms, when from the distance rose a commotion that attracted my attention. I looked, and there was a horseman who was chasing a gazelle with such dash and dexterity as to excite my admiration. For a time I watched the chase with interest, and finally the hunter not only gained on the quarry, but felled it with a lance thrust, as if disdaining the bow and arrow. Nor did he, to my surprise, occupy himself with the task of recovering the carcass, as if his only interest was in the love of the sport. And to my further surprise, the hunter, having achieved his aim, came trotting leisurely in my direction apparently seeking the shelter of the oasis.

"Our first meeting was most cordial. The young man, for such he appeared to me, proved of most charming presence and conversation. He was not only erudite and conversant with Arab poetry and folk lore, but of such captivating demeanor as to betray a feminine charm. Thus we spent a pleasant hour until the hunter arose to adjust the saddle of his horse, in which operation his armour partly shifted, displaying the beauty of two breasts that put ivory to shame in their firmness and translucency. The attempt to a hasty concealment was abortive, and to my question if she were a woman the reply came in the affirmative, but with the qualification that she was one of extreme chastity, although not averse to liberal conversation.

"And in this we indulged. The scope of the maiden's knowledge was a revelation to me, and the charm of her manner had on me the effect of intoxicating wine. Sometime later, overcome by the heat of the day and the effect of her strenuous labors, she reclined and fell into peaceful slumber. For a long time I watched over her, drinking in her beauty with an avidity that was heightened by the quiet of the place and the strangeness of the occasion. I want to confess to you that often did I resolve to forswear chastity for the strong temptation that lay before me, but recalling the tradition of my tribe, and invoking the honor of manhood, I finally overcame the weakness.

"When she finally awoke and was preparing to leave I asked permission to visit her, but she protested that her father and brothers were exceedingly strict and of high temper, and all I could hope for was a chance meeting.

"She then departed, and never since have I seen her. But her memory lingers with me and my love for her has reduced me to a skeleton, as you see. It was because I was so weak last year that I could not attend the pilgrimage."

The tale of the love-stricken young poet touched my heart and I resolved to contrive for his salvation. I prevailed upon him to accompany me to the tents of his uncles and there sought the father of his beloved. I had provided myself with a thousand dinars in money, a silk robe and a beautifully designed green tent. The preliminary exchanges of salutations were brief and I hastened to explain to the father that the purpose of my mission was to ask the hand of his daughter in marriage, to which he replied that I was more than welcome.

"It is not for myself that I make the request," I protested, "but rather in favor of your nephew whom I consider to be equally as worthy."

"Unquestionably he is," he parried in a rather impatient manner, "but if you must insist we will leave the final choice to the maiden."

I was about to interpose an objection when Ju'd motioned me to acquiesce, and to my great relief and elation, the girl did express her preference for her friend.

Immediately I made a gift of the silk robe and the tent to the father and presented the thousand dinars as the girl's dowery, insisting that the marriage ceremony be performed forthwith.

Early on the morrow I met Ju'd and asked him how he had fared. "No man can be happier than I," he said, "because Selma expressed towards me a reciprocal feeling that made me forget all my past sufferings."

With this I felt that I had been amply repaid. I extended to the young lovers my congratulations and departed.

Freedom and Slavery

By KHALIL GIBRAN

You are free before the sun of the day,
and free before the stars of the night;

And you are free when there is no sun
and no moon and no star.

You are even free when you close your
eyes upon all there is

But you are a slave to him whom you
love because you love him,

And a slave to him who loves you
because he loves you.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

APOLOGY

Although every possible effort has been made to maintain the regular publication schedule of the Syrian World, unavoidable difficulties have retarded the appearance of the February number to the middle of March. The lapse will be corrected with the coming issues.

HARD TIMES

One would like not to discuss the economic depression. It is unpleasant to be reminded of such painful subjects. The effect is to depress the spirit and undermine the energy. After all, the wise ones will tell you, our ills are only psychological. The coffers of savings banks are overflowing with money, only it needs to be put in circulation. Talk prosperity and you will have it!

All of which is very good if it were only practical.

Closed factories, stagnant markets, empty cupboards, with millions of unemployed and hundreds of thousands dependent upon public charity, are all too serious and concrete matters to be treated lightly and delegated

to the class of the ephemereal and psychological.

Such crises the world has experienced before and emerged therefrom safe but wiser. It would be ridiculous to expect that the result in the present case would prove otherwise. In the commonest way of expressing it, the world is not coming to an end. A solution will eventually be found, although the world will have to readjust itself to new conditions. But just what form the solution will take no one has yet been able to tell. The Bolsheviks claim that in their formula lies the world's only salvation, while the rest of the world still hold a diametrically opposite view. One thing is certain, and it is that such conditions as those which brought about the abnormal and unsound prosperity which led to the correspondingly heavy depression cannot be suffered to remain. There was an orgy that had to come to an end sometime, and people who had settled down to the snug assurance that the bubble could continue along the process of inflation without bursting will have to face the painful task of disillusionment.

The important question is: What will happen in the mean-

time?

The economic pressure is already straining heavily at family ties. Parents who cannot now provide as was their wont, and children who fancy themselves deprived of what they had been accustomed to having as a matter of course, although they themselves are not productive, suffer a painful present and vision a dark future. In this case it is safe to assume that the development of a sorely needed sturdiness in character will prove a welcome result from the travail of the depression.

Then there are the national governments that are sorely pressed in the task of balancing their budgets. Large corporate enterprises, with national and international ramifications, who had been looked upon as towers of strength in the world financial structure, are facing a similar predicament.

But the most pathetic case is that of the small man, the one who through systematic savings and self-denials accumulated a small capital with which to open a shop, a store, or some other industrial or commercial undertaking. He had felt the security of independence through the individual enterprise he had painstakingly built up. By the assiduous cultivation of personal contacts and the assurance of honest individual service he had

every reason to believe that he had a claim on the constant patronage of his clientele. We may imagine such a man's distress when through the forced curtailment in expenditures on the part of his customers, he is reduced to a position of utter helplessness. For he is neither fit by training nor capable by former connections to find other means of earning a livelihood.

The Syrians in America fall mostly in the latter category. Their native initiative prompted them to seek independent means of gain which in the majority of cases were confined to individual enterprises. That they have not suffered severely so far may be attributed principally to their sense of thrift and their mutual helpfulness.

During the past few months a score or more public affairs were held by the Syrians of New York City for purposes of charity, and many more are planned. Similar activities are being constantly reported from almost all sections of the country.

This constitutes about the only cheerful news in the otherwise dark situation. But people would much prefer to give work in exchange for money than be the recipients of charity. It may be said for the Syrians that their pride would prevent them from appealing for charity except at the last extremity. The fact

that public affairs are being held so frequently with the avowed purpose of alleviating the distress of needy Syrians would indicate that that point of desperation has already been reached.

WHICH SHALL SURVIVE

During the past few months the scythe of the depression has mowed down several worthy and, in some instances, long established Arabic publications, both in America and abroad. By virtue of long and meritorious service some of the defunct periodicals had come to be looked upon as established institutions. Most of them, however, had the misfortune of being serious organs of opinion or scholarly research.

Lughat-Al-Arab (The Arabic Tongue) of Baghdad, announced its suspension because of lack of support, although it was considered over a long period one of the foremost sources of authority on Arabic philology.

Al-Khalidat, of New York, could not weather the economic storm although its editor, Rev. Archimandrite Antony Bashir, as a prolific writer and itinerant missionary, was considered to enjoy exceptional advantages.

Al-Fajr, a bi-lingual publica-

tion, edited by Miss Najla Bel-lamah of Canada, and the only Arabic feminist publication in North America, was forced to suspend before it could run out the cycle of a full year. It must be said to its credit that it reimbursed paid subscribers for the difference due them, but this act of extreme honesty is poor consolation for the lack of adequate support for a worthy publication. Character, a literary Arabic magazine of New York, now in its tenth year, will suspend "until such time as conditions warrant resumption."

The daily papers so far have not been affected except in that they are issuing continuous appeals, which alternate between threats and pleadings, for the collection of subscriptions. One of them has set a premium of 10% discount for payment of back accounts within a given period. Another is willing to give as much as 50%.

When, on the other hand, one reads that such old and supposedly popular publications in the American field such as Judge and The Police Gazette are forced into bankruptcy, one is surprised that the ratio of mortality among Arabic publications is not higher than what it has proved to be so far. But we have not yet reached the end, as the wise ones who view the depression dispassionately will tell you.

AND NOW OUR CASE

Perhaps it would not be malapropos to make an allusion here to the predicament of the Syrian World. We seem to fare none better than the publications previously mentioned. As a pioneer in its field, *The Syrian World* may even be going through a harder struggle than all the others, owing to the necessity of conducting virgin missionary work. Some day we might give out the full secret of how we manage to keep the flickering light of life burning. That day might come either when we register a decisive triumph or have to lay down our arms in defeat. We are now navigating the turbulent eddies of the midstream, —the exact middle of our year— and between now and the end of the year we should know how the tide will flow.

One thing is certain. It is that we shall never give up if only we are shown reasonable support. Not, to be sure, to make the continued publication profitable, but only to make the loss bearable. Delinquent subscribers can ease the task by prompt remittance, and those of our enthusiastic friends who were shocked at the possibility of discontinuance when we put the question to a public referendum last year, now have occasion to validate their promises of effective support.

DEPARTMENTS

The Poetry Department has been as regular in its appearance as the great nocturnal luminary which is the poet's inspiration. Ever since Miss Barbara Young assumed editorship of the department not a single issue has appeared but had the beautiful familiar heading and the varied but consistently excellent material. And may we not reiterate that this is a labor of love that Miss Young has imposed upon herself and adheres to faithfully? In plain words, she who commands a handsome price for her literary work has been willing to make this regular and sustained contribution free out of her deep feeling of friendship for the Lebanese and Syrians whom she came to know and appreciate through our great Gibran of whom she was the devoted friend. In a future issue, we expect to make an important announcement relative to Miss Young's forthcoming trip to Becharre, Gibran's native town in Lebanon.

With this issue the editorship of "Our Younger Generation" department will change hands. To the former editor, Mr. A. Hakim, is due our sincere expression of thanks for his conscientious and able efforts during the period of his incumbency, and it is with reluctance that we

have to concede to his wish to relinquish his self-imposed task. He has been a constant and loyal friend of the Syrian World, and there could be no reason to doubt the validity of the reasons prompting his resignation.

We are happy to announce, however, the substitution of an equally able editor in charge of this department in the person of Miss Edna K. Saloomey. To hear each laud the qualifications of the other when the two met in the office of the Syrian World, one would have difficulty in choosing between them. What we consider the more weighty argument is the one advanced by the retiring editor in favor of his successor. Miss Saloomey, he pointed out, is the more logical person to conduct the department because she is American born and retains nevertheless all those finer racial qualities that are characteristically Syrian. With a deep understanding of and appreciation for our wholesome traditions, combined with her natural sympathy for her generation and her keen insight into their problems, her personal advantages as well as her greater possibilities for service in the department become obvious.

We can appreciate the reasons which have caused some irregularity in the Home and Family Department. We are glad, how-

ever, to communicate to our readers the promise of the editor, Sitt Bahia-Al-Musheer, to be not only punctual in future, but even more generous with her excellent material.

Rev. W. A. Mansur lives up to his reputation of mentor of the Syrian-American youth. In his article published in this issue, the first he has contributed for our current year, he brings out the high lights of Phoenician history which he points out as a rich heritage of which our younger generation should feel proud and which it behooves them to remember. Neither the learned divine writes, nor do we publish, such material in a spirit of boastfulness. It is authentic history that has a direct bearing on our racial status, and of which we should be reminded for the very excellent reasons given by the author.

The poet in Dr. Salim Y. Alkazin will not be downed. His inspiration this time is the popular Arabic song which corresponds to the English "Home, Sweet Home." In rendering it into English verse, Dr. Alkazin has succeeded not only in making almost a verbatim translation, but has also preserved the exact rhythm of the original so that the English version may be sung to the tune of the Arabic with the same melodious effect.

Political Developments in Syria

ELECTIONS IN SYRIA LEAD TO BLOODSHED

The general elections which High Commissioner Ponsot ordered held in Syria following his return from Europe with a view to the establishment of a stable government able to enter into negotiations with France for the definite settlement of the Syrian question, and which resulted in bitter and bloody struggles between the Nationalists and the Moderates, were postponed in Damascus and other Syrian cities pending the return of order. According to reports in the latest Syrian mail, the resumption of the elections was tentatively set for the early part of March, but so far the French High Commissioner has not committed himself to any definite date. The troublesome question is whether the Nationalists will concede the legality of the returns if the elections are conducted by the present government, inasmuch as they claim that undue influence is being exercised by the authorities to support the government ticket. Apparently reliable reports from Damascus indicate that the Nationalists have finally decided to take part in the elections because the three principal cities where the elections have been deferred, namely Damascus, Hama and Duma, are their conceded strongholds.

That the Nationalists have reached such a decision is an indication that they have conceded defeat in the elections, as the general results cannot be materially altered by the returns of the three remaining cities. But on

what conditions they have agreed to participate remains unknown.

Disturbances continue to be reported in various parts of the country as a result of the elections, especially in Aleppo. Demonstrations of a violent nature are reported to have taken place in the latter city resulting in a score of casualties. The Nationalists are said to have recruited school children of tender age to stage anti-government demonstrations.

Because political demonstrations often are organized after religious services in the mosques, where agitators take advantage of unrestricted right of congregation and speech to arouse the crowds, police have taken unusual precautions to deal with this kind of disturbances. Some police units have been fitted out with helmets and breast-plates to ward off missiles such as clubs and stones, but to further enhance their effectiveness, they have been supplied with overshoes which they are required to carry as a part of their regular equipment. To those unacquainted with the traditions of the East this action may seem puzzling, but the purpose becomes obvious when it is recalled that Moslems, upon entering the mosques, are required to shed off their shoes, and in the case of visiting strangers, they are required to do likewise or to don overshoes. Naturally it is quicker and more convenient for the police to slip on their overshoes when forcing entry into the courts of the mosques to quell disturbances. Hence the regulation of carrying this apparently indispens-

able adjunct to the maintenance of peace and order in the East.

Conditions in Aleppo have taken such a serious turn that French military authorities have had to take over the handling of the situation. A state akin to martial law now exists in the city with military detachments patrolling the streets and tanks and machine guns stationed at strategic positions. The commercial activities in the city are at almost a standstill and men of all classes are said not to dare to venture out except armed.

Each of the so-called moderate and extreme Nationalists have protested to the authorities against the alleged provocative actions of the other, and what was expected to be the free expression of the will of the people at the polls threatens to develop into bloody partisan feuds.

A regrettable incident which threatens to cause international complications was the murder of a Franciscan monk of Italian nationality, who was set upon unawares and felled by a dagger thrust in the back. The Italian consul immediately lodged a protest with the mandatory authorities.

POLITICAL FUTURE

M. Lavastre, accredited representative of M. Ponsot in Aleppo, is reported to have declared in a speech he made to a political assemblage in that city that France entertains only the friendliest feelings for Syria; that it proposes to have it enjoy much more than the degree of national independence granted to Iraq, and that only the stubborn obduracy of the intransigent Nationalists for the past ten years has stood in the way of France carrying out sooner its benevolent intentions. As proof of France's sincere intentions he cited the fact that she had actually effected the liberation of many nations, including Poland. He expressed the belief that

the time for the execution of France's plans in Syria cannot now be far distant since the moderate Nationalists, who were victors in the elections, have displayed a better understanding of the only policy which will redound to Syria's interest and be compatible at the same time with that of France.

COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS IN LEBANON

Conditions in Lebanon seem to be dragging along in the same manner existing ever since the establishment of the republic. During the past six years the people have come to realize the benefits of the republican form of government and to rest on it their political future. About the only serious reason for complaint has been the excessive taxation necessary to support a top-heavy administrative structure which seems out of keeping with the size and the resources of the country. For a country of less than a million population there is a Representative Assembly composed of forty-six members, a full-sized cabinet patterned on the order of those of the great powers, a military organization and an army of employees most of whom are admittedly sinecures. The pressing problem of Lebanon at present would seem to effect the administrative reforms necessary to bring about the sorely needed economy. This issue is figuring prominently in the platforms of the aspirants to the Presidency, with all indications pointing to the success of M. Emile Eddy, a former Premier who had devised such a program and was defeated by a coalition of deputies who had much to lose by the success of his policies. It must be remembered that the Lebanese constitution follows closely that of France in that the Chamber elects the President. This circumstance, in

the case of Lebanon, would give the mandatory authorities the deciding voice in the choice of the President, inasmuch as half the deputies are appointed by the mandatory power, and it may be taken for granted that those deputies follow instructions.

The elections will be held about May 20 at the close of the second term of President Chas. Dabbas. The constitution has been amended so that in future the President's term will be six instead of three years.

PATRIARCH VISITS BEIRUT

The newly elected Maronite Patriarch followed the precedent established by his predecessor in making personally an official visit to the French High Commissioner at the capital. The visit was made on Feb. 11 and was attended by a great popular demonstration. While in the city, the Patriarch also returned the visits of the Christian Patriarchs and dignitaries who had personally offered him their felicitations upon his accession to the Patriarchate.

Although in the strictest sense the visit of the Patriarch is a denominational gesture, much political significance is attached to it in view of the fact that the Maronites are the largest single religious unit in Lebanon and have been the traditional friends of France in the East and those most responsible for France's presence in the country. The move assumes further importance in that it constitutes a definite break in a tradition long held inviolable for Maronite Patriarchs. The Patriarch occupies in his own sphere a position similar to that of the Pope of Rome, and at no time was it known that any incumbent of the high office has ever left the confines of his see except to make the annual journey from Bekery to Al-Diman, the latter being the

official summer residence.

During the stress and uncertainties of the World War, however, the late Patriarch Howayek was forcibly removed from his official residence by Jamal Pasha, then Turkish military governor of Syria, and was about to be sent to exile but for the timely intervention of the Pope and the Austrian Emperor.

At the close of the war Patriarch Howayek deliberately broke the tradition of confinement and seclusion by going in person to attend the Versailles negotiations for peace and there plead for Lebanon's secession from Turkey and its placing under French mandate.

When, later, upon the appointment of Gen. Gouraud first French High Commissioner for Syria and Lebanon, Patriarch Howayek considered the development a triumph of his political program, he further broke the tradition by proceeding to Beirut to extend in person his felicitations to the High Commissioner. Thus he established for himself a precedent which he consistently followed upon the appointment of each succeeding High Commissioner.

An incident worthy of note in this respect was the attitude of Gen. Sarraill, who was a professed anti-cleric. The Patriarch visited him as he had visited the others, but the General was reluctant in returning the visit, and did so only after heavy pressure from Paris. His reception by the Patriarch on that occasion was as frigid as that he had given him upon his visit. Only the tact of de Jouvenel, Sarraill's successor, prevented a complete break.

Upon the death of the late Patriarch Howayek, the question arose as to whether the old tradition should be maintained or the precedent established by the late Patriarch followed. The French High Commissioner had come in person to extend his felicitations to

the new Patriarch, and the country was all set aguessing as to whether the Patriarch would return the visit in person. There was a division of opinion, according to reports, among the college of bishops on the question, but the Patriarch finally decided in favor of the course set by his predecessor. The great popular reception he received in Beirut gave proof of the popularity of his move.

trip he had taken to Palestine by special invitation. Openly, no political object is admitted for the visit, but the extraordinary interest displayed by both the British and French mandatory authorities in receiving the Egyptian Prime Minister with state honors is being generally interpreted as indicating the existence of a deep political purpose.

EDITOR OF AL-HODA ON POLITICAL MISSION

N. A. Mokarzel, editor of Al-Hoda, the Arabic daily of New York and founder of the Lebanon League of Progress, was to sail for Paris sometime in March supposedly on a political mission, the exact nature of which was not disclosed. Our readers will recall that Mr. Mokarzel has been most active in Lebanese politics, and through the political organization which he founded was responsible for many noteworthy reforms in the home government. It is conjectured that his present mission must have some bearing on the coming presidential elections. It can be positively stated, however, that the veteran editor has no personal ambitions inasmuch as he has repeatedly and publicly rejected the proposals put forth by his many admirers respecting his candidacy for the presidency.

SUDKY PASHA IN SYRIA

Sudky Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, arrived in Beirut Feb. 11 and was officially received by the French High Commissioner, who gave a state dinner in his honor, and by the Lebanese government. His visit to Syria and Lebanon was an extension of a

SYRIAN NATIONALISTS PUNISH FAIZ KOURI

Reports from Damascus coming with the late mail indicate the continuance of the bitterness resulting from the national elections. Subhi Bey Barakat, leader of the victorious Moderates and their candidate for the presidency, arrived in Damascus on a political mission and there met Faiz Bey Kouri, formerly an outspoken Nationalist, and brother of the well-known leader Faris Bey Kouri, who was at one time suggested for president of the Syrian State. The action of Faiz aroused the Nationalists to a high pitch of indignation and it was decided at a party caucus to strike his name from the ballots in the supplemental elections. Faris Bey Kouri is said to have taken part in the meeting at which his brother Faiz was impeached and banished from the party.

Subhi Bey Barakat is a former governor of Syria and the one charged by the Nationalists with having advised the French to bombard Damascus during the 1925 rebellion. The Nationalists are said to be bitterly opposed to his candidacy, and failing the election of their leader Hashim Bey Al-Atasi, they are said to be willing to throw the weight of their support to Ahmad Nami Pasha the Damad, another Moderate.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

NEWS SECTION

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GIBRAN NOW RESTS IN PERMANENT TOMB

Remains Removed with Great Ceremony to the Monastery of Mar Sarkis Which Will Serve as Permanent Shrine.

Gibran's remains repose at last in the ideal spot which he had long hoped to make his home. To many of his friends he had expressed the wish to return to his native land and there acquire ownership of the monastery of Mar Sarkis, located below the famous Cedars and overlooking the Sacred Valley of Kadisha, a spot which even in his early boyhood he had come to admire and love, and where he had hoped to spend the closing days of his life.

That wish has been gratified only to the extent that the monastery of Mar Sarkis now serves as Gibran's permanent home, only it was not given him to again see the beauty of the place with his mortal eyes.

Gibran's remains had reposed temporarily in the church of St. John, in his native town of Becharre, pending arrangements for the acquisition of the monastery. Issaf George Rahme, Gibran's cousin and devoted companion, who had accompanied the body from the United States, finally bought the monastery from the Maronite Carmelite Missionary Order and converted

it into a shrine for the great poet. The tomb, as described in the Lebanese papers, is a natural grotto opening on the chapel, the interior of which was permitted to remain in its natural state, with exquisitely shaped stalactites pending from the domed roof, reflecting a myriad of dancing colors from the bright electric lights. A view of the interior is permitted through a large plate glass encased in a frame of cedar and olive wood, revealing Gibran's coffin resting on two corinthian pillars. Atop the chapel, overlooking Becharre and the Sacred Valley, the large cross bears the following inscription:

"Here Repose the Remains of the"
"Prophet Gibran Resting Under the"
"Wings of the Angel of Peace."

The removal of Gibran's remains took place on Sunday, January 10, with almost as much ceremony as that attending the reception of the body upon its arrival from America. Seven thousand mourners marched in the procession, and again there were the poetical improvisations in the vernacular as well as recitations of original literary poems and speeches. Both the government and the clergy were well represented.

GIBRAN'S SPIRIT

Writing apparently with the utmost conviction, Emil Zaidan, editor of *Al-Hilal*, one of the oldest and most re-

spected monthly magazines of Egypt, claims to have had communication with Gibran's spirit during a spiritualistic seance he attended this summer while visiting Syria. The editor admits that he had been indifferent to the claims of the spiritualists until he was induced by one of his friends to attend one of their meetings from which he emerged fully convinced of all their claims. The spirit of his father, the famous Arabic scholar and historian, spoke to him and gave him much practical advice concerning the policy of the paper. He was also able to communicate with the spirit of Gibran who dictated a message which the editor published as being in Gibran's accepted style, but which literary critics take as a poor imitation. Gibran is said to be happy, in the "higher spheres", but he wants his sister Mariana to put a check to her grief. Gibran also mentioned the celebrated Syrian writer who uses the pen name of "May" with whom he had been in correspondence but whom he had never met. "May" is a resident of Egypt and at the time of Gibran's death published a personal letter which he had written to her. Hence the natural association between Gibran's spirit and this lady.

Strange as it may seem, Gibran has forgotten all his friends of a lifetime in America. Mrs. Mary Haskell Minas to whom he willed all his art works he did not choose to mention (obviously because the medium did not know of his relationship with her), nor did the sensitive and generous spirit of Gibran remember Barbara Young, his most loyal and devoted friend, and the host of other friends he had come to know and love during the long years, comprising all his adult life, he had spent in America. Gibran also referred to the reception given his body upon its arrival in Syria, but not a word did his grate-

ful spirit mention of the memorial meetings, the church services and the many other signs of affection shown him in America.

Truly, for such a respected organ as *Al-Hilal*, founded by the practical and discriminating scholar George Zaidan, to have espoused the cause of spiritualism and attempted to prove it in such fashion, is a sign of decadence from its former high scholarly standard.

SYRIAN JUNIOR LEAGUE PRESENTS FINE PLAY

No one who attended "The First Year", presented by the Syrian Junior League at the Booth Theatre in New York Feb. 21, had cause to regret the time or the money spent on the occasion. The cause was for charity, it's true, and all those contributing to the program or investing in tickets would feel amply repaid considering the purpose alone. But there was a good deal more than this spiritual compensation: the play itself was well worth seeing and the actors acquitted themselves like veteran professionals. To some visiting Syrians who were not aware that all the actors in the play were Syrian amateurs, members of the League and their friends, it was almost inconceivable that the young men and women who displayed such talent were not actually Broadway old timers.

Madeleine Malouf, Nedda Uniss and John S. Mackoud did full justice to their roles, although the other actors acquitted themselves most creditably. The cast, besides those mentioned, was composed of Fred Shamas, Adele F. Mackoud, Victor Hamati, Fred Zrike, Alfred Zrike and Lyla J. Mabarak.

The attendance was not up to expectations, which is through no fault of the organization giving the play.

We venture to predict, however, that if the League were to make a second presentation of the same play, the attendance would be more than doubled in view of the general approval expressed by those who witnessed the first performance.

Miss Selma Milkie, president of the Syrian League, made a short appearance before opening of the play to outline the purpose for which it was being given and to welcome those supporting the cause.

The League, in its elaborate program, made special acknowledgment for helpful advice and assistance to the following: Mr. Nicholas Macsoud, the artist; Miss Gertrude Wainwright, the dramatic director of the play; and Messers. Elias Aboarab, Suhail Hermos, Basil Couri and George Mabararak for assistance given the program committee.

The Dramatic Committee was composed of Mrs. George Saliba, chairman, and the Misses Louise Dibbs, Mary Mokarzel, Louise Mussawir and Selma Uniss.

The Program Committee was composed of Miss Madeleine Zaloom, chairman, and the Misses Alice Diab, Lyla Mabararak, Najla Mackoud, Mary L. Milkie, Mary Trabulsi and Selma Uniss.

LEAGUE OF PROGRESS HOLDS CHARITY BAZAAR

The Lebanon League of Progress of New York held its charity bazaar at the Knights of Columbus Hall on Clinton St., Brooklyn during the three days of Feb. 27, 28, and 29. The admission was \$1.00 for the three nights and the varied program of entertainment provided for each night was enthusiastically received by the large attendance.

The bazaar was especially sponsored by Al-Hoda, whose editor, N. A.

Mokarzel, is the founder and the president emeritus of the Lebanon League. The proceeds of the bazaar, according to announcement, will be distributed to the Syrian and Lebanese needy of the city through the agency of the various churches irrespective of denominations.

SYRIAN FEDERATION TO GIVE CHARITY BALL

The American Syrian Federation of Brooklyn will give a Charity Ball and Entertainment at the Grand Ballroom of the Elks Club in Brooklyn on the evening of April 16. The affair promises to be the most brilliant Syrian social affair of the season. The proceeds will be devoted to charity.

The Federation carried out this year its annual practice of distributing Christmas baskets although primarily it is not a charitable organization. Realizing, however, the extent of distress prevalent this year, it has decided to extend its charitable activities and is planning the entertainment and ball. The position of leadership which the Federation occupies in the community insures full success for any of its undertakings.

The chairman of the committee on arrangements is Mr. Jos. W. Ferris, the well known Syrian lawyer and a former president of the Federation. A souvenir program is planned for the occasion and should be well patronized.

Earlier this month, the Federation gave a special entertainment at its clubrooms for the members and their families, and in honor of the retiring president, Mr. S. J. Akel, who took occasion to remind the gathering in his brief remarks that the Federation building has actually become the civic center of the Syrian community in the city. President George Dagher was master of ceremonies.

**MME. FADWA KURBAN
MAKES FORMAL DEBUT**

By Alice Mokarzel

Fadwa Kurban, "The Syrian Nightingale" and coloratura soprano of merit, gave a New York recital in the Roerich Hall of the Roerich Museum on Saturday evening, February 27.

Miss Sumeyeh Attiyeh, the well-known Syrian lecturer, formally introduced Mme. Kurban.

The program consisted mainly of difficult and technical numbers that were performed with beautiful and exacting skill. The famous Mad Scene from Lucia de Lammermoor, a favorite of Mussolini and of opera-lovers, gave Mme. Kurban an opportunity to prove the exceptional quality of her voice. The other numbers were exceedingly pleasing because of their variety and served to demonstrate the versatility and range of Mme. Kurban's vocal powers. Some had the delicate and appealing accompaniment of the flute. Included among the numbers were Liebestraum by Litz, the Japanese Love Song by Brahe and The Bell Song from Lakme.

Mr. Alexander Maloof, who was in the audience, was asked to accompany Mme. Kurban in two Arabic songs which were requested after the recital. In these numbers, sung in her own arrangement, she is very much at ease especially in the melancholy and languid strains of Wailee Min al Ghoramy.

This recital served to introduce Mme. Kurban formally to the American public as well as to give her many friends further opportunity to hear her. It was indeed an appreciative audience that applauded her efforts, requesting encore after encore which she rendered graciously, convincing them that she is justified in seeking an operatic career.

SYRIAN COLORATURA



Mme. Fadwa Kurban

**ALEPPIAN FRATERNITY
GIVING ENTERTAINMENT**

The Aleppian Fraternity of New York will give an entertainment at the Knights of Columbus Hall on the evening of Sunday, April 10, for the benefit of Al-Kalimat charities in Aleppo which extend from maintaining an orphanage and a home for the aged to the distribution of food and clothing to the needy of the city without discrimination as to religious denominations. The program is expected to be exceptionally entertaining as has been that of all other affairs arranged by this society, which has command of a large variety of native talent.

SYRIAN BOY MAKES MUSICAL DEBUT

Although less than three years ago he could not distinguish one musical note from another, Sam Kiami, a Syrian boy of sixteen whose talent was discovered and trained by Prof. Alexander Maloof, gave a recital on Sunday, March 20, at the Maloof Studio in Carnegie Hall, which thrilled the large audience of critics and lovers of classical music.

Young Kiami played selections from well known composers like Chopin, Dilibes and others. His teacher feels certain that the boy has all the qualities necessary to become a concert virtuoso.

At the concert Mme. Fadwa Kurban sang several operatic selections. Mme. Adele McCormick, a Syrian by birth and a noted singer, also rendered several pleasing numbers.

The three-score or more who were present at the concert, mostly Syrians, were agreed that the formation of a Syrian musical club would be well received by the community to foster the love of good music and hold regular private concerts fortnightly and one or two public concerts once or twice a year.

SYRIANS OF BOSTON CELEBRATE BICENTENNIAL

From a Correspondent

The Syrian-American Club of Boston celebrated George Washington's bicentennial anniversary, on Sunday Feb. 28, in the Hall of the Municipal Building, at the corner of Shawmut Avenue and West Brookline Street. Over twelve hundred were present.

Mr. Louis A. George, prominent Syrian attorney of Boston, was the master of ceremonies. The invited guests were, Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, Honorable U. S.

Senator David I. Walsh, Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, Mayor Michael C. O'Neill, Jr. of Everett, and ex-congressman, Joseph Conry. The following Syrian organizations were represented by two official delegates: The Syrian-American Club of Worcester, The Syrian-American Association of Lawrence, The Syrian Young Men's Association of Pittsfield, The Mount Lebanon Society of Fall River, The Syrian-American Society of Brockton, The Sons of Lebanon of Quincy, and The Syrian-American Society of New London, Connecticut.

Senator Walsh was the principal speaker of the afternoon. He emphasized the fact that liberty, equality, and justice is what Washington fought for, and a government which does not permit these is not a good government but a tyranny. The meeting was opened by the president T. N. Maloof. A short talk on Washington's life was given in Arabic by Mr. Faris Maloof, prominent Boston attorney.

The musical program was lead by our well known singer Madhat Serbajy, assisted by Miss Josephine Laturny of Boston. An orchestra of local Syrian talent furnished the music to an appreciative audience. A very attractive feature was the appearance on the platform of Bessie F. Edwards Post American Legion Drum and Bugle Corp, dressed in beautiful uniforms. This is a ladies unit.

One special instance deserves particular mention. In introducing the Senator, Mr. George suggested that he was well qualified to be the president of the United States. This remark created quite a stir in the local press which featured it under this caption "The Syrian-American Club nominates Walsh for President". Unquestionably, this was one of the most outstanding events in recent years among the Syrians of Boston.

Gibran's Message To Young Americans of Syrian Origin

By G. K. GIBRAN

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



(Written Especially for
The Syrian World)
Reprinted from the First Issue of
The Syrian World, July, 1928

I believe in you, and I believe in your destiny.

I believe that you are contributors to this new civilization.

I believe that you have inherited from your forefathers an ancient dream, a song, a prophecy, which you can proudly lay as a gift of gratitude upon the lap of America.

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

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

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

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

And I believe that it is in you to be good citizens.

And what is it to be a good citizen?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Young Americans of Syrian origin, I believe in you.

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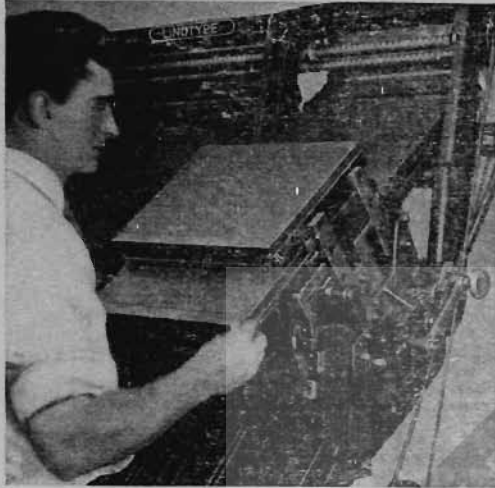
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