

VOL. IV. No. 8.

APRIL, 1931.

MAY 12 '81

THE SYRIAN WORLD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE IN ENGLISH DEALING
WITH SYRIAN AFFAIRS AND ARABIC LITERATURE



GIBRAN MEMORIAL SECTION

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF EULOGIES IN POETRY AND PROSE BY
AMERICAN AND SYRIAN ADMIRERS

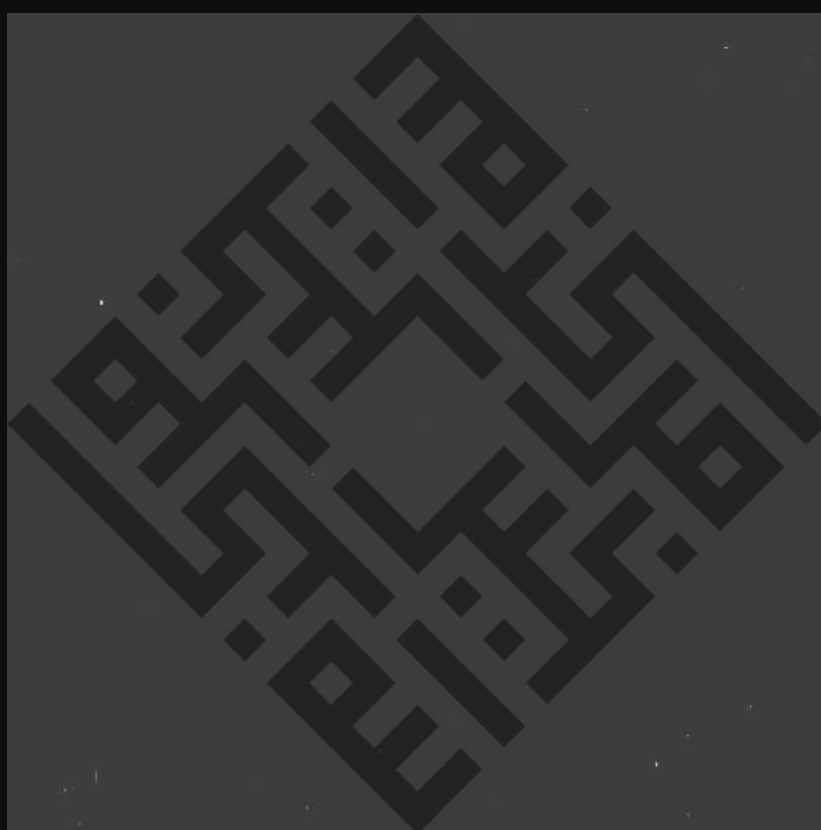
CHIVALRY IN ARABIA AND ISLAM
DR. PHILIP K. HITT

THE CASE OF THE SYRIAN WORLD
A FRANK DISCUSSION

A JOURNEY THROUGH JEBEL DRUZE
SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

ALI ZAIBAQ (QUICKSILVER) (*A SERIAL*)

THE COPY 50c



THE SYRIAN WORLD

Published monthly except July and August

by THE SYRIAN-AMERICAN PRESS

104 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

By subscription \$5.00 a year.

Single Copies 50c.

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

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IN THIS ISSUE

*For Those Who Would Know the High Lights of the
Material in This Number.*

THE death of Kahlil Gibran is an epochal event in the history of the Syrians in America. We mourn him in the proportion that we felt proud in his achievements. The name of Gibran will ever be one of our racial assets, and where we would possibly fail in fittingly eulogizing his memory, his host of American admirers will willingly take up the grateful task of proclaiming his greatness.

THE SYRIAN WORLD feels itself especially privileged to be able to devote the greater part of this issue as a memorial to Gibran. We are particularly grateful to the many American friends and admirers of our departed son who have cooperated with us in making possible the presentation of the imposing array of eulogies and tributes to his memory. Our sense of spiritual kinship and closeness is much keener now that they and we are more strongly fused by the spirit of Gibran.

DR. Philip K. Hitti contributes to this issue the result of some of the typical research

work for which he is noted. There is always weight to Dr. Hitti's logic and the ease with which he arrays his facts denotes the breadth and depth of his knowledge. His present article deals with the origin of chivalry, and he easily traces it to the plains of Syria when Crusader and Moslem met sometimes in combat and at other times in peace. To those who would gain valuable historical knowledge written in an easy and entertaining form Dr. Hitti's article should prove of especial appeal.

WE would have much preferred to omit the presentation of the case of THE SYRIAN WORLD from this issue. But since we committed ourselves by a signed statement in the preceding issue to lay before the public the facts in our present situation, and because only two issues remain for bringing to a close our fifth year, we felt constrained to live up to our promise so as to insure reasonable time for our readers to ponder the facts and express a

mature opinion. We would request earnest and careful consideration of the facts on the part of everyone of our readers as well as of those interested in the stabilization and progress of the publication.

READERS will observe that although 32 pages, or half the normal number of pages in each issue, are dedicated to the memory of Gibran, this issue does not lack of other material. This is due to the fact that we have added an extra section to this issue, bringing the total to eighty pages, and making possible the maintenance of the regular departments while providing space for other material of a general nature.

Thus a complete instalment of our serial Ali Zaibaq appears as usual. And those who have been following the doings of this incomparable product of the Oriental imagination will find satisfaction in realizing that at last he has subdued his arch-enemy and gained his revenge. The circumstances of this episode are phenomenal, a beautiful princess of the tribe of the jinn playing in it a leading part. But can we expect the trials of the hero to have come to an end? This is a question that will find a surprising answer in the succeeding chapters.

THE editor's present travel article concludes the account of his journey through Jebel Druze. It may be judged long, but we hope it will prove entertaining reading. An account is given of a visit to the native governor, a Pasha in his own right, but one who has had conferred upon him the added title of emir (prince) by none other than the republican government of France. Then if you would know what occasioned the greatest surprise to an old native out of all the wonders of America you will be grievously disappointed that it is far by miles from what you would imagine. Our usually critical assistants told us frankly that the present article is the most entertaining of the series. We trust the readers will also find it so.

THOSE interested in the evaluation of the political situation in Syria will find a comprehensive survey of the latest developments. What might prove the beginning of a national policy of passive resistance similar to Gandhi's movement in India has developed in Beirut and quickly spread to other sections of Syria. * * * The news department in this issue contains much information on happenings among Syrians in America and abroad.

THE SYRIAN WORLD

VOL. V. No. 8.

APRIL, 1931.

Chivalry in Arabia and Islam

By PROFESSOR PHILIP K. HITT
of Princeton University

THE flower of chivalry, which, nurtured by Islam, reached its fullest bloom in Saladin and his contemporary Usamah, had its roots in ancient heathen Arabia. Particularly among the Bedouins of north Arabia do we notice those prime elements which enter into the composition of a chivalric knighthood. To the denizens of the desert fighting was a chronic mental mood, *ghazu* (razzia) a national sport, camel raiding the only manly occupation and blood-feud the most important institutions. One Christian tribe, banu-'Udhrah, was proverbial for their respect for womanhood and platonic love.

With the advent of the horse, in the first centuries of our era, from Western Asia where it was introduced earlier by the Hittites, chivalry in its primitive form, as a body of horsemen equipped for battle, was developed. The horse soon became a war animal. It prolonged the legs of the warrior and afforded him more mobility than the camel did. A whole literature in Arabic was inspired by the horse.

Gradually the *fâris* (horse rider) appropriated other functions to himself. In desertland where forage was scarce and the horse an animal of luxury, the *fâris* became the equivalent of *sayyid* (chief). With the necessary traits of leadership he usually combined a gift for poetry. In his poetical capacity he aroused the martial enthusiasm of his tribesmen, extolled their virtues, recited their ancestors' achievements, emphasized the weaknesses of the enemy, and in general acted as the "press agent" for his party. Thus the Bedouins came to consider the most enviable

title *shâ'ir fâris* (a poet-knight), and to regard the three factors constituting the superiority of a tribe horsemanship (representing military strength), poetry (an index of intelligence), and generosity (a sign of wealth).

The *ayyam al-'Arab*, those combats which the tribes fought amongst themselves in the pre-Muhammad era, afford us an insight into the spirit which animated those early warriors of the peninsula. We see them here and there riding forth in quest of adventure, rushing to the rescue of captive maidens, offering succor to the helpless and typifying those qualities most highly prized by Arabians. Those virtues, summed up in the word *mu-ru'ah* (manliness), included courage as measured by the number of adversaries killed, loyalty as evidenced by devotion to the interests of the tribe, and generosity as manifested by the readiness to slay camels for the guests.

The pages of *al-Aghânî*, *al-'Iqd al-Farîd*, and the numerous *diwâns* are replete with cases illustrating the virtues of chivalry: bravery in battle, fortitude in misfortune, defiance of the strong and defence of the weak, as well as its vices: persistence in revenge, intolerance of others, and illicit sex relations. Al-Shanfara, Zayd al-Khayl (Zayd of the Horses), 'Adi ibn-Hâtim, 'Amr ibn-Ma'dikarib the champion of Yaman, Muhallil ibn-Rabî'ah and 'Antarah ibn-Shaddâd may be cited as types of pre-Islamic heroes. Al-Shanfara was taken captive while young, and on his release took an oath to kill a hundred from among his captors. After making his ninety-ninth killing—so the story goes—he was himself overpowered and slain. A member of the enemy tribe, however, happened to stumble one day on al-Shanfara's skull, as it lay bleaching on the ground, and received a wound in his foot which resulted in his death—thus completing the required number.

But the name of 'Antarah has lived in Arabic literature as the paragon of chivalric conduct. This Bedouin Achilles, who flourished in the last decade of the sixth century, was the son of a black slave woman and could not therefore be regarded as a legitimate member of the family unless so acknowledged by his father. On one occasion, while his father's tribe was hotly engaged in battle, the lad refused to take part saying, "A slave knows not how to fight, milking camels is his job." Thereupon the father shouted, "Charge! thou art free." 'Antarah's romance (*sîrah*), which took its present form during the Crusades, is still

relished by large audiences in the cafés of Cairo, Beirut and Baghdad.

Islam fell heir to these pagan Arabian rudiments of chivalry and added its own contribution. In Islam the consecration of war to the service of religion—two seemingly incongruous ideas—and their fusion into a homogeneous whole were carried to a more successful extent than in any other major religion. Of all systems of belief, Muhammadanism is the only one which holds "holy war" (*jihād*) among its cardinal tenets and promises him who dies on its battlefield a passport to heaven.

Himself an orphan who had felt the pinch of poverty, Muhammad in his social legislation favored the fatherless and motherless, the poor, the slaves, the wayfarers, and this constitutes the most humane part of his code (*Koran* 4:2, 3, 40; 16:73; 24:33, etc.). To the two fundamental principles of chivalry—war and religion—the third, gallantry, was now added. Nevertheless, Arab chivalry even in its Islamic development remained a spirit, a way of life, and never became, as in the Occident, an organized institution. In the Moslem army of conquest the distinctive qualities of the chivalric knights, which at their best were valor, honor, piety, and love, and at their worst ferocity, perfidy, fanaticism and lust, were all represented.

The early Moslems, following the heathen Arabians, considered him who could compose in prose and verse, ride, swim and shoot arrows an educated cultured man. Such a person was called *kâmil* (the perfect one).

In Arabic literature the first poets to specialize in love and in singing the praises of the fair sex were all post-Islamic. Such was 'Umr ibn-abi-Rabī'ah (d. ca. 720) the Ovid of Mecca. An Unmayyad poet sang:

"Our (i. e., man's) lot is to kill or be killed, or be taken captive. Woman's part is gracefully to manage her train."

Those first Crusaders who came into the Holy Land cherishing a vague idea that the Saracens were idolaters who worshiped a certain "Baphomet" whose wicked body neither heaven nor earth would accept and therefore lay suspended between the two, were soon disillusioned. The early contacts showed the mailed gentlemen of Europe that he had met his match in Asia, and that neither in magnanimity nor in military prowess was a Cœur de Lion superior to a Saladin.

Usâmah (1095-1188) has inadvertently left us in his me-

moirs the clearest picture of an Islamic knight—the knight being the author himself. In all his dealings with friend and foe this Syrian gentleman astounds us with his highly developed sense of chivalry and fairness. As he sights at a distance eight Frankish knights and his comrade suggests resort to a ruse, Usâmah insists on meeting the enemy face to face. An aged slave who had brought him up as a child, he addresses as “mother” and devotes an apartment in his home to her exclusive use. The European and Armenian hostages released from his castle, Shayzar, and waylaid by Moslems, he is willing to rescue at all cost, whereas Baldwin authorizes an attack at Acre (‘Akka) on the ship bringing Usâmah’s family from Egypt, notwithstanding the safe-conduct which the king himself had issued.

But Saladin (Salâh-al-Dîn) was the real paragon of Islamic knighthood who exemplified all the virtues and graces of Arab chivalry. When the crusading army entered Jerusalem (1099) it inaugurated the “kingdom of God” by slaughtering some two thousand Christians and Jews. When Saladin retook the city (1187), he accepted ransom for men, women and children and released several thousands of them who could not pay. Those same women and children refugees found the gates of Tyre closed by Conrad in their face and the Italian sailors in Alexandria unwilling to take them on board without due payment. Reginald of Châtillon, who in violation of treaty terms had attacked a caravan near his stronghold Crac (Karak), fell after the battle of Hattîn (1187) into the hands of Saladin. The latter had sworn to take with his own hand the life of the truce-breaker. The prisoner was offered a cup of refreshments; but Saladin was quick to explain that since it was not ordered by him, the drink did not constitute an amnesty, the Arab custom being that of considering any one safe after partaking of the hospitality of another.

Saladin’s nephew, al-Malik al-Kamil, was knighted with full ceremony on Palm Sunday (May 29), 1192, in Acre by Richard, who was friendly with the youth’s father.

European chivalry never denied that it developed out of an early mass of usages, mainly Gallic, into an organic shape on the plains of Syria. There in the first part of the twelfth century, the earliest formal orders of knighthood—the Hospitalers and the Templars—were established. As early as the eighth century the Umayyad Caliph al-Walîd (705-15) had houses built for the lepers and the insane. The Order of St. Lazarus which was

founded for assisting the lepers, and many Lazar houses which grew later in the West, followed the Eastern precedent.

In Spain, Cordova with its frequent jousts and tournaments was the hearth of Arab chivalry. To the Moslem courts of al-Nâsir (912-61) and his son al-Hakam (961-76), where the punctilious code of honor and the knightly polish were assiduously cultivated, flocked Christian knights under guaranty of safe-conduct to break lance with the Moorish cavaliers. In Granada, ibn-Hudhayl wrote (1400) *The Ornament of Chevaliers and Banner of Gallants*. When the queen of Alfonso VII was besieged (1139) in Azeca and reproached the Moslem horsemen for attacking a castle defended by a female, the only condition laid, according to the story, was to have the lady show herself from the window, upon which the siege was immediately raised. The Cid (short for sayyid), the national hero of Spain whose name Spanish ballads have surrounded with a saintly aureole, fought first with and later against the Moors. The orders of monastic knights organized in the twelfth century in Spain and Portugal had for object the recovering of the peninsula from the Crescent for the Cross.

In French the first full portrait of a knight is depicted by the oldest French epic, the *Chanson de Roland*. Roland was a commander in Charlemagne's expedition against the Moslems in Spain. In Germany the golden age of chivalry was attained under Frederick Barbarossa who perished in the waters of a Cilician river before reaching Palestine, only to become the legendary ideal of Teutonic knighthood. The conventions and poetical technique of the German minnesingers bear the stamp of the French troubadours, who in turn show the influence of the Oriental bards.

The Mameluke dynasty of Egypt (1250-1517) which dealt the final blow to the Crusaders, was represented in the field of chivalry by Baybars (1260-77) whose daring exploits and acts of generosity, like those of 'Antarah, are still recited throughout the Arabic-speaking world. The *fâris*, who figures in *The Arabian Nights*, embodies the Mameluke ideals of a hero rather than the 'Abbasids', as ordinarily supposed.

The beginnings of European heraldry, a direct product and characteristic token of chivalry, may be traced also to the Arab world. The Crusaders brought back with them in the twelfth century the germs of heraldic bearings. Saladin probably had the eagle for crest, ibn-Tûlûn (868-77) the lion, and Bar-

qûq (1382-98) the falcon. Baybars's lion can still be seen carved on the bridge he built across the Jordan. Most of the Mamelukes bore names of animals, the corresponding images of which they blazoned on their shields. On a Zangid coin struck in Sinjâr (1190) we see the double-headed eagle, a bird of Sumerian origin and later adopted in Europe and the U. S. A. The Eastern origin of heraldic terms may be illustrated by such words as "azure" (Arabic), "gules" (probably Persian). Among present-day Moslems the crescent and star, the lion and the sun represent the sole remnant of heraldry.

A number of the new orders of ornamental chivalry, Masonic lodges, and shrines in Europe and America bear in their ritual and technical vocabulary clear Islamic and Arabic influence.

To Each His Profession

Arab chroniclers relate that Al-Walid, the Umayyad Caliph, was possessed with such phenomenal physical strength that he used to have his feet shackled with an iron chain, and while thus handicapped, spring with one bound on the back of a horse, without recourse to the use of his hands, and break the chain.

One day he boasted of his strength and asked his viziers if they knew of anyone who could best him in wrestling. "Yes," they replied, "a certain modest professional wrestler of Khorasan."

The Caliph ordered the wrestler brought to Damascus. He warned him against showing any courtesy or favor under pain of death, while he spared no effort in an attempt to conquer his rival.

The professional wrestler soon had the Caliph at his mercy, and lifting him at arm's length in the air, carried him to his throne and thus addressed him:

"Here, sire, you are in your place. In wrestling you are out of your class. And please never meddle in anything that you can avoid."

The Case of The Syrian World

Should the Magazine be Continued? If So, How?

THE SYRIAN WORLD is now at the cross-roads of its existence. Its fate is in the hands of the public. We are laying our case before our readers frankly and without reservation and shall await their verdict.

As explained in our statement in the preceding issue, we have not lost hope or confidence, and it is not our intention to discontinue the publication if such a step can possibly be avoided. We have, on the contrary, decided to invite this symposium in the hope of having the public hold council with us on ways and means of continuing and perpetuating the enterprise. The questions we promised in the last issue to lay before our readers are now submitted for their consideration.

HOW THE MAGAZINE BEGAN

Five years ago THE SYRIAN WORLD was launched as a medium of service to the Syrian-American generation in the hope of bringing to them, in the only language they can understand, an appreciation of their racial heritage that they may strive to keep alive the best of their native traditions and culture. It was a pioneering experiment, and we depended for its success on public support. It was, furthermore, and continues to this day, a personal enterprise for which no subsidy or support was forthcoming from any source, whether public or private. We built our hope of making it self-supporting on our racial consciousness. But the enterprise never proved self-supporting. The accumulating deficit was met each year from other private sources of the publisher, until the publication now finds itself facing the crisis of its existence unless some means is devised for its continuation. The publisher has reached the limit of his resources.

Through its whole career the publication was carried on as a

labor of love, not alone on the part of the publisher and editor, but also on the part of the many contributors and collaborators who have unstintingly given of their time and ability practically without remuneration. Our contributors, as the files of THE SYRIAN WORLD will indicate, comprise practically our best talent, some of whom are internationally known authors whose works command high prices, but who were willing to be associated with the magazine, and contribute to it gratuitously, in order to promote its educational mission, and rear of it a literary monument to our kind in America. No words of ours could adequately convey our thanks and gratitude to this fine body of men and women patriots, but if ever an appraisal of disinterested public service for the Syrian cause is to be made in the future, the pages of THE SYRIAN WORLD will provide a roster of their names.

But in spite of the imposing list of our contributors, the circulation of the magazine never reached the proportion where it could cover its mere physical production. And not only is this our situation at present, but it is rather aggravated by existing economic conditions. Hence the painful necessity of taking council with the public. The publication will *have* to be discontinued unless sufficient public interest is aroused to stimulate wider interest. The metropolitan field is adequately covered. We can safely state that in New York and vicinity the magazine is far-reaching in its influence. But our aim is to make it a national organ—a mouthpiece of our people throughout America and the English-speaking countries, that its message might be general instead of local. The burden must fall on the whole community instead of on a small portion of it. This would bring it to the point where it would be truly representative and effective.

In view of this situation, we ask our readers and the general public to give consideration to the following questions and proposals which we are submitting for their frankest discussion. Two issues of the magazine are yet to appear before the close of its fifth year, and we would appreciate early replies, so that if any important decision is reached it will be carried out with the beginning of next volume.

1 — IS THE MAGAZINE NEEDED

The fundamental question under the circumstances is whether the magazine is considered needed sufficiently to be continued. When first launched it was in the nature of an experiment. No

one is responsible for that first move except the publisher and those whom he consulted and gave their approval and encouragement. Now that five years have been spent in giving the experiment a trial the public should be in a position to decide whether the experiment has justified itself morally and should be continued and supported financially. The needed support can come only through an increase in national circulation and in this every individual can become a partner in the enterprise and help spread the publication to the end that it will become self-supporting. Our readers will recall that we have made an attempt to incorporate the magazine in order to raise sufficient working capital. This, in the last analysis, would place the burden or responsibility on the shoulders of a few with no guarantee of safety and success if public support is not forthcoming. Now what is the public prepared to do in the matter? If the answer to this question be that the magazine is needed and should be continued, to what extent is the public willing to help?

2 — *SHOULD THE NAME BE RETAINED?*

The name "THE SYRIAN WORLD" was adopted because of its inclusiveness and decided advantage as a racial asset. A publication directly identified with us lends prestige to us as a group in America, and as such it will of necessity remain a group organ devoid of the potentiality of general appeal. Now we face the question: Is the name of sufficient value to us as a means of distinct identification, or should it be discarded for a non-committal name which would hold broader possibilities of general appeal? Those favoring a change of name may submit substitutes.

3 — *IS THE CONTENT MATTER SUITABLE?*

Considering the purpose of the magazine, it has been the uniform policy of the editor to keep its content matter within the range prescribed by its original purpose, namely, to provide the Syrian-American generation and those interested in Syrian affairs with that material that is unavailable in other English mediums. It was never designed to invade the field of the daily newspaper or the general American periodical with which it manifestly cannot begin to compete. But in those very things in which, from our own special point of view, other publications were lacking, THE SYRIAN WORLD attempted to supply the deficiency. In

the special field of Syrian interest, the magazine was made to cover the widest range, from history, literature, and Arab lore, to general news about Syrian activities in Syria and throughout the world. It was also generous in fiction of a nature compatible with its purpose. It gave a comprehensive monthly resumé of political developments in Syria without prejudice or bias.

Since *THE SYRIAN WORLD* has been consistent in maintaining this policy during the five years of its publication, what, in the opinion of our readers, can be its shortcomings whether in commission or omission?

4—*SHOULD THE SIZE BE CHANGED?*

There was no particular reason for adopting the present size of the magazine except its convenience for immediate handling and its adaptability to binding for future reference. The magazine was not intended as of passing interest and for temporary amusement; it was meant to be a medium of permanent value, encyclopædic in its information, and fit for preservation in every Syrian home as a source of useful information for future generations. We have the alternative of doubling the size of the page, which would permit of more display, but necessitating a reduction in the number of pages from sixty-four to thirty-two. In the latter case it would be the size of the *Literary Digest*. Which would readers prefer?

* * * *

Once these questions are answered, we could have a true indication of the readers' preferences. The most important question is whether or not the magazine is considered needed as a racial organ in America. Those answering in the affirmative might be in a position to offer helpful suggestions as to the means of continuing and promoting it. If *THE SYRIAN WORLD*, or whatever other name is decided for it, is viewed as an influence in our life, an asset to our racial prestige, an organ of our culture, then the responsibility of preserving and promoting it should be a matter of public concern. We are assuming that there are sufficient public-spirited Syrians in America who will give the matter serious consideration and share with the publisher the responsibility which so far he has been carrying alone. And now that we have laid the case of *THE SYRIAN WORLD* before the public, we shall await the verdict before the end of our fifth year, which falls with the June issue.

Reflections on Co-operation

By A READER

CO-OPERATION is a word that people are prone to use too freely. No matter what the objective may be, at some time or other, the advocate of that objective will call upon his listeners or readers to "co-operate". In the case of listeners, the audience usually claps enthusiastically. And thereby "co-operates". In the case of readers, from several of them there is the usual expression of sympathy and approval. And thereby they "co-operate".

Co-operation, I believe, means more than that. Webster has this to say: "To act or operate jointly with another or others; concurrent effort or labor." It seems to me that Webster did not intend to include hand-clappers and letter-writers, unless you reduce the definition to a literal absurdity. There wouldn't seem to be much "effort" or "labor" or "action" to hand-clapping and letter-writing.

I believe in calling a spade a spade. A King, Queen, Jack, Ten and Nine of a suit couldn't be called a Royal Flush even though it is close. I know from bitter experience that the Ace is a necessary card.

Hand-clapping, of course, is good moral support. No one, I think, would deny that. It serves to instill a confidence. It encourages the convictions of whatever beliefs promulgators of an objective may have. But I don't believe that all the moral-support in the world could really be called co-operation.

It seems to me we ought to stop fooling ourselves. We ought either to really co-operate or be willing to admit that we have only been hand-clapping all the time.

* * *

Which all reminds me. I read the editor's statement in the March issue to the effect that the publication is in financial straits. He explained that unless positive support were forthcoming there would be little likelihood of its continued existence. To me, this seems a shame. That THE SYRIAN WORLD, which is the only medium in English serving to elevate the Syrian race

in the United States, should cease to be published, because of the failure of Syrians to support it, would indelibly stain our fair name.

It seems to me that I would do my level best to keep alive anyone or anything that told the world how good I was. Very few people in this old world of ours are constructively critical. I suppose most of us have become so accustomed to hearing destructive criticisms that when a real constructive leader happens in our midst, we don't know what to do.

I'll tell you what I think we ought to do. We ought to subscribe to the publication. We ought to induce those among us who are not subscribers to subscribe. We ought to preach the cause of THE SYRIAN WORLD at any opportunity.

I think we ought to remember that this publication does not really belong to the Editor or to the Publisher. It belongs to us. It belongs to all the Syrians. It belongs to all the Syrian-Americans. It belongs to all those of Syrian extraction who speak English. It seems to me that we owe our support to anything that belongs to us.

Let us have more action and less hand-clapping.

Sayings of Ali

Your best friends are those who direct you to the path of goodness.

* * *

A light heart is better than a light purse.

* * *

A man's character is judged by his actions; his knowledge by his speech.

* * *

Persistence in the suppression of anger is an infallible guarantee of peace of mind.

* * *

Conceit is a stigma on knowledge.

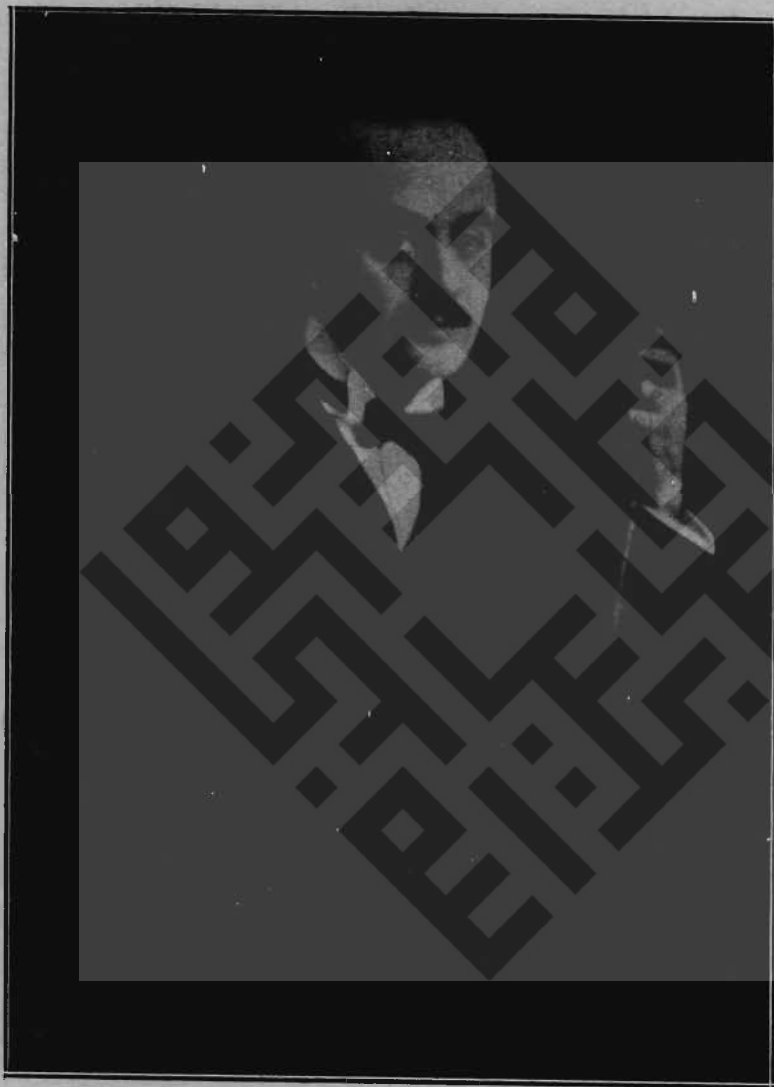
* * *

The miserly rich is poorer than the generous poor.

* * *

A slap by the beloved carries a double sting.

In Memoriam



GIBRAN KAHLIL GIBRAN

Becharri, Mt. Lebanon, 1883—New York, 1931

Gibran Kahlil Gibran

Gibran Kahlil Gibran was known to the literary world, except in his mother Arabic language, simply as Kahlil Gibran. In giving him his first name, a common Syrian practice was followed designed to perpetuate the name of the founder of the family. The Gibran family is well-known in Becharri, Gibran's birthplace. He was connected on his mother's side with the equally well-known local family of Rahmé.

The etymology of the two family names assumes especial significance viewed in conjunction with the character of Gibran. Gibran is from the Arabic verb Gabar, meaning to mend. It is applied figuratively to those who bring relief in distress. Rahmé is charity. The combination appears singularly prophetic.

Gibran was born in Becharri, Mt. Lebanon, in 1883. At the age of twelve he came to the United States, but after two years returned to Syria for his education, attending the Al-Hikmat College at Beirut, where he took up Arabic and French.

In 1903 he returned to America. After five years, most of which he spent in Boston, he went abroad to study painting in Paris. In 1912 he moved to New York and made his permanent home there.

The English works of Gibran are "The Madman," published in 1918, "The Forerunner," in 1920, "The Prophet," in 1923, "Jesus the Son of Man," in 1928, and "The Earth Gods," in 1931. He had under preparation another work which was to appear under the title "The Garden of the Prophet." The Prophet was his most successful work, of which his publishers state more than seventy thousand copies were sold. It was translated into more than twenty languages.

Almost all of Gibran's published works in Arabic antedate his English works. In Arabic Gibran was the creator of a style of writing that was altogether his own and came to be exclusively identified with him. His influence spread through all the Arabic-speaking world.

Gibran was one prophet who was honored during his lifetime by his own countrymen. In January, 1929, the Syrian community of New York held a banquet at one of the leading hotels to celebrate the twenty-fifth literary anniversary of Gibran, commemorating the publication of his first Arabic book.

The Last Days of Gibran

SUDDEN and tragic was the end of our beloved poet, Gibran Kahlil Gibran. Death came to him at ten minutes before eleven o'clock on the night of Friday, April 10, 1931, at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York, where he had been removed from his studio on the morning of the same day. At about two in the afternoon he lapsed into a state of coma from which he never emerged. His sister Mariana, who had come from Boston, and a few intimate friends, were at his bedside. Practically until the very last day before his removal to the hospital Gibran had shown the indomitable will which characterized his mastery of the spirit over the flesh throughout life. Even until Thursday he was working on some unfinished manuscripts and drawings. His studio on West Tenth Street showed, if anything, even increased signs of that orderly activity which marked his work.

On Thursday morning Mrs. Anna Johansen, the caretaker at The Studio Building, carried Gibran his simple breakfast as was her custom, and his weakness gave her a sense of alarm. She called on the phone to Mrs. Leonobel Jacobs, a friend of many years, and a one time resident of the same building. Mrs. Jacobs responded at once and brought with her a physician of note, a specialist, and he ordered the removal of the patient to the hospital. It was, however, considered that Gibran's own request to wait until Friday morning might safely be regarded. In the early afternoon of Thursday, Barbara Young, his close friend and confidante in his English work, came to the Studio and was at once deeply anxious about his condition. She remained with him, and he talked of his current work, the high interest in still unfinished drawings, and future books. About eight-thirty Mrs. Jacobs returned with the physician, and again the assurance was given that he could safely wait until morning before going to St. Vincent's Hospital. His wish to do so being so very positive.

During Thursday evening, until after midnight, when he fell into an uneasy sleep, he talked with Miss Young of his beloved country, of his mother, and of his sister Mariana. Still the unfinished drawings were foremost in his mind, and he said, "These hands must still do some work upon them, before they can go forth."

Just before the removal to the hospital, Gibran was very conscious of the anxiety in Miss Young's face, and he said, almost at the moment the doctors entered the room, "Don't be troubled. All is well."

He was carried into St. Vincent's at ten-thirty in the forenoon, and a consultation was immediately called. Mariana was summoned and she hastened by the first train from Boston, accompanied by Gibran's cousins, Mrs. Rose Diab and Assaf George, arriving only after her brother had become unable to recognize her.

In mid-afternoon a second consultation was hurriedly called, and at dusk still another eminent physician was brought to the bedside. But to no avail. His long struggle had consumed his last ounce of strength which suddenly broke down beyond hope of mending by any human assistance.

At 5 o'clock Miss Young telephoned to the office of THE SYRIAN WORLD to advise the editor of Gibran's condition. She felt it her duty, she said, considering the gravity of the situation, to make the fact known to Gibran's people.

The news came as a terrible shock. Only a few days before the editor had been speaking to the famous poet and the latter's voice seemed to be charged with a distinct tone of cheerfulness and hope. His "The Earth Gods" had just appeared and he was working on still another book scheduled to appear in the fall, he announced.

Such feelings of grave apprehension and anxiety as came to the editor at that moment are experienced only when a man of public responsibility faces the danger of a national calamity, and as such to him would be viewed the loss of Gibran. Hastily communicating the news to Mischa Naimy, the editor sped to the hospital, only to find Gibran already in a comatose state. By his side were Barbara Young, Mrs. William Brown Maloney, Miss Adele Watson and Mrs. Leonobel Jacobs, all known American writers and artists, whose apprehension and grief showed plainly on their faces, seemingly unable to admit the possibility of Gibran coming to such an untimely death. Gibran is to them what he is to every Lebanese and Syrian, a brother whose passing meant a deep personal loss. They were all with him to the end.

Chor-Bishop Francis Wakim, pastor of St. Joseph's Maronite church in New York, had been summoned by the hospital management but found the patient already unconscious.

The tense anxiety of the four American ladies was fast grow-

ing. Could it be possible that the light will never again shine in Gibran's eyes, his voice never again speak to those who held him so dearly? We spoke to him in his own language, hoping he might react to memories of his youth, but it was apparent that the only language Gibran could now understand was that of the calling angels.

The moment of the great passing was quiet and without pain or struggle. At his bedside were Barbara Young and Mischa Naimy, and in an adjoining room, Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Meloney and Miss Watson waited with Mariana and the two cousins, hoping until the final breath was drawn for some miracle which would restore the vigor and power of this friend and brother.

The metropolitan press the following day published long accounts of Gibran's life, and the news of his death was carried by Associated Press dispatches to the world.

The scene at Gibran's studio on the following day was heart-rending. The pitiful lamentations of Mariana aroused memories which continually brought tears to the eyes of the many sympathizers who grouped about her. And there were Gibran's books and drawings, and wood-carvings, and the many altars he had set about the room, and the tapestries of religious designs he had hung along the walls, all reminiscent of his work of hand and pen and brush, and symbolic of the depth of his spiritual feelings and convictions. Papers were piled high on his desk, and scattered over the tables. Some one picked up the cover of a cigarette box, and Gibran had written on it in Arabic one of his typical epigrams: "*Weariness might well be the height of ambition.*"

"My brother always enjoined me from throwing away empty cigarette boxes or paper slips. He used to write on anything that was handy," explained Mariana between sobs.

Saturday and Sunday the body, banked with wreaths of orchids and lilies, lay at the Universal Funeral Parlors in Lexington Avenue, where hundreds filed by in reverence and grief in a continual stream. Many of the mourners were personal friends, but many others were admirers who had never met in person this gifted son of the East, but came to love and revere him by his works. They were from all nationalities, because Gibran's fame was not confined to the people of one language or race. Some of his books had been translated into as many as twenty languages.

But all who came represented the finest artistic and literary element in American life.

The names of many of these who came to render their silent tribute are known both here and abroad. Among these were Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson who rose from her own sick bed to stand beside the bier of this inestimable friend; Leonora Speyer, Rose O'Neill, Margaret Sanger, Alice Raphael, Natalie Sedgwick Colby; and through Rose O'Neill came messages of devotion and sorrow from Witter Bynner, Daniel Long, and Orrick Johns, fellow poets and friends of long and happy years.

The body was taken to Boston for interment in the family plot where Gibran's mother rests. Accompanying the bereaved sister were a number of devoted American friends and members of Ar-Rabitah, the Arabic literary circle which Gibran had founded and of which he had been president.

During the past winter Gibran had taken a keen pleasure in translating several of the simple beautiful poems from his Arabic into English. The last poem, which he dictated to Barbara Young but a very short time, a fortnight perhaps, before his passing, is this:

Whence, Bride of my dreams?
Go hence slowly, Bride of my deeper Dream;
For I am now weary afoot,
And I cannot follow.

* * * * *

Nay, go fast, faster,
Bride of my dreams,
For the valleys and the higher hills
That I feared but yesterday,
Now I would cross and climb.

Go fast, faster. I follow.
The spirit is ready and I would now run.
Fly, Bride of my dreams,
For there are wings springing upon my shoulders.
The flame that I feared of burning
Now I would embrace;
And now I would bathe only at the high tide of
the sea.

It was at the autumn of my years
That I beheld you in the mist,
Bride of my dreams.
Now it is spring.
Run fast. Fly high.
I follow.

We shall pass into the twilight,
Perchance to wake to the dawn of another world.
But love shall stay,
And his finger-marks shall not be erased.
The blessed forge burns,
The sparks rise, and each spark is a sun.
Better it is for us and wiser
To seek a shadowed nook and sleep in our earth
divinity,
And let love, human and frail, command the
coming day.

These words close the last published book of Gibran Kahlil Gibran.

Gibran's Funeral in Boston

By BARBARA YOUNG

IT was love, human and frail, love stricken with a grief entirely beyond expression, that met the body of Gibran as it was taken from the train at South Station at five in the afternoon of Monday, April 13. The platforms and waiting-rooms were overflowing with hundreds of weeping people who had come to receive this body of the Syrian poet who was their beloved, "habibi." This was the word on every tongue. Gibran's close personal friend and the priest of the Church of Our Lady of the Cedars, Chor-Bishop Stephen El-Douaihy, in his robes, met Mariana Gibran and her cousins, and the American and Syrian friends who had accompanied them from New York. A group of notable Boston men led by Elias F. Shamon, Gibran's friend and legal counsellor, placed upon the casket the beautiful Lebanese flag, and it was borne to the home of the Syrian Ladies' Aid Society

on West Newton street, where, lying in silent state, Gibran received the hundreds of sorrowing hearts that came to look upon his quiet face, and express with rivers of tears, and with the tenderest and most blessed words, their overwhelming grief.

The writer was moved, beyond any words to tell, by the interminable lines of weeping beings from every walk in life that passed through the long room, softly lighted, banked with the loveliest of flowers, tapers burning at the head and foot of the simple casket, and a guard of honor, young men from the Becharré Society, standing always, day and night, beside their sleeping countryman.

On Tuesday, when the long procession wound through the city streets, making its way to the Church of Our Lady of the Cedars on Tyler Street, it was accompanied by hundreds of loving people. And as the cortège passed by many dropped upon their knees upon the curb to pray; and the scores of traffic officers of Boston stood at salute as the flag-draped casket went by.

It was impossible for the many hundreds of friends to find places inside the little church, and they waited in silence on the sidewalk during the service conducted by the Rt. Reverend Stephen El-Douaihy, with moving and impressive chant and recitative which is a part of the Maronite funeral service. In the little organ loft a beautiful single voice was suddenly lifted in a pean of sad beauty. It was the voice of a young Syrian girl, Nagiebie Mourad, whose singing had enchanted Gibran many times, and in whose gift he had a faith and confidence.

Beside the candles stood a young altar-boy who had been a protégé of Gibran, and whose dark eyes ran over with tears which he tried in vain to control.

The organizations represented at the services included the Syrian Ladies' Aid Society, Syrian Educational Society, St. George Society of Antioch, Damascus Church Society, Massachusetts Syrian Association of American Citizens, Mount Lebanon Club of Boston and Lebanon League of Progress of New York.

At the tomb wherein the mortal garment had been laid, awaiting a possible removal to the country of the cedars, the throngs of now utterly silent friends listened to the words of love and sorrow and farewell voiced by the Monsignor and by the countrymen of Gibran who had come from New York to pay the last possible tribute to his visible presence.

Never have I beheld expressions of greater tenderness nor

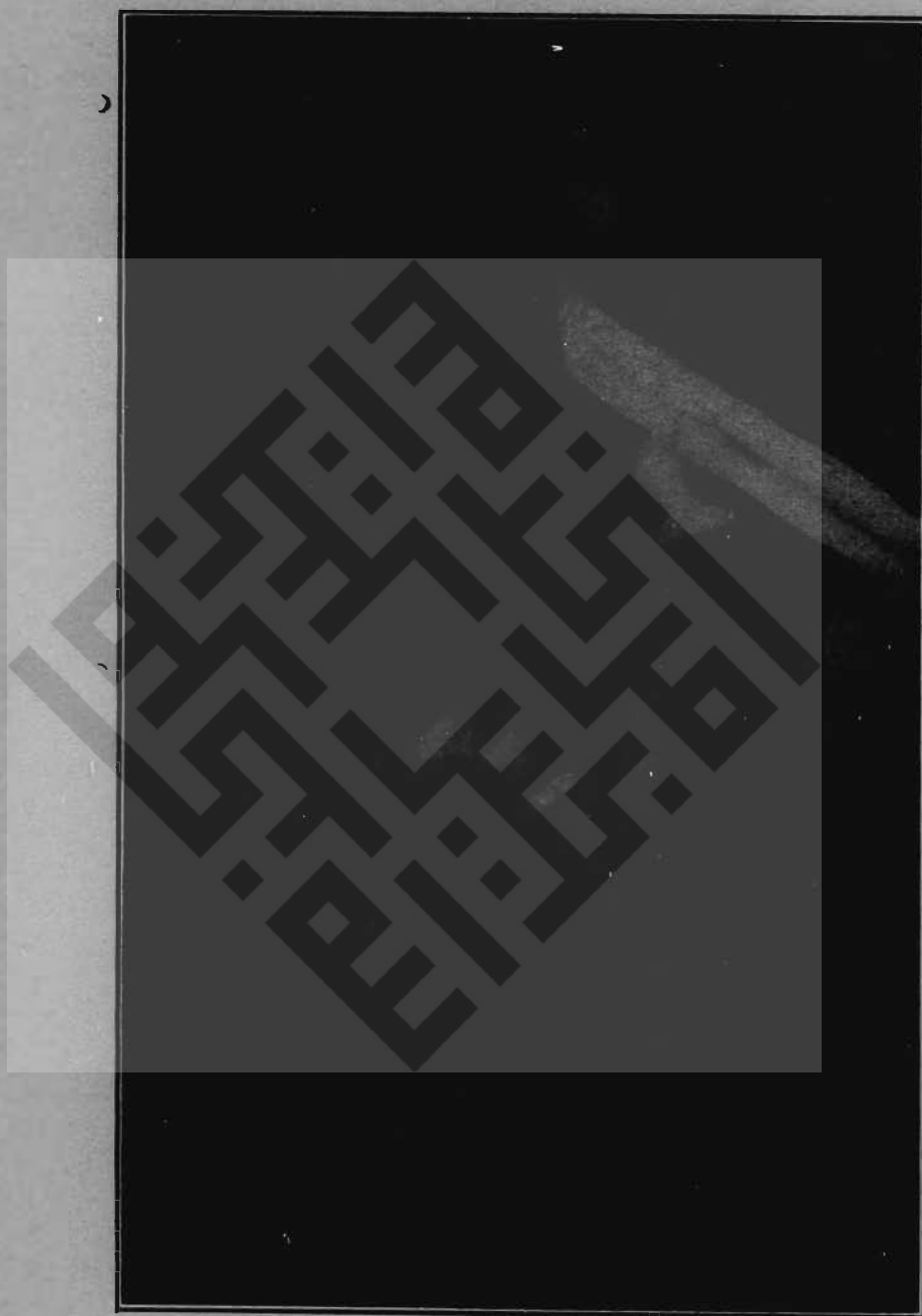
of deeper grief. "Much have I loved the world, and the world has loved me," Gibran has written in his unfinished "Garden of the Prophet." He knew in his great heart that this was indeed so. And this profound and deathless love through which he gave himself in ceaseless measure to the world shall be ever his honor and his reward.

These words, again from his "Earth Gods," might well be his epitaph:

"My god-heart within my human ribs
Shouts to my god-heart in mid-air.
The human pit that wearied me calls to divinity.
The beauty that we have sought from the beginning
Calls unto divinity.
I heed and I have measured the call,
And now I yield.
Beauty is a path that leads to self self-slain.
Beat your strings.
I will to walk the path.
It stretches ever to another dawn."



The Creative Hand, by Gibran



Gibran at Work in His Studio

Americans Pay Tribute to Spirit of Gibran

*Impressive Services Held at the Roerich Museum by
Representative American Intellectuals.*

THOUGH Gibran be dead, his memory will ever live; his influence on the spiritual life of America will gain momentum with the passing of years; his creations of pen and brush will constitute one of the finest contributions of his race to the young American nation. Such was the general theme of the many eulogies, in poetry and prose, contributed to the memorial services to the "Spirit of Gibran," held in the East Hall of the Roerich Museum, 103rd Street and Riverside Drive in New York on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 29.

The occasion was marked by the simplicity, dignity, and uplifting influence characteristic of the Spirit of Gibran, which it was meant to symbolize. The thought of rendering this public tribute to our departed poet was in the minds of all his many friends and admirers since he died, but was first given expression by Dr. Charles Fleischer, well-known author and lecturer, who was most generous in time and energy in organizing the meeting.

The two-hundred or more in attendance were representative of the city's best intellectual element. There were authors and lecturers, artists, educators and men and women of various professions. A number of Syrians were also present, but not in the proportion to properly indicate Gibran's place in the esteem of his own people, since it had been announced in the Syrian press that a special memorial meeting, to be conducted in Arabic, was to be held in Brooklyn, Sunday evening, May 24.

Throughout the meeting, the chairman, Dr. Fleischer, punctuated the eulogies with the reading of selected passages from Gibran's works. He opened with the fitting quotation, "Mayhap a funeral among men is a wedding-feast among the angels." Prince Hohiudin, scion of the Arab Hashemite family of the

Prophet, played "Du bist die Ruh" on the 'cello to the piano accompaniment of Mr. Reitner. The opening remarks of the chairman were attuned to the spiritual nature of the occasion. (Dr. Fleischer's remarks, together with other poems and eulogies delivered on this occasion, are published elsewhere in this issue.)

The chairman read many telegrams of regret and announced that Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sister of the late president Roosevelt, and a devoted friend and admirer of Gibran, had at first sent her regrets, owing to illness, but later felt well enough to attend in person.

Miss Estelle Duclo and Mr. Mischa Naimy delivered their poems, while the chairman read the poem of Miss Barbara Young composed especially for the occasion. Miss Young read passages of the "Garden of the Prophet," another unpublished book of Gibran. Mr. Anis Fuleihan, Syrian composer-pianist, had put to music one of Gibran's poems, which was sung by Mr. Hubert C. Linscott to Fuleihan's piano accompaniment. Mr. Claude Bragdon, Syud Hossain and Mr. Salloum A. Mokarzel delivered orations.

The ceremonies were closed with Prince Mohiudin playing some touching Oriental music on the oud.

The managers of the Roerich Museum expressed their deep sympathy and spirit of cooperation by donating the hall.

A RECLAMATION

Opening Remarks of the Chairman, DR. FLEISCHER

"The Cosmos sends a creative challenge to her Earth-Children: to escape oblivion—as best we can. Each according to his power—in his brief allowance of earthly life—achieves escape from death and oblivion (wins immortality!) as he adds himself, through work, to *the mounting worth of the world*.

For, "what is excellent—is permanent."

One so harmoniously attuned to the music of the spheres; one who—with pencil and brush; with the melody of universal speech; with truth, beauty, wisdom, understanding; like our friend Kahlil Gibran—uttered himself, as poet, artist, prophet, in *spiritual* terms,—well, his passing from our sight and ken is really only a *reclamation* by the Eternal Spirit of the Cosmos.

Therefore, we mourn not; because we can easily take, as the keynote for our "*Tribute to the Spirit of Kahlil Gibran*," his own words from "Sand and Foam":

"Mayhap a funeral among men is a wedding-feast among the angles."

GIBRAN LIVES

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

The elegiac note is not the proper one for this occasion, as Doctor Fleischer has well said. When a prophet dies—and no one is more deserving than Gibran of that title—it is a surcease from labor and a release from "the narrow prison of the breast." It was a release also in this case from physical suffering so protracted and intense that no matter how keen our personal loss we should rejoice today that this Bird of God is free at last.

As prophet, poet, painter, seer, Gibran is well known to you all; therefore upon these aspects, in the short time at my disposal, I shall not dwell, but attempt rather to tell you something about him as a man and as a friend. For he was my friend from far back—I even think in other lives. Our first coming together was "like kinsmen met a-night," and those thereafter, however infrequent, were as though we had just parted and would never part again.

I can testify to the truth of what his fellow-countryman has just told you: that though dwelling far from home and writing in an alien language his great love for his birthplace and his birthright remained unimpaired. Lebanon was to him a sacred land, a nursery of saints and prophets; and he always insisted that it was their light which he sent forth rather than anything personal to himself. In this he was doubtless right: his power came from some great reservoir of spiritual life else it could not have been so universal and so potent, but the majesty and beauty of the language with which he clothed it were all his own.

Robert Edmund Jones once said to me, "Claude, we do not use the word 'noble' often enough." This is true, but indeed why should we? —there are so few things and people now-a-days to which the adjective can be applied. But Gibran was one of these

people—a noble man, of noble birth, noble rearing, noble presence, character and endowment. If this seems to bear with it any implication of the aloof and forbidding I hasten to correct the impression by adding that he was also a man of great charm—what the Irish would call a “darlin’” man, in the sense of being very human and lovable. For he loved the world and he loved people; he was a devoted friend, and was as a father to many orphans: his benefactions alone would make an amazing story, but he took pains to see that this story should not be known. To sum up, Gibran was like that other Great One, Zarathustra, who, asked if by carrying his fire to the valleys he did not fear the incendiary’s doom, made this answer “*I love men!*”

In any company of his intimates he was the center of a charmed attention—not because he wanted to be, but others, with the chance of listening to him, did not care to talk. On these occasions he was fond of telling pointed and amusing stories drawn from the Persian poets and the folk-lore of his people, and he did this with an impromptu art commensurate with, but different from, his deeply considered and highly polished written verse.

The last time but one on which I saw him, he told me that he was working on a trilogy of which “The Prophet” was to constitute only the first part, “The Garden of the Prophet” and “The Death of the Prophet” being the second and third. The theme of the first (as we know) is the relation of man to his fellow-men, the theme of the second was to be man’s relation to Nature, and of the third, his relation to God. How much of this he had finished at the time of his death I have no idea, but there are fragments which in due time will be added to that heritage already bequeathed and scattered with so loving and so liberal a hand. I shall not add the conventional tag, “now stilled in death” because it would express only a falsehood: history proves that great prophets and great poets are never so alive in the consciousness of men as after they have put off the body. Gibran lives, increasingly and eternally.



HE BROUGHT BEAUTY AND TRUTH

By SYUD HOSSAIN

THE passing of Kahlil Gibran removes a significant and vital personality from the international scene. It was a many-sided personality, touched with genius and characterized by rare charm and distinction. He was at once a poet, a painter, a thinker, and a scholar. His achievements in each one of these aspects represented an authentic individuality and a serene and high purpose.

Originality, idealism, and a fastidious craftsmanship characterized his work as poet and painter. As a thinker he had begun with the precious natural endowment of a mind of great range and depth, which came to be informed and equipped with the fruits of a varied culture and a profound scholarship.

It is not my purpose on this occasion to essay an exhaustive appraisal of the life and achievements of Kahlil Gibran, but rather to offer a homage of affection to the memory of a friend and of admiration to a creative artist, prematurely torn from us, but whose influence and inspiration will continue to be operative on the minds and hearts of innumerable men and women for a long time to come.

It was my privilege to have known Gibran at fairly close range, both as a friend and as an artist. As one recalls his vivid and vital personality, the unforgettable memory is one of its compelling charm. He bore his great learning lightly, and almost to the last his *joie de vivre* and a keen sense of humor were a dominant part of his personality. Even the great physical pain, which he so stoically endured during the closing years of his life, was not able to daunt his god-given capacity for laughter and his genius for companionship.

According to a classical observation, the difference between ordinary mortals and an authentic poet is that while we all have our moods and moments of ecstasy, the poet alone can hold his ecstasy long enough to make it immortal. Gibran lived in perpetual ecstasy, which in this context connotes an intense sensitiveness both to the laughter and the tears of things. He, truly, and in authentic poetic tradition, learnt in suffering much that he taught in song.

In the poet's soul, indeed, ecstasy and agony must co-exist, and it is the poet's alchemy that extracts from their inter-mingling the substance of enduring Beauty.

While everyone knows of the distinguished achievements of Kahlil Gibran as a poet and a painter, perhaps the quality of his mature and mellow scholarship is not so well or widely known. This scholarship was a basic element of his rich and cosmopolitan culture. While he derived from one of the most ancient and authentic of the founts of Christian tradition, he also shared with the world of Islam the heritage of the classic Arabic language and literature.

This community of inheritance had enabled him to acquire a vast knowledge of, and deep insight into, the history and psychology of the Islamic peoples. He had an intimate and extensive knowledge of their philosophy and their poetry. He said to me more than once that he ranked the Caliph Ali as among the very greatest figures of history—greater, in his opinion, even than Mohammed—and that he hoped one day to put together a collection of the Sayings of Ali, which he thought were among the profoundest and wisest of human utterances.

He knew many of the Sayings of Ali by heart and, as a master of Arabic himself, could no doubt appreciate them in the fullness of their classic force and beauty. I know enough about Ali—the *beau idéal* of Islamic chivalry—to share Gibran's enthusiasm and admiration for that incomparable Caliph. Had Gibran lived to bring out his projected compilation, I do not doubt but that it would have taken its place as a memorable contribution to the literature, not alone of the Arabic-speaking peoples but of the world. A selection of the Sayings of Ali by Kahlil Gibran would have had a savor and a unity all its own!

Gibran thus united in himself two of the historic traditions of the East—his racial roots were in the sacred soil of Lebanon and his cultural roots in the language and lore of the larger entity of all "Jazirat-ul-Arab".

To a cultural personality already so deeply rooted and so richly blended, he super-added the acquisitions of a modern Western training. He not only perfected his artistic technique under the liberating and inspiring influence of *la belle France*, but with characteristic intellectual zest he utilized those precious early years in Paris to contact with the ideals and achievements of the European tradition in Art. He knew most of the treasures

of the Louvre in his own field, for instance, with a thoroughness and intimacy that could have been equaled by only a few others among his contemporaries.

Gibran thus presented a most rare combination of qualities and assets, which made him an outstanding and irreplaceable personality. Not the least of his characteristics was that reverent pride in his art which permitted of no compromise where standards were concerned, and which made him sustain his own rôle as an artist with invulnerable dignity. In the midst of rampant vulgarity and a raucous commercialism he unflinchingly eschewed alike the tricks and the trophies of the market place.

No one who knew Gibran but will miss him keenly, and even poignantly. One can only balance the sense of personal loss by the reflection that if he has passed on in the prime of life it has also been in the fullness of manifold achievement. And, above all, perhaps the supreme consolation for his friends will be in the realization that he was instrumental in bringing, by his life and his works, a great deal of Beauty and a great deal of Truth into thousands of other lives. No artist could have done more or could have wished for more. "May his soul rest in peace!"



HE TRAVELED WITH THE SUN

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

ONE cannot fail but be moved by the touching tributes now given in memory of our beloved poet Gibran. Seeing that this assembly is composed mostly of Americans, men and women admirers of the work of pen and brush of one of our kinsmen, and that the call to it had first been sounded by non-Syrians, one readily concedes that Gibran belongs to the larger humanity, that his spirit is universal and transcends racial and national demarcations. In that he is yours as well as ours. But being originally of us, he is our messenger to you, the man who embodies and typifies the richness of that spiritual heritage which is of the East.

If we may be permitted the pardonable pride of claiming Gibran, it is but to reassert a truth with which he had been continually identified and which he never made an attempt to conceal. He,

rather, felt proud in proclaiming it, to the extent that he became known as the Poet of the Cedars, and that in his literary masterpiece "Jesus the Son of Man" he paid his tribute to the character of Jesus under the significant title: "A Man from Lebanon Nineteen Centuries Afterwards." Gibran's name was inalienably associated with that of his national extraction, and his life and work and even his tragic death were as if cast by fate with the source of his early inspiration. He was born under the shadow of the Cedars of Lebanon, at Becherri, the highest point of habitation in the upper reaches of the mountain close to the grove which has defied the centuries, and still stands as a living relic of a glorious civilization. Gibran dreamed of going to live some day in the scenes of his early childhood and youth. News of his intention had reached his countrymen, and when I was with them only a short time since, they were most solicitous for his return. They idolized him; they were proud of his genius; but in order to insure his well-being and guarantee that solitude which he so much sought, they had arranged to install him in the very monastery whose location he admired even in his tender age. It was an old landmark, situated on a ledge of the mountain almost half-way between his native town and the Cedars. The location is ideal for Gibran's purpose. From it he could at once command a view of the lofty cedars to soar to the heights of inspiration, and of the majestic Wadi Qadisha, or sacred valley, which symbolized the depth of his reasoning and understanding.

But fate has willed otherwise. Born in the East, he followed the sun in its prescribed course and set in the West. To the West he owed much of his technical knowledge and skill which he aptly used to express his native ability. His medium of expression in his more mature years was principally the English language.

Fate also so willed that even to the end he should be associated with the memory of his beloved homeland. The last rites over his mortal remains were held in the church of Our Lady of the Cedars in Boston, chanted in the Syriac language which he learned as a youth and retained as a man, and by a priest of his own section of the mother country.

It is in the spirit of his origin and associations that we claim him. To us he symbolizes a spiritual heritage which, in his own words, "we can proudly lay as a gift of gratitude upon the lap of America." His message to the Syrian-American generation

which he was moved, rather inspired, to write in promotion of an ideal, breaths the spirit of law-obedience, productive and constructive toil, and the necessity of giving as well as of taking. His own exalted example was that of giving out of the fullness of his heart. I shall, with your indulgence, read you his short, yet prophetic message, which he wrote especially for *THE SYRIAN WORLD*. (Gibran's message appears elsewhere in this issue.)

True to the spirit of Gibran, we shall give as we take. We shall contribute to our fullest ability. And now, speaking as a Syrian from Lebanon, the country of Gibran's birth, and voicing the sentiment of my people, I may say, "People of America, we have contributed to you—Gibran."



THE VOICE OF THE HEIGHTS OF LEBANON

By REV. ROBERT NORWOOD

We lament and mourn the going of Kahlil Gibran. In an age of clack and clatter, of noisy superficialness and arrogant imposters, we need prophets and poets like the one who was a little while in our midst and who has gone forward into the nearer intimacy of life with God. I doubt if any preacher of this age, however popular in his vogue, knew God and Christ with the intimacy and the understanding of Kahlil Gibran. His voice was the voice of the heights of Lebanon, and his spirit had something of that grace and winsomeness revealed in One whom Paul described as grace — "The grace of the Lord Jesus."

It is a question, when a great man or a great woman passes, what a nation accepts as its standard of greatness. Still we estimate the warrior, or the man who is able to control the destinies of the world because of his skill in bargaining. But surely, as time goes on, humanity stands with bowed head before the prophet. America, you are bereft today of one of your greatest souls, and the universe has been made more beautiful by a memory — the memory of Kahlil Gibran.

THE PROPHET NEVER DIES

By REV. ABRAHAM M. RIHBANY

Mr. Gibran's death has left vacant an honored place in the circle of true seekers and exponents of truth, goodness and beauty. His soul was attuned to the higher and finer harmonies. He served his generation, in a feverishly restless age, as a steadying spiritual force. Sweetness and light, power and beauty, flowed from his brush and pen. The great host of his spiritual beneficiaries will rise with your assembly and call his memory Blessed.

To us Syrians his achievements will ever remain a source of inspiration and encouragement to seek the heights his brilliant mind touched. He still lives and will continue to live with us in his precious works. "The prophet never dies."

A GREAT SYRIAN OF THE AGES

By REV. W. A. MANSUR

The death of the great G. K. Gibran brought great sorrow to my heart, and tears to my eyes, and the realization of a great loss. I wrote of Gibran as one of the great Syrian-Americans of our times. I now write of him as one of the great Syrians of the Ages. Gibran is forever the glorious heritage of our Lebanese race, and Syrians of Greater Syria.

It is great men who make a people great, who enrich the people's heritage, who lead in the vanguard of the race's progress. Gibran enriched our race by his high character, by his noble achievements, and by his benevolent aspirations. We are a greater people, we are a richer race, we are a better generation because Gibran lived, wrought, and achieved.

Gibran lives, although he died, lives in the ennobling inspirations he left us, in the lofty song he bequeathed to us, in the heavenly truths he gave to us. Gibran ever remains the poet of our hearts, the singer of our soul, and the inspirer of our song. He ever lives in our hearts, in our minds, and in our dreams. Gibran, one of the fairest flowers of Lebanese soil, Gibran one of the illustrious sons of Lebanese heritage, Gibran one of the greatest of the Lebanese race, will be enshrined forever in the heart of the Lebanese and Syrian race. Let us catch the inspiration that we may dedicate ourselves to high character, noble achievement, unselfish service, and human welfare.

A SEER DEPARTED

An Editorial of THE SUN, New York, April 15, 1931

The death of Kahlil Gibran is a great loss to the Syrians of New York, numerous enough to form a distinct colony. He is mourned, moreover, by the Arabic-speaking peoples of the world, who had pride in him as their chief poet and artist, and by many Occidental admirers who were familiar with such of his books in English as "The Madman," "The Forerunner," "The Prophet," "Sand and Foam," "Jesus the Son of Man" and "The Earth Gods."

In Greenwich Village Gibran's studio was a favorite meeting place for artists; he will be missed not only as an artist-poet but as a personality. When at work he wore the robes of his native land, but when he went on the street he dressed in the clothing to which New York is accustomed. A keen eye, noting the exquisitely sensitive hands, would have known them as those of an artist.

Because of his position as the representative poet of a race, Kahlil Gibran's fame was much wider than many of his American acquaintances imagined. He was a mystic, regarding the exterior world of tables and chairs as a mere veil or appearance. It was natural that he should have written "The Prophet," for he was born in Lebanon, known as the birthplace of prophets. He wrote always as one inspired. "I did not write 'The Prophet'; 'The Prophet' wrote me," he said once to an admirer. He struck out parables and aphorisms which had appeal for all men irrespective of race; his works have been translated into twelve languages. His early writings in Arabic were the first to depart from traditional forms and to introduce verse and free prose. Seldom have twin talents been so evenly united in an individual. Fortunately before Kahlil Gibran died his pen and pencil had largely "gleaned his teeming brain."



VALEDICTORY

By BARBARA YOUNG

We say, "The poet sleeps. Let mighty cedars
Guard now the place, and fortify this hill
Against the passing of his lofty name."
We say, "Let roots enfold his gracious dust—
He who has known their darkness and their pain,
And all the secret anguish of the soil,
And the green ways of myrtle and of grass;
He who has heard the pulse of God and man
Beat in the beating rain and falling snow."

We say, "The poet sleeps." *He does not sleep.*
He is gone out to walk upon the sky,
To run upon the wind. His stringless lyre
Is tuned to spaceless song, his brush of light
Finds now the colors of that other prism
Whereunto all his radiant being yearned.

Call it not dying to espouse the mist.
Call it not death to pass into the sun.
Nay, even now his unencumbered wing
Encounters Beauty in her dwelling-place.
For he has uttered an immortal word
Of life and Love and Death, and flung their face
In clear resplendant majesty and glory
Upon the ivory page. Now he goes forth
To speak in measures with the morning star,
To paint the ether with the suns and moons,
And ride the tempest where he finds his home.



CONQUEROR OF THE STING

By LEONORA SPEYER

Does the hill lie down at last?
And the sea sleep on its shore?
You, so generous of words—
Generous no more!—

Is the storm stilled on a leaf,
And the wind bound in a sheaf?

Be still and know that I am God.
(Psalms)

Only the dead are still enough...
And you, whom pain loved so,
You, lying there, know well,
Kahlil...
Pale poet's mouth
Sealed with the immaculate Hush,
Hand that has dropped the brush,
You of the eagle's wing...
Listening, you know,
Triumphant over Victory,
And conqueror of the Sting!



STARRY SON OF LEBANON

By ESTELLE DUCLO

Can it be that he has gone,
Starry son of Lebanon?

Pen and Brush,—wings for his will,
Yet were warm when he grew still.

To the end, he gave and gave,—
Soul compassionate and brave!

"To the end,"—what have I said?—
Grieving hearts, be comforted,

He but halted on the way
To his spirit's freer day;—

Poet-prophet, pausing here,
As he moved from sphere to sphere.

Song and Silence knew his name,
Both for him were living flame,

Quickening all mystic power,
Bringing Beauty to full flower.

Love and Wisdom, Grief and Joy,
Gold of Life, and Life's Alloy,

Gave their meaning to his care,
To illumine and to share.

From his hands and from his lips,
Came a new apocalypse.

Strange! I seem to see him—now,
Eyes a-light, light on his brow,—

Hear the voice, our hearts has stirred,
Chanting almost, word on word:

*I am here, beyond all death,
One with God's immortal breath,*

*One with Love's infinity,—
I in you, and you in me.*

Hail to you, Kahlil Gibran,
Starry son of Lebanon!

THE MYSTIC PACT

(TO GIBRAN)

By MISCHA NAIMY

I chanced upon my Brother's tryst with Death.
Fast were they locked in each other's embrace,
My Brother saying, "Mother of my breath,
Bid it be still, bid it dissolve in space.
It chokes my nostrils with the heavy smells
Of still-born hopes and putrid days and nights,
And breathless would I dwell upon the heights
And in the depths where breathless Beauty dwells.

"Reach deep, sweet Lover, deep into my breast;
Perchance you'll find a fragment of a heart.
'Tis all I have to offer you; the rest
Is mine no longer: Here and there a part
I laid on canvas, melted into song,
Planted in fields unwedded to the plow,
Forged into tongues for all the mute who long
With tongues their silent longings to endow.

"Now cleanse me, Lover, of the salt and froth
Of earth to sail with you the shoreless sea."
And Death responded to my Brother's plea,
And with the kiss of silence sealed the troth.

As I, a witness to the mystic rites,
Stood dazed, enveloped in a thousand nights,
There spoke a voice exceeding soft and kind:
"What is ahead is already behind."



TO ONE WHO HAS PASSED

By MARY MOORE

FIRST THOUGHT

I saw Death stretch forth his hand
And take my well-beloved
Beyond my reach:
And leave to earth but a garment.

SECOND THOUGHT

Yet, I can hear the silent lips
Telling a deeper longing;
And I can see the eyes of love
Demanding their answer.

THIRD THOUGHT

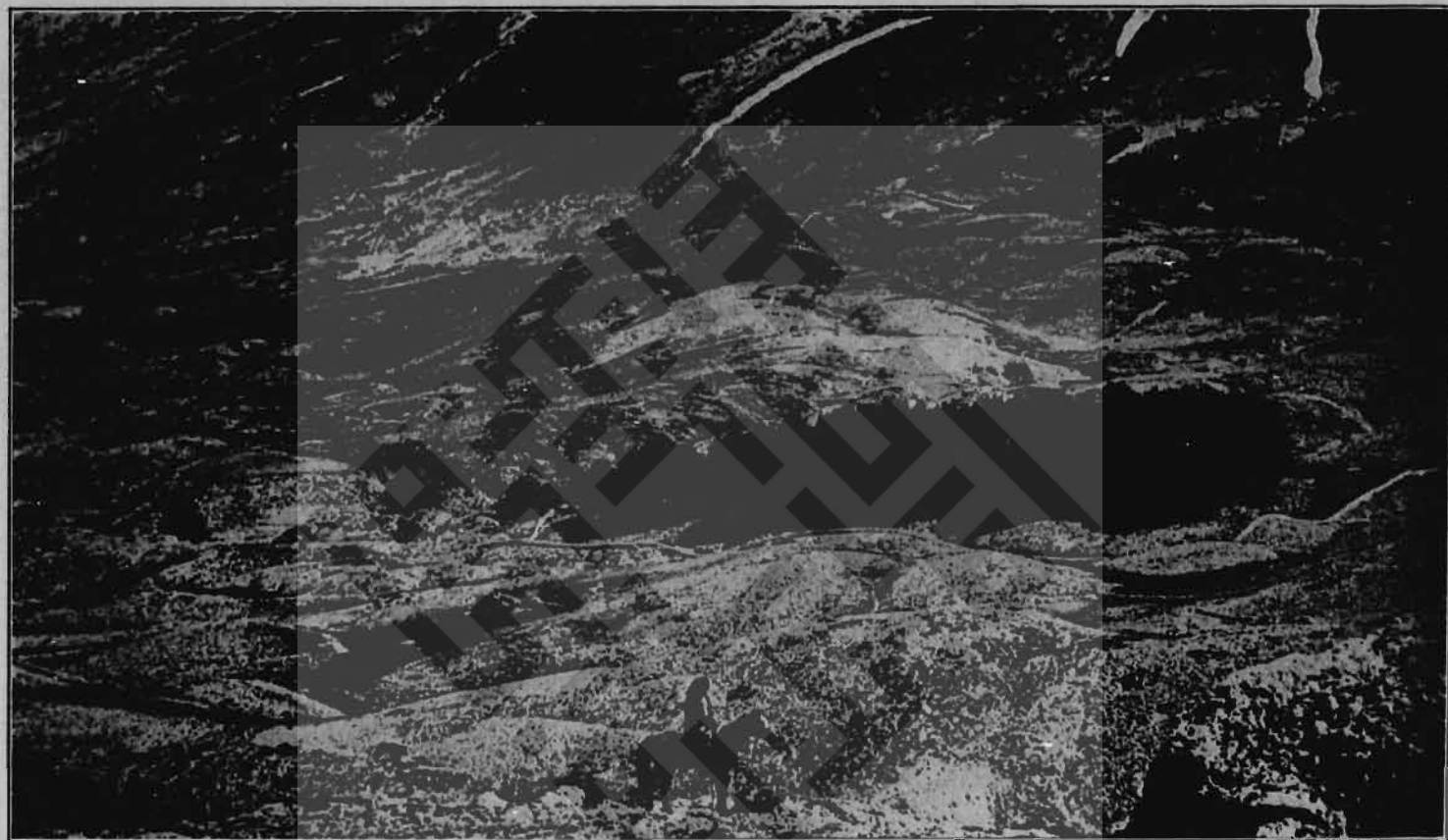
You have *not* perished.
For if you were as sod,
I could not call to
Unanswerable clay,
As I call to you now.

FOURTH THOUGHT

And I know that before
I, too, shall cross Life's bridge,
I shall feel your heart enfold me,
Even as your arms enfolded me
Yesterday.



APRIL, 1931



Famous Grove of the Cedars of Lebanon, in Whose Shadow G.بران Was Reared

GIBRAN'S MESSAGE

TO YOUNG AMERICANS OF SYRIAN ORIGIN

By G. K. GIBRAN

Reprinted from the First Issue of The Syrian World, July, 1926

(Written Especially for The Syrian World)

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.



A PLEDGE

By CECIL J. BADWAY

A Young American of Syrian Origin

In your going, Gibran Kahlil Gibran, you have come.

You have come as the guiding spirit in the fulfillment of our dreams.

You have come to stay as the beacon of inspiration within the deepest recesses of our hearts.

You have come to lead us to our destiny in which you believed.

We would be fruitful as young Americans of Syrian origin.

We would be productive by the honest sweat of our brows.

We would be defenders of our rights but remembering the rights of others in our defence.

We would be courageous and fearless in our righteousness yet tolerant and merciful to the weak.

You shall go before us, Gibran Kahlil Gibran, as the standard bearer of the Syrian-American awakening.

You shall lead us and generations to come.

We and the mighty and thunderous army of those who come after shall follow your spirit along the corridors of time. Forward and onward, down through the ages until there shall have been written the apocalypse of young Americans of Syrian origin.

In your going and in your coming, Gibran Kahlil Gibran, you will not have gone or come in vain. We are ready.

TO ONE OF BLESSED MEMORY

By THOMAS ASA

Dare we in this Hour lift our saddened voice!
Awake the Heavens from their ceaseless way,
Bemoan that Fate so soon had cast astray
That glorious Name, in whom we all rejoice!

Thou Eastern Star! dim thou thy holy light—
True son of thine on earth no longer known;
Thy once familiar beam no more shall sight,
Where o'er Lebanon's lovely vales hath shown.

Though Death hath claimed him to its solemn state,
And, earth-bound, we bend our heads in sorrow,
No pow'r divine shall at the heavenly Gate
Grant him what, on earth, he could not borrow.

The splendors of his mind bequeathed to Man,
But where the friendly smile, the knowing heart?
The saintly presence more than perfect art
Hath shown him foremost of that God-like clan.

Ye unseen pow'rs that shape Man's destiny,
Why pluck the precious bud that soon shall bloom?
With lightning's thrust ye fell the stately tree,
And leave what better thou hast claim to doom.

Naught can return to Life the Dead we love,
Nor bring back to mind our lost desires;
We but add substance to Life's ebbing fires,
And striving without Hope to reach above.

Sound thy last requiem, O tragic Earth!
For One, but now departed, shall ascend
To thy exalted heights of mortal worth,—
Triumph and defeat,—life and death attend!

Now must we leave the mortal form to rest,
Within Earth's age-worn folds his final sleep,
Though dead, the thought and deed of him shall keep
Before us the consecrated mem'ry blest.

W. Brownsville, Pa.

TRUTH SEEKER

By EDNA K. SALOOMEY

Truth-seeker, who spoke from your heart to our's;
Whose very desires mirrored all mankind's;
Death has claimed for her pleasure your powers,
And greedily banished hope from our minds.
Your voice, that breathed life into words, is still.
Your heart, which bitter loneliness did grieve,
No longer vibrates to friendship's touch. The will
To know, to live, to love, to weep; to weave
All earth's joys and sorrows into one brief life,
Has been dissipated by death. Hear now!
Our voices rise above the din of strife
To proclaim your wisdom. Peace is your's. Though
Your body mated with death, your soul's abode
Is with truth, and truth is the realm of God.
Bridgeport, Conn.

POET OF OUR LAND

By PHILIP C. SABBAGHA

Sleep sweetly in your earthly grave,
Sleep poet of our noble land;
Through wind and tempest, banners brave,
Shall wave before our band.

In wreaths of laurel 'pon thy tomb,
The vict'ry of our cause is shown;
And someday, shining like the moon,
The cause in ev'ry home.

My tribute to my countryman,
A leader passed to his beyond;
In peace and to his countryman,
Of whom he was so fond.

Farewell! your brothers dry their tears
And sing their praise my fellow man
Thy name in hearts outlives the years,
Farewell my countryman.

Columbia, S. C.

HE TOUCHED THE STARS

By LABEEBEE A. J. HANNA

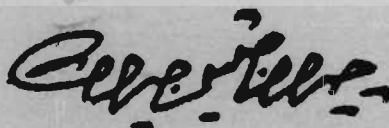
He dwelt in the garden of ethereal dreams
With the sea of Fate close at hand,
And he touched the stars with his pen of gold—
To plant them on a desolate land.

And the stars into beautiful flowers grew,
That the souls of the hungry inspired,
Of celestial perfume and rarest hue—
From the heart of the dreamer transpired.

And he took his brush of silver and gold
And reached up to an azure sky
For paints that will be new when old,
For naught else would satisfy.

He dwelt in the garden of ethereal dreams,
Which the hand of the Giver gave,
And he touched the stars with his pen of gold,
And now lies resting in his grave.

And so from the garden of ethereal dreams
The Giver called him home again
The dreamer who dreamed, and in dreaming planned
His dreams to fact, and his life to gain.
Boston, Mass.



Facsimile of Gibran's Arabic Signature

All drawings and decorations appearing in this section are of
the work of Gibran.

A Journey Through Jebel Druze

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

IV

FAKHRY Bey Baroody had a surprise in store for us. He had used his time in preparing a meal which was the best money could buy in town. Not that all the people in town subsist on such fare, for had we chosen to accept the hospitality of the emir we would have partaken of a meal in the best Arab tradition. But the meal now provided was the finest an epicure such as Baroody Bey could choose from available material, and on such short notice, served in a setting much in keeping with the nature of the repast itself. We enjoyed the experience while it lasted, but the after-effect proved not of very pleasant memory.

We met Baroody Bey in the general store located on the main street between the public square and the governor's residence. He apologetically explained that this was the only place he could find where he could order a meal and *pay* for it. The store was unique in every particular. The uneven mud floor indicated that no attempt had ever been made to level it since the walls were raised. In one corner was a pile of grain with only a wall of sacks to prevent it from spilling all over the floor; while in the other corner, and in a similar manner, was a pile of fodder. Along the rear ran a counter behind which rose a row of almost empty shelves. At one end of the counter was suspended what was left of a carcass covered with cheese-cloth, and all but inviting as an ingredient in the feast. A table and a few rush-bottom chairs formed the furnishings of the restaurant.

Like good sports, we sat awaiting the result of the epicurian ingenuity of our fastidious host whose palace in Damascus is not infrequently the scene of some of the finest feasts staged in that city of fabulous Oriental sumptuousness and splendor. He inquired if the storekeeper had canned goods. Yes, he had sardines and tuna fish. Did he also have wine? Surely, because he was a Christian and among his customers were men of the French garrison. "Wine is the best germicide," ironically remarked our host, and the corks began to pop. I would not object to the reader's inference that we drank more than we ate.

While still at our meal the official interpreter of the governor, a clean-cut young man in his early twenties, entered and greeted us with the customary Druze affability. He politely but firmly refused our insistent invitation to join us. He had already had his meal, he explained with a gesture of finality, and we could but take him at his word.

Shortly after, the gang foreman, who had remained with us throughout, discovered that he had important business elsewhere. Fearing that we may not meet him again, and appreciating the courtesy he had shown us in guiding us about, I took him aside ostensibly to thank him, and made an effort to slip him a few coins. But the interpreter had been watching us more closely than I expected, and no sooner did he perceive the gesture than he actually sprang at us with the leap of a panther and forcibly thrust the foreman away from me. There was no mistaking the suppressed indignation in his tone when he attempted to explain his action. "We Druzes will not accept reward for our favors. Please don't wound us in our sense of hospitality. We still adhere to the tradition that our guests are our hosts and as such they can be under no obligation to us."

The foreman would not remain to await the result of the argument, which, I will admit, I did not carry far in my realization of the susceptibilities of the Druzes in this respect. But I was tremendously impressed with the attitude of the interpreter who apparently was not ignorant of modern customs yet clung fiercely to the traditions of his people. To my several inquiries he replied that he was a Druze of Salkhad, his name being Mizyad El-Hajali, had had an advanced education in Arabic and French and had been serving for some time as official interpreter to the District Governor. He is of the school of thought that advocates for his people the benefits of modern education but not at the expense of their native traditions and virtues.

We yet had to visit the emir of Shahba whom the French District Governor advised us not to fail to see. I asked the official interpreter if he cared to accompany us on this visit and the excuse he advanced was a revelation. He said he still had to go home for his lunch!

Nor did Baroody care to meet the local emir. His standing excuse was that he should evade all situations possible of any political interpretation inasmuch as his affiliation with the Syrian Nationalist Party laid him open to suspicion by the French. Be-

sides, he had a most important business to attend to, that of taking his daily siesta.

This last remark, uttered in the most matter-of-fact manner, aroused my sense of humor despite the depressing effect of the torrid heat and other contributing circumstances. I felt the need of a little diversion, and started an argument. "You are shattering a beautiful vision I had formed of you," I remarked to Baroody Bey. "Suppose you found the vagaries of politics carrying you of a day to an office of responsibility in the Syrian State, would you then insist on your siesta with the duties of government weighing heavily upon you?"

But my Nationalist friend felt in no mood to entertain such pleasantries. "In my present frame of mind," he said, "I would be inclined to let the business of government wait. Allah would not overtax his servants, nor should the State."

With that, he peremptorily dismissed the subject and departed with the storekeeper who was only too glad to provide sleeping accommodations to such an exalted personage.

The tortuous road to the house of the emir took us past a sunken Roman amphitheatre recently cleared by excavators, revealing the tiers of stone benches and the numerous subterranean passages in a fine state of preservation. The arena was not exceptionally large, a necessity dictated, perhaps, by the limited space in a fortress city. But in spite of its limited size, it was in no other respects lacking in evidences of Roman thoroughness and decorative lavishness.

We continued along a winding passage between walls of rough-hewn black basalt stone until we reached the outer gate of the emir's residence. We entered a vast courtyard where some horses and mules were tethered. Mounting a few steps built of finely cut stone, taken apparently from some ruins, we came to an arcade of beautiful granite columns which offered a sharp contrast to the rough-and-ready native building rising in the rear. A native at the door took our message to the emir, who came out in person to greet us. To our surprise, he proved to be a tall, lean figure, dressed in a simple robe of white linen, which, falling to the ground, accentuated his height. He appeared to be in his early thirties and had all the unaffected charm of an unspoiled country child. His hair was so sparse as to give him the appearance of being clean shaven. What is more, he

was of a pronounced blond type, his ruddy complexion standing out in sharp contrast to the dark-skinned, bushy-haired men who clustered about him.

Emir Tallal Pasha El 'Amer would receive me in his official reception hall, which was of recent construction and stood independent of the main building, but I expressed a preference for the old quarters, and affecting the flowery manner of speech of his people, profusely begged him to first finish the business at which he had been engaged. It was with some reluctance that he agreed, and I was made to precede him into the large, dark, square room which formed the combination court room and plebeian reception quarters. A narrow mastaba ran the whole length of the four walls, on which squatted or reclined a dozen or so natives. To the rear was a small iron-grated window which alone admitted light and air. Thither the emir conducted me and sought to make me comfortable by spreading a mat for me on the otherwise bare mud and stone mastaba. I did not smoke because no one else did, but there was ample means of entertainment otherwise in listening to the continuation of a trial which my arrival had apparently interrupted.

Two peasants, it appeared, had come to the emir to settle a dispute over a donkey. The purchaser had agreed to a price for the animal which later he refused to pay in full. It was evident that the emir was reluctant to use his judicial authority and more anxious to effect an amicable settlement. It was also evident that the obduracy of the litigants was caused more by the vital amount involved than by personal ill-feeling. Taking all these matters into consideration, the emir finally decreed a compromise sum of eight Syrian pounds, or the equivalent of \$6.50.

Having finished with his judicial business, the emir now refused to listen to my entreaties to hold an interview in the old native reception room whose fascination began to enthrall me the more I stared into its bareness and pondered the strange circumstances which made of it the throne room of a prince whose mere word would rally an army and shape the destiny of a whole people. What a reminiscence of the feudal age from which this docile yet fierce people have not as yet emerged! And to think that only a portion of this people, through sheer will and desperation, could wage war against a first-class military power for two years and gain the upper hand in many an encounter!

But now that local affairs of state had come to an end, I

could not hold out against the persistence of the emir to receive me in the manner he thought more compatible with my dignity—and his. Consequently the modern and more formal reception room was opened, and only dignitaries and men of rank, so to speak, followed. Once within, their natural reserve seemed to become accentuated by the solemnity of the place and the occasion. It was the emir and I who monopolized the conversation.

Since the reception room plays such a part in the visit, I feel constrained to devote some space to its description. Unlike the old room, this one had the luxury of windows. Chairs of every description, from the modest bamboo cane to the velvet upholstered settees in a variety of design and color, lined the walls in perfect orderliness. In the front center stood an oblong plain table, spread with an oil-cloth cover whose bold designs and bright vari-hued colors were strongly reminiscent of the primitive home furnishings of the rural districts of America. On the table were a glass pitcher and a dozen or more glasses of different sizes, colors and shapes. The condition of some of the furnishings plainly indicated advanced age and liberal use.

The conversation with the emir developed many interesting points. He is, for instance, an officer of the French Legion of Honor, and while a Pasha in his own right, had the additional title of Prince conferred upon him by the French in 1929. It was an unusual procedure, I thought, for a republican government to be dispensing with princely titles and creating social ranks; but then the French were dealing with a special situation in a country where title and rank still counted for more than an empty honor. And was not Tallal Pasha the chief of a clan which for many generations has contended with the powerful Atrash family for the ascendancy of prestige in Jebel Druze? And had he not, furthermore, remained loyal to the French in the last revolution of 1925-26? He himself not only admitted the fact but even seemed proud of it, continually referring to the revolution during the whole course of the conversation as "that deplorable mistake," and coupling every mention of the French authorities with glowing adjectives of praise. Nor could one mistake his attitude for one of diplomatic flattery, for there was evident a ring of sincerity in his speech when over and over again he spoke of the French as "the benefactors of the country, whose 'white deeds' are bound to become more fully appreciated as they come to be more properly understood."

The Prince seemed especially proud of the role he played during the revolution as champion and protector of the Christians. "They are our brothers," he declared, "and we owe them protection as a duty. Not a Christian within my jurisdiction will I allow to be molested or harmed."

The Prince found a ready and enthusiastic corroborator in the person of Khalil Bey Haddad, declared to be the leader of the Christian element in the district of Shahba, who, like the rest of the company, had maintained respectful silence up to this point, but now added the weight of his testimony to the statement of the emir. "Allah be my witness," he volunteered. "The emir was most solicitous of our safety and welfare during those times of strife, and it is to his protection that we and our families owe our lives."

Before taking leave of the emir I asked him if he would consent to pose for a photograph. Certainly he would. And would I want him to appear in formal dress? "Boy, bring my jacket," he commanded, and an attendant hastened to bring from the closet a frock coat on which sparkled the decoration of the French Légion d'honneur, and which the emir slipped over his native robe and was ready for the camera.

Naturally, the insistent invitation to remain for a few days, or even for the evening, had to be declined with full appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality of the emir. I had to join my companions for an early start to insure our arrival in Damascus before dusk, and I made my way back in haste to the combination general store and restaurant. To my surprise, I found that the climate of Shahba had lulled my companion into a longer siesta than usual.

Alone and forsaken, and feeling that the torrid heat of a Jebel Druze sun and the insidious heat of the imported French wine had formed a powerful coalition to make things utterly disagreeable for me, I sought what I thought would be the hospitable coolness of our car, parked in the shade of a corner building. But it took me only an instant to discover that if I would not smother, I should search for relief elsewhere. We had found the automobile comparatively cool on other occasions, but it could not be expected to be so accommodating while not moving. I sat on the running-board. I took off my coat, then my collar, and was sorely tempted to follow with the shirt, had not a sense of shame seized me when I perceived the natives apparently cool

and contented with all their encumbrances of clothes and heavy headdress.

But where to fly from the stifling heat? Something had to be done lest the nausea, which I felt creeping on me, overpower me. In desperation, I rose and walked to a store of inviting appearance across the square where I observed several men seated in apparent ease. I would talk with them and divert my mind.

As usual, the proverbial Druze hospitality was evident here as elsewhere. The storekeeper ordered the floor sprinkled afresh and offered me a comfortable chair. He and his friends were evidently surprised to discover that I spoke their language, and further still, that I came from America. The storekeeper immediately placed me under cross-examination as to economic conditions and possibility of admission. Business in this land is stagnant, he explained, and only in America is there a chance for making a fortune.

Immediately America was mentioned, an old man of about seventy, squatting cross-legged atop the counter, began to display marked interest and soon joined in the conversation with gusto. But he was not interested in prospects of trade as much as in the physical wonders of the country. What is America like? What are its reputed wonders? What is there exceptional and distinctive about New York? Etc.

I tried to paint a word picture of New York and started with what I thought would prove more impressive. We had buildings more than eighty stories high, through which run elevators that travel faster than the fleetest horse. We had bridges whose single span was more than a mile long. We had railroads under ground, on the ground, above ground, and even running in tunnels under water. We had instances where six tracks ran one above the other. We had single buildings containing more people than half the population of all Jebel Druze!

But to my utter stupefaction, the old gentleman showed not the least sign of surprise. He only betrayed a faint smile and remarked indifferently that he had heard about all that before.

I was already dripping with perspiration owing both to the oppressive heat and to my spirited oratorical effort, and my feeling at the attitude of the old man was bordering on exasperation. I realized that I had utterly failed in arousing his interest and was dejected under the sting of defeat. Almost panting, and with a final desperate effort, I attempted to deflect the course of

the conversation to a more immediate topic. Glancing at the cool and collected men about me, I had recourse to the great American expedient in such desperate straits, and dropped a remark about the weather.

The old man now evinced a little interest and asked about the kind of weather we had in America—whether or not we had such intense heat as now caused me to complain.

We had, I replied, but only in short spells and never for a protracted period.

The old man seemed mystified. What could cause a break in the summer's heat, he thought, and after a little hesitation, asked the question.

"Rain," I replied.

I had inadvertently, it seems, exploded a bomb. The man now appeared utterly dumbfounded. He remained for a time with mouth wide open, with eyes staring in amazement, his sense of credulity shocked beyond the power of speech. But when he finally recovered, it was with what appeared to be a mixture of incredulity and accusation. "Rain in summer! *La Wallah!* Impossible."

Allah be praised! I had at last succeeded in conquering the old man's passiveness. The wonder in America that I had invoked so long in vain proved to be so simple. And what was it? Rain! The mere mention of it, and perhaps the satisfaction of having triumphed, cooled me. It dawned on me only later that for a man who had lived almost four-score years in a country where the seasons are sharply defined, where it never rains a drop in summer, because summer here is synonymous with the dry season, such a startling revelation as the possibility of summer rain should be expected to cause a shocking surprise. But the fact remained that I felt supremely contented.

I left to rejoin my companions, and found them already waiting and anxious to leave. But what could mean the presence of a stranger in the front seat by the driver? Were we in need of a guide, or was it only a precautionary measure against possible danger? I inquired by glance but not by articulate words, and my cousin hastened to explain. The extra fare was a native of a neighboring town lying about ten kilometers on our way to Damascus. He had offered to sell my cousin live partridges for the price of ten Syrian piasters apiece (less than 8 cents) and the temptation was irresistible. To consummate the deal, the native

had offered to borrow a horse, precede us to his home town and have our order, whatever it amounted to, two dozen or even one, ready for delivery to us whenever we pass. The deal seemed exceptionally worthwhile to him judging by his anxiety, and so it seemed also to my cousin who invited him to accompany us to make sure of his earnestness. He proved true to his word and produced the goods.

Leaving Shahba around 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we took the north-easterly road to Damascus in the hope of making better time. We drove for one hour, two hours, past mountain and plain, amidst a monotonously bare landscape, with not a sign of a habitation. We had dropped the partridge dealer at his own village and were now depending on our own reckoning. Then came a time when we had to make a momentous decision. The road forked into two branches with no signs to indicate the respective destinations. Naturally all three passengers were strangers to the country and the chauffeur proved equally ignorant. It was finally decided to take the easterly rode.

The hours that followed proved the most anxious and hazardous of our journey. We soon found ourselves in an open stretch of the desert, with no mark to guide us except our faith in Allah's compassion and our vague sense of direction. But the desert was not of soft sand. It was of the hard clay surface characteristic of the Syrian plain. A few skeletons of camels and other animals encountered on the way bore an ominous portent. And what aggravated our plight was the lack of water. We had not anticipated so long a journey and failed to make provisions. Our throats were parched and the shimmering reflections of the desert sun made us see fantastic visions.

A low hill finally loomed in the distance. The mere fact that it was a hill and broke the monotonous evenness of the landscape gave us a sense of relief and courage, and for no apparent reason we headed towards it. In our anxiety and fear, the distance appeared to be exceptionally long, and although we had not the slightest reason to believe that it could mean anything, we made it an object whose attainment became of paramount importance in our confused reasoning. We finally reached it and our hearts filled with thanks to Allah, to whom all praise is due.

But after having reached the hill, what! It was bare and bleak and proved to be nothing better than the desert plain we

were so anxious to flee. Its smooth, barren slopes gave no indication of ever having been touched by the hand of man.

But now that we had reached it we must pass it. Our first success goaded us on to seek more, and we began to turn the northern flank, when lo and behold! the conical white dwellings of a Syrian agrarian settlement greeted our astonished eyes. It was with difficulty that we suppressed a cheer, but the happy looks we exchanged told volumes.

As we drew nearer, the Bey rose in his seat and uttered an exclamation of unrestrained joy. "By Allah and the Prophet, this village is the property of one of my friends. I recall now that I visited with him here some time ago," he fairly shouted.

And so it proved to be, for when we had stopped before the owner's house and the servants came out to greet us, Fakhry Bey recognized many among them and could recall their names. Without ceremony, he ordered water in all haste.

A big earthen bowl was filled from a basin and offered to us. Fakhry Bey would not think of drinking first, and I, in order not to let ceremony prolong the common agony, accepted the tempting cup. I no sooner raised it to my lips than decided I was not so thirsty—there was too much animation in the water. And when Fakhry Bey took the cup and looked into it quizzically, he spilled the precious contents on the ground and mercilessly berated the servants for their disrespect in offering us polluted water.

"But this is our common drinking water," meekly protested one of the servants.

"Never mind the excuses," thundered the irate Bey. "Bring us of the special water of your master, and tell him upon his return that I so ordered."

Then it was that we drank of the pure water of Barada, carried especially from Damascus for the use of the master.

We could not afford to tarry long. The sun was fast setting behind the high peaks of Anti-Lebanon silhouetted against the limpid sky behind the ghouta of Damascus stretching at their feet. And although the road was rough and the landscape uninviting, we were buoyed by the hope of soon reaching the terrestrial paradise which so appealed to the imagination of the Prophet Muhammad. And when finally we entered the enchanted domains of the ghouta, and sped smoothly along its level roads, lined with stately poplars and disclosing a delightful vista of heavily-laden orchards and verdant fields, intersected at short

distances with murmuring brooks, we fast forgot the weariness and anxiety of our desert journey and surrendered to the enchantment of this revelation of a terrestrial paradise. Nor could the thick dust of the road we encountered on some stretches of the Damascus suburbs prove sufficient to dampen the ardor of our elation and enthusiasm. We were safe. We were cool, and we felt the assurance of being back in civilization. The beauty and charm of Damascus linger more vividly in the memory by virtue of the sharp contrast.

THE NIGHT AND I

By DR. SALIM Y. ALKAZIN

We know a certain happy tongue,
The night and I,
For when we fly the listless throng,
And each the other tells his tale,
And each the other sings his song,
Like comrades true, we never fail
Where it belongs the motive place,—
And so we live our lotted space,
The night and I.
We understand each other well,
The night and I!
Nor need we masquerade, nor tell
Our moods, nor shrink to speak our fear,
Nor fence discretely when we spell
The praise of things we hold most dear;
For 'tis our naked hearts that beat,
Whenever face to face we meet,
The night and I.

We list to catch the whispered sighs,
The night and I,
Of space, and in the placid skies,
Pursue the sparkling signs or halt
Enraptured by the mighty cries
And flashing signals in the volt
Of rage. And so, in sympathy,
We live, and feel in harmony
The night and I.

ALI ZAIBAQ

(*Quicksilver*)

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURES OF THE
CHIEF OF POLICE OF THE CALIPH HAROUN
AL-RASHID, OF THE CITY OF BAGHDAD.

Translated from the Original Arabic by

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL and THADDEUS S. DAYTON

CHAPTER VIII.

REVENGE.

THE damsel, when morning came, assumed the dress and appearance of Quicksilver and lay at the entrance of the baths as though strangled, so that whoever passed and saw her could not doubt for an instant that she was Quicksilver.

Now some of the passersby who perceived this body lying there were of the sympathizers of Quicksilver. These grieved for him exceedingly. But there were others who were inclined to favor Salah-Eddin, the Chief of the Secret Police, and these hastened to inform him of the fate of Quicksilver. Salah-Eddin's joy was unbounded and he ran with all speed to the baths where lay the body of Quicksilver. So great was his hatred that he began kicking the senseless corpse of his enemy, and addressing it with insults:

"May God not have mercy on you, O you of evil birth!" shrieked Salah-Eddin. "For in your lifetime you occasioned me the utmost torment and suffering. Now it is my turn to have revenge upon you and to quench my heart's hatred with your mother's tears."

He flung the body on his shoulders and carried it thus to the door of his own house where he attempted to throw it on the ground. But to his great amazement and fright he could not rid himself of his burden, for the body resisted his every effort and presently its legs extended themselves until they stretched out and became forty cubits long.

By this time every muscle in Salah-Eddin's body was quivering with fear. At last, by summoning all his strength for a superhuman effort, he managed to shake off his terrible load and began running about and crying as though demented. His wife appeared and viewed his plight, and let him into the house.

Presently he went forth again to look upon the body of Quicksilver, which, strangely enough, he found to be in its former normal shape. Again he approached it and made an attempt to carry it into his house, but no sooner did he lay hands upon it than the mouth of the body stretched open to such a gigantic size that it resembled the entrance to some vast and fearful cavern, while the eyes grew larger and larger and increasingly terrible until they became like those of a huge and hideous ghoul. And it said:

"O you vilest and most wicked of men, it is my intention immediately to devour you."

So thoroughly frightened was Salah-Eddin that he begged for mercy, but the genie's only answer was to seize him suddenly, tie his body in a knot and fly off with him to the palace of the King. In the palace gateway there was a great arch, and at its highest point a ring of iron was fixed. To this the maiden tied Salah-Eddin, leaving him there in that miserable plight. Thereupon she returned to Quicksilver, to whom she related all that she had done.

"No doubt the King will perceive Salah-Eddin in this condition and the latter will tell him that it was I who put him there. Now if the King summons me shall I ask for a ladder by which to climb and take down Salah-Eddin?"

"No," answered the damsel, "I will accompany you unseen and when you desire to release Salah-Eddin lift your hands and I will raise you to the height unperceived by anyone so that you may readily accomplish your task."

When morning came the King and his lords passed through the great archway and Salah-Eddin, seeing them, cried out in a pitiful voice: "O King, have mercy upon me and cover me with the mantle of your protection."

Upon hearing this the King and his companions were exceedingly amazed and began gazing about to try to discover whence came the voice; but they saw no one, when Salah-Eddin cried out again:

"I am suspended here in this high place where I have suf-

ferred tortures such as no one ever experienced before."

Hearing these words, they all looked upward and saw the form of a man hanging to the iron ring above the great arch. The King exclaimed and asked who it was, and Salah-Eddin cried out once more in a voice of agony:

"O my master, it is your servant the Chief of the Secret Police."

"And who was it that put you where you are?" asked the King.

"None other than Quicksilver," answered Salah-Eddin in great pain.

Seeing it was useless to attempt his rescue, the King ordered that Quicksilver be summoned immediately, and when he came the King asked:

"Do you know where Salah-Eddin is?"

"Yes," answered Quicksilver, "it is he who is suspended above the great archway."

"And where did you spend last night?" asked the King.

"In the enchanted baths of Toulon," answered Quicksilver.

"And I have punished Salah-Eddin thus because of his great wickedness. It is also a visitation upon him of the wrath of God for his many misdeeds."

"For my sake," said the King, "release him from his plight."

Thereupon Quicksilver lifted his hands toward the sky and the damsel, unperceived by anyone, bore him upward to the top of the arch, where he immediately disengaged Salah-Eddin and carried him gently to the ground. Everyone who witnessed this feat marvelled exceedingly at his super-human power, as no one had deemed it possible to extricate Salah-Eddin from the great height where he hung.

When Salah-Eddin once more stood upon the ground, he threw himself at the feet of the King and appealed frantically for protection against the superhuman power of Quicksilver. Whereupon Quicksilver inquired of him if there were any other tasks that he wished him to perform so that no doubt would remain as to his fitness to become the chief of the Zohrs.

"For the sake of Allah," replied Salah-Eddin in a terrified voice, "there is nothing more that I wish except to be spared further persecution from you."

Thereupon all proceeded to the royal palace where the King formally invested Quicksilver with his robe of office as the ruler of the Zohrs, and the criers were ordered to go about the streets

of the city announcing his succession to the exalted position. The inhabitants of the city received the news with much applause and the officers of the Zohrs gave submission joyfully to Quicksilver. Thereafter the city of Cairo remained in perfect order and tranquillity for the space of a year.

"But Quicksilver's troubles are not over," said the tale teller. "They have only just begun. What has already happened is as nothing—as snow upon the desert sand—to the dangers he must encounter. Tomorrow you shall hear of the new seas of danger into which he plunged."

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Political Developments in Syria

SYRIAN ELECTIONS

AGAIN DEFERRED

The political problem in Syria seems to be making little progress towards a solution. So often has it been surmised that the popular elections would take place at a certain date that any further promise along that line is now apt to be considered like the cry of "the wolf" in the fable. By all reasonable expectations, based on earlier predictions, the elections should have been held long ago, but they now seem to be as distant as ever. The Syrian press has fallen into the mood of discussing them only in the most casual manner. There is, on the other hand, a shifting of interest towards an altogether different development—that of scrapping the draft constitution laid down by the Constituent Assembly and establishing in Syria a monarchical instead of a republican form of government. An international element has also entered into the situation which serves to further complicate matters.

While lacking official confirmation, the rumor persists that France has entered into an agreement with former King Ali of Arabia, son of former King Hussein and brother of King Feisal of Iraq, to establish him on the Syrian throne which it is claimed the French have planned to create in Syria so as to frustrate the designs of the Nationalists. What would seem to lend weight to this supposition is the recent visit of the British High Commissioner in Iraq to Damascus and his lengthy consultation with the French High Commissioner in Syria. Of course, there are those who contend that France

would never commit herself to the policy of having to consult with England on a question of internal administration of her mandated territory—that the purpose behind the conference was in relation to the Mosul petroleum question, or some other question of common interest between the two powers. Nevertheless, there are those who maintain that Ali is the brother of Feisal, and that the two powers have to contend with an Eastern question much larger than one confined to any one country, and that it is to their mutual interest to agree on a policy that will render the position of both more secure in the East.

A significant development is that High Commissioner Ponsot, in opening his new official residence in Damascus, held a formal reception to which he invited, among other prominent Syrian leaders, many outstanding Nationalist personalities. Ponsot, as usual, would not touch on the subject of politics, but it was remarked that he had brilliantly succeeded in promoting a spirit of amity and understanding.

On the whole, the Syrian situation may be said to have made no tangible progress during the last month. Some are inclined to believe that the new French policy is to wear down the patience of the Syrians into a condition of submission.

LEBANON IN TURMOIL, PEOPLE BOYCOTT UTILITIES

The apparently insipient uprising of the students of Beirut against insufficient reductions in the price of admission to places of amusement has given rise to a movement of a

much more serious nature which has involved the whole population of the city. The immediate result was that the people awakened to the effectiveness of the boycott and applied the weapon with telling effect on foreign-controlled public utilities.

Due to the persistent refusal of the water and electric company to reduce its high rates in the face of a proposal of much lower averages which a native company offered to give for the same services, the people of Beirut, driven to desperation by what they termed the profiteering practices of foreigners, rose en masse to protest and demand redress. They declared a boycott against the traction company, and for days the street cars sped along their tracks with only armed guards as passengers. The native taxicab drivers did a thriving business, reducing their rates to even lower than those charged by the company for equal distances. And when the government attempted to restrict the operations of the taxicabs the people were further enraged and indulged in public demonstrations against which police were helpless. Many casualties occurred in the clashes. Three newspapers publishing what the government termed seditious and inflammatory utterances were suppressed. The determination of the people manifested itself so strongly that almost every home in the city was in comparative darkness, only candles and gasoline lamps being used for lighting purposes.

The contagion spread to Damascus where also a prominent local paper was suppressed for similar reasons as those of the Beirut journals.

In Tripoli, a demonstration was staged to protest the maltreatment by the Italians of the Moslem natives of Tripolitania in Northern Africa. Several casualties resulted

when the police attempted to prevent the demonstrators from marching on the Italian consulate.

Already a good deal of campaigning is being done for the coming Presidential elections which fall in Lebanon in 1932. The regular Presidential term is three years, and so far President Charles Dabbas has been elected for two successive terms. Little credence is being placed in the possibility of his reelection for a third term, and the two most prominent candidates mentioned are Emil Eddy and Bishara Khouri, both former Premiers.

ARABS OF PALESTINE TURN DOWN PARLEY

The suggestion of the British High Commissioner in Palestine that the Arabs send a delegation to London to enter into negotiations with the Colonial Office on the Palestine development scheme, involving a \$12,500,000 loan, was reported by press dispatches from Jerusalem on April 14 to have been turned down by the Arab Executive. The fear was entertained, according to a statement by an Arab leader, that the Arabs might be drawn into a round table conference with the Jews, a possibility which they would avoid. Their stand remains one of consistent non-recognition of the Balfour Declaration, and they would refuse to be inveigled into a situation which might be interpreted as an implied acceptance of that policy. In this instance, they maintain that if the questions to be discussed relate to economic and agricultural development, then the logical place for holding the conference would be Jerusalem and not London, since the British conferees would have the benefit of local experts' advice.

Jerusalem, according to press dis-

patches, was also the scene of popular demonstrations on April 23 against the reported atrocities of the Italian authorities of Cyrenaica in suppressing Moslem demonstrations. A call was issued by the Grand Mufti to attend special services in the Mosque of Omar for the victims, and the office of the Arab Executive presented to all

foreign consulates, including the Italian, copies of strongly condemnatory resolutions. The conviction prevails in some quarters that the Arabs are pursuing the wrong tactics in thus openly attacking Italy because they will lose a large amount of sympathy for their nationalistic cause which undoubtedly they enjoy among many elements in Italy.

About Syria and Syrians

FURTHER COMPLICATIONS IN ORTHODOX PATRIARCHATE

On the first of May the bishops of the Syrian Orthodox Church in America and several newspapers received cable information from Damascus that the three ranking Patriarchs of the Orthodox Church had finally given recognition to Patriarch Alexander of Damascus, conceding the legality of his election to the vacant seat of the Patriarchate of Antioch and the whole East. Closely following this announcement, however, came another cable dispatch from Patriarch Arsanianus, the other church dignitary elected to the same office, stating that the situation had not changed and promising details by mail. In view of these developments, the situation, instead of being clarified, seems to have been further complicated.

The difficulties in the question of the Syrian Orthodox Patriarchate arose upon the death of the late Patriarch Gregory IV in 1929. For two years the two principal factions in the church seemed deadlocked over the election of a successor, until early

this year a conclave convened in an attempt to put an end to the indecision. This, unfortunately, proved to add further to the complications in that the dissenting faction proceeded with its own election, giving rise to the anomalous situation of having two heads to the one body.

ANGLICAN PRIMATE VISITS JERUSALEM

Union of Anglican Protestant Church and Greek Orthodox Church Openly Discussed.

For the first time in history, a Primate of England visited Jerusalem while in office. This fact was stressed by the authorities of the Greek Orthodox Church in welcoming the Archbishop of Canterbury upon his visit to the city on April 16. He was welcomed with equal expressions of high regard by the authorities of the Armenian Church.

One of the first acts of the Primate was to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he was re-

ceived at the entrance by the acting Greek Patriarch, flanked by twelve archimandrites and twelve bishops and also the Armenian clergy. In the Katholicon, which is the Greek Orthodox section of the church, a service was held during which the acting Patriarch prayed for the King and Queen of the royal family of England as well as for the army and navy, after which the choir sang.

During the reception held later at the Patriarchate, the visiting Primate referred to the possibility of a union of the Anglican and the Eastern churches and dwelt on a statement made by the Ecumenical Patriarch at Istanbul, (supreme head of the Greek Orthodox faith), that brotherly relations existed between the Orthodox and the English Protestant Churches. An eventual union would not bring the Churches under one command but each would remain independent while maintaining the closest co-operation, he said.

"While in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I prayed to God Almighty to help us in the work undertaken in order to accomplish a union and that the committee which was appointed by the Orthodox Patriarchates of Istanbul, Alexandria and Jerusalem would be successful in its efforts to unite Anglican Protestantism and the Greek Orthodox Church," he said.

The Archbishop inspected Greek and Syriac manuscripts in the library.

Archimandrite Narcissus, a member of the Greek Holy Synod, said in an interview that the visit of the Archbishop afforded the Patriarchate the greatest pleasure. He said the Greek Orthodox Church deeply appreciated the Archbishop's work in behalf of a union of their Churches and all were hoping that it would be accomplished.

RIHANI SAILS. PRESENTED WITH LOVING CUP

Ameen Rihani, well known Syrian traveler, lecturer and author, sailed for England April 18 on his way to his native land. He plans to make a short stop in Paris to visit the French Colonial Exposition.

On April 16 the ceremony of presenting Mr. Rihani with the loving cup bought by popular subscription was held in the auditorium of the American Syrian Federation building in Brooklyn. Although invitations had been issued only to contributors with the privilege of bringing members of their families and friends, the hall was filled to overflowing.

Dr. F. I. Shatara, chairman of the committee, presided. In his introductory remarks he dwelt on the public services of Mr. Rihani during his two years' visit in America and expressed particularly the gratitude of his Palestinian countrymen to Mr. Rihani for his defense of the Arab cause.

Dr. Salim Y. Alkazin paid a touching personal tribute, and Dr. R. T. Deen, speaking in Arabic, referred to the erudition of Mr. Rihani and his fearlessness in giving expression to his political convictions.

The presentation of the cup was assigned to Mr. Salloum A. Mokarzel in his capacity of secretary of the committee. In explaining the motive behind the action, Mr. Mokarzel said that in offering the stock of Mr. Rihani's popularity on the market, it had been oversubscribed, leaving a surplus over the price of the cup which provided a moderate purse. In responding, Mr. Rihani expressed his thanks and refused the purse unless it was applied to the purchase of some of his Arabic books.

Mr. Rihani spoke in both Arabic and English. He expressed deep appreciation of the feelings of his countrymen in America, declaring that he would retain the cup as one of his most valued possessions as long as he lived, and that upon his death he would bequeath it to the National Museum in Beirut for permanent preservation. His Arabic address dealt with his conception of the broader relations that should exist among Arabic-speaking peoples.

Miss Fedora Korban, the gifted Syrian singer, gave several Arabic and English selections.

the author of an epic poem in French for which he has received the blessing of His Holiness the Pope.

Such zeal as Rev. Eid has displayed is reminiscent of the efforts of the early Christian missionaries. He is completely wedded to his work and is consumed by the desire to keep alive in this new land the finer traditions which have been our racial heritage for long centuries. The success attending his activities has been so marked that it is a pleasure to point him out as an example of modern missionary zeal.

SYRIANS OF FALL RIVER HAVE FINE NEW CHURCH

The Syrian Catholics of Fall River, Mass., can now boast one of the finest churches of its size in America, erected in record time and after a long period of dissension, through the untiring efforts of their new pastor, Rev. Joseph Eid.

A beautiful little book in Arabic and English, just published by the Syrian-American Press of New York, gives the history of the church and the multiple trials attending its erection. The account, however, fails to give full credit to the energy, zeal and tact of the modest pastor through whose efforts the work was made possible.

In less than a year Rev. Eid not only brought accord and harmony where dissension had reigned for over twenty years, but aroused sufficient enthusiasm among the community in the face of the economic depression to prosecute the work and bring it to a successful culmination.

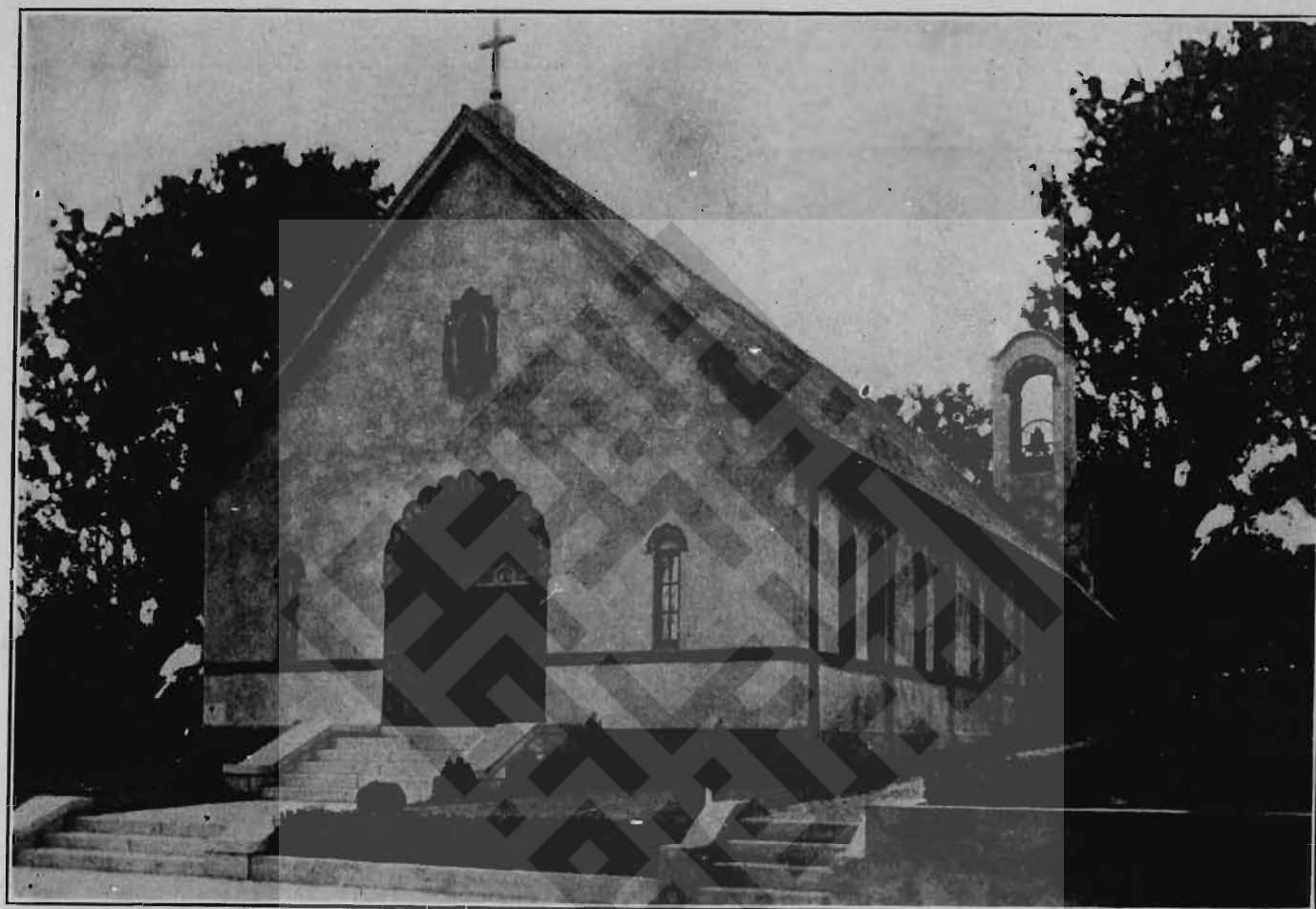
Rev. Eid is a graduate of the Maronite College in Rome and besides being a D. D. and a Ph. D., is a master of six languages. He is

PREPARATIONS FOR SECOND CARNIVAL UNDER WAY

The Lebanon League of Progress of New York has announced that its second annual festival-outing will take place this year at Bridgeport, Conn., the scene of the first and most successful carnival, but the date will be July 4 and 5 instead of labor Day. This latter date has been reserved for holding a similar carnival in the vicinity of Detroit, Mich., so as to afford the populous Syrian centers of the North the opportunity of sharing in the carnival and patriotic spirit.

It is hoped that the coming event will prove even more successful than the preceding one. Time for preparation is more ample and almost three thousand participants in the last carnival are sure to come and bring many friends, such was the enthusiasm and satisfaction over the first affair. It is expected, furthermore, that the young Syrian-American generation will be more liberally represented not only because of the varied entertainment provided as much as for the opportunity of living for a day in the charming spirit

APRIL, 1931



New Syrian Catholic Church of St. Anthony of the Desert in Fall River, Mass.

of the tradition of the old country. Folk dances, sword play, singing and all the appurtenances of a festival occasion will be in evidence. This annual event promises to become a fixed racial institution among the Syrians and Lebanese of the United States, and what must be generally admitted is that it affords an exceptional opportunity for the promotion of a spirit of good-fellowship and general good time.

The admission is \$1.00 per person for the two days. Refreshments and restaurant service will be available.

SYRAMAR GOLF CLUB TO HOLD TOURNAMENT

The fourth annual Spring Tournament of the Syramar Golf Club will be held Saturday and Sunday, May 23 and 24, at the Wolf Hollow Country Club, Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Numerous prizes have been assigned to winners of the different flights, from veterans to beginners.

The word Syramar stands for Syrian American, and the club has been in existence for over four years, meeting with steadily increasing success.

The annual election of officers was held the latter part of March, those chosen being George Tadross, President; David Malhami, Vice-President; Joseph Ghassoun, Secretary and Faris Saydah, Treasurer.

MOSQUE IN BROOKLYN

The Moslems of New York have formed a society which acquired the property at 108 Powers St., Brooklyn, and converted it into a mosque. It is the first regular Moslem place of worship in the city and was dedicated on April 28.

DR. HITTI SPEAKS AT BROOKLYN MEETING

Dr. Philip K. Hitti of Princeton was a guest on April 26 at the International Institute of the Y. W. C. A. of Brooklyn where he delivered an address on the Arabs' contribution to civilization. Dr. Hitti speaks out of a vast store of knowledge when dealing with historical topics, and in this instance he was particularly informative. A large American audience attended the lecture.

The meeting was held at St. Ann's Chapel, Clinton and Livingston Sts., Brooklyn, and was in charge of Miss Bahiya Hajjar, the Syrian associate of the Institute. The exercises also comprised Syrian national songs under the direction of Prof. Alexander Maloof.

Following the meeting, a reception was given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Hitti at the home of the Institute, 94 Joralemon St.

ST. NICHOLAS CLUB HOLDS SPRING DANCE

The St. Nicholas Young Men's Club of New York held its annual Spring dance in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn on the evening of April 18. There were about four hundred in attendance and they thoroughly enjoyed the speeches and entertainment. The music was provided by the Mediterranean Radio Broadcasters.

Mr. N. S. Sydnawey, the president, while welcoming the guests, took occasion to point out that the name of the club was adopted out of recognition of the charitable spirit of "Santa Claus," and that it did not imply any religious, much less political, affiliation.