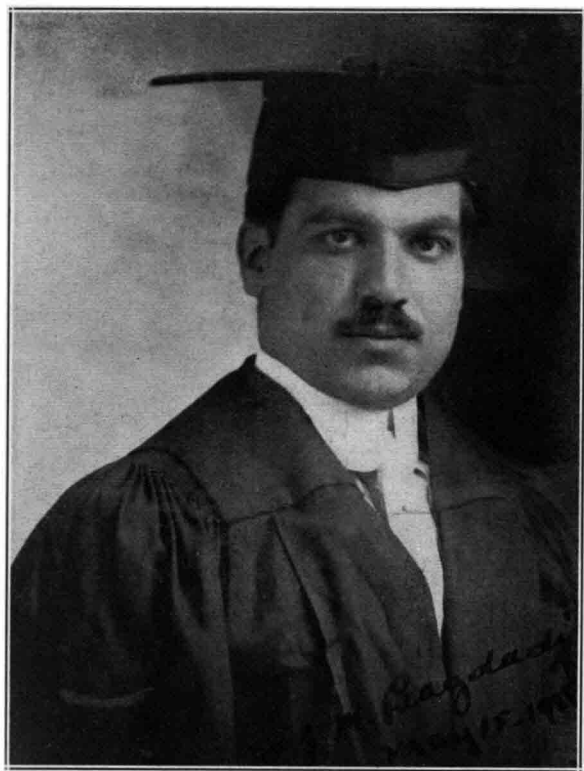


TREASURES OF THE EAST  
*The Life of Nine Oriental Countries*



*Dr. Zia M. Bagdadi*

CHICAGO, ILL.  
U.S.A.



*Mrs. Rose Russell*

To Mrs. Rose Russell, of Kenosha, Wis., I am deeply grateful for her constant co-operation in the publication of this book.

To Prof. Bishop Brown of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Horace Holley of New York, and Dr. Frank Clark of South Gate, California, I am indebted for giving their time in reviewing the manuscript. Also, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Farrand of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. E. Ebert of Kenosha, I am exceedingly grateful for their worthy suggestions and valuable help in printing this book.

DR. ZIA M. BAGDADI

## *To the Reader*

Never before has the Orient been brought to the Occident in such a condensed form and so graphically illustrated as it is in this little book. Nine countries of the East — the birth-place of inspiration and the cradle of civilization, sifted from all useless details, washed from the dross of prejudice and exaggeration, presented in the utmost simplicity — are being brought to your door, placed on the little table at your own easy rocker to read in your spare time.

All interesting scenes that a traveler can ever find, and all the knowledge and experience that he can hope to gain are recorded here in a precise and concise manner.

And whether or not you intend to travel to these Eastern countries, this work will be your serviceable guide and companion.

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## *Introduction*

My good friends were after me this summer to take a vacation. So on the morning of September 1, 1929, with a company of four, we took a boat trip on beautiful Lake Michigan.

It was a real hot day and I felt the wonderful change — away from the cage-like office in Chicago; inhaling the pure, fresh air instead of the city's dust-mixed smoke and hospital ether; listening to the gentle murmur of the waters as they constantly splashed against the boat, instead of the moans of the sick or the eloquent arguments of a persisting salesman; gazing at the turquoise waters of the great lake with the delightful coastline of Illinois, and the white-green hills of Michigan, instead of jammed sidewalks and overwhelming traffic.

While the vacationers, mostly young men and girls, were passing the time in all kinds of merrymaking, I remained in my chair and hardly moved, meditating all day long and absorbing all I could get of nature's own beauty and charm.

After the sun had set, the air turned chilly and penetrating, the lake became rather rough, and passengers gradually began to retire, some to their staterooms and others to the boat's drawing-rooms.

## TREASURES OF THE EAST

My companions urged that I should retire, too, but I excused myself and remained alone on the deck and stayed up all night.

Aside from the rhythmic humming of the engine, the murmur of the waters, and the occasional passing of a sailor, there was no sound. Suddenly I found myself submerged in a sea of thought, the door and windows of the house of my imagination were wide open, and I began to look through the eyes of visualization.

Soon the sea of thought became stormy; and larger and larger grew its waves. One wave carried me to the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, where I could see the shorelines of the European and African continents. Another wave came and took my memory by storm to invade the land of Egypt and the vast Libyan Desert. Having a naturally active mind and a restless soul, I was thrilled by these past recollections, and deeper and deeper I plunged into these old memories.

Then another wave of thought took my mind to Palestine, Transjordan, Arabia, and Syria — my native land, bringing before my eyes the beauty and sanctity of the holy cities, lifting up my soul to the charming atmosphere and most inspiring center of light.

As I was deeply absorbed in meditation, the bird of my soul snatched me across the vast Arabian desert, and romantic Baghdad — my parents' home, after a flying trip through Transjordan and Hijjaz. I then landed on Persian soil, — Persia, the Land of the Sun, the lion, roses and the nightingales.

## TREASURES OF THE EAST

I felt as if I had been lifted on 'Alá ud-Din's magic carpet, and his mysterious lamp was transforming my evening into one of the Arabian Nights. Finally, I reached the heart of central Asia, saw a glimpse of colorful India, then drifted to the new and old capitals of Turkey, and after that I was lost in the untraversed mysteries of the shores of sunrise.

As the night hours were swiftly passing by, I began to wander on the deck. The twinkling stars were disappearing one by one, and the dark horizon was brightened by the first faint light of the dawn. When the great skyscrapers of Chicago and their imposing tall towers had loomed from afar, the wheel of imagination turned its course, and my storm-tossed mind was whirled back into the atmosphere of American life.

I began to think of the sick and the despondent, the laborer and the harassed business man, the tired office girl and the professional man who never has time for recreation, the hard working housewife, and the monotonous life of the farmer, the student who is hungry for knowledge and the youthful soul that seeks romantic thrills and adventure, the lover whose eyes are separated from refreshing sleep, and the lonesome heart that yearns for the fellowship of the ideal companion.

With such soul-inspiring, pleasant old memories and such a dramatic picture in mind, the "Treasures of the East" was written as an entertainment for the adult and the youth, and a helpful companion for one who intends to go on such an extensive journey to the near and far East.

# TREASURES OF THE EAST

FROM NEW YORK TO EGYPT

AS WE sail from the harbor of New York, the greatest and most beautiful figure that bids us farewell is the Statue of Liberty, the outstanding monument of freedom.

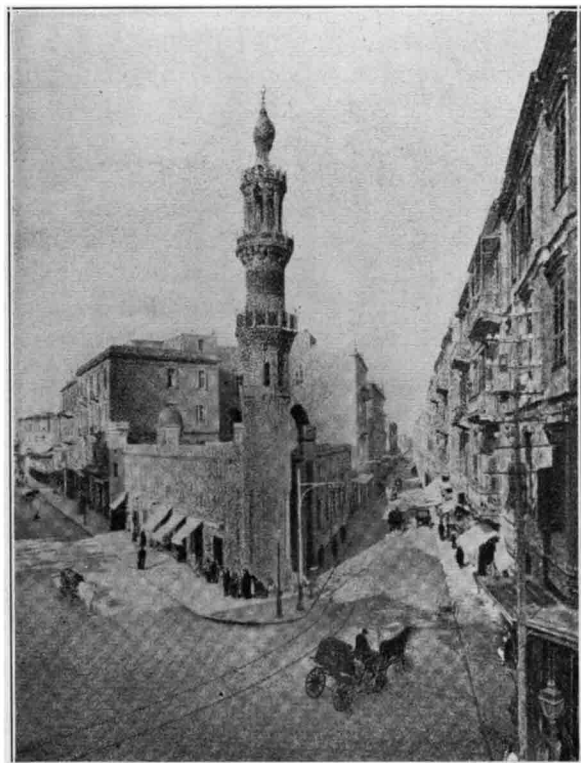
After crossing the restless Atlantic Ocean, the boat passes through the Strait of Gibraltar, which separates the continent of Europe from that of Africa. The Strait is twelve and a half miles in width. On our left lies the Spanish coast with that formidable outburst of the earth, named after a long-dead Arabian Moor, "Táriq." The Arabic name of this mountain is "Jabel Al-Táriq", the Mountain of Táriq. The name Gibraltar is derived from those two Arabic words.



Gibraltar



It is upon this mountain that Great Britain stands guard over the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea from the west. On our right lies the north African coast — the inter-



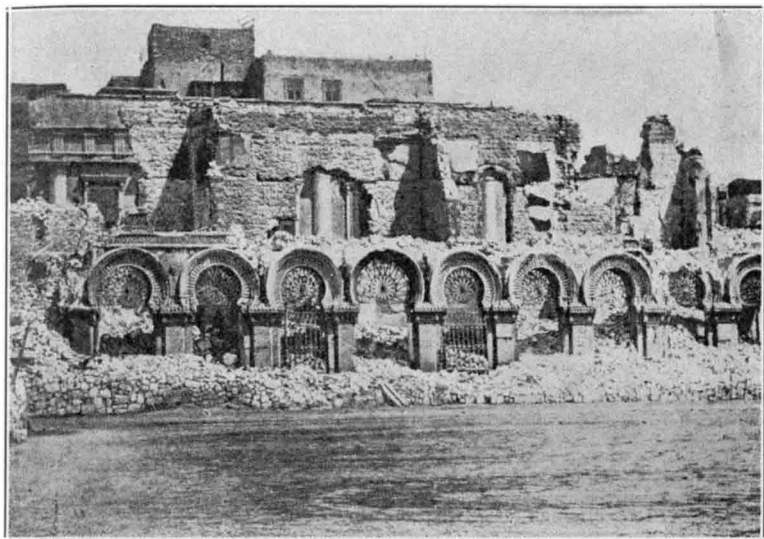
*Alexandria — Street*

national port of Tangier, the city of Ceuta, and the Riffian Hills.

Leaving the Strait of Gibraltar behind, the boat turns toward the southeast of the Mediterranean and the north-

east African coast. At last, after a jump of eighteen days from New York, we land at Egypt's famous port, Alexandria.

*ALEXANDRIA.* This large city, founded by and named after Alexander the Great in 332 B. C., was the foremost seat of learning, and was the home of many famous philoso-



*Alexandria — Ruins of the Ancient Library and Museum*

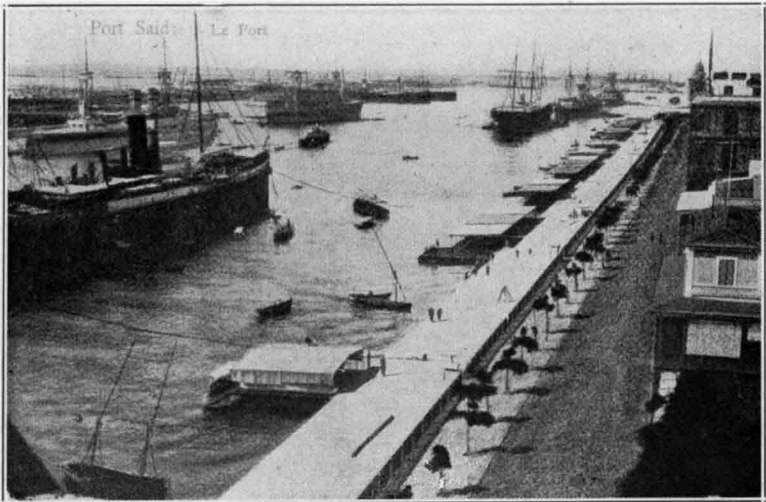
phers, such as, Ptolemy the father of Astronomy, Apollos and Barnabas the companions of St. Paul, and also of St. Mark, who wrote one of the four Gospels.

Alexandria's greatest pride was its museum and library of which but few ruins remain. Overzealous Christians and Muhammadans burned most of the books in their efforts to rout from the face of the earth all pagan writings.

Modern Alexandria is a prosperous, bustling, up-to-date

city. Many of its streets are wide and well-paved, and electricity is available. But the north section of the city, where only the natives live, one can see the real fascinating life and environment of the Orient. Ramleh, one of the city's summer resorts, is a very delightful place on the Mediterranean coast.

*EGYPTIAN CITIES.* Whether we are in Alexandria or



*Port Said*

Cairo, Jerusalem or Baghdad, the old sections and the environments of all the cities are very much alike. This is because in past ages, every city and town was either engaged in battle or being threatened with hostile invasions. They had to be built in a style that would protect them from the onslaught of constant warfares throughout the ages. Moreover, just as the Occident likes to follow new fashions, the Orient prefers the old. Therefore, when I describe what I have seen of one

Egyptian city, I am describing in a general way, the scenes of other cities, the country over.

Picture yourself walking in the heart of an Egyptian city. You will pass through wide and narrow streets, winding alleys, and markets. Though dark and crowded, nevertheless the sight of picturesque old buildings, arched walls, streams of all types of human beings in all kinds of garments, all are indeed exceedingly charming, even with all the domestic animals that are always on the streets. Here you find Egyptians, Copts, Arabs, Turks, Negroes, and Berbers.

There is the modern Egyptian wearing everything like an American except that he retains the *Tárboosh*, "Fez", on his head. But most of the natives wear white turbans, the "*Qúftán*", a simple robe with or without a coat, and shoes are heelless, soft leather slippers. There comes the "Fellah", peasant, barefooted.

The Egyptian woman on the street appears enshrouded with the "*izár*", a silk, cotton, or woolen outer covering whereby nothing of her garments can be seen, and her face is either concealed under the "*Mandíl*", veil, or else the veil is so drawn that only the long-lashed, dark eyes gleam out and remain uncovered. The poor women, barelegged like the poor men, shuffle along in heavy-soled, soft leather, heelless slippers.

"Balak! Balak!" Look out! Look out! shouts a driver on foot, as he beats his donkey, mule, or camel into the thick crowd.

*The Oriental Bazaar* may be compared to a one-story department store, extending over many blocks, with numerous owners. The city streets correspond to aisles, each one offering similar goods by competing merchants. The shopper will find silks along one street, jewelry along another, and so on. In other words, each craft has its own street.

Here are the tailors, most of whom sit on the floor without a chair or table and sew furiously. In the next street busy workers hammer at the bright copper and brass pots and



*Cairo — Grocery Store*

tall water vessels, denting beautiful patterns into them with sharp, pointed instruments struck with mallets. Tinsmiths display piles of hand-made saucepans, coffee-pots, and various hardware articles. The next street is the "Souk 'Al'Attarine",

the perfumers market. Here is the source of all the genuine perfumes and the famous Oriental spices. You do not need to ask what kind of street this is, your nose knows all about it. In the next, cobblers stitch rapidly at the native slippers, or work beautiful designs with gold and silver threads and spangles on dainty shoes for women. The next street blazes with color. Here are Jews displaying a wealth of rainbow-hued, long fringed silk shawls, gay colored jackets, skirts, and other garments, pink, blue, yellow, and red, and leather, gold-buckled belts, and gold embroidered, long, white wool or silk gowns. Then come the streets of the jewelers. Many of the shops have glass windows, displaying massive gold and silver rings, earrings, heavy gold and silver bracelets, weighty anklets, and huge necklaces. What a delightful street for women and girls! Most of the Oriental women, especially the Arabs and Egyptians, wear turquoise rings to bring them good luck.

*Mosque.* Dazzling white in the brilliant sunshine are the walls of a mosque. In the mosque you see the beautiful Egyptian and Arabian style of architecture at its best. The slender, tall "Minaret", tower, rises high above the wide dome. On entering, you pass into dark, cool shadows, a silent interior, inspiring and restful. Through the great centuries, Muhammadans have gathered here to pray five times a day — at dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset, and at eventide. Those who do not have time to go to the mosque every day, usually attend the Friday noon prayers, because it is their Sabbath. Instead of ringing a bell, the people hear the "Muezzín", who, from the balcony of the minaret, calls them by a special chant.

"*The Hammam*", the public or Turkish bath, is a very interesting building throughout all Eastern countries. It con-

sists of a carved marble portal leading into a hall floored with marble or tiles. Its door is open for men until noon, to women in the afternoon. The fair ones flock to it with their children, carrying bundles of their clean garments and lunch baskets, for it is their lounge, their club, their glimpse of social life, their gossip exchange. I can never forget my last bath with my mother when I was at the age of six. "Give



Cairo — *The Interior of the Mosque*

me your hand, son, I am afraid you may fall, because it is too slippery here." I protested, because I thought it embarrassing for me to be led like a baby before all the women and children. However, she grabbed my hand and in two paces she slipped and fell on top of me. As she was heavy and weighed about 240 pounds, I surely felt the weight, and a surgeon had to sew her scalp wound.

"*The Qahwa*", coffee-shop, to the Egyptian is more than

the ice cream parlor or saloon to the American. Imagine the Egyptians of all classes and ages, inside and outside the coffee-shop, seated on benches or low chairs against the wall and around little tables, conversing, playing cards, dominoes, "Dama", a game like checkers with dice. They hold tiny cups of black coffee in their hands and drink it slowly. Many smoke the "Narghile", water pipe.

In better establishments, one often finds an orchestra with men and women playing music, singing and dancing for the customers. The musicians play on a big guitar, a drum called "Tábl", a long drum, the "Derbakka" — similar to an Indian tom-tom, a tambourine, and a lyre called "Ud", "Nai", flute, and "Kamengeh", fiddle.

*The dancing girl* moves on her toes, but barely raises them from the platform. In her hands she holds a silk handkerchief behind her head, or waves it occasionally in the air. But feet and hands, legs and arms do not enter much into the dance. She performs chiefly with the muscles of her neck, breast, abdomen, and hips. All her artistic motions keep time with the music, while her companions clap their hands and cheer. The eyes of the interested spectators sparkle as they gloat on the dancer's charms and movements. To them she is the poetry of motion, and they watch with appreciative silence.

Here, too, is the professional story-teller, the letter writer, the snake charmer, and the fakir.

In large towns and cities, amusements are more varied. Here American moving pictures are shown, and traveling circuses are found.

*The refreshment vendor* is the soda fountain that moves in all the Oriental streets. As he makes his way through the crowded streets ringing his bell or rattling two brass saucers,



children and thirsty merchants, who cannot leave their shops to go to the drinking fountain, buy a cooling drink from the clay or glass jar, or goatskin bag with the shining brass nozzle.



*Egyptian Dancer*

*Egyptian Women.* How little the outside world knows about them. Generally speaking, the Egyptian woman is distinguished by her erect bearing and delicately chiseled features. She is dignified and never loses her temper. She is

humble, and to her, life brings nothing unusual. In her words and deeds, she uses the Arabic word, "Málesh", meaning, that is all right, never mind, matters not. She believes in "Kismet", fate and destiny, and is, therefore, very contented. But on the other hand, the Egyptian and all Oriental women have one great pleasure, namely, the diversion of wearing jewelry. To them jewelry represents real prosperity and wealth. That is why there are more jewelry shops in Cairo than in any other city of its size in the world. There are reasons outside of vanity why popular taste runs to jewelry. The Muhammadan law forbids lending money at interest. The countryman is suspicious of banks. There are no industrial enterprises to attract investment. Therefore, savings are either buried in the ground or invested in jewelry.

An Egyptian heiress may carry her entire fortune displayed in the form of solid gold and silver bracelets, anklets, and rich festoons which, when strung from neck and shoulder, descend in opulent strings upon the person. The poorer countrywomen, of course, must content herself with cheaper ornaments.

Misinformed writers and certain self-interested fanatic missionaries have always branded the Orientals as bigamists and the women as slaves. The truth is that the women of today are occupying a commanding place in Egypt and in most of the Oriental countries. For the law in Egypt "permits the wife to do with her assets whatever she pleases without consulting her husband, who in such matters has no greater rights than any perfect stranger".

There are several American states and various European countries which even now refuse to honor the signature of a married woman. On the other hand, the husband of an Egyptian woman cannot sell or incumber his wife's property and cannot hold her responsible for debts, and under the law

she can do without his signature anything that suits her pleasure in regard to her personal property.

Moreover, the Bahá'í Egyptian women enjoy equal rights with men, because the equality of the sexes is one of the basic principles of the Bahá'í Movement.

The Muhammadan law of marriage is, "Marry of the women what you please, two, three, or four, but if you are just, then marry only one". This law was given to the people when men used to marry without any limit to the number of wives. Of course, the old kings and the idle rich can afford to marry more than one. However, this custom is rapidly vanishing in all Oriental countries with the exception of some tribes who inhabit the African and Arabian deserts, whose very existence depends on manpower, and, therefore, every man believes he must have many sons.

*Mode of Egyptian Living.* Egypt possesses no copper, no iron ore, no forests, no precious minerals or metals, no coal, and is practically rainless. Though only one-fourth of Egypt (12,000 square miles) is capable of cultivation, yet 14,000,000 are happily thriving within its boundaries. This is because Egypt is the most perfect and extensive farming land that the world has yet seen. The country presents a spectacle of three uniformities — climate, soil, moisture. While the American farmer gambles with nature and the weather, the Egyptian is free from worrying about rain storms, say nothing about frost, and is, today, the world's principal producer of long staple cotton.

Besides the annual overflowing of the Nile, 1,000 miles long, flooding its agricultural plains, bestowing moisture and fertility, the great stone Dam of Aswan is able to supply the whole valley with the necessary water during the dry season.

From two to three and a half acres represents the average Egyptian farm, and all tillage is done by hand. The "Fellah",

peasant, plants his staple foods — corn, sweet potatoes, and so on, which grow the year round. In the matter of diet and agricultural technique, he stands just about where his ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. For example, the threshing of grain in Egypt today is done precisely as it was five thousand years ago. Likewise the modern Egyptian plow is the same as it was before Biblical times. The plowing is accomplished with bullock or camel-drawn wooden implements. The implement is guided by a single, wooden, upright arm, and the operator walks by the side of the plow.

How strange it must seem to the American farmer to see a people who for five thousand years have never lost their customs and methods. Just imagine the half-naked peasant with his ox-drawn wooden plow, his primitive threshing-floor, sowing seeds and lifting water by hand, sweating in the African sun, and attacking the soil like a busy ant.

The tenant farmer usually leases a piece of land for two or three years. The owner furnishes seed and work animals, and takes his share of the crop. Cotton, sugar-cane, corn, wheat, dates, rice, and sweet potatoes are among the staples. Water-buffaloes, camels, and oxen, are the chief work animals on the farm. Most of the horses and donkeys in Egypt are owned by the townspeople.

Let us now pause for a moment and watch the Egyptian working on his farm, scratching the earth with his crude hoe. Look at his boy or girl of eight leading the ox in the field. The children, too, herd goats and sheep and aid in cotton-picking.

Although many motor-driven pumps are in use, on account of the scarcity and high price of gasoline, the average farmer must water his little patch of land with the "Jaduf", a primitive balancing apparatus wherein a long pole with a

rock weight on one end and a pail on the other, is used to lift water from the canals.

Now let us return to the business section of the city and watch the Egyptian business man. In Egypt the shopkeeper sits, the opera singer sits, the merchant and tradesmen sit, business is not done in an office, but sitting in a coffee-shop. His motto is, "the spirit of speed and hurry-going comes from the devil, while the spirit of going slow comes from the merciful Lord".

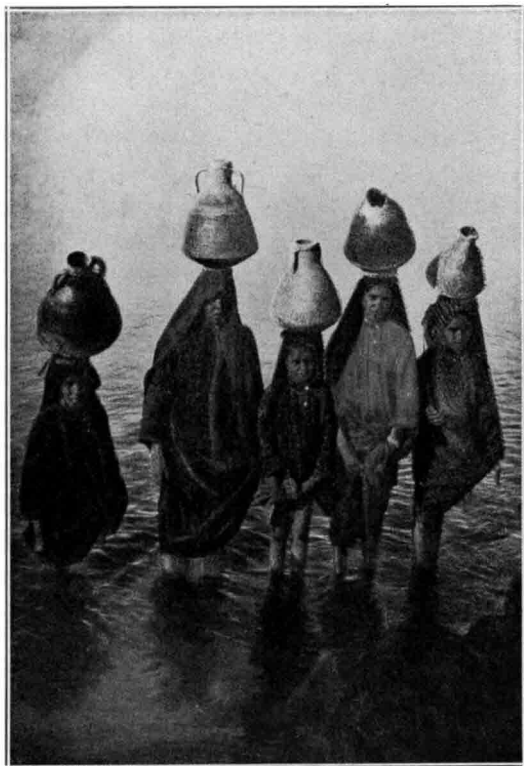
The kings and armies of the Shepherds, Thebians, Ethiopians, Assyrians, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, French, and Turks have attacked and plundered the land, and the Egyptians had to watch with the patience of Job and the Sphinx. Indeed, the Egyptian has learned how to sit through every storm and emerge as much an Egyptian as he ever was. Though the Persian conquest, about 521 B. C., ended the period of native rule, the mental and physical aspects of the modern Egyptian are exactly as in the days of the Pharaohs, except that in those old days his ancestors worshiped everything but God, now through his prophet Muhammad, he has become a believer in God, Jesus, and Moses, and the Biblical prophets.

Although today Egypt has its own king, it is still under the British protection.

Turning our eyes away from the business section of the city and looking toward the Nile, we see a native girl walking along the banks of the great river. She is erect as an arrow, slim-limbed, barefooted, carrying herself in all the unconscious dignity of her ancient race. Her toes, like her fingers, are stained with henna. On her head she carries a water jar. About her little form flows the black folds of the loose, primitive robe. When she glances at you from over the rim of her veil, with the most wonderful, lustrous, long-lashed,

brown eyes — eyes set under heavy, straight brows, then you realize the peerless eyes and eyebrows of old Egypt.

One of the most pleasant ways to travel on the Nile is



*Egypt — Daughters of the Nile*

by the “Dahabiyeh”, Golden, steam or sailboats. They are comfortable and luxurious.

Before starting on our way to see other cities and the wonderful treasures of Egypt, it is necessary to refresh the

memory with a wee bit of the geography and history of the land.

*Egypt* or "The Black Earth", so named by the old inhabitants to distinguish it from the dazzling Libyan Desert, is a long fruitful valley which the Greeks called "A gift of the Nile", because it owes its very existence to that celebrated river.

Geographically, this valley of the Nile was divided into three parts. First, Upper Egypt, where the vast and striking ruins of Thebes are found, with their gigantic statues and columns, their colossal sphinxes, and the tombs of the kings. Secondly, Middle Egypt. Here are the great Pyramids which to this hour are gazed upon with amazed awe as the very miracles of architectural science. Thirdly, Lower Egypt with its ancient metropolis, Alexandria. Two branches of the Nile enclose Lower Egypt, and together with the sea, give it the triangular form whereby it derives its name, Delta.

Egypt was civilized and knew culture of fine arts and science when cave men were yet clubbing their prey and eating it raw on the continent of Europe.

*Cairo*. Now let us go to Cairo which is only 130 miles from Alexandria. Cairo is the Capital of Egypt where King Fouad now rules. It is located at the head of the Nile Delta and considered to be the largest city, not only in Egypt, but in all Africa. It combines the ancient and the modern style in everything.

While there, I stopped at Shepherd Hotel, an establishment well-known to tourists.

A splendid view of Cairo may be had from the Mokattám hills which lie to the southwest of the city. In the foreground is the great mosque of M. 'Ali Pasha.

The famous mosque and University of Al-Azhar, the

chief seat of learning and center of political thought of the Muhammadans, is located in this city.

About the first thing a tourist does on arrival in Cairo is to prepare to leave for the Great Pyramids at Gizeh.

*The Great Pyramids and Sphinx.*

In all Egypt there are some 170 pyramids, but the great-



Cairo — Railway Station

est and the largest is the one built by King Cheops at Gizeh. They begin immediately south of Cairo and continue south at various intervals for 70 miles.

I considered myself very fortunate, indeed, for having a true native Egyptian, Riád Effendi Salim, who was a university student, as my guide and companion on my first visit to the Great Pyramid in 1909.

This marvelous monument is 450 feet high and measures



about 704 feet on each side of its base. The interior of the Pyramids contain narrow passages, halls, and chambers, and served as the burial place of the kings who caused them to be constructed. The entrances to these Pyramids are raised considerably above the level of the base and blocked by a portcullis of granite, so as to be inaccessible on ordinary occasions. In the Great Pyramid of Cheops, the entrance is



Cairo — Celebration of the Sacred Carpet Festivals

47 feet 6 inches above the base. It took the labor of 100,000 workmen for forty years to have it built. It required about 2,300,000 separate blocks of stone, averaging more than two and a half tons each in weight. The stones, therefore, in the Great Pyramid would load 115,000 American steel gondola cars of 100,000 pounds capacity. In other words, the train make-up of the material in the Great Pyramid would require a solid freight train from Chicago to Philadelphia. These

heavy stones were quarried, transported across the Nile Valley, heaved up into place on the edge of the plateau marking the beginning of the Libyan Desert, and laid so true in the



*Cairo — Street and Mosque*

structure that the blade of a knife cannot find its way into the crevices between the blocks. Indeed, the Great Pyramids are the most stupendous monuments ever constructed by man. They have stood the centuries and ages as a monument to

the engineering skill of the early Egyptians, reflecting 5000 years of history.

The Pyramid of Cheops is the lure of Mother Egypt. In addition to the romance and mystery of Egypt's mighty past, expressed on every hand by colossal statues and ancient customs, there is the elusive charm of the East and the soft



*Egypt — The Great Pyramid and Sphinx*

coloring in pastel shades at eventide which give to the Occidental visitor a never-to-be-forgotten impression of the Land of the Nile.

Now let us go about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid to see the Sphinx.

*The Sphinx.* This famous monument, hewn out of the natural rock, is still wearing an impressive expression of strength and majesty. It was probably in the beginning an

enormous rock shaped like a lion, and the engineers, while building the tomb of King Khafa, noticed the similarity and improved it, carving the face in the likeness of their ruler, the figure implying the union of physical and intellectual force. The Sphinx is about 56 feet high and measures 172 feet 6 inches at the base.

The feet of the mysterious Sphinx are now on exhibition for the first time in forty years. The Egyptian government has undertaken the mighty task of clearing away some of the mountain of sand that has drifted around the famous statue.

*The Valley of the Kings.* The next important place to visit in Egypt is the Valley of the Kings, in which the tomb of King Tutenkhamen was discovered by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, with its royal furnishings intact.

The Valley of the Kings, "the cities of the dead", and the Pyramids are on the west bank of the Nile. Ancient Egyptians liked to bury their dead on the west bank where their Sun-God went to sleep. On the contrary, the Caliphs, who were Muhammadan conquerors of Egypt, did not believe in such superstitions, and, therefore, they built their cemetery near Cairo.

The train leaves from Cairo at 8:30 p. m. for Luxor. It arrives at 9 o'clock the next morning. Here you cross the Nile in a small boat. The donkey would be waiting on the far side to take you to the tomb of Tutenkhamen.

The official opening of King Tutenkhamen's tomb was on February 18, 1923. Among the most distinguished visitors were Her Majesty, Elizabeth, the Queen of Belgium, Lord Allenby, Lord Carnarvon and his niece, and Dr. J. M. Hall, the American Minister to Egypt. This was the scene: Steep steps led down to an incline which ended at the iron gate of the antechamber. Behind the iron gate, the antechamber alone contained 167 objects of importance. There was a life-

size figure of the king himself, attending as a guard at the gate, a gilt mace in one hand and a long gilt staff in the other. On the other side of the way, two more figures of the king appeared, standing on either side of the entrance of the inner chamber, and facing each other. There was a large funeral bouquet, a casket containing the king's raiment, a box or



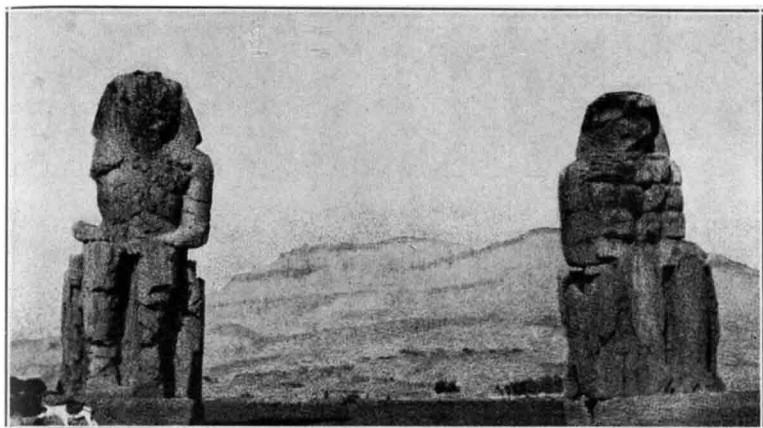
*Egypt — Ancient Temple*

linen chest containing the king's undergarments, a couch, a stool of ebony and ivory mounted with gold, the king's throne plated with gold and silver and studded with precious stones, four royal chariots, a tray of preserved meats and poultry, three alabaster vases filled with perfumes, and other ornaments. The inner chamber contained the precious gold and bejeweled sarcophagus, decorated in the utmost perfection.

The mummies of all royal and noble Egyptians were en-

closed in several coffins, the innermost being carved in the likeness of the deceased.

He who wishes to see the largest hall in any temple of the world, let him visit the ruins of the great temple at Karnak. It measures 50,000 square feet. The roof, which has now fallen in, was supported by 134 columns in 16 rows. The larger columns, in the middle, are 33 feet in circumference and 80 feet high. And he who wishes to see the larg-



*Egypt — The Colossi of Memnon — Thebes, Egypt*

est statues in the world, let him visit the two sandstone images of King Rameses II at Simbel, which are more than 65 feet high, King Amenhotep III, the colossi of Memnon, rising 65 feet above the ground and measuring 20 feet across the shoulders.

**A VISIT TO THE BIG GAME COUNTRY.** South of Sudan, in central Africa, is the big game country. Khartoum, the capital of Sudan, is 1000 miles south of Cairo. This vast country is inhabited by the negroes. There are more than one

hundred million negroes in Africa. Many of them who have intermarried with Arabs and Egyptians and other races have advanced in every way. In fact, wherever there is freedom



*Statue of King Rameses II, Pharaoh of Egypt*

and no prejudice, the colored people have shown their capacity and efficiency in no way less than other races.

As we go farther south up the Nile, we approach central Africa. The natives in these wild regions live easily. They

seem to wish for nothing that is not free and under their hand. They live in grass and mud huts, and most of them go naked to the waist. Some of them have fine herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. They eat the sheep and the goats, but they use the cattle for currency. So many cows buys a wife. You can buy a nice, plump young wife for not more than ten cows, but the thin girl is much cheaper there. They find amusement in having children, hunting, fishing, decorating their bodies, singing, and dancing. In the African native village you see wild dancing and hear the sound of the tom-tom. Men and women dance and sing together. These dances are given on the first moonlight nights immediately following the rains.

This is what they call dancing: A wide-flung circle of black bucks starts the movement. They make a terrible din, beating gourds, horns, pieces of hard wood, singing and shouting in unison. As they sing, they dance furiously, stiff-legged, with feet wide apart. They shake and shimmy their shoulders and arms. They are naked except at the waist. Their bodies and legs are painted in patterns. They have feathers in their hair. They sing and dance a verse, then repeat a chorus. One of their songs is something like, "Yangaboni — Eftikala. Raga-doni — Banga-Wala. Kiva-viva, vexo-vetti. Bango-Bango, Zino-Zetti." And the chorus, "E-ya! Bola-Bola! Wiggle-Wiggle walk." This is how it sounds, but I wish I knew what it means in the African language.

Around and around they circle at high speed and with roaring hubbub. This dance begins with the rising of the moon and ends with its setting.

Leaving the village of central Africa's natives, and continuing our journey in the midst of the big game country, we see hundreds of hippos peeping at us from the water, little hippos riding on their mothers' backs. On the bank of the



river we see fierce-looking crocodiles, sunning themselves lazily. We see storks and cranes, herons, eagles and hawks, ducks, pelicans and scores of other wild birds that we cannot name. We see swarms of all kinds of insects. The natives at night hold a torch over a hole in the ground. The light attracts the hordes of flying insects which are scorched and drop in. When the hole is filled, the feast begins. The natives eat them as you would eat pop corn or peanuts!

Among the dreadful insects is the tsetse fly, the bite of which causes sleeping sickness. It is a little larger than the ordinary house fly. When one is bitten by this fly, it means certain death. The natives call it "Doo-Doo".

Troops of giant baboons and monkeys are found along creeks and thick jungles in these wild regions. They are gray in color, about 4 feet high and weigh about 100 pounds.

The most relentless hunter will not shoot a monkey or baboon, if he can possibly avoid it. When shot, they cry like babies and try to tear the bullet out of the wound with their hands — a distressing sight!

When a couple of old monkeys see you, they bark at you as dogs, then vanish from your sight, only to return with a regiment of their neighbors. If they become too noisy and try to come near you, fire your gun in the air and watch them run away frightened to death.

**LION HUNTING.** Going farther south in these wild regions, we stop at the resthouses which are mud huts surrounded by stockades of saplings to keep out prowling animals. Here the days are very hot, and the nights are rather cool and windy.

Imagine the spectacle of animals within the radius of a few hundred yards of you, grazing peacefully, such animals as you usually see in the zoo. Just imagine, for example, a herd of giant zebras standing still and staring at you.

Lion hunting requires a native guide, a good gun, and a good deal of courage and patience. Also a bait, because lions must be baited. The hunter usually shoots a zebra for the lion's bait.

After preparing the lion's bait, you have to build for yourself a "Boma", a shelter. A Boma is a tiny fort made of thorn bushes in the form of a complete circle, where you sit up all night with the bait in front of you and wait for the lion to come along and settle down to the banquet. Once in the Boma you must be as still as death itself. Of course that is easy for an hour or so. But not to speak, not to stir, for hours, is a different task.

The first time you hear the terrifying roars of the beast an indelible impression will be made — those dreadful, coughing, choking, threatening, insolent, thundering, earth-shocking roars. One who has never heard a lion roar on the plains of Africa has not heard the most awe-inspiring sound in all the world.

You have to turn out at three or four in the morning to catch the lion on the bait at the first flush of daylight. You have to remember the cold fact that a lion charges furiously when wounded, and he moves with startling speed. All hunters agree that the lion can overtake any human being or animal in a race of 80 yards or less. For that distance he is the swiftest beast alive. The hunter and the lion have to fight it out before sunrise, and only one of the couple is going to enjoy his breakfast.

As you turn out at that early hour, your guide may whisper the alarm to you excitedly, "Simba! Simba!", the lion! the lion! You take a good aim and you fire. Should you miss or only wound him, your guide or companions must act quickly and empty their guns on the enraged king of the beasts.

My advice is that every hunter should let the shot lion have another bullet before coming close to him. Even if the lion seems to be fatally wounded or dead, it is better to play safe.

I know of a sad instance when an Arab went too close to a lion he had shot, shouting, "You lion of the desert, shame on you, shame on you, you should be called the dog of the desert!" As he went closer and tried to give him a slap on the face, the wounded lion grabbed the thoughtless Arab by the neck, and in less than a minute there was the dead beast and under him just a heap of human flesh and crushed bones.

#### CROSSING THE LIBYAN DESERT

Few, indeed, are those who have crossed the great Libyan Desert and returned safely. The long hazardous distance, intense heat, scarcity of water, and sand storms, explain why so many travelers and explorers never returned to tell the story. However, the distance from Cairo to El'Abeid, on the southwest border of Egypt, — the farthest oasis of the desert, covers more than 2500 miles by camels and horses, with only a few oases between the two points.

From the town of Sallum on the Mediterranean, the journey starts southward to Siwa, a distance of nine days. The next stop after Siwa is Jaghub, the great educational center of the Senusi Sect. From here to Jalo is eight days, and from Jalo to Kufra is 18 days. From here to El'Abeid is about five months, the hardest part of the journey.

*THE DWELLERS OF THE DESERT.* The Libyan Desert is inhabited in the north by Bedawi (Bedouin) Arabs. The Arabic word, Bedawi, means the "dweller of the desert" as contrary to the "dweller of the city".

In America a Sheik (Shaykh) means something very terrible and fascinating; but 90 per cent of the Shaykhs of the

desert are as unlikely to run away with a beautiful lady as the same per cent of the idle-rich in the Occidental countries. The word Shaykh in Arabic means "an old man — the chief of a tribe — the head of a religion".

The chief occupation of the dwellers of the desert is the cultivation of date palms, olive trees, the production of olive oil, and the collection of ostrich feathers and ivory. These goods they trade with merchants from Egypt, Tripoli, and other African provinces.

Connected with the desert are the Senusi Arabs — a sect of the Muhammadan religion, embracing all the tribes of these regions. Its founder, Sidi Muhammad ibn 'Ali El-Senusi, came from Algeria a little more than a hundred years ago. He established a university at Jaghbug and preached a very primitive and pure form of Islam, shorn of all luxuries. The devotees were not even allowed to drink coffee or smoke, and up to a few years ago, the man caught smoking was severely punished, often to the extent of having one of his hands cut off. They refuse to let foreigners enter their country, for they say foreigners mean domination, domination means slavery and paying taxes, and they want to avoid both.

*THE DESERT GUIDE.* It is very interesting to watch the guide of the caravan who walks ahead. Compare him with your compass to see him going in that vast desert without wavering or deviating a yard from the right course. During the day the guide uses his own shadow for a compass, and at night, the stars.

*WATER AND FOOD.* Two or three glasses would be sufficient for one man a day. A horse requires from one-half to one goatskinful of water a day. A camel, the most patient animal, can remain without water from three to seven days and without food from seven to fourteen days. On march

the camel is more patient and goes best with his load of 300 to 600 pounds when his driver sings. Grass and barley are given to him, but when these are not obtainable, they give him two handfuls of dried dates twice a day. The camel is serviceable up to 25 years of age and is valued at from \$50 to \$100.



*With the Ship of the Great Desert*

The food for the traveler in the desert consists of rice, bread, dates, butter (in liquid form) made from sheep's milk. The stand-by of the desert traveler is tea which he drinks very hot, very strong, and very sweet. This of course will keep him rather awake and act as a real tonic. As it is said: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do", I say, when in the desert, eat and drink the same as the dwellers of the desert.

Every climate requires its own special diet and attire.

*THE DESERT SAND STORM.* The desert is usually very calm with occasional breezes, which become stronger and stronger. Then gradually the sand looks as if it had been fitted with pipes emitting steam. When the sand rises as high as a man's head, it becomes distressing and probably dangerous if you have to face it.

You have to keep moving. To stop means to be drowned in the sand. Even the camels know this, and in the severest storms they keep on moving slowly.

After such severe wind bombardment, the storm and wind stop dead as when you stop the engine of your car. Then the air clears, and everything calms down.

*Leaving Egypt for Palestine.* A through train, "The Milk and Honey Express", goes from Cairo to Palestine, starting from El-Kantara at the Suez Canal, pushing forward through the sand and the desert levels of the Sinai Peninsula. The road penetrates Palestine and traverses the fertile plains of Gaza. From Ludd a branch climbs the mountains to Jerusalem, 200 miles from the Suez Canal. The main line, running through the generally fertile and level area between the mountains and the Mediterranean Sea, has its terminal at the seaport of Haifa, beneath the stately slopes of Mount Carmel.

As we cross the wilderness, our sympathy goes back to the children of Israel who wandered here for forty years. But today we can make this journey (from Egypt to Jerusalem) in less than twelve hours.

### PALESTINE — THE HOLY LAND.

Palestine lies between the Mediterranean Sea and the valley of the River Jordan, extending 145 miles from north to south with an average breadth of 50 miles. Being at the end of Asia, the beginning of Africa, and a close neighbor to

Europe, Palestine stands in the center of the world and is the heart of the realm of religion. It is the world's richest country in religious monuments and sacred places. It is the most hallowed country in the three great religions—Jewish, Christian, and Muhammadan. It is more a treasure house of spirituality, poetry, and mystery than of industry or commerce.

Of Palestine's 761,000 inhabitants more than three-quarters are Muslim Arabs. The remaining less than a quarter is composed about equally of Christians and Jews.

The struggle among the different religions and sects for its possession has run through the ages. Now the British mandate has gone forth since the end of the great war that the followers of all faiths shall live peacefully in that little corner of the earth. Nevertheless, since my last visit to Palestine at the end of the great war, it has been ripe with Arab and Jewish discontent. Bloody clashes now and then take place between the two factions with the result of a huge loss in life and property. Were it not for the strong arms and wise diplomacy of Great Britain, the situation would have been more serious, which probably would have led to the extermination of the Palestinian Jew.

What is the cause of trouble between Arab and Jew? The Arabs feel that they have been living in Palestine for many centuries and form more than three-quarters of the population. Therefore, they resent being dominated by the newcomers, the Jews. On the other hand, according to Hebrew prophecies and promises the Jews are to return to Palestine, therefore the Zionists are determined to make it their national home and are confident to change it into a land of "milk and honey".

As it is now, Palestine is a country in triplicate. Postage stamps, street signs, telegraph blanks, and all official communications are printed in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. To

be efficient, the storekeeper, the professional man, the working man, the policeman, and almost everybody must know how to speak the three languages.

There is another amazing condition. Muslim Arabs celebrate Friday, Jews close their stores on Saturday, and Christians observe Sunday. Three different holidays in one week.

The Muslim, Christian, and Jew, each one follows and imitates his ancestors respectively. He holds fast to old traditions and rituals which have nothing to do with the pure foundation of religion. These being different from others naturally lead to differences and differences lead to quarrels. Therefore, the Jew here is not happy. The Christian is not happy. The Muslim is not happy. The only happy people in that turbulent land is the Bahá'í community, because it accepts the three religions alike and is at peace with all of them.

As we pass in through the cities of Palestine and glance at the big clock, we would notice Roman letters on the dial, the hands indicating 5:46 p. m. As we move on and glance back we would read in Arabic figures on another face of the same clock that it is 12:00 o'clock, which is sunset. According to Oriental clocks and watches, 12:00 o'clock means sunset, even as the Occident takes it for noon.

In America and other western countries, one meets people daily for years without knowing their religious beliefs. This is impossible in Palestine. Be he Occidental or Oriental, every man's religion is known to all and also the fidelity with which he carries out the old traditions supposed to be imposed by his faith.

**PALESTINE TOWNS.** Suppose we are now visiting in the heart of Jerusalem or any of Palestine's ancient towns. The houses we see are built of lime or sandstones, flat or domed roofed, and lattice windowed. The streets are pic-



turesquely narrow and most of them are paved with cobblestones with here and there an impressive arch thrown across and supporting a room-alcove.

In the "Souk" or market (bazaar) the stores are so small that the customer stands outside to examine or buy the goods. Here are rows of jewelry shops where the silversmiths work, cross-legged, producing from the crude gold and silver metals, bracelets, rings, and other elaborate ornaments.

Here are the butchers trying to sell all their sheep meat before closing. In the Oriental countries there are no cold storage or ice boxes for meat. Therefore, all cattle and poultry are freshly killed and must be immediately consumed.

Here are the coffee-shops where young and old men sit to drink black coffee, smoke the "Narghile", play games, and enjoy gossip.

In the next street are sweetmeat shops where you see large trays of "Baklawas", the favorite Oriental dessert, a combination of almond and walnut stuffed cake and pastry, baked richly in butter and sugar syrup, and cut into diamond-shaped pieces:

Here we see a legless grand piano or a three hundred pound sack of flour advancing toward us as if propelled by an unseen force. Closer investigation reveals that it is borne on the bent back of a "Hammal", porter, partly on his shoulders and partly on a kind of padded cushion on his back, and kept in place by a rope fastened around the head. These native Hammals (porters) have extraordinary strength.

Now we hear a voice shouting, "Oh-'Ah! Oh-'Ah!, Dah-rak! Dah-rak!" "Look out! Look out! Your back! Your back!" That is the donkey driver calling, which, of course, means for us to let him pass. Then he shouts to his animal, "Ha-Ha!" that means, "Gidie-up!"

The Oriental traffic policeman has a very hard job. I

hardly believe that one person could be found in all Ireland who would be willing to take it, unless he has the patience of Job. The policeman's problems are not simple, because in addition to a population that insists on walking in the middle of the road, he controls flocks of sheep and goats that travel at one mile an hour, laden camels at two and a half, local carts at four, and so on up to the speed of automobiles.

*PALESTINE VILLAGES* are the homes of agriculturists. Unlike American farmers, those of Palestine live in huddled hamlets and till their many small patches of land scattered round about them.

Most of the houses are located on mountains and hills and are built of stones with stone walls three or four feet thick like a small castle, concrete or stone for the flat or domed ceiling and roof, and stone flags for the pavement. Aside from a heavy wooden door hung on iron hinges with wooden lock and key, and an iron-barred window, stone and mortar are the only building materials used.

*IS PALESTINE, "THE UNCHANGING EAST", CHANGING?*

As in Egypt, so it is in Palestine. The "Medani" Arab, "the dweller of the city", is gradually changing to modernism. But with the "Bedawi" (Bedouin) Arab, "the dweller of the desert", including the shepherd who leads a nomadic life, it is the same as it was during the days of King David and Biblical times.

*MEN AND WOMEN OF PALESTINE.* Most of the townsmen are more or less adopting the European style of clothing, but retain the "Fez", or "Tárboosh", and the turban.

The Hungarian Jews wear long coats of velvet and fur trimmed caps. Long curls hang on either side of the face. A Bokharan Jew wears silk robes of many colors.

The Jewish women wear a long ornamented handkerchief fringed with lace over the head. The Muslim women wear "izâr" — two outer garments fastened at the waist by draw cords; one covers the skirt and the other the shoulders and head. A "Mandíl", a veil, little larger than a man's handkerchief, which comes over the forehead and hangs to the chest, completely hides the face. This veil is sometimes black, sometimes white, and occasionally figured silk or muslin.

From time to time we pass a Bedawi, who always bears himself with an air of distinction. Arab dress, indeed, has peculiar charm and dignity. He passes with easy stride of one accustomed to the vast deserts, and his head is well set upon his shoulders. His women are easily distinguished by their plaits of hair, generally black, but sometimes dyed with henna. Their faces and hands are often tattooed. Their long, blue, attractively embroidered gowns, with sleeves falling to the feet, are hitched up at the waist for ease in walking.

The village women always cover their hair. Sometimes under their veils they wear a close-fitting cap surmounted by gold coins and other heavy ornaments.

There are few sights more picturesque than the peasant women walking with the grace of a queen, carrying to market on their heads, fruits, vegetables, milk, eggs, and live chickens.

Among the women who come in from the villages at sunrise with their produce, dark red and blue dresses are the favored colors. A long, white, embroidered veil streams backward from the bronzed face. In addition to the big basket of food on the head, many a woman has a baby upon her back. Of course, after everything is sold, she returns to her village to prepare the evening meal.

At wedding time, the dark blue work-a-day dress of an

Arab bride of Palestine gives way to a heavy white linen dress embroidered in green, red, and orange. The rows of gold and silver coins sewed to the cap-like headgear in front denote her married state and must not be removed except in dire necessity. Her capacious veil, which covers all of the headdress save the coins, may be taken off at home but not in public.

*The Shepherds of Palestine.*

Although steam and motors are gradually supplanting the camel and the ass, and while tractors are taking the place of the ox and the donkey-yoked wooden plow, and the flying machine is racing with the eagle, yet the Arab shepherd, like the Egyptian peasant, adheres to his primitive methods and customs.

The Arab shepherd is usually the youngest boy in the family, because the older sons must help their father in planting, cultivating, and reaping the harvest.

The shepherd boy wears a simple robe of cotton, "the Khimbaz", like a kimono, stripped around by a leather girdle, and a coat of camel's hair or of coarse handspun wool, and the "Abá" — a large sleeveless outer garment which is warm and takes the place of a blanket and raincoat. When the youth is out with the flocks at night, he wraps his 'Abá about him and, with a stone for a pillow, sleeps like a baby.

More than the women, the shepherd boys and men spin the wool and weave the materials for their own garments during the leisure hours.

The "Kaffieh" is the shepherd's headgear — a square of white cotton folded across the corners by a thick, double, black cord of goat's-hair, called "Agál".

The "Nál" is the name of the heelless shoes worn by the shepherd. They are made of rams' skins, dyed red; the soles

are of camel's hide, and each shoe has a leather latchet to fasten it.

Every winter I have to laugh to myself when I see American ladies and girls trotting along so charmed, so proud of their new and up-to-date galoshes and zippers which, indeed, are only imitations of the Arab's primitive shoes.

The shepherd's equipment includes the rod, a light stick, and a heavy staff or cane.

Tucked into the leather girdle or slung across the shoulder is the "Jráb" — a shepherd's bag, made of a small kid skin, removed from the carcass without splitting it open.

In this "Jráb" the boy puts his bread, a small piece of cheese, a few home-cured ripe olives, and dates or dried figs for his breakfast and luncheon; also flint, steel, and tinder for striking fire, and a knife.

Every shepherd boy carries a sling of his own make, whereby he can drop a stone beyond a wandering sheep which does not heed his call. To him also it is a toy. As an expert marksman with it, he can drive off an attacking beast, and he relies upon it even as the shepherd boy David did when he used it in killing the giant Goliath.

The shepherd boy has another toy, the "Zamoor", a double flute made of reed. The two pipes, each punched with six holes, are bound together with wax and cord. Smaller sections of reed about an inch and a half long, with slits cut like an organ reed, are inserted into one end of both pipes forming the mouthpieces. A doleful tune of only a few notes is produced; but, primitive and simple as it is, it is capable of stirring the heart of the Arab.

It is very interesting to see a shepherd's day's work. He rises at dawn. After placing in his Jráb meals for breakfast and luncheon, he calls his sheep by name. The good shepherd never drives his sheep; he leads them. At the close of

the day, as the sheep near the sheepfold, the shepherd runs ahead of them. He plants himself in the doorway and counts the sheep one by one as they pass under the rod, which is used in driving away any animal not of the flock, for often a street dog or one of the goats tries to take advantage of the open door. Unlike the sheep, the goats are of a restless, fighting disposition, therefore, they are excluded from the sheep.

At night in his unchanging 'Abá the shepherd sleeps on the flat roof of his house from which point of vantage he can see the sheep in the fold and guard them.

Unlike the modern American or European robber, that of Palestine is a petty thief. To him lock-picking is an unknown art. At most, if he finds a chance, he can scale the walls and, after cutting the throats of as many sheep and lambs as he can, sling them over the walls to his companions and escape.

On my last visit to Haifa in Palestine, I sometimes stopped at the Bahá'í pilgrim house. One room was occupied by an American lady, another by a Japanese boy. One night I was suddenly awakened by strange screams that sounded something like, "Lub-Dub! Lub-Dub! Ya-Ho-Ho!" I jumped from bed and rushed to the lady's room. Through the bright moonlight from the window I could see a thief running away up Mount Carmel. He dropped a silk gown, which he had just snatched with a hook attached to the end of a long stick. I picked up the gown and handed it to her. Then she explained, "You see, I was awakened by a noise, and I saw my gown caught by the hook slipping away toward the window where the thief was pulling from the outside. Scared to death, I wanted to call you for help. I thought perhaps I would frighten him if I could change my voice to that of a man's voice and call in Arabic instead of English. But not knowing

the Arabic language, I tried to use some syllables that might sound like it."

**THE PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.** As we reach the crest of the Mount of Olives, a view of Jerusalem looms before us. This holy spot, which is one of the most ancient cities of the world, stands on a high ridge about 2,500 feet above the sea level. It possesses a certain distinctive beauty and dignity.

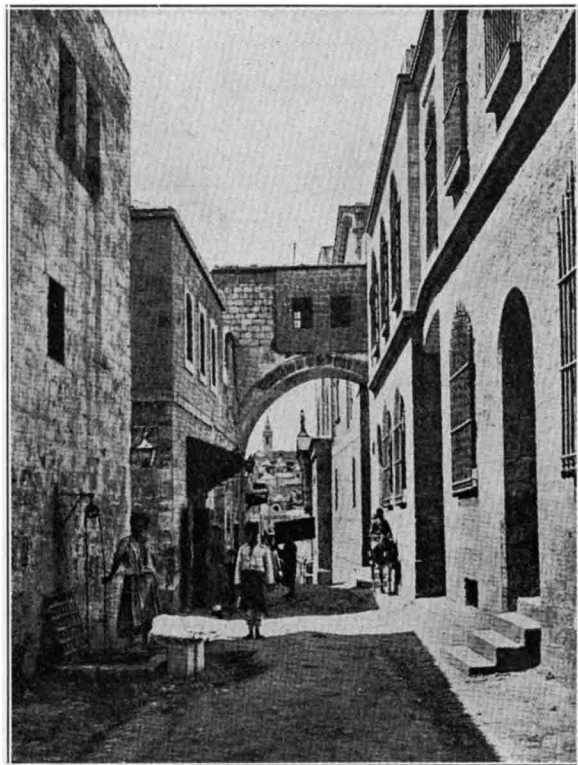


*Jerusalem — The Garden of Gethsemane, Mount of Olives*

Its buildings and numerous minarets and domes are impressive. Its hills and valleys are covered with olive groves, and here and there stately black cypress stand out vividly against dazzling white buildings. It is encircled by three great walls and has seven gates.

Entering the city, we see numerous mosques, churches, and convents. In the eastern quarter is the famous Mosque of 'Omar, a splendid edifice of octagonal form which occupies the site of the Temple area. In this Temple area Abraham

was ready to sacrifice his son, David selected the site for the Temple, and Solomon built the Temple. The Mosque of



Jerusalem — Along Via Dolorosa, "the Way of Sorrows," Along Which  
Christ Carried His Cross to Calvary

'Omar has monolithic pillars surmounted by gilded capitals, with a central dome 98 feet high.

In Arabic the building is called, "Kubbet es-Sakhra" (The Dome of the Rock) and "Harem-esh-Sherif" (The



Holy Sanctuary). The Muslims believe that from here the Prophet Muhammad ascended to heaven. Near the foot of the old Temple, at the Mosque of 'Omar, is the Wailing Wall.

**THE WAILING WALL.** Every Friday afternoon and Saturday, local Jews and immigrants gather at the Wailing Wall where their chorus of lamentations beats the air like



*Jerusalem — Street and Fortress at the Jaffa Gate*

the wave-roar of a distant sea. Men and women, leaning against the great old stones, bemoan the fate of Israel. The worshipers continually throw their heads backwards and forwards and from side to side, shaking themselves as they pour forth fervent lamentations. As the leader chants and weeps, all join in replying with the chorus:

“We sit alone and weep.”

Leader: “Because of the Palace which lies desolate.”

Chorus: “We sit alone and weep.”

Leader: "And because of the Temple which is destroyed."

Chorus: "We sit alone and weep."

Suppose we go now to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and on our way stop to shine our shoes. In the shopping area of Jerusalem and in most of the Oriental cities, shoe shining is done in the open air. The boys sit in a corner of the street with their little boxes decorated with brass plaques and



*Jerusalem — The Mosque of 'Omar*

paper roses. The boy sits. The customer stands, and when one shoe is finished he is notified by a bell to advance his other foot.

### **THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.**

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is unique among Christian houses of worship. In the eyes of millions of devotees, it is still the most sacred of shrines. It was Helena, mother of Constantine, the Roman Emperor and the first Christian ruler, who in 315 A. D. came to Jerusalem and

located the site of Calvary where this church now stands.

The interior of the church is divided into two principal parts, the Orthodox Cathedral and the Rotunda, the latter containing the Shrine or Tomb of Christ.

Entering the church this is what we see: Just inside the vestibule on a cushioned recess sits a Muslim Arab door-keeper. The keys of the church are held by a good Muslim Arab family of Jerusalem who lock the building every night



*Jerusalem — The Wailing Wall*

and open it in the morning. For nearly 700 years, no Christian has held the keys of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This is the only way to prevent rivalries among the various Christian sects from becoming too violent. A few paces bring us to the first of the thirty-seven holy places found in the church, namely, the Stone of Unction upon which the body of Christ was anointed and prepared for burial. Close by are the place where the cross was planted, the place of crucifixion, the cleft in the rock — now lined with silver —

where the cross once stood, a statue of the Virgin ablaze with jewels and protected by a plate of thick glass, the places where Christ was nailed to the cross, disrobed, and crucified.



*Jerusalem — The Church of the Holy Sepulcher*

As we enter the Rotunda, under the great central dome of which stands the Holy Sepulcher itself, we find that it is divided into two chambers. First is the Angel's Chapel, in the center of which, set in a marble pedestal, is a stone said

to be the one that covered the mouth of the Tomb. And second, beyond through a low doorway is the Tomb itself marked by a cracked marble slab, five feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high. Here the devout pilgrims stand in prayers.

Let us now descend some 16 feet below the level of the Rotunda to see the Chapel and altars dedicated to St. Helena and St. Dinas, the penitent thief. A descent of thirteen more steps brings us to the chapel of the finding of the cross. It was in this vault that the three crosses were found, and the most prized treasures of the Church today are the two highly bejeweled crosses said to contain fragments of the cross on which Christ died.

Although the Church of the Holy Sepulcher appears as a museum, its mere relation to the physical body of Christ will surely bring to the mind the wonderful life, teachings, and self-sacrificing of that essence of perfection, the Spirit of God, the Holy Christ.

#### *Easter in Jerusalem.*

To see Jerusalem at its busiest, most picturesque season, you have to be there at Easter time when the Church of the Holy Sepulcher becomes the world's most crowded spot. Imagine now you are there. Even before the services begin, Catholic pilgrims in diverse garb are already inside, eddying to and fro about the Holy Sepulcher proper. Then the official procession enters. In the van come nearly a dozen "Cavasses", special body guards, in elaborate costumes, pounding the stone floor at every step with their iron pointed staffs. Their medieval jackets are resplendent with gold braid. Red "Fezes", or "Tárbooshes", top their heads; their manner is imposing.

A score or more of clergymen, in the most regal robes known to Catholic service, are accompanied by a large num-

ber of acolytes and censer-bearers. In a moment the church is filled by the throng, and no sooner has the Catholic service started, lo, and behold, the Greek clergymen and their crowd force themselves in, and what makes the situation harder is the fact that it is not the Easter of the Greeks, their religious calendar being a week later than the Catholic or Latin. But who could stop their irresistible push! Then the Maronites from Mount Lebanon, the Armenians from Syria, together with the Copts from Egypt make their appearances, fighting their way. You simply have to imagine the scene, because it cannot be expressed in words.

I have seen the way cattle are driven before their slaughter in the stockyards, and my heart sympathized with them because man was the driver. But here, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, they are all human beings, driving each other without any mercy, and in such a sacred place.

Constant clashes between rival sects sharing the rights of this church have been averted to a certain extent only by armed force during the past centuries.

Before my emigration from that land, the barriers which stood for peace between the creeds were Turkish soldiers. At present, English officers and police are in charge to control rioting worshippers. No ropes, not even chains, can stop the crushing and trampling throngs. The police have to hold hands, forming a barrier especially between the Catholics and the other sects.

As the ceremonies come to a close, the Archbishops sit calmly. The streams of human beings of all ages and types press forward, inch by inch, with palms reverently before them, which they lay before the Archbishops. The Archbishops bless them and little by little the crowd with blessed palms pushes forward toward the open door. The ordeal is over at last.

### HOLY SATURDAY AND HOLY FIRE.

Then comes the Holy Saturday and with it the noonday service of the Holy Fire. This is even more impressive and more exciting than Easter Day on the Sunday before.

Just imagine again. This time men of all types, women of all appearances, Christians as well as Muslims, and Bedawi (Bedouin) Arabs of the desert fill the church, making a solid wall, howling and shouting with indescribable excitement. Most of them have come from long distances, especially to see the miraculous fire.

Egyptian Copts have come the day before and camp in the church. Rows of women and children, even many men roll up in quilts and sleep on the stone floors. Families bring their mats and food.

The Armenian and the Greek patriarchs enter the Holy Sepulcher proper at the same time, and the door is closed. Soon fire is kindled by the Greek patriarch's scratching a match. Blazing brands are poked out through holes on each side of the Holy Sepulcher. A candle-bearing riot surges about them. Armenians try to blow out the Greek candles, and vice versa, while the youths race to convey the sacred fire to their own people before this happens. Copts, Jacobites, Assyrians, and Abyssinians join in the fray. The fire carriers are like football players trying to evade tacklers; now fire rises all about us. With the speed of a motor they keep up blowing out the candles of each other and quickly lighting their own. Yet the blazing lights multiply. Bitterness and violence increase. The church is filled with smoke; candles and more candles are ablaze. The danger of conflagration and panic is evident. Although the church itself is fire-proof, its precious relics are surely inflammable.

Finally, a bell rings, announcing that the contest is over. Gradually the storm calms down. The winners, whose can-

dles escape from being blown out by rivals, come to the front. They dance and sing and jump all over because of their great victory.

Then most of the holders blow their own candles out. But I have seen many pilgrims lighting oil lamps from their candles and carrying them away from Jerusalem to Russia, whereby their homes may be blessed by the Holy Fire.

Now we leave Jerusalem to visit other places in Palestine.

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Suppose we go to see Bethlehem, because it is only six miles south of Jerusalem.

**BETHLEHEM.** The birthplace of Jesus Christ and King David is a small village and much the same today as it was that night more than 1900 years ago when the Wise Men from the East and the Shepherds keeping flocks in the fields heard the glad tidings of great joy.

*The Convent* of the Nativity, a large square building resembling a fortress, was built by Empress Helena, in 327 A. D. Within this Convent is the Church of the Nativity. When we enter the vestibule of the Convent, the doorkeeper greets us and takes us to the church itself. Like the doorkeeper of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, this fellow, too, is a Muslim Arab and holds the keys because of the jealousy and bitterness that exist among the Christian sects. The Church is built exactly in the form of a cross and is supported by 48 granite columns, 17 feet high and more than 3 feet in diameter. In order to see the Manger where Christ was born, we go through a long intricate passage which leads down to the cript below where Mary was delivered. The walls of the chamber are hung with draperies of gay colors, and a silver star with a few Latin words interpreted in English read, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary".



The chief business of the present day in Bethlehem is the manufacture of articles from wood and mother-of-pearl for sale to pilgrims and for shipment abroad. "Pearl-waste" is imported from the United States, and the work of carving is frequently done by women and girls, who receive from twelve to twenty-five cents a day.



*Bethlehem*

Returning to Jerusalem from here, we can travel by automobile or a quicker way by Palestine Railroad.

*Al-Bireh and Ramallah.* A twenty minute ride by automobile north of Jerusalem are two villages, El-Bireh and Ramallah, which are about ten miles distant. Here was the spot where the twelve-year-old boy, Jesus, was missed by Mary and Joseph.

*Hebron.* This is one of the oldest cities in Palestine, 21 miles from Jerusalem. The Arabic name of this city is "Al-Khalil", The Friend, referring to the fact that it is the

city of the Friend of God, Abraham, who is supposed to have pitched his tent here. King David made it his capital for seven years.

The Mosque of Hebron, built by the Crusaders in the 12th century, contains within its walls the burial place of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, and Leah.



*Bethlehem — The Convent and Church of the Nativity*

*Jaffa* in Hebrew means "beautiful". This seaport of Jerusalem is an ancient town on the Mediterranean coast, 33 miles from Jerusalem. It was from here that Jonah sailed for *Tarshish*.

While at *Jaffa*, I was impressed by three things. Its oranges are as sweet as honey and the largest size I have ever seen, its watermelons, and its rough and treacherous waters.

*Nablus* (Shechem), Samaria, is about 40 miles from Jerusalem and nests in a valley between twin mountains, Ebal and Gerzin.

Here we find an almost extinct community of Samaritans, who call themselves the only true Israelites. They perform the Passover sacrifice literally, eating with shoes bound on



*Jaffa*

the feet and with staves in hand as if ready to begin their wandering in the wilderness.

It is here that Biblical history introduces Abraham. Likewise here is Jacob's Well where Jesus and the Samaritan woman met. Here is the tomb of Joseph, and on the Mountain of Ebal, Joshua built the first altar of sacrifice and made the covenant with his people.

*The Sea of Galilee — Lake Tiberias.*

Now that we have seen the southern and central sections

of Palestine, Judea and Samaria, let us go to the northern section to see the hills and the Sea of Galilee.

This lake is 626 feet below sea level, 13 miles long, 6 miles wide, and 800 feet deep. Its waters are clear, cool, and fresh. Some of the towns on its shores are Tiberias, Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Magdala. Tiberias is so notorious for



*The Sea of Galilee and the City of Tiberias*

fleas that the Arabs say, "The king of these insects has his court here."

On reaching the Sea of Galilee, where the deep green waters rest in a bowl encompassed by abrupt hills, strange emotions pass over us because of the charm, peace, and sanctity of that lake. It was from these hills of the lake that Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount. And on these shores He attracted the disciples.

*Elhammi* near Tiberias is Palestine's hot springs, ranging in temperature from 77 to 122 degrees, and draws the crowds of bathers and health-seekers every spring.

*The River Jordan.* "Jordan" (Descending) is the principal river of Palestine, the bed of which forms a great valley stretching from north to south. It is formed by three streams,



*By the Sea of Galilee or Lake Tiberias*

the sources of which are in Mount Hermon. It is more than 100 miles long, having passed through the Sea of Galilee, 682 feet below the Mediterranean. It falls into the north extremity of the *Dead Sea*. The source is 1,700 feet above the Mediterranean, making a total fall of 3,000 feet to the *Dead Sea*. The bed of the river varies in breadth from 30 to 50 yards.

Each year thousands of pilgrims from Russia try to carry back with them a bottle of water from the Jordan.

*Nazareth*, the home of Jesus, is about 21 miles south of the Sea of Galilee. It is a hill town perched high above the wide plains. The principal building is the Catholic Convent which contains the house of Jesus; and the Greeks, too, will show you another house which they claim was the true house of Jesus. Of course the puzzled pilgrim does not know whom to believe. But I thank my great teacher and guide, 'Abdu'l-



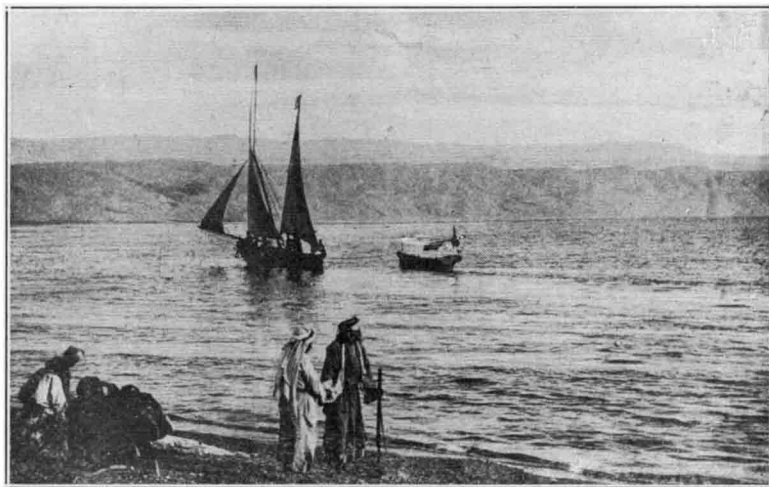
*The Jordan River — Place of the Baptism*

Bahá, who gave the advice of visiting and kissing the walls of both houses.

A black sandstone marks the site of Joseph's carpenter shop in Nazareth. Also the table at which Jesus and His disciples ate is still preserved in the vaulted chamber inside the chapel.

Here the women still come at sunset to carry water from Mary's Well with earthen jars and large tanks on their heads and shoulders. People who live in modern American towns can hardly believe how difficult it is for others in different lands, where perhaps there is but one tiny spring or

well for the whole town. You see men and women lined up, waiting for their turn at the standpipe or fountain. To women folks the fountain also serves as an information bureau, because here, while they are waiting their turn, they do a little gossiping. Just as the American husband says, "I heard it at the club", the Oriental husband says, "I heard it



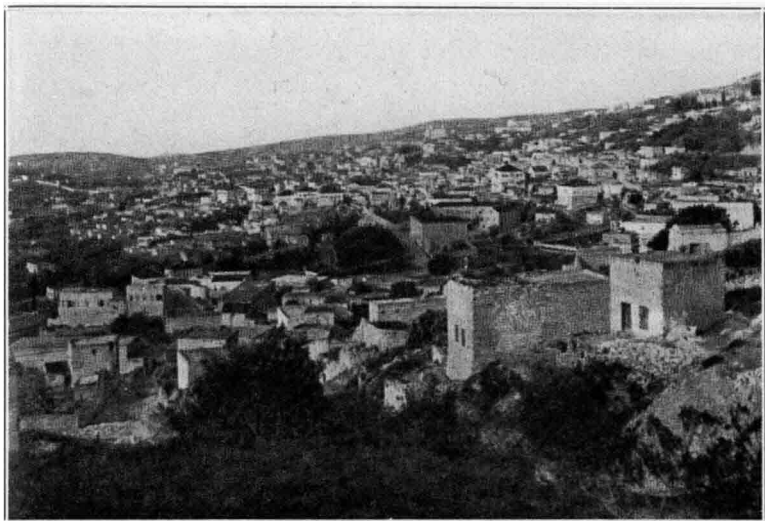
*The Dead Sea*

in the Bazaar", and the Oriental wife says, "I heard it at the public fountain".

It used to be my job to carry water during childhood to my folks. Sometimes, however, on account of impatience leading to a free-for-all fight, certain boys had to leave the fountain minus their earthen jars. And I surely know this by my own experience.

As Nazareth is four hours from Jerusalem and one hour from 'Akká and Haifa by automobile, we now go to visit these two towns.

*Acre* (*Cre*) is one of the most ancient towns of the Holy Land and one of the old world's greatest war centers in past history. By its formidable fortresses it sustained memorable sieges. It was captured by Crusaders who held it for 77 years; it was taken by *Saláh-ed-Din* (*Saladin*). Four years later it was recaptured by *Richard the Cœur de Lion* after a



*Nazareth*

two years' siege and at a cost of 100,000 men. Later the town was handed over to the Knights of the Order of St. John. In 1799 *Napoleon Bonaparte* attempted to capture it by storm, but he failed at its mighty gate even after a siege of several months. He was forced to retreat after sacrificing most of his best warriors. Even today *Napoleon's* solid shots are piled in the street, and when I was a little boy I had great fun in rolling and playing with these big shells like huge balls of steel.



Today 'Akká and its sister city Haifa with Mount Carmel are considered as the holy cities of the Bahá'í Movement. What is the Bahá'í Movement? It is a Universal Movement that started in Persia in this century. Its chief aim is the establishment of Universal Peace and the abandonment of wars. Some of its basic principles are as follows: The search



'Akká

for truth. The Oneness of mankind. The abandonment of religious, racial, and national prejudices. Conformity of religion with science and reason. To unite all religions into one religion and make it the cause of love, not hatred. Equal rights and privileges for men and women. Universal Auxiliary Language. Solution of the economic problems. To teach every child a trade or a profession. To facilitate the matter of material and spiritual education. To establish Universal

Peace by general disarmament, that is, all nations must disarm together without exception, and establish an international court or league for arbitration and peaceful settlement of international problems.

What is the history of the Bahá'í Movement? In brief it is this: In 1844 a saintly youth, the *Bab*, of Shiráz, Persia, declared himself as the herald of a new era and the forerunner of the Prince of Peace. At that time all eastern religions, even the Millerites of America and the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg in Europe were awaiting the coming of a new sign from heaven — a prophet from God. Many Persians believed in the Bab and remained firm in the faith at a cost of thousands of lives of their own members.

After a period of six years of torture and imprisonment, the Bab was martyred in Tabriz because of the jealousy of fanatic clergymen.

*Bahá'u'llah*, who was from the Royal family of Persia, like the Bab and all the great prophets of the past, never entered a school, but arose with irresistible power and with incomparable knowledge. He was accepted by the followers of the Bab as the Promised One of all the nations and, therefore, they were called Bahá'ís.

The jealous clergymen and old Persian government tried all kinds of persecutions by casting Bahá'u'llah into a dungeon and killing many of his followers. But all their efforts were in vain. The number of believers increased just the same. Finally the government banished Bahá'u'llah to Baghdad where he remained as an exile for about 12 years. Then the Sultan of Turkey became alarmed because of the great public interest in the Bahá'í teachings. Therefore, Bahá'u'llah was banished from Baghdad to Constantinople. But before leaving the city Bahá'u'llah publicly declared himself as the true Manifestation of God. After remaining about

five months in Constantinople, the Sultan again became alarmed because of the spreading of the Movement in his capital. Therefore, Bahá'u'llah was banished a third time from the old capital of Turkey to Adrianople where he remained as an exile for about five years. But no matter what they did, the Bahá'i teaching could not be stopped. At last, Bahá'u'llah was banished to 'Akká where he remained a prisoner for about 25 years. But from this prison he sent his messages to all the kings and the rulers of the earth, spread his teachings in the far and near East, raised the banner of the Universal Religion, and established the foundation of the world's new civilization.

After the departure of Bahá'u'llah, to the Supreme Kingdom in 1892, his beloved son 'Abdu'l-Bahá succeeded him. He, too, had to suffer as a prisoner for a period of 50 years, until 1908 when he was then set free by the young Turks, who deposed the despotic sultan. With 'Abdu'l-Bahá's freedom, the movement spread very rapidly in all parts of the world. He traveled from his prison city, 'Akká, to Egypt, Europe, and America. After planting the seeds of his wonderful teachings in the lands of the pure hearts, in various cities of the United States, Canada, and European countries, urging all the leaders of the nations to establish Universal Peace and avoid war and bloodshed, he returned to Mt. Carmel where he remained until 1921, when he departed to his supreme station.

The leader of the Bahá'i Movement today is Shoghi Effendi, the grandson of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. Never have I seen such a youth with such wonderful wisdom and beauty as Shoghi Effendi. His home has been always with 'Abdu'l-Bahá's family in Haifa, Palestine.

A visitor quickly discovers that he is in the presence of a youthful branch from Persia's greatest prophets on whose



'Abdu'l-Bahá  
*The World's Greatest Prisoner*

shoulders rests the colossal task of guiding and guarding a great movement now spreading rapidly in all countries the world over.

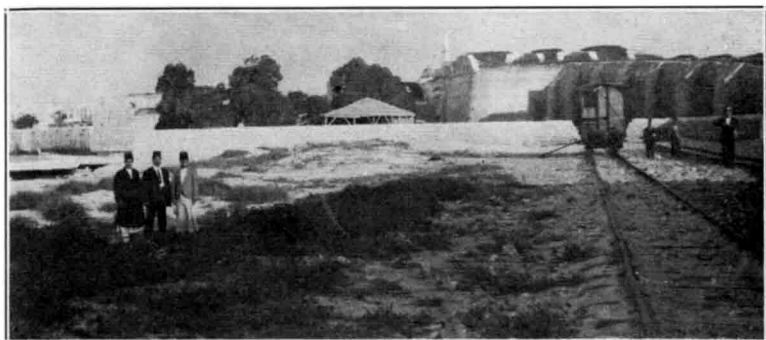
Shoghi Effendi's linguistic ability is marvelous and striking. His English is excellent. His French is faultless. His



*Shoghi Effendi*

Arabic is most eloquent. His Persian, of course, is perfect. And his writings in these four tongues are masterpieces.

As we approach 'Akká from Nazareth, the high domes and tall minarets of the mosques, the great fortresses, and the white stone ancient houses with their flat and red-tiled roofs are brought to our sight. After entering through its massive gate, we see the typical scene of an Oriental town, the nar-

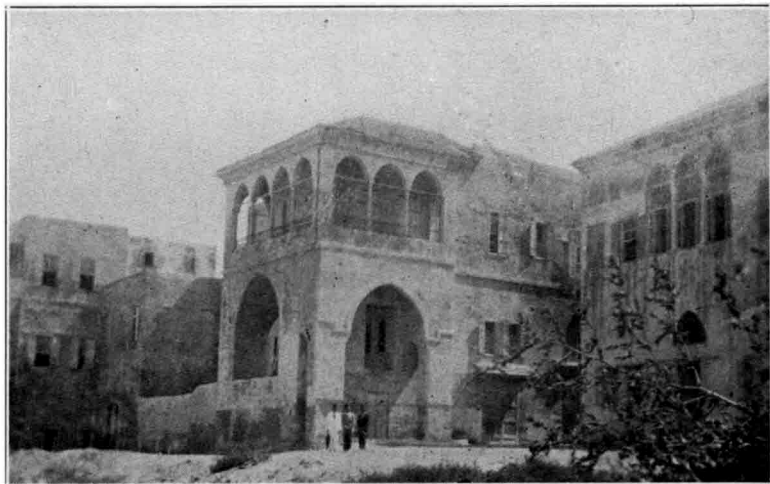


*Section of the Mighty Ancient Fortress of 'Akká at Its Gate*

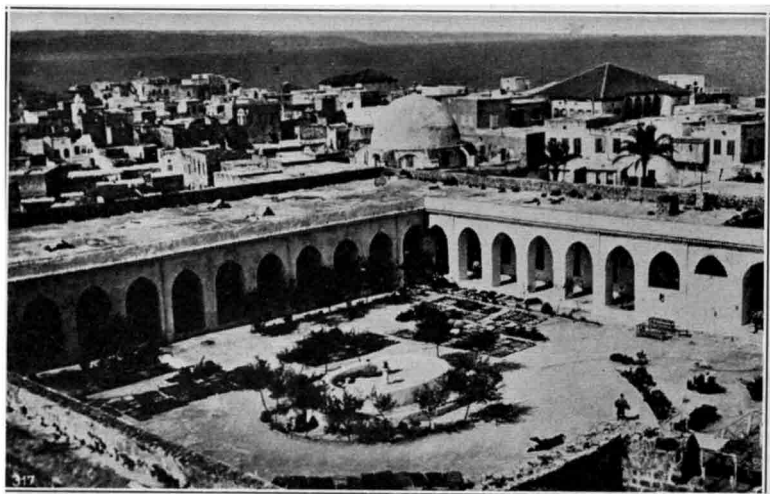
row winding streets, and the bazaar with its little shops, the native Arabs and caravans brushing shoulders together. We reach the barracks and the fortress in which was the "Most Great Prison" where Bahá'u'llah and his family were made prisoners and tortured for two years. In this stone cell, with-



*The Most Great Prison of Bahá'u'llah — The Barracks of 'Akká*

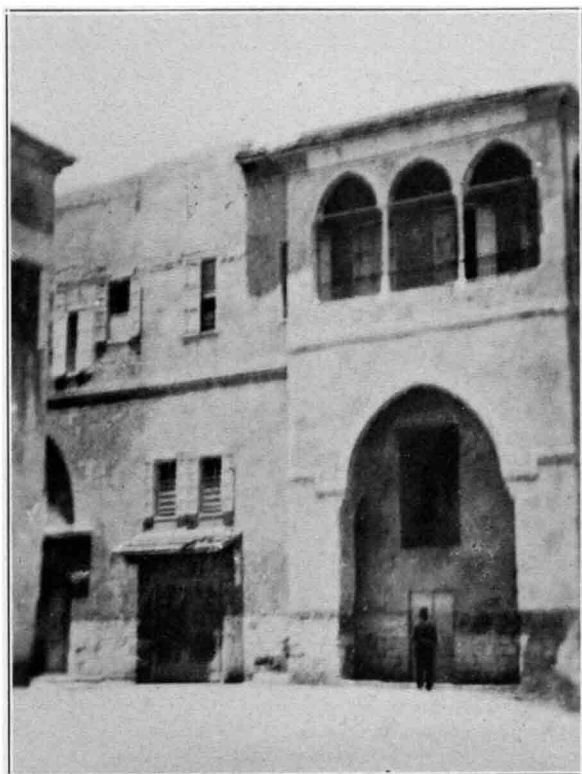


*'Akká — The House of Bahá'u'lláh*



*View of the Prison of Bahá'u'lláh Inside the Barracks of 'Akká*

out a bed, without a chair, nothing but a stone floor, stone wall, and a small barred window, Bahá'u'llah with his family and disciples were incarcerated.

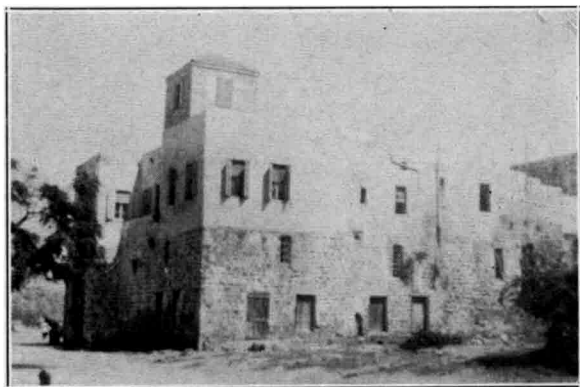


*'Akká — Close to the House of Bahá'u'llah*

From this prison we walk a short distance and come to an ancient house near the lighthouse of the town, into which Bahá'u'llah was transferred from the barracks prison and where he remained as an exile for seven years.



Suppose now we wish to see other important places. We emerge from the dark streets and the gate of 'Akká to the light of the dazzling sun and pass by the railroad station. We see nature at its best. Here is the Mediterranean Sea, and beyond is Haifa and Mount Carmel, the Hills of Galilee, the high snow-clad peaks of Hermon, and the Anti-Lebanon range, and the plains carpeted with all colorful flowers. We pass by a grove of tall date palms and the "Tel-el-Fakhar" (Napoleon's



'Akká — *The House of 'Abdu'l-Bahá*

Hill), past the "Bagh-i-Ferdous" (The Bahá'i Garden of Paradise), and finally we reach the "Garden of Ridván" (the Garden of Roses).

This most charming garden is like a little island because it is surrounded by a stream — a branch of the river "Ná-main" (Belous), and contains every known variety of trees and flowers. The oranges and tangerines resemble blazing torches. Large-sized lemons, majestic date palms, pomegranates, almonds, mulberry, cypress, poplar, and all choice shrubbery add to the charm and beauty of this little paradise. The

roses and jasmines and many other flowers fill the atmosphere with fragrance and impart indescribable exhilaration to the soul.

In the center of the garden, like charming twins, stand two giant mulberry trees which have survived many centuries and still are giving abundant fruit.



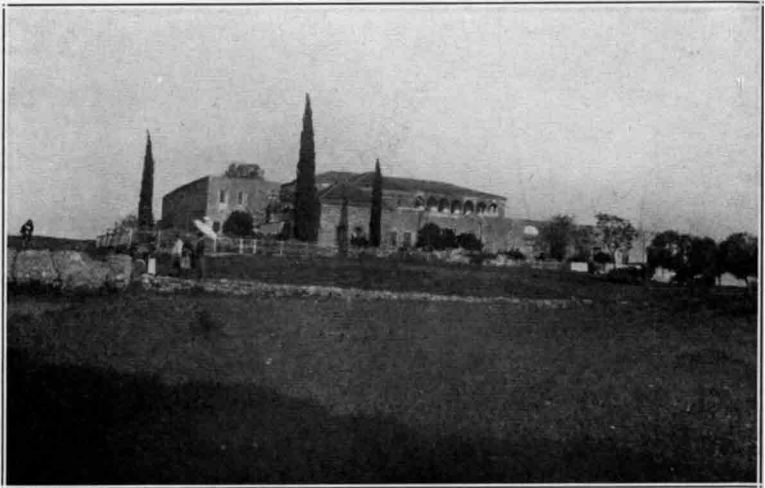
*'Akká — The Garden of Ridván (Roses)*

Under these trees are encircling seats or benches where Bahá'u'llah and 'Abdu'l-Bahá often sat and taught many of the pilgrims. Never can I forget the beauty of the place and the taste of meals and tea and fruits that were served here in the presence of these world-teachers.

At one end of the garden is the little stone house which Bahá'u'llah occupied whenever he went to the garden. His room at the head of the stairs on the second floor of the little building is very plain and simple — a chair and a cot, tea urn

and a table, that is all. Near the house is a large cage that nested about a dozen peacocks.

From the garden we drive or walk north to the most sacred spot at the center of the plains of 'Akká, "Bahji" (the Delightful Place), about three miles from the gate of the town, where the Shrine and the Palace of Bahá'u'llah are



*'Akká — Bahji, the Shrine and Palace of Bahá'u'llah*

located. From far away the place looks like the largest pearl in a necklace.

Just imagine a large circle with a radius of about 12 miles. The plain of the circle, especially during the spring season, is verdant and green with patches, acres in size, covered with red, white, yellow, blue, and purple wild flowers and fragrant narcissus. Half of this circle is made by Mount Carmel, the hills of Galilee, and the chains of the Hermon and the Anti-Lebanon Mountains. The other half of this circle is made

by the Mediterranean Sea. Add to this the quietness, the spiritual atmosphere of the place, and the treasure it contains, then you get a real glimpse of that peerless panorama.

It was in such a place that Bahá'u'llah lived for a few years as an exile, after his 50 years of imprisonment, until he departed to the supreme world in 1892.

It was here that I had the greatest honor and privilege to see Bahá'u'llah and sit at his feet many days and nights in this palace. Here he used to hold my hand while walking to and fro in his large room, revealing Tablets, chanting the prayers with the most charming and melodious voice, while one of the attendants took them down. Here I saw him teaching and blessing the pilgrims who came from all lands. On hot days he would take me with him to the outer alcove of the palace where it was somewhat cooler. I would stand in a corner with folded arms, my eyes fixed on his incomparable countenance, while the gentle breezes blew on his soft jet black hair which reached almost to the waist, flowing beneath the crown that covered his head and a part of his broad, full, high forehead.

From his light colored garments which were similar to those of all the ancient prophets, I had always inhaled the fragrance of the pure attar of roses. At times he would spend half an hour on the alcove, and my eyes would remain fixed on his majestic face. But whenever he glanced at me with his brown, piercing, yet most affectionate eyes, then I had to turn mine away and look down on the floor.

At my birth, Bahá'u'llah named me "Zia" (Light), and gave me the Turkish title, "Effendi". But on my first visit to him, when he inquired about my health, I replied in Arabic, "Mabsoot" (I am happy). "How is your father?" "Mabsoot"; and "How is your mother?" "Mabsoot", was

my reply. He laughed heartily and after that he always called me Mabsoot Effendi (The Happy One).

Connected with the palace is the Shrine of Bahá'u'llah, surrounded by a most wonderful flower garden and tall cypress trees, and a pilgrim house.

On reaching Bahji, first we stop at the pilgrim house, where the caretaker is ready to serve tea and refreshments. Then we step out and walk through the garden to the door of the Shrine.

Entering the outer door of this sacred edifice, and before climbing a few steps, everybody takes off his shoes and lays them in the vestibule. As we cross the threshold of the spacious outer room of the Shrine, Shoghi Effendi, or one of his relatives, or the caretaker would meet us with an open bottle of attar of roses or rosewater which he pours on our extended hands or handkerchiefs. This pure perfume added to the ever-present spiritual fragrance would increase the exhilaration of body and soul.

One by one we walk silently and reverently on the stone floor, covered with the most beautiful Persian rugs, and circle around an artistic, everblooming flower garden in the center, until we reach the door of the inner room — the Shrine itself.

While all now are standing, one behind the other, the first one at the front kneels down and, after kissing the jasmine-covered threshold or the velvet curtain which hangs over the open door of the Shrine, he retires toward the rear. Then each one follows in his turn and does the same and, facing the door, stands still in his position.

In all my numerous visits to this Shrine, even when filled to capacity by pilgrims, never did I hear a word spoken or even a whisper by anyone. I challenge any one gifted with imagination to enter this sacred sanctuary and remain un-

moved. Before him is the very Shrine of Bahá'u'llah who has established the foundation of Universal Peace and the Brotherhood of Man, and whose reward from a faithless world was 50 years' imprisonment with neck and feet in chains.

While all are submerged in meditation, under the sunlight flooding the place through the glass roof, praying for themselves, supplicating for their loved ones and this heedless world, the sweet melodious voice of Shoghi Effendi rises in chanting "The Tablet of Visitation", a prayer revealed in Arabic for that special occasion. At the close of the chant we move one by one to kiss the threshold and take a good glimpse at the Shrine, which is marked by the best of Persian rugs and many beautiful lamps.

Then we retreat toward the outer door as quietly as we entered. On the outside of the Shrine and its garden we see groves of olive and giant pine trees, also the canal that carries the water to 'Akká, and portions of the old *siphon aqueduct* built by the Romans.

**HAIFA AND MOUNT CARMEL.** Now we go on the last leg of our journey in Palestine. "Haifa", in Hebrew, means the foot of the Mountain. Between 'Akká and Haifa we strike a 10 mile curve—the Bay of 'Akká, a sandy beach, along which we speed with the ocean lapping at our wheels. It is most fascinating.

A short distance after leaving the gate of 'Akká, we have to cross the river "Námain" (Belous). We meet with the ever-present caravans of camels and donkeys, Arab shepherds leading their flocks, and fishermen with their primitive nets who would remind you of Peter and the disciples of old.

On my last visit to 'Akká, while riding in a wagon with a group of friends on this beach, I noticed a mine that had been washed by the waves. We alighted for a few moments to give the horses a rest and to examine the big monster. A

lady in the company tapped on it with her umbrella. I protested her action, but she was sure that it must have been empty. After a kick or two by me to hear how the metal sounded, we returned to the wagon and proceeded on our way. Later we learned that the shepherd we passed by and



*Haifa and Mount Carmel*

most of his sheep were blown up by the same mine. He too had struck it, not by umbrella or kick, but with his staff.

Before reaching Haifa we have to cross another river, "El Mukattá" (Kishon). Then before entering the gate of Haifa, we pass a grove of date palms and the railroad station.

Haifa is a flourishing seaport beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Carmel on a gentle slope which overlooks the Bay of 'Akká and the plains of Esdraelon—a green vista which stretches to the distant blue mountains of Galilee. Close to

the eastern skirts of the town is the mouth of the Kishon river. Looking northward across the wide sweep of the splendid sand-belted bay, we see 'Akká, a white town jutting into the sea like an immense breakwater.

Along the hard road of the mountain slopes, through the

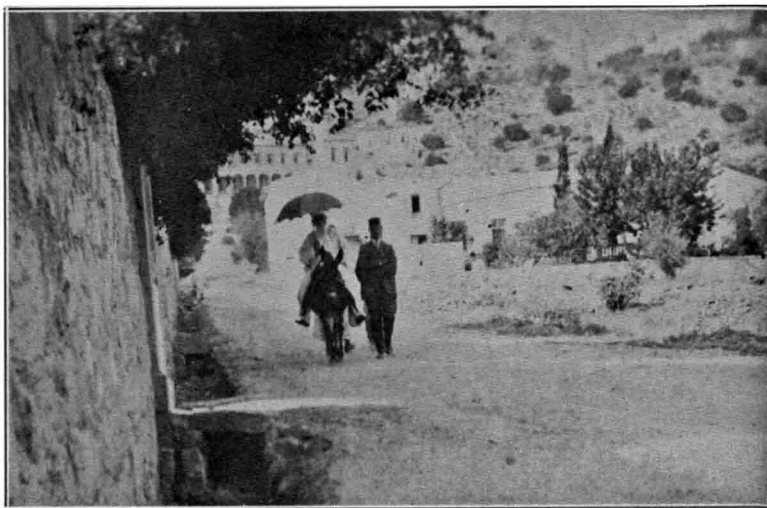


*Haifa and the Bay of 'Akká from Mount Carmel*

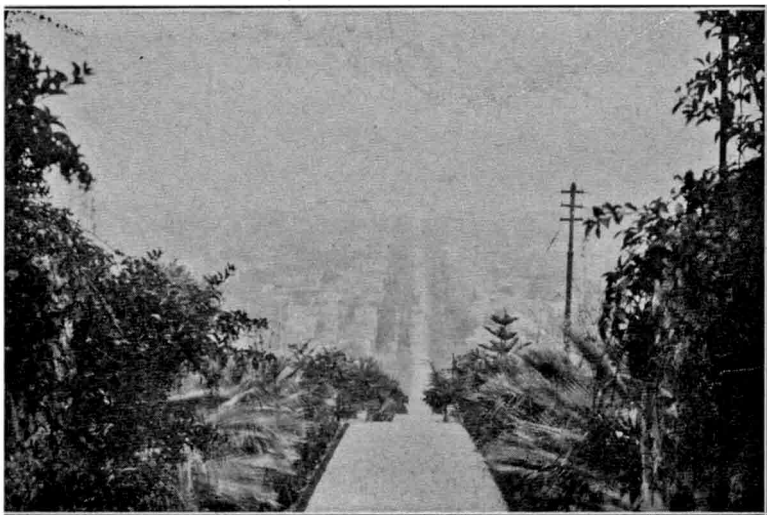
ancient narrow streets, we enter the city of Haifa. Here we find the world's most noted Persian Colony, the German Temple Colony, and the Jewish Zionist Colony, Monasteries, and Convents. Since the World War, Haifa has become the greatest seaport of Palestine.

The name Carmel, which means the Vineyard of the Hill of God, is, indeed, the most proper title for this wonder-





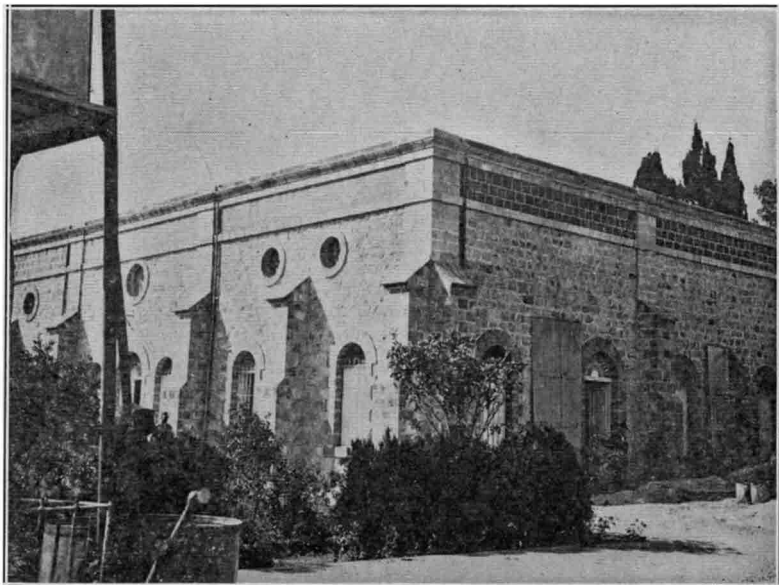
*Coming Down From Mount Carmel with 'Abdu'l-Bahá*



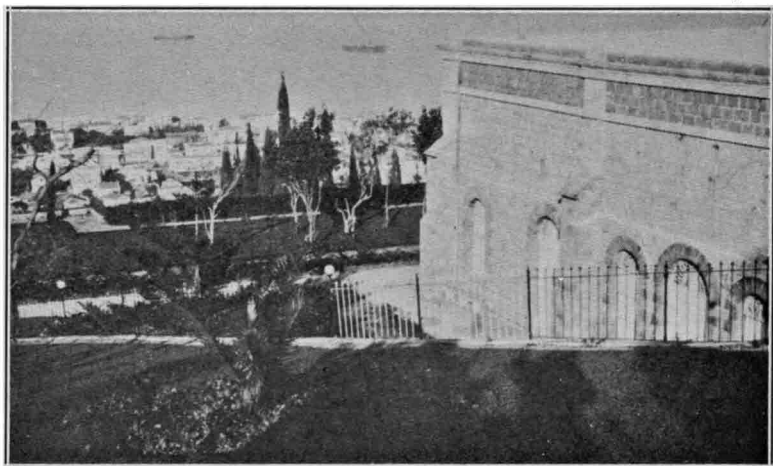
*Haifa — The Old German Colony from Mount Carmel*



*Haifa — Where East and West do Meet at the Home of 'Abdu'l-Bahá*



*Mount Carmel — The Shrines of the Bab and 'Abdu'l Bahá*



*Mount Carmel — Another View of the Shrines of the Bab and 'Abdu'l-Bahá*

ful and beautiful mountain. Besides its natural beauty, it was on this mountain that all the great prophets lived.

Christ always used to travel from Nazareth and cross this mountain. Muhammad also came here twice. Elijah had his school here where he taught his disciples, and his cave still exists.

Here was my last visit with Bahá'u'llah in 1892, and also with 'Abdu'l-Bahá and Shoghi Effendi in 1919-1920.



*Haifa — Office of Shoghi Effendi*

Moreover, Mount Carmel today has a new center of attraction, namely, the two sacred Shrines of 'Abdu'l-Bahá and the Bab are locked in its heart.

This strong stone edifice consists of nine large square rooms. The floors are covered with the most precious rugs. The front central room is the Shrine of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, and the middle central room is that of the Bab. The rooms on either side of the Shrines are for local Bahá'is and pilgrims who gather every Sunday afternoon to pray. All the rooms communicate in the middle through an open door, in other words, the

central rooms, the Shrines themselves, can be seen from the other adjoining rooms. One room is for men and one for women, so arranged that both sides face and look at the



*Mount Carmel—Entrance to the Shrines*

Shrines. Of course American and European ladies have the freedom of praying with the men and the women.

For me to describe the spirituality and charm of these Shrines, the simple and impressive services conducted therein,

would be to repeat what already has been described under the Shrine of Bahá'u'llah.

### SYRIA

Syria, a country of western Asia, is east of the Mediterranean, bounded south by Palestine, north by the Torus Mountains, northeast and southeast by the great Arabian Desert. Its famous mountains are the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, ranging from 8,000 feet to 10,000 feet in height. Its chief cities are Damascus, Beirut (its seaport), and Aleppo.

Two routes connect Palestine with Syria. One is by railroad from Haifa to Damascus, and the other, a quicker route, by automobile to Beirut.

*Tyre.* The automobile splashes along the seashore, past 'Akká, across a ridge of mountains, and into French territory, with good roads. We approach the remnants of the ancient sea-wall of Tyre on a peninsula in the Mediterranean.

This 3,000 year old town, which was the center of Phoenician navigation and the source of the old world's purple dyestuff, that oozed from the shells of its coast, is now only a humble fishing village.

*Sidon.* As we go along the Syrian seacoast, which is distinguished from the Palestine coast by its bold capes and headlands, for an hour beyond Tyre, we near the wonderful olive and orange groves and orchards of Sidon. Sidon's miles of olive groves, prior to the extensive cultivation in California, were the largest in the world.

High-set over the beach and dazzling white are the old stone walls of the town of Sidon. Its harbor, where once was the pride of the Phoenicians' fleets, now shelters only humble fishing craft. Its old fortifications date from the 13th century when Saracen Arabs and European Crusaders were cutting the throats of each other all along the Syrian coast.

Entering the city you will see Muslim women veiled and Christian women unveiled, mingling in the little Bazaar with native Syrians, Bedawis (Bedouins), and some missionaries, in all kinds and colors of garments. Continuing our journey on the Sidon-Beirut road, we recall the tradition which says that here was the spot where the great fish cast Jonah out

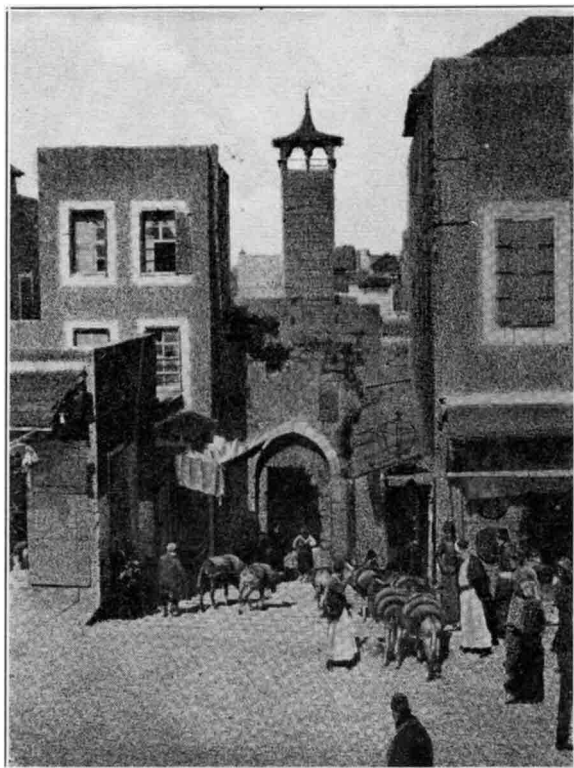


*Beirut, Syria*

on the dry land. We pass through miles of beautiful olive and pine groves of Beirut along the slopes at the foot of Mount Lebanon and into the bustling port of Syria, Beirut, with its magnificent harbor and Bay of St. George, its hilly streets, and its modern and ancient houses.

*Beirut.* This beautiful city is surrounded by many gardens. Here the summers are somewhat warm, but the winters are very mild, and it is the healthiest city on the coast. Its water is drawn from "Nahr-el-Kalb", the Dog River, which gets its source from two springs—the Spring of Milk and the Spring of Honey. The streets are lighted with electricity and have electric carlines.

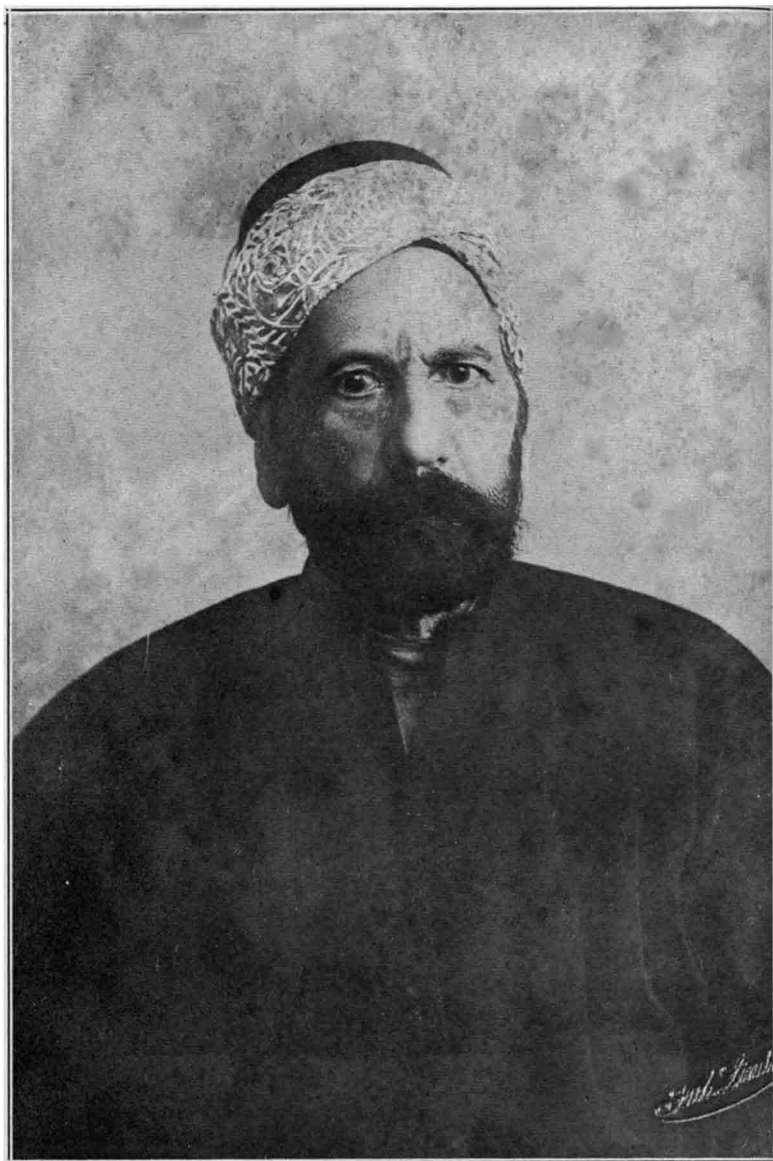
Beirut is the educational center of the near and far East. The famous University of Beirut (the American University) is picturesquely located near the lighthouse in Ras Beirut (the cape of the city).



*Beirut — Entrance of the Bazaar*

Beirut is my old native city. I can never forget it, not because it was my birthplace nor for its American University which I had attended, but because the body of the great





M. Mustapha Bagdadi  
The Merchant of Baghdad — My Father

martyr, the Bab, was kept in our home before it was delivered to 'Abdu'l-Bahá in 'Akká by a company including my father and myself.

It requires ten hours by train from Beirut to Damascus, and three and a half hours by automobile. As we drive through the Lebanon Mountains, we see the high peaks covered with perpetual snow, monasteries and churches on every ridge, and numerous villages along the green hillsides.

*Damascus* (the Pearl of the Orient). On my first visit to Damascus I stopped at Hotel Victoria. Here I was assigned to a room with a small balcony overlooking the Barada River which runs through the heart of the city.

Damascus is supposed to be the oldest city in the world. It is beautifully located on a plain which is covered with gardens and orchards and watered by the Barada River.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has electric cars and electric light, Damascus is still as Oriental as it was during Biblical times. The streets are narrow and most of the houses are low. But enter them and you will marvel at their beauty and splendor. The floors are covered with marble stones; the gardens are decorated with the choicest fruit trees, shrubberies, flowers, and spouting fountains; the rooms are adorned with arabesques, and filled with splendid furniture.

Among the chief buildings are the great citadel and the famous Mosque of Omiad, where 30,000 assemble. This mosque contains the burial place of the head of John the Baptist.

I used to enjoy sitting in my brother's store on "Souk el-Hamidieh" (the steel-vaulted bazaar), and watch the great throng passing—sharp-eyed Bedawi (Bedouin) Arabs with high boots, Muslims with white or green turbans, black veiled women, and some in European garments but with the red Fez

(tárboosh), and the picturesque caravans. It is also very interesting to see the native craftsmen at work, for example, the weavers in the world's oldest city. Since the invention



*In My Arabian Garments*

of the hand loom, Damascus has been the home of the weavers in silk, wool, and cotton. No modern machine can ever excel the hand woven material by the Syrian primitive methods.

“The Ghouta” is a collection of gardens—some 30 by 20

miles of orchard land and truck gardens, extending in a lunette around Damascus. How you would love the pretty



*Zeenat and Daughter Parvene Bagdadi in Oriental Costume*

fruits in a Damascus bazaar! There are more than 20 kinds of grapes — huge, luscious grapes.

A railroad connects Damascus with Aleppo, and the first stop between the two cities is at the village of Bálbeck. Bálbeck is a village that tells the same story of ancient



*Damascus — With My Relatives and Friends*

rulers who have gone and the Bedawi (Bedouin) Arabs who have remained.

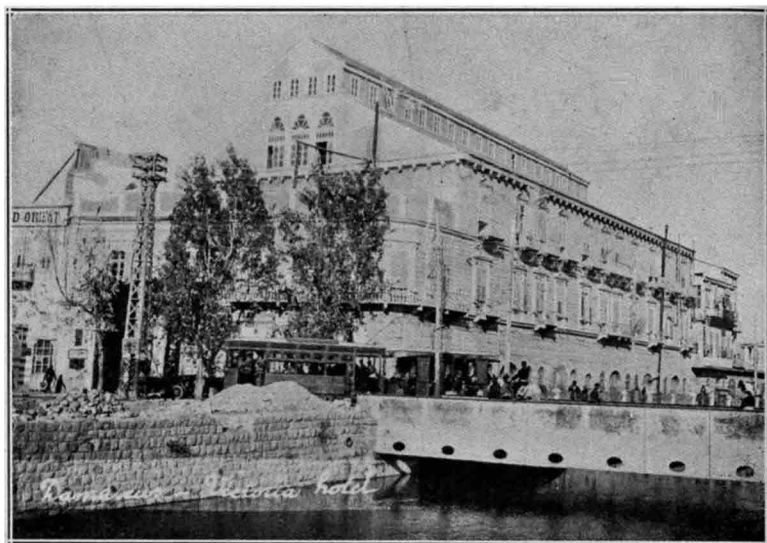
Located in a fertile, green valley of low slopes, Bálbeck (the city of the Light God), with the ruins of its temples and shrines of Jupiter, Venus, and Bacchus, reflects some of the glorious civilization of the Greeks and the Romans.



*Damascus*

In the outer wall of the temple of Jupiter, in the center of the village, are three huge stones that surely must be the largest in the world and the highest ever quarried by man. One stone of this type called, "Hadjar el-Hubla" (the Stone of the pregnant woman), 70 feet long, 14 feet high, 13 feet wide, weighing 1,500 tons, lies at the outskirts of the village. The mammoth stone block is finished on five surfaces, and on the sixth is still uncut from the quarry bed. The natives

believed that its duplicates in the temple wall had been lifted there by the “jinn” (demons or devils) of that mighty magician, King Solomon. But a native peasant tried to assure me that the ancient rulers employed “devil birds” that could easily fly with a 1,500 ton stone. Of course that was before he saw the flying machines of today.



*Damascus — Hotel Victoria*

Leaving Bálbeck behind and passing the cities of Homs and Hamah, we reach the city of Aleppo.

*Aleppo.* The name of this city in Arabic is “Haleb”, and its title is “El-Shahba”, that is, the dappled cow has been milked, referring to the fact that Abraham operated a free milk station here in Biblical times.

Even 2,000 years before the Christian era, Aleppo was

an important city, located in the midst of the brown, dry plains.

In the center of Aleppo rises a high citadel, crowned by the most splendid example of Arabian fortress and castle. It was built by the son of Saláh-ed-Din (Saladin).

To those who approach Aleppo from the east—the Bedawi (Bedouin) Arab who whirls in on a galloping steed,



*Damascus — Hamidiyah Street*

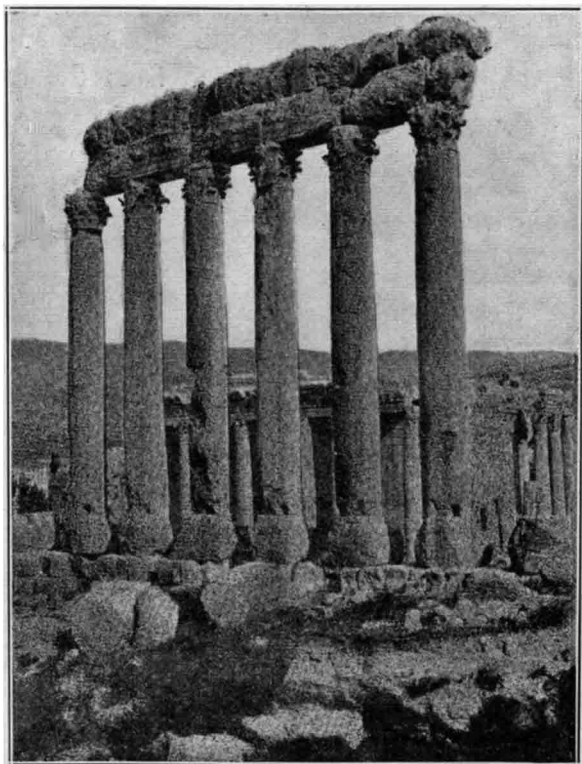
the traders with the camel caravan, the plodding with ox and wooden wheels—it is not a puzzle: to them it is neither hot nor barren.

Through the hot days, Aleppo, except for the shady side of the streets in the business district, might be called a city of sleep. On vacant lots between the stores, straight-backed armchairs and little tables stand empty in the boiling sun.



You walk many blocks without seeing a human face, and you see only white stone houses.

When late afternoon comes and the buildings form a



*Bálbeck — Ruins of the Temple of the Sun*

screen against the sun, the scene changes suddenly. The streets which were deserted are filled with life. Women in black and children in bright clothes stroll toward the river, and men are headed for the bazaars. Every chair in the

open-air coffee-shops is occupied. Neither radio, movies, athletics, nor motor cars can ever rob the Oriental coffee-shop of its charm. I have repeatedly stated that to the people of the near and far East the coffee-shop is the recognized club for all classes of mankind. It is the board of trade and stock exchange in all those countries.

At night the summer gardens are open until 2:00 a.m. To the Occidental ear, Oriental music sounds queer, but after becoming accustomed to it, he will surely like it. The Syrian woman soloist enlivens her part with artistic dancing, while the orchestra and chorus, seated in a semi-circle around her, furnish the occasional responses to a recital.

Four hundred and fifty miles the old caravan route stretches across the desert from Aleppo in Syria to Baghdad in Iraq. Today we can go leisurely down the road in a Ford automobile.

#### 'IRAQ AND THE ARABIAN DESERT

The trail from Aleppo to Baghdad by automobile along the Euphrates River, is reached a few hours outside of Aleppo. Deir ez-Zor, 225 miles from Aleppo, can be reached in the same evening, and 59 miles beyond is Abulkemal—284 miles from Aleppo.

*Deir ez-Zor.* On reaching the Deir ez-Zor, we stop at the "Khan" (inn), which is a rectangular, one-story building with a flat roof, surrounding a courtyard.

A polite chap brings a tall urn-shaped pitcher of water. We get out our soap, and the boy pours water over hands and heads. Soon the villagers arrive to sell bread, milk, olives, live chickens, and sheep.

Meals are strictly buffet-luncheon style. Knives and forks do not exist and, of course, are not wanted.

Once I invited a Bedawi Arab to eat with me. For a moment he looked very serious and suspicious. "Am I here

to eat with you or to battle?" he asked. "To battle! What makes you say so?" I exclaimed. "Then what are these sharp knives, sharp-pointed picks, and shovels for?" he inquired, pointing his finger at the silver. I picked up the knives and forks and put them away. Then I explained to him their use. He shook his head and said. "No. Alláh has given us hands, and it would be sacrilege not to use them, even in eating."

We sleep on the flat roof of the inn, spreading our blankets. During the afternoon the men of the village sit in the shade below the coffee-shop, on the banks of the Euphrates, and watch a steady stream of women carrying heavy goatskins full of water on their heads and disappearing down the narrow streets of the village. One day from here by automobile we reach the city of Mosul and its oil fields, on the Tigris river.

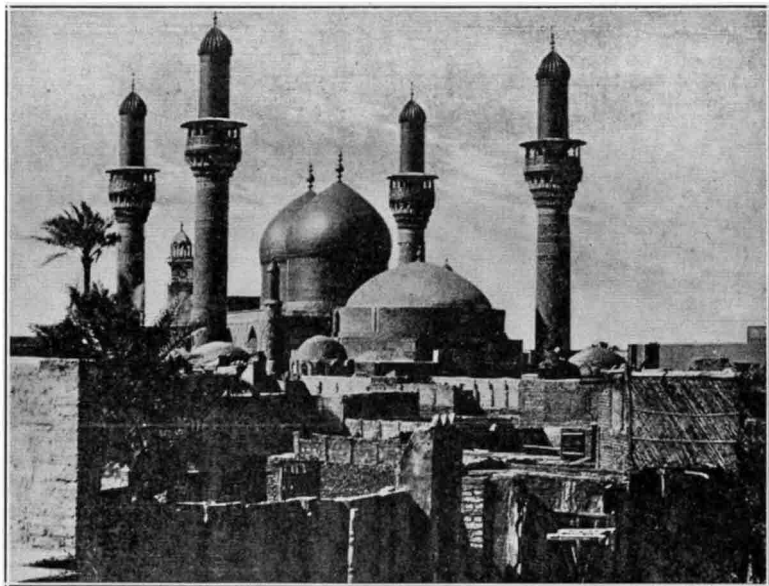
Another route to Baghdad is along the west bank of the Euphrates through the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, and Chrisophon to Abulkemal—the last town in French Syria. A few miles farther we reach Aana. After four hours' ride we reach Hadesa, and a dozen miles farther on is Ramadi. From Ramadi to Baghdad is half a day's ride. The Euphrates is crossed at Feludja. After that it is a level speedway of 60 miles, the gold minarets of Kadhmein soaring like beacons to the Tigris and the romantic city of old—Baghdad.

*Baghdad*, (The Abode of Peace), capital of 'Iraq, lies on the Tigris. Old Baghdad—the residence of Harun-ur-Rashid, hero of the Arabian nights, and the caliphs, and incidentally, the birthplace of my father and mother. Here Bahá'u'llah, the founder of Universal Religion, lived as an exile for more than eleven years and declared his mission to the world.

The city is surrounded by a thick brick wall almost six miles in circuit. The houses are built mostly of brick. Many

of its streets are narrow, but the bazaars are wide. The bazaar of Dawood Pasha still ranks as one of the most splendid in the world.

During the days of the caliphs—Arab rulers—Baghdad was the world's center of poetry, science, and invention.

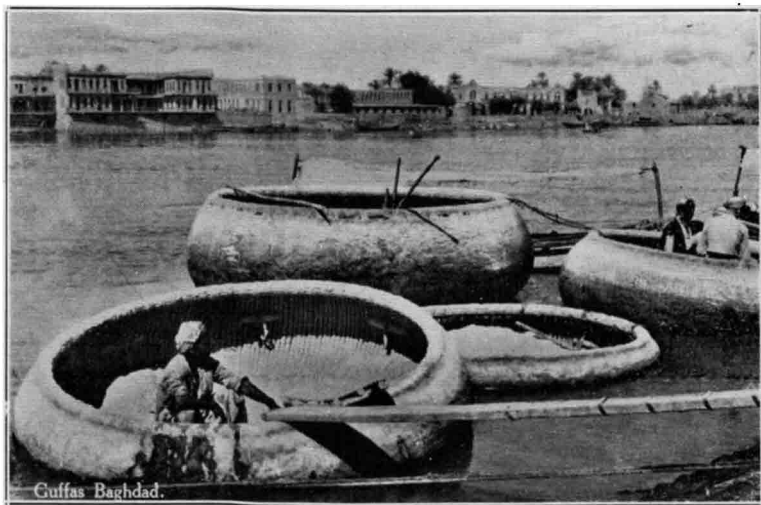


*Baghdad — Mosque of Golden Domes*

Harun-ur-Rashid, and after him his son, El Mamoön, were great patrons of learning, and established numerous academies and schools in Baghdad. Important works were written at that time on geography, history, philosophy, medicine, mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. Even the first clock was made in Baghdad, with all its parts of wood.

This clock was sent from the caliph to the Emperor of France as a present.

Steamers ply on the Tigris river between Baghdad and Basrah to the Persian Gulf. The "Guffa" (Basket), a round-shaped boat, is peculiar to the Tigris and Euphrates. It is made of reeds with wooden uprights and is plastered over with pitch.

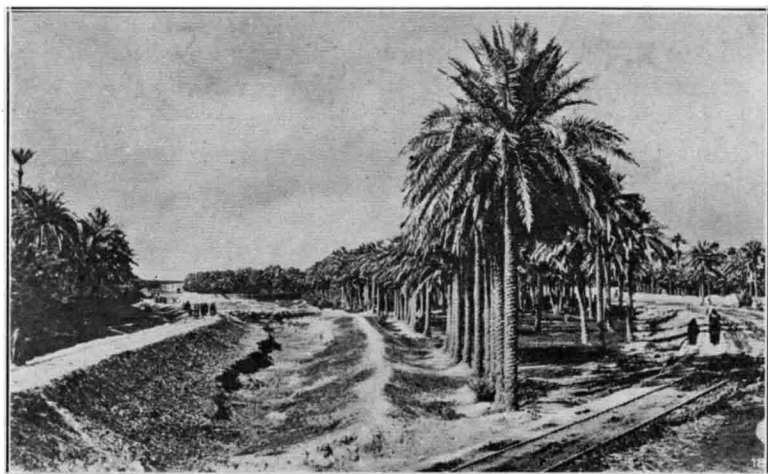


*Baghdad and the Tigris River*

'Iraq is now under British mandate, but its ruler is King Feisal. I met His Highness in Palestine in 1920.

Most of the inhabitants of 'Iraq are Arabs. It is fortunate for the Arab, since his methods of irrigation have been so primitive, that his land in 'Iraq has the most fertile soil in the world, and with the help of only a little water, produces wonderful crops.

*THE DATE PALMS.* The date palms of 'Iraq are the chief attraction to the eyes of travelers. Imagine a huge date palm garden extending along the banks of the Tigris from Baghdad to the Persian Gulf to a distance more than two miles inland from the river. The number of trees cannot be short of 10,000,000. The quantity of fruit annually has been over 25,000,000 pounds and the value of the fruit, \$3,500,000.



*Baghdad — The Famous Date Palms*

The traveler who approaches 'Iraq perceives the loveliness of the date palm as its rounded, slender stem, crowned with long, feathery branches rises from that land into the burning air. It grows close to the river, with "its feet in water and its head in heaven", according to the Arab saying. The tree is as good as it is beautiful. It has "as many uses as there are days in the year". A healthy tree reaches the height of more than 80 feet.

*Karbilá*. Sixty miles southwest of Baghdad is the town of *Karbilá*, with its shrine of the martyred Hussein, son of 'Ali, the fourth caliph and grandson of Muhammad. It is estimated that more than 200,000 pilgrims with their women and children journey annually to *Karbilá*. Many bring the remains of their relatives to be buried in the sacred soil of this town.

#### HIJ JAZ, ARABIA

The most famous cities of Hijjaz in Arabia are Mecca and Medina. To visit them, pilgrims go annually either by a steamer to Jeddah, the seaport of Mecca, or by the Damascus to Mecca Railroad line. This route starts at the "Bab Alláh" (the Gate of God) in Damascus. From Damascus to Mecca is a distance of 1,007 miles.

For the first few miles, the line traverses the famous fertile land of Hauran, the center of the Druze tribes and the Jordan Valley. Then there is nothing but wilderness and desolation. After crossing the mountains of Moab, past the towns of Tebuk, El Ula, Medina, and desert lands between them, the holy city is thus reached.

*Mecca*, the holy city of the Muhammadans, is situated in a long, narrow valley. This small city is a little more than two miles long. Its houses are very handsome and its streets are wide and regular. Its chief building is the Mosque of Mecca (the House of God) or "Al-Harem" (the Sanctuary), in which is the "Cába" (the Holy House). The mosque is about 350 feet long and 300 feet in breadth, supported by 450 marble pillars about 20 feet in height, and roofed by numerous copulas. The walls, arches, and minarets are painted in stripes of red, yellow, and blue.

The *Cába* is an oblong massive structure, and its doors are coated with silver and gold: In the *Cába* is the "Hajar al-Asád" (the Luckiest Stone), an oval-shaped, black stone,

said to be brought by the Angel Gabriel, and is surrounded by a border of silver and cement to prevent its being worn away by the kisses and touches of the pilgrims.

The Holy Well of Zem-Zem supplies the city with water for drinking and ablution. Fifteen miles from Mecca is Mount 'Arafát, where the prophet used to retire to pray.

Mecca is celebrated as the birthplace in 570 A. D., of the prophet Muhammad.

*Medina.* Next to Mecca, Medina is the second holy city of the Muhammadans. This city stands in a plain close to a chain of hills. It is surrounded by a wall 40 feet high, flanked by 30 towers, which render Medina the chief stronghold of Hijjaz. Its chief building is the "Mosque of Al-Harem" (the Sanctuary) which contains the tomb of the prophet.

#### TRANSJORDANIA

Lying just east of the Jordan river, only a few miles from Jerusalem, is the new Arabian kingdom, Transjordania. Omman is the capital, five hours ride from Jerusalem, and located on the Hijjaz-Damascus Railroad line. Its inhabitants, of course, are Arabs.

The Arab rides in from the desert, smokes his Narghile, drinks his black coffee, and gallops back into the void. As the season changes, he folds his tents and moves with his herds of camels, sheep, and goats to other localities where he can find green spots for grazing.

Every one in the desert carries a rifle. Everybody is his own policeman.

#### THE ARAB WORLD

The Arab world is vast, stretching from the Arabian Peninsula on the east, and across all of north Africa to the Atlantic. Once it was united under the Saracens, now it is divided into many tribes; but fundamentally they have the



bonds of race, language, and religion. Briefly speaking, all Arabian kings, Amirs, princes, or chiefs are from Mecca, except central Arabia, the land of Nejd which is ruled by 'Abdu'l-'Aziz Ibn Sáud, the present ruler of the Wahabis. King Hussein is the Sheriff or Guardian of Mecca in Hijjaz, his second son, Amir 'Abdulláh, is the ruler of Transjordania, and King Feisal, the third son, is the Ruler of Baghdad in 'Iraq. Of course, since the end of the great war, all these kingdoms have come under English control.

### THE ARABS

The Arabs as a race are of middle stature, of a powerful though slender build, and have a skin of a brownish color, but which, in towns and uplands, is often almost white. Their features are well cut, the nose straight, the forehead high, the eyes,—well, bring me even the most humble Arabian girl, and I will show you how those large, lustrous, long-lashed, black or brown eyes talk.

The Arabs are naturally active, intelligent, and courteous; their character is marked by temperance, bravery, and great hospitality. The desert air is extremely dry and clear, always invigorating, and even the great heat in summer is not so distressing as in damper climates where the thermometer is probably lower. Climate has, without doubt, a great effect. The nervous, restless, high temperament of the Arab is to a great extent the creation of his environment of desert with its splendid mirages to fire the imagination and its supply of air to keep the nerves always alert.

### BEDAWI ARABS' JUSTICE

The following astounding, shocking, and heart-rending story portrays to the Occidental mind a vivid picture of the degree of justice and the principles of honor still upheld by the dwellers of the Arabian desert.

In the southeast regions of Baghdad, that portion of the Arabian desert near the Persian Gulf, the Dhafir tribes had their camps. Hammood Ibn Swait was the Shaykh of the tribe, one of the most renowned chiefs of Arabia. He was fifty when this story happened at the end of the great war, an advanced age among the dwellers of the desert who seldom die a natural death. He was tall and broad shouldered. His



*Arabia — The Shaykhs in the Tent Sipping Coffee and Smoking the Narghile — Water-pipe*

hawk-like features marked him as a leader. His robes were simple, like that worn by the ordinary Bedawi.

Once he returned to the camp, mounted on one of Arabia's best horses, with a company of his warriors. His face was shadowed with grief and his men were depressed.

One of his guests asked, "What is wrong with you, Shaykh Hammood?" His strong face became convulsed and tears ran down his cheeks. He tried to speak, but speech failed him. He motioned toward his tent. Surely something

worse than death must have happened. Death is far too ordinary an event to stir an Arab so profoundly.

The camp lay in a hollow about a mile long and a half mile wide in a vast plain, a kind of oasis without trees, common to the Arabian desert.

Hammood led the way in silence to his reception tent. It was a large eight-poled tent. The floor was covered with rugs. He and other Shaykhs and guests seated themselves cross-legged, forming a circle.

Within the circle was a primitive fireplace, and on the hearth stood several copper coffeepots, tended by a tall husky slave. After all were served with coffee, dates, and milk, Hammood asked to be excused and withdrew to his family tent near by.

Hammood was the father of many children, but through the struggle of desert life he had lost fifteen sons. There was left only Jálán, a young man of twenty-five. Hammood was very proud and fond of him and naturally expected him to succeed as the ruler and Shaykh of the tribe.

Until the withdrawal of Hammood from the tent, no one had spoken. It is easy for one to wait if he knows the Arab custom of talking about anything but one's real business until the way to it is paved. So all had to wait. Finally, Ahmad of Tawwaf, cousin of the Shaykh, brought up the matter that all had on their minds. Ahmad was a handsome man under thirty and strong as a lion.

In a sad voice he told the story of the tragic event that had plunged the tribe into gloom. It concerned Jálán and Faraj, son of Rizk, a boy of fourteen, who was admired by every member of the tribe for his amazing courage and counted as the best hero among the youth. But he had a fiercely independent nature, sensitive pride, and unbending will.

One day Faraj and Ahmad had joined a party of twenty-four fighting men of whom Jálán, Shaykh Hammood's son, was the leader to raid the Mutair, the hereditary enemies of the tribe. The Mutair territory is south, at least fifty hours' ride distant. They had to travel in the night, and the journey required five nights.

The party set out soon after nightfall. When they arrived near the Hafar Wells on the fourth night out, they were short of water and they had to get it at any cost. But an enemy scout was watching the wells.

"Our lives depended upon our obtaining water before going any farther," continued Ahmad. "I had to find and kill the enemy scout, or he would warn his people and we should fall into trap. We had only about two hours before dawn. There was no moon. With Jálán's permission I went on to the Wells. I crawled on my hands and knees and saw the enemy scout. I crawled the fifty yards that lay between us. I saw him move, and stood up. I had wished to crawl up and surprise him, but it was too late. One of us must die within the next few minutes. Since he had not seen me, I might still be able to prevent him from firing to warn his tribe.

"My man stretched himself and looked around, but did not see me. He laid his rifle on the ground and walked up and down across my front. It was still dark, but I was able to follow his movements against the skyline. I was within two paces of the spot where his rifle lay. As he passed me, I sprang on him from behind, forced his head back toward me and plunged my dagger into his throat. May Alláh have mercy on him! This was the fifth man of the Mutair to pay the penalty since my father was killed by them a year ago."

His party, Ahmad went on to explain, had watered their camels, filled their goatskins and ridden off to a spot out of

sight of the Wells, and an hour before dawn they had halted.

"The encampment began to stir," continued Ahmad. "Dogs were barking. The camels were rising to look around for food. A man stood outside one of the tents, rubbing himself. He turned and went in again. At a word from Jálán, we ran down the slope, shouting the war cry of our tribe. We surrounded the tents and called on the Mutair to surrender. The man who had been seen outside his tent rushed out with his rifle. We shot him down instantly. The rest of the men, about thirty, surrendered. The women and children were driven out from the tents and made to join their men. We saddled the camels, placed everything we could in the saddlebags and departed. Soon the Mutair and their allied tribes were in pursuit, but our rifles were better than theirs. Some of our men succeeded in surrounding them from the rear. We mowed down many of them, one by one, and they had to give up.

"Each of our men was riding on a 'Dahlul' (riding camel), and Faraj, I noticed, had the best camel. He had won the famous 'Nada', known throughout central Arabia for beauty, speed and endurance.

"We were riding through the Wells regions. Jálán was in front. His brown camel was striding out gaily, making the pace hot for us. Just behind him rode Mohran, his slave.

"Faraj in high spirits was dashing up and down showing off his capture. Once he went on in front past Jálán, who up to that minute did not seem to have noticed that the famous Nada was among the trophies. He now watched her as she dashed past him, leaving him behind as if he were mounted upon an old donkey. On she sped ahead of the caravan, circled gracefully, and came back like the wind, while the small figure, Faraj, balanced lightly in the saddle

with arms waving and seemed like a bold 'Jinn' (Dare-Devil), careless of the animal's life and also of the laws laid down by men.

"Jálan brought his camel to a walk. Would he treat the boy's audacity as a prank or punish him for disrespect? No older man would have dared to pass in front of our chief. Presently we saw Mohran ride alongside Jálan and then swing around at a trot to the rear. He returned with Faraj, flushed with pride and excitement, but evidently unconscious of having given offense. I was afraid. My companions closed up quickly to intercede for the boy if possible. Faraj had now come alongside Jálan and waited for him to speak. Jálan shouted in anger, 'Get off that camel and exchange with Mohran'.

"Every Arab is taught from childhood that he is equal to all other men. If requested to do so, the boy would have given up his mount without a word; but to be ordered to exchange his camel with a slave was an insult. The boy was as fierce as Jálan. He was quick to resent the humiliation.

" 'This camel is mine by right, and I shall keep it', he answered haughtily. 'You can kill me if you like, but you will not get it otherwise'.

"Jálan acted with the speed of lightning. Before we could say a word in protest, he had drawn his pistol and shot the boy through the heart. Without a cry Faraj swayed in the saddle and fell. Jálan, as swift in remorse as in anger, jumped off his camel, received him in his arms, and laid him on the ground.

"We were horrified. Jálan, prostrate and clasping the boy to his heart, was sobbing violently. He remained thus the whole day, and we retired to leave him alone with his grief. Toward nightfall he came to us. We stood up to receive him and were silent.

"After a few minutes he said in a quiet, sad voice, 'My dear brothers, it has been my ill fate to kill without cause one of the best and bravest among us, and I am no longer fit to live. I cannot face Faraj's father in this life, nor can I look my tribal brothers in the face again. Go back to our encampment, tell my father what I have done, and say that I shall return in three days to pay the penalty. May Alláh give him strength to support this trial. Leave the boy with me. Tell his parents that even they could not be more tender than I shall be in putting his body to rest.' He then withdrew without another word. We proceeded on our way, meditating on the strange decree of 'Kismet', fate. Mohran remained with his master."

When the party arrived in camp, Shaykh Hammood was away. A messenger was sent to him immediately. Ahmad broke the news to Rizk. Although he was stunned, his face had lighted with pride at the part his boy had played. Alláh had willed it. Not a word did he say against Jálán, but the next morning the ground on which his tent had stood was bare. He had left during the night to wander through the desert. He could not remain where he was gravely wronged, nor could he reproach the man who had given him shelter and on whose bounty he lived.

"Shaykh Hammood returned yesterday," Ahmad resumed. "He is overcome with grief. Jálán will come during the night. There is only one end. Jálán must pay with his life. To live is dishonor. He must die before daybreak tomorrow. He is not permitted to take his own life. He must die by his father's hand."

As the call for the evening dinner was sounded, Ahmad ceased to speak. Hammood asked to be excused. The guests pretended they were eating, and the food was taken away almost untouched.

Everybody retired to the tents, but who could go to sleep when such an unforgettable drama would soon be enacted near the tents. Nothing could prevent the tragedy. There was no way out with honor. There was no moon, but the stars shown brightly. The hours rolled by; the stars disappeared one by one. The eastern horizon began to show a faint light. Brighter and brighter it grew. Everybody wondered if, after all, Shaykh Hammood would have the courage needed for his awful act of justice. Just then the sharp report of a revolver was heard and the tragedy was over. All ran out and beheld a scene that can never be forgotten. There was Shaykh Hammood, clothed in his princely, ceremonial robes. His face bore not the slightest trace of emotion. He looked as he was, a chieftain administering justice. Through his open cloak showed the jeweled hilt of his dagger. A revolver was in his hand. Before him lay his only son, shot dead through the heart. Jálán had died in the same manner as the boy, Faraj. Such is Arab justice.

Another way of settling a murder case is as follows: If one Arab kills another, the family of the deceased go to the Shaykh of the tribe. The Shaykh finds the murderer and takes him to the camp of the dead man's family and says to them, "This is the man who killed your relative. You have got him now, you can do what you please with him."

Usually the reply is, "May God forgive him, we know it." The blood money question is then agreed upon—\$2,000 to \$3,000 cash and the remainder, whatever that may be, in camels and slaves. Sometimes this is refused. In this case the murderer is sure to be slain.



## WOMEN OF THE DESERT

*Their romance, flirtation, nagging, laws, and liberty  
are unknown in the western countries.*

## STORY OF THE WIFE OF A YOUNG ARABIAN SHAYKH.

One morning Shaykh Mitkhal of the Beni Sakhr Tribe sat in a "Divan" (council meeting for trial) like a sultan to administer justice by old desert laws. The dispute was an intimate family matter, involving the domestic relations of his own nephew and niece; yet all who had ears to hear were summoned to the great tent. The nephew, Jerid, a boy of twenty but already an important minor Shaykh in the tribe-group with his own encampment and fifty warriors, had married a girl of the tribe of El-Khour, by name Thorayya, two years before. She had borne him one child and now was again to be a mother. This Thorayya, it was said, had been insisting that her husband should take another wife, and Jerid had stubbornly refused. After quarreling and even threatening to separate, they had agreed to submit their difference to Shaykh Mitkhal for adjustment.

The party arrived soon after eight o'clock, Jerid with twenty of his men on horseback, and Thorayya on a white camel, accompanied by her old colored maid on a donkey. The young wife wore a mantle of heavy crimson Baghdad silk. Broad silver bracelets circled her arms, and gold coins were braided in her hair. Her boots were of red Damascus leather with blue silk tassels. She was rather pretty but thin, hawk-nosed, and with flashing, restless eyes—she was obviously high-tempered. She and her maid disappeared into the women's tent.

Shaykh Mitkhal and Jerid sat side by side, and the warriors sat crossed-legged in a great open circle shoulder to shoulder, and others stood just outside. The old and the

young Shaykhs talked about everything else, but not a word did either of them mention of the dispute.

Mansur, the slave of the Shaykh, now brought from the women's tent a small rug and pink silk cushions with which he arranged a small couch near the center of the circle facing Shaykh Mitkhal. Then he placed a special rug beside it for Jerid. Thorayya came in and sat on the couch. Jerid left his place beside the Shaykh, but ignored the rug that had been laid for him and sat on the sand. Some forty women stood outside the tent where they could hear. Mansur, sitting at the Shaykh's feet tapped sharply three times in the sand with a camel-stick, and the "Divan" (trial) began.

"Wilt thou speak first, O Jerid?" asked Shaykh Mitkhal. "La-Walláh! (No, by God!)," replied Jerid. "For I am content." He began to roll a cigarette.

"Wilt thou speak then, O Thorayya, or wilt thou have another to speak for thee?"

"I will speak, O my uncle," she answered and began rather calmly. But she soon became excited and poured out such a stream of words, giving reasons for her insistence that Jerid should add a second wife to the household.

In the first place she objected to bearing many children, although the wealth and strength of the dwellers of the desert lies in the man-power even more than in their flocks, and every Bedawi father wants to have as many sons as he can. A man can beget thirty or even forty children with joy, but a woman who is compelled to bear and rear them "carries an endless burden", loses her youth and beauty, and grows quickly old. Poverty compels the wife of a poorer Bedawi to endure anything. But the wife of a young Shaykh, particularly if she is beautiful, prefers to bear two or three children and no more, retaining her figure and youth, and letting other wives share in childbearing.

Thorayya complained also that life was stupid with only a maid in her tent. She wanted the companionship of a second wife, an equal. The unmarried Arabian girl is astonishingly free. But once married she has more limited social contacts. Even her husband spends most of his time in the coffee circle from which women are excluded. Furthermore, Thorayya held it was "undignified" and "unnatural" for one wife to be saddled with all the responsibilities of a Shaykhly tent. Every Shaykh keeps continual open house. Ten or twenty guests may drop in unexpectedly for dinner. No matter how many servants there are in the house, certain duties devolve on the wife in the desert. Thorayya, with one baby in her arms and another soon coming, insisted that it was high time for her husband to show decent consideration and marry a second wife.

She pleaded at great length, being the aggrieved party. Jerid replied with few words. He intended to take a second wife in due time, but he was tired of being nagged on the subject.

Shaykh Mitkhal puffed placidly at his Narghile, pondered and gave judgment. "Every man," he said, "wants many sons if it is the will of Alláh, but it is not good for a Shaykh's wife to bear burdens like a camel all her life. Yet a complaining and discontented wife is also a heavy burden, and if one wife fills the household with discordant quarreling, how shall the husband wish to take another? Let Jerid and Thorayya return to their tent in peace, and let her reproaches cease. And at the end of Ramadan (month of fasting), next spring when we are returned from the south, Jerid shall take a second wife. I have spoken."

Mansur tapped thrice with the camel-stick to announce that the Divan was adjourned.

## ARABIAN ROMANCE

The Bedawi leads a very chivalrous and romantic life. When a man wishes to marry he goes to his sweetheart's camp and sings to her, in many cases his own verses. If she likes him, she sings to him too. Then, if the girl's family approves, there is a marriage. But occasionally there are elopements.

The Bedawis marry more than one wife if they can afford it, and the wives live on good terms. But the first wife usually remains the mistress of the house.

The freedom of the girl is based on the laws of the desert: All responsibility in pre-marriage contact between the sexes rests on the shoulders of the male. If an unmarried girl is seduced, she is not punished; but the guilty man is and may lose his life. If a married woman is guilty of infidelity, however, the law is different. She is divorced and sent under escort as a prisoner to her own family, usually her parents or brother. The men in her family sit as judges. If she is found guilty, she is immediately dragged outside the tent to have her throat cut. On the other hand, if a man spreads falsely an evil report about a woman's virtue, he is slain by the tribe.

A Bedawi marriage is rather a civil contract. After the agreement has been signed before witnesses in the tents of the parents, the bride herself, decked out in a red or blue robe, with gold or silver bracelets and anklets, and with gold coins braided in her hair, mounts on the rump of the bridegroom's horse or camel, and they go for a ride among the tents. Their bridal chamber for a month consists of a small booth, its inner and outer walls gaily hung with rugs and tapestries, and is pitched either next to the husband's tent or a few yards from it.

The marriage price, which may be much or little, is paid

to the bride's father by the bridegroom. He may divorce her at any time, but she, too, can leave him at any time she pleases if she is ill treated. No one can compel her to return. If he can show or prove, however, that she left him without just cause, the marriage price may be returned to him.

Love affairs, marriage matches, and freedom of choice on the girl's part are common among the Dwellers of the Desert. For example: Shaykh Mitkhal's rich old father, after his beard was turning gray, sought in marriage the hand of the pretty, fifteen year old daughter of his poorest tribesman. The little girl, already in love with a youth of twenty, replied, "The honor is too great for an humble girl like me. You are asking me to wear a robe in which are woven too many silver threads." He was disappointed but not angry, and the girl's father did not force her, although the marriage would have brought him many camels.

PERSIA — "THE LAND OF THE SUN AND THE LION,  
THE ROSES AND NIGHTINGALES"

The journey from Baghdad into Tihrán, the capital of Persia, is now done comfortably by motor in three to four days.

Persia, for a surprising majority in America, suggests the Persian rug, the Persian Cat, and 'Omar Khayyam. Before learning the English language and coming from the Orient to America, my poor imagination was this — that America was a big factory producing missionaries, because that was the only type of Americans whom I had seen during my childhood, and Chicago suggested a black dot near a blue spot as it looks on the map. But Persia is as large as Germany, France, Italy, and the British Isles combined.

Babylon, Assyria, and Chaldea rose to power in rapid sequence, served their day of world dominion, weakened, and

quickly disappeared. Persia, following in their footsteps, elevated southwestern Asia to still higher eminence as the center of civilization and empire, struggled with the Greeks, Romans, Mongols, Arabs, and Turks, disintegrated but maintained its identity through terrific storms of circumstances down to the present day.

Arab conquerors penetrated to the foundations of Persian life. The Mongol and the Turk threatened their very existence, yet their national characteristics always triumphed over their aggressors.

Modern Persia is a vast mountain-ribbed, desert plateau, studded here and there with oases which form ribbons of fertile, green fields fringing the desert at the base of steep mountain slopes from whose snow clad summits comes the life-giving moisture.

Water is the chief concern of the Persian peasant. Wherever he can divert the flow of a mountain stream or build a crude canal from a well or spring, a small portion of the desert becomes a paradise, and he prospers.

It is the desert contrast that has made the Persian poets sing of rose gardens and nightingales. And if many centuries of Persians have labored at the creation of beautiful gardens and the decorations of houses and cities, it is because each city is an oasis separated from every other city by the desert. Hence, the passion for gardens that became long ago a characteristic of Persian life; the house and garden themselves are an oasis in an oasis, and beyond is the wide and the wild desert. Is it surprising that they should cherish such beauty spots and consider them as heaven itself? And that is why the poets have always mentioned their cities and gardens with the best of praise.

Persian decorative art, created by the environment of Persian life, thus became the most distinctive expression of

the genius of the people. The various decorative arts reached a high level in Persia during the seventh century.

Leaving Baghdad by the railroad which runs almost to the Persian border, the town of Khaniqayn is reached by the second day. Here the automobile would be waiting to take us to Hamadán, some 30 miles distant.

During the first day, we pass through mountains and rolling valleys. We cross many fertile plains and little villages where brown and white oxen may be seen pulling primitive wooden plows. There are swift flowing streams and all kinds of fruit trees. Here we camp.

With the dawn — out again, up and down, through mountains and valleys, we reach the village of Hussein Abád. This part of the plateau is inhabited by the Kurds.

The Kurds are racially quite distinct from the Persians. Like the Arabian dwellers of the desert, the Kurds are nomadic tribes that live on their flocks and by hunting in the mountains and valleys. They have their own tribal costume which is perhaps the most picturesque in all Persia.

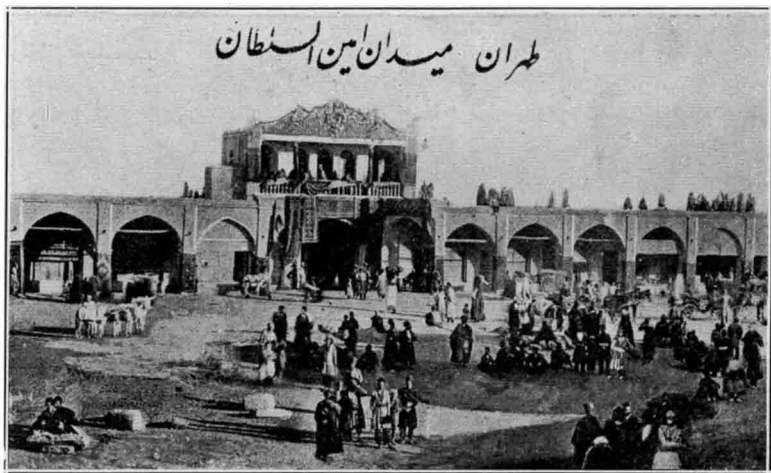
Almost always armed to the teeth, these tribesmen look particularly romantic when dashing down the hills on their horses — the gleam of a rifle slung over a shoulder — a flowing purple turban loosely bound around a huge, black felt cap — a broad, colorful scarf about the waist half hiding two or even three vests and above which projects the hilt of a dagger and a revolver — baggy trousers — gaily tasseled and embroidered saddle.

The Kurdish women are generally somber in dress but do not hide the beauty of their faces under veils.

It is interesting to watch a Kurdish dance. "Hi, ya, ya, ya, ya—ya", the women sing, emphasizing the first and last syllables. They have an orchestra too, consisting of a big drum, a guitar, violin, a flute, and a six foot, brass trombo-

horn. Now and then one or more of the players stop for refreshments and then resume hastily with much added zeal. The men and women form in separate lines and with locked arms sway backward and forward in a sort of folk dance.

*Hamadán.* At the city of Hamadán, climbing Mount Elwend, we find Queen Esther's tomb and the Musallah,



*Tihrán — The Square of Amin-us-Sultán*

the renowned Median Acropolis — the ruins of the palaces of the kings of the Medians and the Persians.

*Tihrán*, the capital of Persia, stands 3,810 feet above sea level at the foot of the Elburz Mountains which rise nearly 13,000 feet. As we approach the capital of Persia we see the increasing traffic on the road — mule and camel caravans, villagers driving strings of laden donkeys to market.

So sudden is the transition from sun-baked desert to city, that you feel as if you have suddenly passed into a dream to



behold the most surprising of gateways, a great multicolored facade overlaid with a gay mosaic of glistening tiles and topped with numerous minarets ornamented in the same fashion.

Although occupying an ancient site, Tihrán is a very modern city. Entering within the city walls, the stranger is impressed by the wide, shaded avenues with their bordering high walls, inclosing beautiful gardens and palatial residences.

For the most part the buildings, the homes of the middle classes, are of one or two stories, flat roofed, many of them plastered white or pale blue or pink, and with projecting balconies. At intervals rows of slim poplars project above the street walls, and through a stately gateway one gets a glimpse of the choicest of flowers and shrubbery, spraying fountains, and the brick or stucco residence of some Persian prince or noble.

The northern portion of the city is modern and up-to-date. The southern part is an undisturbed bit of old Persia—the great bazaars, the narrow, twisting streets, and the dry mud house walls.

The city centers around a large public plaza, “The Maidan-i-Toop-Khaneh” (The Artillery Square), a public park. Six important avenues lead through beautiful arched gateways from this enclosure. “Khiaban-i-Lalezár” (Tulip Field Avenue), “Khiaban-i-Almassieh” (Avenue of Diamonds), and others are named after the former Shahs and ministers.

The palace of the Shah, the government state departments and the royal college are located within the ancient citadel. The Shah’s palace is a great treasure by itself. One enters it from the Khiaban-i-Almassieh (the Avenue of Diamonds), and passes across the gardens with long black pines, flower beds with roses, beautiful flowers, and silvery rills

gurgling into a lake. Nightingales twitter in the trees. Shining, brilliantly painted buildings rise on every side.

Reaching the main entrance, you come to the great staircase leading to the state departments. The walls are decorated with millions of tiny bits of mirror set in white plaster,



*Tihrán — Artillery Square*

glittering like diamonds. The rugs and carpets are of the choicest of Persian looms.

The guide will usher you into the Diamond Room. The walls and the roof are all made of mirrors. There are plenty of silk curtains with gold and blue decorations. All one side of the room contains valuable jewels and gold. The carpets are of silk, the chairs of gold. There are fifty golden chairs. The backs, arms, and legs of the chairs are studded with pearls, turquoise, rubies, and emeralds worth about \$500,000.

The peacock Throne is the size of a massive bed and has seven legs. It is an alabaster throne studded with precious stones and gold. The two steps, side, and legs sparkle with jewels. The raised back is a mass of gems, with a scintillating circular star on the top, and two peacocks on either side. It is the most costly throne in the entire world, valued at about \$30,000,000. Even the pillows on which the Shah reclines are entirely covered with genuine pearls.

The coronation of His Highness Reza Shah Pahlawi took place here on April 25, 1926.

Mosques are numerous in Tihrán. The finest is Masjid-i-Sepahsalar. The great Mайдan-i-Mashk (Drill Square), a 40 acre military parade field, is in the middle of the city, and is one of the largest inclosures of its kind in the world. At present it is used chiefly as a race course and as a splendid landing field for airplanes.

The old Persian bazaars are very interesting. The native groceries exhibit almost the entire stock at the wide entrance of their little shops, where the passer-by can bargain with the proprietor without entering.

The green grocer, also, has on display his entire assortments of vegetables and fruits, which he has grouped with natural art in a beautiful harmony of color.

Khiaban-i-Lalehzár (The Tulip Field Avenue) is Tihrán's Fifth Avenue and the pride of the inhabitants. In the evening this street is thronged with promenaders.

The street life suggests a thrilling carnival to the Occidental eye. The pop corn and peanut venders are there. The man pushing the red and yellow perambulator has rose-flavored ice cream to sell, and the gentleman busily fanning the little charcoal brazier is selling slices of hot boiled sugar beets and potatoes.

Persian bread is prepared in the large ovens of public

bakeries, the dough being spread on huge mounds of red-hot pebbles. Instead of being baked in loaves, it is made in thin, crisp, delicious sheets. A wandering magician performs his



*Ahmed Shah — Boy King, the Last of the Kadjar Dynasty*

amazing stunts at one corner and at the next, a professional story-teller is in the center of an interested crowd.

The bazaars present a charming interest to American and European travelers. Here a large part of the city's trade is

carried on in what might be described as one immense, primitive department store. Under low, vaulted stone or brick roofs covering many acres of territory, the leading Persian merchants and craftsmen not only sell their goods, but manufacture many products as well.

More than 25 miles of narrow, arched passageways wind and twist past thousands of small shops from 6 to 20 feet square, set in the flanking walls.

Here and there archways in the wall open to Caravan-serais (Inns), which are large country yards surrounded by arcades and warerooms, where camel and donkey caravans can be loaded and unloaded, and the goods safely stored.

On a busy afternoon the bazaar is cramped with a hurrying, shoving crowd in which donkeys, camels, horsemen, and pedestrians mingle in a mass; and when a reckless "Droshkeh" (Drosky) carriage or wagon driver tries to force his way along with shouts of "Khabar Dâr! Khabar Dâr!" (Careful! careful!), often there is a mad rush of the crowd to flatten itself against the walls.

Dealers in different commodities, like the bazaars of other Oriental countries, have grouped themselves in separate quarters, but each merchant has his own little shop, where he sits on the elevated floor beside his show case, or exhibits his goods from behind a counter.

The customer makes his purchases standing in the street, and the process is somewhat exciting for often prices cannot be agreed upon even after long bargaining.

Individual initiative and skilled hand production still prevail in Persian industry. Sections of the bazaar are occupied by the master craftsmen who are experts in gold and silver-work, unique engraved copper and brass wares, rug weaving, and other native products,—all are exceedingly interesting.

Not all Oriental rugs are Persian. But it is the Persian



*Weavers of the Persian Rug*

rug and carpet that is the finest in the world. Every rug is known by the name of the city or province in which it was made, each district having had for centuries its favorite color and design. Thus we say, this rug is Shiráz, Isfahán, Kashán, Kermán, Hamadán, and so on, referring to the city wherein it was made, or, like Khorassán, the province.

In flowers, and perfumes extracted from them, especially the attar of roses, no country in the world can compare with Persia for beauty, fragrance, and abundance.

*THE PERSIAN PEOPLE.* In physical appearance, the Persians have black or brown eyes, a high forehead, an aquiline nose, a developed chin, and in color present every variety from the dark Indian to the light olive of the colder regions. The men are of medium height, strong, robust, and fond of exercise.

Many townsmen are adopting European garments, but retain the "Kolah" (black fur cap). The clergymen wear turbans and flowing robes similar to those of other Oriental countries. The green turban is a sign of nobility, indicating that the gentleman is from the descendants of the prophet. The Persian women wear the "Yashmak" (veil) and the "Chader" (enveloping garment) for out of doors.

Generally speaking, the noble Persian is the most agreeable person in existence. He is interested chiefly in his family and his garden. He may collect rugs or valuable manuscripts. He is very polite, and has the art of speech, knowing how to address and converse with individuals of different classes. He is fond of society—so fond of it that he expects callers to remain at least an hour to eat sweetmeats and drink tea, even if the business of the call could be done in a few minutes.

The leisurely mode of existence in the house of the average Persian is very delightful. There is a serenity in the

Persian life which has long been unknown in the Occident.

In short, the Persians are very hospitable. They still entertain the guest in the manner of a vanished age—when time did not count, when life could be lived peacefully and with great dignity. To have been welcomed among them is to have the happiest memories of many charming and perfect hosts, especially among the Persian Bahá'is, who have no prejudice of religion, race, or nationality.

As to the matter of education, formerly any woman or girl who sought learning was despised and considered immoral. But through the influence of the Bahá'i teachings that has made education compulsory for boys and girls, Persia now is enjoying the fruit of knowledge and has many schools.

The Persian language is the most celebrated of all the Oriental tongues for beauty and melody, and, like the Arabic, is written from the right to the left.

**PERSIAN APARTMENTS.** The great mass of the Tíhrán population lives in apartment houses. The typical apartment house is of one story brick or stone construction built around a court, in the center of which is usually a pond of water.

The rooms, or apartments, all open upon the central court. The single street structure is an arched passageway into the courtyard. A family may occupy one whole side or a single room.

Even in these humble dwellings, however, the Persian's artistic sense and love of natural beauty assert themselves, for almost always there are potted plants and carefully tended flower beds in the sunny area of the court.

The residences of the wealthy class are indeed very wonderful. At a distance they convey the impression of splendor and beauty. With white columns and artistic decorations



in the midst of stately gardens they stand as inviting monuments.

Rugs cover the floors, the chairs, the sofas, the walls, the balconies, the stairs, and the tables in most of the houses of Tihrán.

As in most other Oriental countries, the shoes are removed upon entering the rooms; and in the majority of houses chairs are seldom used. They sit on rugs or the "Mandar", a sort of mattress with high cushions against the wall to support the back.

"*Cháy-Khánah*", the tea house or shop, to the Persian is the same as the coffee-shop to the Arab. It is their political, democratic center and social club. How strange it is. These tea shops are everywhere in Persia, and the coffee-houses are everywhere in Arabian and Turkish countries, but not one like them exists in all the Occident.

The tea house, whether it is the humblest or the greatest establishment, always possesses those unfailing essentials: namely, a big, brass Russian Samovar, dainty crystal tea glasses, bright colored saucers, tiny silver spoons, a "Kalyán" (Narghile) or water pipe, and a genial atmosphere.

In a Persian tea party out-of-doors, everybody carries something,—one the charcoal, one a teapot, one the sugar, another the Samovar. Having selected the spot for the social hour, the women get busy and prepare the tea and the Kalyán.

After seeing Tihrán, we prepare to see other places and visit some of the chief cities of the land.

*Nur* (the City of Light) is a little city near Tihrán, and is very significant because it was the birthplace of the great Bahá'u'llah on November 12, 1817. His son, 'Abdu'l-Bahá, was born in Tihrán on May 23, 1844.

*Shah 'Abdu'l-'Azim*. A railroad line runs from Tihrán

five and a half miles across the ruins of an ancient city, Ray or Rhagez, to the village of Shah 'Abdu'l-'Azim, the seat of a famous golden-domed shrine which attracts great crowds of people on every holiday.

Ancient Ray was the capital of many dynasties, the birthplace of Harun-ur-Rashid and the mother of Zoroaster.

*THE TOWER OF SILENCE.* To the northwest of Ray, the Zoroastrian Tower of Silence stands. On this circular, whitewashed tower, which is about 50 feet in diameter and 30 feet high, the Zoroastrians expose the bodies of their dead to the carnivorous birds and the weather.

*DEMAWEND.* This is the name of Persia's highest mountain peak. It rises 22,000 to 24,000 feet above sea level, and is 45 miles northeast of Tihrán. To ascend it requires at least 10 hours of hard climbing.

*Qazvin.* A day's run from Tihrán northward brings us to Qazvin, which is famous for its tiled gateway and mosque. No other mosque in all northern Persia is equal to it. Here was the home town of Qurratu'l-áyn, Persia's greatest woman, in poetry, the first world suffragist and martyr.

*Kashán.* Two hundred miles south of Tihrán is the city of Kashán. The province of Khorassán is noted for bravery and courage, the city of Kashán was noted for cowardice. It has been said that in a war between Persia and Russia, the regiment of Kashán fled from the battlefield with such startling speed that in one day they covered a distance of three days. In another battle, the Shah instructed his army commander to place a Kashán regiment in the first line of the battlefield. At nightfall, when the clashing armies stopped firing, the Shah inquired, "Did any of the Kashán troops run away, Commander?"

Commander: "No. Not one of them ran away, Your Majesty!"

"Was not that wonderful?" asked the Shah.

Commander: "Yes, indeed, very remarkable. We assigned them to the first line. They stood in their places all day long. They did not make any move. And they are still standing stiff there, because all of them are dead. They died on account of fear."

But Kashán was also reputed as being the home of the Wise Men of the East who set out for Bethlehem. It is also noted for its rugs.

*Isfahán.* From Kashán southward to Isfahán is a distance of 100 miles. On the way we stop at the "Manzil" (road house or inn) at the village Gabrabad. Inside the road house we find a large room with a wide platform seat, covered with rugs and lounging occupants, skirting the edge of the room.

The innkeeper, who can be recognized by his polite manner of welcome, stands near the Samovar. The lunch consists of bread, tea, "Mast" (a thick buttermilk), and very sweet melon—an ideal refreshing meal in hot weather.

Isfahán's interesting places are its turquoise domed mosque, built by Shah 'Abbas, and the Maidan-i-Shah, the square or field where the Shah and his statesmen used to compete in polo and feats of horsemanship. The city also is noted for its gardens and rugs.

Three hundred miles south of Isfahán is the city of Shiráz. Three famous historical sites lie on the caravan route,—Pasargadoe, the tomb of Cyrus the Great; Naksh-e-Rustam, where the tremendous tombs of the kings are cut in the face of a great cliff; and Persopolis, with its lofty, slender columns. These stately palaces of Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, once wonders of the world, can still be

clearly distinguished; forsaken, but remarkably impressive. These ruins tell the story how they were destroyed in that devastating bonfire set by the torch of Alexander the Great in a fit of drunken celebration of victory.

*Shiráz.* After crossing the mountains and barren desert, the first sight of this wonderful city will stir the soul to praise the Glory of God by saying, "Ya Bahá'u'llah! Ya Rabbi-el-'Alla!" O Glory of God! O my Supreme Lord! The very blue-violet hills, its rows of charming cypress trees, and the turquoise domes of its mosques seem to reflect the paradise of heaven.

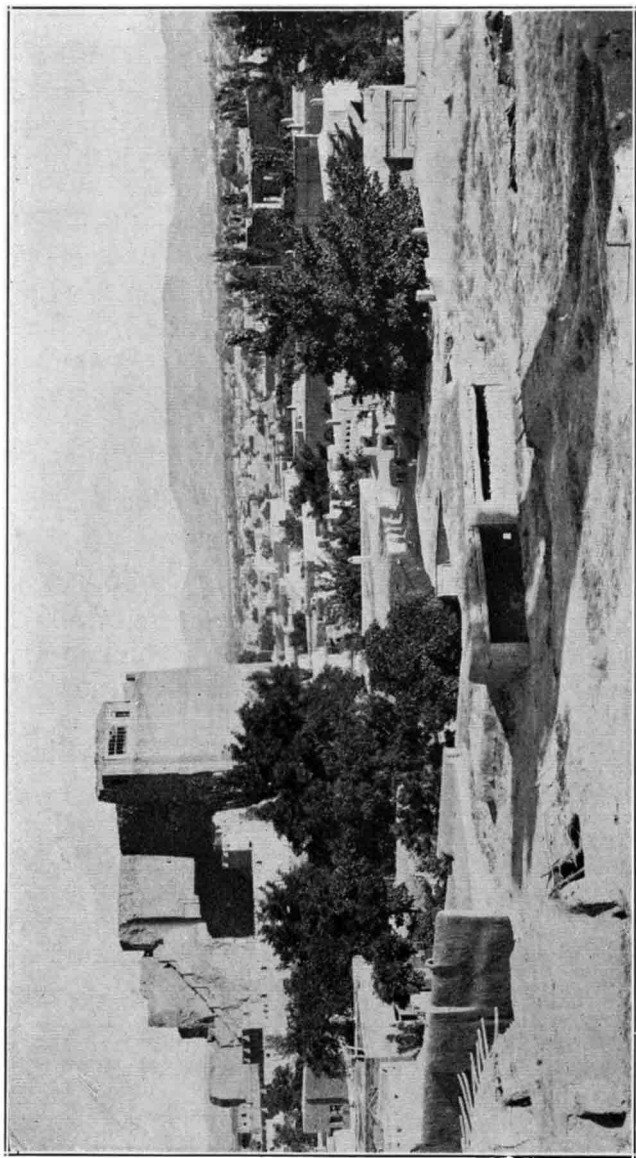
Coming through the Quran Gate into the city from the north, many dark cypress and mosques with their high domes and slender minarets loom before the eyes. The city also is noted for its magnificent gardens and rugs.

Here is the tomb of Háfiz, the best loved poet in Persia. Here is the center of learning, and the birthplace of the Bab who was born on October 20, 1819. The Bab was the herald of the Bahá'i movement and the fore-runner of the great Bahá'u'llah. He was martyred in the city of Tabriz.

From Shiráz to Busher on the Persian Gulf is little more than a hundred miles distance.

*THE PERSIAN GARDEN.* Of all the interesting sights in Persia, no doubt, the traveler would be most impressed by the Persian gardens. To them, even the houses seem accessory. Therefore, nobody, Persian or foreigner, refers to his house as a house; it is a "garden". The word used for a dwelling place is "Bagh" (garden); in this fashion are named even the palaces of the Shahs, such as the Palace "Gulistan" (the Garden of Roses), "Bagh-i-Takht" (the Garden of the Throne), "Ridván" (the Garden of Roses).

Here I wish to sketch briefly the general and favorable design which appears in each of Persia's great cities.



*Persia — Tabriz, the Prison of the Bab*

It is the descending terrace plan; there may be two or ten terraces, with water running constantly through them, level to level. Often there are fountains at the bottom, and sometimes there is merely a large square pool. Trees are generally arranged to provide a vista from the house down to the end of the successive terraces; and in Shiráz an additional characteristic is the black and beautiful cypress trees. In Tihrán and Isfahán the gardens are more likely to depend upon the flowers—above all upon the roses.

In some of the gardens there are so many nightingales that the owners would complain about them. At night they keep them from sleeping. Even in the daytime they sing almost continuously. One of these gardens is called "The Garden of the Thousand Nightingales". In one of the gardens of Shiráz, the main avenue is well over 300 feet long, with superb cypress trees on both sides, most of them 30 to 40 feet high. There are also double alleys with chinár, poplar, pine, and fruit trees.

At the lower end of the central grass covered lane is a pillared garden house, open, as the Persian name for it "Chahar Fasl" implies, to the four seasons. At the other end are series of terraces with fountains, pools of water, and beds of flowers. The terrace leads up to a huge tank, sparkling with clear blue-green water, which acts as a doorstep and mirror to a house of a very attractive style of Persian architecture. The name of this garden is "Resht-i-Behesht" (the Envy of Paradise or Heaven).

Another garden in Shiráz is called "the Garden of Forty Colts", because, it is said, it was formerly so vast that a mare which had been lost was not found until she had reared a herd of forty colts.

Another garden at Isfahán is called the "Chihil Sutún" (the Garden of Forty Columns of Pillars). It is a garden

pavilion and throne room where Shah 'Abbas in 1600 held his royal courts. You would be puzzled when your eyes can see only twenty pillars. But when you ask the Persian guide or companion, he would say, "Oh, you have not counted all. You have to look also in the pool."

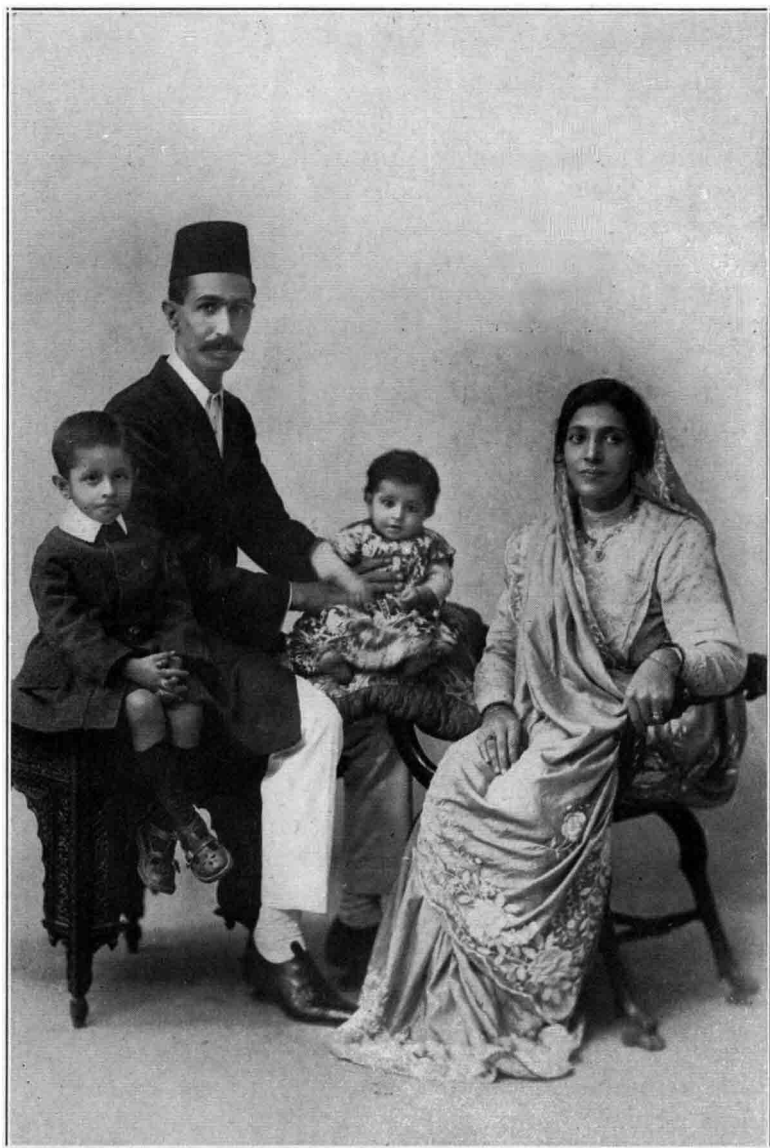
The smaller gardens of the average Persian are also very pleasant. In fact, any Persian, no matter how poor he might be, would cultivate some sort of a garden. Behind their simple exteriors most of the flat stone or dried mud houses of Persian towns have a little garden or courtyard where flowers are artistically cultivated and where, if their owners are lucky, the nightingales would come and sing from time to time.

To see Persia and the Persians at their best one must be there in the early spring, especially the last of the thirteen days of official merrymaking in honor of the "Nau-Rúz", the Persian New Year's Day, which falls on the first day of the spring, March 21st. This is a national picnic day when everyone, dressed in the best of garments, goes to the country. Luncheon tents are pitched in some pleasant spot and, amid general gaiety and good will, elaborate dinners of excellent Persian food are served.

From Bushir or Bender Abbas, Persia's seaport, a steamer can be boarded for India. We pass through the Persian Gulf and cross the Arabian Sea to India's chief seaport, Bombay.

## INDIA

India, the southern peninsula of central Asia, has been celebrated during many ages for its richness and valuable natural products, its magnificent temples, and the early civilization of its people. From the earliest records it is evident that the nations of the Western world derived their merchandise from India.



*India — Bahá'i Parsee Family*



Entering the city of Bombay, Calcutta, or any of the large cities, the signs of modernism are clearly apparent. Bus-services have sprung up in various sections. Thousands of coolies ride daily on buses to their work.

Suburban life has gradually come into existence. Bullock carts still predominate on Apollo Street, the great transport highway of Bombay, and they are frequently seen on Olive Street, the Wall Street of Calcutta, but they are gradually giving way to motor trucks and automobiles.

Imagine you are now looking at handsome cars speeding during the evening along Queen's Road or Colaba, Bombay, or in the Maidan (square), Calcutta, or facing the sea on the Marina, Madras, what a spectacle you would behold when their occupants are discovered to be Hindu, Muslim, Persian, or Parsi, ruling chief and wealthy merchant, all in their characteristic costumes.

Most of the Indians take their families in specially designed cars in which hang close curtains along the sides of the rear seating compartment and across the back of the driver's seat so that only through the slits, blown open by the wind, can the women catch a glimpse of the world.

His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore has two unique cars specially constructed for his use on shooting parties and other tours. One is a single compartment, like a van, in which he sleeps. The other has two compartments for his religious prayers and ceremonies, including bathing. Since he must stand upright in each of the cars, the roofs are made high, and, to permit the vehicles to pass under the branches of trees, these roofs, together with about two feet of the upper parts of the sides, are separate from the lower portions and slide up and down by a clever mechanism operated by a single handle.

There are nearly seven hundred native princes in the land.

The greatest is the Nizám of Hyderabad, who rules twelve and a half million subjects in an area of eighty-two thousand square miles and enjoys an annual revenue of 583 lakhs of rupees (one lakh is equal to 100,000 rupees, and one rupee is equivalent to 32 cents). The smallest is the Lawa, who has only nineteen square miles, a population of two thousand, and a revenue of 11,000 rupees.

**SOCIAL SYSTEM.** The natives of India are divided into two classes, the high class or caste and the low or villager. The village in India is under a chief like a township in America.

Here animals, like people, are divided into high and low castes. Cows, bullocks, buffaloes, elephants, and horses belong to the high class. Beneath them rank goats, dogs, donkeys, and pigs.

Cows and white elephants are considered as saints. The sick would touch the tip of the tail of the white elephant to heal his ailments. Some catch the cow's tail and lift it to their foreheads once or twice. The penalty of life imprisonment is imposed in the state of Jaipur on any one convicted of killing a cow. Therefore, cows are kept chiefly to produce bullocks, milk, and butter.

A baby elephant (40 years old) is worth from twelve to fifteen hundred rupees. The highest prices are paid for the big tuskers used by rajas in their shoots.

Elephants are only for the wealthy on account of the huge quantities of food they consume. It costs about 100 rupees a month to feed an elephant. It consumes about 1400 pounds of food per day. Some feed their elephants fifty pounds of rice and wheat, and the rest grass, leaves, and sugar cane.

The horse market is usually open for fifteen days in the first part of April every year. The horses are little but

many of them are Arabian and very sturdy. Most of them are used by villagers for transportation. When not being ridden, these horses hop around like rabbits; for the Indian ties the two front legs of his horse together and then lets it move about to graze as it pleases.

The Indian method of training horses is somewhat similar to that of the Arabs. The trainer makes the horse run in circles, like a circus pony, every day, while some one cracks the ground behind its heels with a long flexible cane. The object is to accustom the horse to the sound.

Every country has its own superstitions. Once I saw a Muhammadan Hindu, who was in the British army that conquered the Holy Land, whispering something in the ear of his horse. "Were you whispering something to your horse?" I inquired. "Yes, doctor, I was whispering something," he replied. "What! What did you say?" I asked again. "I was whispering something to my horse—one of the ninety-nine names and attributes of Alláh into his ear as a means of quieting him," he concluded.

Goat's milk is used, of course, and with the exception of the Brahmans, the Hindus eat the meat. The butchers are Muhammadans who, like in all other Oriental countries, are always careful to say a short prayer before they cut the throat.

The donkey is the traditional animal of burden in all Oriental countries. In India it can be bought for three or four rupees. There are many proverbs that concern the donkey. For example, "A driver in a temper with his wife pulls his donkey's ears". And another, "The potter's wife fell out, and the donkey's ears were twisted."

As for the pigs, most of them are big, black fellows, and live the same life pigs live elsewhere. But no Muhammadan or Jew will even touch them, say nothing about eating them.

Therefore, they are used only by the Christians and the low caste Hindus.

*THE SNAKE CHARMER.* While entering the bazaar of an Indian town, you may hear the music from a gourd flute and a drum. This announces the presence of the snake charmer. As you stand with the interested crowd, you see him with his partners sitting cross-legged on the ground, playing on primitive musical instruments, and a round flat basket in their midst. You will shudder at the sight of the big heads, emerging one by one, as the basket lids fall aside. The snakes rise higher and higher, swaying and dancing, keeping time with the music, and their staring eyes fixed on their charmer.

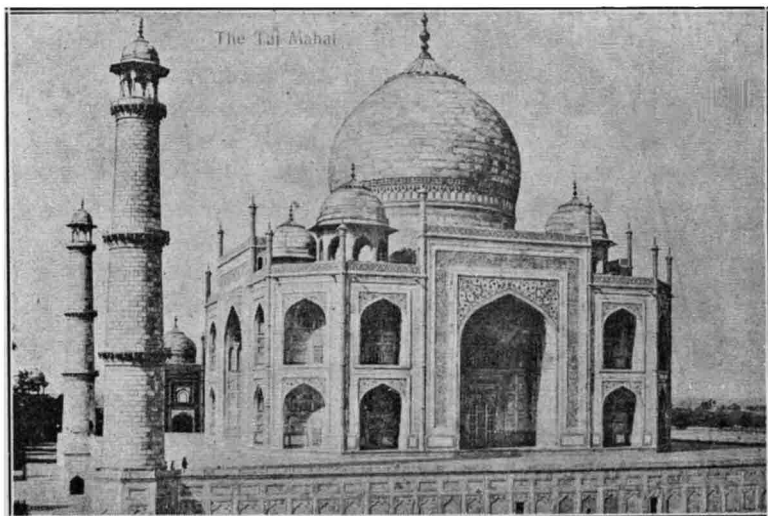
The strangest and most thrilling of all snake charmers was an Indian boy of eighteen. His snake began to go into his mouth and rapidly traveled down his throat. He threw himself on the ground, digging his hands into the earth, while his whole body quivered like a leaf with his struggle to prevent the snake from choking him. Finally it came out of his mouth, darting as an arrow, spattered with blood, and, as he slowly sat up, blood dripped from his nose.

No doubt the poison glands are removed from the jaws of the charmed snakes and perhaps what seemed to be fresh blood was a red ink. But the poor Indian peasants believe in anything.

Some of the snakes are given a bath in a tank every day, and are fed on milk and flour cooked in little balls in boiling water, and frog meat. Many of the snakes sleep with their masters. Sometimes one snake would curl upon the chest and the other on the shoulder of the charmer.

It has been estimated that twenty thousand Indians die from snake-bite every year. Yet not one Hindu in a hundred is willing to kill a snake.

*THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS* in India extend east and west, containing the highest peaks of the globe. Mount Everest is about 30,000 feet above sea level, the highest in the world. Here are the sources of the two principal rivers of India, the Ganges and the Indus. The Ganges river and



*India — The Taj Mahal of Shah Jehan at Agra*

the city of Benares on its bank are the Mecca and Jerusalem to the Hindus.

Calcutta is the largest city of India, and used to be the capital. But in 1912 the capital was removed to Delhi, the ancient capital of the country.

*THE TAJ MAHAL*, India's most wonderful temple. The supreme achievement of Muhammadan art is the Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, the city of Shah Jehan. This alabaster masterpiece is the most beautiful tribute to a woman constructed by

man, and was built by Shah Jehan in 1629-1650, as a mausoleum to his favorite wife, the Begum Mumtaz-i-Mahal.

*INDIA'S REVOLUTION.* Today India is bleeding from all sides for seeking independence. Mahatma Gandhi, the Nationalist leader, is fighting to free his country from the English rule. What India needs is first, to remove the traditional hatred between her so-called high caste and low caste children. And, second, to abandon religious prejudices that exist between her Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsee citizens. Thus by establishing the foundation of the oneness of humanity and raising the banner of peace among themselves all their problems will be solved.

#### TURKEY

To most of the people of America and Europe the word "Turk" means a terrible brute, a savage cave man; even in writing the proverbial "terrible Turk" has been handed down from time to time.

I have lived more than twenty years in the days and under the flag of the most despotic sultan of Turkey, and I know the Turks. It was the old sultan himself and his corrupted government that plunged the country in shame—not the innocent citizens. The majority of the Turks are refined, honest and brave.

More than a century ago Napoleon said, "You can kill the Turks, but you never can conquer them."

After the great war, her back against the wall, staggering Turkey arose with a new spirit and a new life under the peerless leadership of a genius youth, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who with the National Assembly and behind them all the Turks are determined to make a new epoch in Anatolia, the heart of Asia Minor.

There is no more absolute monarchy in Turkey today.

It is a constitutional government like the United States of America, and Mustapha Kemal Pasha is its President.



*Mustapha Kemal Pasha*  
*President of Turkey*

In the past the Turks never cared much for business, but now, not only are they hustling after it, but also their women are sharing in their economic life. With their faces unveiled,

Turkish girls, sitting side by side with men, are working by the thousands in offices and in shops.

I have a vivid memory of the times when even the word "freedom" or "liberty" meant sure death to me or any one who dared to mention it. I have seen days when Persian Bahá'is came all the way to 'Akká to visit Bahá'u'llah but were sent back from the very gate of the city by fanatic officials. Even Americans could succeed only in having a glimpse of 'Abdu'l-Bahá who would stand at the front of the window in his home of exile.

Once I went to meet a Bahá'i pilgrim at the harbor of Beirut. I saw the poor man being dragged by two officers with guns and bayonets in hand. I inquired politely what was wrong and they told me that the man had a book in English from the Bahá'i literature. As I objected for dragging the man to jail, they said, "Very well, then you come with us too." And they locked me up with him.

Whenever our family doctor was summoned to attend my sick mother, he had to sit in another room. My father would examine her, then report to the doctor. He would say, the pulse is slow or rapid, the tongue is coated or red, the hand is cold or hot, the throat is inflamed or normal, and so on. In extreme conditions, the doctor was allowed to feel the pulse, but she had to put her gloves on first.

How times and conditions change! The Turkish women today express their emancipation from the veil very nicely. They wear scarfs of bright colors or of thin muslin or gold tied with a bow at the back and to the side. They can match any costume, save unnecessary high prices for hats, and look exceedingly charming as well.

The men, of course, all wear hats or caps now. In 1925 the Turkish government definitely decreed that those who



could not afford a hat or cap must go bareheaded. The day of the old Fez and veil is over in Turkey.

Suppose we wish to visit the new and old capitals of Turkey, Ankara (Angora) and Constantinople; not through Iraq, which we have already visited, but by a different route.

The boat sails from Bombay, India, crosses the Arabian Sea, then the Red Sea, and through the Suez Canal of Egypt to the city of Beirut, Syria.

*Tripoli* is reached by a motor trip of two and one-half hours from Beirut, northward along the delightful Syrian coast. It is one of Syria's seaports.

It edges on a vast grove of many miles of fruit orchards; while all along the Lebanon Mountains, sea-skirting slopes, terraced with mulberry trees, announce a great silk industry. It still carries on the trade traditions of old Phoenicia, exporting annually several millions of dollars worth of silk, fruit, and olive oil.

*Latakia*. From Tripoli we motor northward to Latakia, which, like Tripoli, is also a Syrian seaport and exports annually several millions of dollars worth of silk, sponges, and tobacco.

*Alexandretta*. To the north of Latakia lies the gulf and city of Alexandretta, named after Alexander the Great, and is the seaport of Aleppo, Syria.

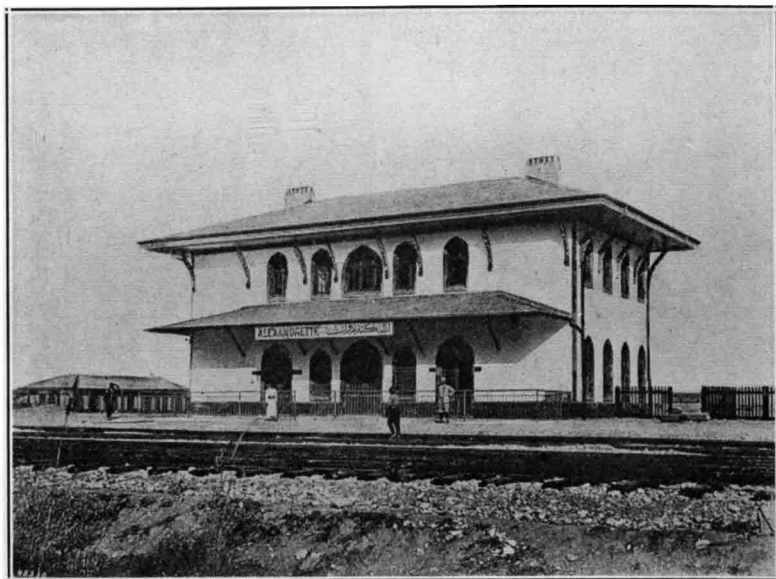
Alexandretta was my home for two years when I was at the age of sixteen. My father sent me there to become a merchant, but at that age and in that environment I was more interested in the Arabian romantic life than any business.

The inhabitants of the city are divided about equally, half Arabs and half Turks.

A few years ago, when Armenians massacred Turks, and

Turks massacred Armenians, more than ten thousand Armenian refugees came to this little city and camped along the malaria infested marshes.

“What are these refugees living on?” asked a British



*Railway Station, Alexandretta, Syria*

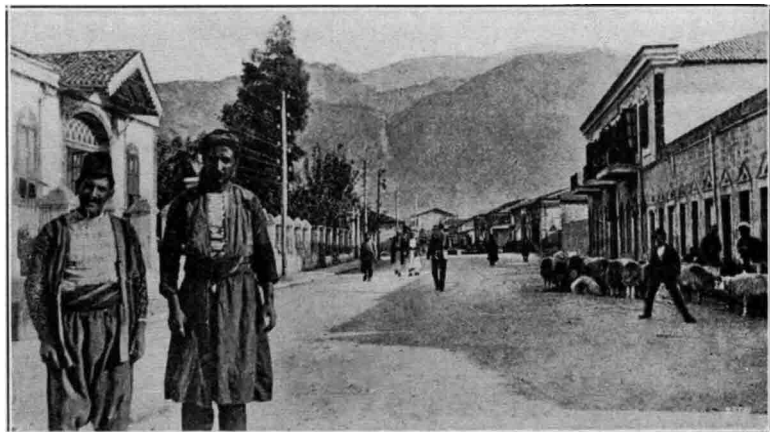
journalist who had just landed from a boat with a company of American travelers. The mayor of the city, whom he had addressed, replied, “Mice”.

“What?” The journalist pulled out his pencil. “What do they eat?” “Mice,” repeated the mayor, “boiled mice”. But just then the mayor’s wife showed what she was carrying in her apron — a few handfuls of yellow, ground corn. “Maize!” all chorused.

“Yes, Sars,” responded the mayor, “that is what I said, m-a-a-i-c-e.”

*Antioch.* On the hills, about four hours by motor car, lies Antioch, a side trip off the main road to Aleppo.

It was in this city that the early followers of Christ were



*Alexandretta, Syria*

first called Christians, and it was here that St. Paul started his missionary work.

There was a time when this city, built of gold and marble and the residence of many kings, was called “the Crown of the East”. But today all that a traveler can see are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct and a city wall, once wide enough for four-horse chariots to drive along the top, and just a little humble village.

*Aleppo.* After six hours’ ride by motor car we reach Aleppo. From here we take the train past the city of Konia directly to Ankara (Angora), the new capital of Turkey.

In Turkey you travel for hours over treeless plains, then suddenly you see some white town in a fertile valley, its minarets lifting from among green meadows and thick poplar groves — such is typical of travel in Turkish lands with their charming environments.

The Turkish peasant lives the same peasant life as of other Oriental countries. He uses primitive tools and ancient methods. The wooden wheels of an ox-cart are never greased, for it is the screech that sings the driver to sleep. If the cart stops, so does the screech, and the driver wakes to goad his oxen to the task. Once an American traveler bought some oil, thinking he would oblige the owner, and greased the cart. The owner was so enraged that he threatened to have him arrested if he did not put the screech back again.

The Turkish bazaar also resembles those in other Oriental countries. At a Turkish grocery shop you can surely tell at a glance all that he has in stock. The central rope with a knob which hangs from the ceiling is the proprietor's own private elevator. He grasps the rope with both hands and pulls himself up in the air and jumps in or out as he pleases.

Every Turkish village has its own public bakeries, where people come to bake their bread. It is customary to bake about twice a week.

Every country has its own superstitions. Among the Turks as well as the Arabs, for example, is the fear of "the evil eye". In order that babies, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and cows may be protected from the evil eye, each must be provided with a string of blue beads around the neck as a necklace. More surprising is the fact that the same precaution is now applied to Oriental automobiles and trucks. They too must be provided with strings of blue beads around the steering wheels or on the top of the radiators.

Here is another superstition among Turkish Christians:

When a fire is raging, the priest cuts a lamb's throat in the middle of the road, scattering the blood up and down to prevent the flames from spreading.

Individuals will "vow" a sheep in the event of some relative recovering from illness.

A farming community will organize its springtime sacrifice as an appeal to the Lord of Heaven for rain.



*Turkey — The New Capital, Angora*

*Ankara* (*Angora*) is the capital of Turkey today. Its large, handsome government buildings are built upon a patch of green on the slope of a hill. The old section of the city lies on the citadel, a natural rock rising sharply at the back of the modern city. Here are deep-worn streets, overhanging houses, the fruit and grain merchants, camels and donkeys, filling every space between the ancient fortifications.

The railroad stations on the way to *Ankara* (*Angora*)

are very interesting. Each station has a bell like the one that hangs in the American little red schoolhouse. If the station is very small, an official comes to the door with a large dinner-bell. In any case, passengers do not need worry about the train's going off without them when they descend to get water or buy food, for the bell rings three times with more than a minute between to give them due warning.

Leaving Ankara (Angora), we travel by train for Stanbul (Constantinople), crossing vast plains dotted with villages of stone houses which have the appearance of small fortresses.

The train stops at Haidar Pasha station, and from here we take a ferry to Ghalata Bridge at Stanbul.

*Stanbul (Constantinople)*, "the City of Constantine", called Stanbul by the Turks, is built on a promontory jutting out into the sea of Marmora, west of the Bosphorus which is the division between Europe and Asia. On the European side are Ghalata, Peru, and other suburban towns, while on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus is Scutary.

Of the 300 mosques, the most remarkable are the Royal mosques of which there are fifteen, the finest in the world. First among these is the Mosque of St. Sophia, the most ancient existing Christian Church, converted into a mosque in 1450 on the capture of the city by the Turks under Sultan Muhammad II, the Conqueror.

Sultan 'Abdu'l-Hamid II was one of the most peculiar rulers of Turkey. He spent half of his life in fear and the other half in building palaces of which he had more than twenty in and about Stanbul, gazing from the window at his warships, and hoarding money. He seldom traveled because he was afraid of his own shadow. Afraid for his life, he trusted nobody. He spent more money than any one man or king in his day, about \$4,000,000 was his annual salary.

He had numerous rooms lighted and prepared for sleeping, and all were guarded. But every night he used to sleep in a different room. In this way he evaded danger.



*Turkey — Sultan 'Abdu'l-Hamid II in the Height of His Glory*

There were 6,000 persons at Dolma-Baghchah, one of the sultan's palaces.

The food for the sultan was cooked by one man and his aids, and none other dared to touch it. It was prepared in

metal vessels, and when done, each kettle was sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, which was broken in the presence



*The Old Sultan as He Appeared Just Before Losing His Throne*

of the sultan by the High Chamberlain, who took one spoonful from each separate kettle before the sultan tasted its contents. This was to prevent the sultan being poisoned.

Turkey now adopts the Occidental letters in writing.



Two-thirds of the Turkish language is Arabic and Persian.

Turkish epitaphs are fascinating because of their Oriental, flowery words and subtle, mystic meanings. Here is the inscription placed over a royal child who was strangled at Stanbul in 1843 according to that brutal custom which was imposed to prevent collateral lines from aspiring to the throne:

“A flower which had scarcely bloomed  
was torn away from its stem. It has  
been removed to these bowers where  
roses never fade and where its parents’  
tears will shed refreshing moisture.  
Say a prayer for its beatitude!”

After this, just before sailing on a liner back to the New World, we may sing with ‘Omar Khayyam,

“And this first summer-month that brings the rose,  
shall take Jamshyd (king) and Kaikobad (‘Alá-ud-Din)  
away.”

And turning our face to the East, to the Arabs we say, “Salám ‘Alikum” (Peace be upon you); to the Turk, “Alláh Asmar-la-dik” (In Alláh’s hand we leave you); to the Persian, “Khoda Háfiz-i-Shumá” (May God protect you); and to all the world, good-by, and good-luck.

The end.