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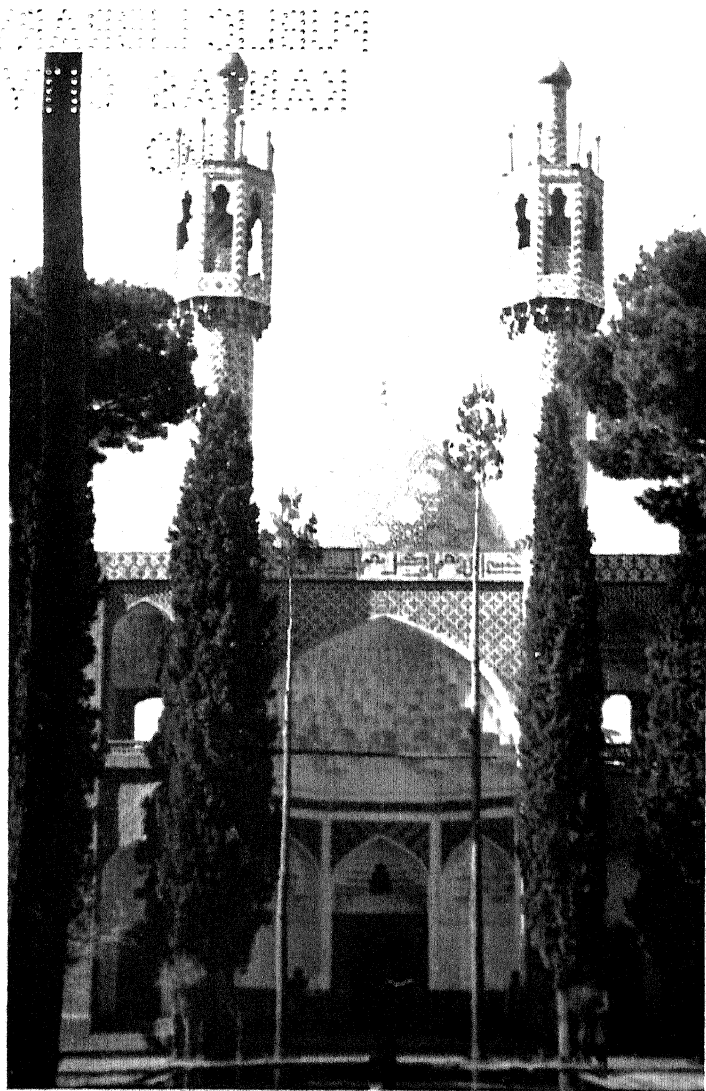
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A DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY IN IRAN



THE SHRINE OF MAHUN, IN THE VILLAGE OF MAHUN, EAST OF KERMAN, "ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE HANDIWORK OF MAN"

A
DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY
IN IRAN

BY
ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON, M.D.
Author of "A Woman Surgeon"

FOREWORD BY
SURGEON-GENERAL HUGH S. CUMMING
(RETIRED)



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The author gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness to "The Pageant of Persia," by Henry Filmer (Bobbs-Merrill Company—1936) for much valuable source material. Mr. Filmer's book was particularly helpful in the preparation of Chapter VI, "The Cities—and Today," Chapter X, "Along the Roads," Chapter XII, "An Architectural Journey Through the Ages," Chapter XIII, "Religious and Spiritual Values," and Chapter XVIII, "The Unveiled Woman."

TO

YOUTH THE WORLD OVER, WHO CHOSE FROM THE
PAST THE FINEST FOUNDATIONS FOR THE FUTURE,
AND WHO WILL BUILD THEREON A GLORIOUS ERA

FOREWORD

This book of Dr. Morton's is a most opportune and valuable contribution to the bibliography of Iran. The home of the Peacock Throne has always been, at least to the American public, the land of romance and mystery—the home of poets singing in Persian gardens to the accompaniment of bulbul birds and tinkling fountains. Now we find in Dr. Morton's intimate and authentic analysis a new social and national dawn breaking over this hoary civilization. It is stimulating to know that Persia has again become Iran, still beautiful in form, but suddenly purposeful in content. This is a metamorphosis such as we have been seeing in Turkey under the magic wand of Kemal Pasha, only in Iran there has been no clap of thunder, no blare of trumpets. Smoothly Oriental in texture as always, the Iranian national life is gradually, but very definitely, altering its course to conform with the worldwide social revolution, without, however, losing that pungent tang of the East with which history has always associated the name of Persia.

We are fortunate in that the old-new Iran is here interpreted to us by a physician who has both unusual ability to observe and the judgment to evaluate such observations in the light of acquired knowledge and experience. Dr. Morton had been unusually successful in the field of clinical medicine,

which has taught her close, personal analysis. This she has applied, in her vacations from private practice, in the broader field of international public health and the study of medico-sociological conditions in Mexico, South Africa, Australia, and Iceland; these have prepared her for the more difficult task of studying the changes taking place in Iran.

Her charming and instructive writings of her observations in those widely scattered and diverse regions naturally teach us to anticipate both pleasure and profit in this report upon her observations in the fascinating land known to us as Persia.

Through her own personality and introduction by mutual friends to personages of importance, she was fortunate in meeting—and securing the assistance of—persons in Iran most competent to give her access to places and information, and to assist her in drawing proper conclusions during her visit to that country, interesting both historically and because of its rapid progress in social changes and public health.

HUGH S. CUMMING

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Vice-President, Health Section, League of
Nations.*

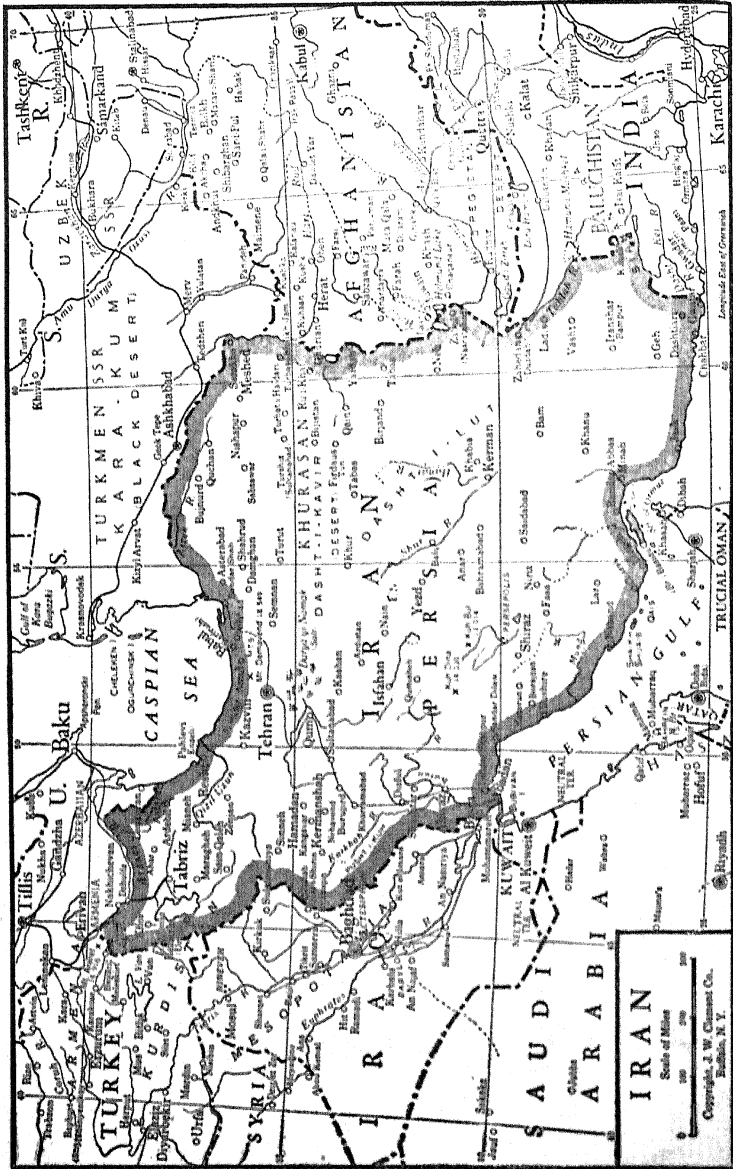
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A DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY IN IRAN



Scale of Miles
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I

THE LIFTED VEIL

A FEW years ago, in writing the final page of my autobiography, and looking ahead to a new chapter of my life, I concluded with the words: "I am going to Persia, or Iran as it is now called, to observe the amazing social changes there; electrifying modernity alongside age-old traditions, people living next to one another, illustrating every significant change during the past two thousand years. I am anxious to meet Mohammedan women and see how they, with the help of progressive men, are making a new concept of life."

"Evolution in reverse" in Europe made me eager to see something less depressing than the headlines of the daily papers. There comes a time in the lives of all men and women when the cares and contentions of life make us wish to turn from them to the peaceful home of our childhood, where breadth of soul gave understanding. Perplexed by many half-developed experiments in living, defeated by finding no end to the paths of thought which wind and wind, I longed to go back to tribal origins, to try to find how the essentials in that old-time living have woven through the patterns of modernity; where we lost the way and evolved expedients to cover our bewilderment; where we found green pas-

tures and new caravan routes to link our endeavors with others traveling the road of life. So I turned restfully toward Asia, that vast continent of origins—the cradle of all religions, the nursery of all nations.

My major motive was to find answers to age-old questions; if I could solve one, even in part, such as the basic relation of women to evolution, I would feel that, added to the studies of many other men and women, it might lead toward the solution of a racial problem deep in the thought and heart of humanity; for all our best efforts are directed toward the development of the next and succeeding generations on a higher level than the preceding.

In Turkey, Syria, Iran, and also in Palestine, the old symbols, superstitions, and isolation are slipping away and giving place to modern science and sociology. Change! Progress! . . . these are the new watchwords of the Islamic world! This was the challenge which called me to pass by Europe, with its political confusions and military barbarisms, to rest from the struggling antagonisms of the comparatively new continent, by finding peace in the maturer decisions of Asia. In a sense, I went back 3000 years to find the world of tomorrow.

The unveiling of women has caught the world's imagination, but this is only one part of the unveiling of Asia. Archeological research lifts the veils of earth. The introduction of general education lifts from peasant minds the veil of ignorance. Modern medicine removes the veil of disease. The veil of spiritual bondage is being lifted. Superstition is losing its hold.

The Mohammedan countries are shaking themselves free of the shackles of the past. Age-old traditions are being replaced by modern standards of living. Dedicated human effort is transforming a nation.

If Iran, by idealism and force of will, is making great progress, what is our weakness, that we, with a background of open-mindedness and opportunity, are, by comparison, standing still? What is their directness and independence of thought which makes the emancipation of women a keynote of progress, while the psychology of Italian and German dictators is relegating women to their primitive use, the production of warriors? What held Iran back so long? How did she fall from her ancient high estate? What has made it possible for her now to forge so amazingly ahead? Is it dedication of purpose alone?

In seeking the answer to these problems, I received much assistance from Zoroastrians and Mohammedans, as well as from Iranian Christians, all of whom spoke English, and from physicians educated in England and the United States, familiar with many aspects of Iran's past and present. There were fresh experiences every hour. A great revolutionary change was taking place; a thousand years were at times reflected in a day; at others, a thousand years were static. Independently, an Asiatic country is bridging the centuries which were required for similar development in other lands, endeavoring to choose for itself those things which are good and to avoid those which have proved detrimental.

This metamorphosis in human living seemed to me almost as rapid and immediate as an electric shock. It is similar to, yet differs from, what is taking place in other Mohammedan countries of the Near and Middle East, as their minds open to Western civilization and international undertakings.

Iran is as large as France, Germany, and Italy combined. I motored north, south, east, and west, the length and half the breadth of Iran. Traversing towering mountains and the great plateau, I mingled with the people in their homes and on their highways, ate and drank with them, saw them at work and at worship, looked upon their architecture, caught a glimpse of their history, and shared with them their hopes and visions for the future.

I was deeply interested in the changing position of women, since the most striking contrast between the East and West lies in their status, in national economy and in social life. I discovered that fairness to women, valuable as all its developments are, may be regarded mainly from the standpoint of increased happiness to men. Important as this is, I found also kaleidoscopic changes in education, religion, social and civic building, in all their many ramifications.

How could it be done so quickly, and on what economic framework could its security rest?

To look back upon those months in Persia, or Iran as we must call it now, is like looking upon a tapestry, woven with multi-colored threads, of desert tribes, of peasants and princes, of oasis and forest, mountain and plain.

From the ashes of empire, Iran has risen like a phoenix, a young country, for all its vast age, built by a young people, rising in the midst of internal difficulties and external hostilities. And the building is being done in an atmosphere of buoyancy and optimism and hope, in striking contrast to the crushing despair and spirit of defeatism which has marked too many of our western peoples since the World War. It is odd that out of the ancient and weary East should come a lesson in modernism and an example of youth rebuilding a world. But it is challenging to remember that what they have done, we can do.

II

THE ROAD TO TEHERAN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT conquered the inhabitants of an extensive district, Pars, or Fars, of which Persepolis was the capital, in 334 B.C. His messengers of victory reported in Greece that Persis had been won. Other records indicate that contacts with Europe as early as 530 B.C.—in the reign of Cyrus, who, before he became ruler of a vast empire, was King of Pars—led to the adoption of the name Persia.

In March, 1935, the Shah Riza Pahlavi decreed that Persia should be known as Iran. Persia was called Airya in the Zend-Avesta and Ariana in an inscription of the time of Darius (521-485 B.C.). These two words are modifications of Arya, meaning noble or venerable. The country became known as Persia through an old error.

The name Persia has, in our minds, long been associated with the history, literature, and art of a valorous and highly cultured people. But in Europe and Asia many age-old names have, in late years, been changed to denote progress—none more outstandingly so than the name Iran, which is typified by stimulating reforms and new ideas which are already bearing wholesome fruit.

German planes used to fly to the principal cities

in Iran; they had made a record for safety, promptness, and other sterling virtues. But the Shah Pahlavi had decided that he would have no more air oversight of his country, so I had to choose between going by caravan, by bus, or by automobile. The last seemed the most practical, but Oriental drivers are capricious, and consequently the agents from whom one engages a seat are equally uncertain. I wished to start at daybreak from Baghdad, Iraq, in order to see as much as possible of the country before the noon halt, but no agency would promise a start earlier than two P.M. The hour was incredible. The heat was intense, and the thermometer would register 122 degrees Fahrenheit from eleven to four. When I pressed the agent for an honest statement, he admitted that we probably would not get off before five. Not yet being fully under the spell of the East, I felt that a matter of three hours still had value; finally, with baggage strapped in place, we left soon after six o'clock.

The front seat was fairly comfortable and gave me the advantage of a wide view. I soon forgot that there was anything in the world except space and me. Quickly we sped northeast, out into the flat, tawny desert, and before long we were riding through stark, straight, skeletal mountains. They were not really high, but they were so close on each side of our tiny car that they seemed gigantic—they rose nakedly, unexpectedly, out of the desert.

The narrow road was uneven and beaten hard in the sand, for this was the caravan route where camels for centuries had walked, one behind the other, to

Samarkand, to China, to India, and to other marts of Asia. Our wheels tipped up, first on one side, then on the other, as we dashed zigzagging along.

Long lonely miles stretched out ahead. We passed animals and men who had settled down for the night. A small, flickering light showed where their encampment was. We passed the sleepers as though we skirted a city of the dead. On we went, the bare, strong angles of the mountains reminding me of pictures that I had seen of Tibet; an effect intensified by long weeks spent on the level ocean.

The wheels were silent as they turned on the sand; the night was still. The day had been warm and the driver began to nod. The car stopped and awakened him. We had lost our way, an easy thing to do, for once off the route, the desert was trackless. Fortunately, we came upon another Bedouin camp. A long way off in the moonlight we saw their tents, and as we drew nearer, we found that around them many white-robed figures were lying, asleep. Our driver called a desert salutation to them, and as we approached, several of the men arose and came to meet us.

The grace of their floating garments and of their dignity was delightful. In quiet, full tones they inquired our need, and with the blessing of Allah directed us how we might regain our lost way with a star as our guide.

Eventually we reached Khanikin. The sudden arrival at a prosaic railroad station was jarring. This was the end of the line which starts at Skutari, opposite Istanbul, and passes through Asia Minor to

Mosul, built from the stone of ancient Nineveh, on the edge of the mound which covers the yet-to-be-resurrected remains of that once great city. The station, therefore, had more adventurous charm than appeared at first. Oddly enough, it played a part in the World War, for it was the basis of the German slogan, "From Berlin to Baghdad."

The following day we passed the Iraq border and sped along the road to Hamadan. As night came on, the driver grew irritable. He insisted on closing all the windows, in order, he explained, "to keep out the mountain demons!" I felt helpless and imprisoned as we sped around hairpin curves and teetered on precipices, careening uncertainly on the edge of doom, for only a ledge supported the narrow road as it twisted and turned between cliffs above and depths below.

The driver began to sing in harsh, monotonous tones; then he said he must smoke, and a faint smell of opium pervaded the air. Soon his head drooped. His body swayed forward and backward; he jerked himself up. We were going through a mountain pass which was more than 8600 feet high.

After two days and nights of rough traveling over the perilous roads, across two ranges of mountains through constantly changing altitudes, my tired eyes were rejoiced by the sight of a mirage on the desert, far, far off to the left. Lines of lovely trees seemed to be standing on the edge of, and also in, a calm, blue lake. Just as I was filled with the wonder of it, the illusion faded, but in the midst of fatigue my soul yearned to hold the rest and peace it afforded.

I reached out my hands, only to have them filled with the blowing desert sands.

The driver, to whom mirages were customary sights, nodded his head toward the unendingly arid stretch, and remarked calmly, "It is the Caspian Sea." It had seemed to be rolling on a beach before me, while actually it was two hundred miles away on the other side of the Mazanderan Mountains. No wonder these people are superstitious; that mirage was enough to make me believe in any vision!

Approaching Kazvin and passing over the quaint, romanesque bridge, through the beautiful turreted, tiled, triple-arched gate of the city, I saw through it trees at whose feet real water flowed, but I did not believe it until I felt the refreshing breeze, which was cool because it had touched the water.

When we finally reached the top of the hill which overlooks Teheran, temperamental appreciation of its beauty caused the driver to take both his hands off the wheel and shout enthusiastically, "This, my city! It is the most beautiful city in the world!" As we were rounding a curve, I quickly steadied the wheel.

At dusk we reached the outskirts; gradually on the misty horizon there emerged minarets, mosques, and modern buildings. It is an amazing experience to come out of the desert into a beautiful city just as twilight is falling, and the myriad electric lights make it look like fairyland awaiting you.

Because hospitals inevitably attract doctors, I set out for the American Hospital. As we drove into the wide ambulance space before the sweeping steps

of the entrance, several nurses came running down to meet the car, hoping that I was the superintendent of nurses they had long expected.

My legs, from the strain of keeping my balance in a jolting car, had long felt like tassels—indeed, at one stage I had doubted whether I would ever be able to stand up again! Surely they could not support me. But when the car stopped, I shook my feet and ankles and straightened my knees, at first tentatively, then effectively. A nurse suggested that I come to a room which she said I would find comfortable.

It was their best room, on a corner, and had windows on two sides. I walked into an oven—those windows had admitted heat all day and, as the sun had only recently set, no cooling had taken place. I sat limply in a rocking chair and looked at the bed. It was one of those statuesque, high beds which are a great convenience for a nurse, but as it was almost breast-high, the thought of climbing into it assumed the proportions of an achievement.

I tried to scramble up; I drew up several pieces of furniture, but they all slipped from under me at the moment when I was trying to get my knee on top of that hopelessly high mattress. It became an evil dream in which everything slides away when accomplishment is within grasp. The bed was on rollers. Time and again it eluded me. My determination, usually an asset, had grown feeble—I returned to the chair.

After a time the nurse came back and suggested that I go to bed. As soon as she closed the door, I

decided that I was too tired to undress and that I would lie down as I was.

Never did I have such a struggle, even when as a child I tried getting into my grandmother's four-poster. That bed had become a demon—a dragon to be conquered. I decided that I could not die more valiantly than in using the remnant of my well-nigh exhausted strength to climb on top of it. But the floor was of cement and the chair slipped again. Eventually, however, the struggle ended in my lying quietly upon the hard, smooth, white surface of that bed, and I murmured to myself, "Thank God for all His mercies; I hope I don't have to move for a week."

The more often this idea recurred to my mind, the firmer it became. I thought of all the recumbent figures I had seen on sarcophagi and of how peaceful they looked. I felt a rapidly developing kinship with them.

Rested and refreshed the next day, I found a note from the American Minister and his wife, asking if I would dine with them that evening. There I met the archeologists from the Universities of Chicago and Pennsylvania, who were resurrecting the life of ancient Iran. I forgot that I had been so nearly dead at the same hour the night before. Life moved like a kaleidoscope—beautiful glass and silver, china, delicious food served with elegance. After dinner we sat in a spacious living-room, where the myriad soft colors in rugs, the sheen on silver bowls and fantastic boxes wove such spells I could scarcely listen connectedly to the conversation.

After a little while it was suggested that we go to the garden. It was a park, with a grove of trees at the far end; cascades punctuated the glistening stream which ran through the center. There was the perfume of shrubs and myriads of flowers. Nightingales were singing; the moon hung low, shone through the forest of tree trunks, and then threw a halo of light around their spreading branches. The place was enchanted. When leaving, the Minister, who knew friends of mine in America, said, "Will you not be our guest while you are in Teheran?"

This courtesy was followed by a number of delightful social experiences. I met the diplomatic world at a garden party at the British Legation, and lunched with some of its most interesting members at the Japanese Legation. I was interested in meeting the Iranian officials, nearly all of whom held representative positions in other countries. They and their wives helped me to start a somewhat intensive study of things Iranian, and enabled me to learn much in a short time, by getting under surfaces.

III

ANCIENT PERSIA

THERE are seven routes that lead to Iran. Two are from the north through Russia: the first across the Caucasus Mountains, through Georgia and Julfa; the other by way of Baku and the Caspian Sea. From the south one may enter Iran at Bushire on the Persian Gulf. From the east, either by caravan through Tibet and Afghanistan, or from India through Baluchistan. Sixth, by way of Asia Minor, through Turkey; or, seventh, by the one I chose, across Syria, North Arabia, and Mesopotamia, now called Iraq. In the troubled history of Iran, those who followed the routes were too often invaders: hostile Greeks, Arabs, Seljuks, Mongols, English, and Russians.

In the days of its great empire, all the present avenues of approach, except what is now Russia, were the domain of Cyrus, Darius, and their successors. From Egypt to the Indus River, tribute was paid to the mighty Emperor in magnificent Persepolis, where today may be seen on the ceremonial stair, as clear-cut as if hewn yesterday, bas-reliefs of the emissaries of all the Kings of the then known world, come to lay their homage at the feet of the powerful Xerxes and Artaxerxes.

What part did geography play in all this? Iran is set on a great plateau, 6000 feet in the air, 875 miles from east to west, 700 from north to south; ribbed and encircled by mountains which are rugged and stern, with an individuality all their own, made personal by lights and shadows never seen on tree-clad heights. Shale, worn down by the elements and winds, swirls around their feet; when sunset makes each grain of sand glitter, this seems to spread a golden carpet around the mountains as they stand majestically looking across the ages.

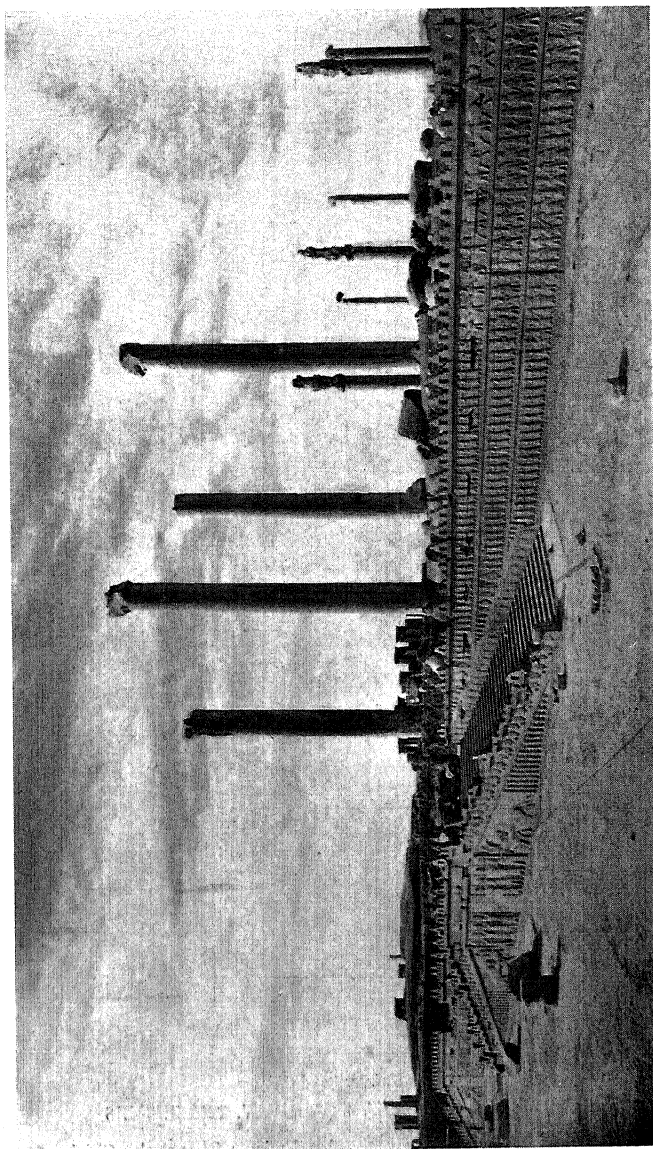
Iran is bordered on the north by the glistening Caspian Sea. The fertile green land between this and the northern mountain barrier is as beautiful as the Vale of Kashmir, and is the source of most of the food for those who dwell on the plateau. The productive shores of the Persian Gulf below the southern wall of mountains furnish wealth in dates for export and home consumption. On the west the mountains divide it from Mesopotamia and the valley of the Euphrates; on the east, mountains border inaccessible Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

The country we now call Iran achieved a glory of empire five centuries before the birth of Christ. In the late fifth millennium before Christ its people were producing pottery which, after its long sleep, has recently been rediscovered. In the middle of the sixth century B.C., Cyrus the Great amalgamated the powerful local tribes and established by conquest a kingdom which reached from the Oxus and the Indus rivers to the Mediterranean shores, and a dynasty which survived until Alexander the Great conquered

Darius III. Then, although the Greek warrior admitted that his generalship met with abler opposition in Iran than anywhere else in Asia, the great days of the Achaemenid Dynasty came to an end. The invaders ruthlessly destroyed not only the armies of Iran, but the civilian population as well. First they lived off them, then killed their cattle, burned the grain, and utterly destroyed all their villages. Famine followed starvation; illness and death, grief and discouragement spread. As a result the country fell into a decadence, and this was taken advantage of by barbaric and violent Parthian chieftains who, with iron hands, ruled the remnant of the Iranians and those Greeks who remained in the country, crushing the arts and all hopes for a better future.

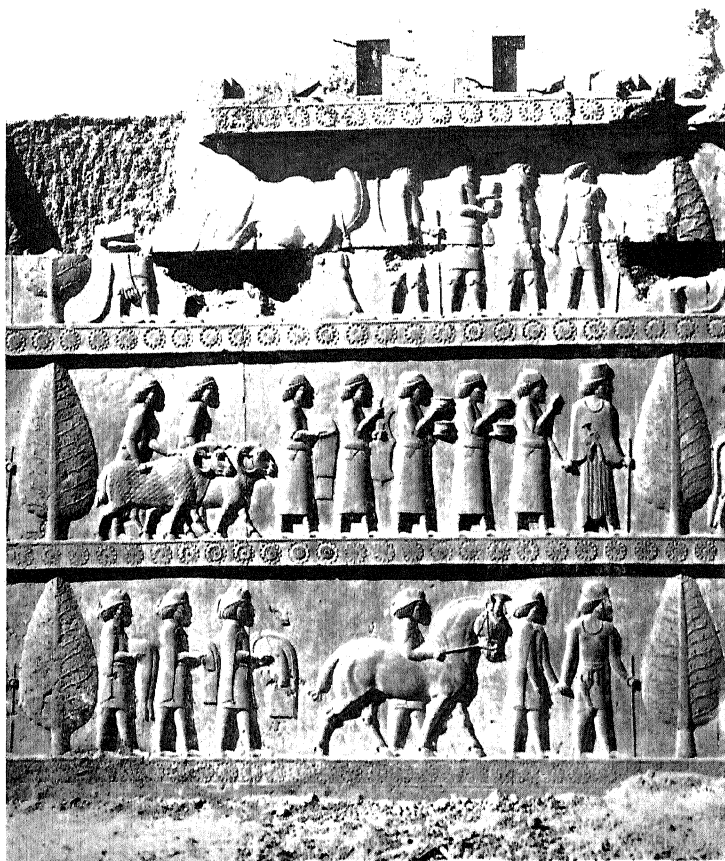
It took a hundred years to rebuild the man power of the country. Then the people prepared to rid themselves of bigoted and ignorant rulers, and to reestablish their glory. Ardashir, an Iranian, in A.D. 226, was their choice of a leader. He repelled the Parthians and founded the dynasty of the Sasanians. Under him Iran regained Asiatic position almost equal to that of the time of the Darius empire. Once more it became a powerful and prosperous kingdom. Its borders were extended in Mesopotamia on one side, in Central Asia on the other, north across the Caucasus Mountains, and also into remote parts of Arabia. Art flourished again. The religion of Zoroaster overthrew the Parthian idols and regained its pristine purity.

More than three hundred and fifty years passed. Then, in the seventh century, Khosru Parvis, the



Courtesy of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago

PERSEPOLIS: GRAND DOUBLE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE AUDIENCE HALL OF THE EMPERORS
One of the most beautiful works of art of the ancient world.



Courtesy of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago

RELIEFS ON THE APADANA STAIRWAY, PERSEPOLIS

Part of the tribute procession: Row 1, the Arachosians; Row 2, the Cilicians;
Row 3, the Cappadocians.

king, received a highly dramatic message from Mecca, bidding him to acknowledge a certain Mohammed as the Prophet of God. The proud Sasanian smiled contemptuously and proceeded with his plans to attack the Roman capital at Byzantium, unaware that before many years had passed the fanatical followers of the Prophet would overwhelm his empire by force, and that a day would come when Sultan Mohammed would ride on horseback into the church of St. Sophia and trample there those who were at prayer!

In that year of 636 the Arabs offered them little choice; the conquered Iranians must accept the Koran or death. The independence of her religion and of her people was temporarily crushed; although eventually Iran absorbed her conquerors into her national life. At the court of the Caliph, who was the representative in Baghdad of the Mohammedan rulers, Iranian costumes became the fashion, for Iran was the most important part of the Islamic world. Her deputy governors ruled many principalities. Some of these were men of such vision that they made it possible in the eleventh and twelfth centuries for literature, through the writings of Firdausi and Biruni, and for science under Avicenna, to rise to great heights.

Then came, in 1221, the catastrophic invasion of Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes. They swept savagely over Iran. Little is left of the resplendent period of the Mongol dynasty. The greatest monuments and the greatest cities have a life in the East almost as precarious as that of man. The most im-

portant building of this period that remains intact today is the Mausoleum of Öljeitü at Sultaniya; but to India the Mogul rulers carried the Persian gardens which still bloom in the Vale of Kashmir.

The Mongol misrule was overwhelmed by another equally picturesque invader, Tamerlane, whose Tartar descendants were, in turn, pushed aside by a Turkoman invasion. Through all these catastrophes, in spite of the hordes who descended upon them from other lands, the Iranian people managed always to retain their own character. This can be explained, in part, by the fact that the most learned and able of their philosophers, their poets, and their highly skilled artisans were spared by the enemy for the value of their work. For their own aggrandizement the conquerors became patrons of the arts. They also employed Iranian officials in governmental posts, realizing that, successful as they were as fighters, they had scant knowledge of citizenship.

By the year 1500 a new dynasty, the Safavid, rose to power, and for the fourth time the country was able to regain its independence. The new Shah, an Iranian, gained the throne by overthrowing the hostile Turkoman tribes in the West and the Mongol Uzbeks in the East, binding together his countrymen in common patriotism for a free nation. It was he who greatly influenced the European Renaissance. That resurrection of art and learning was due to some extent to the culture of Greece having been preserved by Iran, whither Grecian philosophers had fled when driven out by their Roman conquerors.

The Safavid monarchs ruled until the middle of

the eighteenth century. The most famous was Shah Abbas (1557-1627), brilliant contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and James I. He was an able strategist, making great conquests with few soldiers, and he governed wisely. His rule is still called the "Golden Age," and every fine old building, road, bridge, and caravanserai in and near Isfahan is attributed to him. With intelligent tolerance and sociological insight, he encouraged the Armenian Christians to settle in his country, knowing that their industry would greatly help to advance the prosperity of his kingdom.

He was so popular, even after his death, that there was a common saying: "When Shah Abbas ceased to live, Persia ceased to prosper." While the statement was true, the reason appears to be that the age of commerce had begun. European merchant mariners had begun to ply the seas. Iran, lacking easy access to ports, lost the advantages of her central geographic position, for the caravan overland routes of Asia were superseded by ships, which could transport cargoes cheaply and quickly. Thus weakened, different provinces of the country again came under the rule of tribal chieftains, who warred with one another. Internal disorganization enabled the sturdy soldiers of Afghanistan to conquer Iran in 1722. This was a psychological as well as a military humiliation, because the Afghans were not a cultured people.

Again Iran looked for a deliverer. Turning aside dissension, it gathered strength under the leadership of Nasir-ed-Din. In 1874, at the age of twenty-six, he was the first ruler to visit Europe. He took the first

steps toward modernity by establishing a regular postal service, by granting a concession to the British Indo-European Telegraph Company, and by paving the way for the present Imperial Bank of Iran. He organized military colleges and a polytechnic school. But the country at large remained ill-governed, as unfortunately he was influenced by the Russian court, which for strategic reasons wished its neighbor on the south to remain weak. There was at the same time strife with the British over Baluchistan, as a result of which Nasir-ed-Din was compelled to grant concessions, including the tobacco monopoly, to English speculators.

Soon there was talk of an economic partitioning of the country by Great Britain and Russia, as a chess move in their tense, international, political struggle.

On August 31, 1907, when these two countries signed an ominous covenant, an arbitrary line was drawn across the unhappy country; Russia's "sphere of influence," including the capital at Teheran, was to be north of this; England's sphere south of the dividing line. Only the salt desert of central Iran would remain her portion! In *The Strangling of Persia*, W. Morgan Shuster says that, in order to discredit the existing government, these two Powers fomented internal disorder by encouraging, with money and arms, the tribal leaders and their semi-wild tribesmen to make devastating raids on travelers and villages. They also supported the rebellious partisans of the deposed Shah, Muzaffar-ed-Din, the son of Nasir-ed-Dn.

Russia, at this time, was much weakened by the

war she had lost to Japan in 1905, and was eager to build up her resources. She knew the value of, and wished to control, production and trade around the Caspian Sea, especially its agriculture and fisheries. This is Iran's most fertile and productive area. On the other hand, Great Britain had a concession giving her control of the extensive oil fields of the south, the nation's most valuable income resource, and she also wanted to insure the safety of her route to Baluchistan, which, by this time, she had made part of India.

By 1906, the corruption and incompetence of the government had caused over 15,000, mainly merchants, to leave Teheran, declaring they would not return until the Shah granted a constitution. He yielded and issued a call for a national Mejlis, or Parliament, to be chosen by the princes, clergy, nobles, and merchants.

After the formation of a constitutional government, Russia wielded a high and mighty hand over the Mejlis, which, in order to bolster the bankrupt treasury, was seriously considering signing over the country in a wholesale manner to the Czar. Already the Russian consular officials in Teheran were dictating governmental policy. The proposal was up for tense discussion. Doubts were expressed through the city that the Mejlis could manage to stand firm for national independence. And then occurred a phenomenon which is without parallel. It was the women in their harems—women who had endured a double form of oppression, social and political—who rose up, resentful that their men should be unable

to preserve a liberty in which their sons might grow up free Iranians.

Through their husbands, their fathers and brothers, who were members of the Parliament, the women learned of the necessity of some vital action to protect the state. Disguised in their *chadars*, many of these upper-class women went to one another's houses and held secret meetings. At the peak of public tension, when the bazaars of the capital buzzed with fears that the deputies would yield to Russian imperialism, progress took a long step forward in the land of Darius by virtue of its women. As Morgan Shuster describes it:

“Out from their walled courtyards and harems marched three hundred of that weak sex, with the flush of undying determination on their cheeks. They were clad in their plain black robes with the white nets of their veils dropped over their faces. Many held pistols under their skirts or in the folds of their sleeves. Straight to the Mejlis they went and, gathered there, demanded of the President that he admit them all.

“What the grave deputies of the land of the Lion and the Sun may have thought at this strange visitation is not recorded, but the President consented to receive a delegation of them. In his reception hall they confronted him and, lest he and his colleagues should doubt their meaning, these cloistered mothers, wives, and daughters exhibited threateningly their revolvers, tore aside their veils and confessed their decision to kill their own husbands and sons and leave behind their own dead bodies, if the

deputies wavered in their duty to uphold the liberty and dignity of their people and nation. And the members of the Mejlis, faced by the militant women, did not sell their country's birthright!"

By the new constitution, the Mejlis took control of the finances of the kingdom, a wise check which was disapproved of only by the spendthrift Muzaffar-ed-Din, as foreign countries, through gifts and loans of money to the Shah, had gained control of the country. Parties formed on both sides, and argumentative civil war raged between the liberty-loving Nationalists and the Absolutists, which latter were supported by Russian troops. The Nationalists were successful.

The government tried to establish organization, but the country—then almost entirely illiterate—was exploited by opportunists, a small group of wealthy noblemen who maintained their positions by intrigue both with Russia and England. The national treasury being bankrupt, the government was forced to accept loans from foreign powers.

The geographic and economic "strangling of Persia" caused the National Parliament in its extremity to turn to America for advice. W. Morgan Shuster, an American economist, revitalized the fiscal systems in 1910 and 1911, and became temporarily Treasurer General.

The Iranian Minister of Finance had had his difficulties. He is quoted as having said: "I work with the assistance of 500 amiable thieves. When I dismiss one, 300 letters come, assuring me of his ability and faithfulness; the writers of these are my friends; I must be polite and not say that the man they en-

dorse is a rascal. We need an American adviser of finance. He could dismiss all 500. He would hammer a desk and say to me: 'Your Highness, it must be rectitude, not favoritism; then the difference between ancient and modern will be cracked down on.' "

Mr. Shuster found that the difficulty originated in the fact that this ministry did not hold examinations for fitness, but gave positions to men with family or political influence. His first inquiry was for the national budget from which he hoped to gain some idea of the total gross revenues of the government, and of the amounts which were supposed to be allotted to the different departments for their maintenance. He learned that no budget existed! His efforts toward financial stability met the constant and deliberate opposition of Great Britain and Russia. At length the latter sent an ultimatum to the Mejlis, demanding the dismissal of Mr. Shuster, and sending along troops to enforce the order.

When the eagle of old Russia swooped down and its iron claws plucked at the heart of the unfortunate kingdom, Morgan Shuster returned to Washington. "I have often been asked," he wrote later, "whether the Persians were really capable of reforming their government; whether they had degenerated; was any true national spirit among them? We all know how easy it is to give patriotic utterances in the heart of an orderly community, when there is no danger involved in fiery defiance of the powers of evil. But when a body of seventy representatives, in danger of prison, or a worse fate, at the hands of an overwhelm-

ing force, withstood day by day the intrigues, bribes, and threats which the agents of a powerful nation, Russia, were freely employing, and when these seventy men went down into oblivion, still refusing to sign away the honor and integrity of their nation, I think the question as to national spirit may be considered to have been thereby fairly answered."

During the World War, Iran unwillingly was a factor in European politics. Germany, in preparing for the crisis, had laid many plans. She was anxious to continue the "Berlin to Baghdad" railroad into Iran. During and after the war, my observation of German plans and their development caused me to extend my military interest beyond Baghdad, for I realized that that city, as a terminal, was only a temporary objective. Germany had for years taken steps in Palestine and in Turkey to unite the Mohammedan countries under her "protection." Iran is, in many ways, the key to Asia; her vast Mohammedan population is in close contact with fellow religionists in Afghanistan, India, Java, and southwest China.

Before and during the World War, German agents were active throughout the country in spite of its declared neutrality. It was also harassed by the armies of Russia and Turkey. Independent Kurdish tribes dashed at will across the country. When the Armistice came, it was still so overrun by troops it seemed to local statesmen that Britain, in making a comprehensive agreement for the control and development of the country, was attempting to incorporate the ancient kingdom into the British Empire.

A young Iranian told me bitterly: "England

thought we were waiting for the undertaker, and that she was the best mortician. She long kept a rifle corps in the south, ostensibly to protect the oil fields, but the soldiers 'penetrated' our whole country, and today her air force is strong across our border in Iraq."

Iran had suffered much from old Russia, but the Soviet government diplomatically canceled all debts and made many overtures. It offered to provide schools and telegraph lines if Iran would start a campaign of communist propaganda. "Liberty and independence for every country" was the slogan; but as 75 to 80 per cent of the population are agriculturists who own land, and as it is all they have, state ownership made no appeal. No arguments were of avail except one for friendly agreement, pledging mutual support.

England had always been Russia's competitor, but when Edward VII promulgated his "New Policy" there was an about-face. England, having established an *entente cordiale* in 1904 with France, wished to "build a ring around Germany." She tried to secure Russia as an ally, but there were many points of disagreement, for to protect India she had formerly opposed Russia, both in Turkey and in Tibet. Knowing that Russia, after the Russo-Japanese war, was too weak to become dangerous in these countries, she made an agreement that scientific expeditions might go to Tibet. This new friendship resulted in Iran's situation becoming almost hopeless, for every act of her government was subject to the supervision of the Russian and the English legations.

In 1921, her ruin was nearly complete. Skeptics questioned the value of doing anything. Iran was apparently too weak to resist the fate of partition, or of annexation to the British Empire. Either idea was hateful. Only a man of great courage could save the country, one who would have sufficient following to fight successfully for its independence and prosperity.

A patriotic newspaper editor, Sayyid-ed-Din, together with a small group of friends, officers in the National Army, seeing the hopeless corruption of the old régime, planned a *coup d'état*. The most potent aid came from a general in command of the cavalry division. That general, Riza Pahlavi, was from the Mazanderan Mountains. He had led his battalion in repeated successes against the Russians. He was a splendid soldier. Commanding a force of 2500 men, he carried out Sayyid's scheme and marched upon Teheran on the night of February 20, 1921. Sayyid at once proclaimed himself prime minister and made Riza Commander-in-Chief of the army. In that quiet and bloodless revolution, Iran's nationalism was for the sixth time reborn, and the man who had entered its capital was destined to lead his country, revive its prestige, and establish its independence.

IV.

MODERN IRAN AND ITS RULER

THE great changes which have taken place in Iran are due to the remarkable character of the present Shah. From the ashes of an empire a phoenix arose.

The impulse of nationalism, here as elsewhere, has, in the past, risen mainly to reaffirm despotism. The present ruler is the first in Iran to think in democratic terms, for, paradoxically enough, although he is a dictator, he is working consistently toward a democracy. This, however, will not be realized until the old privileged class is balanced by the education of the lower classes.

Before Riza Pahlavi became the ruler, he expressed his personal preference by wishing to be made a President. The people forced him to follow their idea of government by becoming Shah. In the twenty-five centuries of her history, from the time the Medes and their kindred racial brothers, the Persians, freed themselves from the dominion of the ancient Assyrian Empire, a strong man has arisen from time to time to repel invaders and become the head of his people. As recently as twenty years ago, after the Great War was over, Iran would have disintegrated and become a bone of contention for

greedy nations to growl over had not a new leader begun to emerge from the ranks. No one but an Asiatic could have provided the spark to relight the nationalistic flame, and the people are gratified that a sensible, determined, executive son of Iran guides them today.

It is true that in modern times, during the rise and fall of other countries, Iran has remained almost stationary; but its deep-cut cliff sculptures preserve many records of life at different periods showing that, triumphant or shackled, it has from ancient days, in times of good fortune or ill, absorbed not only those it has conquered but its conquerors as well, making both a part of the fabric of its existence, thus forming a lasting foundation for nationalism. Climatic and sociological conditions have combined to produce a race which, in spite of devastating wars, has been a homogeneous unity in its continuity of life and thought.

The present Shah is as different from his predecessors as this new age is different from all which have preceded it. He is neither an inheritor nor a dispenser of traditions, but a close student of governments and peoples. He has undertaken to find out why the various monarchs of the past have failed. He realizes that the low average of education and opportunity made those overlords acceptable, heretofore, and kept the masses from demanding what today is regarded as every man's and woman's right—a fair opportunity for comfort, education, and interesting living.

It is pertinent to inquire how the historic heritage

of this man has developed in him the psychological discrimination and the capacity to remold a nation which has remained for the last thousand years without any significant alterations in the common pattern of its life. Also why it has so remained. His character, as evinced in his work, answers the first query. Three valid reasons for the latter may be given: first, Mohammedan influence made life traditional; second, there was scant communication with the outside world, and no desire to establish it; third, reasonable fear and distrust of foreigners, for these had usually been invaders.

When Riza came into power, he was about forty years of age, and unknown outside his division of the army. He had no scholastic education nor political experience, but he had learned all that the army could teach him. He was a man of action, somewhat rough and blunt, currying favor with no one. The son of a poor family, he had never traveled outside of his own country, except for a short journey to Russia when he was twenty-four years old.

He was acknowledged to have plenty of common sense, and in his military school classes he had shown much intelligence. His ability and the general recognition of it was what led the army officers who arranged the *coup d'état* to select the cavalry brigade under Riza's command as the best to carry it through. Without an effort to be so, he was popular with his men, he knew the pages of the book of life; he has progressed since then to know its index, chapter headings, and contents; they have all become clear to him.

He is the essence of his people—citizens, soldiers, peasants, merchants, executives; he has in him an element of each. He knows the emotions of the leader and of the led far better than if he had been born a prince. He has the genius of inspired ideas which have grown out of his deep-seated realization of the acute needs of his people. Entrance into her governing class, composed of the aristocracy, would have daunted a less determined man. His vivid independence carried him through.

The whole dynamic career of Riza Shah is of especial interest to Americans because he, like our own Lincoln and many others in America, has risen through sheer ability from poverty to become a great leader. The golden thread of heredity, dimmed at times or woven too deeply in the pattern to be observed, may shine forth generations later, when by some fortunate combination of heredity coming to the individual, through widely different channels, a genius is produced.

Riza's mind was filled with the conviction that something drastic must be done for his country, and done quickly. A man of education and social contacts would have weighed in his mind many possibilities. Riza saw only one; there was strenuous work to be done; he believed it to be his destiny to do it. He was able to impose himself upon his world by impressing it with his own sense of responsibility, supplemented by the people's belief in him and in his ability to establish and maintain their independence.

There must be an immediate break with both

Russia and England. The Nationalistic government must, without loans, obtain funds to maintain itself. As the new Commander-in-Chief of the army, he demanded credits to meet the expense of an increase in the enrollment of troops, and insisted upon being consulted in all important matters. The money was obtained by command of the Prime Minister, on the basis of Morgan Shuster's report on resources in 1911. Several of the most important aristocrats who held large properties, including many villages, and who had long evaded taxes, were arrested and the government seized their lands. Incompetent employees of the government were discharged; embezzlers were replaced with honest men; a general overhauling of the ministries began to weed out corrupt uses of power. There was, at first, more resentment at, than opposition to, these vigorous tactics. When the new, self-appointed Prime Minister, Sayyid, incurred the increasing opposition of the Soviet ambassador and of the jailed aristocrats, Riza seized the opportunity for his vaulting ambition to be realized. On April 5, 1921, he forced Sayyid to resign, and on the same day promoted himself to the position of Minister of War and set up his own emergency government.

As the Shah Ahmad was pleasure-loving and away on a protracted holiday, Riza without opposition took the direction of affairs into his own hands. During the first two years of his dictatorship, he unified the country. Through his conquest of the lawless Luristan tribes of Southwest Iran and of the intractable sheik of Mohammerah who ruled the tribes

of Arabistan, Riza became a national hero. His subjugation of other isolated, belligerent tribes within the realm was both picturesque and convincing. He systematically disarmed the Bakhtiari and Kashgai tribesmen and subjected them to the central administrative authorities of police and finance. By 1925 Riza had personally ridden at the head of victorious troops into every rebellious section of his country and had received sworn allegiance, thus renewing national pride, valor, and confidence.

When he took office as Minister of War, he had a small, dignified bust of himself placed on the gateway leading into the army headquarters in Teheran. There, around a vast courtyard used for a parade ground, stand the offices of the military department, the barracks, and the armory. The significance of this bit of sculpture lay in the fact that, unlike most busts which customarily face out from a building, this looked upon the courtyard and the barracks, to indicate that the new minister would keep complete military oversight of everything relating to the army, training, and administration.

An exact duplicate of this first bust was set soon afterward on the outer side of the great gateway looking over the city, to indicate that he had eyes for civic as well as for military affairs, and, Janus-like, could look in two directions at once. "What does the military strength of a nation protect?" the inner bust seemed to inquire. The outer replied, "The life, the liberty, and the security of our people."

Because of his prowess and patriotism, he was already a hero. These two busts gave the people con-

firmation that in their Minister of War was the caliber necessary for a future Shah. In having those busts made, he defied the time-worn tenet that all statues are prohibited by Mohammedan tradition.

In 1923, two years after the *coup d'état*, he had gone so far that he could announce himself Prime Minister at the head of his own government—a political move easily accomplished with the assistance of the army. The reigning Shah, a dilettante, had returned from Europe for only one year during Riza's epic campaigns. In his absence, the crown was theoretically represented by the youthful crown prince, Ahmad's brother, who was, however, known but vaguely to the people. The deposition of the Shah was openly discussed in the spring of 1924. Yet there was understandable hesitation, for this would be a highly irreligious act. Not only was he, by age-old precedent, called the King of Kings, but he bore, as well, some of the awesome titles with which the ancient Zoroastrian rulers liked to embellish their office: "Shadow of the Almighty," "Viceregent of God," and "Center of the Universe."

In 1924 Riza fostered an abortive plan for a republic. He wished, as had Mustapha Kemal, to become President, but the idea was not popular. The people were accustomed only to absolute rulers. In October of 1925, he forced through the Mejlis a parliamentary document deposing the absent Ahmad, and authorizing a Constituent Assembly to convene with him for the determination of a permanent government. Within two months the Assembly's pre-arranged work was done. It adjourned with a proc-

clamation announcing Riza sovereign of Iran, the first of a new dynasty of Pahlavi.

Like Caesar, the new ruler might have said, "My family begins with me." In April, 1926, the coronation took place amid suitable Asiatic splendor, and the stability of modern Iran was assured. No one had made him king; no politics, no party had lifted him; he had not called on the army. He became ruler solely on the ideals which he held for the country. They were the living force which impelled and guided him then, and which now sustain and encourage him to go on unremittingly.

From that hour he has organized and led all the inspiring programs of reform; the cooperation he has received indicates his country's determination to render itself worthy of its ancient glory. He has, and demands, respect for the dignity of his office. He has a profound sense of responsibility in making himself worthy of the mighty rulers, statesmen, and warriors who inspired him when he was a boy. His is a typical success story, based on idealism and hard work.

For many centuries the world at large has been indifferent to, and has known little of, Iran, partly because of the fact that travelers have not been encouraged to visit the vast, remote upland. But Riza Shah Pahlavi has changed this, for he has seen that only through acceptance of the West on friendly terms, the adoption of its progressive method of education, and its healthful modes of daily living can his own people become modernized, or even survive. In every branch of its life, it is being remodeled and revised—in short, westernized, but with discrimi-

nating differences, for the new Shah is seeking to achieve these changes in his own manner.

He believes in adjusting his reforms to the tempo of his people. Eventually, they will affect every phase of life. Neither agreement nor disagreement affects his determination. He will have a sound and free country, independent, self-assertive. Although his edicts—issued through the Parliament—are sweeping and autocratic, they are met, for the most part, by the responsive willingness of his people. The world has in him a dictator building for democracy, preparing his people for the rights and duties, the privileges and responsibilities of democracy.

The Iranians realize that his work is designed for the good of the nation and that he is determined to do well what he has undertaken. He has no desire for wealth and no time for social life. At 4 A.M. he visits the barracks. He motors to every part of his realm once a year. Its area is about 628,000 square miles, or over one-fifth the size of the United States. He has an escort but no guards; his carriage has a wide road space before and behind it. Hitler, in contrast, has 7000 soldiers to protect him against assassination, and Mussolini a detachment of the Italian army.

This Shah of Shahs blasts tradition. Twelve years ago he knew nothing about economics and world trade; today he wisely directs the activities of production and distribution throughout his country. His energetic statesmanship is not negated by those who are steeped in the poison of prejudice. Iran loves the King idea. He is the Darius of today.

There is an old saying of the poet Saadi, "People have the faith of their monarchs." This is always the case when rulers have strong characters: Riza stamps his personality on his country. He is the personification of their own faith in themselves; he is their inmost word and desire made flesh. Having a strong determination to see their racial unity given expression, they follow the drastic orders in spirit as well as in letter. It is safe to presume that the conservatives, who plague with objections and stubbornness every element of change in any part of the world, must in time acquiesce as they realize more fully the benefits they are receiving.

Such a benevolent despotism might be hastily criticized as tyranny. But it must be obvious, even to the most superficial observer, that the Shah's progressive edicts are advantageous to his subjects; in fact, they are the manifestation of changes which they themselves have long felt to be imperative, which many of them have anxiously awaited. He has no self-indulgence, and cannot be called a despot in any derogatory sense of the term. All human beings have limitations, but this man is an instrument of something larger than himself—the hope and happiness of 19,000,000 countrymen.

Without sound finance, no governmental idealism, however profound, could move forward an inch. And it is significant of the high statesmanship of Riza Pahlavi, that the recovery of internal revenue has developed financial liquidity in his treasury unique in the post-war depression world. Thanks to the initial improvement under Mr. Morgan Shuster, and

the four years' work directed later by another American Financial Mission under Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, the Government has proceeded systematically and wisely to the point where it is now one of the rare countries with a balanced budget and an available surplus. Taxes are regularly collected; the civil servants and the army are paid promptly. Only a meager public debt exists, which could easily be disposed of.

The wheels of administration revolve smoothly. Old taxes which burdened the people have been abolished and indirect taxes increased. The revenue and expenditure of last year's budget was five times as great as that of twenty years ago. Their coin, the *rial*, is appreciating in value, and the National Bank, now an entirely Iranian institution, constantly extends its operations. Its new bank notes are sought with increasing frequency in the remotest villages—an indication of public confidence in the soundness of the currency.

As Colonel, as Commander of the Army, as Minister of War, Riza Pahlavi came successively into contact with men of higher rank. Having a strategic, balanced, and discriminating mind, he observed that, unlike the tribesmen, these high-ranking men had no association with women other than their own wives and daughters. In social life women took no part; there was no comradeship in working together for the general good, such as gives balanced respect in tribal life where women have always remained unveiled and are always busy.

In Teheran, he gradually met in diplomatic circles

many men and women from other countries, and so gained a broader view of the importance of women in social activities. He heard with surprise of their health programs and social welfare work. He arrived at the conclusion that intellectual companionship between men and women was an asset. He observed that the children of missionaries were healthier than others—it was obvious that educated women made better mothers than the ignorant wives in the harems.

It is greatly to the Shah's credit that he saw at the beginning of his power that the strengthening of maternal influence in his country would be of the greatest benefit to the coming generations of citizens, who must be trained to be able to preserve the strong state he would build for them to carry on. As he learned more about living elsewhere in the world, he concluded that it would be necessary for all the women of Iran to have an opportunity for educational development. His many-sided mind comprehended that a revolution in social, domestic, and economic life is as vital to progress as are telephones and motor trucks; that the old grooves of life, from which the masses of people had not stirred for centuries, must now be widened. The problems of the Shah were multifarious and tremendous, but not insurmountable. Having the example of western countries and of a progressive neighbor, Turkey, Iran is achieving and will continue to achieve, within a comparatively brief span of years, a point in social evolution that we have struggled to attain through a long battle of trial and error.

Turkey's modernization under the late Mustapha

Kemal Ataturk has been particularly stirring and convincing. When His Majesty, Riza Shah, in 1934 visited the President of the third Asiatic republic, he learned far more than he could have learned either from the Russians or the Chinese, and he reached many valuable conclusions. In Turkey he observed, among many other things, that radical changes in the position of women and of the lower classes had helped to stabilize society. The reforms begun there fourteen years before were no longer in an experimental stage. The Shah was an analytical spectator of the greatest sociological drama of all time. He evaluated appreciatively the benefits to Turkey under general education for the masses. He applied similar changes to his own country. It has been easier for his followers to accept a code of thought already tried out in a Mohammedan country. Instinctively they feel that it is something which really may belong to them, and there is no such resentment as would probably constrict their minds and render them obstinate if foreign sociologists had urged the same changes. Since domestic, civil, and religious reforms have been successful in Turkey, Iran feels that they may be tried in its own cities, fields, and homes.

Socially and racially, however, the two lands are in many ways fundamentally different. It was much easier for the Turks to change their life; they were not so bound by old customs and traditions; therefore they could more easily throw away the old and accept the new. Iran, on the other hand, with an ancient history, culture, and customs, has the men-

tality of people who cling to the glory of the past. They have had to be prepared to accept the new, and the Shah has had the wisdom to prove to them, step by step, that it is better. In Turkey, the center of social, religious, educational, and business life having been for centuries in Constantinople, European influence has, since the days of Byzantium, been strong. The civilization of Europe has been familiar to all classes there through military, cultural, and commercial contacts.

Turkey's background is largely heterogeneous. It has been composed of divergent peoples, many of whom were antagonistic to each other. Iran is far more homogeneous, with deep traditions of endurance. Through reorganization, the Iranians are now building a new nation basically their own, adding to it the best that ages of experience and evolution in other countries have produced. The new country, like every new life, has its own personality. Over a long period of time, many traveled Iranians have realized that reforms were necessary to national vitality, but their dread of the aggressions of the possessive Russian Bear and the British Lion sapped their energy, and forced them to use their intelligence mainly in retaining possession of their country. Now that their Shah's statesmanship, supported by an army of approximately 90,000 men, well trained for defense, has released them for constructive thinking, Iranian statesmen are sedulously studying foreign affairs. Many diplomats are graduates of foreign universities and have brought back to their country new ideas and new ideals. The influence of the

foreign mission schools—English, French, American, Russian—within the country has also opened many young minds. Increasing knowledge of the dignity of domestic and social behavior in western standards of life has influenced thousands of men and women. The changes which they sensed as desirable have happily now become imperative, for the robust authority of the Shah is making them into laws.

Riza's initial ruggedness and hasty actions have become somewhat tempered during his fourteen years on the throne. He has learned a great deal about the world into which his monarchy must fit, and has often sought advice from qualified economists and political scientists; in more than one dispute he has cooperated with the League of Nations. He is undoubtedly one of the most colorful and expert statesmen in the world. He has a fine physique; is over six feet tall; has a well-molded head and extremely clear-cut features, a high forehead, deep-set eyes. His hair and mustache are gray. His face combines great strength with sensitiveness; care and anxiety are in it, but resolution is the dominant quality—the determination which characterizes a man who is unswerving in high ideals, who demands much of others and of himself. His large eyes see a far and practical vision. He looks through, or past, trifles. As he stands alone in a long room to receive members of the diplomatic corps or ministers of state, his erect military bearing, his square shoulders, his height, and his composure give him a dignity which makes most people who approach him feel smaller than they usually do.

His son, now in his early twenties, is the center of his heart and of his ambitions. What sort of country will he develop to leave to this son's guidance? Will the prince carry his responsibilities well? Those who know him believe so. They have had a totally different upbringing. The boy had excellent tutors, and since he was sixteen he has been surrounded by the best educational influences of Switzerland. Will these prepare him to carry on the kingdom his father has built without the necessity for the unusual dynamic force his father has? With the remolding accomplished and security established, he will, no doubt, be able to use arguments and suggestions instead of dictates. He will come to know government officials who, as progressives, have developed executive ability and will be dependable assets in the continued modern development of the country. Through health, taxation, education, and many other reforms made permanent, his father is cutting the stones and rebuilding the national house to be one in which a man who is not a mason or an architect may live and expand.

The marriage of his Imperial Highness Crown Prince Shahpur to the Egyptian Princess Fawzieh is of vast religious and political importance, because it unites the two powerful rival sects of the Sunni and Shiah Mohammedans, who have, over a period of thirteen hundred years, often violently opposed each other. Politically, the Prince's influence in Iran is enhanced and, as King Faruk is the leader of the pan-Islamic movement, great strength will be given to this by the union of these key countries.

Among other things, the British route to India by sea and land is now strategically dependent on their good will. The culture and personal charm of these young people, the gracious reception of each in the other's country, all augur well for their happiness and future influence.

The Shah himself dislikes all evidence of show or ostentation. He lives modestly, most of the time either in a suburban summer home near Teheran, which is comfortable but not palatial, or in his official residence, set in a large garden in the capital. He has a high energy potential, is busy all day, every day, and has no patience with inertia. His working day is frequently not less than twelve hours—a standard of concentration which he also demands of his ministers and governors. He holds no state dinners; travelers cannot call on him, for he is too busy with the affairs of his country. He is determined to overcome the ignorance and consequent backwardness of his people, to awaken them to their deepest needs. They appreciate this and give him their loyalty and cooperation.

In his address at the opening of the tenth session of Parliament, June 7, 1935, he said in part: "This nation has been in the past so held back by negligence, so oppressed by poverty, that, however much we move forward, we realize all the more our lack, and the urgency of our need. The only hope is to exert much greater efforts than before. The program of work must be the aim not only of the Government and its officials, but of every single individ-

ual in the nation. All must join hands and strive for results."

No man has ever been in the position of this Shah. He is wholly constructive and has given his people rebirth of self-confidence and self-control which is restoring their sterling qualities. There is no flamboyance, but his is a marvelous projection of personality. He is working for the state as a temporary dictator, hoping to build a national strength that will ultimately need no dictatorship. He receives diplomats of other countries only on the day when they present their credentials. His sole recreation is to make, at rare intervals, a visit to Pahlavi Island. During his periodical tours of inspection to all parts of his empire, he supervises the execution of his orders, and judges of the progress being made in standards of living, in the building of homes, stores, factories, and roads, and in the influence of the first railroad in Iran.

The national flag is tri-colored: green, white, and red. Green is the sacred color of Mohammedans, and also represents agriculture, therefore the oasis, therefore home. White is for purity, red for sacrifice. In the center, on the white background, typifying leadership, stands a lion with a scimitar in his paw and the sun rising behind him. Shah Riza Pahlavi is the lion that Iran has needed desperately for so many years.

Does he have enemies? Naturally. But not as many as one would expect. For the most part he is appreciated.

The success of the Shah is the result of far-

sightedness, singleness of purpose, and the unsparing use of energy, combined with executive ability. He is the type most Americans admire, for he has surmounted difficulties which would have overwhelmed a lesser man.

There are a few whispered, Oriental tales of the disappearance of men who have betrayed the trust placed in them, or who have refused to obey laws made for the common good. No one can say whether these tales are true, but it must be remembered that every act of his majesty is under "that fierce light which beats upon a throne," and when questions have risen they have been satisfactorily answered.

A tribal chieftain was captured because he was recalcitrant, fomenting armed resistance to government regulations, determined to keep his followers an independent group. Three weeks after his imprisonment he was reported to have died of typhoid fever. His tribesmen protested that he was too robust to have been overwhelmed so rapidly with infection. As a reply his body was sent to them. It was unmistakably their chieftain, and he was so emaciated that it was evident that fever and microbes had ravaged his body.

An original method was successful in overcoming the opposition of another chief. He was a magnificent horseman, tall, thin, and fearless, the idol of his followers. He was taken prisoner and the only penalty exacted of him was that he should not leave Teheran and that he must accept all invitations extended to him. As a result, he was so well-fed, and

had so much leisure, that in the course of time he grew fat; so well-entertained that he enjoyed the capital and began to regard the rigors of mountain life as undesirable. His tribesmen and women heard of his soft living with disgust. If he had returned to them he would have been ignored, so he stayed on in the capital, a general social favorite and no longer a government menace.

Riza Shah has set out to do in half a lifetime a task which reasonably would require at least three generations of well-directed effort, and he is accomplishing his purpose, rebuilding a nation against all odds. Knowing a good deal of the world as it is today and a fair share of history, I think that he is one of the most remarkable men who have ever lived. While most rulers today know that their ships of state are churning around in a sea of discontent, he is calmly surveying the highly competitive and impatient world, as an officer on the quarter deck regards a storm, observing what turns it takes and considering when it will probably subside. Back of him is the melodrama of the ages; dynasties have risen and perished—Iran has survived. He has no such terrors as the present powers of Europe, no such hostilities as are rife there. His mind is not in disarray. He has a definite and fair purpose and is able to see it through.

V

THE VILLAGES—AND YESTERDAY

WELL-BUILT highways unite Iran's eleven large cities, which have populations ranging from 350,000 to 50,000; and twenty smaller cities in which the population exceeds 10,000. There are, in addition, approximately 45,000 villages. The roads cover 20,000 kilometers, over which thousands of motor cars and trucks travel each year.

Altogether I traveled about 3300 miles on various trips, the interest of which made the discomfort of motoring in the inferior cars which are rented for general travel of negligible importance. I stopped often, saw much, and, as I learned rural conditions, came to feel at home in new and exciting surroundings.

I saw the stark human drama, the charm of simplicity, the courage of those who fight the desert, live on little, and are happy; in short, the life of the people and the happenings in tiny villages and their surrounding fields. Along the modern roads of Iran I went, easily and pleasantly, back through two thousand years, and came to know people who are counterparts of their long-distant ancestors, and of those who, for intervening generations, have lived the same primitive lives as they. Evolution here is at a stand-

still; incentives for progress have been lacking as the people have had to meet only repetitious daily needs; their opportunities and expressions of life have remained the same through the centuries.

The picturesqueness of the road which bridged the transition between the new and the old is heightened by contrasts. Automobiles dash through the streets of Iran's modernized capital, and camels lumber along the caravan routes. There have been no covered-wagon or iron-horse eras; from camels to airplanes was the transition!

Almost gone are the romantic days of the caravan, when each day's journey, for five hundred and more years, ended at a huge, walled-in serai, conveniently situated on the road so that it might be reached by nightfall. The traveler, to be sure, still passes trains of camels and mules, and sees many in the distance, where their silhouettes undulate against the far-off horizon, seeming to vanish against the fawn-colored mountains. Around their necks deep-toned bells reverberate sonorously through the dry air. These are vestiges of the days when this was the main route to the East, and camels brought back the produce of China, India, Turkestan and Golden Samarkand to the markets of the Levant, Egypt, and Europe.

Along the roads many of the old caravanserais remain, their pointed arches still noble, though they are ruins now. Their dark-domed recesses have given refuge to countless travelers and legions of forgotten pilgrims. Today there are only a few where weary men and animals find refuge from sand storms when they halt in the desert dusk. They are no

longer needed, for there is a village at approximately every ten-mile interval, with friendly *chai-khana*, tea houses, which have become the center of local social life. In these the traveler may find coffee or tea, or sherbet cooled with snow. Ice is brought, as it was by the Greeks and Romans, many miles on donkeys during the night from the mountains; and to prevent its melting, it is buried in containers deep in the earth. Its coolness is a blessing after the heat and dust of the never-ending desert roads. If necessary, these inns can also provide surprisingly good meals: *kababs*, bits of chicken or lamb with onion between for flavor, cooked on a skewer; or an omelet; or milk, heavily curdled, made into little balls with chopped meat rolled inside. There are also many kinds of delicious melons and peaches, pears, figs, oranges and dates.

At some of these *chai-khana*, travelers may stretch out on a rug and rest in high-ceilinged bare rooms; light comes through the patterns pierced in the thick walls near the roof. Rugs may be spread to sit on cross-legged, in the alcoves of the courtyard where the villagers and travelers gather for eating, for conversation, and for the exchange of news.

As we passed many of the small, scattered villages, some composed of a few mud huts, while others contained housing for a thousand or more people, I observed that the women take part sturdily in the field labors, and, of course, do all the tedious but rewarding domestic work. Families live in two- or three-room one-story huts; there is no sanitation except that provided by sand and the sun.

The men were at work as blacksmiths, well diggers, cutting and hauling trees; making poles and doing primitive carpentry, or had other small industries. The majority of the people are self-sustaining through agriculture, either in production or by transportation and sale in towns. Donkeys, laden with wide baskets filled with bright fruits and vegetables, enliven the road; tobacco, poppies, and melons from this village; and tomatoes or egg plant from that; and other multi-hued produce give moving color in many shades and patterns along the otherwise dull stretches of the long, rough roads.

The village women have never worn veils at home or in the fields; usually they have over their heads and shoulders short *chadars* made of bright printed cotton or homespun, which shield them, to some extent, from the sun, and are convenient to hold over their faces when passing vehicles raise a cloud of dust.

Most travelers charm us by tales of the unusual, but, while I found much that I could headline, it was the sweet, human commonplaces, the recognition of the fundamental kinship in human interest and behavior which most impressed me. Most of the villagers are intelligent but illiterate and as yet know little of the outside world. "They believe more in fairies than in religion." At one place we were hospitably invited to enter the village compound, into which flocks and herds are driven at night. This revived an impression made upon me by Biblical pictures of life at the time of Abraham. The compound was surrounded by flat-roofed, two-room

houses which opened into it; there is little privacy, or home life as we know it. Instead there is a pastoral community, almost as gentle as the life of sheep and goats—and at times the odor suggests them!

Each family is a unit providing for its own needs. If it is not the plowing and planting season, there is goat's-hair rope to be made and cloth to be woven on handlooms by the women and children for their winter clothes. Some I saw were engaged in the slow process of carpet weaving. It is comfortable for the women to weave while sitting on their heels, so the warp is stretched close to the ground and is held in place by several wooden stakes. The wool for the carpet is grown on the village sheep, then sheared, cleaned, washed, spun and dyed. Near the loom is an iron pot in which the weaver makes dyes out of walnut shells, grape skins, pomegranate rinds, madder root, onion skin or indigo.

A slender stream by the side of the road determines the site of a village, for without a brook there would be no water for vegetables or animals; as one woman said, "The plum trees would bear no fruit." As there is no reserve supply of clothes, they are washed daily; food, dishes, and bodies are indiscriminately in and out of the running water all the time, and beside it there is pleasant chatter. "Tongues and water run where women meet," my guide remarked.

The water supply comes from the melting snows. The water passes along ingenious man-made underground tunnels. At each village there are one or

more openings from the surface to this artificial subterranean river. Some towns have openings down to this only twenty-five feet apart, but customarily these *kanat* are about a mile distant from one another. The inhabitants of each town use the water for household purposes and for irrigation, dipping it out by means of buckets. From time to time, men clamber down the steep sides and stand waist-deep in the water, cleaning the *kanat*. If these waterways were blocked, it would mean water famine and death during the eight rainless months, so it is obligatory for each town to see that they are kept open. Wondering why the earthen sides did not cave in, I looked down several and found that they were wisely sloped. I also observed that the low earth wall around the top of each well would prevent a rush of water into it during the rainy season.

For the village families, the day begins at four o'clock in the summer, or even earlier. Each person has his routine; the youngest boy gathers from the fields, where the corn or wheat has been cut, straw to feed the cattle, and, if they are sufficiently wealthy, to feed the donkey, sheep, and goats as well. The father, after making or mending a primitive plow of wood, tied together with goat's-hair rope, hitches it to his ox or donkey, and starts the furrows; his half-grown son laboriously digs—usually with a wooden spade—irrigation ditches for water which the ox draws from the well in a skin bucket by means of a windlass; or the boy may make holes into which wet watermelon seeds are placed, always by the small-

est girl—for, in order to germinate satisfactorily, they must be planted by a guaranteed virgin!

The eldest daughter, early in the morning, attends to the milking. She and other barefooted women carry copper vessels on their heads or in their hands, and walk swingingly up and down steep mountain trails to reach far pastures. When the shepherd sees them coming, he separates the milk goats and drives them inside a rough, stone-walled corral. The women, in order to select their own, squat in a double line, and each seizes by the leg the animals which belong to her as they enter one by one through the narrow opening. When the milking is finished, they gather under a tree, and the head woman supervises the measuring of the milk from each container, after which it is all put together in goatskins for its journey homeward, there to be redivided.

The daily chore done, there is time for a bit of relaxation; the shepherd pipes a tune; the girls, in a circle, begin to dance with an almost imperceptible movement of their hips, which makes their full skirts sway this way and that. Rhythm and momentum increase. Gradually they move their hands, arms, and shoulders in increasing muscular undulations. They gracefully lift their arms, snap their fingers, coquettishly tilt their heads, and, as a feature of the dance, hold one forearm lifted as though to shield their features. Their hair, combed straight back, is plaited in many long, bobbing braids, which pat against their backs and dance with them. The older women are seated. They strum an accompani-

ment to the dance on their copper pans until the laughing girls, hot and breathless, drop to the ground. Soon each one, carrying a full goatskin like a knapsack on her back, swings off down the mountain.

The preparation of food in the villages is an arduous and ever-pressing occupation, slowly accomplished over a charcoal fire. In this country I had supposed that village people had much leisure; on the contrary, breakfast is eaten at dawn in order that the villagers can accomplish all the tasks of a summer day. It is, perforce, a hasty meal of bread and *mast*; for lunch their bread is dipped into water or milk.

If a man has two wives, they take turns in making bread and in churning butter. The latter is in a goatskin; the process is wearisome. The curdled milk, mixed with a small amount of water, is put into the goatskin, which is suspended between three sticks. For a couple of hours the skin is shaken by sudden jerks. At intervals the bag is opened, a little warm water added, then it is re-tied and the movement continued.

Cheese is sold or kept until eaten—often for months—in the goatskin. When they offered to sell some to me, the string around the neck was untied and the hairy skin turned back. Although the shiny inner surface was clean, I was not sufficiently hungry to care for any cheese.

Food for the winter must also be prepared. I observed a girl of about sixteen who was busy boiling down fresh goat's milk over the charcoal outdoor

fire, until it could be mixed with flour in order to make it into small balls to dry for the winter's food. How lucky it is that all the elements of food are in milk and that goat's milk is particularly rich in vitamins!

After the harvest, when the grain is cut and the gleaning is over, brooms made of date-palm leaves tied together, or of a bundle of twigs, are used to scrape up what remains of the grain. Then the donkeys, goats, sheep, and camels graze on the stubble that is left. Finally the owner returns to collect the droppings of the animals for manure and for fuel. Could economy be more complete?

In or near every village, whatever else is raised, wheat is always grown. This grain has, besides its domestic value, a sacrificial one. Once a year each family provides a village feast. On these occasions a goat or a sheep is killed, partly roasted over an open fire, and pieces of it are put into a dough made of ground wheat and water and recooked. What would have made bread for the family for many weeks is cheerfully used up in a day, for the villagers are convinced that these feasts appease evil spirits and keep illness away.

At first one thinks how impractical and foolish this is, but on second thought one realizes that it promotes village good-will. It is the annual act of hospitality, and the food is not wasted; for that day all the other families have no need to use their wheat nor to kill a sheep. A balance is struck in a twelve-month, and these recurring festivals are refreshing interludes in a life of drudgery uncomplainingly en-

dured, finding its reward only in eking out a bare existence.

It is not unusual to have ten children in one Iranian family, but that does not mean a rapid increase of population. It is rare for more than three in such a family to reach maturity; life is so rugged that weaklings and the very old do not survive. Each woman looks after her own baby; that is, she feeds it every time it cries, and sews innumerable charms on its few garments. The babies sleep in little swinging cots made of a piece of wood slung between two stakes, which can be set up anywhere, enabling the mothers to keep the babies near them wherever they may be at work.

The villagers are inexhaustibly fond of fairy lore. They believe as devoutly in sprites as North American Indians believe in rain gods. This may be denied in progressive Teheran, but sit by a new moon in almost any village and, if you are sympathetic, you will hear tales of elves and pixies which will bring the fantasies of your own childhood trooping back to you. They are real to the village adults and are more important than a mullah's blessing; for the "little people" have great influence for good and evil. When they have been offended, prayers for protection against their anger are offered to Mohammed, or to his disciples, the Imams, of whom there are nine buried in Iran, and theirs is a saintly intervention.

Ways change slowly in villages; it is a gigantic task to bring isolated people from the feudalism of the Middle Ages into the cooperative citizenry of the

twentieth century. Many of them are far from mail roads, but gradually their villages are being penetrated by occasional newspapers, governmental reorganization, and new buildings. The greatest changes are coming through local schools.

Life for the women who live in these scattered and small villages is much freer and healthier than for the same class in the towns, for they have more active interests, and the simplicity of life makes for consciousness of interdependence. Equality of village social position keeps them from feeling their poverty.

Each village is owned by a man who occupies a position similar to that of the medieval European feudal barons, but, instead of living in a castle surrounded by serfs, the village owner usually lives in a distant city in a fine garden, on the money his tenants have earned for him. There has been no conception until now of raising the living conditions of workers, who have been patiently acquiescent. Village schools will open their minds to possibilities of which they never dreamed. Restlessness and discontent may be the first effect, but soon they will find satisfaction in the increasing advantages and broadening scope of their children.

The most astonishing village is Yazd-i-Khast, which means "God willed it." It is built on a comb of rock which rises precipitously on all sides from the bed of a river that has been dry for thousands of years. Ages back, this must have been an island in a deep river, and in appearance it suggests a colossal, stranded ship. It can be reached only by means of a

precarious footbridge made of tree trunks, the far end of which is supported by what used to be a river bank, reinforced by a primitive wall of stones. It looks much too precarious to attempt; however, donkeys and humans who are used to it pass over to the rubble and mud houses with apparent ease. The houses are reinforced by curious, very narrow bricks. Yadz-i-Khast gives the general impression of the high cliff dwellings used by North American Indians. The people who dwell in this aerie make a living by raising grain and poppies in the valley which surrounds their natural fortress.

Beyond the villages, out on the face of the desert, live the nomad tribes, who still pitch their black tents for a night and drift on again in the morning, as their restless ancestors have done for countless generations.

When I set out to learn something of the life of the tribes to which a fourth of the population belong, the desert floor was hard and there was no wind. There was a feeling of spaciousness, and cool night air. The stars seemed to be larger and brighter than usual as constellations moved majestically across the sky.

As I looked forward to dawn, it seemed to me that in many ways Iran's new day is analogous to sunrise after long years of night. On the desert in this latitude the sun rises abruptly; swift and clear, with no hazy, lingering dawn. It is like a sudden awakening from sleep with eyes fresh and wide to greet a new day. Iran today has no drowsiness in the twi-

light of half-consciousness. After her seemingly endless night of terrors, exhaustion, and evil dreams, her new day has begun.

In Arabia, Afghanistan, Tibet and southwestern China there are still to be found tribes living as they did in the earliest historic stage of man's development. Tribal history goes back to the period before the separation of the Aryan tribes of Iran from those other Aryans whose westward emigration from central Asia was destined to lead to the formation of the Indo-European races of today. From that time until today many of their customs have remained the same. They venerated the sun, sky, earth, water, fire and winds, as on these depended their primitive welfare and the weal of their flocks and herds, which were kept for safety in inaccessible mountains.

The lusty wanderers of today move from place to place in search of pasture, and live in black, goat's-hair tents. They played a bold part in the days when "Take what you want and hold what you can" was the code of the road.

The Bakhtiaris, the largest and most powerful of the many tribes, are of pure Iranian stock. They inhabit a southwestern mountainous district of some 25,000 square miles, where their character, which necessarily must be fearless, has developed to fit the rugged tests of their land. For them risks have been the common experience. Decisions must be made speedily, for life in jagged mountains, with heavy snowstorms and swift streams, allows no time for meditation. The shifting of their camps and the care of huge flocks of sheep and goats demand vigor-

ous physical stamina. It is the life of this and of other stalwart tribes which the Shah seeks to stabilize by coordinating nomadic efficiency and self-sufficiency with community interdependence. This is the first country in which, instead of overwhelming tribes by military force, this has been done by law.

In the past, every year the Bakhtiari, Kashgai, Lurs, and other tribes migrated from the desert to the mountains in search of pasturage for the animals and to raise wheat and other necessary food.

This epic nomadism has been preserved for history by that remarkable film, *Grass*, made about fifteen years ago from the narrative by Margaret Harrison of Baltimore, and the views taken by Ernest Schoedsack and Merian Cooper of Florida, who were able to accompany the Bakhtiari on their trek.

In the spring, snow torrents dashing to the desert make it bloom abundantly, for it is never really dead. Its resurrection in grass, flowers, and weeds gives pasturage to cattle, sheep, and goats. As the summer progresses and the succulent leaves are consumed and the rivulets dwindle away, the animals, hungry and parched with thirst, would die if the tribes did not fold their tents and go up the rough mountain roads and across the rapidly flowing rivers in search of high pastures. They stay there until heavy snows make it necessary for them to trek back to their old or to a new camping ground. The adventure is looked forward to as the great excitement of the year.

These adventurous tribesmen were unruffled by

the new economic interrelation of the country in which they lived. So long as they were not molested, they went on raising large herds and making rugs. But one day, when these defiant individualists headed for the mountain pastures, the Shah ordered soldiers to confiscate their rifles, and, more disastrously still, confiscated their cattle as they came back. He commanded them to settle down in stationary communities to contribute to the town life of Iran. They were no longer to be a "floating" population. They must raise crops systematically and concentrate their energy upon the arts of Progress.

Such methods were drastic. When the tribesmen insisted that they were living the life congenial to them as it had been to their ancestors, the Shah replied: "That is exactly the difficulty. You are living as your ancestors lived over a thousand years ago. I wish you to have villages with schools, good teachers, good doctors, and developed industries, so that Iran will not have to import manufactured goods. Wild grazing cattle are not sufficient. Farms must be built with barns in which to store grain. We need stationary herds for the fertilization of the soil, in order to raise vegetables that will supply the people with nourishing food."

The chiefs of both the Bakhtiari and Kashgai tribes had repeatedly asked to have doctors and school teachers go with them on their migrations, promising to provide equipment. But Riza Shah persuaded them that such necessary members of society could render satisfactory service only when their life was stationary. This helped to convince

the tribesmen that it was impractical for them to take such hazards twice a year to scale the mountain heights and to make almost as perilous a journey returning.

There was no other way in which the Shah could maintain unity and assure independence for his people. He knows that the continuation of ancient customs, merely because they are ancient, preserves the indifference, the idleness, the petty dealing, corrupt social privileges, the distrust of foreign thought, which have gone along side by side with these customs; whether they were in manners, in dress, or in transportation, they were psychologically bound up with the ancient conventions.

A chieftain told me, "We are now stretching out for modern progress. Increasingly the tribal men and women go to Teheran to learn about their country as a whole, and most of them willingly accept the responsibilities of their new world. Our people never dread the unknown. Dauntlessly they approach difficulties and overcome them. Administration problems, planting and reaping, regulation of supplies, maintaining order in the tribe will all be duplicated in national affairs. Hordes of nomads in movement—thousands of camels herded along, dashing riders with far-focused eyes looking thoughtfully ahead, are symbolic of executive ability and the eternal buoyancy of the human spirit."

In contrast to tribal vivacity are the scenes in the cemeteries. They, strangely enough, have been the principal social centers for women in the past. As the Moslem Sabbath is Friday, frequently on Thursday

nights, especially when the moon was full, I saw on the roads leading to the cemeteries crowds of people in automobiles, buses and carriages. Some men went on bicycles, others walked, singing as they went. They might stop for a bit of music, and even to dance to the notes of *tzar* or flute. To spend the entire night in this way was regarded as an act of virtue, highly endorsed by the priests, and much easier than a pilgrimage to any of the more popular shrines, such as Kerbela, Qum, or Meshed.

For centuries past, as well as today, in most cemeteries the tombs of the wealthy resemble our large mausoleums and contain several rooms which are carpeted, have cushions, curtained windows, vases filled with flowers, in order that the dead may rest in rooms similar to those in which they lived. The principal tombs are covered with an embroidered velvet canopy or a fine carpet.

Either on the end of the tomb, or on the floor, is a small stand to support the Koran. The relatives sitting in the tomb room or in one adjoining, hear the Koran read, say prayers, and smoke water pipes or cigarettes. Stands support elaborate upright ornaments made of glass, in which candles are burned. For the less elegant, simple lamps are used, or smoky wicks in cups of oil. The presence sometimes of a bowl of water is an unconscious survival of the Zoroastrian belief in the sacredness of water, a natural form of nature worship in a land in which that element is scarce.

Sometimes the inner walls of the principal tombs

are decorated with a frieze of Koranic texts. Their domes are covered with turquoise and deep blue tiles. The clear colors reflecting the light at dawn and sunset give cheerfulness to the whole cemetery. Clustered around the tomb of saint or poet are the graves of their admirers, who have taken comfort in the thought that after death their bodies will be placed nearby. Dead saints may be appealed to for help in case of a poor harvest, an ailing child, or to recover any lost object, but it must be understood that they help only Moslems!

The dead who are not buried near their former homes are taken in an automobile, or sent by caravan, hundreds of miles to Meshed, Kerbela, or some other holy city, a journey which may take a week or longer. Nothing is more melancholy than to see a corpse caravan approaching by moonlight. The dead, wrapped in black felt or in brown goat's-wool blankets, are roped upon shaggy horses or strapped to the sides of camels. So terrible is the odor, in that land of heat, that the men accompanying the camels frequently have to change places with those walking to the lee of the caravan. The wealthy embalm their dead; the poor often sacrifice everything in order to bury a loved one near a shrine.

It is a gruesome sight to see several members of a family huddled on the back seat of a car, and the ends of a narrow coffin sticking out of the open side windows. The poor place the dead on a board and cover the corpse with a carpet. Imagine a journey through the heat and dust of the desert, pinned in by

such a barrier; but this is luxury compared to the lugubrious pilgrims jogging along on muleback, and to those on foot who overflow the road.

Passing such a group plodding wearily along, I saw, a little distance away, a jackal standing by the bones of a dromedary which gleamed white in the moonlight. As we journeyed on the night seemed unendingly dreary. I longed for another sunrise.

VI

THE CITIES—AND TODAY

THE town of Teheran was first mentioned in the twelfth century by an Arab geographer, Yakut, who expressed the resentment of his people against the superiority of Iranian culture by a blasting, critical comment on its inhabitants. He speaks of them as "troglydytes, living underground in a semi-savage state." He referred, no doubt, to the large cellars that are still comfortably furnished for summer use and form a cool retreat from the intolerable heat; a basement living-room where the family rest or have their meals served during the hot hours—a luxury rather than a reproach.

Teheran now has a population of 400,000, and life is lived there largely in modern terms and provides the pattern for the entire country. As the capital, it is leagues in advance of the rest of the land, not only because it is the intellectual center, where foreigners and officials gather, but because here more business is transacted in a day than in all the rest of Iran in a week. It expresses the zenith of life in this old-new world and sets a stimulating example. A few years ago it was almost as unpretentious and khaki-colored as the cities of Arabia now are. It has become a modern metropolis, with many architecturally fine official, business, and private

buildings. Tennis courts, ball rooms, dignified and well-run restaurants give life modern charm.

There are many newly constructed, wide-parked boulevards, for winding streets can no longer serve the swift traffic. There are recreation parks and public gardens for all citizens. The new streets are required to be forty feet wide, to provide for ever-increasing traffic. The message sent to house owners, accompanying the order for this, read in part: "We need wide streets more than you need your large private garden. We are sorry if it inconveniences you, but your house will have to be remodeled. You have two months in which to complete the change." This feverish activity in building was inspired by eagerness to have everything in readiness for the visit of Kemal Ataturk, which was eagerly anticipated up to the day of his lamented death.

Cement roads in Europe were a luxury, or were built for military purposes. Now they are considered a matter of course. In Teheran I was told with pride: "We now have wonderful wide roads that are paved! Each city works from its own budget, and considerable force is put behind the effort, for otherwise people would not understand that they must act at once. The upheaval has been continuous for two years, but much has been done." In many cases the work has been done too quickly, with the result that streets have been closed for widening, then obstructed for asphaltting, then torn up to make sidewalks. Then they have been dug up for telephone wire, then for electric wires, and now for piped water and drainage pipes.

Houses built along narrow, cobblestone or dirt streets have been remodeled or torn down to make way for new structures with high ceilings, adequate windows, tile roofs, and smaller gardens. No one seems to have escaped having some part in this large-scale renovation. Public and private buildings, schools, factories, garages, offices—all are springing into the air. Public playgrounds are spreading out under newly planted trees.

Only a highly nationalistic and enthusiastic people would attempt to build new streets and new houses at the same time—people to whom gigantic effort is as nothing compared to the object to be attained. I still see the barriers made by the débris of torn-down high mud walls, and of building materials to be reused, piled in 1935 in the narrow lanes which up to this time had served as streets. The yawning, open-faced houses which were waiting to be remodeled looked as wrecked as many I saw in northern France during the World War.

In 1937 I found these narrow roads had become tree-bordered boulevards and the houses were enjoying their restored dignity. In the interval, while unemployment had been the cry of the West, in Iran every one had been and still is happily busy. There is even a dearth of labor.

Along the Lalezar, the main street of the capital, which is well-parked down the center, are hotels, shops of all sorts, and travel bureaus.

When the Shah was criticized for his extravagance in planting trees but a few feet apart along a seven-mile boulevard, he replied that it was practical, for

they immediately gave shade and beauty and the value of the wood grown would pay for the outlay when the trees were large enough to be thinned out, as labor costs little.

There is an artistic loss in the removal of six of the eight ancient city gates, which in architecture, color, and tile work were distinctive. However, this shows the rapid growth of the city and equalizes land values which used to be low outside the gates. Lowering the walls also has an advantage in allowing an approaching visitor to see the beauty and the plan of the city. As I walked along the streets, I was impressed by the city's individuality, for I could not compare it with any other capital in the world, although it reminded me, oddly enough, of two extremes: Mexico City, architecturally, and Helsingfors, Finland, on account of the blooming parkways.

The streets are enlivened by the cries of venders of various wares; by phonograph music from open-faced cafés, in front of which men sit smoking their hubble-bubble pipes; and the bells of passing camels and donkeys. The donkeys' existence saves the lives of porters, for if they had to carry all that the donkey trudges under, they would sink beneath the weight. All I could usually see would be four small legs below a load of folded rugs, ready to be shown at once, or to be taken to your hotel for closer inspection.

The street scenes of Teheran are as full of color as a tapestry. Turkeys are driven along the street and are sold on the hoof. Two men on opposite sides of the street each had a flock. The birds became

mixed, and the men quarreled. The next day all the tails in one flock had been dyed a deep purple, but rain caused them to fade. However, this man's ingenuity enabled him to sell most of them before that catastrophe.

The little open carriages called *droskes*, which have a wide, luxurious seat in the back and a small drop-shelf for a seat behind the driver, are reminiscent of the victorias used in America fifty years ago. The driver sits with dignity in his high seat. The harness is decorated with shiny metal discs and tassels. The gaily ornamented whipstands give a holiday appearance, while the tails and manes of the horses are dyed with henna. Patches of this are symmetrically dabbed here and there on their white coats, and to "touch them up," rouge is customarily added around their mouths and nostrils, and sometimes a rim of black kola is painted around their eyes.

It was difficult to read the signs on shops, because all Latin letters had been removed from them. The only recognizable symbol was a large initial letter S which had been allowed to remain on top of a tall Sewing Machine Company building. The erection of public buildings has all been under the direct orders of the Shah. He had approved the plans and, when he thought it advisable, attended to details, but, alas, was not reminded of the plumbing or the rearrangement necessary to light the buildings and streets, before the old electric power plant had been made able to stand the strain, so lighting for a time was inadequate.

As one looks at the new buildings and realizes

the pride taken in them, it is gratifying to observe that the Iranian architects have not gone to the extremes which mark modernity by ruthlessly discarding the beauty of the past. Here the gradual transition has not begun with bad taste and ended in artistic social defiance.

Architects and artists employed by the Government in the numberless new buildings have a wide field for their talents. The home of His Imperial Majesty, the new post office, the Parliament buildings in which the Mejlis assembles, the administration headquarters for different ministries, the custom house, theater, hotels, opera house, and music halls are characteristic. The architects have adapted old motifs to taller buildings, introduced better lighting than the ancient lamps and candles, and given thought to heating, far in advance of the braziers. The convenience and comfort of these excite the admiration of those who have stepped across the ages.

Teheran is busy, thrifty, modern and ancient. It is surrounded by the desert—vast, primeval. Out there at sunset streams of molten color flow, from which all things majestic—all things humble—may be made. The desert and the oasis are the creative extremes which have influenced Iran and always will do so, producing contrasts which are both stimulating and satisfying.

We came into Isfahan about four-thirty in the morning. As we turned into the high-walled lane the eyes of a startled gazelle were caught and held

by our automobile lights; she was bewildered, trembling, with no idea of how to escape. A man came along the narrow lane, singing in the dark to keep the *jinns* away.

Each city has a soul, large or small. Isfahan has a great soul and carries in it qualities of many sorts, mental, emotional, historic, architectural. No wonder the natives enthusiastically exclaim, "Isfahan is half the world!" It presents in buildings, bazaars, and narrow streets a picture of ancient Iran's life and art. Here is heard the throbbing heart of time long past, and one feels the pulse of modernity starting on untraveled paths; you look both ways, but you walk and talk with Shah Abbas, who ruled Iran when Queen Elizabeth ruled England. Isfahan was his capital. One of the buildings of his palace is now used as an educational office, but the same flowers grow in the gardens around it as brushed against the gauzy skirts of the ladies who walked there when this building housed his harem.

The population of Isfahan in Shah Abbas' day numbered a million; now it is one eighth of that size. Under him the arts and crafts of the Moham-medan period reached their finest flower. He planned the city with its magnificent open square, which is sixteen hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifteen feet wide. This was one of the first polo fields in the world. The ancient carved stone goal posts at either end still stand. The Shah wished to surround the huge oblong square with exquisite buildings. Therefore, he had the gate to his great mosque placed at one end, and the entrance to the

grand bazaar at the other. Opposite his palace and its gardens the second magnificent mosque was erected. Spreading laterally from the sides of each, high walls with alcoves in them repeated the towering arches in miniature. This made a public square which had never had a counterpart. It is called "The Maydan."

What a feeling for majesty Shah Abbas must have had! It shows in all he caused to be built. There is regal dignity in the graceful, three-story royal pavilion, the Ali Kapu, in which he often sat with courtier guests. The second story is open on three sides; the roof, supported by thin columns, is decorated with colors and gold. He was truly a king in the grand manner. Here, overlooking the city three hundred years ago, he received ambassadors from many countries. Behind this famous pavilion stretch the extensive palaces and royal grounds. One day I entered these and wandered through the abandoned courtyards and patches of gay bloom, past a grove of trees on beyond the barracks of the former royal guard and of the police of today, until I reached the great gardens where stands the hall of the forty columns, the Chilhil Sutun. There are only twenty, really; the other twenty owe their origin to the reflection of the colonnade in the calm waters of the great oblong pool in front of it, and to the poetic minds who found the reflection as important as the reality.

Each of the delicate, tapering pillars that support the roof is made of a single tree; they are carved with infinitely fine lines and have, as part of their

strange bases, mythical animals. At the corners of the pool in which they are reflected are standing figures of women dancers, each holding a mask. Under the shade of the painted and gilded ceiling, the deeply arched recess of the portico once held the throne. In the inner great hall, the audience chamber of the Chihil Sutun, the ceiling of which is still gay with quaint pictures, once had its walls covered with paintings. It now contains a well-arranged exhibit of modern art and industry, fortunately in accord with its rare setting. In other parts of the old palace grounds are buildings that have been put to other civic uses.

At the left-hand end of the Maydan Park rises the majestic archway which completes the city's architectural plan and leads into the vast bazaar, parts of which are far older than the Isfahan of Shah Abbas. When he chose this city as his capital, he determined not only to make it symmetrically beautiful and impressive with lavish decoration, but in all ways pre-eminent. To accomplish this he summoned all the artists of his realm to create for him a royal city, of which, fortunately, so little is changed that we see today the success of their achievement. By encouraging culture of every sort, he created a "golden age." He stimulated caravan commerce by having the best expressions of the wealth of the world brought to the bazaar. Local industries flourished.

We find today many examples in miniatures, engraving on gold and silver, inlay, and tiles. His inspiring appreciation ranged from murals and carpets to sports, bridges, and roads, over which rode

prosperity and fame for Iran. In this zenith period the inhabitants really believed the oft-quoted boast, "Half the world is Isfahan."

From the height of the royal pavilion the aspect of Isfahan changes; its walls do not show; instead it seems as though the city were submerged in green trees. When the monarch looked across his polo park straight ahead or to right or left, he not only saw masterpieces of architecture which he had created, but in the distance the wide, tree-bordered avenue, the Chahar Bagh. This beautiful boulevard has three roadways separated by double rows of plane trees and silver poplars; their fluttering leaves are always joyous, because there is water running at their roots, in narrow brooks, diverted easily from the river. The middle road is for pedestrians, and it is always crowded with people; early in the morning peasants drive donkeys into town, carrying wide baskets loaded with cucumbers, apples, apricots, tomatoes, mulberries, melons, eggplant, or grapes, according to the season. During the day, those on business bent are passing; in the afternoon ladies and gentlemen stroll here. It is for those who have so lately uncovered their faces an exciting adventure.

At the south end of this street is the Chahar Bagh Bridge. The views from this bridge, framed by its arches, are perfect pictures. In the spring the water from the rapidly melting snows dashes madly along; at other times the river is almost dry and becomes a tangled skein of silver threads and shimmering pools among the masses of stones in its bed. On the banks are more trees than one sees anywhere else in Iran;

the leaves, pale jade, green or emerald, dance with every breeze; the mountains not far off change with every hour—they may be molten silver or burnished gold, iridescent in blue, white, red, purple and pink, or they may be rugged and cold, gray, black—bleak or sumptuous. Their peaks flame for a moment like lighted lanterns, then they etherially fade away.

A light will-o'-the-wisp mist comes up in the river valley and the brilliant moonlight makes dainty rainbows, fluttering here and there. On such nights many go picnicking under the bridges; someone plays a guitar or a flute, and there is always compliance with a request for a poem to be repeated.

The rivers of Isfahan will always flow through my memory. The bridges are especially fascinating; the Zayinda-rud is crossed by twelve, three of which are remarkable. The beautiful Khaju Bridge connects the city with the Armenian town of Julfa. From the bank, when the water is low, the bridge looks like a splendid building set across the river bed. It has two levels, the upper for vehicles, camels, donkeys and other transportation; the lower for pedestrians. Its sides are composed of two long galleries of arches, the lower larger than those above. On both sides are steps leading from the lower level down to the river. Here women come to do their washing and children to bathe; chauffeurs to wash their cars, drivers to wash their camels, and town and village folk to exchange opinions. The second bridge is the more ancient, and does not protect its traffic as the Khaju does. The massive supporting arches are pierced in the triangles between them by

kite-shaped smaller arches. A line of laden camels, taking their slow undulating way over this bridge at sunset, makes a tawny silhouette against the burnished sky; this is the essence of the days when it was built, the days of dreaming Asia.

Though it now has a cigarette factory and a woolen mill in its suburbs, we cannot say that Isfahan dreams no more. It is full of romance, and it will remain the art shrine of the country. A metropolis, also, Isfahan's population of 127,000 makes it Iran's fourth largest city, and a center for trading, marketing, and shopping. It is within driving distance of Persepolis, Shiraz, and Kerman. For all these reasons travelers feel that they have not been to Iran at all unless their itinerary has been made to include at least a few days in this once queen of cities, which boasts, fortunately, a modern hotel that is comfortable and conveniently located.

To the Iranians themselves, however, Isfahan is even more than a repository for architectural treasures. It signalizes in their history that renaissance under Shah Abbas which was as striking as the present one under Shah Riza. Iran, following the decline of the Mongol emperors, had been under the yoke of Turkish overlords. The seat of government was removed to Tabriz and subsequently to Kazvin. When Shah Abbas came to the throne, he established in Isfahan an intelligent precedent. He decided not to raze the existing royal palace, as was done even in ancient Babylon, in order that the new ruler might aggrandize himself by building a greater palace. Instead, he built rather than destroyed. The re-

sults ensuing years have not been able to efface, in spite of the fact that the city was sacked by the Afghans in 1722.

One of the far-sighted acts of Shah Abbas was to invite the Armenians, when they were persecuted by Russians and Turks, to come to Isfahan to teach craftsmanship to his people. Four hundred years ago they left their home in Julfa, at the foot of Mt. Ararat in the Caucasus Mountains, and established a new Julfa just across the river from Isfahan. They were good masons, carpenters, and goldsmiths. They made tiles with beautiful designs and carpets with fine detail. Wishing them to be contented in his Moslem world, the Shah gave them religious freedom and aided them in building twenty-one churches, twelve of which still remain in use. Some stayed in the city, others became agriculturists in the Julfa neighborhood and in the Bakhtiari Mountains.

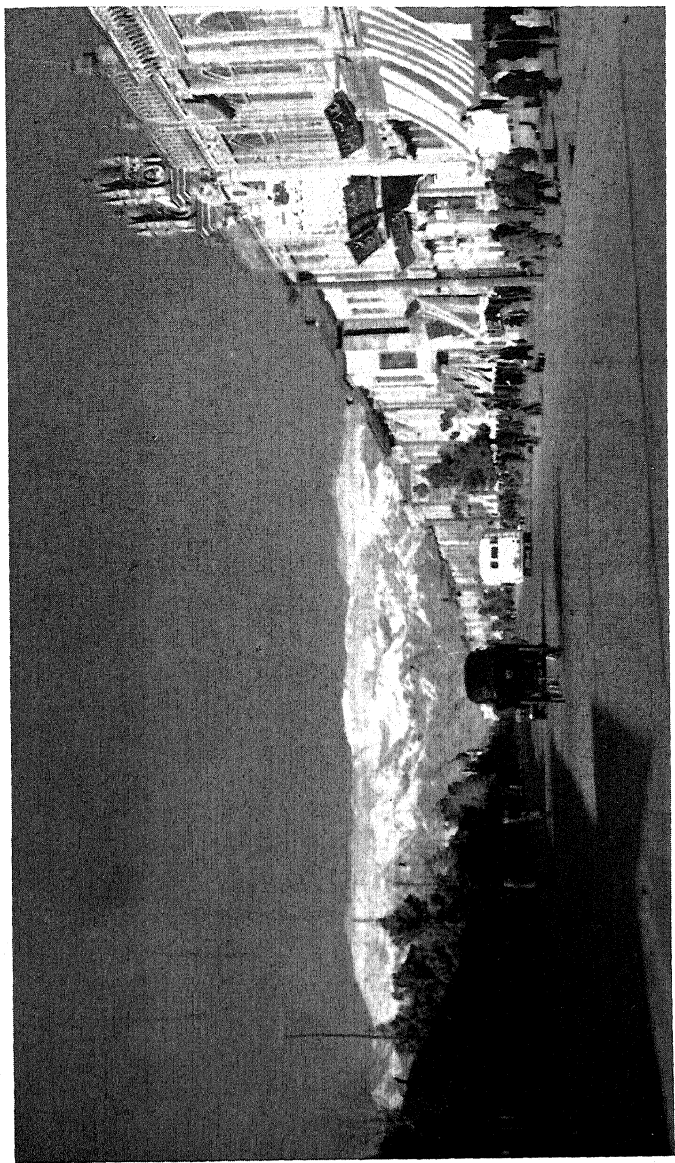
Today new Julfa contains about 10,000 Armenians and the neighboring villages about 3000. They follow their own customs. Armenian girls make excellent, conscientious nurses and are successful in hospital and private work. Others are becoming stenographers and are eager to go into business. This is fortunate, for so many men have migrated that there are not husbands for all the girls. If they lose their hearts to Iranian youths, both the boy and girl are disapproved of by their respective families, for religion to each has a nationalistic value. In Iran they have been fortunate; no massacres have overwhelmed them, such as have stained the history of

Turkey. The tact and patience of the Armenians have been an asset in citizenship, and their religious fortitude has borne fruit, for their cathedral is an art center in which the European classical style of painting, mosaic, and wood carving is glorified. Their library is filled with superbly illuminated volumes, and their museum is growing increasingly valuable, for in it are preserved portions of buildings, ceramics, and other ornaments, costumes, books and many objects which would otherwise have been discarded in the rebuilding and changes now being so widely and drastically made.

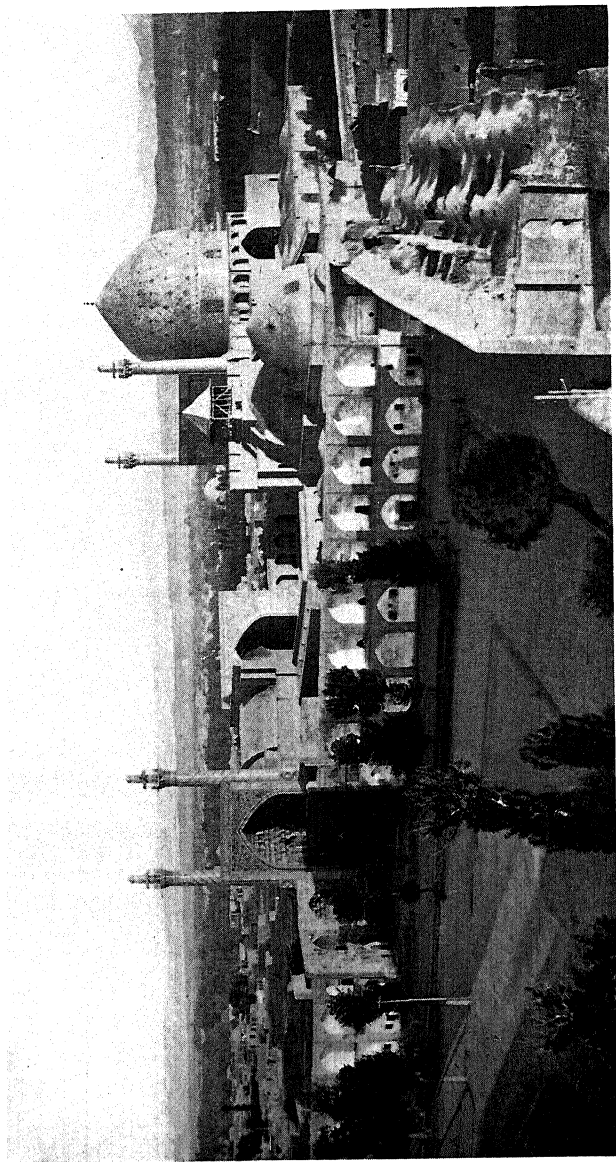
Except in Teheran there is no social life, as we know it. The substitute is that on Thursdays, when most women go to the cemeteries, men go to tea houses, where they drink cups of coffee, smoke, and listen to a victrola, chew sunflower and other seeds, pistachios, and almonds.

It is no exaggeration to say that today there is, in appearance, at least three hundred years between Teheran and Isfahan. For once away from the Maydan and the Chahar Bagh, dreary walls, eight to ten feet high, line the unpaved streets, which are often labyrinthine. To be sure, behind those monotones in mud there is beauty and comfort, but not yet has the city itself removed its veil.

When I was in Isfahan, I learned that Riza Shah had recently visited the city. In order that there should be no dust on the road, no one bound south could start the journey until after His Majesty had arrived. There must be no dust on the road along which he would approach Isfahan. When and wherever he



THIS STREET IN TEHERAN IS NOW FULL OF CARRIAGES AND AUTOMOBILES, AND THE LEFT SIDE HAS BEEN REBUILT TO HARMONIZE WITH THE HOUSES ON THE RIGHT



PALACE AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT TEHRAN, SEEN ACROSS THE SQUARE

travels, the roads are closed to all traffic. When he is on an inspection tour, everyone knows where he is expected to spend, or did spend, the night. Isfahan planned to have thirty-five triumphal arches placed in strategic places, but the Shah, because of the unnecessary expense, labor, and time which would be spent on them, limited the city to three. These arches are constructed only of wooden frames covered with gay streamers of cloth; wood is scarce, and there are better uses for energy.

Everyone was excited, and people were on the streets at dawn, telling each other that His Majesty would arrive at four in the afternoon. All day the city had a festive air; crowds assembled along the route he would traverse; street cleaners and sprinklers were busy. The police, feeling very important, had polished their badges and buttons. The bridge across which he would enter the city was extravagantly decorated; every other panel had a fine rug hung in its archway—an old custom. Huge reception tents, their inner faces hung with painted or hand-printed curtains, had been erected. The one and only fire engine and the steam roller were on display and added much to the dignity and impressiveness of the occasion.

Functionaries and subordinates moved importantly here and there. Boy and girl scouts in uniform, standing very straight, lined the road. The soldier guard of honor advanced. The crowd was breathless. A long caravan of cars came through the south gate. The local dignitaries were awaiting the guest they had gladly done their utmost to honor.

The Shah, however, cares little for formality. He and his son rode in a Cadillac, followed by various national officials in their cars. They bowed and passed on. There was little cheering—it would have been disrespectful—but all hearts beat wildly.

Resht is a vastly different sort of city. Many of its buildings show the old, square, fortress-like Russian influence; many are of sun-dried brick. The poorer people have thatched roofs, while the well-to-do cover their homes with stout red tiles to protect them from the excessive rainfall. The hotel and other buildings around the small city square are modern. The mosque, like many others in the region, was once a Zoroastrian temple, open on all four sides. It now has wide verandas and strikingly colored pictures on its outer walls. As in almost every village in Iran, there are *imamzada* or domed tombs built as memorials to saints. Sometimes the space between the supporting columns is open, at others closed by four doors of carved wood.

At Farahabad, not far off, are the ruins of a once stately pleasure domain. Here Shah Abbas, after a reign of more than forty years, died in 1629. This palace, built in 1611, rivaled those of the great monarch in Isfahan, and was described by the French traveler Chardin as "a wonder of art that deserved a kind of perpetuity." He saw there "a vast treasure of dishes and basins, of porcelain and china, cornaline, agate, coral, amber, cups of crystal rock and other rarities without number." It was sacked by a picturesque Russian, Stenka Razin, in 1668. In

the great house, or *tangi*, "a jasper fountain covered with plates of gold" was broken by his followers. Chardin, who saw it again after its desolation, mourned, "Every time I think of the magnificence and delightfulness of that place, I cannot but lament its fate."

The people of Resht differ from other Iranians in their peculiar dialect, and to some extent in their attire, for here are the descendants of Scythians and Medes, Hyrcanians and Parthians, Romans and Greeks, Turks and Tartars, Arabs and Armenians, Jews and Gentiles, Circassians, Slavs and Chinese.

This fertile area has been coveted in the past by all these peoples, so they have invaded it, and each has held it for a time; their descendants show their heredity in details of dress, hair arrangement, shoes, method of walking and of carrying burdens. The Chinese influence is evidenced by the coolie hats worn by many of the men, and by the baskets or boxes carried over the shoulders from the ends of yokes—like poles. These men walk with a swinging rhythm to which the back and arms keep time as they run evenly along. This lessens the weight of their burdens.

The interesting costumes of the working women are an echo from the days when all the upper class wore, in their harems, ballet skirts, because a Shah who had delighted in the Paris opera so decreed. I saw many women wearing black, tight-fitting trousers, topped by a short, very full skirt. Above the waist a Turkish note was struck in a zouave jacket.

Many White Russians have found refuge in Resht

and have their own school and church. Men and women dressed in Russian blouses and leather boots meet ships that come and go between Baku and Krasnovodsk; their fishing boats frequent the little wharf. An important economic problem related to fish has been worked out by New Russia and New Iran. A complication had for years existed, because the sturgeon, the most important fish inhabiting these waters, and a source of rich caviar, has a curious life history. While these large fish swim customarily in the Caspian Sea, the female always seeks retreat to lay her eggs in the tributary Iranian rivers, and the young are born there. Therefore, according to international law, the sturgeon possesses a mixed Soviet-Iranian nationality, by virtue of its residence in waters over which both countries jointly exercise sovereignty.

On October 1, 1927, as part of a general settlement of outstanding differences, an adjustment was made in an agreement to last twenty-five years. This brought revenue to the Iranians, as they care nothing for caviar and were glad to sell their share to the Russians, who were willing to pay well for a *pièce de résistance* in their diet. This amiable agreement probably constitutes a unique instance of the participation of two governments in a commercial undertaking made necessary by the temperamental preference of strong-minded mother fish, determined to insure the best conditions for their young.

Tabriz, until the reign of the present Shah, has been the official residence of the Crown Prince and

also important as the commercial center of the province of Azarbaijan. Here exciting border history has been fought out time and again, for the city's age is such that "it counts a thousand years as but a fraction of its life." After several destructions, it was refounded in A.D. 790 by a woman who was in her day a great constructive force, Zobeidah, the famously beautiful wife of Caliph Harun-al-Raschid of Arabian Nights fame. A fountain in Tabriz today bears her name. The most graceful compliment that can be given to anyone in the thirsty land of Iran is to associate his or her name with running water. Even the humble man who carries water in India in a goat's skin, whom we have come to know through Kipling as a Beasti, derives his name from Ba-his-ti (man from heaven).

Tabriz was Zobeidah's favorite residence, and in A.D. 791 she, in gratitude for her cure of fever there, caused the city to be rebuilt and gave it its present name, which means fever-scattering.

Because of its proximity to the frontier, Tabriz has passed variously into the hands of seven nations: Armenians, Parthians, Arabs, Seljuks, Turks, Mongols, and Iranians. It was once the capital of the Armenian King Tiridates III. One of the fiercest, most overwhelming attacks was that of Timur Lang (Tamerlane), when he and his Tartars sacked it in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Later, by the dramatic changes of the Orient, it became the Mongol rulers' capital.

Owing to repeated invasion, the buildings of historic value are few. But these are of surpassing

interest. They include the striking citadel, the scene of surprising events; the famous Blue Mosque, and the tomb of Sultan Ghazan, the latter of special note because he was a Mongol ruler, and until his death it had been the invariable custom to keep secret the burial places of the great Khans. Nearby on the island of Tola in Lake Rizaiya, according to tradition, his great-grandfather, Hulagu Khan, was buried along with a number of young and beautiful women, according to Mongol custom, together with gold ornaments and precious stones. Woodcutters who visit this mountainous island report that the tombs of giants are there; obviously great rewards await archeologists.

Ash hills overspread this section and indicate that men of the Stone and Bronze Ages made this rich pastureland their own ten or twenty thousand years ago. Mastodon remains have also been discovered here.

Len Jan and other streets are being widened now, but many are still paved with cobblestones and are unlighted; some are labyrinths between high walls, with side alleys branching off. Therefore, one walks with care, and after dark the humble citizen carries a collapsible lantern with an ornamental brass top and bottom which fit together like a shallow box, and could be slipped, when not in use, into the formerly worn broad sashes. They are cylindrical and have collapsible accordion-pleated sides of stiffened cloth, much like small Chinese lanterns. When the Governor, the Burgomaster, or a Magistrate walks abroad, he is escorted by a servant who

carries a lantern the size of which indicates the importance of the grandee. The Governor's would be at least three feet long and one foot wide. Soon electricity will replace all this.

The Arg or Citadel here is a massive structure which dominates the city and is more than 700 years old. It is built of red brick, with walls twenty feet thick and a hundred feet high. On top is a gruesome looking building which has two yawning dark doorless arches and seven high narrow windows which suggest a prison. The forbidding appearance of this huge and solemn sentinel of the past is heightened by its history, for criminals were, in the cruel days of mutilation, dashed to death by being thrown from its summit; only one escaped. A woman who had broken the code of accumulated prejudices sometimes dignified by the name of the law, was, so far as known, the first parachute artist. She pluckily preferred to jump to being hurled down. As a result she accidentally gained freedom and undying fame, by the lucky accident of a brisk wind ballooning out her full skirts. She landed on her feet unhurt. This convinced her jailers that she was innocent of whatever the accusation was, and until her natural death she was greatly honored. Now at the foot of these towering walls is a cinema theater.

Tabriz is, next to Teheran, the most international city in Iran. The Skoda, a Czechoslovak company, is doing much building; Swiss, German, and Swedish engineers are employed. Russia supplies cement and machinery. She buys all the cotton raised in Azarbaijan, and credits this against Iran's purchases

of materials for bridges, farm silos, etc., and also allows other construction needs to come through her country to the Skoda Company, but will not permit raisins and wheat to go by way of Russia to Germany. This caused Iran much annoyance in 1937, as it forced her to get eighty million marks behind on arranged exchanges of goods with Germany.

Centuries ago, Hulagu Khan, the grandson of Genghis Khan, ruled from Tabriz, a triumphant kingdom. He is quoted as having said: "Thank God, I am both a world conqueror and a world preserver," when he commissioned the celebrated astronomer, Nasir-ed-Din, to set up a magnificent observatory for his own use, and also to help the best astrologers of the day, who were his associates in Tabriz, "to observe the motions of the heavenly bodies." It was furnished with armillary spheres and astrolabes. Nothing now remains except some underground chambers, which were used for maintaining the instruments of the observatory at an even temperature.

It was to one of his descendants, Ghazan Khan, that Marco Polo was commissioned by the great Khubla Khan in China to escort a princess to be his bride. Ghazan was an able and far-sighted man. He made Tabriz his capital and transformed it into a city rivaling Merv, Balkh, Ray, Nishapur, Bokhara, and Samarkand. Under him there was a period of renaissance. He encouraged the constructive genius of the Iranians to repair the blind destruction which had characterized the introduction of Mongol power under Genghis Khan. Architects became busy. The

Iranian prime minister, one of the great scholars of the East, was Rashid-ed-Din, a native of Hamadan who wrote a remarkable universal history which Professor Browne, an eminent authority on Iranian literature, has characterized as their greatest prose work.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century, the Prime Minister influenced this Mongol ruler to build in a suburb of Tabriz, which was subsequently named for him Rashidiya, a college town. In addition to the remarkable library and other tributary buildings of the university, there was a hospital, an astronomical observatory, a school of theology, a mosque, and a hospice in which visiting scholars were entertained. This became a cultural meeting place for the savants of all Asia. Here 15,000 scholars inspired each other in research and other scientific work. They planned educational and other reforms applicable to their various countries, so they unconsciously established the first intellectual League of Nations.

The city was destroyed, not by hostile strangers nor by earthquake, but by the manual working class, who had no appreciation of education in which they were not fitted to share, and resented the residence of scholars here in idle ease. Agitated no doubt by those of somewhat higher mentality, who were jealous of what they did not share, they attacked and destroyed an incomparable group of thinkers and their university.

VII

THE PEOPLE—AND TOMORROW

AN undying, unquenchable national spirit is one of the strongest elements in Iranian character. One witnesses today that unyielding spine of racial solidarity by which Persia is again holding its head high among the nations of the earth.

The strong race consciousness of the Iranians has been heightened by valuable additions to their territory acquired through foreign conquests, plus the many and varied contributions from invaders, resulting in a broad intellectual background. This probably accounts for the fact that the Iranian is more adaptable than other Asiatic races. When abroad he is usually a man of the world; and as a student in the universities of America and Europe, he does not keep aloof as do most Orientals, nor does he fraternize only with other Eastern students. He mingles with local society more easily than do the majority of Europeans when in foreign countries; and this power of adjustment to new conditions is one of his most valuable assets in a world where change is necessary to progress.

Gifted with keen observation, the modern Iranian tries to adapt our new ways to his country's needs, but as yet he is a philosophic dreamer rather than the

practical type. Polished in manner, without pedantry, he quotes aptly from his poets and our own. He is intellectually sensitive, but also a fatalist, indifferent to time and danger. He has the paradoxical capacity both to enjoy comfort and to ignore discomfort.

The typical upper-class Iranian has been called "the Frenchman of the East." He has quick intelligence, wit, keen perception, versatility and self-confidence. He is naturally hospitable. In a country where leisure is abundant, the Iranians expect callers to remain at least an hour, even when the object of the call could be achieved in five minutes. There is a ceremonious dignity to life in the houses of the upper class where even the servants are faultless and courtly in manner. They entertain so generously that they are often impoverished thereby. Graciousness of manner is a habit. In every walk of life, it is a distinguishing virtue.

As far as a very direct person can do so, I adapted myself to their social customs, but it was difficult to accept the low bow of a hostess who greeted me with: "Your slave's house and all in it are yours if you will honor us by accepting it," and for me to say when I left: "May your slave have your permission to depart?" I had found this exaggeration, although somewhat modified, in social circles in Buenos Aires; for the Argentine upper class had built its code on the courtesy of old Spain, which in turn had received it from Iran—when its culture was transferred to Europe through the Arabs. Moorish palaces in Spain were a reflection of Iranian architecture and of the

manners of those who, with Oriental courtesy, entertained in them. The word "slave," however, was hard to accept, even as a figure of speech; although all who have addressed the Shahs, from Cyrus to the present day, have referred to themselves as "your sacrifice."

There is no caste system as in India; wayfarers tend to be friendly to one another. Men who have not met before will chat, exchange views, and even share lunches on their journeys. An old proverb—"By gentle speech and courtesy you can draw a mountain by a single thread"—aptly sums up their social philosophy.

Unlike the Arab, who seems to distrust laughter, Iranians laugh deeply and heartily. Their sense of humor manifests itself in a distinctly European manner. Their wit gives salt and taste to all discussions. Whenever men congregate, in caravanserai or drawing-room, on mountain top or in desert tent, they enjoy their minds; philosophic generalizations and the propounding of theories are part of the conversation.

During my two visits to Iran, I had the good fortune to have many conversations both with men and with women. There was an exciting change in their attitudes on many points between 1935 and 1937. They are a sensitive, intelligent people, with a delicate combination of pride and humility, of strength and weakness. They have had to endure a great deal of psychological trauma from people who have made no effort to understand them. This misfortune is due in part to the fact that they are too proud to

interpret themselves—or perhaps they can not do it in western terms.

They are wistfully anxious to know more about life as we live it. To my amusement, they asked the definition of “loafing.” To dream under a tree seems to them not only a reasonable, but a delightful, way of spending their hours. I pointed out that we agreed with them—if there was no responsibility to be met, the neglect of which we call loafing.

They realize that much of the art of living depends on how it is viewed by different types of minds, and on the disposition and efficiency of the individual. The Iranian has a certain rhythm of mind which requires poetic balance. We have much realism mixed with our idealism. They like abstract thought which leads far afield, while we prefer concrete ideas on which to base deductions that will bear scientific analysis.

The Iranians have scant sense of responsibility in relation to time. They regard hurry as a waste of time; they consider that a touch of ceremony associated with graciousness and thoughtfulness is worth far more than haste. They do not make decisions quickly, and their ideas seldom crystallize in the service of actual helpfulness to others. But the example of the West is arousing a sense of social service. When this awakens, the present trend of doing things only for one's family will disappear and the depressions of a thousand years which have burdened the under-privileged men, women, and children will come to an end.

Like the Arabs, the Iranians have a high sense of

honor. In matters of importance to the individual, or to his communal group or tribe, no dishonesty or double-dealing is tolerated. Though they have not understood until recently financial allegiance to their government, these people are more law-abiding than those in Western lands. Thanks to Shah Riza, prisoners are today almost negligible in number. Banditry exists no more. Robbery with violence, kidnaping, and murder are far less common than in most Western countries.

They have, like the Chinese, a remarkable power of mental and physical endurance. When their villages were ravaged some sixteen years ago by Kurdish invaders, and the people were dying of starvation in every street, the British, when they arrived with food, found the crowds orderly and in their extremity possessed of a quiet dignity. This endurance, accompanied by a certain passive callousness to suffering, enabled them to set about rebuilding their communal life in a way that would have been almost impossible in Europe.

The Greek writers—Herodotus and Xenophon—speak of Persian bravery as a proverbial virtue, and writers through the centuries have echoed the same sentiments. Though brave, they are not of a belligerent disposition. The fixity of their purpose is recorded in the familiar phrase, the “unchangeable laws of the Medes and Persians.”

Their detachment is delightful. One day in Teheran, on one of the principal streets, I observed a well-dressed gentleman remove the cushion from his new automobile and place it, just as his ancestors

before him would have spread a rug, underneath a shade tree. Then he sat down unconcernedly beside the public thoroughfare and read. He enjoyed the sparkle and sound of water running, although it was in effect a wide gutter. It mattered not at all that the traffic of the capital rushed and shouted within a few feet, for haste and self-consciousness were foreign to his psychology—and the book was interesting.

To energetic Americans, the Iranians may seem too dreamy. That is, no doubt, due to several things which mold character and, therefore, should be taken into consideration. The long, cold winters limit physical activity and foster meditation. The summer days are extremely hot; only the peasants engage in agriculture. Morning and evening beauty appeal strongly to all classes. Excessive leisure is not irritating to them as it is to us. This leads to the question: from what do we derive our energy? Briefly answered, we descend from ancestors whose ideology, thwarted by European political and social codes, grew restless and ambitious to set up what they believed would be a better order of living; one which would have greater mental and spiritual freedom for them and for their children. This required courage and determination. To survive they had to overcome the wilderness, Indian raids, and economic limitations. Wise use of energy thus became a measure of a man's ability. To meet the physical demands, plenty of good food was required; all classes helped to produce and consume this. Regular outdoor exercise in a temperate climate developed bone, muscle, and nerves. The knowledge of effort being

individually rewarding was a stimulus. Psychologically, they had a hopeful, widening outlook, and were consciously on their way to the accomplishment of their ideals.

In Iran, food and effort were both limited. Save for a favored few, the future furnished no psychological stimulus. The difference between our two peoples might be summed up broadly by saying that our natures tend to aspiration, theirs to meditation.

With the increased tempo of life in modern Iran, however, there are many corresponding changes in the psychology of the people. The hyper-active impetus to construction and building gives the workers mental excitement. As they work in the streets of Teheran, they are stimulated by the realization that each brick and each layer of mortar is building a new Iran. Many of the high walls, which were safeguards around every dwelling, are no longer necessary, as robbery is not a danger to dread on a dark night; for police are now vigilant. Half walls or attractive wrought-iron fences suffice, and permit all to see the beauty which was formerly only for the privileged—the enchantment of tiled pavilions surrounded by rose gardens.

“We are all Iranians,” declared the Shah, “and I will no longer tolerate distinguishing different head-dresses.” With this decree the national dress, which up to that time had distinguished Armenian from Jew, Moslem from Christian, lawyer from merchant, was abolished; differences of rank and race were subordinated to give place to the unity of citizenship.

The first decree on costumes was, “All men must

wear a special national hat, called the Pahlavi." This was a stiff, pill-box affair with a visor, like the cap of a locomotive engineer. The Shah's order struck at the root of a religious tenet, and was a strategic move in the separation of church and state; for, by Mohammedan custom, all persons must keep their heads covered in the sanctuary, and must touch their foreheads to the ground in their prayers to Allah five times a day, whether at home, on the street, in the mosque, or on the desert. The visor, without any argument, prevented this low obeisance.

The farmers, camel drivers, and other lowly people had barely succeeded in having their wives fashion for them sometimes pathetically amusing home-constructed Pahlavi hats, when the Shah, in his progressive strides, decided that western psychology could more easily be conformed to if the dress, as a whole, was in accordance with the international mode of the day. This led to another decree, according to which all men must wear modern felt or straw hats. This worked a hardship for the poor. Several times, passing along the road outside the capital, I saw a Pahlavi hat, awkwardly made of homespun cloth and goatskin leather, and a source of pride to its owner, snatched off his head and torn up by the road police, because the man was not following the Shah's latest order concerning hats. Some farmers, whom I saw in a northern province, in their eagerness to obey had gone to the local haberdashery to be re-hatted and had returned to their fields wearing poke bonnets or dashing derbies cocked over one ear. Others, with unconscious coyness, concealed

their features with scallop-brimmed straws similar to those worn by Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. All sorts of hats had been bought up by the merchants from the discarded stock of ladies' millinery, as well as from men's shops. Not yet has the supply equaled the demand, nor has the consumer fully understood the peculiar qualities of the commodity. Due to the cost of importation and a goodly profit, three-dollar European hats are priced as high as ten dollars; the wearer is compensated by pride in his expensive headgear.

The new hats were so absurd when combined with the dingy long coats, full trousers, slippers and sandals, that there was no resistance to the order that western costumes should be adopted in full. Therefore, overcoats, neckties, collars, socks, shoes, fedora hats, have put in an appearance. Stetson hats are the latest vogue. The crowds mill around the new shop windows, struggling to have a better view, nudging one another and giggling over the queer new wares.

It was amusing and a little pathetic to see people constantly standing on the sidewalk near the entrance to the Grand Hotel in Teheran. They wanted to observe the manner in which *farangi*, foreigners, carried themselves, walked, talked, dressed, arranged their hair, carried their accessories; all of which were whisperingly commented upon.

Every sensation to which we are accustomed is new in Iran; there is even excitement over the arrival in Teheran of a village lad. He has hardly shaken the dust of three days or so of travel from his clothes

before he is surrounded by men who have not yet become used to the excitement of seeing a bus come in. They inquire where he is from, whether he knows a relative of theirs who may live a day's journey away, where he is going. One such young man replied: "Please direct me to the Alborz College. I have come because my parents heard that it is an American factory where they make men."

A bystander said to the young man, "You should first see a shadow play which talks, in our new moving-picture theater." But the boy was sufficiently dazzled by the electric signs, the red and green stop and go signals, the helmeted policemen directing traffic, the bicycles, automobiles, general bustle, excitement, and the crowds on the streets, for he had expected to see flocks of turkeys and herds of sheep being driven home for the night.

These things were no more surprising to him than they would be to an American student, if he arrived in Teheran with an equally mistaken idea, expecting to find there a place in which the lazy, listless life of the Orient expresses itself in luxurious lounging on divans, during entertainment by music and whirling dancers; a place where exotic food is served by turbaned, obsequious slaves and servants. Instead, he would find a country challenging to his ideals, on a sound financial basis, with currency actually at a higher rate of exchange than before the World War, with no national debt, and seeking no outside capital for the development of its natural resources.

The automobiles, which are numerous, are of American make. Number-minded residents observe

the licenses and called my attention to the rapidly mounting figures. The newer models are satisfactory only for city use. Higher prices are paid for second-hand cars, the older the better, because the bodies, which are well above the ground, miss the bumps on the rough country roads. The public automobile drivers were at first imbued with a mania for speed. Furthermore, keen for business, each desired to make as many trips as possible between the various cities, crowding into his vehicle as many passengers as he could, and often charging an exorbitant rate. An automobile owner found that within a few weeks his new car had paid for itself, but inevitably, with such rough treatment, the machine did not last long. The drivers, instead of taking the trouble to make proper repairs, tied with ropes whatever sagged or was broken.

The village boys who come to Teheran and Isfahan for army training observe for the first time not only the wonders of the cities, but many details which they take home with them and so help to urbanize the tiny towns. During their training and education under the army officials, their contact with the stream of progress enables them, when they return to their homes at the end of three years, to become leaders. They take back new ideas regarding the manners of adults and children, shops, foreigners and thousands of other new impressions.

So the levels of knowledge, ambition, and better living are rising in the remotest corners of the empire. To a village lad, the factors of progressive living are a tremendous revelation. To him Riza

Shah is what Ammon Ra was to the Egyptians. His rise wipes out Iran's Dark Ages in one life span.

The growing democratic spirit is due in part to the confidence it gives to all soldiers to know that their high commander rose from the ranks of the Army. Now they realize that all things are attainable. No one is compelled to live and die in the class in which he or she was born. There is a growing middle class, as is necessary in a modern economic state. Producers, formerly peasants, merchants, and consumers now have common interests.

It is invigorating to see men who have long been inclined toward indolence, avoiding work and responsibility, now showing energy and strength in accomplishing their tasks. Energy! The East seems to have found it, at last. Perhaps this is because they have a great and attainable goal.

VIII

PROBLEMS OF PROGRESS

IRAN'S isolation has produced problems both dramatic and peculiarly her own, which can be comprehended only in part even by one who has been in personal touch with the life of the country.

The reconstruction of a nation and a people is a gargantuan task. It requires labor that must be insistent and determined; even violent effort is, at times, necessary, so that movement advances along a straight line, unopposed; some are sure to resent it, others to resist. Riza Shah Pahlavi has learned this, but his devotion to his ideal is firm. He has neither retreated nor halted.

This rugged general and statesman will have Iran, on Iranian terms, catch up with the West and flourish. He has studied not only the models of the West, but also the contributions of Confucianism and Hinduism. And he knows the inherent values in the character of his own people. Theoretically under a constitutional republic and an elected parliament, the country is actually under him as an absolute commander-in-chief, dictating what he is confident will form at length a new country, worthy of its traditions and able to meet the rest of the world on modern terms.

A new society is evolving. When he marched into

the capital in 1921, politics and government were disorganized and corrupt. There could be little group honesty in the long-existent system by which the princes believed themselves legitimately privileged to collect taxes from their villagers and not transmit them to the national treasury. It was a dark hour, but proved to be the darkness before the dawn. For there was a group of high-minded, sincerely patriotic men who opposed this abuse of power and feudal individualism, who welcomed the vision of their far-sighted ruler, and realized that, if progress were to be effective, new ideals of conduct, government, and honesty must come into the national consciousness.

The four years of excellent work of the American Financial Administration under Dr. Millspaugh gave those for whom they worked and those who worked with them a thorough knowledge of economic responsibility and the basic importance of efficient and honest organization. These Americans demonstrated the need of knowing accurately conditions relating to finance in all classes of the population, and insisted that every citizen pay taxes according to the value of his resources. They constantly combated the idea of special dispensations; this caused formerly privileged princes to revolt against the regulation. But the courageous Shah stood valiantly behind Dr. Millspaugh and his associates and helped them to insure reforms such as bringing accounts up to date, discovering shortages, and stopping leaks.

The evasion of national taxes was so general that

it was difficult for the wealthy to realize that they, also, should share in the responsibility for governmental improvements. It had long been the custom for them to build high mud walls around their estates. The object was in part that they might be protected from thieves, sand storms, and military attack; but it was also so that no tax collector or local governor might see how lavish were the apartments and gardens behind the walls.

Independent in their attitude, the princes had to learn what was meant by a modern cooperative state. Today rebellious offenders among them are promptly sent to prison if they are found guilty of using the dignity, property, or secrets of the state for personal profit or aggrandizement. No longer are there court favorites; even the elaborate honorary titles have been abolished.

Through long centuries, in fact until the reign of the present Shah, the agriculture of the country was in a state of feudalism akin to that of Europe in the Dark Ages. Great efforts are being made to bolster and nationalize agriculture, which, however, stubbornly clings to its feudal self-sufficiency to such an extent that in some sections there has been slight change from medieval conditions. The workers are in a position similar to that of the tenant farmers of England. The "absentee" landlords who live off the revenues of these districts are, however, becoming progressive, in that they now realize that they must be more considerate of the workers; they also cooperate with the government in road-making and in building of schools and hospitals.

Modernizing of streets and buildings is well under way in many small towns. Engineering and architecture go hand in hand. Much village property passes temporarily under government ownership. People who possessed squalid village houses on sites favorable for shops and residences, have been compelled to accept in payment whatever the government thought a fair price for the property. Then, as if Aladdin waved his wand, a model town has appeared. The former inhabitants now rent the newly built shops and houses at a higher rental than is asked for alcoves in the bazaar, or than their former homes cost; but the changed manner of living stimulates the sale of many goods never before needed, so the shopkeepers are not only more comfortable, but their sales have increased also. State agents collect the rentals, the money being returned to the treasury for further reconstruction work; in this way many villages have been transformed.

This action must, however, proceed slowly, not only because it is an expensive plan, but, as it tends to dispossess land owners who are the most educated and enlightened group in the nation, it means a considerable and immediate reduction in their incomes without, as yet, offering them a chance to invest their money in capitalistic enterprises of industry. Here, then, is a major problem of progress.

Contracts are now drawn without injustice to landowner or land-worker. It is popular education which is teaching individual rights, assisting the formation of character, promoting industrial development, and promising benefits eventually to all.

In this the Shah's hope is to change a medieval agrarian civilization to a modern, industrial society. Formerly, the only developed industry was rug-making by hand, which was carried on on a large scale in two places only, Sultanabad and Kirman. Of late, rug factories, using pure Iranian patterns, have been set up in Kermanshah, Tabriz, and several other cities. The government is making every effort to institute and stabilize industrialization through state capitalism, however unfavorable the character of the land and the resources are for any rapid changes in this factor of national self-reliance.

Cumbersome transportation has added vastly to the expenses of production and sale of goods, but freight trains are on their way. While home industries are being encouraged, at the same time a few sugar factories are being erected in different sections, and spinning mills have been set up in several of the cities with adjoining mills for textiles and piece goods. Efforts are being made to organize and build satisfactory leather, hosiery, match, cement, and sacking factories.

Iran is rich in natural resources—oil, tin, silver, coal and precious stones in great quantities—the last four as yet untouched. The completion of the Trans-Iranian railway, and the development of her mineral wealth, will, in time, enable Iran to take her place among the great industrial nations. Petroleum was first used here. Herodotus, Strabo, and Plutarch mentioned the inflammable pools of bitumen which had attracted the attention of Alexander the Great.

In Zoroaster's time, the seepage of oil in the north-west supplied the fire temples.

The Shah knows that to arouse the national consciousness of his people, diversified in temperament and in occupation, there must be standardization. He has put an end to the annual migration of the Lurs, Bakhtiari and Kashgai, because freedom with them too often had become lawlessness and, in maintaining their independence, they had too scant a consideration for that of other people.

While tribal unrest was menacing the government, the Shah invited a number of the leading chiefs to Teheran for an unlimited stay, on the theory that a royal request is a command. This introduced them to urban life for a time sufficiently long to make a roving, unsettled life less interesting than the delights of the city. While there they came to understand the great benefits of the changes the Shah is making, and really to admire him, although formerly they, being aristocrats in their own communities, had looked down a trifle on the soldier who rose from the ranks. Now 150,000 members of these tribes have been settled in well-planned villages.

When a high official ventured to suggest that the tribal way of living was very picturesque and that it would be a loss if Iran should become just like all other countries, the Shah's answer was: "We are not here to be picturesque. We must have improvement in education, in health, and in the production of food for our people. Dreamy poets, philosophers, and artists will always be in Iran."

Besides giving coins to beggars, another custom is potent in encouraging mendicancy. It is the habit of families to make periodical gifts of bread, nuts, sweets, etc., to the poor on Thursday night, the eve of the Moslem Sabbath. This is done also on the anniversary of a death, and is considered equivalent to our "ten-per-cent alms." It was enjoined by the Prophet as a method of acquiring merit and of providing for the poor of his day.

Now, however, a sense of systematic humanitarian treatment of the lower classes is being awakened. Consciousness of the duties of all members of society to one another and of their interdependence is new, but it is being welcomed and practised in such societies as the "Red Lion and the Sun," and other patriotic organizations. Days of health, happiness, and prosperity are indeed breaking in Iran. The Shah's methods have, at times, original finesse. It is related that, after having two famous bandits arrested, he invited them to dine with him at the royal palace and extended to them every courtesy, in order to observe their psychology and learn much of national importance, and then he had them hanged. This they richly deserved, for murder and robbery had been for years their exciting, successful method of maintaining themselves. He considered it would be stupid to have them tortured to gain their confessions.

The new laws destroy further possibility of foreign dominance. No outsiders are entitled to own land or immovable property except what is needed for a dwelling-place or business. Registration of all land

is compulsory, and offices for this have been opened in all the towns.

The abolition of the hated "capitulations," i.e., concessions granted at the demand of England and Russia, has completely changed the status of the foreigner. By the treaty of Lausanne, when new Iran demanded for itself just recognition and fair play, the Shah insisted upon readjustment, or cancellation, of these capitulations, whose very name suggested injustice to Iranians and was hateful to them. While they were in force, foreigners had a privileged position. Many of them were wealthy and yet they were able to avoid their local responsibilities, while living in, trading in, and claiming the protection of Iran. As a result of the new laws, however, they have been compelled to sell their property or to become Iranian subjects.

The new Trade Monopoly Act has undoubtedly imposed irksome restrictions on the foreign trader, for it prohibits the importation by him of many goods which Iran needs, but is at present unable itself to produce. It has also been hard on the home merchant who would gladly sell these things. It is, however, in the interest of eventual economic independence, for it will encourage home industry and help to stabilize the treasury. The Act has not lacked results. Only a few years ago, it seemed as though Russia would capture the Iranian market. The bazaars and shops were flooded with Russian goods at prices so low that competition was impossible. Iranian merchants were threatened with bankruptcy. To meet this the Shah caused new factories to spring

up in various parts of the country. To equip these, no restriction was placed upon the importation of machinery, of which, in 1935, Iran imported almost \$4,000,000 worth from the United States, and in 1937 heavily from Germany and Russia.

Riza Shah has been insistent upon routing foreign influence. Like the Jews in the days before Cyrus, he says: "It is not for us and you to build a house . . . We ourselves alone will build." He knows that national salvation can come only through the efforts of his countrymen themselves.

An Iranian official told me: "It is generally conceded that neither Britain nor Russia ever aimed to give effective support, except insofar as it furthered their own imperialistic claims and interests. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Iranians have thus interpreted almost every act of the British Government, for, they argue, 'Did not the advance of their interests aim at the destruction of our independence?' The first steps toward the creation of prestige and a British party were taken at a time when it was feared that Napoleon intended to attack India through Iran. British trade in the Gulf of Persia goes back to the eighteenth century, while her special privilege in the country dates from a still earlier time."

The economist who explained the present situation to me continued:

"In 1919 Great Britain, having aided the detachment of an ancient province of Iran, Baluchistan, attached it to India, and, as Britain gained control of the mineral oil wealth of the Southwest, she sought

a mandate over the entire southern section of the country. It was obvious that, with British-controlled Palestine and Iraq on one side, and Baluchistan on the other, nothing is more probable than that she intended to make half of Iran her own, in order to establish her unimpeded overland route to India, especially now that the Ethiopian crisis has proved the precariousness of the Red Sea Route.

“In 1921 the British were against our present ruler; at the time of the *coup d'état*, the Prime Minister, who was a nationalist and a popular journalist, appointed Riza Minister of War. England was definitely against this cabinet and demanded an election, hoping the Anglophile party would win and appoint a leader who, influenced by British wealth and power, would place in key positions men favorable to her. A reelection was held and the nationalists won. Riza became Prime Minister and when later, by the demand of the people, he became Shah, England decided that a policy of friendliness was advisable. When he ascended the throne in 1925, it was with their full approval and sympathy. Not, however, until 1932 when his individual position was strengthened by widespread public support, did he venture to defy Britain and annul concessions that seemed to him entirely too one-sided.

“In 1932 there was an issue of new currency notes. These marked a tremendous step toward self-determination. Previously, the Imperial Bank of Persia, a British-endowed and controlled institution, had the sole right of printing currency notes. That concession was withdrawn. The new notes bear the

stamp of the National Bank of Iran. The Indo-European Telegraph Department was likewise a British concession from the days of Nasir-ed-Din, but now all inland telegraphing is under the Iranian Government."

The economist went on to say that Britain's exploitation in the southern petroleum fields of Khuzistan led her to take an active part in the political life of Iran, the valuable concession having been granted to her in 1906. Under this the Iranian Government was to receive only 16 per cent of the net profits, but the arrangement was not satisfactory. The "net profits" included what was left after all the annual expenses of the company were deducted; and the latter increased rapidly in the twenties, until it was difficult to be sure whether or not a fair royalty was being paid. It was obvious that since the business had increased extensively, they were able to pay far more than they were paying. Furthermore, the Shah disliked seeing his most profitable national resource in the hands of foreigners. Why should not Iran herself drill and sell what was rightfully her own?

As a result, the government abruptly canceled the concession in 1932, stating that the action was justified because the privilege had been granted under a former régime that had been superseded by the present government, and was unjust in that the royalty was too meager for such valuable property. England protested violently; Iran agreed to place the dispute before the Council of the League of Nations. In debate, her advocate, Mirza Ali Khan Davar, made a splendid showing against Sir John

Simon. Private discussions between the principals followed under the guidance of Edward Benes, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, and on February 2, 1933, an acceptable adjustment was made. In accordance with the Shah's demand, direct negotiations between his government and the company were resumed and the British Government dropped out of the dispute.

Sir John Cadman, Chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, arrived by air in Teheran on April 3 with his staff of experts. Meanwhile the Iranian government had engaged an American geologist, Swiss and English legal experts, and an expert English accountant as advisers. In conference it was pointed out to Riza that in the present transition state of his country it was unlikely that Iran would be able to administer the oil fields as expertly as did the company which had been there for so many years, with its world markets established, and with the most competent engineers in charge. The Shah agreed, but gave evidence of his energy and bluntness by requiring that a settlement be reached within a week. Under this spur the terms of a new concession, to run for sixty years, were quickly agreed upon and signed on April 30, 1933.

Under the terms of the new lease, the area of the concession was half the previous area until 1938, and thereafter 100,000 square miles. Under the earlier concession, the area covered 500,000 square miles. The company pays four shillings a ton on oil sold in Iran or exported, with a minimum annual payment of £750,000 (\$3,750,000). Twenty per cent

of the net profits of the company, whether made in Iran or abroad, is paid annually to the government after the payment of £671,000 (\$3,355,000) to the stockholders. The company also pays £225,000 (\$1,125,000) in annual taxation during the first fifteen years of the new lease, and will pay £300,000 (\$1,500,000) during the second fifteen years, with the subsequent amount to be agreed upon.

Gulf of Mexico or Rumanian prices, whichever may be lower, are the basic price of oil sold within Iran. Oil sold to the public, from the refinery, is 10 per cent less and to the Iranian Government is 25 per cent less. The company is now forced by Shah Riza to spend £10,000 (\$50,000) a year educating Iranians in Great Britain, in order to replace progressively its foreign employees by these young men. Toward the expenses of the government's oil representative in London the company must pay £2000 (\$10,000). Finally, in full settlement of all claims on grounds of equity or otherwise, the sum of £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000) was paid to the Iranian Government, and the royalties for the years 1931 and 1932 were recomputed on the terms of the new concession. "The British," my informant pointed out, "are astute traders, and the terms agreed on show that past profits were enormous."

This settlement, after a long period of strained relations, was satisfactory to both parties and produced a harmonious understanding, based upon equality. Iran showed herself able to defend her possessions. She now cannot receive less than five million dollars a year in royalty, and the sum has

run above that minimum figure since the settlement in 1933. This is the greatest source of income for the treasury and is used for roads, railroads, public buildings, etc. The hard bargain has also been a gain for the oil company, because it strengthened its diplomatic position by establishing an easily computable royalty and at the same time made it free from prohibitive taxes which might otherwise have been suddenly imposed by the government. In the event of the oil fields, which also exist in the north, being developed by any other nation, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company will have no monopoly on the pipe lines to the Gulf; however, no rival company is likely to compete, as the distance and resulting expense for pipe lines from the north to the Gulf—the only outlet—is at present prohibitive.

Iran is chiefly important to England in the scheme of political strategy called the "defense of India," by which England protects her routes, her markets, and her citizens there. If she and Russia should ever clash in war, Iran would become at once all-important. Incidentally, this makes clear why such a large portion of the Iranian budget is allocated to maintaining an army for self-defense.

It is said that the Iranian mind is as political as the Polish or the Irish; it has realized that a British-constructed railroad such as was proposed, built from the South, would have been, to England, of more importance from a military point of view than from any other. Her possible ultimate conquest of the country has been present in diplomatic minds for more than a century; it has been advantageous to

Iran long to delay the construction of her railroads. Britain has, strategically, built a railway across Baluchistan from India to Iran's border. "This," declared the economist, "says to Iran: 'Beware, for even in times of so-called peace, thoughts of conquest weave in and out in the back of each country's mind.' We realize that our country is a focal point for all Asia."

Russia is no longer the menace she once was. Under the Czars the bear made no effort to conceal its purpose to conquer or seize and confiscate wherever and whenever it was possible, without attempting to justify its actions. But the U. S. S. R., as a fundamental tenet of its communistic ideology, denounced aggression and imperialism—at least until the attack on Finland—and restored all the Czarist conquests to their true owners, even remitting Czarist government loans. On February 26, 1921, the Russo-Iranian treaty was signed, surrendering everything the Russians held or claimed in Iran, with the single exception of the Caspian Sea fisheries, which are part of a nationalized industry circling the entire sea; the profits from these were readjusted. This treaty definitely liquidated all traces of the former Czarist policy of oppression and paved the way for a much closer understanding between the two countries.

In 1924 there was for a short time a communistic party in Iran, but Lenin dissolved it when he found that it made no converts. The farmer-peasants could not understand its benefits; the artisan class was too busy with daily handicrafts to take an active interest

in politics. The country is constructively working, not geographically but in internal development, toward a greater Iran, and the Iranians as a whole are out of sympathy with the communistic idea; class antagonisms, therefore, find no adherents.

All propaganda against Islam or against Iranism, as Riza Shah conceives it, is strictly forbidden. Since this order went into effect, the Christian missionary program has been necessarily curtailed, since preaching the Gospel is construed as anti-Islamic propaganda. The explanation of the censorship is the Shah's determination to keep his country unified and cohesive during its difficult stage of reconstruction, a period in which discontent of a grumbling minority cannot be risked.

An elaborate espionage system is now employed, even abroad, to report back to Teheran what is said about the Shah and the country. The withdrawal of the Iranian Minister from the United States, after his regrettable arrest by mistake for speeding in Maryland, was in a measure due to the unjust comments on Iran and the Shah which were printed in a generally circulated American magazine, for the Iranian government cannot believe that our government allows an absolutely free press; it argues, "Neither England nor any European country does."

Unquestionably there exists a large and ever-increasing number of people who are sincerely desirous of better living conditions and stronger aims for their national and personal life. They are glad to accept the edicts of the Shah; the vast majority have come to realize that measures which may seem dras-

tic are designed purely to further their welfare; many who were antagonistic at first have developed whole-hearted approval and are as eager as their ruler to have Iran make a fine impression on foreigners.

Feverishly the building goes on. One cannot help asking, "What will all these men do when they have completed the construction of New Iran?"

The answer is that for many years more labor will be needed in increased demands and extension in all directions.

A recent step has been the Ahwaz Dam, of which an Iranian newspaper says: "Xerxes, 2500 years ago, and Shahpur, 1500 years ago, both erected buildings which have lasted so well that tourists still visit Iran to see their remains. Today His Imperial Majesty, the Savior of Iran, has ordered a dam built across the Karun River at Ahwaz, so that its waters will no longer freely run into the sea. In this way he has created great wealth for Iranians, for thousands of square kilometers of land in Khuzistan will become fertile. The cost of this dam will be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 rials (\$6,000,000). A few years ago this amount represented the total income of the annual budget of the country, and the thought of such a project would have caused our bravest leaders to tremble; but today our great Shah can undertake this expensive project for the development of agriculture without the least danger to other items of expenditure. Khuzistan, after the construction of this dam, will compete with Egypt and India. Its broad acres are the best in the world for the growing of cotton. Thus one province will enrich all."

The contagion of activity is inescapable. Men and women are working toward a common ideal. Local conservatives are being swiftly outnumbered. Here is something very like the pioneer spirit in America—with belief in what, by their work, their country will yield, conserve, and become.

Asia can and will catch up with the surging propulsion of the West. This leap across hundreds of years is what makes the Middle East so fascinating today, where one thousand years of accomplishments elsewhere are transpiring in ten, as people step from camels to fly into the air, and as women remove their veils which have separated them from the world for over a thousand years.

IX

LIFE IN THE BAZAARS

THE contrast between the wealth of kings, princes, and other grandees of ancient courts, and the poverty of those whose skill fashioned the magnificent trappings is bridged by the bazaar industries. The poor must have found vicarious satisfaction in the elegant appearance of royalty, and have taken pride in their share in it and in the thought that their rulers excelled all others in the use of silver, gold, jewels and fine raiment; such pride made their poverty less grim. The minds which imagined and the skilful fingers which fashioned beauty must have loved ornate decoration, as well as chaste designs, or they could not have brought both into being.

Fathers and sons devote their time to manufacturing the beautiful wares to be found today in the bazaars, which are, in effect, industrial villages in which men do all the work, even the cooking. I went there often in order to study everyday life.

Along the narrow, winding lanes, which go in all directions between the little shops, people pass continually from dawn until sunset, when the great gates are closed. Many stop to chat while squatting with their backs close to the wall in order to let a

loaded camel or donkey pass. The roofs over the bazaars have mysterious passageways called "catwalks"—where, paradoxically, "ducks may be smelled." Plots have been organized or overheard above the bazaars; death has been swift. When I wanted to learn more, I was told, "Your heart is too white to understand," an excellent way of closing the inquiry. Some of the catwalks are precarious when plaited palm leaves rest on bamboo supports, others are covered with sheets of corrugated iron; brick arches and arcades also appear. Now and then, where lanes met, I looked up with surprise to find an artistic tiled dome. Through the openings in the roof, beams of light pass slantingly down in brilliant rays; in these shafts dust motes dance, leaving the rest dim. My eyes became used to this, and I was glad to be in a cool, darkish place, away from the brilliant sun, for after a few minutes I could see clearly a long distance.

Occasionally courts opened out and I saw in one a tile-rimmed pool under the shade of a blooming tree where weary men might lie down. There were a variety of little restaurants or food shops; some sold fish; some fishheads or animals' entrails; others provided bits of good meat on skewers; still others had heads and feet of sheep, which were sold to porters who earn very little.

Several times I made a point of being in the bazaar at lunch time that I might observe the men cooking, preparing, and selling food, and the manner in which it was eaten. The baking of bread was the most interesting. In village homes it is baked in a cir-

cular cement pit which widens out at the bottom. In the bazaar the design is the same, but the position reversed. I looked through the small oven door into a glowing dome five feet in diameter heated by the wood of thorn bushes. A handful of wheat and barley dough, which had been flattened by hand until it was more than fourteen inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick, was deftly slapped with a paddle against the hot vaulted interior. It was quickly browned and brought out on the paddle, which had deposited beside it another circle of dough. These were piled like gigantic batter cakes for sale and quickly were carried away by purchasers on their heads, under their arms, over their shoulders, according to preference as to how you wear your bread!

The bread served many uses—to scoop bright curry soup from peacock-colored bowls, or to have a piece torn off and wrapped around dates and cheese, or, with a bit of rice and meat folded in, to make an appetizing morsel. Food is abstemiously taken; nearly everyone is thin. Luncheon was informally peripatetic. Most men strolled around as they ate. I saw one carrying a small bowl of vinegar into which he dipped lettuce.

Large blue bowls of rice or white curds, long strings of yellow and brown dates, and platters filled with radishes were for sale. Pomegranates, large and small, grapes and melons added to the color and charm of the booths; everywhere, among vegetables and other wares, vases of gladioli, poppies, phlox and other flowers, according to the season, formed color patterns as intricate and colorful as a jug from

Yezd. Sweets were expensive. The sugar tax was allocated toward the expense of railroad building and was high, but what country can do without sweets? There were cakes made of sugar, flour, and pistachio nuts, decorated with a bit of artificial color or candied fruits.

In many booths there were small oblong brass charcoal stoves called *mangals*, at one end of which was a little shelf for setting the teapot to simmer at lunch time. Samovars, originally from Russia, have long been made locally, and are much used. They are carried when traveling.

From a domestic standpoint I was interested in the section of the bazaar where wool is prepared to put into bed covers which are used instead of blankets and are called *lahaf*. Here there was the constant, thin, shining noise of a bow four feet or more long, which is used to beat the wool until it is fine and soft. Deftly the back of the bow is steadied by one hand and foot, the string is plucked up quickly and falls sharply on the washed, and somewhat matted, wool. The first time I saw one of these I thought it was a musical instrument.

A small implement is used for making table legs, parts of the water pipe, the *kalyan* or other wooden articles to be rounded. This has a cord twisted around a primitive mill, which operates in conjunction with a chisel held between the toes, as the artisan sits with one leg folded under him.

In the brass bazaars today one cannot help being impressed by the pride which even the children take in their work, to say nothing of its skill and quality.

Small hammer strokes fashion an infinite variety of lovely pierced patterns. Near the noise of the brass and copper bazaars are the silent silver artisans, where young boys help their fathers and older brothers. Working at their fathers' handicraft, they feel a sense of importance in participation in the life of the shop. This provides safety and protection, as it keeps them under supervision. Soon the schools will absorb them. Heretofore industry has been the means of development, and it had its value when it was not taken advantage of by greedy parents.

The gold, silver, brass, and copper shops are back of their sales rooms; groups of men are employed. These are primitive places for manufacturing goods. They can be reached by devious winding ways in the vicinity; usually at the end of a narrow lane there are very steep steps to climb, the lowest of which are knee high.

Intimacy of life in the bazaar is its chief attraction. Nowhere else can be seen all the necessities of life ready for use and in all stages of production. In her book, *Persia, Romance and Reality*, the English writer O. A. Merritt-Hawkes says:

"The very heart of industry is here laid bare: skins (to make your shoes) hang, almost alive, upon the walls; you hear how many taps it takes to make a jug; you see how much handling is necessary for a vase, how much stirring to prepare a sweetmeat, stitches to mend a carpet, care to cook a *kabab*. In the West, shops are full of detached, non-human products, but in the bazaar everything is intimately allied to a particular man. The difference is im-

mense, exciting, but whether the result is happy or not depends upon the point of view. These people work so hard; some are there at half-past six, and some are still working at nine at night; some very young; only a few are very old."

In the bazaar, man is a craftsman, not a factory worker. This sounds good, but the modern factory is far better from the standpoint of health than these dark, stuffy places; far better the certainty of a weekly wage than the tragedy of such fierce competition. Little room after little room holds men who are doing the same work, making the same stitches in leather, inhaling the same clouds of fine wool threads, the same dust from the earth, the same evil fumes from dye-pots, deadened by the same noises of hammer on copper and brass that have invalidated men like them throughout the centuries.

In semi-darkness children are mending carpets, and in obscure corners tiny boys, little more than babies, blow on recalcitrant charcoal which is the only fire in all these miles of little shops. There is darkness in bazaars, there are smells, the sight of men's eyes grows dim; workers die young; little children develop tuberculosis; many have eye diseases; there is much blindness. The bazaar is picturesque, but it would be better if all were as clean as a few of the newer zones. Stores are superseding them along the Lala Zar, in Teheran, the Chahar Bagh in Isfahan, and other main streets which are parked down the center; on these the small shops on each side are both picturesque and healthful. Weekly markets are reducing bazaar activities in foodstuffs.

I was drawn to an old man in the pottery bazaar who had been patiently turning the same wheel for forty years. His face was clear-cut, even aristocratic in line. He worked with quiet dignity, apparently oblivious of my observation. His pale brown skin, aquiline nose and refined, sensitive face were such as Omar Khayyam must have seen "in the market place one dusk of day." Time after time he had to reform a bowl or jug, the contour of which was not just right. His son was more dexterous. He molded with a light touch of finger, or of string, beautifully shaped vases, some for flowers, and some to make the bases of a drum-like musical instrument, called a *dombak*. He kept particles of earth, which would have deflected the modeling, off his fingers by dipping them often into a bowl of water.

Another day I spent a fascinating hour in a far recess of the bazaar in a half cave, large enough for two camels to circle around four huge grindstones forming two primitive mills, which cracked poppy, millet, and sesame seeds. The chiaroscuro interior was unique. Whole trees were used to make the massive beams around four sides of this workshop. The camels trod in a circle. Baskets were over their eyes in order to keep them from becoming dizzy in treading around and around. They did not have the appearance nor the haughty bearing of caravan camels, who lift their nostrils to scent the air, and whose hair is worn off on the sides of their backs. Instead, their coats were shaggy; they looked dowdy and dispirited as they indifferently plodded along,

much as a patient, weary mule would plod around a similar mill.

After the sesame or other grains were cracked they were shoveled with wooden shovels into large, flat gunny sacks; these were piled on the far side of the cave, one on top of another until the stack was three feet high. The heavy hammer which pressed out the oil was made of huge rocks hewn from the mountains and tied together by thongs. These supplied the necessary weight to pound down on the full bags. But how were they lifted? The lever might have been made by Cain and Abel. The bound rocks were attached to the far end of a long beam made of a huge tree; a heavy goat's-hair rope hung from its near end. This lever was held aloft by the supporting trunks of two trees, which formed a fulcrum. To reach the dangling rope three men, one after the other, climbed a ladder. As each gained the top he reached out, grasped the rope with both hands and swung himself free. Quickly the weight of the second and third was also shifted to the rope. All three hung there, kicking and shouting together, "Ali, Ali!" Their united weight lifted the stone attached to the far end of the great tree lever to a height of about eight inches. At once a fourth man, standing on the ground, put a sturdy pole into the next notch of the winch, which thus held as much as was gained by each of the oft-repeated efforts. These men swung themselves back to the ladder and repeated their maneuver. So, gradually the pounding stones were lifted to a height of seven feet above the sacks, then, by releasing the winch, they were allowed to fall

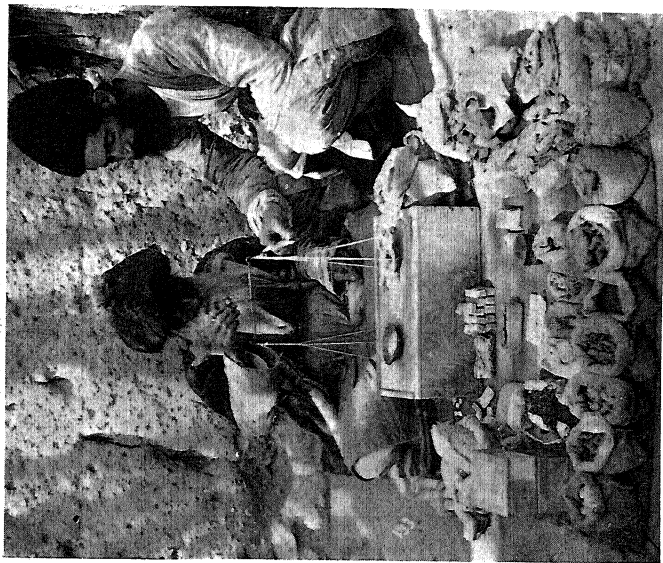
suddenly. By this slow method the oil was pounded out.

The smell of camel and of rancid oil had made me hesitate a moment as I entered this cavern. But the fascination of the weird construction, the play of light among the beams, the manner in which the earth floor had been cut into various levels to facilitate the work, the neighboring dim room, all tempted me to enter. In the farthest rooms were bins which held the opium and millet seed to be pounded, and the hay for the camels to eat. After an hour it was with difficulty that I forced myself to leave and return to the sunlight.

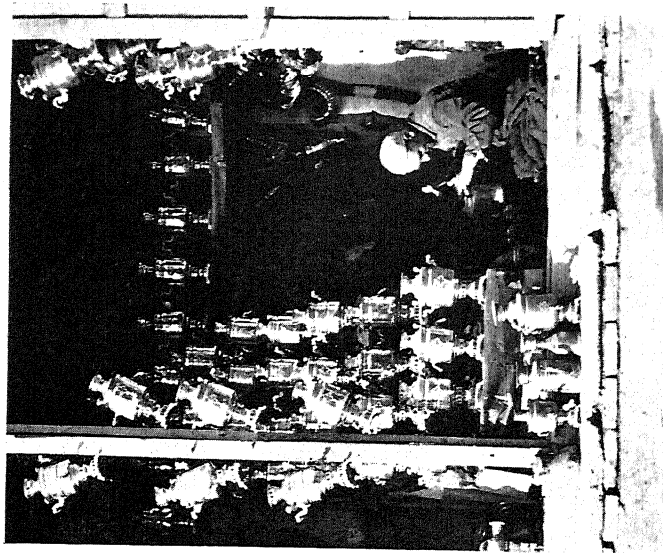
The bazaars of Tabriz are a delight. They are tense with life from sunrise to sunset and filled with strange wares. They are located in an old fortified section of the city. Here are acres covered by vaulted brick arches, roofed over and divided by miles of long narrow passages which have alcove shops on each side. I do not think the merchants and shoppers could stand the crowding if there were not at intervals wide openings into large courts containing trees, and in each a large tank of water. These are really small caravanserais where pack mules, camels, and donkeys unload and sometimes lodge.

Along the narrow ways through the bazaar these laden animals trudge, and a man walking before them clears the way by crying a one-word phrase much used also in India: "*Khabardar!*" (Take care!)

One day in Isfahan, after traversing with a friend the dim winding ways of the bazaar, which covered several acres, we came upon a large open place where

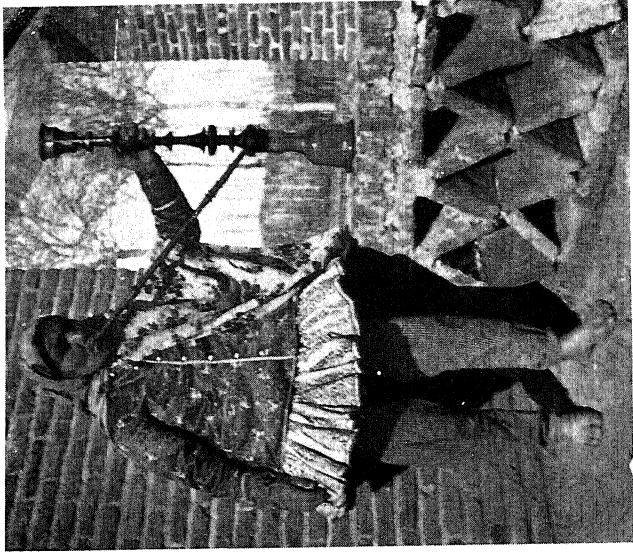


MEDICINE MARKET OF HERBS AND ROOTS,
POWDERS AND POTIONS



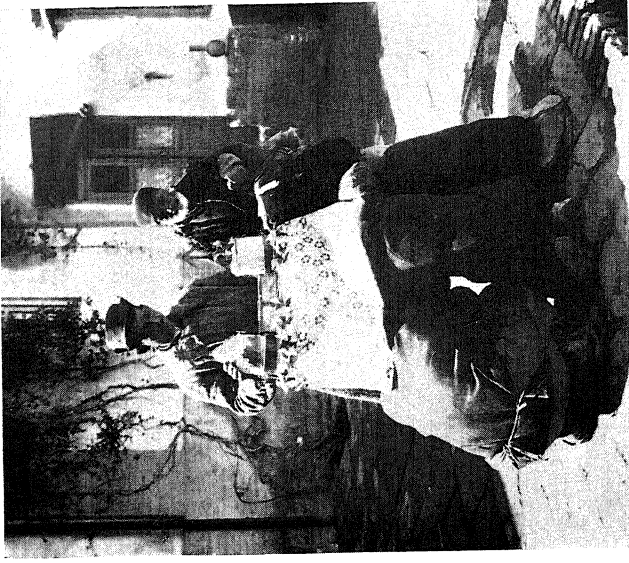
Courtesy of the American Institute of Iranian Art

A METAL WORKER MAKING SAMOVARS



WOMAN SMOKING WATER PIPE

Wearing peasant costume in use before "Western dress" was demanded by the Shah.



CHILDREN AT A PEEP SHOW

Operator is wearing the Pahlavi cap which has recently been discarded.

the sun shone down and men were gathered around a pool; a place where camels and trains of donkeys had come with their burdens of silk from Yezd, their bales of rugs from Kerman, Meshed and other distant places, to be here displayed and sold. The scene was straight out of Hadji Baba's life. All types of men were there; weary camel drivers, prosperous merchants, little boys to help untie the bundles of silk, wool and rugs; men to lift them from the animals' backs and earn a few *kran*s by holding up the merchandise, piece by piece, that it might be well seen while being bid on. Poor merchants who hoped to find bargains; shrewd, experienced buyers, as well as those who for the first time would test their discretion by the quality and price of their purchases.

The bidders sat around the tiled pool, leisurely smoking their water pipes and talking to each other. Some asked for the roadside news collected by the men who had just arrived and exchanged news on what was happening. There was much friendly chatter, for the sale was anticipated with the hope of fine bargains; every one was in good humor. The camels settled to their knees. The colors of the scene were lively, for the costumes of the people had not yet all changed to European styles. The goods for sale now being opened and spread out were of every hue, size, and pattern. At the end of half an hour the auctioneer, amid attentive silence, started the prices, to my surprise, at top notch and gradually, slowly reduced them, so reversing the custom of our auctions. The merchants appraisingly waited until a price was mentioned which they were willing to pay, then they

bid very quickly; immediately the sale was completed.

Each would have liked, no doubt, to wait until the figure dropped a little lower, but there was the risk that someone else would snap up the goods. There was no screaming or contention, for if a piece was lost it released money for bidding on something else. Once I stood for an hour in the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange, and I still recall with amusement the pandemonium on the floor; I prefer the restrained financial excitement on margins in Iran.

The increasing numbers of shopkeepers and artisans in independent commercial life will cause the rise of a powerful middle class, parallel to that which arose in Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It means the eventual end of the sociable and uncertain life of the bazaars and the beginning of fixed prices and a fairer chance to live more comfortably. However, the public marketplace and the bazaar, where all artisans make or bring their work to sell, will probably not be entirely crowded out, as they have a valuable social reason for remaining, for each worker may proudly exhibit the fruits of his labors there and enjoy bartering. A fixed price would be an annoyance, because it would remove all possibility of conversation, exchanges of opinion and gossip. It is only in a modern society where the tempo of life is faster that the *prix fixe* is a convenience and a necessity. As long as, among the poorer people, the rhythm of life is slow, the bazaars of Mexico, India, and Iran will remain.

X

ALONG THE ROADS

RECALLING the liberating, long, and at times monotonous roads I traversed in Iran, varied and vivid impressions leap to mind. These roads tied the mountains, the vast sterile uplands, and the productive lowlands together with national and international significance. Iran's central position relates her closely to all of Asia, and as one reflects on the desire of her citizens to develop and maintain the independence of their country, and the different contributions each section has to make, Iran seems no longer a land essentially different from all others, but one whose structure and ideals are universal.

The road from Isfahan lies through fields of melons. Around Isfahan, in fact, melons of the finest flavor are grown. The fields are fertilized with pigeon manure. In order to collect this, many large round towers have been in use for centuries. They are built of clay and brick, smooth and symmetrical on the outside. They are divided into commodious pigeon compartments around the inner surface. There are small windows for the myriad birds which frequent them to fly in and out. The droppings are collected from time to time and form a valuable source of revenue.

As we passed along the road, vines and melons lay in abundance on the ground. Not only the famous, large, almost round fruit which resembles a glorified cantaloup, but huge watermelons also caused us to look forward to a well-known *chai khana* where we would stop to enjoy the luscious fruit. We passed many poppy fields now bare, as that opium-bearing flower is raised in the spring. Then the fields are as white as if they were covered with snow.

There is increasing limitation of poppy cultivation, although its curtailment entails an economic hardship on those who have no substitute crops. The League of Nations study of this subject is producing encouraging results, although each nation thinks it alone should supply the amount medicinally needed. Actually the best is grown in Iran. Here a general agricultural program and industrial adjustment is under way. Cereals, cotton, fruit, sugar, tea, tobacco are being tried out as substitutes. Raising cotton is particularly encouraged. A number of home spinning mills are in operation, and the Iranian Government, conscious of its duty, is showing remarkable energy in correcting this age-old evil. Poppy cultivation is forbidden in many districts and reduced each year.

The road still has its caravanserais. We stopped at midnight along the road, walked around a dark building, and entered a dimly-lighted fairyland. Here little meandering rivulets burred, on the banks trees were growing. A lantern hanging on one, and the new moon gave sufficient light for us to find our way. Many quiet-voiced men had spread their rugs

and were sitting on their heels or reclining as they talked. From the shadowy far side, grapes, melons, and bits of meat threaded on skewers, which had been cooked over a charcoal fire, were being served with large thin flaps of bread. We sipped freshly made tea, ate delicious melons which had been cooled by being packed deep in the earth surrounded by ice brought from the mountain caves. The scene was idyllically Iranian. The gentle voices and quiet companionship, the informal relaxation without sacrifice of good manners, the occasional amused laugh—all was as it had been for many centuries. Gradually some wayfarers departed and others took their places. It was an hour, a gracious memory which time could not dull.

We rode through the night, past closed caravanserais and sleeping villages, through jagged mountains and along desert stretches, watching the march of constellations across the sky while we crept so haltingly across great spaces.

The mountain trails are well worn. From their summits the birth and death of innumerable days have been pondered over by peasants, poets, and philosophers. On the high plateau cities with old cultures and interesting customs were weeks away from each other. In myriads of quaint villages people and animals still survive or perish, according to water supply. A stream may have changed its course, in which case the ruins of mud walls showed, as we journeyed on, where a village had been.

Many of Iran's towns make modern the oldest of the supposedly antique habitations of Europe. With

the vicissitudes of time, these have waxed and waned, but have never been fully deserted. They still retain memories and records of the past. Ray, Istakhar, Shushan, Ecabtana, Hamadan, Isfahan, Kazvin, Susa and Shiraz have all been capitals of the country at different times.

The rise and fall of cities, the beginning and end of villages, all seem to drift in and out of the desert as we traverse it at night. Time loses its inexorable hold on the mind. There is no sound but the barking of a sheep dog, the howl of a wild animal, and far-off the comforting tinkle of donkey bells. When the Israelites, Mohammedans, Tamerlane and Turks came across these deserts, they stopped at the same oasis which refreshed us, and met the same sort of people.

In the winter months it rains often. Then travel is free from heat and dust, but the roads are often impassably blocked by snow. There are compensations in summer travel, in coming to know the life of the country people. For them there are no homestead worries. When they wish to move, all they have to do is to take down the woodwork to use again, and as mud is plentiful, straw and labor cheap, a new house is soon built.

A resourceful woman we passed had temporarily diverted a stream by damming up the water with mud from the road. This resulted in a little reservoir in which she washed dishes, her clothes, and her lettuce. When she had finished, she removed the dam and swept the ground in front of her mud

house with leafy lilac branches which her husband had made into a broom for her.

A bus dashed by and it was filled to overflowing. The driver seemed to me reckless. Perhaps the altitude is over-stimulating and made him exuberant. The driver's motto seems to be to enjoy the moment, no matter what may happen along the road. Three companies went bankrupt in one year insuring buses. I am inclined to agree with the man who told me: "As an all-round investment nothing equals a camel, for when it is born it costs nothing, it finds its own food, wears far longer than an automobile, needs no repairs, can carry passengers and freight, is always reliable, goes well on rough roads and in the sand, needs no garage, gas or oil; receives water at convenient times and places and uses it economically; when too old to work it becomes a religious sacrifice, after which its meat can be eaten. Its skin is useful for many purposes, its bones are used for jewelry, both carved and painted. In comparison, what value is an automobile? It cannot even reproduce itself!" Another advantage is that those who ride high on camels cannot be annoyed by beggars as persistently as those in automobiles or on foot.

Beggars are an invariable part of the roads of Iran. They are everywhere. The Mohammedan custom of indiscriminate almsgiving has created and encouraged a class of beggars who at their best were analogous to our gypsies and at their worst are an ambitionless lot of imposters or the dregs of a mistaken system of civilization. These poorly nourished incompetents are to be found in other coun-

tries, where the lower classes have had no hope of improving their condition; but only the Moham-medan, Buddhist and Hindu religions have built begging into their system of ethics. The modern Zoroastrians, the Parsees, have no mendicants; they provide work for all who can perform it, and require it to be accomplished. Their sick poor are properly cared for.

The present Shah is attempting to put a stop to the degenerate practice of beggars stopping all who traverse the highway and importuning them for alms. Their needs in the future will be met in other ways, but in this transition period the road guards warn and then clout the most persistent. The mendicants are well organized and time their lives to solicit and divide the donations they extort from those who pass their hovels.

In order to meet this tenet of their religion, Moham-medans carry a pocket full of change to distribute; their fingers fairly drip tips from the moment they start until they reach their destination. As I traveled through the night, it was disconcerting to have horrible, poverty-stricken beggars stand around the car and thrust their often diseased arms before my face. Their pitiful thin hands were never clean. An old woman, with scraggy white hair half covering her face and hanging around her shoulders swept animal droppings into her ragged apron to use for fuel and then came whining to the car. The Shah has given orders to attack this evil from both sides, by reforming economic conditions and by establishing homes for the indigent. Will they stay in them?

No. Not a day, unless forced by the police. They prefer the dramatic appearance and appeal of their profession, as well as its sociability.

In controlling these privileged characters, the Shah has not received much cooperation, for the effort of the police to keep beggars from annoying travelers is neutralized by the superstition of the donors, who believe they acquire a merit by giving. As indiscriminate almsgiving has been a part of religion, the importunate beggars consider they do a favor in extending the opportunity to give, receive the gift as if it were their reasonable due, and continue to enjoy the freedom and uncertainties of their profession.

The road to Shiraz leads through the desert, past the great salt lake. The city lies in a fertile plain surrounded by high mountains, the lights on which change so constantly that in the course of a day and night they express every variance of nature and every human emotion. It has been said of them most fittingly, "They have a series of exquisite cadences from dawn to sunset. They are near the city in the morning, move away at noon, and at night come back as if to enclose and protect their child."

The mountains cannot be ignored. In the morning they seem to vibrate, to turn to iridescent glass; changing, thus, every hour until at last in the evening they beckon drowsily with soft lights. At their feet cypresses and pines stand in long rows. The trees are so tall and green that you know beneath them are "pleasant watercourses." Nothing could be more refreshing to gaze upon, nor can anyone

who has not experienced it imagine how precious every leaf on every tree becomes after sultry days on the desert. Even the mud walls lining the streets are touched at sundown with twilight enchantment. One can understand why this city for nearly a thousand years has been famous for its poets.

The road passes through an opening in the hills called Tang Akbar. It is so narrow a defile it could easily be barricaded and defended, making the mountains a natural fortress for Shiraz, which was once the capital of the Empire. It now has a population of approximately thirty-five thousand inhabitants.

We drove slowly along our winding road to the famous Tong Gate, built across the narrow mountain road. This gate is built out from the mountain-side and is to Shiraz what the city gate was to medieval Europe, for along the top of it soldiers have been stationed, and when the gates close at night, guards rest and watch in the alcove rooms on its city side. Over the center of this gate, flanked on each side by a masonry terrace, is a sacred structure built in the form of a shrine; open, however, as the old fire temples used to be, on all four sides. This was built for, and contains only, a marvelous copy of the Koran, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, lying open upon a strong supporting stand. Here the sacred flame is the word of God. It is said to have been written by Hasan, the Second Imam, on sheepskins especially prepared. To show their veneration for this holy book and in order to be guarded by it from evil, the citizens of Shiraz celebrate every new moon—except that which occurs

during the mourning month of Muharram—by passing in a procession through this gate. The road is then overcrowded with people on foot, in carriages, and in cars, who thus receive a blessing and, in recognition of their Zoroastrian inheritance, show respect and reverence for the moon.

The curving mountain road slopes down to the valley city. Here one can see the Kuh-i-dena Mountains and at their base the ruins of an ancient palace and its gardens, restored in part and used for barracks. The romance of the past has given place to the modern magic of a wireless tower stationed nearby.

The mood of Shiraz is one of beauty, poise, calm, an intangible feeling of unworldliness which is quietly soothing and uplifting. It has a different rhythm, a different music from other Iranian cities. In Isfahan the dogs on dark nights howl and bark in the streets, jackals sneak thievingly around, and men at nine o'clock sing as they walk between the high dim walls to keep the *jinns* away; while the dwellers in Shiraz silently listen to the nightingale as he serenades his mate, the roses, the moon, the world-weary; and in Teheran automobiles move swiftly along the streets and social life as we know it increasingly holds sway.

In the first glow of an early morning, we took the road to Resht. The journey over the Alborz Mountains and along the shores is said to be the best in Iran. After crossing the desert, the thought of far-reaching blue waters, which I had as yet seen only in mirage, appealed strongly to me.

The magnificent mountains, which are the scenic backdrop of Teheran, must first be crossed. With swift tiger bounds our car leaped up the sharp turns, snarling a bit as it clung to the steeps, and growling as its gears shifted. Across the intervening mountains, one sees Mount Damavend. In all its clearly outlined majesty it towers 20,000 feet high, while Fujiyama, which it closely resembles, measures only 12,362 feet. They both mount with a graceful uninterrupted sweep to culminate in a summit, conical and absolutely symmetrical. The automobile rose in a series of steep, switch-back turns to the summit of our mountain roads. These mountains, snow-capped in summer in the higher ranges, are as majestic as the Himalayas or the Rockies.

The road from Karaj to Chalus was filled with mountain magic, the air sweet and fresh. At 10,000 feet above sea level, we soared over the pass at Rendevan. Far below gleaming threads of water, which were in reality wide streams, were forming a vast, lacy pattern in silver.

Past the crest, which for the moment seems truly the top of the world, the road swoops down in a long, graceful curve to a point above and almost opposite the northern entrance of the first railroad tunnel.

Below is a camp, with forges, kitchens, and equipment for months of camping, chief among which was that for the raising and carrying of water, for workmen must be near water. Its blessings, however, are in this land tempered by dangers from malaria, typhoid, and other water-borne diseases.

It is not unusual for difficult engineering to be measured by the lives of men per mile it costs. Yet, in spite of this toll of human lives, there is something constructive to measure against the loss, for extraordinary technical problems have been met in the mountain grades and the spiral tunnels. In grading, as many as 6930 feet in 70 miles have been gained, a magnificent feat. Maintenance of this gradient within the permissible limit of two and eight-tenths per cent has necessitated the construction of the unusual tunnels. In not a few instances, no less than three sections of track are situated one above the other on the same mountain slope.

With the exception of a few extremely short stretches of narrow-gauge line, this railway is the first in this most ancient land. Everyone was talking about it. It was going to run on schedule! That was novelty, indeed. And one of the leading newspapers came out with this startling announcement: "One of the twelve new locomotives which have recently been purchased and landed at Bandar Shah has now come to Sari. It has 20 wheels and will climb mountains."

The peasants, accustomed only to trails and travel by camel, are still excited over even a short bus ride, so they find the railroad a glamorous addition to their country, and surround it with poetry and drama, from its inception to the great moment—which may be compared with the meeting of our East and West—when the "iron horse" first made its way along the gleaming rails. Purposely, save in Teheran, the railroad has no stations in the larger cities, for it is

not the wish of the sagacious ruler to do away with other forms of transportation.

The ordinary roads follow the ancient trade routes along which the towns were built. The present area of Iran being two and a half times that of Texas, it would be difficult, on account of deserts and mountains, to defend; therefore, not until Iran was certain of its independence from Russian and British aggression, was it safe to build this railroad, along which the enemy as well as friends might come.

On this trans-Persian railway, 100,000 troops can be moved quickly, wherever needed; and, as the men of Mazanderan are said to be more personally devoted to the Shah than are any others, because of his having been born in this section, he knows that they will go willingly at his command, on this new "flying carpet" over the Alborz Mountains to any disturbed area. Economically, it means that products from the Caspian littoral—rice, wheat, cotton, tea, silk—can go to Europe not only via the Persian Gulf, but from a near point, and that en route they can be transferred to trucks for Baghdad and Haifa. As a result, it is believed that economic and hence political dependence upon Russia can cease.

Passengers and freight can now make ship-rail connection at Bandar Shah, the southern port, named for the Crown Prince, and do not have to land, as formerly, at Basra, in the neighboring country of Iraq. This highway is of incalculable value to the food supply of the desert plateau, for the northern provinces are the most fertile lands in the entire country. The new road shortens the distance by

half, and reduces the time to such a degree that transported food, sheltered from the sun and sand, will reach its destination without deterioration. Criticism has been made that, for the cost of the railroad with its 88 tunnels and 108 bridges for the short stretch from Mazanderan to Teheran, there could have been built wide and durable cement highways between all the principal cities of Iran.

But there are advantages on the side of the railroad, and it is remarkable that no loan has been required to finance its building. It has been paid for in full by the national tax on tea and sugar. The next need will be a railway to connect the Iraq border with Isfahan and Meshed. There are a number of business men who regret that a cross-country railway was not planned, as it could have followed the valleys instead of crossing so many mountain ranges; but the Iranians do not wish to facilitate the transport of British or German soldiers across their country from Iraq to India. The ports on the north and south are more easily controlled and defended.

The railroad has great strategic value, for it enables the Shah to go quickly wherever he is needed. It not only can transport soldiers and munitions to the north and south, but can facilitate their transit to any section from which attack is likely to come. Its value is as a trade artery, from which many roads radiate through the country.

As the road descends the green northern slopes of the mountain, crystal waterfalls cascade, and little streams meander through the lush grass. The road penetrates forest land for a few miles, and then

emerges upon the beach. Occasionally a snake darts from the road where it is sunning itself, or the tail of a fox or a mountain leopard is seen for a brief instant, flashing in hurried flight across the way.

There are few more scenically beautiful roads in the world than this, for it skirts the Caspian shore all the way from Meshed-i-Sar to Rud-i-Sar—more than 150 miles. The densely wooded northern slopes ascend heavenward in many patterns, or open in a succession of terraces to make way for rich rice fields or for the cultivation of cotton and tea. When the varied charm of Iran has become known to the world, its spiritual and geographic moods and its astonishing range of scenery, this road will be a Mecca for those who are sensitive to beauty.

This new road passes near some of the oldest inhabited sites of Iran, such as the town of Sari. It was known to the ancients as Phanaca. Here Alexander the Great, in his epic march into Asia, halted fifteen days and offered sacrifices to his gods. In A.D. 910 the city was burned by Russian Slavs and three centuries later it was sacked by Mongols. As if this were not tragedy enough, its inhabitants were massacred by Tamerlane's followers, who coveted this productive land. Sari was plundered later, at various times, by Turcomans from the adjacent steppes. The town has not only been tortured by the cruelty of man but has suffered from the convulsions of nature, for it has frequently been rocked and shocked by earthquakes; the last in 1935 wrought havoc shortly before my visit.

The villagers we passed as they walked along the



SHARISTAN BRIDGE



Courtesy of the American Institute of Iranian Art

PICTURESQUE WINDING ROADS TIE THE VAST STERILE
UPLANDS WITH THE PRODUCTIVE LOWLANDS



Courtesy of the American Institute of Iranian Art

**YEZD-I-KHAST, WHERE EVERY MAN'S HOUSE IS NOT ONLY HIS CASTLE BUT HIS
INACCESSIBLE FORTRESS**

road were of infinite variety. Some were shy, others haughty, or perhaps their expression was due to sullen resentment at strange eyes looking at their bare poverty. Their skin was of fine texture; it had a sunburned, metallic luster. We noted a lack of sanitation due chiefly to ignorance, but knew that the polluted soil was made clean by the hot sun. All around were crickets chirping, lizards darting here and there, field mice nibbling the leaves. For the moment, at least, it is a road of peace.

XI

ART IN DAILY LIVING

IN Shiraz no one is willing to buy a garden unless the nightingales are guaranteed to sing in it. In a land, so great a proportion of which is dry, desert waste, a garden is more than a thing of beauty. It is a refuge, an oasis. It is significant that guests in Iran are invited not to one's house, but to one's garden. Four things are considered essential: the shade of decorative trees, running water, many colorful flowers, and the song of birds. "The perfume of roses," they say, "turns any house into a palace." The pink rose petals have such a lasting, delightful fragrance that they are used to make the Oriental attar of roses, and are treasured when dried. The petals of fragrant white jasmine are sometimes heaped in a lovely green or silver bowl and sent to friends.

To the Iranians beautiful gardens are not ornaments, as with us, but are an actual necessity. "They not only satisfy an innate love of beauty," said a traveler, "but also provide a perfect atmosphere of peace and serenity for the philosophic discussions which are so much enjoyed." During my stay in Isfahan, after passing through dull streets, between high, drab mud walls, it was like a breath of paradise,

a moment after I lifted and let fall the fine old knocker on a great gate, to have it swung open by a waiting servant, and be greeted by radiant colors, exquisite flowers and tree forms, which gave, in place of the dry, hot air I had been breathing, mingled perfumes.

When I entered, the song of the orioles and the musical, lazy drone of the well wheel obliterated all sense of fatigue. It is the seclusion of the garden, no doubt, which has provided for the Oriental an environment which has helped him to develop meditative thinking. For three thousand years in Iran men have habitually, as they do today, carried with them a book of poems. These have enabled them, when seated on a mat or rug in a garden, to forget the outer world in their enjoyment of essential beauty. Their pleasures had, and still have, a touch of elegance; their old kings never hunted without a band of musicians to accompany them.

Shiraz is a city of roses, but the most magnificent display I found not in a garden but in a mosque, all the walls of which were ablaze with bloom. The tiled interior was completely covered with a design of rose trees. There they swayed and bloomed eternally in every shade of perfect pink, the buds and blossoms supported on strong, graceful stems bearing leaves in many shades of malachite and emerald. The prayer-niche was outlined by a climbing rose. So like a garden did this make the house of God, that I lingered long in the cool and quiet sanctuary. At twilight the nightingales took up my vigil and flooded the fragrant stillness with a song.

Iran has influenced the civilizations of the world. We can trace many of the links in the long chain of evidence—some clearly in India and China, Russia, Greece, and Italy; others, by inference, in Bali and Japan. The arts are not static; the inspiration takes on modifications from the people who adopt it, but, even in the fluid art of design, the composition in positions of heads, hands, and legs, the arrangement of drapery and the type of backgrounds, are all indicative of the origin.

Iran's arts developed before written languages. Examples as far back as the Stone Age, down through the bronze and copper eras, have been excavated. Large yellowish jars painted in black designs, which were applied before firing, are among the earliest, and transmit to us their joy in their work. In those days grain and flax were raised to weave into cloth. From these and many other finds, the life of that day is reconstructed. On the cylinder seals, of which large numbers have been found, as well as those which are conical, hemispherical, or dome-shaped, made of hard baked clay or of semi-precious stones, there is fine sculptural art in miniature. The designs vary in order to make each individual; hunting scenes, a portrait of the owner of the seal, figures of warriors, of men exchanging a ceremonial ring beside a fire altar, and many other subjects are executed with dignity of conception and delicacy of treatment.

The art of Iran is more widely known and appreciated than that of any other Eastern country, with the exception of China. Esthetic sensibility and cul-

ture are an integral part of Iran's social life, a necessary part of its people's happiness. The inhabitants of the East have always given more time and thought to the expression of man's individual nature than have the Anglo-Saxon races. Art is not an ephemeral fancy; it is essentially a part of life. The average person there loves beautiful things, whether made by nature or man; this is evident in every home, street, building, and bazaar. It has taken form in the rugs made by different tribes, each with its own traditional designs and symbols; in the delicate miniatures painted by artists of the towns; in the embroidery of the well-to-do women. Each worker, no matter how trivial his part in contributing to the finished product, approaches his task with the delicate pride characteristic of the true artist.

Tamara Talbot Rice says: "No other country can boast of three hundred years of such artistry as Iran knew in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; truly a golden age, for in it lived some of her greatest poets, and profound calligraphers and painters. Not even the supreme creative periods of Greece, nor the Renaissance in Italy, produced work of such unity and consummate finish in detail."

Too little is known of the origin of Iranian painting and its history prior to the third century A.D. Then a painter named Mani founded the Manichæan religious sect, that strange eclectic religion which was a rival to Christianity at first, and a threat not only to the Persian state religion but to the crown itself. It is said that, when Mani's books were judged heretical and cast into the flames, rivulets of gold

streamed from the fire, the residue of the gorgeous bindings. Mani's pictures were so arresting that his name led to the formation of the Manichæan school of painting, which continued until the ninth century, in spite of the fact that much of its work was destroyed by the Moslems when they conquered Iran in the seventh century. Works of this school, masterly both in drawing and in the power of conveying emotion, were preserved in the frescoes discovered far off in Chinese Turkestan by A. von Le Coq.

The Iranian painter was tireless in his love of detail. His favorite theme was the glorification of princely occupations rather than of the lives of the saints and martyrs, or of the lower class. Princes were idealized and represented in their moments of philosophizing, or when engaged in hunting or playing polo. The paintings were not ordinarily intended to arouse any strong emotion but to illustrate decoratively a story in such a way as to satisfy the severest esthetic canons. The harsh realities of plague, drought, famine, and the like were left out. The pictures were designed to impress upon the mind romantic events, legends, and such pastimes as only the wealthy could indulge in. They were probably painted under the patronage of wealthy men who could secure for the artists relief from worry regarding necessities, and assure their security. It was a "courtly art" which had neither a popular nor a religious impulse.

Landscapes have stylized mountains in the background, between the elevations of which are finely drawn leopards, lions, or other wild animals, and

occasionally grandees on horseback. There is no perspective; this emphasizes the flat mural effect and gives equal importance to all people. The same tendency appears, to a lesser extent, in Chinese drawing, which may have been influenced by Iran, in whose clear air objects are as distinct at a distance as close by. Her artists of today, however, are more realistic and are developing perspective.

Artistic creativeness reached its highest achievement centuries ago in miniature painting, and added to it decorative illumination to illustrate the work of poets. These miniatures, subtle and sumptuous, are unrivaled in the history of art. It is unfortunate that they cannot be more widely known, owing to the fact that most of them are bound in with delicate manuscripts, notably with the poems of Nizami and Jami. This art has been carried on, almost uninterruptedly, since the time of the Sassanian kings, when the first miniatures were painted; later it was softened and broadened by Chinese and Samarkand influences under the Mongol and Timurid conquests.

The subjects are vibrant persons—the ordinary is made extraordinary—flying birds, tall, graceful trees, minute flowers and palace buildings which the artist saw in his daily life; but, they are all removed into a strange and radiant world, because there is no attempt to render the light and shade of nature. It is an art jewel-like, romantic, and fastidious. In glorifying the ancient heroes and heroines of old Iran, the artists exerted an influence which spread into India, Turkey, and even Italy in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. Modern French artists,

especially Matisse, have been very appreciative of Iranian painting, and the fact that it does not reproduce nature but rather, in equivalent, realizes the constant elements in the unusual experiences it depicts—it is both provocative and ultimate.

Hadji Mirza Hussein Mussafar is unquestionably the ablest miniature painter of the present day. There is no sign over the door of his small, bare studio in Isfahan. None is needed, for everyone in Isfahan can tell you where to find the master. One climbs up a rough steep ladder, passes through a dark narrow hall, and across a roof to a low-ceilinged room with wide windows. There on a bench sits the great painter, his legs folded under him. In front of him is a large wooden table on which stands a box containing many little cups of different paints. As there is rarely any ivory available, camel bone is used instead to paint on. The long shafts of the bones are cut into various sizes, oblong or square, averaging three quarters of an inch in diameter. They are smoothed on one side to make a surface for miniature painting. They are then pierced with holes through which eventually silver wires will be passed to make the links which will hold the bone squares together in order to make clasps or other ornaments. This type of painting is also used on pendants, sleeve links, book covers, rings, jewel boxes and other handsome articles.

Temporarily the bits of camel bone are fastened in sequence. In order not to have the eye disturbed by their immediate contiguity, they are spaced far-

ther apart than they will be when they are combined in the jewelry being fashioned.

In Mussafar's studio eight assistants sat on the floor, with their backs to the wall. Low work tables were before them; each was executing the portion he could do best in relation to the ability of the others. The youngest sat nearest the door and the most skilled next to the master.

Mussafar had outlined the designs for all the pieces of work, which passed from hand to hand as the assistants executed them in rotation. The design of a bracelet had a series of single figures; women in graceful positions, exquisite robes and head-dresses, each in a different pose with different surroundings, playing on quaint musical instruments, reading, holding a bowl of flowers or fruit, or meditatively relaxed. These squares on which the figures were outlined were alternated with exactly the same size squares, each decorated with a tile design. This gave the effect of preventing the different figure personalities from impinging on each other. Mussafar's designs possess imaginative delicacy and cover a wide range; their rhythm and dignity increase their poetic feeling. The backgrounds are as remarkable as the figures. The compositions are complex yet simple and convincing.

For Mussafar's work camel's-hair brushes are too coarse; he uses cat's hair. A tomcat, a tabby, and a kitten are available; when he requires a new brush he selects a cat of the right age to have just the size and texture of hair he needs, and extracts two or

three hairs from its tail. For a palette he uses his thumbnail.

To make his masterpieces—with their delicate lines, brilliant colors, and infinitesimal detail, *Musafar*, like all Iranian artists, needs plenty of time. To give the proper finish to a minute square requires several weeks. When asked why he was twice as good a painter as any other in Iran, he replied, "Because I spend twice as much time on each centimeter as does the next-best miniature painter in Isfahan."

Musafar is descended from a family of artists who have been painting miniatures in Isfahan for three centuries. Like other sons of artists, he learned the technique and subject matter of painting from his father, whom he aided at an early age. When he saw his father painting a fairy tale on a three-quarters-of-an-inch square, and on the next square a peacock with every feather in iridescent exactness, he was seized with a single ambition—to be an artist. In the workshop studio he learned—through painting rather than from scholastic education—natural history, the history of his people, their social customs, the architecture of mosques, the traditions of sports and leisure, and the symbolism of the arabesques.

In order to do such delicate miniatures, artists have developed a super-keenness of eyesight; they see the nuances about the minutest objects of nature, and can depict them clearly in a tiny space. This implies not only amazing perceptive powers but a determination to attain perfection in the smallest

details. It also demonstrates remarkably fine muscular adjustment. We are used to art which is broad-lined, expansive—characteristic of American idealism, adventure, and achievement. Iranian art in its refinement and subtlety is characteristic of the life of its people.

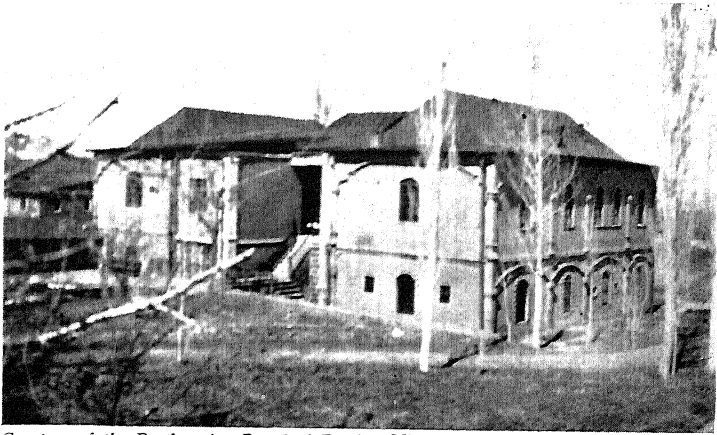
In Iran art enters home life more intimately than in any other country except Italy. As in painting so in metals, an entire family work on an artistic venture. The father supervises and passes on his tastes and tasks to the children, who continue the work and the tradition after his death. Fine adjustment of muscles and accuracy of eye are assets in the brass bazaar. Work is so graduated that it increases muscular development and control in the swift, accurate pounding of a sheet of brass into a tray, and the cutting of the perforated edge never deviates from its proper spacing and size. With ease the average artisan in silver and brass work will chisel the metal delicately, free-hand, in a pattern of lifelike little animals and human figures. According to Arthur Upham Pope, the greatest achievement of these artists in metal was the Sassanian silver plates, with their gold-relief decorations. He says: "These platters, ewers, vessels are monumental in outline, vital and robust in pattern; they seem accouterments for more than mortals."

Ceramics hold a high place. Someone has said of the pottery: "Nowhere else are the intentions that lie within a material so perfectly set forth. The nature of clay is fully realized but never violated." Poems have been written to their lovely bowls, which

are generous in proportion, gracious in outline. Many have been designed from nature. Leaf, fish, and bird forms are not uncommon and are exquisitely worked out. The potter was and is by way of being a sculptor, for natural forms are rendered in the round human figures, seated or standing, lions and other lithe animals, horses, and elephants. Recently a group found near Ray was covered with a clear turquoise glaze. In a collection at Teheran there is a magnificent pair of eagles.

When the elaborate, interwoven curves of the exquisite Arabic writing came into vogue in designs for friezes, this and the decorative, long-lined lettering held sway, but the independence of Iranian character made it impossible for all artists to give up individual expression. The metal workers were heirs to a noble tradition—the motif of the bull's head, a symbol of friendly power, was not eliminated. It was used as the top and spout of bronze ewers. A number of other animals were also used: ibex, pegasus, and a winged goat, lions as well as cranes, peacocks, birds, and some human figures. Every style of vessel or implement that could be wrought continued to be produced at this period; rose-water sprinklers, braziers, trays, incense burners, lamps, scissors, pincers and strainers—all were perfectly made in ancient bazaars.

Today the descendants of artists do whatever they do well; silver is deeply engraved; they develop artistry without set patterns; there is no cheap jewelry made for mere costume effect. It seems as if a spiritual perception has preserved the expression of

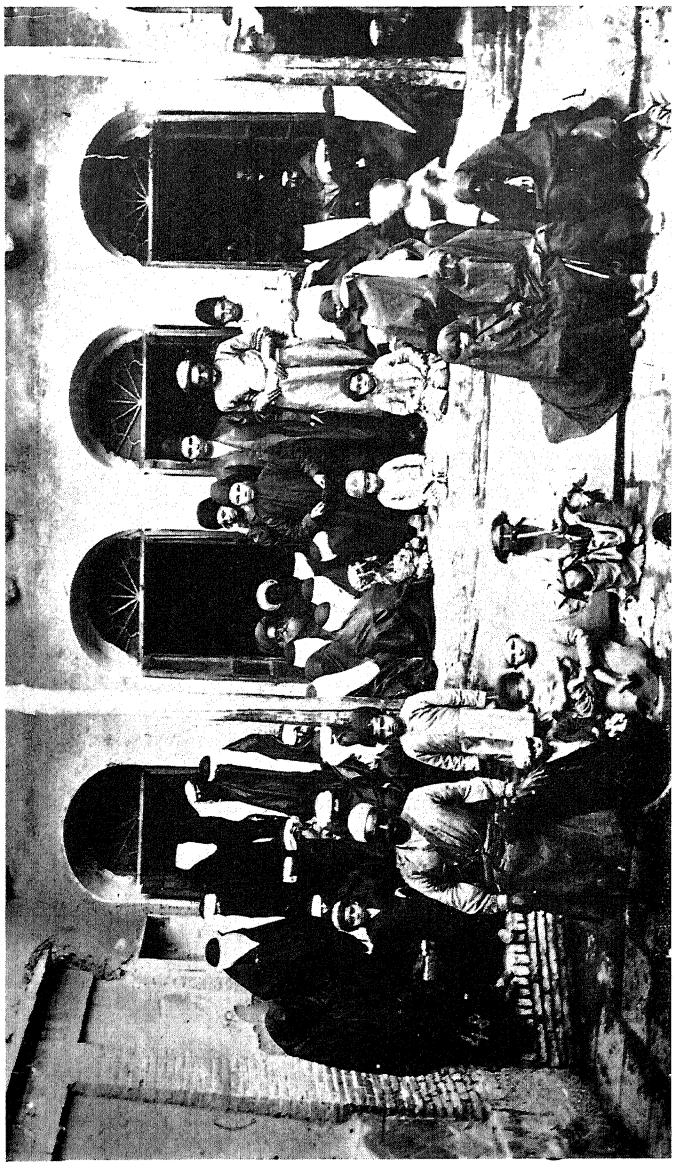


Courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

**MEN'S BUILDING, AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN HAMADAN,
FOUNDED BY DR. FUNK**



BOY BRINGING BLIND FATHER TO DISPENSARY AT TURSKIZ



PATIENTS WAITING TO SEE AN IRANIAN DOCTOR

This was taken before the edict which ordered all veils removed. In the foreground a man is smoking an opium pipe.

this phase of civilization through generation after generation, because the artisans have dedicated themselves to high ideals.

For ritualistic use during the processions of Muharram religious symbols were and still are made; the commonest of these are the flat, metal hands of Husein, the famous martyr who fought on at the battle of Kerbela after his hands were cut off. These, in silver and other metals, are for sale in all bazaars.

One of the best-known expressions of artistic originality is the rugs and carpets, which they use in all sorts of ways, as carpets and door curtains, to sleep on and under, for table covers, for wall hangings, and in place of suitcases to protect bundles when traveling. Admirably designed and woven rugs are for sale everywhere.

Although carpets have apparently been made for over four thousand years, the typical or knotted-pile carpet is a product of the last two thousand. Its pattern is usually historic or symbolic, its borders geometric, although many are abstract, conventionalized flower and tile designs. Each knot is tied separately, and a good carpet has 10,000 knots to the square foot, the finest, 40,000. Among the tribal people and the villagers a whole family often work at one carpet for years. The irregularities which result are intentional, to avert the Evil Eye, which it might attract if it were perfect.

The old palace carpets with their central medallions are less in demand today. The modern rugs

show more independence and imagination. Carpets in irregular and expansive patterns are being designed; many of them are even more beautiful than the older type. The Shah has recently established schools for continuing the famous rug industry under expert supervision.

The Kerman, Tabriz, Sultanabad and Hamadan districts are among the important centers of rug manufacture, Iran's most widely known and generally appreciated art; the word factory suggests machinery, but the rugs are still made by hand. The buildings now are large, well lighted, and ventilated, and have proper foot rests for the weavers. The industry since 1937 has been under government supervision. The Shah expects it to be solely in the hands of Iranian manufacturers, dealers, and shippers. America is the chief market.

Mistakes are few and these are not corrected until the rug is completed; among the many home-made dyes—and on pain of a large fine no others may be used—are the deep red and rich rose shades made from the root of the madder plant which are typical of Iranian rugs. The most tedious and exacting part of the work is done by the men, who sit on the ground shearing the carpets with enormous, specially shaped scissors, to make them perfectly smooth. They necessarily bend close to the rug. The life of a rug extends over many generations. It is the custom of every Iranian to have one or more carpets.

Among the Iranians there is a lively interest in literature, and even though a large number of the people may still be illiterate, they are not lacking in

learning. Indeed, they have a more intimate knowledge of their classics than the average European has of the masterpieces of his own race. Everyone appreciates both poetry and music, and for generations these arts have been part of the education of all classes. Blind men recite poetry and sing for a living tales which blend history and legend. I heard these often at caravan stops, at town gathering places in the late afternoon, and under starry skies; they, like the bards of old, held their audiences spell-bound. It has been said that their national poetry is to them what the Psalms were to our ancestors, an incentive to action and a consolation in trouble.

No Western and no Eastern race, except, perhaps, the Chinese and Hindu, have a longer or more creative literary heritage. Indisputably the most influential and inspiring of their poets is the great Firdausi. Like Homer, he sang the history of his people, and his epic poem of old Iran, the *Shah-namah* (Book of Kings), is an integral part of the national life today.

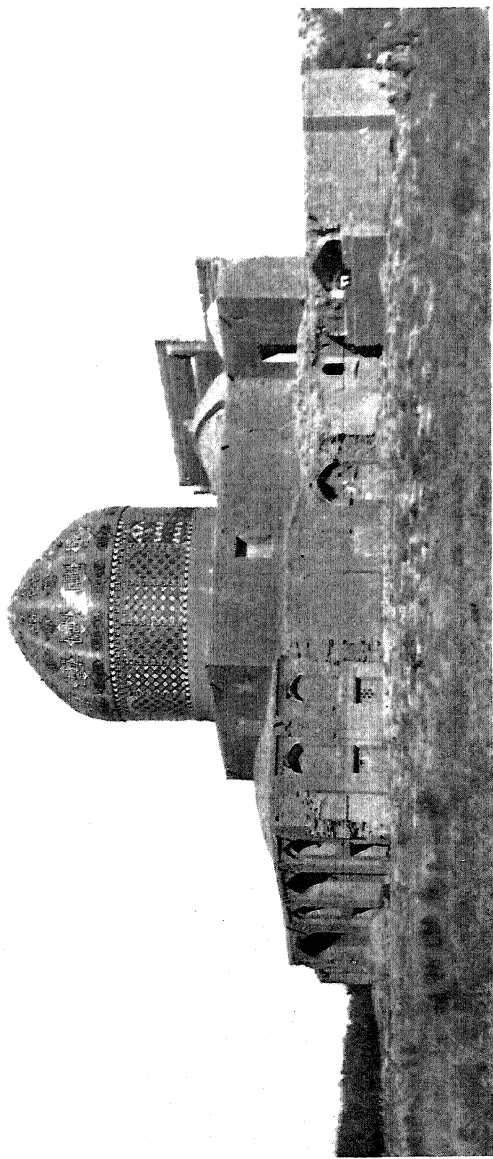
Of this epic Arthur Upham Pope has written: "No man has ever dominated the consciousness of a whole race more thoroughly and none for so long a period. He has rendered to Iran all the precious gifts that the poet can confer, and has influenced the character of later generations by giving great significance to tradition. He embodied and made available the spirit of ancient Iran when, otherwise, it might have been completely annihilated by the vicissitudes of conquest. To him the whole nation has

gone to school to learn about its great kings and empires, and through his genius the racial experience is concentrated into one thrilling book, the *Shah-namah* (which, by the way, has been ably translated). It collected and distributed for all times the essential elements of greatness. This epic bound the scattered ages with a song, and, like the Divine Comedy of Dante, was a noble evaluation of life, giving momentum to succeeding generations."

It even plays a part in humbler, everyday activities. For example, the athletes and wrestlers still perform their exercises in the *Zurkhana*, popular gymnasia, to the rhythm of the *dombak*, a kind of drum, accompanied by the chanting of couplets from the *Shah-namah*, descriptive of ancient battle scenes.

It is an interesting fact that Omar has never in his own country been classed among poets of first rank, along with Firdausi, Jalal-ad-din, Hafiz, Saadi, Jami and others. He is regarded primarily as a mathematician and an astronomer who did valuable work in reforming the calendar. Perhaps his poems told of things so commonplace to his own people as to have no particular significance to them—the caravan, the potter's wheel were in their everyday experience. Nor did they, though not all abstainers, appreciate his frequent references to wine.

One man told me bitterly: "I married a sentimental girl who was as impractical as a quatrain. She is still all moonlight and roses. If I had not been temporarily hypnotized by the sentimental



Courtesy of the American Institute of Iranian Art

MOSQUE AT NISHAPUR CONTAINING THE TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYAM



“THE GOOD SAMARITAN”

A miniature by Mussafar in the Collection of Dr. J. Christy Wilson.

strains of Omar I would never have proposed to her. I consider him a definite danger for young men who want to make a success of life."

In Shiraz I made a pilgrimage to the tombs of Saadi and of Hafiz, poets who have influenced thought and life for seven hundred years. Saadi was born in Shiraz about A.D. 1193 and educated in Baghdad. He became one of the great travelers of his time, visiting India, Chinese Turkestan, Asia Minor, Abyssinia, and Palestine, made a pilgrimage to Mecca no less than thirteen times and once was a prisoner of the Crusaders at Tripoli in Syria. While he had unfailing skill in laying his finger upon outstanding features of the Iranian scene, his travels gave to him, a critic claims, "something of the philosophic spirit of a Montaigne and the quizzical biting humor of a Voltaire."

Now that the psychology of Iran puts an accent on energy, there are leaders who think that Saadi's poetry is dangerously contemplative and teaches a too ready acceptance of Fate, too ready submission to events; for it is a custom to open a volume of verses and trust to a stray line as a guide in conduct and deeds.

Hafiz was born only a few years after the death of Saadi, whose mantle seems to have fallen on him. Shiraz gave the poets those things of which, and for which, he made his songs. Gertrude Bell said that the love of Hafiz for Shiraz was like the love of Dante for Florence. During his lifetime it was five times besieged and taken; this no doubt increased

his devotion to his native city, which has the reputation of "turning aside the heart of the wanderer from his own land."

Hafiz' lyrics have been compared with those of Horace. The tombs of both Hafiz and Saadi are surrounded by gardens with cypress trees growing in them. These graves have no sadness. When I visited Saadi's tomb the desolate splendor of the high, brown, bare mountains back of it was enameled by the sun, the beauty of which, in ever-changing colors, suffused over Shiraz an indescribable radiance; the tiles on the domes of the tombs sparkled yellow, blue, green, and pink. Small uniform, oblong, inscribed tablets to Saadi, placed there as tributes to him, make a frieze around the room in which his body lies. Around his tomb are the graves of those who wished the blessing of being buried near him. Nearby is a large well, where a river comes to the surface. Up and down the steep and slippery steps leading to this, women pass all day; here they wash themselves and their clothes. Their voices resound in the vaulted cistern roof. When their washing is finished, they make tea on their little charcoal *mangals* and have a bit of food. It is all very human and simple. He is so much a part of their lives that they feel at home by his tomb.

Leaving the garden in which his body rests, one recalls the lines which place him foremost among the Sufi poets:

Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face, on convent walls

Or on tavern floors, the same
Inextinguishable flame
When the turbaned anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night
Church bells ring the call to prayer
And the cross of Christ is there.*

In her classic poets, Iran has not only inspiration but a bond of national unity, the influence of which the rising generation will not ignore, for when the classic poets are rightly interpreted, they do more than anything else to maintain and enhance the distinctive qualities of the race. Their poets, by their teaching, their warning, their encouragement, and their consolation have affected the lives of countless men and women the world around. In America we have learned that nervous and muscular energy are allied, movement is quickened and fatigue lessened by brisk music. In Iran every industry has its own song which softens labor by making work socially pleasant instead of an arduous task. Threshing, grinding grain, harvesting, drawing water, making wine, dyeing, weaving, pounding or grinding wheat and rice all have their rhythms. Classical odes as well as popular ballads are sung by laborers at their work. The merchant as he makes a sale quotes poetry, lawyers compose lyrics over refreshments when a case has been decided. The pithy sayings of Saadi are on the lips of everyone.

A Teheran newspaper in 1936 stated: "For some time the Ministry of Education has been taking steps toward making a collection of ancient songs and

* Translation by R. A. Nicholson.

legends traditionally current among the residents of various parts of the country but never written down, with the intention of gathering them into special books and pamphlets."

Music plays an important part in the lives of the Iranians, though their peculiar instruments, so limited in scale, and their singing notes which sound monotonous to us, are alien to our ears. An Iranian told me:

"It sounds monotonous and inadequate to you because it lacks the vigor, lightness, depth, and gaiety of western music, but the many repetitions of our low-toned melodies stir us profoundly. If you remain long in Iran, you will hear music on the soft night air and sense that it has no racial boundaries. Our music is quiet and has the tones of nature. Like water flowing over boulders and stones, like wind in the trees, it has universal rhythms. Yours—forgive me—seems to us to sound 'screechy.' A fellow Iranian, who was with me in America, described your operatic music as laryngeal gymnastics; he added that Wagner was to him a musical showman, who loved blaring beauty.

"The high notes destroy our feeling of deep, strong, tense emotion. Restraint to us means more than extravagant expression. As a matter of fact, we have steps a quarter apart, while you have only half steps. We have really as great a variety of tones, but they are flat to your ears because your sense of sound is not sufficiently developed to enable you to hear them. The range is telescoped to a smaller scale than the range of western music."

There is, I concluded, a difference then in the "threshold of hearing," due perhaps to psychological rather than physical causes.

Another critic has summed up their music: "It has the tones of a Gregorian chant, but its gutturals are raucous to western ears. It has, however, primitive intensity and insistence which makes it very moving, like the inevitability of a storm, a sunrise, or a constellation making its way across the sky."

Music of some sort is part of religions, but it was prohibited by Islamic convention for a long time. Recently one of the followers of Zoroaster gave a quaint gift to Teheran—a subsidy which provides that each day, at sunset, musicians sit in a gallery above the great gate leading into the domain of the Minister of War and play on ancient instruments the high-pitched Zoroastrian music. At twilight crowds gather, people of all ages and classes. They stand quietly and listen to the old refrains with deep appreciation. This odd, subtle music of drums and reeds means much to them, and I, too, found it impressive, resurrecting the ideals of Zoroaster so long submerged by Mohammedan ecclesiasticism to satisfy an ancient longing imbedded deep in the Iranian character.

The world has learned much of Iranian art through the great exhibitions held in recent years in England, in Belgium, in America, and in Russia, for in these expositions magnificent collections of ancient and modern pieces were brought together, including sculpture, much of which had only recently been excavated. Iran is unquestionably tak-

ing her rightful place internationally, and is a source of pride to the entire East. The arts of Iran have been so completely isolated that when in 1910 the Islamic art of Iran was featured in the Munich Exhibition, it came as a revelation to modern Europe. Strange to say, the invading conquerors of Iran, in spite of destroying much, enriched her art both by bringing to it fresh blood and vigor and by encouraging an exchange of ideas and technique which also added much to the art not only of China and India, but through them influenced the art of all Asia.

XII

AN ARCHITECTURAL JOURNEY THROUGH THE AGES

ARCHITECTURE records every phase of the history of Iran. Surviving records bridge the iconoclastic years when the Mongols, in A.D. 1221, under Genghis Khan, rode victoriously and devastatingly through the country. Luckily much was then in the kindly keeping of the earth, or deep in sheltering forests, and therefore escaped obliteration at the hands of the marauders.

Journeying through Iran, at every turn of the road one comes upon the remains of buildings and monuments of great antiquity and beauty, for the tumultuous history of the empire has made of the whole country an archeological treasure trove. Each founder of a new dynasty built his capital four hundred miles or more away from the last. It was a measure for safety, as it was desirable to avoid the relatives of those he had conquered, especially the devoted followers of the last king, who in revenge would not only alienate the latter's followers, but more likely than not would attempt to take the newcomer's life. To build up his decimated ranks of soldiers, the new ruler wished to press into his service a large number of individuals who, having up to this

time led a quiet, normal life, were of healthy stock. These would know nothing of an earlier magnificence to compare with his newly acquired regal splendor, and would therefore be overwhelmingly impressed by his importance. All of which proves, in a measure, that beauty is deathless, and that even barbaric conquerors could not prevent a survival of art; so the golden thread of culture wove through the tragedies of downfall and rebuilding.

Near Kazarun is the province of Fars. In 1924 local peasant shepherds led astonished archeologists to a "find" which is on a hill above a precipice. It can be reached only by a small rock staircase leading up from a river far below the bas-relief. A god sits on a snake throne; horns issue from his crown. In his hand he holds a vase containing the "water of life." This flows out to the worshipers, who wear long robes. A goddess sits behind him. She has the dignity of wearing a headdress similar to his. Forty attendants approach, in skirts to their knees. Their hair is in pigtails similar to those in the Hittite stone carvings of Asia Minor.

This and other carvings show that artistic independence had developed by the eighth century B.C. Some of these show not only strong walls, towers, and battlements, but domestic houses of several stories with arched doors. The inscriptions tell of columns and roofs of wood. These were easily destroyed, but the metal tiles that covered the roofs survive. Archeologists maintain that these were unknown in Assyria and Babylonia at the time, indicating that Iran was preeminent at this early date. This

is further indicated by carvings which show a temple with six columns across the front and a gabled roof, antedating the Greek form of temple construction. The vistas of Iran's history stretch far along avenues of endless interest.

Darius and his successors had the wisdom to know that ostentation invites destruction, so they had records made which would endure for all time. Their palaces might go, but the mountains would stand. High on inaccessible cliffs, on precipices and in caves, they left their imperishable records. North of Kermanshah, in the caves of Tak-i-Bustan, are the sculptured records of the Sassanian dynasty which were made more than seventeen centuries ago. Deep in the heart of the cliff are two vaulted caves richly carved with scenes from the life of the romantic king Khosru II and his beautiful wife Shirin.

The entrance to the naturally symmetrical great rock caves, fourteen feet high and twenty feet deep, was cut by stone masons into double arches, on which the sculptor lavished decorative art. On the walls to the right and left, as well as those facing the entrances, are bold historical and mythological figures cut in high relief from the living rock. These, together with all the other cliff and cave carvings, unite in a stirring record the excitement, effort, faith, and failure which make up the imperishable stories of conquest and triumph on one side, disaster and death on the other.

From here, north, south, east, and west, are scattered the ruins of cities, fortresses, tombs and temples. There are more and more sites being dis-

covered where rare sculpture and objects of art are found—from Tabriz in northwest Iran, beyond Meshed toward the border of Afghanistan. At Murghab are the ruins of the palaces and temples which, in 550 B.C., belonged to Cyrus the Great. In excavating the earliest levels of mounds in Susa and Persepolis, Oengham and ancient Ray, tiles and pottery have been found which may go back over 6000 years, for they show a long line of development that required centuries to achieve, and indicate that Iran was the center from which the earliest known civilization spread. According to Dr. Olmstead, Professor of Oriental History in the University of Chicago, "there are a thousand other mounds in Iran crying out to be excavated."

Twenty miles from Kermanshah is the far-famed rock of Behistun upon which Darius, King of Kings, caused to be inscribed a list of his conquests, proclaiming for all time the might of his empire. The bas-relief, which has defied winds and rains for over 2400 years, depicts his triumph over ten pretenders to the throne. Beneath the feet of the Emperor lies a prostrate enemy, imploring with outstretched arms the mercy of the monarch, who implacably raises his hand to pronounce the doom of his captives. Over Darius' head is the winged figure of the Zoroastrian god, Ahura-Mazda, who is presenting to him a ring as the emblem of sovereignty. The inscriptions which surround the figures are on large tablets in three languages: Elamite, Babylonian, and old Persian. All were in cuneiform character by symbols, for each language differed, but all were made

up of simple wedge-form, cut deeper at the broad end.

While savants from Germany, France, Denmark, and Italy had successfully deciphered cuneiform writing, our debt of gratitude for translating the Behistun record is mainly due to a young British officer, Major Henry C. Rawlinson, who was employed in Hamadan by the Shah to train native recruits and while there became interested in the Behistun inscriptions. With the aid of a Kurdish shepherd lad, he made the perilous climb up the inaccessible cliff in 1835, and secured a "paper squeeze" of the eleven stone records which surround the great bas-relief. It took many years to complete the translations, but this work became the key which unlocked many records of antiquity. The triple inscription was the custom of those days and a courtesy to the different peoples who together composed the empire.

The ancient city of Ray was, in 1037, the proud capital of the Seljuk dynasty, until the Mongols swept over it. When Marco Polo traversed Iran on his journey from Venice to China, he spoke of it as a barren wilderness. It was excavated jointly by the University of Pennsylvania and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, under the direction of Dr. Erich Schmidt, and through their work we have an opportunity to gain first-hand knowledge of the shadowy years of the far past, catching glimpses here and there through rifts in the walls of time.

Persepolis is a bit of the eternal, and the historical apex of a journey to Iran. Suddenly, out of the desert, one comes to Persepolis. As far off as they

can be seen, its many remaining columns form the most amazing ruin in the entire Orient. A few tottering pillars which men still sadly call Persepolis seem to the traveler today like a leafless and lightning-stricken grove on a deserted plateau. Scarcely a vestige remains of the glowing façades of the Hall of a Hundred Columns or the Hypostyle Hall of Xerxes, the restored plans of which show with startling clearness whence the Moorish architects of the Alhambra drew their esthetic lineage. But if these lofty palaces of the Achaemenid monarchs are now wrecks on the shoal and bank of time, they survive in human imagination as an assembled and dazzling picture, eternal and indestructible. Its prestige was so great, even in the sixteenth century, that Christopher Marlow's Tamerlane exclaims:

Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis!

It is a dramatic moment in any life to walk up the gradual slope of the majestic staircase to the palace of Xerxes and stand at its mighty stone gates. The remains of two palaces, that of Darius the Great and that of his son Xerxes, stand on a platform which is lifted 25 feet in the air and is 1500 feet long. It was built with infinite labor, of rocks hewn out of the side of the nearby Zagros Mountains. They face the plain of Marvdasht, a flat, fertile land, ten miles across and connecting with other valleys extending for six hundred miles. In the old days this was all under cultivation. The

kings in Persepolis felt themselves secure, for their palaces were protected from their enemies on the east by the high, bare, and unproductive mountains; on the west the city and the palaces overlooked a fully populated garden valley, well cultivated and capable of feeding many thousands of people. They dreamed dreams of peace, as had the mighty Cyrus, who, after uniting the Medes and Persians, captured King Cræsus and absorbed the Babylonian Empire.

Even in ruins, Persepolis is today one of the most impressive spectacles in the world. The stones are especially vital in the afternoon and morning light. Then the palaces seem again to be filled with life. Pageantry, entertainments, and wars survive in the towering walls, and the great bas-reliefs, which seem actually to breathe in the vibrating light.

Architecture is an index of the culture of a people. Many who have made pilgrimages to these ruins have felt a quickened sense of living. Life seems to go back as actively as it goes forward. Asia is not dying—she is awakening. She recollects, recognizes, breathes with new life. In the little mud villages, so still, so lonely and secluded, there is talk of the rebuilding of the "Throne of Jamshid," as they call Persepolis. Even the peasants are bound by reverence for mighty association. This is a close, deep feeling, due to their racial identification with all that Persepolis signifies, and their belief that in their time, or in that of their children, Iran will again be great.

There are about 1200 bas-relief figures in many

shapes and designs. Oft repeated and in elaborate detail is the allegory of the King killing the demon griffin, symbolic of the conquering might of the Emperors. The formality of the struggle is delightful. The contestants are well groomed; the King erect, his headdress, hair, and beard faultless. Not a single fold of his costume is disturbed by the conflict. The robe over his shoulders, the double plaited skirt, are more suggestive of what the well-dressed Achaemenian should wear than they are of a death struggle! The griffin holds his many-feathered wings close to his body; his scaly neck is handsomely arched; his crest as neat as if it had been fluted for the occasion. The muscle modeling of the animal is accentuated, but there is no strain, no tension anywhere; these the sculptors probably thought would lessen the dignity of the whole. The demon stands firmly on one clawed foot and presses the other against the left leg of his adversary, while his left claw pushes against the royal breast. He immobilizes the King's upraised arm by grasping it at the elbow. Weight, strength, and position are with him, but the King easily conquers by looking his opponent unwaveringly in the eye, while stabbing him in the abdomen, to signify, perhaps, the concentration of his armies.

Another oft-repeated group is of a lion, relentlessly attacking a gentle, gazelle-like animal, which wears a necklace and makes no resistance. While his flanks are being firmly held in the lion's claws and a large bite is being taken out of his back, he looks reproachfully at his overpowering enemy as if to say, "How

can you do this to me?" This, I was told, typifies the desert overcoming civilization.

The grand ceremonial staircase has two wide flights which, after a broad landing, converge and lead to the audience chamber where sat the mighty Emperor, Darius. The slabs which formed the upright sides of the stairs have been rescued from the earth and restored to their original position. The bas-reliefs on these are as clear-cut as if hewn yesterday, and cleverly represent, as if they were mounting the stairs, a long series of men in the costumes of many different countries. They are emissaries from the kings of all the conquered countries, bringing tribute to their overlord, and gifts which represent the finest art of the lands from which they have come—Egypt, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Babylon; in fact, all territory from the Indus River to the Nile had been conquered by Iran.

Of the millions of travelers from all over the earth, none have been disappointed here. It is impossible to expect too much. The carvings are full of interest, for here one reads in stone not only the crisp details of Greek art, but also the methods and the decorative quality of designs from Lydia, Assyria, and other countries. When these had been conquered, their best artists were brought to Persepolis, where their captivity was lightened by congenial work and by comradeship, for here the genius of the then known world was brought together and flowered. Persepolis expresses the virility and triumph of the age which produced it.

The originality of the architecture is in the far-

famed Persepolitan column, which is extremely slender, and has numerous perpendicular channelings and semicircular grooving. It stands upon an elaborate bell-shaped base. Its capital is the most complicated of all ancient types, and is among the most beautiful. It comprises three superimposed parts—the uppermost is made of two bulls, kneeling back to back. This unique bull design is copied in some of the state department buildings of Teheran.

Thousands of years have passed, but still the great Assyrian winged bulls stand at the gates of these palaces. These bulls have the faces of men surmounted by high headdresses. Odd as this combination is, there is strength and great dignity in their stern features, and the great wings give balance to the composition. The curled hair, beards, and long earrings do not detract from the serene consciousness of power.

Beaten for ages by wind and dust storms, scorched and eroded by eons of blinding suns and drenching rains, the spiritual and intellectual influence of Persepolis still exerts itself, not only upon the souls and minds of those who stand on its great platform, but through the work directed by Olmstead, Breasted and Schmidt. The spiritual power of this beauty has inspired artists everywhere, and so has reached around the world. The circle seems to complete itself where this touches the great Aztec and Inca ritual designs which independently developed about A.D. 100 on our side of the Atlantic.

There is a tradition that Persepolis once contained a great library in which there were, among other

Zoroastrian books, the *Avesta*, written by order of Darius in silver and gold on 12,000 ox hides. At Persepolis, besides larger treasures, tablets, numberless royal seals and jewels have been found, and in the nearby city of Shushan, or Susa, where Esther captivated Xerxes (Ahasuerus of the Bible), there has been found, among other architectural elegancies, a lion frieze in glazed tile, the ground of which is turquoise blue, the lions in tawny yellow, and the design below the frieze in gray and rose.

The huge palaces were adorned with metal and with textiles of rare sorts from China and India as well as from Iran. They were carpeted with priceless rugs in colors which no other weavers could combine. The colors of the desert must have molded the artists' temperaments. Bare mountains, swiftly changing, gave strength and vivacity; oasis gardens put into their hearts a love of fine flower and animal forms and taught them to master the use of color.

At last Persepolis fell. Macedonian, Seleucid, Parthian, and Sassanic swept over it in succession, not well knowing the wealth and wonder of that which they destroyed. The halls, burned at the whim of Thais, the light o' love of Alexander the Great, fell into blackened ruin. Those that she spared, shaken and neglected, soon perished through the falling in of the heavily timbered and overornamented roofs; the runlets from the hills gnawed mercilessly at the wooded architraves and slowly crumbled the clay which covered them. In the course of half a century or so from the period in which they had been last inhabited, they had sunk into almost the same de-

gree of ruin in which we behold them today. Then came the Arab, who quarried among their pillars for the building materials out of which his farm or homestead was to be constructed. And lastly fell utter desolation—noiseless, silent, sun-drenched ruin—where once stood on their platform the snow-white colonnades of the throne rooms of the great kings.

Alexander, familiar with the beauty of ancient Greece, thus became, in an hour, the king of vandals and the arch enemy of civilization. It is said that there were those who suggested that now was the time for him to retaliate against the Iranians for the successful battle of Thermopolae, and for their having dared to send their armies and fleets against the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis. Alexander would conquer the world and rule Iran, but by this act he seated himself instead on the throne of Nemesis. Neither the name of Alexander nor of any of his soldiers is anywhere to be found among the ruins, but there is the name of Xerxes, inscribed in resounding phrases:

I AM XERXES, THE GREAT KING, THE
KING OF COUNTRIES, OF MANY RACES,
THE KING OF THE GREAT UNIVERSE,
THE SON OF DARIUS, THE KING, THE
ACHAEMENIAN.

After the magnificent palaces of Darius and Xerxes at Persepolis and that of Artaxerxes at what is now Hamadan were destroyed by invaders, architecture languished for centuries. Little is known about the later palaces, except that they were relatively small,

designed nevertheless with exquisite art and the utmost enrichment of all kinds of decoration.

The private residences of the rich resembled the palaces. In some degree Shah Abbas revived some of the old architecture and developed much that was original and strong, which has endured intact until today. The palaces and mosques which he built are among the most entrancing in the entire Islamic world. They are characterized by brick walls and vaults, brilliant tile facings, exquisitely symmetrical domes, huge portals, niches, and round minarets—a design which spread to India and Turkestan, and also radiated into Syria, Egypt, and Spain.

The center of interest in Teheran is the ancient and beautiful Gulistan Palace in the heart of the city. It was used as the residence of the rulers until the present Shah. It is a treasure house of elegance and dignity. Now it is used only on state occasions, such as the reception of foreign ambassadors and ministers, the holding of Royal Salaams at No-Ruz (New Year), and on the Shah's birthday. A new palace has been constructed on Avenue Pahlavi, where His Majesty, the Shah of Shahs, resides with his family. It is enclosed by a great wall which insures the complete privacy sought by high and low alike in the East. Quiet is assured by the prohibition of all traffic on the streets surrounding the palace after eight o'clock in the evening.

Gulistan is preserved in its former splendor, with its great audience hall containing the famous Peacock Throne. It was built in the shape of a roomy platform, the conventional type of Oriental throne, upon

which the monarch entertained his most highly honored guests. Upon this throne many Shahs have sat. It is jeweled in arabesque, and outstanding among the many delicate figures carved thereon are two perky little peacocks, perched on top of the high back of the throne. At the highest point of the ornate back of the wide throne, between the peacocks, is a revolving wheel of mirrors. The long, slender, flat spokes are so slanted that as they turn they reflect the light from all angles. The mechanism is invisible and consists of a chain which passes over a cogged wheel back of the mirrors. The peacock throne was spoils of war, and was taken from the Great Mogul of India by Nadir Shah when he conquered Bengal and sacked Delhi.

In the great Gulistan gardens are many subsidiary buildings, among them the Chems-el-Imaret, with its Hall of Brilliants. It has been occupied by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is a six-story building which was once the harem; it has towers on each end and a flat roof between. Its façade, ornamented with enameled tiles and stained glass, faces the main street which leads to the great bazaar, and it is not difficult to imagine merchants from India and far Cathay spreading their tempting wares before the latticed windows. It has now been turned into business offices. Gulistan means "place of the roses." With its flower-bordered pools, its splashing fountains, and its great pine, cypress, plane and poplar trees setting off the palace buildings, as emeralds surround a diamond, it presents an external appearance of fanciful, unreal beauty.

In a building next to Gulistan Palace, in a room on the ground floor, is a white marble throne once possessed by Kerim Khan, who ruled Iran from Shiraz as representative of the Zand dynasty. He was the immediate predecessor of the Kajar dynasty which was deposed by Riza Shah. It has a spacious platform supported by caryatids. On state occasions the curtains which separate it from the main courtyard are drawn aside, and it is reflected in a wide pool in which it seems to rise from the depths and float in fairy-like Arabian Nights beauty. Riza Pahlavi sat on the Nadir throne for his coronation. It is a triumph of Indian art in wood carving with pure gold overlay. A smiling tiger crouches at its foot; cheerful dragons obligingly support the seat; the back, sides and other flat surfaces are pierced with an intricate pattern and lavishly jeweled. It is spacious and of regal dignity, but it is a one-man throne. It too was brought from Delhi by Nadir Shah, the conqueror. It had not been used for over a century, and is now known as the Pahlavi Throne.

Riza crowned himself instead of having the ceremony performed by the highest clerical potentate because he wished to take no chance of that emblem of power and authority being placed on his head slantingly, for a crooked crown would have indicated an unhappy reign. He set it on squarely and firmly. This superstition affects some English minds as well. A friend wrote me after the coronation of King George VI: "He will have a troublous reign. His crown did not sit straight on his head." Riza Shah does not make use of a throne. He receives his

own ministers and representatives of foreign powers standing in the Hall of Brilliants.

The great throne room of the Gulistan palace is reached by a wide stair which winds up from the vestibule inside the great portals. Along the way small pieces of mirror glass reflect all surrounding light and color and give a twinkling feeling of excitement, which is a fitting prelude to the glamor that awaits. The hall, vast and vaulted, is well proportioned and has many alcove recesses in which have been arranged innumerable presents to previous Shahs from the crowned heads of the world: gold encrusted with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. From Toledo has come steel intricately inlaid with gold; from Milan the finest glass, from China porcelains, ivory and lacquer; a miscellaneous array so profuse that one is dazzled. Jewels are everywhere in countless numbers. Gradually there emerges from the shimmering iridescence the sword of Tamerlane; the handle and scabbard blaze with multi-hued color and light; seals in intaglio and in raised relief, the impress of which had meant life or death; crowns, helmets, scepters, the \$400,000 hookah from which Muzaffar-ed-Din smoked; headdress and turban ornaments; shields, epaulets, necklaces, bracelets set with topaz, amethyst, turquoise, sapphire and pearl; gold cups and flagons set so thick with gems they must have cut the hands that held them. The rims were smooth so the lips which pressed against them could drink deep. The royal jewels of Iran are considered the greatest

in the world, but they have never been tabulated, as they say "to count rubies" is to lose them.

There is evidence in cliff carvings and tombs that Iranian appreciation of jewelry goes back to four thousand years before Christ. Here, as in Egypt, rings, breastplates, and other treasures buried with the dead were, with incalculable labor and the utmost skill, covered with extraordinary jewels.

This magnificence fulfils one's utmost expectation of Oriental sumptuousness. The architecture is in keeping with generosity in decoration; the lavishness and color do not seem too ornate, perhaps because the palace is surrounded by gardens which are also a dream of beauty, with their artificial lakes, splashing fountains, noble cypresses, stately poplars and chenars, blossoming and fruiting trees with tender new leaves. The faience tiles which completely cover the inner surface of the high enclosing garden walls are so designed that the colors blend with the trees and flowers and thus remove the impression of a wall. The completeness of this ancient and splendid palace, its vividness of color, the proportionate wrought patterns of façades, roofs, and courts, seem to tell the visitor that it has special significance; and so it has, for it was built to celebrate the removal of the capital of Iran from Isfahan to Teheran; to outshine the Golden Age of Shah Abbas in the earlier capital and to establish the glory of the Kajar Kings, under a remarkable natural leader of men, Nadir Shah. Rising from humble origin, the life of this Eastern Luminary resembled in many ways that of Napoleon, in a spectacular and brilliant, though

brief, career, which for a little while led Iran to a summit of fame and power in the Middle East. Only for one crowded hour, however, for he was assassinated in 1747. Eventually tribal chiefs who had slowly but surely, through the kaleidoscopic changes of the eighteenth century, extended their strength and influence, seized the throne. Under Aga Mohammed Khan, a eunuch and a demon, the Kajar dynasty was founded in 1794 and lasted until its overthrow in 1925 by an army officer named Riza Khan.

In Hamadan the great palace of Queen Esther has gone. Nothing is visible today but a broken stone lion toppled in the dust at the base of the bare hill. But her tomb remains in what was an old Jewish cemetery. The original tomb was destroyed when Tamerlane sacked Hamadan. The present building, however, is on the same site. It is square with a small wing on one side and is surmounted by a brick cupola resembling a gigantic beehive which unintentionally is symbolic of the industry of her people. The entrance is under an unpretentious arch. The actual opening is so low that one has to bend low in order to enter. The door is made of a single stone hewn with pivots of stone at the top and bottom, which fit into deep stone sockets; on these it turns. I followed along a low winding passage into the vaulted crypt. The walls are dim from the smoke of oil lamps and tapers used to light the way of thousands of pilgrims. This is a shrine for both Mohammedans and Jews. In the center of the dim chamber are two graves. Each is covered by an ebony

ark-shaped sarcophagus inscribed with Hebrew letters eulogizing Esther and Mordecai. Sacred texts and other records of value have been placed here for safe keeping.

Iran's great mosques express the eloquence and subtlety of the Mohammedan art. Those at Qum, Shiraz, Qhomain and the two masterpieces in Isfahan built by Shah Abbas are all noteworthy examples of the Iranian style of religious architecture. For the townspeople the mosques, upon which generations of craftsmen have lavished their skill, have been what the great cathedrals of Europe were in the Middle Ages—places of assembly as well as of prayer, an expression in which at critical times the corporate memory and interests of the race have sprung into vivid life.

The mosque, Musjid-i-Shah, at Isfahan, could have held within its walled court the whole population when it was built. The clear pool of water before its beautiful entrance is so large that it reflects the tiled façade, the glowing turquoise glory of the domes, and the inlaid minarets. The prayer niche, or mihrab, is decorated with intertwining sea-green vines and lotus flowers which seem to be alive. The other mosque of Sheikh Lutf Allah has its gateway faced with dazzling faience, its yellow dome decorated in flowing patterns of black and colored tiles which dust does not dim. Through the fenestrations of its stone windows a gentle light falls. Sometimes the doves come in; they are, to the Iranians, as to us, symbols of the eternal spirit of man. The architectural feature of especial note is the remark-

able series of curves of the entrance hallway, which is one hundred feet long and turns a right angle. The planes of the ceiling change as they cover this arcade from the entrance gate of the enclosure to the door of the mosque. They resemble facets; they are so delicately cut, that even without symmetry each leads harmoniously to the next. In building, this difficulty arose because traditionally the prayer niche must be on the side nearest to Mecca, in order that the imam may face that holy city when offering his petitions. In order to preserve the symmetry of the square, the entrance archway, instead of being opposite the mosque entrance, is almost at a right angle; so, in order to have one lead directly to the other, this remarkable corridor had to be erected.

The shimmering blues and greens of the tiles in these mosques take on in certain lights a coat of silver. The light on them varies at different times of the day; the walls vibrate as high lights alternate with shadows. The large arches opening on three sides, admit the sun to glorify each surface. The spiritual expression in these houses of God seems to me more poignant than in the majority of Christian cathedrals. The entrance arches sweep up toward the sky with an unmistakable quality of outward soaring. Entering a mosque through one of these great portals gives a feeling of suspense, followed by a culmination which lifts the spirit rejoicing to its Creator. For a moment the interior seems shadowy, but as soon as the pupils of the eyes relax it becomes a vast, airy place of bewildering glory. The iridescent maze of delicate tile in intricate arabesque de-

signs, the colors of cobalt, turquoise, green and rose, shining like gems, stimulate the imagination. Its rhythms are infectious.

The Blue Mosque of Tabriz, one of the finest fifteenth-century Mohammedan buildings, is now in ruins. The beauty of its rich blue tiles is heightened by the arabesque scrolls and the interim patterns of faience in salmon, yellow, black and white, which enliven what is left of the interior and cover the characteristic long thin bricks of which the mosque is built.

To preserve and encourage the arts which have made Iran a treasure house, the new School of Art in Teheran is training specialists in the weaving of rugs, painting of miniatures, making of tiles, and all the other arts and crafts for which Iran has long been distinguished. Ironically, the construction of this Art School, dedicated to the revival and preservation of national art, has caused the destruction of a most interesting ancient palace in which there was a series of mural paintings.

With the rise of nationalism, there has been a renaissance of interest, not only in ancient art, but also in originating those things which are called for everywhere in the modernizing of homes and cities; so the Art School is humming with activity in architecture, sculpture, drawing, painting, designing, wood carving, pottery and inlay, and weaving of exquisite brocades for hangings, garments, and furniture coverings. It is preparing for the art of the future as well as preserving that of the past.

XIII

RELIGIOUS AND SPIRITUAL VALUES

THE history of Iran as a race and a nation is inextricably woven with the history of her religious experience. Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism have each in turn played a vital part in molding her thought, culture, and mode of life. It is only possible, within the scope of this chapter, to consider briefly the illuminating similarities and the essential differences among them, which have most influenced Iran. In addition to the ideology which is part of all human aspiration, there are amazing parallels among these religions.

The teachings of Zoroaster have a high ethical content. They present God, Ahura-Mazda, as King of Kings, Creator of all good things, omniscient and foreknowing, who created the world in six days and whose greatest creation was a righteous man. Ahri-man was the devil, father of lies, destroyed at the end of time. God created Heaven and Hell and Purgatory. In the world he created all that is good and taught that good ultimately triumphs. He drove man and woman from Paradise for sin. Zoroaster

also taught the resurrection from the dead, the immortality of the soul, and the Last Judgment.

Zoroastrians believe in five cardinal points: the personality of God; the holy triad of Humata, Hukta, Hvarshta (good thoughts, good words, and good deeds); the inexorable law of righteousness; the future recompense for good and evil; the final coming of the kingdom through the cooperation of man.

His conversations contain thoughts, the counterparts of which in Christ's teaching are obvious:

"Turning misfortunes and calamities into lessons and blessings."

"Where findeth my soul a helper . . . save in Right and in Thee, O God."

"That nature alone is good which shall not do unto another whatsoever is not good for its own self."

"The holy law standeth ever at thy door in the persons of thy brethren."

"It is necessary for us to promote whatever is His wish, that our wish may be realized."

"Out of sin cometh the punishment connected with it."

"He who sows grain sows righteousness."

"He has gained nothing who has not gained the soul."

"The dead shall rise, life shall return to their bodies, and they shall breathe again . . . each one of them when created by me was therein more difficult than causing the resurrection . . . the whole world shall become free from old age and death, from corruption and decay, forever and forever."

Further parallels are:

<i>Christ</i>	<i>Zoroaster</i>
The guiding star beheld by the Magi and by the shepherds, etc.	Supernatural manifestations at nativity
Christ's instruction from the priests in the temple and His capacity to converse with them	Precocious and amazing child at seven, initiated into mysteries of religion by a venerable sage
Beginning of Christ's ministry at thirty	Turned to a religious life at twenty; went out alone to fast and meditate
Small group of fishermen His first disciples. Attention first drawn to Christ by healing miracles	Began his ministry with small group of followers, and performing of a miracle among them, restoring sight to the blind
Four Gospels	Four sacred books — the Gathas
God—Jehovah Elohim—the Creator	Monotheistic — Ahura-Mazda, the Creator

Scholars are divided as to whether the residence of the Jews in Babylon, bringing them into long contact with Zoroastrian religious influence, is responsible for their belief in the resurrection, the final judgment, a Messiah to come, and Satan, or whether these beliefs are the product solely of Hebraic thinking. In any case, they became prominent only after the captivity.

Zoroaster, the son of Pourus Haspa and Dughdora, was born about 1000 B.C., "beautiful as well as strong in body and mind." While still a youth, he introduced a religion in which Ahura-Mazda was worshiped as God. His symbols were earth, air, fire, water, these elements representing truth and purity. He convinced the people that the old *doevas* or nature gods were idols and that true worship required purity of the mind, the fulfilment of duty and self-support through agriculture. Zoroaster, "First Tiller of Land," realized that "the plow was the noblest and most useful instrument against confusion and disorder." The Gathas, which are the oldest part of the Zend-Avesta, are filled with ethical teaching and a fine balance between body and soul. A prayer reads: "I pray for that mighty power by which we may smite evil . . . Give me nourishment, a cultivated mind, and an active soul; offspring virtuous and intelligent; deliver men from misery and woe." "Do not acquire the riches of the material world at cost of the spiritual." Under this creed there was neither feasting nor slothfulness. "Arise! he who rises first enters the best world, driving away idleness and procrastination."

Many of the famous Greek writers in the seventh century before Christ were familiar with Zoroastrian ideas and conceptions, which through them have directly and indirectly influenced Western civilization. His teachings made a profound impression in molding the Jewish, Christian, and Moslem religions. The Zoroastrian king, Darius, accepted the responsibility of representing God upon the earth,

and was so broad-minded he not only liberated the Jews in Babylon but allowed them to rebuild their own temples in Jerusalem, which was then part of the Persian Empire.

The Zoroastrian religion still survives in spite of the determination of the Mohammedans after the Arab conquest, A.D. 681, to destroy it and its influences. There are Parsee families in practically every city in Iran; there are many in Kerman. They greatly object to being referred to as "fire worshipers"; one explained to me that it is just as offensive as it would be to call a Christian a cross worshiper, since the cross too is only a symbol. No ceremony is more impressively beautiful and uplifting than that of the Parsees when they pray at sunset. I often saw them in Bombay as they stood on the shore of the Indian Ocean, when, in their long white robes after loosening the ceremonial cord around their waists, they lifted their arms and heads to heaven to receive God's evening benediction.

The Iranians who accepted the Mohammedan religion did not altogether forsake their loyalty to Zoroastrianism, for they subtly developed a type of Islam which embodies many of the ancient religious ideas; and fire, as typified by the sun, and earth, and air, still speaks to them of God in the voice of nature. It has been said in praise of the moral idealism of Riza Shah Pahlavi, that in crusading against corruption and intrigue he upholds Zoroaster's conception of the struggle between the good and evil genius. Everywhere there is evidence of a return to the inspirational teaching of the ancient prophet. Zoro-

aster's insistence upon truthfulness receives renewed approval. Young people are reading the Gathas carefully, and find that much in them has been used by later religions or philosophers. What is called "the civilized conscience" accepts what is socially useful in Zoroastrianism.

When the conquering Arabs forced the heavy cloak of Islamic inactivity upon the shoulders of Iran, they brought, together with Mohammed's religious ideas, a vast collection of civil, criminal, and prohibitory laws which involved the entire life of a Moslem in a network of observances, whether he was a true believer or secret agnostic. There were primarily five duties for every believer to perform: i.e., declaration of faith, prayer, almsgiving, the fast of Ramadan, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Mohammedan year has a number of saints' days, varying with the locality; the observance of these has undoubtedly encouraged habits of procrastination and been the cause of much laziness. Many of these, however, have been abolished recently.

Mohammedanism in Iran cannot justly be spoken of without distinguishing between the philosophic mysticism of the Sufis, the legalism of the traditionalists, and the decadent external formalism of which we have most often heard. It is true that the Sufis are loosely attached to, but never completely separated from, the Mohammedans. Their name indicates a person who wears wool (*suf*) and their costume is an imitation of the garb of the Christian monks, whom the Sufis admired and by whom many of them were taught. They are considered saints and

are parallel to the Christian mystics, Saint Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Theresa, and others.

The Sufis, in contrast with the Mullahs, take no part in the secular affairs of the people, but live the life of the spirit apart from all material concern. But they are not exactly hermits, for they mingle with the people to discuss philosophy, art, life, poetry, in fact all that pertains to man's soul. Among the Sufis are numbered many poets. Some do not marry because they maintain that human love distracts the thoughts from God. Others consider marriage a step toward loving God through a better understanding of people. They believe in rigorous self-discipline and live a life of extreme poverty; some of them go about with their "begging bowls," by which they eke out an existence; they are willing to be dead to the world in order to gain spiritual life and bring the divine to man. People acquire merit by giving to them, because in return they can be helped by prayers. They have helped to create and preserve culture in art and literature as Christian monks have done. Some till the fields to feed themselves, the poor, and the afflicted.

Their homes, *khan-a-qahi*, are in most large towns. Here wanderers find the necessities, a fraternal welcome, and the companionship of those who love the Sufi poets.

The vein of mysticism, which has slenderly run through Iran's faith, is best known in the philosophy of the Sufis. The Moslem says: "There is no god but God." The Sufi says: "There is nothing but God—no classes, no nationalities; a blade of wheat,

the petal of a poppy, the love of men and women, all are part of God."

The traditional legalists were those who guided civil life according to the traditions of the Koran; their power has waned in the last ten years, for the government accepts less and less the traditions of the theologians, and where their teaching contradicts progress, it is ignored altogether.

The Shah is determined to have his country modern, scientific, crisp with reform in the living of all his people. Religion must recognize and conform to this progress. All the citizenry is subject to its ruler, the King of Kings; after that they can attend to their spiritual life.

Islam grants social equality to all men under Allah, hence averting such class-consciousness as exists in India's caste system. But it does reserve two exceptions—the clergy and the descendants of Mohammed. For these dignitaries respect was widespread and, through the hands of the mullahs, their religious law has until lately been temporal law.

Until the adoption of the Constitution in 1906, there existed only the religious and the statute law. But as European codes have now been officially adopted, the Shah has made a sharp division between the Church and the State.

But the religious hold is tenacious. For the mullahs acted in all official capacities, and consequently knew intimately the lives of all dwellers in their parishes. The law was their principal source of livelihood; they were always able to hide behind the

Koran as divine revelation, thus maintaining a strong grip on the people.

The quiet opposition of many of these mullahs is the strongest conservative force in the land. But the Shah will brook no opposition. And as their power wanes, they see their aristocratic position vanishing. They have not taken it lightly, and have tried to rouse the people against the new customs, but they have been chastised and given to understand that their business is entirely within their mosques.

In the past many citizens saw no great harm in dishonesty, crime, or immorality as long as they performed their religious observances. Affirmative ethical values were secondary to external formalism.

The peculiar system of jurisprudence which grew out of the Koran, however, was often at variance both with the principles and the spirit of the prophet. It was so modified and rewritten by mullahs of later periods that not all reprehensible features of the doctrine can be charged against Mohammed.

The Koran condemns injustice, falsehood, pride, avarice, debauchery, and suspicion; while benevolence, liberality, patience, sincerity, love of peace and truth, modesty, and, above all, trust in God and submission to His will are considered the signs of true piety. Mohammed did not advocate the doctrine of absolute predestination and fatality, a doctrine which destroys all individual responsibility and which has, among later theologians, become a fixed pillar in the creed. This doctrine instilled the drug of fatalism in Iran.

Today, fanaticism is so weakened that there is no

excitement over things which ten years ago would have been resented as insults. Among other things, the Shah has discouraged the fantastic mourning which for more than a thousand years has been a yearly religious practice, when the Shiah Moslems celebrate, during the month of Muharram, the suffering and martyrdom of the Imam, Hussein, son of Ali and grandson of Mohammed, who was killed at Kerbela. This is the first month of the Mohammedan year. During the first ten days of this month, mullahs recite all day and half the night the story of Hussein's defeat and death in the battle of Kerbela.

During these days in the past, black draperies shrouded the bazaars and other public places, and many people wore black; the streets were avenues of gloom, and in the homes the *anderun* was woefully dull, for the gay dresses and bright-colored house chadars of the women were replaced by long black or white veils. During this period there were no marriages or festivities. Men and women still crowd into the mosques' enclosures, moan and groan, sing and weep; the sound can be heard for blocks as the mourners become more and more excited and fanatical; they cry aloud until exhausted, but now, by order of the Shah, the streets are quiet.

Until recently this religious excitement has culminated in a procession of frenzied followers of the prophet, going through the streets clad in sackcloth, hysterically shrieking, screaming, and wailing; others chanting dirges and beating their breasts; some with chains bruising their backs, or with many-tailed whips flagellating themselves until streams of blood

followed the lashes. Castigations and mutilations indicated religious fervor. The more zealous struck their gory foreheads with swords as they staggered along, reenacting the great miracle play of Islam; as a penance, as a plea for favor, or as an outlet for the repressions of a despondent religion, and the reward of going straight to heaven if they died of their self-inflicted wounds.

In 1933 the Shah reduced these processions to three days and forbade the more primitive expressions. In most towns the exhibitionism was confined mainly to partly closed squares in which the people had to walk round and round, so reducing the spectacle to comparative privacy, which in turn reduced the enthusiasm, especially as those who wished to cut themselves were permitted to do so only out in the country before dawn, and must bathe immediately afterward. This deprived the martyrs of the admiration and sympathy of bystanders. The Shah, I was told, had with great wisdom diverted the people by founding a more cheerful outlet for their emotions. A street carnival with bands, floats, clowns, dancers, and organized applause resulted. Ordinary carts and horses were decorated; automobiles were gaily trimmed; shops and people were colorfully decked. The streets in the business section became a playground. Increasing multitudes assembled to see the carnival and expend their emotion in joy instead of in vicarious grief.

Six hundred miles east from Teheran is the sacred Shrine City of Meshed, one of the three most important religious centers of the Moslem world. The

gates of the mosque enclosure are inlaid with precious stones, the pillars of rare marble, the walls decorated with gold leaf and other precious metals.

Three hundred years ago, the far-seeing Shah Abbas discouraged pilgrimages to Mecca. The way across Arabia is long; the money spent by the way and the high tax to enter the Holy City and find maintenance there had better be spent going to Meshed, which is on Iran's soil, near the Afghan border, in the opposite direction from Mecca. These patriotic and economic reasons are so sound that the shrine tomb in which an Imam is buried has become as potent in comforting the followers of Mohammed as was formerly a stay in the birthplace of the prophet. Those who have made the journey are given the distinctive title, "Meshedi."

By the educated Iranian, death is usually accepted calmly; its inescapable solemnity is regarded as an inevitable part of life. The bodies of the wealthy are treated with chemicals and, in the dry heat of summer, mummify. They are temporarily buried or placed on shelves to await an opportunity of transfer for burial beside a shrine. For to them, and to their relatives, there is mystic satisfaction in being laid to rest where the blessing of a saint may fall on them. The corpses are accompanied by members of their families, who acquire the merit of a pilgrimage. Those from northern Iran usually go to Meshed. Those from the southern part may be carried as deck cargo from Bushire to Basra; by train from there to Baghdad, and by caravan on to Holy Kerbela or Mecca. The Shah and the health officials, however,

disapprove of this, and it is rapidly lessening as it is discouraged by education and by the high fees and taxes for transportation of corpses.

When Islam was split up into two great rival sects, Shiah and Sunni, Iran became the stronghold of the former; Egypt, all North Africa, and Turkey are Sunni. Iran wished to emphasize its independence of thought. The present estimate is that upwards of 70 per cent of the people in Iran belong to the Shiite sect, according to which Ali and his wife Fatima, Mohammed's daughter, and their descendants are considered the true leaders of the faithful. Some 800,000, principally Kurds, in the northwest—near the Turkish border—are Sunnite. This sect considers that Mohammed's uncle and his male relatives, who became the first four Caliphs, are his rightful successors. The aid of Ali, his son-in-law, is today more frequently invoked by the Shiah sect than that of the Prophet. Wide tolerance is exercised toward the followers of other religions in places where Europeans reside, but elsewhere they are sometimes oppressed by the lower classes of the population.

Spiritually, Iran is now at a crossroad. As a progressive government makes the Church conform to the State, the autocratic authority of the religion of temporal observances begins to waver where it does not fit into modern life—either in teaching or in practice.

Christianity was introduced in the first six centuries A.D., and spread rapidly. During the reign of Marcus Aurelius, there were no less than twenty-five bishops between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian

Sea. It was not long after this that the Nestorian controversy drove large numbers of Christians out of the Roman Empire into Iran, and this land became the center of a great missionary enterprise for the conversion of the East. The Zoroastrians began to fear that the whole country would become Christian. Persecution, which at first only furthered the spread of the faith, became later indiscriminate murder, and it is said that 10,000 Christians were put to death. The Moslem invasion completed the destruction of the Church. But to this day there are small communities of Assyrian and other Christian groups in different parts of Iran.

It is not likely that the State will adopt any official religion; the days of the Church-State are over; but to remain theoretically Moslem preserves unity. "We must keep the Koran, but get rid of the stupid explanations," said the philosopher-mullah, Saddrah of Shiraz, who taught that religion must alter with time. Wilson Cash, in his book, *Persia, Old and New*, relates: "I sat one day talking with a man who knew Iran as few men do, one who could count as his personal friends the highest in the land, and I asked him what he thought of Islam today. His reply was: 'Islam is dead.' He went on to explain that while the illiterate people are still strongly Moslem, the educated people are rapidly becoming indifferent. Looking into the future, he could see no hope whatever for Islam there. I then put a second question. 'Do you think they will entirely drift into secularism?' Again he gave a startling answer. 'No,' he said, 'they are too religious to remain

materialists for long. But some day a religion that suits Iranians will come to this land and they will accept it, or develop a form of their own.' "

There are many well-educated and traveled Iranians who believe the Moslem religion is not only the best but is suitable for all countries, in that all men need set laws within their capacity to keep. On the other hand, many of the young Iranians believe Islam was useful in its day but is no longer helpful to those who are not mentally a century behind the times. An awakened youth demands social service as a way to regeneration, and the complete absence of such activity among Moslem religious leaders makes the modern man turn away from it. Increasingly the majority of the people are coming to see that old Islam and the new methods of government are contradictory.

It may justly be said that the Shah has instituted a new psychology called "Iranianism." For the sake of national unity, he wants his subjects to feel that they are Iranians before everything else. This form of national consciousness is something new. Only a few years ago, a man was known solely by his religion. The Moslem ruled; the Jew, the Armenian Christian, and the Parsee were treated contemptuously and obliged to wear distinguishing marks of dress, which, happily, they really preferred as an expression of group strength and loyalty. By it they could be detected and were often scorned, which increased their pride and bitterness. Now all inhabitants of the country must wear the same modern dress; all invidious distinctions have been abolished.

Mosques that have been closed to non-Moslems are open to them now. Be he Moslem, Jew, Parsee or Armenian, a man now is first and foremost an Iranian. Age-old barriers have broken down as men of different races and creeds are being welded into a single nation.

Can Nationalism be a satisfactory religion? We who watch the events of Central Europe are inclined to answer in a violent negative. Yet we must wait and see what happens in the Near and Mid-East. The pages of its new history are but freshly written, the ink not dry. It may well be that tolerant national unity is first necessary to create national pride great enough to support a religion in which it can find its fullest expression.

It is interesting to consider Christianity in connection with the present changes. For it is Christian thought which Iran is absorbing in her adoption of western modes of life, whether the majority of its inhabitants are aware of this or not. The new customs are the material expression of Christianity's ethics of good living, self-improvement, purity of soul and godliness, the ideals of Europe and the Americas.

Iran owes its present nationalistic and domestic ideals to Christianity, and, as Mohammed was influenced by 660 years of Christianity, historically we know that it helped to create Islam. They are not actually as far apart today as in the old, intolerant days when neither tried to understand or find anything good in the other.

Missionaries have spread the Gospel by their lives,

through mission-school instruction, by hospitals, and by their helpfulness in all directions. There is ostensibly complete freedom of religion in Iran, but to an extent those who have adopted Christianity—and there are about a thousand Christians in Iran—still find that, temporarily at least, it restricts their fields of action.

Iran has had abundant reason to be disgusted by "Christian aggression." It is only since she has successfully defeated the greed of two great powers that many of the people are able to discard their old distrust and hatred of "Christians," who marched armies in to rob them of their most valuable resources. This un-Christian behavior of old Russia and of England toward Iran, and the failure in all Christian countries to live up to their standards, is enough to damn in the eyes of Moslems the religion we represent. The thoughtful, however, have the discrimination not to confuse the ideal with its practice, thus making allowance for our common human nature. That the Iranians can make this distinction shows the excellence of the long helpful work of the missionaries in teaching and healing. Of course, the individual belief in kindness, brotherliness, freedom, and equal opportunity for all is strong and must eventually prevail. In these and in conscientious behavior in the transaction of business, in home life, and in general social advance, Christianity justifies itself.

Iran is perfecting its new order of government and straining valiantly toward its social goal; this must include a philosophical study of spiritual values and

may eventually succeed in evolving a broader, more truly Christian life than western people have accomplished, for Asiatics are by nature more faithful to their belief than we as a whole have been. Iranians have the potentiality to develop the art of living, with a consistent spiritual content that may lead the world and will be hailed with joy by those who, with this belief before them, have labored long. But—one cannot emphasize this too strongly—Iran's eventual religion must evolve out of her own individual spirit and character, through the medium of her peculiar thought and culture, if it is to be a faith which she can call her own. And only when thus assimilated can this faith, in turn, make a special contribution to the western world, giving to us a regenerative impetus away from materialism toward spiritual reawakening—practical idealism in action.

XIV

THE DOCTOR'S PART IN PROGRESS

“IT is hardly an exaggeration to summarize the history of the last four hundred years,” says ex-President Lowell of Harvard University, “by saying that the leading idea of a conquering nation in relation to the conquered was, in 1600, to change their religion, in 1700 to change their laws, in 1800 to change their trade, and in 1900 to change their drainage.” Might we not also sum up the advance of these four centuries by saying that on the prow of the conquering ship of progress, first stood the priest, then the lawyer, then the merchant, and finally the physician.

The relation of the part played by the doctor in the advancement of Iran is indeed far-reaching and important, for the things which have retarded it are all associated in some way with a lack of hygiene. Fundamentally, the Irani have health, strength, a capacity to endure and revive, or they would not have survived wars and epidemics, together with the tremendous climatic changes; burning summer heat under the direct rays of the sun, and the freezing cold, deep snows, and bitter winter winds, with the slight protection of their scant clothing and mud houses, to say nothing of the spring floods from torrential mountain rains.

The upper wealthy class—merchants and owners of villages—has been through the centuries a small proportion of the population. There has been almost no middle class as we know it. Artisans, poets, and philosophers, whom one would expect to fit into such a group except when, as court favorites, they were lifted to an economic position above their fellows, lived as simply as the peasants themselves. The peasants, who were the working and the fighting force of the nation, had little to call their own, and, with a minimum of food and comfort, were those who would naturally have been wiped out by contagious illnesses and war exhaustion; yet it is they who survive today.

Privation developed hardihood in them. They are the survival of the fittest and, besides, there have usually been several hundred years between wars, giving long periods for recuperation of man power and natural resources. The strength of the Iranians has been rebuilt in part by their healthful diet of cheese, dates, and other fruits; milk, rice, wheat, and abstinence from alcohol. Their daily habits are hygienic; their work requires gentle exercise all day out of doors, and they have no nervous reactions from anxieties, such as are part of more complicated living.

The causes of the rise and fall of culture as they relate to the dictum, "A sound mind in a sound body," are to the doctor a fascinating study from many standpoints, among them wars, famines, stress and strain of all sorts. In the days of Avicenna of Ectabana, the modern Hamadan of Iran, there was greater scientific knowledge in Arabia and Iran than

anywhere else in the world; but in the sixteenth century, due to wars, scientific progress had been retarded and was so slow that the pharmacopeias of Iran, like many in Europe, reverted to the primitive and contained in their pages prescriptions for such things as love powders, protection against an enemy, etc. Among the ingredients were pulverized precious stones and live toads.

The reputation of Arabians for culture was due to the fact that, before they conquered Spain in 711, they had been for a hundred years under the scholarly influence of Iran. Her astronomers and doctors were among the most notable scholars of the day. Unfortunately, their teaching and methods, in the hands of their followers, became involved with necromancy, divination, omens, portents and astrology; and in such hands the practice of medicine degenerated into superstitions and magic. There was no advance beyond the earlier scientific system, shared by the Iranians and the Greeks, but in the Western world this was gradually expanded and superseded by improvements as the centuries advanced.

Despite her heritage of a foundation worthy of a scientific superstructure, Iran has been especially backward in developing this, notably as regards the knowledge and practice of medicine. The unhealthy condition under which the people have lived during the last thousand years has retarded development, and has taken a heavy toll of life. It has been the result of continued ignorance of personal and municipal hygiene.

In surgery the blunders were gross and terrible;

under Islam animal experimentation, or the dissection of dead bodies, was considered a crime. Witch doctors and quacks were recognized and much sought, for people who are helpless from illness must seek medical aid, even if it be only by nostrums or incantation. The drug doctors used herbs and "hearsay" methods.

The use of blowing, spitting, and stroking to heal the sick are still common leftovers from ancient animism, some of which Mohammed incorporated into his teachings. These methods originated perhaps from pagan Arabian fables. There is still a belief that certain birds, beasts, and fish are endowed with reason, strength, and intelligence which, in dying, they can transmit.

But the strongest superstition still extant concerns the power of the evil eye. Moslems have difficulty in explaining this satisfactorily to a Westerner. It is described as adverse animal magnetism. Mohammed is said to have believed in this disastrous influence, and to have approved of the use of charms to avert it. Certain substances are supposed to contain a soul-stuff which will insure protection. Blood is effective; a sheep is often killed so that its blood may be sprinkled on the foundations and doorposts of a new building—a custom reminiscent of Moses and the Exodus. Metals such as iron, gold, silver, and brass are helpful. For this reason a large pair of scissors or some other steel implement will be placed at the head of the bed during the birth of a child, and will be fastened to its cradle afterwards. During the Middle Ages in Europe, ideas just as fantastic

as these prevailed. In Iran many a woman has been known to tie a large padlock and two or three keys around her waist, hopeful that the evil influence will be repelled and that she can then become a mother of sons.

Even today in some of the new, clean, and airy factories which have recently been built, there is an incongruous *esfand*; a charm made of the berries of the desert-grown dashtee plant, combined with bits of blue and pink material, to ward off the "evil eye," for one must protect the modern machinery, as anything new and surprising is particularly apt to attract the evil eye. The dashtee berry was sacred to the Zoroastrians. It is still burned every morning on their home hearth fires, as well as at marriages and funerals, in order to drive away evil spirits. It is said to have been connected with the rites of ancient religions antedating Zoroastrianism, and it is considered safer to continue what has so long proved protective.

Even dogs are cited as feeling the "evil eye" and shrinking away. Individuals of a covetous nature, both those who are jealous and those who simply admire excessively, are said to have it. One cannot be sure who may possess it. Innocent people as well as enemies are accused; consequently no one stares even for a moment at another person, and everyone guards zealously against being considered prying, unduly interested, envious, or whatever quality is at the base of this superstition. If some one whom you chance to pass should look upon you with "an evil eye," you would become sick or stumble at your

next step, and thereafter be visited by any number of woes.

Blue beads and tiny shells are considered especially effective in warding off evil. There was the case of a woman who was brought into the hospital at Hamadan over which Dr. J. Arthur Funk presided with such brilliant and unassuming success. Tied to her long plaits of hair were a number of blue beads in the pathetic hope that if harm came near it would fall on the beads and not on her. Naturally it had proved ineffective in preventing disease. But that she continued to believe in the efficacy of the charm appeared when her small child came to visit her, literally burdened down with charms which were sewed on his clothes. There have even been frequent cases of camels and donkeys wearing blue beads.

Amulets, too, are much used in the hope that they will avert evil. One old man complained bitterly when he was put to bed in the hospital because a perforated silver box which he carried with him had been removed with his clothing. It contained a miniature copy of the Koran as a protection against disaster, and the patient was unable to rest until it had been restored to him. This indicates, of course, that to some the Koran itself is a fetish. A miniature copy is placed on the head of a new-born infant. The 94th and 105th chapters, if read at morning prayer, will keep away toothache. The 13th verse of the 22nd chapter is a cure for headache. Its recitation on occasions of birth, death, or marriage is a cardinal necessity.

Furthermore, an individual in need of advice may

take an omen from the Koran by opening it at random and reading the seventh line, or by taking the *istakareh*, which consists of an elaborate counting on a Moslem rosary. This is taken, for example, in regard to a visit to a foreign hospital; if the count is good and the patient goes, an operation advised or medicine ordered is favorably considered, but even then, before these are agreed to, the omen must be taken again. Many bottles of medicine have stood unopened for weeks on the shelf, waiting for a good omen.

Iranians divide illness into hot and cold, moist and dry, in the same way that they divide medicines and foods. A hot disease must have a cold diet, and vice versa; this is accepted today.

A charm is thought to be of greater benefit than reasonable care in the prevention of a disease, or the correct medicine for its cure. There was an odd belief that medicine was first given to make a patient worse, then a second dose to effect a cure. This is reminiscent of ancient Chinese medicine, as are the jade charms which are so popular.

Talismans of metal or jade, engraved with mystical astrological characters, are supposed to be super-protection, since these characters are believed to have a magical potency. They are worn by people of every class, especially by women. The fact that they create confidence and so give courage is effective, for when the depression of fear is removed the heart beats normally, the circulation and consequently the tone of the nerves is improved.

One young girl who came under Dr. Funk's care

had been troubled by sore eyes. In an endeavor to cure her, well-meaning friends made an incision in her arm, inserted a blue bead and bound up the arm. The inevitable sequel, of course, was an abscess which was much more serious than the original trouble with her eyes. It is customary to write a charm or a prayer on paper and sew it to a child's hat, or down the back of the child's coat, but one small girl entered the hospital with a badly infected wound in her flesh, because a paper prayer had been inserted under the skin which had been clumsily sewed up. Such a barbaric bit of surgery is supposed to be a sure cure.

To cure fever one can buy a small paper with a charm written on it, the writing to be washed off, and the dirty water given to the patient to drink. One woman was carried into the clinic with a badly swollen and inflamed leg. She had cut it badly and the wound did not heal. To keep the wound open her friends had adopted the simple method of filling it with dry peas.

The primitive methods of curing illness are innumerable. To cure the bite of a dog, some animal's hair must be singed and applied where the skin is broken. For a burn the ashes of a piece of blue calico dyed with indigo may be applied, or the contents of a bottle of ink; sometimes the tannic acid in the locally manufactured ink is surprisingly effective.

A small boy brought reluctantly to the clinic had a flesh wound on his leg to which had been applied a mixture of pomegranate juice, egg and gunpowder,

wrapped in a dirty rag. Wounds are often treated with the white of egg smeared on and covered with leaves. The latter actually may have kept germs out and protected the wound as collodion does.

Scarce water supply, no drainage, and no real knowledge of the body and its needs, make the health records an ugly testament, and records are kept only where comparatively better conditions exist. There can be no doubt that the mortality of children under five years of age still rests at the appalling figure of 80 per cent. The reasons are many and all removable. Record cards on file read: "Three living, five dead; two living, four dead; five living, six dead; one living, seven dead." Rarely does the first column have a larger number than the second.

The high death rate is attributable to the ignorance of immature and untrained mothers, lack of proper care at the time of childbirth, to measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, and venereal disease. The adult death rate is also pathetic, and surprising in that the health records of those acclimated ought to be excellent in a country which is as yet only slightly mechanized, and where there are no mining, shipping, railway or factory hazards, and therefore few deaths or injuries by accident.

Most of the accidents which occur result from carelessness in the use of firearms, from falling from horses, roofs or trees, or from burns. The latter are frequently caused by the fire which is placed under what is called a *kursi*; this, properly used, is the most economical method of heating ever devised. A low

open brazier filled with redhot charcoal is placed under a low table; this is surrounded by large cushions and is covered by a quilt which extends to the laps or shoulders of those who face the table. The members of the family support their backs by leaning against the cushions during the day and at night; when their bodies are under the *kursi* cover, the cushions remain in position and are used as pillows. Beneath this *kursi* an entire poor family practically spend the winter. Children often roll or slide under the quilt and are burned by the hot charcoal.

Indifference and endurance may be attributed in part to Mohammed's teaching. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, pain, sickness and death are accepted as a necessary part of life, not as things to fear, avoid, or overcome, but as facts to face and accept with patient tolerance, even lightheartedly, as the common lot of man.

Much illness is due to sandfly fever, sunstroke, relapsing fever, and malaria; much also to Leishmaniasis (Oriental boil), scabies and favus, typhus, amœbic and other forms of dysentery. Half the population has round worms, as the result of raw food and water infection; tapeworms and taemia are common; in the low land around Resht hookworms reduce the vitality of thousands. These keep the children thin, weak, and anemic; many die from lack of nutrition. Smallpox, except in the central localities where vaccination is obligatory, has always been considered a necessary illness for every child. Tubercular bone degeneration, phthisis, whooping cough, and dementia præcox cases are also abundant.

Child marriages have been responsible for an untold amount of suffering, often bringing lifelong misery to women from the resulting complications.

Eye infections of every kind are widely prevalent. Some of these are due to the constantly blowing dust, desert sun glare, and to flies. In the case of women these infections, as well as those of the skin, are aggravated as well as caused by the wearing of dust-infiltrated veils and *chadars*, and the lending of these to other women. Abscesses and inturned eyelashes are frequent. These, being obvious, cause the afflicted to seek prompt relief, but blindness is frequent from the more slowly developing diseases—trachoma, glaucoma and cataract, as well as from smallpox and gonorrhoea.

Neurasthenia among men, as well as women, is marked. Both the monotony and the friction of the harem method of life contributes to this. Men often cry and make all manner of excuses to avoid operations. Women are pathetically indifferent to suffering, or exaggerate it greatly to attract and hold attention. It gives their lives a little passing importance. Children are frightened and sullen, or very excitable, and are usually, when sick, greatly humored.

Carpet-weaving is now conducted hygienically, but it has been responsible for ill health and deformity among children. The labor of girls has been much used in this work, as it is cheaper than that of men. Dr. Edward Dodson, who worked for many years at Kerman, wrote in 1920 of the weavers of that town:

“Starting at the ages of five, six, or seven years, the children, boys and girls alike, work from sunrise

till sunset, week in and week out, with but a half day on Friday for holiday. The work is carried on in ill-ventilated hovels, warmed in the cold of winter only by the heat of their bodies, and overheated in summer by sheer want of air and space. Thus many fall victims to a very crippling form of rickets, which affects not only the bones of the arms and legs, but those of the pelvis and the rest of the skeleton of the body. One result is a gross form of knock-knee which renders walking difficult or impossible, so that many children have actually had to be carried by their parents from and to their homes. Girls after their marriage are thrown into the greatest danger as the time of their confinement draws near, both mother and child being faced with almost certain death due to pelvic deformity. The native midwives, not foreseeing this risk, used to make no preparation for it, and only gave up their futile efforts to deliver the child after the mother was dead.

“In the course of one year the Kerman mission hospital treated forty-seven cases of deformed carpet-weavers, all of them expectant mothers. In twenty-eight cases the women had been several days in agony, and were brought into the hospital in a severe state of exhaustion. In addition to these, nineteen other girls were operated on for crippled limbs. Others suffering from rickets, paralysis and other deformities due to carpet weaving were treated as out-patients.”

As poorer people seldom bathe their entire bodies, sweat accumulates, both in the torrid summer and, as clothes are seldom changed, also during the freez-

ing winter weather. Going to bed and getting up are very easy matters when they involve merely taking off or putting on the outer garment. Clothes are changed when the *hamman*, or public bath, is visited; then everything is put on fresh. But many, having no clean clothes, do not go to the public baths for months. Unfortunately, it is quite a usual thing to go after acquiring an infectious disease. Some of the germs may be destroyed but many are still active, and thus the disease is transmitted. Ignorance makes illness an inescapable hazard.

At the *hamman* there is conversation, comradeship, and, for the higher classes, luxury in the form of shampoo and massage. It is customary for bathers to dawdle in tanks of water that stand tepid and unchanged all day. A hygienic bath in a tin tub is a foreign luxury, which requires much preparation. Water for that is heated over a slow fire in a primitive tile oven, and brought in buckets to be emptied into the tub. Ordinarily this is round and made of sheets of tin salvaged from Standard Oil containers. The tubs are so small the legs are cramped and the back aches before the bath is half completed.

Carelessness about food leads to infection. Plums, apricots, peaches, and figs are dried on the roof or on the ground. They need constant turning and are fingered and sampled by many dirty fingers. Fresh fruit is seldom washed; dust and flies leave deposits upon the fruit, which is rarely cooked.

An appreciable proportion of ill health is due to opium smoking while eating, a long-existent, miserable habit. Even in the houses of the very poor

there are opium pipes which both men and women use. Men smoke opium openly in the bazaars and cafés. Poisoning from the drug soon takes its toll.

I recall seeing one young man so wizened and shriveled that he resembled a monkey from constant addiction to the opium habit. Any regular work had long since become difficult, almost impossible for him. He had no longer any kind of steady job which would provide him with money, and he had then sold his household possessions in order to procure the drug. Cases like this are infinitely pathetic and much too common.

Along the roads I often saw men enjoying opium as they sat in dreamy groups on a platform built beside a river, or reclining under a shady tree. Some chauffeurs still pause frequently on a journey to smoke a pipe, which they consider restful, but the effect of which upon their driving is to cause recklessness or benumb their ability to act quickly.

There still exists a colossal prevalence of the greatest social evil—venereal disease. This is a menace to the nation. In all countries personal morals are lower in large cities, as there is greater opportunity to escape public opinion and more temptation surrounds young men. Village boys coming to the cities for army training often acquire syphilis and carry it back to many localities when their period of training is over.

A pharmacist in a Teheran newspaper, perhaps with some exaggeration, but with patriotic courage, stated: "The prescriptions presented at my pharmacy show that from 60 to 80 per cent of the medi-

cines given out are for syphilis and gonorrhoea. The deadly result of these two powerful agents is the destruction of the nation. From poor to rich, man and woman, old and young, the majority are infected." This gives a devastating impression until we remember that the statement applies only to the sick of the population.

The quotation continues: "While the rich hurry for treatment, the middle class, through lack of money, delay; the third class do not go at all, but empty-handed try to put up a plucky fight against this formidable opponent, only to be beaten and finally wiped out. When Teheran, the capital and center of the nation, is burning in the fire of this plague, woe to the condition of the provinces and the other parts of the country where the inhabitants have not the medical resources we have here. . . . Those who know something about these dangerous diseases know too how difficult is their treatment, and how impossible with the means at our disposal. In view of this not a day passes but that a number of our ignorantly helpless youths are infected, and without asking 'why' or 'wherefore,' they consign themselves and a number of others to death. Who is responsible for this? Has the population of this country become so excessive that we must allow them to go, troop after troop, to destruction?"

Many women are unhappy because, from early excesses, their husbands become impotent at thirty-five. It is said that when Shah Nasir-ed-Din sent a minister to Bismarck to learn how he too might become an able statesman, he was advised to devote

himself to but one wife, and put the rest of his energy into politics. Venereal disease and its obliteration is still a vital problem the world over. But in Iran it constitutes a threat to all the progress on other social fronts. Clinics for treatment are being established but will not be used until the population recognize early symptoms or come to realize that their neglect has far-reaching, evil consequences.

Treating a patient at home is hampered by a trying custom which makes medical assistance difficult. For example, the worse the patient becomes, the more public will the room grow. Inquisitive relatives and friends crowd in to sit around, drinking tea, smoking, and talking incessantly. This social sympathy uses up all the air in the room and creates a deafening noise. But if people did not do this they would be thought unkind. If an illness is likely to be fatal, the patient makes a will, his body is turned around so that Mecca may be faced, relatives crowd about, and a mullah comes to read passages from the Koran.

In many villages when death takes place everyone gives way to deep grief; soon hired mourners arrive, as well as a number of friends, especially women, each of whom—as she enters—utters the conventional death shriek. Moslems are not supposed to mourn their dead, their lamentations at the time of death being for the suffering and death of Hussein, the grandson of Mohammed. The haste at the time of death is emotionally shocking, but wise from the standpoint of infection. The body is quickly taken away and washed, either by the lower-class men or

women whose calling it is, or by relatives. Mohammed urged his followers to make all speed in carrying a dead man to his grave; because, if he is a true believer, he will so much the sooner attain blessed rest and happiness, and, if he is an infidel, the sooner he is taken from the house, the better it is for the souls of the other inmates; obviously this is a bit of ritual hygiene.

The busman's holiday is popularly supposed to be spent in taking a ride; and a doctor's holiday usually ends in a clinic. With the unusual health problems which Iran had to offer the physician, it is small wonder that it was not long before I felt the call of the clinic.

XV.

MODERN MEDICINE AND THE CLINICS

THE work of the clinics is so bound up with the work of the missions in Iran that it is not easy to separate them.

We in the United States are so accustomed to national, state, and city health departments safeguarding us against infectious diseases, and to hospitals for the care of all classes, that we do not realize how basic in citizenship these are. For without good health we could never carry forward the energetic programs characteristic of this country.

What has long been commonplace to us is new in Iran. The prenatal care of mothers, the control of syphilis, the use of X-ray and diathermy are innovations. All kinds of up-to-date laboratory work routinely done in the English and American missionary hospitals has stimulated an interest in pathology. This has caused the local physicians, who lack facilities for this basic diagnostic work, to turn to the missionary doctors for assistance. This they are always glad to give.

I was anxious to see at close range, as perhaps only a doctor can, the medical missionary work going forward in Iran. The first well-trained physicians and surgeons were missionaries, especially from England

and America, supported by thousands who wished, through them, to send help to the helpless. Hospitals, well-equipped for that time, were established a hundred years ago by the British General Mission Board in the key cities of southern Iran—Isfahan, Shiraz, Yezd, and Kerman; and by the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in four cities in the northern half of Iran.

In 1835 the Congregational Church of America began work in Iran at Urumia. This was soon taken over by the Presbyterian Board, and the work was extended to Teheran, Resht, Kermanshah, Hamadan, Tabriz, Daulatabad and Meshed. The greatly needed work progressed rapidly. Scientifically, it has kept pace with that in our own home hospitals. All the physicians and surgeons have been graduates of our best colleges, and have had their hospital service under leading specialists. American nurses, highly trained and experienced, have helped them to develop the hospitals and clinics. Their work has changed for thousands of patients the night of pain into the day of efficiency.

As I walked through the wards of the American Hospital in Teheran, my attention was attracted by the large number of extremely ill patients—men and women who in Europe or the Americas would never have waited to consult a doctor until their diseases had advanced to such a shocking, almost hopeless condition. I learned that these patients had tried all sorts of remedies prescribed by neighbors before they had taken what seemed to them a greater risk—advice from a stranger. They had, of course, lost

much time and strength by these delays, and they had taken bitter, often nauseous concoctions which, they admitted, they had had great difficulty in swallowing. They had concluded to wait to see if these would effect a cure before going three or four days' journey to receive further medication.

Some of these suffering creatures had been brought to the hospital in broken two-wheel carts, in wheelbarrows, on jolting camels or on slow-moving donkeys—a hazardous adventure in their condition. The most pitiful of all were those so poor they had to be carried many miles on the backs of relatives, who tottered under their weight, stumbling and sometimes falling while treading the road of mercy.

One morning I was standing on the road just outside the great entrance gate to the hospital grounds. In half an hour a surgical clinic for ambulant patients would begin. Many had already passed through the gate; others were coming in large numbers, in all sorts of vehicles. Some were hobbling along, others had patches over their eyes, arms in slings, or were on crutches. The men were frequently alone, but the women were always accompanied by several members of their families. Presently, a crude, solid-wheeled, unlubricated ox cart groaned its way to the gate. The "sick one" had come a three days' journey, his old father beside him, to the *Meriz Khana*, House of the Sick. "Praise be to Allah," he fervently said to the doctor. "Many lives you have saved for people in our village. They showed us the road and we came."

Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian; Kurds, Rus-

sians, and Afghans—people of all grades and ages flocked to the clinic; many were ragged and starving, as well as sick.

Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, then Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, thoughtfully wrote letters to our colleagues in each of the Mohammedan countries included in my itinerary. They officially cooperate with the United States in the prevention of disease transmission. General Cumming asked them to show me their government hospitals and to tell me of international health problems. If the observer has a background of experience it is easier to understand the daily difficulties which are ably met, as well as the human and scientific success of which doctors seldom speak.

I also had the privilege of working with Dr. MacDowell in his clinic for women and children. One morning as I worked with him, I marveled that he could understand the replies of the women, who muffled their voices by holding their *chadars* over their faces. If they needed to show an eruption, a burn, or a bruise on their arms or necks, they freed their hands by holding their *chadars* with their teeth. These poor women probably had not washed their outside garments for a month at least. The *chadars* were infiltrated with dust from the streets, from being used as dusters, or from shooing away flies; they were also soiled by dandruff and face powder. On one *chadar* I noticed a patch of gray ashes; these, the woman explained, came when she was "blowing the coals to make the fire burn."

Several poor women from villages had scars on

their breasts. I was told that striking a woman where it would hurt most used to be the brutal practice of high-tempered husbands. Now the police and neighbors dare to interfere with these beatings and, fortunately, they are no longer customary.

When well, many upper-class women are capricious, but when it comes to physical pain they are generally courageous. One morning a woman who was waiting for the removal of a large ovarian tumor, anxious to be rid of it, kept saying, "Let's go, let's go."

While men are used to being pampered and are frequently weak in enduring pain, the women have learned resignation to their fate, whatever it may be.

In the seemingly never-ending succession of interesting cases in the American missionary hospital in Tabriz all types were present. Among them, a man who had been sick for three years and who was paralyzed on the right side of his face, came in wearing heavy fancy knit socks, the remnants of a peasant costume, and a rakish dingy derby. His legs were much swollen. On examination, it was found that he had a pathological condition of both his kidneys and his liver. He said that he had come to the hospital for mercy as he had no friends to take care of him and no hope.

He had been told by a doctor who lived not too far from his village for him to be reached by a day's slow interrupted walk, to eat watermelon, yogurt, a curdled milk preparation, and to drink much water, but he had not found this enough to keep up his strength. He had thought he could make money

begging, as it is part of the Mohammedan's duty, if he hopes to reach heaven, to give something to every beggar who solicits him; but he had been too sick to beg and too sick to use the money to buy food.

The idea of organized charities is new in Iran and there was no organization in Tabriz to which to send this man. The hospital was filled with acute cases, so he represented a frequent problem. The Americans kept him for a week and endeavored to get in touch with some relation. On the fourth day a girl came in who said she was his daughter. She assumed a dolorous expression, but she had bobby pins in her hair, recently cut short, wore men's shoes, white knit gloves, and a black piece of cloth draped far back on her head. Her face was fairly intelligent.

She said that she wished she could take care of her father, but that she was sick herself, and on examination it was found that she really had a serious pelvic condition, long neglected, which rendered her a semi-invalid. Her neighbors had been kind, she told us, but they were all poor and she did not think they could help her father any further. She had five children to look after, and her husband was very exacting.

The next patient, a woman thirty-five years of age, complained of pain over the gall bladder and stomach. She was very reticent about giving any personal history. Her oldest daughter, twenty years old, accompanied her and brought along her three children. One child was suffering from worms and a great deal of itching. In a sympathetic low tone, Dr. Elles talked with these patients and admitted the

mother to the hospital for an obviously necessary operation on her gall bladder, as the stones could easily be felt through her thin abdominal wall.

Another case was brought in by a young woman who said that her companion was her husband's grandfather's wife. Her aged eyes were much inflamed. Yes, she had been to the clinic before and had received an eyewash which she had used for two days; it had helped her so she had left it off for two months. The clinic was interrupted by the doctor being called to deliver a patient. As I had been helping him, he asked me to take it over while he was away.

The next patient to come out of the crowded room, where many women were waiting, was a jaunty young houri. Her hair was dyed; her eyebrows plucked. She wore bracelets, earrings, and a very flashy cheap necklace. She consumed an hour of my time, which seemed to me unnecessary in view of the number waiting, and it was not too long to make a complete examination and to do laboratory work to see whether the physical statements she made against her husband were true. I thought the fee which she paid to the clinic of 24 cents was the most moderate professional recompense for all the nurse and I had done for her, as she could obviously afford to be flashily dressed.

The clinic's charge for those who can afford it is designed merely to meet the wholesale rate of medicines prescribed. The nurse was wonderfully patient and very much interested to learn all that she could. She had a clear understanding of new ideas,

so Dr. Elles asked me to have a class for the nurses at the end of the clinic, then bedside instruction, followed by a summary in his living-room.

I enjoyed this, because one of the great needs of Iran is more and more scientifically trained nurses. The government realizes this, and Miss Nicholson, formerly the head nurse in the Resht American Missionary Hospital, has been requested to go to Meshed near the Afghanistan border and establish a government training school for nurses there.

The next clinic patient was a pronounced case of advanced appendicitis, in addition to which she had malaria. Her husband seemed very much concerned. He made a favorable impression upon me as he helped to give the history of her case. The toxemia, however, made her irritable and obviously she was naturally high-tempered as, when he said, "She feels the heat very much," she snapped out, "The fever is not yours, what do you know about it!"

So the morning went on with case after case. There was much I found sympathetic in the Iranian women, most of whom were gentle and all of whom were modest. When Dr. Elles returned from the nearby village to which he had been called in such haste, I could see that he had had a difficult time. He told me that the baby's arm and abdomen were protruding when he arrived, that he had delivered the baby by internal version, grasping the feet to rotate the infant. Cases like this do not happen in the United States, because with the onset of birth pains, doctors are called. In Iran the many

tragic needs can not be met for many years, for, although the present Shah is anxious to have hospitals and doctors on the "Western" model, the people, used to suffering and neglect, often allow their illnesses to proceed to a climax before asking for help, and it is unreasonable to suppose that the social medical service, which it has taken a hundred years to develop in Europe and the Americas, can reach the same stage in Iran in less than twenty years.

The patients who remain in the hospital are always accompanied by one or more members of their families. A relative or servant stays with them in order to make them comfortable in their own way. They bring from their homes several rugs, a samovar, and a few simple cooking utensils, including a small pair of tongs to place the bits of charcoal in the *mangal*. This small brass brazier is easily moved from place to place and requires very little fuel; charcoal is blown on or fanned to a glow or smoulder with sufficient heat to cook their food, which often consists of rice, lentils, peas, and herbs. The *kalyon*, or water-tobacco pipe, which is smoked by women as well as men, does much to make a room cozy. The doctors cannot allow the persistent presence of the patients' families in the wards, for the floor would become so crowded the nurses would be unable to do their work, but in the private rooms the wishes of the patient prevail.

Incidentally, there is one good resulting from the presence of the members of the family; it is educational for them to observe and sometimes lend a hand in the care given to the sick; to see the orderliness,

cleanliness, and efficient work of the nurses. Relatives are usually amazed by the pre-delivery and the after care which is routinely given to obstetrical cases. At first they think it very unnecessary, but the rapid recovery of the mother, the baby's freedom from eye infection, and the general good health of the patients are so convincing, that the next pregnancy in the family leads them to make early reservation in the hospital.

In the Meshed hospital Dr. Rolla E. Hoffman encountered some bizarre cases. An Iranian citizen was forced to leave Russia, where he had lived for many years, when the Russians decided to expel all foreigners whom they could not bring into line with the new reforms. Since he was not allowed to bring any gold with him, this man simply swallowed the gold pieces he had. He arrived at the Meshed hospital, complaining that his wife and two children were starving, while his own stomach was loaded with useless gold. Since attempts to break up the mass of coins, clearly shown by the fluoroscope, failed, Dr. Cochran operated and removed the gold, 7 ten-ruble and 11 five-ruble pieces. The patient made a good recovery. The police of Meshed took charge of the gold, as it is illegal for anyone to have it in his possession; but decided that since the poor chap had not tried to conceal it, he was entitled to its value, so it was sold and the value in current money, about \$150, was given to him.

Dr. Hoffman said that he frequently saw cases of longstanding disease which had progressed unchecked by surgical or other care. One woman en-

tered the Meshed hospital with an ovarian cyst; she weighed 210 pounds on admission and only about 90 pounds on dismissal. It was evident that the tumor weighed more than the patient.

One woman presented herself with a fibrous tumor mass hanging from the back of her head to the level of her waistline. She stated that it had begun following an attack by her husband who had struck her on the back of the head with a flatiron some ten years before. They did the removal with some trepidation, and although she had rather severe shock following the operation, she recovered satisfactorily.

A child was brought to Dr. Hoffman with the complaint that it could not use its arms or legs following an attack of smallpox about a month before. The elbows and knees were somewhat swollen and presented sinuses. Out of each elbow and knee Dr. Hoffman pulled a piece of sequestered bone, in the consulting room, without any anesthesia and with practically no pain to the child. The pieces of bone were all just ready to be extruded. This is one of the horrible complications of smallpox.

In Herat, Afghanistan, a ten-year-old girl was brought to Dr. Hoffman with her unbroken, bare, and blackened humerus projecting from the very short stump of her right arm. Her father stated that she had suffered what was evidently a simple fracture of the forearm about two months before. It had been treated by a local bonesetter who had bandaged the arm too tightly. It had swollen and suppurated, and finally the whole arm had just

fallen off! All acute reaction had subsided, and nothing remained to be done but remove the useless humerus and dress the stump. Think what it meant to this girl to be without a doctor!

Very large families are usual and not expensive, for the cost of bearing and maintaining a child is one-tenth of what it is in Europe. Usually, however, many of the babies die in their first year, or before they are five years old. One woman gave a history of having been married at seven, reaching puberty at nine, and in a year the first child was born—which soon died. In all she had borne fifteen children; only two grew up. It had been "Allah's will." She expressed no regret.

Dr. Asgnarzadeh, a Russian woman married to an Iranian, ably assists Dr. MacDowell three mornings a week, giving volunteer service in the clinic and dispensary for women and children. She averages in examination, advice, and treatment 1214 individuals a year, many of whom come a number of times. In order to supplement her directions to the mothers, she prepared and had printed simple instructions regarding the care of babies, with a view to preventing the more common ailments. Expectant mothers come to her for examination. This and Dr. MacDowell's skill have led to such good results that hospital obstetrical work is increasing 50 per cent each year. This is important, for midwives with little or no training have been in the past one of the causes of the high infant mortality rate. Many of the most prominent Iranians bring their wives to the hospital, and the amount they pay for skilful care helps

to defray some of the expenses of the ever-increasing clinic work for the poor.

A woman who had borne a child each year for twelve years said to me listlessly, "I am weary of bearing children, but I want my husband to know that I can," adding, "It doesn't matter whether they live or not." This sounded oversexed, but my Russian colleague explained that it really expressed patience and a sense of insecurity. When women who were little more than children were burdened with child bearing, their emotions were undeveloped and, fortunately, not deep; as they grew older there was nothing new or idealistic in motherhood. How could this woman's affections be other than indifferent and her sentimental reactions dulled? This, however, prevented deep sorrow when infant after infant died. If the most profound human relations are mechanized, what real happiness can men and women find in a home and in children who lack the developing asset of parental love and intelligent care?

The health and dignity of the mother, as a matter of primary importance in the family, and her eugenic responsibilities are wholly new ideas. Neither the long months of her pregnancies nor the draining of her strength in nursing children who are often one, two, and three years old, has ever received any consideration. Biology as a basic science opens a new world of hope and fulfilment.

American and English women physicians and surgeons have also rendered much appreciated service. In the mission hospital Dr. Emma Miller in Urumia was in charge of the first building in Iran ever de-

signed as a hospital for women. Dr. Mary Smith conducted the large hospital in Teheran during the World War. Dr. Robert Speer wrote to me that when the Shah made his notable visit to the Central Mission Hospital in Teheran, he asked particularly that the lady doctor should be pointed out to him, exclaiming, "Is it possible for a woman to have enough knowledge to become a doctor?" Upon being told that the slender, blue-eyed person, Dr. Mary J. Smith, was she, he held out his hand, saying, "Feel my pulse and tell me the state of my health."

It happened that in 1906 the Iranian wife of the Prime Minister urged him to stipulate, when he was signing the permit of the American Missionary Hospital in Teheran, that no women should be allowed. After she herself was ill and taken care of there, she gave a sum of money for the erection of a woman's ward. This gift was duplicated by Mrs. McCormick of Chicago, so the woman's ward in Teheran came into being. It was maintained as a distinct unit of the medical work in Teheran until ill health compelled Dr. Smith to resign, when the women's work became a part of the general work of the hospital.

Dr. Adelaide Kibbe in Meshed is today one of the women doctors who are doing splendid work in Iran. Each of these women has done outstanding medical and surgical work, and the English and American registered nurses who work under the missions have not only inaugurated training schools, but have given a fine impetus, together with the women doctors, to the progress of Iranian women

in their newly developed plans of service to humanity, whereas, in the past their narrow religious tenets had made services outside their own families unthinkable.

Not many years ago, when a man doctor called to attend a Moslem lady, he usually did not see her. He looked at her tongue as she extended it through a hole in a curtain, or felt her pulse through an opening slightly larger. Now in the cities women, accompanied by their husbands or some other member of their family, go to men for consultation and examination. For years the Government Hospital for Women in Teheran had a struggle to render service. Attendance was negligible; now it flourishes. It has forty beds and is staffed by Iranians.

The first of the increasing numbers of Iranian physicians were trained by missionary physicians, surgeons, and pharmacists. Those blazed the trail and opened the way for the younger doctors whom they now welcome on their return to Iran. Each year some have been educated abroad, and large numbers will, no doubt, graduate through the coming years from the Medical College of Teheran. Armenian and Iranian assistants are being trained.

Education as it advances will automatically improve health conditions, for only as people are able to read the articles on hygiene in their own publications will they pay marked attention to the general advice of medical authorities. Meanwhile, the government is allocating large sums in its budget to fight malaria, provide sanitary organization against cholera, and limit other infectious diseases.

Dr. MacDowell, a member of the Official Licensing Board for all physicians applying to practice in Iran, and Dr. Blair express their sense of fellowship with the scientifically trained Iranians, by having joint medical meetings with them for the examination and discussion of especially interesting cases. This is valuable cooperation and promotes the educated public opinion necessary to institute and maintain improved sanitation throughout the country. In 1934-5 Dr. Blair helped the University of Teheran establish its new medical school.

An outstanding need was modern instruction in anatomy, physiology, pathology, and bacteriology. The first step in the practical teaching of these fundamental sciences was to institute human cadaver dissection in the teaching of anatomy. Whether this was practiced in ancient times, for instance in the famous Persian Medical School at Jundi Shapur, in the early Christian centuries, Dr. Blair said he had not been able to verify, either in history or through tradition. In any event Mohammedanism has effectively prevented it for the past thirteen centuries.

The interest in medicine among the majority of students is lively and determined. Many now practicing are able physicians; Moslem and Armenian nurses are being trained and the Minister of Health is cognizant of many needs.

On account of the shortage of properly qualified doctors, the government nine years ago created a lower-class qualification, Tabib Majas, which was given for an examination passed by a man who had completed a course in nursing, anesthetics, dispens-

ing and clinical work, and who had had experience; but it was found that these men when not under supervision were not careful regarding asepsis and did not sterilize their instruments or keep their offices in a sanitary condition. Much infection resulted, and it was concluded that one-fourth a doctor is no doctor.

One public-spirited and well-qualified Irani physician told me he thought the proper equipment in hospitals could be supplied only by the government, because the people are entirely unused to contributing to charity. There is no such thing as systematic philanthropy, even in the subscription of small sums to alleviate obvious suffering. Each family considers its full duty done when it helps its own. Occasionally a rich man will, in work of his own planning, be very generous, and no doubt they will eventually accept the responsibility of citizens in caring for the afflicted.

In the last few years the government has inaugurated health projects, hospitalization, and the up-to-date education of a greater number of doctors. Hospitals are being opened in all the larger towns, and qualified doctors will in time run them with assistant staffs. During the last few years French doctors at the head of the Government Health Department and the Pasteur Institute have been replaced by Irani. State examinations have been instituted in order that only qualified, well-trained doctors and those possessing state licenses can practice medicine. This will hasten the elimination of magical voodooism, medical numerology, astrology, omens, necromancy, and

all the other fantastic and unreliable arts of healing.

The education of Iranian doctors is progressing and will overcome the abysmal ignorance in which the uneducated people have lived for centuries. They will greatly assist the task that the Minister of Education and his co-workers have undertaken to give scientific information to the people at large, and so lead them to adopt modern medical methods on a national scale.

Something has been accomplished toward public health; more is planned, and cannot be too quickly done, for these things are so basic that delay is dangerous. The installation in all cities and towns of a sewerage system, through adequate pipes, is so urgent it should be taken up at once; also this would save much expense while the engineering, grading, and widening of roads is in progress.

At present, in many places, sanitation is at a minimum. In many towns a privy is dug and, when full, covered over and another dug, regardless of the proximity of wells. Open sewers run above the ground; they are indeed the wide gutters of the streets; anything and everything is thrown in. Adults and children urinate into them, and, if someone needs a cup of water to drink, he or she simply scoops it out of this same gutter. Current public opinion affirms that nothing can ever be wrong with running water, especially if open to the sun. There is no objection to women washing their clothes in the same water that tea is to be made of, or vegetables washed in. They also contend that the con-

tents of a receptacle holding more than fifteen gallons of water cannot be impure, and resent the idea that the tanks used for ablutions and for drinking water in front of their shrines are possible disseminators of disease.

The water supply of the country is from a pure source, the snow-capped, uninhabited mountains. But it is brought down to the towns in a primitive manner and continually infected en route with typhoid, which is ever-present. Only those survive who develop immunity. The man who first brought water from the mountains was considered a saint. Perhaps that is why his method is still employed in the use of a series of connecting wells called *caunauts*.

Except in the homes of the wealthy, the diplomats, and other foreigners, there is practically no plumbing; a fact which makes dysentery and other colonic diseases inevitable. The Shah's health is protected by his having water piped direct from the crystalline snows of the Mazanderan Mountains to his country and city homes, and to those of members of his cabinet.

As a protection it is customary to wash all vegetables and fruit first in chlorinated water, or with permanganate solution, followed by freshly boiled water, but even then servants may be careless about their routine and their hands, so it is safe only to eat cooked food, or hard-shelled things like coconuts and eggs. Milk is scarce, but the dried milk preparations are just as nutritious.

Now Teheran is divided into four districts; each

has a doctor who inspects the hotels, cafés, and restaurants; meats, vegetables, ice boxes, and bakeries. He warns against fly-borne diseases, and stresses the importance of healthy workers and clean kitchens, shops and streets. A determined health program is being instituted. Goats and sheep are no longer permitted to wander through the city streets as they formerly did, or to huddle together at night in courtyards.

Street sweepers in cities have been organized and authorized to prevent the poor from using the gutters as kitchen sinks, bathrooms, lavatories, and laundries. For the first offense they are warned; for the second they must give up articles they have been washing; third offense means imprisonment; fourth, both prison and fine. The result is that the main streets are clean during the day, and rapidly the dirty, narrow alleys are being eliminated.

Free dispensaries have been opened and licensed Irani practitioners are beginning to visit the outlying villages. "The Red Lion and Sun," a philanthropic society, has established nurseries, and is doing other auxiliary hospital work, as well as maintaining a few homes for the aged poor.

People are vaccinated against smallpox; for children it is now compulsory, and every school child must produce a *sejjet*, the new official registration certificate; also certificates to show that he or she has been vaccinated twice. Typhoid cases are reported, cisterns covered, and goldfish or minnows put in garden pools to eat the mosquito larvae. Children with eye diseases are not permitted to at-

tend school; habit and ignorance are gradually being overcome.

In southwest Iran the sanitary and medical services of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company have had a beneficial influence. Workers in the fields are well-housed and their health safeguarded. The petroleum fields are in one of the most blisteringly hot, ill-drained, and malaria-infested districts of Iran, where only the most efficient health organization and control can keep any sort of permanent list of employees. From this center practical knowledge of the causes and the prevention of cholera, malaria, typhoid, and other diseases has spread to a wide area.

Throughout the country, a general sense of the value of public health is increasing. This will lead eventually to an awakening conscience about the rights and the protection of others, as well as of oneself, as a necessity in modern community living. This is a wide enterprise, for it means that intelligence concerning health must permeate the homes, and not be thought of merely as something to be gained at a hospital.

In view of the sterility of miles of unirrigated deserts and the consequent scarcity of food, the infant death rate of eighty out of every hundred born may not have been serious in the past, when many men had by each of their four or more wives a baby every year; but now that monogamy is being established, children will be fewer and more precious.

The health influence of women is a new movement; interest is awakened in the impetus and untiring assistance which women have given in every

country to health measures. As a result, with increasing knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, their demands will probably be stronger than those of their husbands, for their anxiety will be associated there, as it is here, with a sense of responsibility concerning the well-being of their husbands and their children. Women doctors have led the way in education regarding the health of the family. If it had not been for the active support of women's clubs and other groups in the United States, legal measures to safeguard public health would have been far slower in materializing. It is the mother's instinct to avert the menace of diseases by preventing their occurrence. Already, in Iran, welfare centers and maternity clinics, started by the missionaries, are being extended.

Many vital issues will be ably met by the adoption of thorough public health measures. When women fully realize the importance of these, they will serve on committees and commissions of public welfare, as they do in Western countries, and the standard of living will be improved and assured. In the past they have unfortunately been unconscious of health needs, and, as a matter of fact, the fathers of Iran have not known these things either.

As the mothers become better informed, and monogamy gives them a chance to lead balanced, interesting, and energetic lives, they will have a deeper understanding of healthful home-making. When they no longer have a host of needless fears about "evil eye," demons, and other superstitions related to illness, their children will be stronger,

more intelligent, and will have a heredity and an early home environment which will work for their benefit instead of, as often in the past, for their harm. Parents pass their health, education, and behavior on to their children. There will gradually develop new orientation in responsibility and forethought.

Avandeh Ye Iran (Future of Iran), a feminist newspaper, approved by the Shah, has for its page-head design a stirring picture of a woman bearing the banner of Iran, moving from the shadowed ruins of Persepolis into a radiant future in which electricity, railways, and factories have a part. Artists may exclaim, "How terrible!" But along with railways and factories will come wholesome baby foods, proper nursing bottles, plumbing, and bathing facilities, disinfectants, healthful clothing, and all the rest of the modern hygienic materials by which Iran may turn from the road of doom and keep going upward to new health and happiness.

XVI

THE MISSIONS

IT is due to the missionaries, more than to any other factor, that the groundwork for modern living has been laid in Iran, communicating with infinite patience the ways of the Western world to the people of the East. This groundwork, however, filled with valuable seed, would not have produced so early or so large a harvest, had it not been that His Majesty, Shah Riza Pahlavi, is a most progressive-minded man and has utilized every force for the advancement of his people. He has appreciated the educational and medical work which has been going on for one hundred years, and in ten, through his influence, finds its flowering.

During many years the popularity of mission hospitals has indicated that patients of all classes have appreciated the value of their work. It is the "Gospel in Action," and the many thousands of people who support this mission, as well as those helped by it, realize that the doctors' skill and service are not given to make money, but out of love and compassion. This has given Iranians increasing respect for Christianity and for Westerners. Day after day I marveled at the variety in work and the skill of doctors so far from clinical and consultation oppor-

tunities, who, with no thought of recreation or change, were working regularly ten hours a day and were often called on at night as well.

If anyone has ever doubted the value of missionaries, a visit to Iran would clear away all misgivings in that line.

The missionary doctors run endless risks in visiting contagiously diseased people in their hovels at all times of the day and night, and have meager protection in handling them in the hospitals. To them it is all in the day's work. The good they do is incalculable. Those who represent America in Iran in works of mercy would stand high in any country. For sheer ability in scientific work and in consistent Christian living, the men and women working in hospitals all across northern Iran cannot be surpassed. Their hundred years of work have borne amazing fruit in creating understanding of the meaning of health of mind, of body, and of soul.

Outstanding American, British, and European physicians and surgeons, with abundant expert assistance, think they are as busy as it is possible to be. If that is the case, the medical missionaries are super-human. These doctors, in addition to meeting the responsibilities of administration and daily care of over two hundred in-patients and clinical cases in every field, have, with patience and final success, trained native assistants. Expert quickness of motion, exactitude of record, cleanliness, punctuality, equal attention to all according to the illness instead of the rank, have been a new concept of service to the Oriental, but speedily they have learned methods

of procedure, the handling of instruments, chemical analysis, and X-ray machinery.

So much beneficent work has been done that an influence has spread which has been to a great extent responsible for the swift new progress in other lines as well as in health, both through teaching and by the examples of living. The doctors work with endurance and amiability—from six to eight operations in one day is considered ordinary routine.

Much work is being done for lepers both by the American Mission to Lepers and by the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. A village for them has been established near Meshed, and the Shrine of the Imam there provides out of its large endowment some fuel, kerosene, and soap, besides a bread ration of a pound and a half daily per adult, and eighteen cents per month for the lepers to purchase extras!

Dr. H. A. Lichtwardt, of Hamadan, an American Missionary, wrote: "Pleading hands are being held out to us; not only the ulcerating, gnarled, fingerless stumps of the leper, but the skinny hands of little children dying of starvation and ignorance; the calloused, worn hands of humble peasants and earnest workingmen, who, laid low by preventable disease, are unable to provide for their families; the thin, anemic hands of weary women, prematurely aged by youthful marriage and annual childbearing; the yellow, trembling hands of unfortunate men and women whose lives are being wrecked by the daily use of opium—all these humbly plead to us for that

aid and assistance which until now they could not receive."

There are many anemic and emaciated children and adults on the streets. The ill receive scant care at home because, as yet, few women know anything about home nursing. The sick may be brought four or five days' journey to the hospital in a basket on the back of a donkey, or lying on a board in an open, rickety automobile of doubtful date. Many pilgrims traveling to Meshed from all over Iran and Afghanistan, Arabia, India and Russian Turkestan, arrive there sick.

The record of seven months in the mission hospital was 18,000 patients in the city and many more from outside it. Two hundred and fifty-five patients to be seen in one day not only means exhaustion to the doctor, but disappointment in his not always being able to give scientific attention to individuals in proportion to the doctor's ability. Obviously, therefore, the mission doctors rejoice not only in the number of Iranian doctors but also in the nurses they are training, who will eventually carry part or all of the load.

"Civilized living," as the Irani now call Western ways, will require more doctors than the country can educate for many years to come; for public health services and education are urgently necessary to lift the health and resulting potential energy, not only in villages and towns, but everywhere, from the passivity of medieval inactivity to the demands of a resourceful, progressive citizenry.

The missionary doctors have rendered such service to all classes. This has not only removed many old barriers, but has also established confidence, which is the basis of the scientific use of all the discoveries in modern medicine, for it is this that makes them humanly valuable; the peasant now accepts the vaccine and other gifts of the horse, the guinea pig, and the rabbit, made available through human intelligence, instead of a sheep's eye or a blue bead to restore health.

Eventually it is hoped there will be an adequate number of doctors ready and able to carry unassisted the medical burdens of the sick poor. Now the few who are in the field value greatly the opportunity to consult with medical missionaries. It would be a great folly, a sin against their own people, if medical mission work were soon discontinued. Cooperation is what brings the best results.

Foreign medical service has reached so far that now in every village a Westerner is thought to be a doctor. As soon as a *farangi* arrives, a swarm of people gather about, begging for medicine and advice. Often it is a week's journey to a mission hospital in a town. Those who live in the few villages which as yet can boast of a native doctor are often too poor to consult the available physician and therefore beseech free counsel.

One day when, miles from any town, we stopped at the road-guard station for passport examination, a man asked my driver, "Will the doctor see a soldier who is lying crippled from a fall he had half an hour ago?" I was amazed that they should have known

that I was a doctor. My vanity vanished when I discovered that it was customary for every foreigner to be considered a doctor—especially a foreign woman, since most of the latter outside the capital are connected with the missions.

I examined the man, a tall, sturdy fellow, and found that he had dislocated his hip. He was in great pain and decidedly nervous. It seemed impossible for him to relax sufficiently for me to reduce the dislocation. In the crowd around us was a little boy. I told him as I patted him lightly on the back that I knew a fine game which I wanted to teach him. With the confidence of childhood, he lay down and with my assistance moved his legs as I directed. He enjoyed the importance of his suddenly gained social position. When I explained to the suffering soldier that he would be hurt little more than the child had been, and that I needed his relaxation and assistance in order to manipulate his leg, he lost his apprehension and cooperated. Soon he was on his feet, comfortable and thankful.

One of the other guards, jealous of the attention paid to his colleagues, told me that he had trouble with his nose and throat. As the roads were extremely dusty, I traveled with an antiseptic spray. I showed the soldier how to give himself a nasal irrigation. He was so charmed by it that all the soldiers wanted to try it. Each of them tried desperately to think of something that either he, or a relative, needed to have corrected. Like all humans, a certain number suffer no doubt from imaginary ills; but more often in Iran there are years of helpless

suffering and serious emergencies when no medical aid is available.

"One thing which impresses me in American hospitals at home," wrote Dr. Rolla E. Hoffman, of the Meshed Mission Hospital, "is the wastefulness. We are forced to economize, for our patients are poor, on the whole. I long ago learned to tie knots with a hemostat, thus wasting a minimum of the suture material, for there is little or no end to throw away, and one can tie knots as fast in this way as by using his fingers; also it is less tiring. Hence we are usually able to complete a simple laparotomy with the use of only one tube of catgut, and rarely use more than two tubes for a hysterectomy.

"Recently we have been using silk, which is better for many operations, and is much cheaper. Economy dictates our use of many things; for example, spinal anesthesia instead of ethylene or cyclopropane, which are prohibitive in cost; and even chloroform instead of ether, much of which often evaporates en route. Ordinarily we operate with only one assistant, using two only for such operations as thyroidectomy and bone-grafting; and unless we have a nursing school and want to teach the nurses technic, we do not usually have a sterile nurse.

"Medical missionaries," Dr. Hoffman goes on, "have been accused (e.g., *Rethinking Missions*) of giving too much attention to major surgery; but it should be remembered that medical missions are essentially a pioneering project, designed to engender confidence in modern medicine in the minds of ignorant and prejudiced populations who are hostile

to it and to its teachings. Such people have no ears for health propaganda or preventive medicine, and even the most efficient medical treatment is less effective than surgery, because they argue that 'Of course, since God intended the patient to get over his fever, he got well and would have done so in any case, with or without medicine.'

"But a tumor removed, blind eye made to see, stone taken out, deformity corrected, are not subject to the same withering reasoning; something visible has been done that others dare not attempt to do. Having learned the first lesson, a people is prepared for medical treatment, even preventive medicine. But to make the sweeping observations sometimes heard, is on a level with accusing our forbears of malpractice because they wasted time on inferior tactics as compared with methods of today."

The work that the missionaries have accomplished in Meshed is strongly apparent in Dr. Hoffman's account. "The Sacred Shrine of the Imam Riza in Meshed," he says, "had had a hospital of sorts for many years before our mission hospital was opened in 1915; but it was a place where men went only to die; hardly a pane of glass in the whole place, wooden bedsteads without sheets or pillow cases, a dirt floor, and no stove. But in 1917 there was a reform; it was rebuilt; a new doctor was secured, and the workers put on white gowns; a new operating suite was built, and surgery was begun on a small scale. Again, when we secured a larger and better hospital building in 1919, the Shrine hospital was moved into a larger and better house and more doctors

were added to its staff. And when, again, in 1924, the Mission hospital advanced a decided step forward, through securing its own land and erecting a good building, along with many other reforms, the Sacred Shrine authorities soon began planning a really modern hospital building which was begun about three years later, a very elaborate series of buildings, costing around a million dollars!

“This time the Mission hospital can never hope to surpass it—nor does the same need exist for its trying to do so; for the status of medical practice has now been established so well that it can carry on by itself. The Mission hospital must still keep the lead in certain fields, at present in surgery, which the Shrine hospital has not yet put on a sound basis; but it will give up one sphere after another as other hospitals take over the burden, and as it seeks to eliminate itself, as it has long ago given over the field of vaccination for smallpox to the National Health Department.”

In Isfahan is the headquarters of the British missionary work. In the men's and women's hospitals there I saw strenuous and able work accomplished by Dr. C. Merrill Schaffter, a graduate of Edinburgh University, who in 1920 spent some time in America at the Crile and Mayo clinics, and by Dr. Lucy Pigott, whose brother and sister are also medical missionaries. There are approximately one hundred beds in each hospital, besides private rooms for upper-class patients, isolation wards, roof shelters for the tubercular, and operating rooms which no London or New York surgeon would consider well-

equipped, but in which ingenuity often takes the place of supplies which we consider imperative.

They make sterilizers from gasoline drums and other material at hand, and in every way save expense; emergencies are well met. There is an adequate laboratory for general research and pathological work; paraffin embedding of tissues, chemical and microscopic bacteriological work for diagnosis and for preparing vaccines. Electric light is still a novelty and as such much appreciated for illumination of surgical operations. Kerosene lamps were formerly used and at times candles.

An infinite degree of patience is needed for the day's work in a missionary hospital. While I was visiting Dr. Schaffter's hospital, he returned one noon for a light lunch and an hour's rest to his home, which is in the hospital compound. He had been up since five, removed infected tonsils from three children, set a broken leg, and performed an abdominal operation necessitated by an ovarian tumor which, on being weighed after removal, was one-fourth the weight of the patient.

Mrs. Schaffter, a trained nurse, who had been busy with him all morning, was dashing off a letter to their two boys in England. While waiting for her to finish this the doctor told me about a man in a dying condition who had, half an hour before, staggered alone to the hospital door. On being admitted, he had given his name and that of the village, some miles away, from which he had walked. He had a high fever, bloodshot eyes, rapid, feeble pulse, distended abdomen; he was only able to mumble

scant information before he became unconscious and in a few minutes died.

The doctor could only guess from the distention and the symptoms of acute pus poisoning that the man had a ruptured appendix or ruptured typhoid ulcers, causing general peritonitis. He immediately sent information to the Amniah, the city health official, that the man had three *tomans* (\$1.80) in his clothes, sufficient to pay for a box for burial; that the man had given no address of any relative or friend, and that in the hot weather he would appreciate it if the city officer would have the body removed from the hospital as soon as possible.

This was the duty of the Amniah. We were scarcely seated at the luncheon table when a male nurse ran in, with embarrassed apologies, to say that the Amniah had arrived and was in a fearful temper. Dr. Schaffter returned at once to the hospital and was greeted with the savage inquiry: "How did you kill this man?"

Despite the established facts, the Amniah insisted that a man who died five minutes after arriving at the hospital must have had something done to him there which precipitated death. He demanded that Dr. Schaffter should make a post-mortem examination and report the actual cause of the death. The doctor refused, explaining that he had two pregnant patients who would need his attention within four hours, that he had an operation to perform on a child, and he could not endanger the lives of other patients by risking the transference of infection which might result from his making this post-

mortem, especially as he had no further legal responsibility in the case.

Angrily threatening to send Dr. Schaffter to prison, the Amniah went off and sent one after the other of the Iranian doctors in the city to the hospital to examine the corpse; each was so overwhelmed by the odor from the morgue that he hastily declined the dissecting knife offered to him. After eight hours the Amniah finally removed the body, complaining to Dr. Schaffter, "Why did you have to give me such a headache?"

The doctor replied calmly, "You would have had just as much headache if I had turned the man away from the door to let him die in the street." No more was heard of the incident.

Missionaries are as varied in personality as other folk, but they are united in their flair for human welfare. The different temperaments of the American leaders who have been greatly loved by the Iranians have fitted into their different needs.

Doctor Shedd was the man sought for advice when troubles arose between the dwellers along the shores of Lake Urumia. They differed from one another in religious outlook, social position, business interests, financial status, and race; but Mohammedan and Christian, Syrian and Kurd, Armenian and Iranian, all went to him with their confusions of mind and emotion. In the mission yard he would sit as a friendly arbiter, listening to protests which, if they had not been talked out on neutral ground, might have proved a serious tax on the local justices' time and patience and would have led also to much

ill will. He so guided the discourse that logic rather than passion prevailed, and usually was able to lead the contestants to decisions which were amicably accepted.

Doctor Packard of college athletic fame unconsciously won the admiration of Iranians by the vitality which enabled him to go at any hour of day or night, no matter what the weather, through mountain passes deep in snow, breasting the wind to help the destitute medically and surgically. At the hospital at Kermanshah, for instance, I learned in looking over the hospital records, that Dr. Packard averaged ten operations a day. The clinic patients, of whom there are on an average a hundred a day, pay, when they can afford to do so, twelve to thirty cents for their tickets.

The majority of patients are treated free, but it is only fair, when they can pay, to have them do so, in order to make the hospital as nearly self-supporting as possible, for the American salaries, paid from the United States, the erection and equipment of buildings, care of grounds and many other items, drain the missionary funds. Many who know nothing about missionaries are apt to be hypercritical. I had an unusual opportunity to see at close range what their lives are like.

Dr. and Mrs. Packard often work fifteen hours a day, from eight in the morning until eleven at night, and they are lucky if they have as much as twenty minutes' rest in the afternoon. Dr. Packard has been well known in the foreign office in England for many years. When our Ambassador to England, Mr.

Davis, asked if it was possible that all the missionaries were said to have done in Urumia was true, a member of the British Foreign Office laconically replied, "Double that!"

Toward the end of the first World War, the inhabitants of the town of Geogtapa were besieged by the Kurds. Many from other villages had assembled here in two churches, as strongly built as fortresses, which stood on a high hill made of the ashes of innumerable long-dead Zoroastrian fires. A ferocious battle was going on. Many villagers had been killed while trying to reach the thick-walled sanctuary. There was seemingly no hope for any of these imprisoned people, but they prayed as they fought, determined to defend to the last man and woman the sacred ground.

No one will ever know how a messenger made his way through the Kurdish encircling camp to Urumia to find Dr. Harry Packard, and beg him to come to lift the siege. Dr. Packard was known in college days in Colorado as "Home-run Harry" for his baseball prowess. His athletic strength and skill had been shown by chance in Iran when he caught the forelock of a charging, wild horse and threw it on its side. He was well known to the Kurds, for he had gone often, attended only by his Mohammedan servant and helper, to answer their calls for medical and surgical care. Imperious messages were frequently sent by the Kurdish chieftains or by their generals to the mission hospital urging the doctor to come hastily. He often had to operate under primitive conditions. He had taken a thou-

sand handicaps and saved many lives. He had become the friend of many grateful Kurds who, however cruel and rough they might be to others, appreciated his skill and character.

In spite of snipers all along the road, the messenger from Geogtapa finally reached Dr. Packard. Breathlessly he inquired if he could return with him. The doctor had just finished his morning's work—operations, childbirth, fractures, the heavy task had been well done; he needed an hour's rest. Would he go at once? Yes.

Those who wished him a good journey knew that there was scant chance of his returning alive. But all the missionaries, doctors, nurses, teachers, his wife among the others, agreed that there was but one thing for him to do. A young woman ran after him with a small flag. He fastened the emblem of freedom to the end of his cane, lifted it to his shoulder, and marched off. Snipers he disregarded. When they saw that he did not dodge, or try to evade attack, but strode fearlessly, they ceased firing.

Dr. Packard had innumerable delays in reaching the commander. The intervening officers said the chief would not halt the attack, but that probably this would be the last assault on the churches. Finally, pushing on between the ranks of excited men, the doctor reached one who had spent weeks in his hospital and been cured of a devastating fever, and whose wife's life also had been saved. That man listened.

Through the firing lines they pushed on together, in their haste narrowly escaping being shot. When

Dr. Packard reached the chieftain he found him inflamed by the victory within his grasp. The missionary pleaded for the lives of the Christians; the sheik shook his head.

"The last time my eye met yours," Dr. Packard told him, "was by the bedside of your first-born son. I left my own sick son to come to yours, and went to work next day without an hour of rest. Then you said if I ever asked a favor of you it would instantly be granted. I now ask you to give me these people's lives." The sheik's eyes were hard.

The doctor continued, "Have I ever refused you or your people help? Have I ever failed to come at all hazard when the passes were deep in snow, when the roads were torrents from melting ice?" The sheik held up his hand. "What are your terms?" he queried. The doctor had had no chance to learn the terms on which the Christians would surrender, but he agreed for them that they would give up their guns and ammunition, and that they would allow the Kurds to take all their property, if their lives would be spared and they would be permitted to go immediately to Urumia. The chieftain ordered the rain of fire on the churches to cease.

"Go in peace," he said, "and take the Christians with you."

Slowly, in a thin line, the rescued Christians came from the churches—1700 of them saved by one man, saved because he had done deeds of mercy. The men and boys laid down their arms, the family groups then pressed close together and, with their faces turned resolutely from what they were leaving—

their homes and all that they contained—they followed their deliverer to safety.

Dr. J. Arthur Funk was another of the missionary doctors who contributed greatly to the well-being and advancement of Iran. When he first went to Iran in 1902 at the age of twenty-nine, there were no medical schools. This tall and slender, well-trained physician, filled with ideals, worked under great difficulties. A silent, reserved man with an amazing capacity for work, he spent thirty-seven years in magnificent service there. He was made a member of the American College of Surgeons because of his distinction as a surgeon, operating successfully on difficult, complicated cases, and surmounting the handicaps which surrounded his work. These were greatly reduced by the building in Hamadan of a three-story, up-to-date hospital, which he designed and supervised in every detail so that he was in effect architect, contractor, and builder.

Dr. Funk had no skilled assistants, and his early work had to be done without nurses. He performed, on an average, ten to twelve operations a day. The most seriously ill were all placed in one ward so that he could direct and assist the Iranian servants in the after care. More than half of his cases were unable to pay for their operations, and the doctor earned a large part of the upkeep of the hospital by making outside calls in the town and far up in the mountains around Hamadan. These mountains are so high that in winter they were frequently impassable, and weeks often passed before his wife

heard from him. During this time the responsibility for the care of patients in the hospital fell on the young Iranians under training to become physicians, many of whom have since done fine work for their country.

In the American hospital in Hamadan, I made the rounds with Dr. Funk, and was interested to see how casually he referred to the success of his work. There was a little wizened baby which looked like a dried prune. To overcome its dehydrated condition he ordered the nurse to give it a neutral bath daily and a glass of water every hour for three days, in addition to liquid nourishment at the proper intervals.

In another bed there was a beautiful Jewess recovering from the removal of a stone in her kidney. Next to her was one with very prominent eyes, which immediately made me think of goiter, but I noticed there was no enlarged thyroid gland distorting the shape of her neck. On looking more closely, I observed the thin line of the operation which had removed the enlarged thyroid. The doctor was taking her pulse and remarked, "Her heart is steady today."

On the next bed was a convalescent patient who had had cancer of the stomach removed and a gastroenterostomy. This is a delicate operation connecting the intestine directly to the most dependent portion of the stomach. The doctor merely remarked, "Well."

The next two cases had been operated on for hernia, one of which had been complicated by an

appendix filled with pus. The nurse told me with pride how rapidly they were recovering. The doctor merely said, "Getting well."

The next surgical case was one of a tumor, which had been removed; that would have been simple enough, but it had been complicated by maternity. The nurse said in a low tone, "It turned out to be twins." The doctor remarked, "Two normal births."

The next case was that of a child who had had a cleft palate so extreme that the upper lip was also divided. The dressings were still on, but the boy spoke in a natural tone, which proved that he was convalescing satisfactorily.

There were thirty beds filled with surgical and twenty-two with medical cases.

It is the Mohammedan custom to bathe the baby, for the first time, forty days after its birth. The fact that in the missionary hospitals the baby is washed soon after its advent is now generally accepted, but it was for years regarded as a startling innovation. Now the girls and boys learn hygiene in school. This is a great benefit, because they explain it to their families and so help to make them willing to accept the "ways of the West." The young scholars have amazed expressions on their faces when they learn that what they believe to be helpful is really dangerous.

One of the great fallacies already pointed out is that "all running water is pure." This is one of the causes of the prevalence of dysentery, typhoid fever, and other intestinal diseases. For while the

water is pure when it comes from the mountains, it receives infection in practically every village through which it runs. Only in the largest cities is there proper sewerage disposal, so throughout the country soil infection is frequently transmitted by drainage water. This has in the past been partly overcome by the Mohammedan custom of ceremonial bathing three times a day; morning, noon, and night before prayers the face, hands, elbows, ankles and feet are washed. It is obligatory to take a full bath only once a month, at which time the hair is thoroughly washed as well.

Dr. Funk's tact was often called on, as was that of all the missionaries, in leading the people to realize that the hearsay method of the herb doctors was often dangerous because of the use of nostrums which delayed the patient from having proper treatment or prevented his reaching a competent doctor.

One day a child came to the clinic with pus streaming from his arm. He was covered with charms which were sewed on all his clothes. His parents obviously believed that they would be effective in warding off evil. Near the sore, the little boy wore, as an amulet, a miniature copy of the Koran. The history given by the mother was that the child had fallen on a sharp stone, five days before, and cut himself. Her village doctor had told her to place in the cut a blue bead. The only one available had been used with others to ornament the collar of the family donkey. She cut one of these off the sweaty leather thong which held it in place, together with a few donkey hairs; she quickly put the bead, hair,

donkey sweat, and all into the gaping cut, and, as directed, bound it up tightly. She complained to the doctor, "Since yesterday that yellow, sticky water has been streaming down his arm and hand."

She looked so helpless that I felt sorry for her. The child had a good constitution, for without more than the average resistance to infection, he would have died of blood poisoning or been too ill to be brought to the clinic. With proper care he made a speedy recovery.

Every bed in the hospital is always filled, and there are cots on the wide veranda for the tubercular cases. Even the halls are crowded at times. Below, in the large basement, there are clinic rooms, an X-ray department, storerooms and a reserve of supplies and surgical dressings made by the women's church groups in the United States. A large reserve is necessary, as the distance from America and the difficulty of transportation are great; the roads often are impassable from heavy snowfalls and drifts in winter, and from washouts during the spring floods.

Although Dr. Funk's contributions to Iran are beyond computation, he himself was extremely reticent about discussing his work. Through his efforts men have been trained to carry it on. Day after day he struggled toward amazing achievements against every conceivable handicap, having to do for himself all the things which an American doctor has done for him in a modern hospital supplied with the proper equipment. Gifts from his patients were promptly turned into money for the hospital, and gifts often were substitutes for payment of a fee.

On one occasion, when he restored sight to a woman who had cataracts on both eyes, she presented him in payment with two scrawny turkeys which had to be fed for two months before they were worth killing. After another serious operation he received an emaciated chicken with its head hanging down and its eyes half closed in death.

Hard and strenuous Dr. Funk found a missionary's life, but never monotonous. There were no idle hours. At any moment he might be called upon to do anything. He had even been requested by the bereaved to supervise the making of a coffin, as well as directing the undertakers and grave diggers, while sympathetic friends covered and lined the wooden box to make it look less terrible.

When asked why he had gone to Iran in the first place, the doctor replied, "As a boy and student at Wittenberg and later at college in New York, my interest became aroused in missions in general. Particularly the medical aspect appealed to me as a means through which I could best express the ideal of Christian service to men denied the privileges and advantages which we in America enjoyed. I did not deliberately choose Iran as a place to work in. In fact, like so many people, I knew little of the country, but I felt I should go there when the opportunity offered."

"I feel very optimistic about the future," Dr. Funk remarked when he was in America in 1938. "Of course, there are reactionary elements among the people which are only held in leash by the strong personalities of the present régime. The preroga-

tives of the religious leaders, who once wielded a powerful influence, have been severely curtailed, and should an opportunity offer they would make a bid for power. They would not be permanently successful simply because the majority of the people would not stand for a return to the old conditions. While heavily taxed, as yet there is no foreign or internal government loan; but the necessity for importing machinery of many kinds to develop the natural resources might necessitate outside help.

"As for the future of mission, educational, and medical work, we cannot be so certain. The aim is to develop national leaders, trained and educated, who will eventually take over the responsibility for the growth of the Christian churches. As an indication of the standing we have, I might cite a recent government request to our American hospitals to organize a government nurses' training school with Americans at their head, both in mission hospitals and in those established by the government in several centers."

Dr. Funk, after his first year's assignment to the Teheran hospital, spent all the rest of his missionary service in Hamadan, where he received magnificent help from his wife, Susanna Leinbach Funk. His medical work covered all phases of service—dispensary, hospital, visits, itineration, and teaching. He did notable work in training Persian physicians. He took students into his hospital, trained them as apprentices, then as internes, giving them "the benefit of his own skill and knowledge, plus practical experience in surgery and the wards."

During the First World War he remained at Hamadan, through the Turkish invasion, sustaining the people by his courage. He died of heart disease in March, 1939, and his useful, unassuming and triumphant life came to a quiet close. Dr. Funk's associate, Dr. Lichwardt, was a surgeon in the World War. Soon after its close he volunteered for missionary work. His robust health, high color, broad shoulders, and abundance of vitality were in contrast to his slender, pale, quiet, but equally tireless predecessor. Mrs. Lichwardt, an army nurse, has ably assisted her husband. Indeed, such a mass of work could not pass weekly through the hospital if these and their assistants were not devoted to their responsibilities. Each has always been ready to carry on in perfect cooperation. Dr. Lichwardt, before coming to Hamadan, practiced in Meshed and was particularly active in alleviating the physical and mental suffering of lepers. Since Dr. Funk's death, he has succeeded him as director of the Hamadan Hospital. The Iranian Christians asked to have the privilege of placing in their church a tablet paying tribute to their beloved physician. The church was crowded with many who were converted Jews and Mohammedans. In the polished brass, in Iranian characters, deeply cut, was the text:

“HE CAME, NOT TO BE MINISTERED
UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER.”

XVII

THE VEILED WOMAN

THE Arab invasion of Iran, with its bloodshed and misrule, was marked by injustice to women from which it has taken them long, humiliating centuries to emerge. They were forced to accept a mode of life dictated by the tenets of Mohammed, based on nothing higher than his jealousy of his youngest wife. The tyranny of the Koran's social codes was pressed inexorably by the priests. The change of religion from the high-minded old Zoroastrian faith had much to do with the decline of Iran's ancient glory. How could it be otherwise?

Islam's doctrine of woman's inferiority fed the vanity of men, and the translation of this teaching into life encouraged progressively their gratification in self-indulgence and weakened their characters. Thus, this derogatory estimate of women became a boomerang. It reduced by half the level of civilization; because, as has been eugenically established, progress in the fine arts of national development depends upon the equal sharing of opportunities and responsibilities by both men and women. It depends upon equal opportunities for education, equal sense of responsibility, and equal position and influence. Though here and there high ideals are

found in the Koran, the seclusion of women and their relegation to an inferior position were accepted as religious commands and political policy.

It is refreshing to recall that in the enlightened days of Zoroaster, according to whose progressive, philosophic creed women had equal privilege with men, there was no mental bondage. Men and women were taught that they must fight equally "the Principle of Evil," *Ahriman*, and that, helped by Ormuzd, they also might attain eternal life at the Resurrection.

The monogamous ideal of the Zend-Avesta, the sacred book of Zoroaster, accorded to domestic virtues a high place. "Purity is the best, the fairest of all things. It is, next to life, the greatest good, even as thou hast said, oh, righteous Zarathustra!" Earth is most happy when "the faithful erects a house with a wife and children within, with cattle and good herds, where virtue, the fire, and every blessing of life continues to thrive."

Education at that period was not profound either for men or women. But equally they enjoyed art, literature, scholarly debates and semi-mythical sciences—which were discussed in the courts and among the aristocratic classes. Much of the stability of prosperity during the Achæmenian and Sassanian dynasties was due to the intelligence of women, for while men were engaged in widening frontiers, the women carried on the basic arts of society.

The social life of pre-Islamic days is well known through miniatures, early manuscripts, and mural paintings of graceful unveiled women in handsome dress, surrounded with as much dignity as were the

kings and princes. Some of these show the quaint, luxurious custom of ladies sitting in a bower of flowers, while gentlemen nearby are engaging lions in single combat. The illustrations in the exquisite replica of *The Poems of Nizami*, published by the British Museum, have plates giving excellent examples of the prominence of women and the respect in which they were held. In one of these, which is rated as being artistically supreme in color and composition, women are depicted as fireproof and glorious angels in the midst of swinging censers which contain leaping flame. They are escorting the prophet to heaven. This allegory shows the survival in art of the Zoroastrian sacredness of fire, and also respect for women.

The epic literature is rich in tales of love and chivalry. The *Shah-nameh* (Book of Kings) by the great poet Firdausi, records many deeds of Shah Jamshid, one of the earliest rulers. It includes a dignified, charming account of his meeting the exquisite daughter of Gureng, King of Zabulistan, who, by her skill, valor, and judgment, had won fame as a warrior in her father's army. With delicacy the poem tells of their love and marriage. Then there are the legends of the fair Princess Tahmimah, who was adored by the youthful warrior Rurtam and of the romantic finding of a queen for King Kal Kaus, and the story of heroic womanhood is set forth in the narrative of Byzun and Princess Manijehp.

The beauty of the unmarried woman most frequently held place in Iran's song, yet married life was not forgotten. Examples of the recognition of

a love that is considerate, tender, and deep are in the romantic story of Laili and Majnum, which is called the *Romeo and Juliet* of the East. This portrayal of undying love has in it something of the sweep of the desert and the constancy of the stars.

Among the early women of distinction was Homai, a princess with literary talent, who relates a series of tales known as the *Hezar Afsane*. This comprises about two hundred stories told upon a thousand nights, and so well told that interest never lagged. It is from this collection, transcribed during the life of the authoress, that the *Arabian Nights* was constructed. She is mentioned in the *Avestas*, and also by Firdausi. Her mother, Shahrazaad, was a Jewess, and brought with other captives from Jerusalem to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar. She is recorded as having delivered her nation from captivity, and has been identified with Esther of the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as with Scheherazade of the *Arabian Nights*.

Women of royalty in those days often took an active part in political and military activity; the wives of the kings exerted much influence, bad as well as good. For instance, Amestris, the wife of Xerxes, is said to have been instrumental in the death of her husband at the hands of two of his chief retainers. Xenophon has immortalized the zeal of Parusatis in her efforts to place her son, Cyrus the Younger, upon the throne, and her plotting in his behalf against his elder brother, Artaxerxes, who was not her son. Herodotus records a woman who, in the strength of outraged motherhood, brought the

great conqueror, Cyrus, to his end because her son had been captured and tortured by him. Cyrus, thinking a country governed by a woman could easily be overcome, sent forth his army against Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetæ, a warlike tribe inhabiting the steppes north of the Taxartes River. She led her troops into battle and in hand-to-hand combat relentlessly slew the great leader.

During the Sassanian dynasty women figured prominently. Two queens held the scepter. In poetry there are many verses which praise virtue and acknowledge irresistible love at first sight. These enthusiastically represent a whole lifetime of emotion, condensed into one passionate, rapturous moment, and also there are others which praise the calmer affection which lasts.

In those days there existed no prejudice against an active, as well as an amatory, life for women, and ancient records indicate a high degree of respect for marriage. The birth of a girl was not the cause of lamentation and sometimes of infanticide, that it later became throughout the Orient. Lenorman says, "Marriage was free and consecrated, preceded by betrothal, symbolized by the joining of hands. The husband, in the presence of the Zoroastrian priest, took the right hand of the bride and pronounced sacred words. The bride's hair was parted with the tip of an arrow, she was then conducted to her new abode with a present of fire and water; there was a procession around the domestic hearth. The father of the bride presented a cow, which was intended originally for the wedding feasts, but in later

times it was taken to the house of the bridegroom as part of the dowry, and as an emblem of agricultural richness.

Today we have an illustration of life under the Zoroastrian aegis, for living in India is the largest surviving group of the devout followers of Zoroaster, called Parsees, meaning Persians, also "the Children of Light." After the Mohammedan invasion, rather than submit to Arab rule, they had the courage to brave the eastern mountains and pressed on into India, where they might live in religious freedom. Reliability and justice are keynotes of their character. Many of the ablest Bombay merchants are Parsees. They take entire care of their ill and old and poor. They are kind and just in all their dealings. Their women hold a dignified position in a monogamous home life; are well educated and capable in the duty and joy of child raising and home management. Their dress has always been graceful, with robes of pastel shades and embroidered borders; in their homes they wear short sleeves that leave their arms bare, which is considered a sin by Mohammedans. In their daily religious observances at sunrise and sunset, which I saw many times in India, there is a transcendent consecration of the individual soul to God. Both men and women wear white robes and their ceremonial prayer is recited as they stand on the earth at the edge of the sea and lift their arms to the fire of the sun. Iran's loss was India's gain.

The wave of virulent fanaticism which swept out of Arabia around the year A.D. 600 eventually forced Mohammedanism on a large part of the world and

crushed the independence of women. Some critics maintain that Mohammed did this to justify his own sensualism and egotism and to emphasize the superiority of men. He had nine wives, so why should not other women submit to the ignominy of being merely their husbands' sensual property?

It was considered proper for a man to take a *sigheh*, or "temporary wife" for a day, a week, a month, on up to ninety-nine years; no financial arrangements or legal obligations beyond the immediate payment of a small amount of money were required. From that day to this, men who did seasonal work in the rice fields each paid a few pennies to a woman to work for and with him, and also to live with him as his "rice wife." Temporary wives picked up on journeys, even on a pilgrimage to Mecca or to Meshed, were customary. These were called "shrine wives" and became the *sigheh* of a succession of men. Did this lessen acknowledged prostitution? Not at all. In all cities there are quite as many degraded women of that type as in monogamous countries.

The "shrine wives" became expert in selecting temporary husbands, for, seeing the assortment and being veiled, they all had the privilege of choice. The younger and more attractive women preferred handsome young pilgrims; the middle-aged chose those who paid more and were less capricious. Fortunately, the present Shah realizes that a sex orgy is incompatible with religious ethics, and that Islam cannot be acceptable to the clean-minded until this degrading practice is abolished. True, it is claimed that Mohammed, by abolishing incestuous marriages,

limiting divorce, and restricting polygamy to four wives at a time, brought about benefits for Arab women. Doubtless he was regarded by the men as a "feminist" when he limited wives to four, and replaced the concubine by the *sigheh*! This solved the problem of the illegitimate child, for the *sigheh* was legally married and, though she must go at the end of the arranged period, the man was responsible for her for three months after her dismissal, and must provide always for the children to whom he was the father. Economic helplessness on the woman's part was the basis of such barbarity.

Mohammed, following the teachings of the Old Testament, of which he was a student, gave his followers in Arabia a supreme monotheistic God in place of their idols. According to one of his defenders, a sentence in the Koran elevated woman to the pedestal due her: "Paradise is under the feet of the mother." However, the distinguishing point is this, that while these measures of Mohammed meant progress in Arabia, they meant retrogression to Iran, whose people in civilization undoubtedly were eons ahead of their conquerors. He did improve the position of Arabian women, for they were on a par with animals; and it was, indeed, the wretched state of morals in Arabia at the time the Prophet lived, which was responsible for much of the evil that befell the Zoroastrian women, who were compelled to accept Islam.

In the Koran, Mohammed explains that "men are superior to women on account of the qualities with which God hath gifted the one above the other."

With rare exceptions women were supposed to be stupid and lacking in intelligence, but fit to be mothers once a year! "The world and all things in it are valuable, but more valuable than all is a virtuous woman." But the Moslem's idea of a virtuous woman was an embodiment of flattering slavery, motherhood, and ignorance.

The authority for the use of the veil, as stated in the Koran, is the following: "Speak to the believing women that they refrain their eyes . . . and that they throw their veils over their bosoms" . . . obviously to avoid tempting men. But the custom is believed to have had a more personal and dramatic basis. One day Mohammed was sitting with Ayesha, his fourteen-year-old wife, when an acquaintance of his entered the tent and, observing the beauty of the girl, offered to buy her with a camel. The Prophet was so enraged that he ordered all women to be veiled from the eyes of all men, except those of their immediate family. Another version is given by Prof. R. A. Nicholson to the effect that Ayesha lingered one day behind the caravan and met a young man. Mohammed was disturbed lest an indiscretion had been committed, until he received a revelation that she was innocent.

The veil and the seclusion of women may originally have been intended to protect them, in order to safeguard a pure lineage at least on the distaff side. This, however, cannot even remotely justify the position fixed by Mohammed for women destined only for the service of their lords, likely to be cast off without the assignment of any reason and without

the notice of a single hour. No wonder the high-minded Iranians of today, under the leadership of the ruling Shah, have changed all this and look back upon it with repugnance.

Contrary to opinion, Mohammed did not teach that women have no souls. He granted that both men and women, by observing the five pillars of faith, could enter Paradise. But it was more difficult for women to go through the pearly gates into heaven, for they were not encouraged to make pilgrimages to shrines, and many mosques were closed to them; therefore, with these handicaps, how could they be sure of crossing, according to an old legend, on a hair of the Prophet's beard, from earth into a paradise where the soil is of musk and houris wait on men's every whim? The Prophet was reputed to have taken a glimpse into hell and found that most of its inhabitants were of the fair sex.

Child marriage was, alas, sanctioned by Mohammed, who himself was married to Ayesha when she was six years old, but, according to Islamic law, a girl was not marriageable until the age of nine, a boy at fifteen.

The great interest in the life of every girl was her marriage, in which she had no choice. Since families were customarily large and parents wished to marry off their children early, it was they who arranged the whole affair, with the assistance of a mullah; the priest acted as financial and nuptial advisor. Money was as important as social position for a suitable match. Sometimes the bride's parents gave the girl twice or three times as many *tomans* as the

man's parents gave him; the amount depended on the relative social position of the families, and was in proportion to the beauty, industry, accomplishment in household arts, and general desirability of the bride. The deferred dowry, named by the parents, was to insure them against having to provide for the daughter in case she was divorced, as there were usually other children for them to support and marry off. Often mothers and fathers did not take into consideration the relative ages, temperaments, or personal likes or dislikes of the marrying couple; daughters were frequently handed over to men old enough to be their fathers, or even their grandfathers. Since there were no social contacts, they could know nothing about one another before their wedding. It was considered indelicate for a girl even to see the aspirant to her hand. The couple were not supposed to set eyes on one another until their formal betrothal before a mullah.

When the fiancé sent her—as a preliminary testimonial of supposed affection—a tray heaped with assorted gifts, such as slippers, perfume, jewelry, etc., she was expected to select one from among them. Then he was able to formulate an idea of her taste and so send other gifts. But many a daughter refused to accept any of these baubles, stoutly, pitifully insisting: "I don't want to be married!"

It was easy to understand the psychology of a young girl when weepingly she told her family that she would not marry some man whom she had never seen. For it meant leaving the circle to which she had grown accustomed—in which she felt protected

—the only circle, in fact, which she had ever known. No woman, however young, going to live in the house of a strange man to whom she must be either a toy or a slave, could accept the inevitable without apprehension, revolt, fear, or even disgust. For, after all, every human being feels, however vaguely, some stirring of personal independence and volition, even when overwhelmed by destiny.

But the older women in the family assured a girl if she was wayward that nothing could be more delightful and satisfactory than having a home of her own and a lawful husband, and that her children would compensate for all hardships. For, is not motherhood the greatest thing in every woman's life? This effectually silenced any further protests.

An odd ceremony took place after a mullah had arranged many details and money had passed through his hands. All women of the house were gathered into one room of the girl's home, while in the outer rooms were the men of the family and their men friends. The mullah, through a curtain, asked the girl if she would admit her fiancé, "who was knocking at the gate."

"No," she replied, according to the custom of being arch and demure, but often in real dread.

Then the mullah described elaborately all the suitor's charms and extolled the marvelous fulfilling of God's will for both of them to live in wedded bliss, etc. . .

"No," she replied tremulously again. This was required to be her last negative, for the third time she must say, "Yes." Each "No" was the cue for

excited urging on the part of all the women in the room. The nervous tension around her and the helplessness of her position was a terrific strain upon her if she had any spirit. If not, she placidly followed the age-old customs of the prescribed routine. Many a girl would have liked to answer "No" to the third request. But she was obliged to say "Yes"; there was no other life, outlet or opportunity, for all the women would have chided and wheedled her until she consented.

Then she turned her back to the door and held a large mirror in her hand (perhaps the origin of our *Hallow'een* custom). The man entered through the curtain and advanced toward the back of his fiancée to look over her shoulder into the mirror, where—exciting moment—they caught their first glimpse of each other. And this meeting, at which each hoped to read the other's thought by the revelation of features, was in the presence of all the buzzing older women.

Often there was a horrible shock on the part of either or both. The girl, who had been told to expect a *Lochinvar*—as her mother and the mullah had described him—might look into the mirror and see an octogenarian, wrinkled and worn, a hunchback, or a hideous man scarred from "*Baghdad boil*"! And, should the surprise be a happy one, no privacy was allowed for a caress, however ardent his glance might prove.

And the situation is not without its awkwardness for the man. Indeed, no bridegroom in America ever walked down the aisle feeling more of a quiver-

ing fool than did the young man who entered that room of chattering, veiled faces and peered into the mirror to see what sort of a nymph—or witch—he was going to have to live with!

One poet whom I met in Iran told me the sad tale of his dearest friend's betrothal. As he was poor, his family were anxious to have him wed the daughter of a wealthy house. Like every poet, he idealized women and looked forward to having a beautiful bride who would be the endless joy of his life. He was told by his mother and father that the girl was attractive, the fulfilment of his dreams. What was his horror when he looked over her shoulder into the mirror and beheld a dumpy, ugly face! Though his ideals had been shattered and his expectations had collapsed, nevertheless he must go through the final ceremonies in the prescribed time.

His parents were counting on this engagement being followed by an immediate marriage. He felt sick when he left the bride-to-be's house, joined his friends who were waiting outside the garden gate, and told them to go away and leave him alone. But they persisted in asking, "What is she like? Is she beautiful?" To his dearest friend he confessed, with poetic exaggeration, that she was as homely as "a harpy in hell, with prunes for eyes and a mouth like a lizard's. I wanted to have but one lovely wife for my very own," he groaned. "Now I will have to take a second in order to bear life at all. I could not stand that ugly one alone. She is dreadful. I will commit suicide. That is the only way out." As the distressed young man continued to contemplate sui-

cide, his friend vowed something must be done to cheer him up. Perhaps the mirror had distorted the girl's face. He persuaded the mullah to arrange for him to visit the girl on some pretext of delivering an important message personally, in order that he might see her for himself. The mullah consented, since he was eager for the marriage to be consummated, for he had become anxious concerning his handsome fee. The meeting was arranged. The friend came back and said to the mournful poet: "You are right. Commit suicide!" And he did.

The master kept his wives in the *anderun*, along with his choicest carpet and his silk divans. This dwelling was invisible from the outer courtyard of the garden and from the *biruni*, the separate room for the men. Such seclusion would be like a prison to any American woman, for it was penetrated only by the husband and near relatives. However, a lady was taught to have no wish for exercise; her only diversions were those of languid idleness.

Seldom did there exist any real friendship between a married couple. Often a husband would pass his entire time in his *biruni*, the male apartments which women were not allowed to enter. Because a woman's primary value was her sex attraction, it was thought she had to be kept secluded in order to remain faithful. This meant distrust rather than understanding, and allowed no mutual respect. There could be scant sanctity in a relation so easily destroyable by divorce, and in which the man was allowed as many irregular connections as he pleased, even including the household slaves. It will not

surprise the Westerner to learn that there is no word in the Iranian language for "home."

An old saying reads: "The God of women is a man; therefore, all women must obey men." A husband had the right to forbid his wife's visiting her own parents, and to punish her with a flogging if she had been disobedient. Unfaithful wives were generally put to death. A young Irani explained to me that this was "for the sake of keeping the honor of her husband untarnished."

One of the most enlightened and philanthropic noblemen in present-day Iran, when he was a young boy exhibited his filial respect for his father by slaying his mother because his father ordered him to do so. Calm and unruffled, he walked into the *anderun* and killed her with a shotgun because she was merely suspected of infidelity. This same man became the kindest of feudal overlords; he "sought only to purge the honor both of his mother and father." It is probable that many such unfortunate women were forced to take poison, but these acts were accomplished in secret; therefore, definite evidence is rare.

Not all women were downtrodden, however. A few even managed to secure special privileges. A lovely, red-haired Russian girl whom I met had married under Islamic law. Her Iranian lover had been fascinated by her grace and beauty as she walked freely in the street. When he, much excited by being able to propose for himself, asked her to marry him, he swore that he would always be true to her. She said to herself, "As I am a refugee far from my family, I must try to think of everything," and named a huge

sum of dowry, more than he or his family would ever be able to pay. He agreed. "As you will. I will love only you always; it doesn't matter how much money I promise for the deferred dowry. It is payable only in case of divorce and I will never want one." After they had been married several years, she became provoked by too much interference from his mother, who lived with them. She went to see a magistrate. There, although she had adopted the veil, she managed to show her face to him, while pretending to arrange her *chadar*, at which bold action the magistrate's eyebrows lifted. Then she sat down and confided appealingly, "Because I am a foreigner, I feel that I can and must throw myself upon your kindness and justice."

He was positive that she could.

She continued, with apparent reluctance, "My mother-in-law hates me and makes me unhappy. Of course, my husband loves me, but he doesn't dare show it because of his mother's jealousy."

Naturally the magistrate, who had troubles of his own at home, understood how that was.

"Now," she went on, "if you ever hear that I am dead, you will know that I have been murdered. I want to go on living and to return to my Russian relatives. It is my duty to my mother to place this report with you."

The record was made; she returned home and said to her husband, "I have to have a new dress and a new camel-bone bracelet." He protested that he did not have money for such feminine extravagances; he had bills to pay, etc. "Very well," exclaimed the

saucy jade, "I will have them, for I have been to the magistrate and told him that if they find me dead, you or your mother will have murdered me. I will jump into the well and you will be blamed." For five years she terrorized him by running around the well. And she got everything she asked for! But this is a breezy exception to the general rule, and no doubt may be attributed to Cossack courage.

Under Islam, the laws governing divorce were legion and always in favor of the husband. They helped to crystallize the subject state of women. While he possessed the power of divorce, absolute and unquestioned, she had no privilege of a corresponding nature. She was compelled to be quiescent, even when abused or superseded, the perpetual slave of her husband, if such was his will. Proverbs are numerous, such as "Every divorce is lawful except a madman's."

A woman—until recently when the laws were changed by Shah Riza Pahlavi—if she sought or brought about a divorce, lost all claim to the pre-marriage dowry promised, which would, if paid, prevent her falling back on her father or brothers for support. In accordance with Mohammedan law and custom, at the time of the marriage, the girl's father supplied her clothing, linens, furniture, and other household needs. The man's father, if the son was too young to have his own, provided a house and garden. The dowry was a deferred payment, the husband paying it to his wife when he divorced her, unless he contended that she deserved divorce. She was allowed no self-defense. The ease with which

divorce was effected provided its greatest danger, for in the presence of witnesses a man needed merely to say three times, "I divorce you," and his wife had to prepare immediately to pack her bags and leave the harem. This triple-repeated incantation was accompanied by the tossing of a pebble for each "divorce you," to emphasize that it was not impetuous!

The permission thus granted men to free themselves of all responsibility for the unfortunate wife made her helplessly supine. She had to endure all things and still try to please masculine caprice. The Prophet's own grandson, for example, married and divorced about one hundred women, though he had only four wives at a time! With such a model it is little wonder that Moslem men have been so free and easy with marriage and divorce.

Up to a few years ago, the costume worn behind the *anderun* walls would have made many a Westerner gasp, for even Western lounging pajamas and negligees are far more dignified than that boudoir dress. Very short, full skirts which did not reach to the knees, were an imitation of the tarlatan skirts of ballet girls whom Nasir-ed-Din Shah admired during his sojourn in Paris, when he offered to buy the entire front row of the opera ballet corps to add to his harem!

A woman's outdoor costume was for years a complete disguise; trousers and socks in one piece were drawn up to her waist. A white silk or cotton veil covered her face and hung down to her knees. In order to see to walk there were small perforations in

this long veil, which were referred to alluringly as "nightingale eyes," through which a woman looked upon the world. Over all this she was shrouded from head to feet in a shapeless black shawl or *chadar*. As all the women dressed alike, a man was unable to recognize his wife when she passed him on the street. She was always chaperoned by her servant, and unless she happened to wear a particular jeweled clasp to fasten her veil at the back of her head, or some other exterior adornment with which her husband was familiar, he might unwittingly flirt with his own wife, and often did, to her amusement. No matter how charming a figure she might have, on the street she resembled a waddling bundle of goods. The white veil gave her a ghoulish appearance, and the streets of Iran were filled with a procession of wraiths. The mystery of womanhood was heightened by the fact that a woman was bound to maintain absolute silence in public, and any man who would dare to lift her veil was subject to the penalty of death.

If the Persian man had realized that frank friendliness was more likely to safeguard the very interests he was trying to protect, he would not have insisted that his wife, mother, sister, and daughter should be enveloped in *chadars*, which did not prevent frivolous behavior! A lady in a *chadar* might slip a note to a man unperceived, rearrange the *chadar* in order coquettishly to reveal her face, or lift it to her knee. She could borrow this disguising garment from a maid who was in her confidence, and keep any rendezvous she might wish when she was supposed by

Moslem theory to be more virtuous because of the disguise in which she walked.

In this restricted existence, women were thrown entirely upon each other for any diversion or amusement. They gave parties in their high-walled gardens at which they could gossip and, with the *chadar* removed, show off their clothes and their jewelry. Weekly visits to the public bath were occasions for complete undress and for a whole day of gossiping! The bathing was in a large tank and occupied many hours, after which they reclined on cushions, in an Iranian beauty-parlor manner, to have their hair, their fingers, and their toenails dyed with henna or indigo. Some of them spent much time in learning to play small musical instruments, in making and eating sweets, in embroidering, sewing, painting, and other minor domestic arts.

Today a child of seven in the United States has more outside interests than the average woman in Iran had until recent years. When a Mohammedan lady visited a mosque—and this was a high privilege—she sat behind a screen. Even shopping—a favorite activity with most women—was generally denied her, and in the bazaars nearly all the customers were men. The high-class women sent their servants to purchase whatever was necessary for the household. When they did shop, five or six would go together in a carriage, closely veiled and giggling with excitement. They awkwardly hurried from the carriage into the shop where they sat, according to Eastern custom, on the floor and discussed at length with each other the merits of the various materials displayed.

It seems strange that in all this time there was no powerful impetus among the women to improve their lot. But it is easier to understand how their attitude became perforce one of complacence when the fact is taken into consideration that from infancy a little girl was trained to a life of suppression; her duties were waiting on her brothers and parents, by whom she was usually neglected as they were not interested in her. Also, the influence of climate, religion, and the Oriental temperament led to a placid acceptance of life.

XVIII

THE UNVEILED WOMAN

THE success of the present Shah in removing the absurdities by which Mohammedan women have been handicapped for one thousand three hundred and more years is clearly shown in contrast to the contents of a book printed in Resht as recently as 1926. It was considered then as the last word regarding social conditions. It has a surprising title—*The Means of the Chastity of Women*. It is written by Hajji Shaykh Yusuf of Najaf and of Gilan. His maintaining two residences marks him as a man of distinction, and the confidence with which he writes indicates that he expresses the opinions which were highly approved so short a time ago. The following are excerpts from his book:

The purpose of the treatise is to show that the world furnishes brilliant proofs and clear arguments for those who believe in the veil and to show that a sane mind, a correct taste, the habits of bees and the laws of peoples all testify to the religion of Islam.

The Creation of Woman—The expounders have said that the creation of woman from a rib taken from the left side of man suggests that the physical and animal side in woman is stronger, and that the spiritual and angelic is greater in men, since the right side is the symbol of the spiritual and the left the symbol of the physical kingdom.

Their Mental Weakness or Deficiency in All Things—All the codes of law intended for the guidance of mankind toward the truth and designated for making smooth and orderly the state of human society, agree in this, that transacting business with a woman is like transacting business with one who is deficient and in need of a sponsor and guardian; since woman in origin, creation, body, propriety of conduct, opinion, intelligence, and action is inferior to man, and, as the doctors of ethics have declared and explained, is overcome by fleshly desires. These learned men say that the characteristics of love for amusement, addiction to imagination, approval of intrigue and fickleness are more pronounced in woman than in man. The souls of women are the places of reverberation of idle tales. They are greater babblers, more inclined to imitation and to the following of injurious beliefs than men.

Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, said: "I hear that your women obtain mastery over you by weeping. Do you not forbid their loud weeping?"

The wise men and the sages have not directed their attention to the world because they have held it to be unworthy of consideration, transitory, and fickle. Since woman is fickle, they have compared the world to a woman, who is, therefore, unworthy of consideration.

The Faith, Lot, and Intelligence of Woman—His Majesty the Apostle, Mohammed, all praise to Him, said: "He considered women to be weak in religion, deficient in intelligence, and plunderers of men's judgments." His Majesty Sadiz said in regard to women: "Disobey your women in lawful things, lest they command you to do unlawful things."

The Prophet said, "My merit for the future life consists of prayer and my worldly pleasure consists of women." His Majesty, the Apostle, said, "From your world, I love only women and perfume."

Whoever jests with a strange woman, God will imprison him a thousand years for each word.

Whoever shakes hands with a strange woman will arrive at the resurrection bound with a yoke and chain.

Man has the right to admonish and chastise a woman. In case he fears she may be refractory, let him exhort and admonish her. If she does not respond, let him ignore her. Then let him beat her; but not so as to break a bone.

The transition from the social conditions reflected in the above quotations could not have been made so quickly had not two forces worked favorably together. A hundred years of Western education, conducted in the leading cities of Iran by British and American missionaries, resulted in thousands of men and women realizing the need of such a change. The reforms could not have been brought about without the edicts and forceful leadership of the present Shah.

From the very hour that Riza Shah was crowned King of Kings, the position of women has gradually been changing. Aside from his laws concerning marriage and divorce, the adoption of Western dress caused a clash with the priests.

As far back as 1929, when the King and Queen of Afghanistan paid their visit to Iran, the priests had clashed with the Shah. King Amanullah and Queen Suriyeh had made a royal tour of Europe and had been given brilliant receptions in all the foreign capitals. The fact that the Queen was unveiled when abroad was of far more significance to Moslem Iran than it was to Christian Europe. When photographs of her in smart European costume were reproduced in the Teheran newspapers, progressive women in the capital smiled with inward delight at beholding

Mohammedan Suriyeh in a jaunty Parisian suit and hat, but the grim, old-fashioned Moslems felt deeply that it was a disgrace for her to have appeared with a bare face before the unbelieving public of Europe. If they could prevent it, this insult to religion would not be repeated in Iran.

They appealed to His Majesty with a petition, requesting that, before the royal guests arrived, the Shah would have his Queen advised to be properly veiled. He tore the paper into shreds, shouting: "Fools! Do they not know that this is the twentieth century?" The ecclesiastic messenger was nervous and begged for a more definite reply. "Tell them," said the Shah, "that when the King and Queen of Afghanistan arrive, I and my Queen will go out to meet them. The Queen of Iran will wear her *chadar*, but the Queen of Afghanistan may wear what she pleases."

Another significant event occurred a few years ago in the great mosque of Qum, ninety miles south of Teheran—Qum, the burial place of Fatima, sister of the saintly Imam who is buried in Meshed. Her mosque has been a great stronghold of Islam. Its golden domes and exquisite minarets are architecturally magnificent and are super-sacred. For years it has been a sanctuary for criminals. A fugitive who had committed some serious crime, if able to outstrip his pursuers and reach the mosque, was safe until he emerged, as was the case in the Catholic sanctuaries in the Middle Ages, and in the cities of refuge of ancient Israel.

At the feast of No-Ruz, the Queen, with members

of the royal household, went to this shrine to see their New Year in, for it is propitious to be in a holy place as the year begins. She sat in the gallery and threw back her veil while she listened to the sermon. The mullah, feeling himself secure in a mosque, proceeded to denounce all modern tendencies. One by one he went over the reforms supported by the Shah. These, he declared, were sinfully leading the people away from Islam. A man in the audience, thinking that the priest was unaware of the presence of the Queen, went up to the high steps on the top of which he sat in a stone chair, and warned him to be careful. This inflamed the priest, and he made his attack even more violent, shouting wildly:

“O Mussulmans, we have lost our religion! Our King and Queen are letting the glorious precepts of Islam slip from our hands. The Queen is here with face unveiled! Up—up—and at her!”

There was a mad rush toward the gallery and a riot ensued. The Queen, through the protection of her guards, remained unharmed. A message was quickly sent to the Shah, who was in his Teheran palace. Always a man of action, he ordered his car to be made ready at once. He realized that this was a challenge which would determine the real ruler of Iran, himself or the priests, the State or the Church. All winter the shrine of Qum had been a hotbed of intrigue against the government. The supreme psychological moment had arrived. The gantlet had been thrown down.

He stepped into his Rolls-Royce and, followed by

a police guard, sped ninety miles to Qum. As his car leaped down the road in a whirl of dust, every speed law was broken. When grinding brakes stopped the car at the mosque, there were two thousand men milling around. His Majesty marched in. To their horror he was booted and spurred and, worse still, was wearing his sword, which was a heinous violation of custom, for no one is permitted to enter a mosque wearing boots or shoes or—of all things—bearing arms! They must always be left outside the entrance. Anything might happen now! Most of the two thousand worshipers fled. The offending mullah had also disappeared. The Shah, a man of steel, stalked up to the Keeper of the Shrine, boxed his pious ears, and struck him broadside with his sheathed sword, then roared: "This must never be repeated. No woman, Queen or otherwise, is to be insulted in my kingdom!" In order to emphasize the lesson, he ordered that several of the clerics be at once imprisoned.

This twentieth-century ruler dared to do what no other had ever done. By a single act, he made the organized power of Islam obedient to him. The mullahs were cowed and frightened. They had met more than their match, and the people raised no voice in their defense. The robbers and murderers who had been in hiding, having sought refuge there, implored his protection, but he ordered his guards to drive them out of the mosque. Their enemies, who had waited years for this moment, had their revenge. Those were lucky who were protected by being put under arrest. Those who were driven out

would have fared better if they had been tried for their misdeeds. Instead, they "disappeared."

Now that the *chadars* in Iran have been removed by all women from Queen to peasant, the priests have decided it is safest and best to voice no further opposition. This is fortunate, for their cooperation was absolutely necessary to persuade the masses of the people to accept the change; pressure has been such that the clergy have thought it wisest to put unveiling into effect, even in their own households, and have made an adroit about-face.

The feminist groups, with the sanction of the Shah, have helped to make clear to the stubbornly orthodox that God, as revealed to the Koran, never intended women to be, in effect, slaves. They have cited the texts which extol the virtue of women. There have been few direct attacks upon the religion itself, but its props are being removed.

An article in a Teheran newspaper bears significantly on this:

Many of the real religious leaders who understand the laws of Islam and the principles of that true religion now realize that spirituality and high rank have nothing to do with the shape of clothing, for theology is a much higher and greater thing than outward appearance; secondly, that the veil has not only been the means of concealing the rights and shrouding the social advantages of women, but it was also an ill-matched patch upon religion, for it actually has brought many evils to womankind, and by encouraging deception it has been the cause of transgressions from the path of religion. Spiritual leaders who have studied the fundamentals of Islam know that "veiling" is intended to protect modesty and chastity, but the veil has not safe-

guarded these ideals; it has produced the opposite result, and, therefore, defeated the purpose of the holy Moslem law in our social life.

The actual reforms concerning dress came gradually in order to prevent priest-incited riots such as followed the King of Afghanistan's edict that women there should be unveiled; no official edicts regarding this were at first issued, but it was understood that the government approved the adoption of "international" dress. The first steps were taken by school teachers, as they were under governmental control, and by a few pioneer women who had traveled abroad. Those without progressive husbands had to wait. A diplomat's wife told me: "Can you believe that once our court dress consisted of trousers so wide they appeared as skirts, and the well-dressed women wore ten or twelve pairs, one over the other? Some were so stiff they could stand alone. Usually they were embroidered, sometimes with jewels. When we changed to full black silk Turkish trousers under our *chadars*, it seemed quite an advance; of course, we were thrilled when later we began to wear gaily colored European dresses at home. On the street we felt quite dashing, even a little wicked, when their colors flashed through the black lace panels which were set in the front of our new-style *chadars*. With our ankles showing, high-heeled shoes seemed almost bold, but French shoes are much better than the Turkish heeless dragging slippers. They made a flapping noise. It was next to impossible," she added, "for a woman to slip out without being heard."

There have been two more stages in the transition of dress in the last decade. The black trousers were followed by black leggings which were tied around the waist, a nondescript blouse, the whole figure shrouded with a black *chadar* and a long white veil, punctured delicately by embroidery before the eyes. Next the white veil was replaced by a black horsehair vizor, called a *peches*, which covered the face when the head was bent forward, shading the eyes at all times. It was a decided improvement, for it permitted more air and vision. It was laid aside, or turned back, when the lady was paying a call. But on the street it made a woman look like a huge crow, with beak poked forward. When European dresses began to be worn in the homes of the upper-class women, a graceful and becoming veil of flowered chiffon, or of pastel color, called a prayer *chadar*, was worn at home. Occasionally a lady, driving in her carriage, accompanied by her servant, would wear a green or other decorously hued *chadar* without the horsehair vizor.

Finally, in the spring of 1936, Shah Riza temporized no longer; he officially decreed that henceforth all women of Iran *must* wear international dress, including hats, gowns, shoes, wraps, furs, etc. Veils and *chadars* in the future must be resigned to the dust bin!

First an order was given that no girl wearing a *chadar* was to be admitted to any school; teachers were commanded to enforce this order strictly. Schools which admitted girls in *chadars* would have their doors permanently closed. Since they were not

admitted to school unless in European dress, and feeling timid in the streets, the girls carried modern straw hats under their *chadars*. Once in the courtyard of the school, courage came to them and they put them on. In the schoolrooms the girls looked fresh, happy, and comfortable in their new-style dresses. Such is the adaptability of youth that by the time they returned home in the afternoon they wore their hats and carried their discarded *chadars* nonchalantly on their arms.

Second, teachers must give up veils or resign. They were required to wear attractive dark blue uniforms and small hats. Third, no women would be allowed to walk on the main streets veiled. To meet this order the women took them off as they came out of the side streets, rolled them up and carried them under their arms. If they did not comply with this demand, they were arrested and the veil left at the police station.

Fourth, in public conveyances drivers were not allowed to take veiled passengers. A great social impetus was given when all military officers and their wives were invited, which meant obliged, to come to the home of the governor of the province in which they were stationed, dressed in international dress.

To supply the wardrobe needs of the poorer women, the government set aside in its budget \$125,000 to be used in the purchase of European dresses at the State's expense, to be resold at less than cost in the shops of Iran. All minor government officials were granted one month's extra pay to be used in buying wardrobes for their families.

Where Western dress was decreed, there was a great rush for dresses from missionary boxes; modes long out of date did not look queer to them. Some manufactured the oddest pseudo-European dress. Self-styled modistes were kept busy and the results were often fantastic. Ideas of *chic* bordered on the ridiculous. No wonder an artistically minded people found them distasteful. The Jewish and Armenian women, who had worn veils only to avoid annoyance, were the first who were asked to remove them. Some hesitated lest, as one said, "stones be thrown" at her. Older women with drooping figures and those who had no pretty dresses to wear, insisted that it was bold to the point of vulgarity for women to show their faces. The priests increased their distress by insisting that only a prostitute walked on the street with her face uncovered, and asked how they could suddenly be so brazen. Some husbands were nervous and unhappy, because they did not want other men to know their wives were plain. The young girls were delighted. But to many of the older women, naturally conservative and shy from many years of seclusion, it seemed as though His Majesty had shouted, "Off with their heads!"

Economy also played a large part in the objections of many older women. One *chadar* lasted for a number of years and did not get out of style, as do hats, dresses, and accessories. And then, when hurrying out on the street, it did not matter what sort of a faded old dress was underneath; the *chadar* always concealed it. There was one style of dress for old

and young, rich and poor. The quality constituted the only variety.

Many women felt so undressed that they used scarfs, bath towels, or anything which was available to cover their heads, in an effort to be more comfortable. "Some will never leave their gardens," said one; "I cannot, for I feel as if I were obliged to walk out in my nightgown."

The command was not at first imperative concerning the older women's dress, for, though many men approved of their daughters changing, they hesitated about it for their wives. Others, realizing that all women must come eventually from behind their barrier of separation, took their wives to restaurants and rode with them openly in carriages.

It comes as a surprise to learn that the veil, which has caused us to pity the Mohammedan woman so long, was not, in fact, hateful to all of them. On the contrary, the Mohammedan woman had felt that it had its advantages. For example, she could see and not be seen; she could lift it gracefully, coquettishly, when she wished. She could always unveil at home and in the presence of other ladies in their gardens. One said to me: "We feel awkward in European clothes, and have no appropriate casual conversation with which to be socially agreeable. We feel ill at ease and positively embarrassed in the presence of men." Two women actually took an overdose of morphine rather than remove their veils; others have taken opium in order to be too ill to attend a reception with their husbands. Generally, however, as the Shah takes no excuses, the timid have perked

up with quinine or otherwise bolstered their courage!

Few women are athletically trim. A lithe, svelte figure is extremely rare. They are dainty when young, but uncorseted usually as they grow older, they have pendulous breasts and sagging abdominal muscles. Naturally their vanity rebels at having to wear European clothes not suited to their lines, and they have anxiety regarding their comparative—shall I say competitive?—appearance. But there is no escape. Helpfully, the daily papers carry official diet and exercise instructions on “How to attain beautiful figures.”

The women of Iran, accustomed as they are to Eastern emphasis on elegance in deportment, are finding it a startling new experience to discover the socially proper things in Western standards of etiquette. The teachers in the missionary schools are receiving pressing requests for information on how to behave on the street. An article in a Teheran newspaper presents an amusing picture of the general awareness of this need for instruction. It said:

Women on entering public meetings must on no account remove their hats. They are not compelled to take off their coats and gloves. Umbrellas should not be brought into the room. Ladies should not primp with the aid of their handbag mirrors in such a way as to attract attention. Those who have the habit of putting their handkerchiefs, cigarette cases or other articles in their breasts, or up their sleeves, must quit and use their bags for such things. Loud laughter and talking which attracts attention are forbidden. As to blowing the nose, it should be done without noise,

yet without too obvious an attempt at concealment. To take fruit or sweets with gloves on is forbidden.

Riza Shah, like Mustapha Kemal, has had the vision to see that with half of his race in subjugation there can be no forward-moving strength to keep pace with the life in lands where women cooperate equally with men. As a soldier during his early days, the present ruler of Iran mingled with men in the ranks who came from all parts of Iran. He talked with tribal men, whose unveiled women are active, responsible, and capable in the tribal organization; and he observed that the men seemed happier and had greater respect for their women. This no doubt had an influence on his decisions.

Has the harem deadened initiative? In important factor in the answer to this question is a recognition of the fact that over half the women of Iran have never been in harems. The tribesmen are monogamists. The village men seldom had more than one wife. The poor in the cities could afford but one. The Zoroastrians, the Nestorian and Armenian Christians and the Jews, according to their religion, are not polygamists.

The glamorous life of weal and woe behind the segregating walls has been limited to those who could afford large establishments. Kings and princes married the daughters of other rulers, or of great generals. These élite ladies retained their individualities through each having, as commanded by the Koran, her own home amid the multiplicity of households in the extensive palace grounds, each one in-

dependent of the rest, with its own equipment and servants.

A harem was never, as popular opinion has conceived it, a large collection of women who were thrown constantly, inevitably, together in a room lined with divans, having none of the executive duties such as running a home requires. In reality, the only community life was in the high-walled, spacious gardens.

Polygamy will have to be abolished gradually, in justice to cases where several wives existed when the new laws went into effect; but there is an improvement, in that the present Mohammedan marriage law reads: "Every woman or man who before marriage deceives the other in such a way that without this deception marriage would not have taken place, is punishable with imprisonment from six months to two years." No longer can a man of sixty tell his marriage agent to represent him to the parents of a girl of fourteen as a young swain of twenty; nor can a mother claim that her plain-looking daughter is enchantingly beautiful. The Iranian police would be on her heels!

There is further protection in the decree that no man may take a second wife without informing his first of his intention to do so and his prospective bride of the existence of his first wife, whose consent must be obtained. This is witnessed by the fact that it must be entered on the marriage contract, and the wedding to the second can only take place if neither woman protests; but, being human, they often do. If a man deceives a woman and declares that he is

unmarried, he is liable to imprisonment, and the woman is entitled to sue for divorce, which is a valuable new privilege.

Any man marrying a woman is now bound to provide her with a comfortable home, clothes, food, and other necessities of life. If a woman should leave her husband from fear of injury to her person or property, and her conduct is justified by the evidence, the court cannot order her to return to him, and, as long as she is thus justified in not returning, the husband is legally bound to support her.

Quite understandably, the old marriage and divorce customs cannot immediately be obliterated in toto. The recommendation states that future marriages shall be to the one and only wife. It is, of course, vital to the integrity of the nation that the people should not be made to feel that their existing wives are of unlawful status. A man cannot order the second, third, or fourth wife out of the house, with the announcement that only the first marriage is legal. Preferences in affection must also be given consideration.

Child marriage has been legally restricted by raising the marriageable age. Women physicians have had much influence in this by persuading mothers not to allow their daughters to marry until they are sixteen or eighteen, and in this matter to exercise influence over their sons as well. This is a fundamental gain, for the consent of the parents is necessary. They used to think it desirable to arrange an advantageous marriage as soon as possible.

This new law has a special advantage in encour-

aging the education of girls. When they were wedded in childhood, few parents considered it worthwhile to educate them at all; even if they were sent to school, they were likely to be taken away at the very age when they were most receptive to teaching, and when they were totally unfit to undertake the responsibilities of motherhood.

All the legal reforms are helping to emancipate women and to give them security. Through their own future action even better laws will be adopted. Like crusaders, a few women set out to do what they could, and, with the example of Western women to stimulate and encourage them, they were determined, even under the strictures of Islam, to imbue their country with the best social, commercial, and ethical codes of Western civilization. Quietly for years the movement went forward. It is not reasonable to expect ordinances to obliterate wholly the habits of centuries. In order to improve the relationship between men and women, the East is now taking its first steps toward changing ideas hitherto regarded as changeless. But despite the influence of Christianity and Western education, it is naturally a slow process.

The family unit, no matter how it may change, remains the cornerstone of every nation's strength. Iran's women have now triumphed over spiritual and physical bondage. Many of them, from the long nervous strain and the apparent hopelessness of the situation, have grown prematurely old, others have become indifferent or depressed, most of them have enough fortitude to revive.

But Iranian men, in a society that emphasizes and increases their egotism, have not been forgiving; and they have had difficulty in understanding that educated women make better mothers and more charming wives. They have been accustomed to expel in fury any woman who disagreed with them, because it was not a wife's place to oppose her husband, nor to have a mind of her own. This psychological attitude has actually worked detrimentally to the happiness of men themselves, and they are slowly realizing it.

In short, the women of Iran are helping to build a new home and a new nation, in companionship with their husbands, according to our Western ideal of family life—not as it is often garbled on the stage, but as we try to live and do live in the majority of our homes. This, plus the influence of new divorce laws, etc., constitutes a challenge to the men, and they will, perforce, learn more tolerance, self-discipline, sympathy and idealism in regard to the marital contract. For after all, man's concept of woman is an index of his social progression. Only in an undeveloped or degenerate social order is woman's position minimized or degraded.

Iran is undergoing a psychological revolution today in the fields of the mental and emotional life both of her women and of her men; but revolution spells progress. Progress may have periods of regression, may waver, but it is eternal and inevitable.

One of the most tangible evidences of progress is the growth in educational facilities for women. As late as 1926 statistics recorded that only 3 in every

1000 women could read or write. Since the World War many upper-class families have sent their daughters to school in Europe, and large numbers have graduated from the American schools for women in Teheran, Meshed, Resht, Hamadan, and Kermanshah, and from the British schools in southern Iran. The education of these upper-class women is raising the general standard of intelligence. Young women are encouraged to become teachers as soon as they graduate. The desire for learning has been infectious.

When education is general and uniform, there will be a constantly growing appreciation of ethical values and standards. Women, by influencing public opinion, are helping to achieve that. Increasingly the tribal women come to Teheran to learn about their country as a whole, and willingly accept the responsibilities in their new world. The small-town and village women are gaining new influence, for men who formerly scoffed are listening for the first time to what these have to say.

The newspapers now frequently contain what a few years ago would have been a startling advertisement: "Wanted—a lady typist." And numbers apply. A few are in shops as clerks. Many are in hat and dress shops and in factories weaving sweaters, hose, and woolen cloth. In the Government University several girls are studying pharmacy, dentistry, and medicine. Several women have tentatively been placed in the Department of Finance, and one is in the National Bank of Iran. What Teheran does is eventually copied in the cities and towns.

In 1932 the Oriental Feminine Congress, presided over by the Shah's older daughter, was held in Teheran—a gathering principally of Moslem women, many from Egypt, Turkey, and India. The list of their progressive decisions is testament to their vision and common sense. The congress adopted the following resolutions:

1. The right of Oriental women to vote and, when qualified, to be elected to offices.
2. Compulsory education for boys and girls.
3. Equal salaries to men and women in similar employment.
4. Educational training for grown women.
5. Kindergartens, playgrounds, and educational cinemas should be arranged by the government.
6. The morals of men should be improved.
7. The health condition of a couple should be determined before marriage.
8. Polygamy must be forbidden.
9. Alcoholic liquors and narcotics should be prohibited.
10. Feminine police should be organized to examine public health and sanitary conditions.

When women meet from different countries, the assembly is conducted in a manner to establish primarily a basis of understanding, in order that each may become acquainted, not only with the other's needs, hopes, and opinions, but also with the political handicaps which prevent all from making the same demands, even when their desires are identical. For example, at a meeting of the International Council of Women in Chicago in 1934 a resolution regarding each group of delegates working in its own country toward world peace was not voted on because the rep-

representatives from Japan and Germany had no authority so to vote, and those from Rumania realized that a militant Germany necessitated Rumania's keeping in condition to defend herself. The congress realized that there was no way to enforce a resolution, and so did not bring it to a vote, but unquestionably every woman went home determined to work as many years as might be necessary to change public opinion, and so produce psychological changes for which the world has already waited far too long.

Races become acquainted best through their women, whose interests are largely protective, whereas men's are competitive. Women gain courage, through group confidence, to stand up publicly for their deepest racial desires. Men have built the campfires while women have tended the hearths. Today, with all Europe bursting into flames of war, it is more than possible that enlightened women, in their deep resolve to make the world a safe and pleasant place for their children, will have, if not a voice, at least a powerful influence in determining whether or not Iran is to follow the ways of peace.

XIX

THE ADVENTURE OF EDUCATION

THERE are necessarily intellectual revolutions in every home; old ways, old manners, old faiths, are being abandoned as the younger members of the family try to live according to the new pattern, to act as though the old traditions, except devotion to parents, had never existed.

For those who have grown saddened with life, the outlook is not so cheerful. Mothers and grandmothers are aghast, many weep in secret, fearing that breaking of the old customs and creeds of the family will bring disaster on their children.

Formerly, when married at an average age of twelve, a girl kissed the hand of her husband, then touched it with her forehead, signifying that she dedicated her body and her mind to him. He became her protector. Early child-bearing and the dulness of life made her old at twenty. Usually, by the time she was thirty, she was neglected. Self-support being impossible, she stayed on in the harem, growing callous or resigned. Bewildered parents, not knowing how to assist their children in their adaptation to foreign ways, criticize those who easily readjust themselves.

With the youth of every country rests its propelling strength, its will to be, its fire and its future. And yet up to the point at which children can take their own direction into their own hands, the parents of the generation before them must conscientiously bring all their own education and experience to bear upon the task of directing the children. But they cannot instruct beyond the limits of their own horizon. Over that horizon ambitious, eager youth will, undoubtedly, see some newer vision, newer pain and wisdom. At first instruction is vital, but the next generation—always coming up behind—derives all the benefits of maturity's knowledge, and from there may go on without having to waste time in retreading paths already worn, braving unknown seas already charted, making war upon an enemy whose flag of truce has long been waving. Only the children can carry forward the race with their stamina for the tasks of the future, better able to cope with them than we, because they carry the values of our experience in their wider quest for truth.

Education has preserved the forward course of progress. Yet it is education with a difference. The merely formal curriculum of history, literature, botany, mathematics, etc., is not sufficient to make men and women with capabilities to lead the world. The essentials of character are formed by the seventh year, those early years when the child is most at one with his parents. But in Iran, as in other Islamic countries, parents have been only meagerly aware that in the infant the seeds of maturity exist. With its birth, posterity and the continuance of the family

line are fulfilled. The child has been accepted as a member of the household, and, if it be a son, there is pride in its possession. He is fretted over with nervous, elaborate attentions and becomes irritable, partly because of the parents' attention, due to their fears about safety and health; therefore, he does not become self-reliant. Among the wealthy, the boys are generally humored, deferred to, and encouraged to be extremely selfish.

To feed and clothe the child was sufficient; the legs would lengthen, the baby curves give place to strong lines; he would become a man, she a woman. For such was the will of Allah. If the child was quiet and obedient and did not get sick, that was enough. This indifferent training at home has been almost all that children have received until recently. There have never been any books written and illustrated for children. Now, outdoor play with other children in the new municipal playgrounds is a welcome innovation. Until the threat of brigands was removed by action of the Shah, no child under fifteen years was allowed to go outside the garden.

The Ministry of Education is doing a great deal to organize sports and athletics. For the first time young people are meeting one another in cooperation and in competition which is stimulating their minds and releasing their energy in a constructive manner. All varieties of sport contests and calisthenics are being adopted. The Boy and Girl Scouts, numbering together more than 15,000, are well organized; they participate in all national demonstrations.

A national Society for Physical Education has been founded under the patronage of the Prince. This is in truth a revival of interest, for before Mohammedanism, the Iranians were fond of outdoor games. Polo originated in Persia and was played there long before it was adopted by the rest of the world. Records show that the education of youth in the time of Cyrus the Great consisted, in part, of learning "to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth."

Child labor is as deep-rooted in Iran as elsewhere in the Orient. Among poorer children the boys are often apprenticed at five or six to some shopkeeper or craftsman. The very fine carpets, as well as the less expensive *shals*, are in large part the product of child labor, since the fine weaving can be done only by small fingers. Most of them work in underground rooms at upright looms, sitting on six-inch-wide planks which, as the carpet grows, are raised to a considerable height. There is no foot rest, no back rest. The hours of work are long in the unventilated rooms; the children are badly paid and consequently badly fed and clothed. Many have opium-smoking parents who draw the children's wages in advance, so that—well or ill—the sad-eyed youngsters must drag on at their work. As an inevitable consequence, many child weavers become badly deformed and are often stunted in growth. Rugs and carpets are the chief industry in Iran, and thus the country has in part been supported by the frail bodies of children. Although there are as yet no actual laws against child labor, it is being discouraged. Now that children must go to school, there is no time for

money-making, and the practice will lessen gradually until such time as definite legislation is effected.

The care of babies and young children in the past accounts in large part for the huge child mortality. All babies were swaddled. Over their underclothes there was a tight-fitting shirt and coat, a large sort of bib, made of cotton or, if the parents were rich, of silk. A gay little cap of velvet trimmed with gold or silver was held on by a white triangle of cloth which was ornamented with embroidery. Then the infant was placed on a large square print, one corner of which was turned in on a line with the shoulder, another corner turned up over the feet. The arms and legs were wound tightly in with the body. The finished bundle was tied with tape or a strap. The wrapping was so tight that a week-old baby could be stood upright against a wall and stay there quite alone, like the babies of Italy or an Indian papoose.

After its first bath the infant waited a long time for another; the second was not given at home, but in the public bath. Frequent baths and the exercise of limbs were considered dangerous. This may explain the average short stature of the people. From its earliest days it was customary to give small doses of sedative to soothe the child, sometimes opium. Thousands were sent off to sleep by a few whiffs blown into their faces, or by sucking the mother's finger, under the nail of which was a tiny scrap of opium. Usually after the first week the infant had tea every day, without milk, but made sweet with sugar candy to increase the nourishment. When a little older, bread, cucumbers, and carrots were

freely given to it. Sugar tied in a bit of muslin, not always clean, was the ordinary "comforter." These practices are not things of the past; 80 per cent of them are usual today.

When a child is about two years old, and no longer fed by its mother or nurse, it has a struggle to live. Milk is not part of the diet. Among the poor, children subsist on dry bread and boiled tea. Is it any wonder that many of them give up the effort? There are no stated mealtimes and no regular hour for going to bed. The unfortunate children hang around while their elders eat, chatter, and disregard them, until—utterly worn out—their heavy lids close and they fall asleep anywhere.

As a result of widespread information being recently printed in the newspapers about the raising of children, much more healthful practices are coming into use. Knowledge of diet, the value of exercise, rest, and proper clothing for children are available for those mothers who are able to read and profit by the advice. Nowadays the children of educated families are frequently to be found romping happily in the garden of the home, even swimming in the garden pool. Those who are progressive and can afford it, send their children to a good nursery school. There are none as yet for poorer children, and toys are a rarity. For the most part children lack animation and are serious little men and women; they are seldom regarded as individuals.

Intellectually, Iran is a new frontier. Schools have sprung into the air, and children are crowding into them. It is significant that the hands of the

clock have begun to turn so rapidly, for the sole means by which modernization can have any meaning here is through general and up-to-date education. Good schools with able teachers, developing in the people capacities to appreciate their opportunities, are far more vital to a recuperating empire than a hundred generals riding down a boulevard.

In ancient Iran the Zoroastrian philosophy was the nucleus of mental training and scholarship, and for more than a thousand years was regarded as a matter of the first importance to the welfare of the State. Under the sway of Mohammedanism, education became the monopoly of the Moslem priests, and under them, for thirteen centuries, religion was again the strongest element in education.

The curriculum of the first colleges, founded in the eleventh century, remained under the control of the priesthood until 1851. Besides these, there were *maktabs*—elementary schools usually attached to mosques. In these the boys sat on the floor and read their lessons at the tops of their voices. They were usually selections from the Arabic Koran which they did not understand, because their own language was Iranic, i.e., Farsi. Failure to make a sufficiently loud noise was promptly corrected by a long, slender switch in the hand of the schoolmaster. Sometimes the dullard was obliged to lie on the floor on his back, his feet lifted and supported on a rail, while the soles of his feet were beaten. The boys learned some strophes from the national poets. There were no schools for girls; they were considered incapable of being educated.

When the Constitution was granted in 1906, much of the agitation for it was directed by the religious leaders, who saw to it that the Shiah tenets of Islam were adopted as the official religion of the State. These were followed by a provision stating, "The acquisition and study of all science, arts, and crafts is free to all save in the case of those to whom it is forbidden by the ecclesiastical law." This allowed of wide interpretation; now it is changed to insure freedom for all.

One of the most vital, able, and far-sighted men in Persia is the Minister of Education, N. E. Ali Asghar Khan Hekmat. Under his supervision, thousands of government schools are being built, equipped, and immediately used throughout the country. Under his ministry the country is divided for educational purposes into provinces, each under a director responsible to the ministry, whose powers range from the establishing of new *maktabs* to the control of archeological excavations. No longer do officials sit behind big desks doing little work. On the contrary, they now have scant leisure and modest titles, the old, high-sounding ones having been laid aside.

Statistics show that eleven times as many pupils attended school in 1934 as in 1914, and the number has vastly increased in the last five years. In 1934 the appropriations for education were seven times as large as they were ten years earlier; then there were only 250 private schools which received government allowances and had government inspection. Now there are more than 4000 modern schools; they

are not only in all cities and towns, but also in most of the larger villages. Primary education is compulsory. Instruction consists of a fairly thorough groundwork in language, literature, arithmetic, geography, history of Iran and of the world. Usually either French or English is taught in the higher grades. Elementary physical science is included in the eighth and ninth years. With the opening of many well-equipped colleges, secondary education has greatly improved. Teachers' Colleges have been established in connection with a higher Central Institute in Teheran to provide better and more educators, of whom there were few ten years ago.

Article 8 of the Fundamental Law on Education, passed in 1911, classified schools into private and public, according to the source from which the income is derived. The latter have only recently been established. The private schools may be divided into four classes: *maktabs*, religious colleges, national schools, and foreign schools. The "national" are often founded by Iranian individuals or private communities instead of by the government. The "foreign schools" are those created by American, English, and French missionaries. The number of these was reduced by forbidding foreigners to teach in primary schools. The reason given was that it would enable the government to prevent Soviet influence without invidious distinction and limit the schools which had been established by Russians who were suspect, although these claimed that schools were only to educate the children of Russians temporarily residing in Iran. Four small schools for

this purpose are still controlled by the Soviet Government. The *maktabs* and religious colleges are still under the wing of Islam.

Another aspect of Iran's educational program which bears the impress of French rather than British tradition, is the insistence upon vocational as well as scholarly education—a wise principle in a country seeking to equip men and women for specific positions in economic life.

With training in the duties of citizenship is linked compulsory military service. This, in a country where the people have always been highly individualistic, has been one of the most useful social reforms. Aristocrats as well as middle-class young men are thus being trained together in national history, mathematics, social ethics, along with the discipline, science, and duties of war. They learn together how to govern and to cooperate in being governed. Military tactics discipline their minds and bodies. In military schools tens of thousands of young men are educated every year.

It is the dream of the Shah and his ministers to give compulsory free education to all youth; but as yet compulsory attendance cannot be enforced. Only 10 per cent of the total child population of the country districts now attend school, although in the towns the figures run more hopefully—from 25 to 50 per cent. Admission to the elementary schools is free, except in some of the large cities. Usually a small fee is required in the higher grade of schools.

The difficulty of opening new schools in suitable buildings, with competent teachers, books, and

equipment—all supported by the national treasury—is great. Those in Teheran are the most modern and have the largest enrollment. Issa Khan Sadiq, President of the State Teachers' College and Dean of the new University, has published an excellent book, *Modern Persia and Her Educational System*, in which he summarizes the aims of today: "Education must create national solidarity through appreciation of the common culture, the spiritual heritage, and capital of the nation's past. It must train youth to collect facts, to analyze problems, and to think independently." His program is well arranged:

1. To train boys and girls to become good citizens, understanding and sharing in the ideals of the nation.
2. To train them to become worthy parents of the coming generation, upon whom rests the future of the nation.
3. To teach by precept and by example that God extends his blessings to those who have good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, which are the basis of righteousness and tolerance.
4. To teach the rural people and the tribes how to live, how to make a home, furnish it, prepare food and clothing, prevent diseases and acquire health habits.
5. In secondary schools, as well as in the university, to train youth in leadership and service to the State. To give to others a vision of Iran's place in the world, past and present, with the ideal of instilling pride in preparing to lead the country in culture, science, technology, business, statesmanship, and government.
6. In special schools, those who prove their skill, to be trained for vocational efficiency and given a sense of their responsibility.
7. To promote and place stress upon health and healthful sports in all schools.

8. Finally, to train youths in the intelligent use of their leisure time and in esthetic activities. These are not left vague, but outlined as: painting, singing, music, dramatics and plays; as social activities, parties, receptions, competitive games, clubs; as pleasure in reading, intellectual investigation, and other constructive activities.

The Shah apparently realizes that education is tested by its adaptability to the end in view. He means to have education overtake, capture, and destroy illiteracy.

So great is the progress made over the mumbling old method of memorizing the Koran in chorus, learning platitudes to the accompaniment of swaying bodies, that at present there is in towns up-to-date education of at least a fourth of the children of elementary school age. However, a few of the old type are left and give a quaint touch to small villages through which I motored or walked. Occasionally I heard droning, monotonous voices issuing from an open-walled school where, sitting on the floor, the children were impressing on their minds by repetition the phrases which were to guide their lives. The priest-teacher's long stick, called "the instructor," was always in readiness to touch those who fell asleep.

"Montessori" and kindergarten methods developing initiative, competition, originality of outlook are, however, just around the corner. Out from this children's world will come the progressive original thinkers, dreaded by the priests, but necessary to meet the minds of children in other lands when, later, they will together break down the mental fron-

tiers which have so long hampered world progress.

Alborz College, the American College of Teheran, ranks with the best American colleges. Under the vital leadership of its president, Dr. S. M. Jordan, it has cooperated with the government in every way. The campus, overlooking the entire capital, comprises a handsome group of buildings in which it can accommodate 700 students. Rolleston Hall and the well-equipped Science Building combine American ideas of seating, ventilation, heating, and efficiency with Iranian architectural grace and beauty. They are considered excellent examples of Iran-Saracenic architecture. There are also an infirmary, dormitories, three football and three basketball fields, three volley-ball and six tennis courts, a baseball diamond and a running track. The lecture rooms, central auditorium and laboratories are large and airy.

Mr. Farhudi, chief inspector under the Minister of Education, in speaking for the development of athletics, expressed much appreciation of the American schools "for paving the way and for laying solid foundations in this line for the expansion of education for both boys and girls."

Different races and religions have long had separate schools, but in the Alborz College, Moslems, Zoroastrians, Armenians, Assyrians, and Jews have all been enrolled. They have sat beside one another in classrooms and rubbed shoulders on football fields; the result is that all have learned to be friends and are equally enthusiastic to serve their common country. This synthesis of religions, together with a

growing spirit of democracy, is an important step in the enhancement of national consciousness.

English and American colleges have made new mental paths and introduced the adventure of moving toward a new horizon. The schools established by missions have also been an important factor in nationalized education, for the majority of teachers now in the government schools are graduates of mission schools, which introduced the advanced educational methods of the West. They have opened the minds of men and women to appreciate and accept the Shah's reforms, while men educated in these schools have been among his most cooperative and progressive leaders.

American educators in Iran are fortunate in seeing the results of their efforts. It is only just to say that missionary education of girls led up to the government education of women through their initial efforts to remove prejudice and apprehension concerning it.

Missionaries' wives assist in forwarding educational work by constructive, personal coaching and tutoring conferences. They assist graduates in the development of their individual capacities, so that when they are appointed as teachers in government schools they most ably cooperate with the Minister of Education.

Three thousand years ago Iran's culture led the world and influenced all Asia. Centuries passed and much of Africa and Europe felt the stimulus of increasing knowledge which had had its origin in Iran. There were periods of flowering and fading and,

through all the changes, in some ways the present days of harvest were approaching; even when they seemed to be receding, they were germinating, not dying. Today the educated Irani speak foreign languages without foreign accents. They move about in their mental house with the ease of a son who has traveled far and come back to his ancestral home where, amid objects totally different from those he formerly knew there, he still finds those that are familiar.

The American Presbyterian School for Girls in Teheran, now called Nurbakhsh, "Light Giving," to a great extent broke down the prejudices against the education of women and opened the way to their emancipation. At first these schools were attended only by Armenian girls, but gradually suspicion and distrust were overcome and Moslem girls also entered the school. In 1911 women for the first time held a large meeting in Teheran to discuss the problems of education. Now all the government and private schools for girls are crowded to more than capacity. Emancipation, no matter how loud the pleadings or protests from behind the veils, could never have come to women if men had not realized the need of it. They had to understand that in building the nation it was necessary to have the educated women's work and influence. A member of the Mejlis said to me: "There is nothing more important to our future welfare than the education of our girls; the hope of our country is in them, for, until the mothers are educated, we shall never have true statesmen."

The adventures of education are endless in open-

ing a knowledge of other countries' history, literature and methods; in stimulating a desire to travel by land and sea, and in learning of the great achievements in all the sciences. But the great sociological adventure is in education's power to change civilizations. It is dramatic to realize that when an ancient privileged class, such as the barons of England, educated the peasantry, they little realized that eventually these underlings would become their competitors, and thus force them to prove that there are values of birth and breeding which in themselves are national assets. Special privileges are already becoming ancient history.

XX

THE FUTURE EAST AND WEST

WHAT of Iran's future? No one can say what the future of any country will be. Judging, however, from its aspirations, qualifications, and capacities for success, as well as its weaknesses, and remembering its achievements in the past, we may draw conclusions which will help us to conjecture how its future is likely to develop.

Every force in Iran is vibrant in this time of great changes. Here is new strength, new power and achievement, just when it is most needed to offset the destructive trend of her European neighbors. Iran has faith in herself. Her eager acceptance of scientific advance in all its lines and her elimination of ancient drawbacks, convince the observer that her ambition sets before her the stimulation of attaining each year a more constructive policy, leading to increasing opportunities in all forms of human betterment.

They look without our anxiety on the nations which arrogantly prepare for war. They philosophize that, if war-minded dictators force the helpless people into war, the results will be a loss of most of their fruits of progress. The nationalism of Iran, meanwhile, prepares itself for prolonged peace,

working constructively and striving toward international understanding. She is using the same materials and the same ideals which our forefathers used to build America. Fortunately, Iran is sufficiently isolated and free from possessions which arouse covetousness to work out her destiny without interference; newspaper headlines and radio news do not make her tremble.

The Iranian Minister to London, H. E. Hussein Khan Ali, has said: "We seek no adventures; we desire to devote our whole attention to the regeneration and development of a country that has long remained backward and is now making rapid strides to catch up with the caravan of progress. In short, we want to be useful, industrious, and peaceful members of the society of nations."

The future of Iran was in a measure predicted by a man who said: "The only sound basis for the welfare of people is consideration of the mental, emotional, and spiritual aspects of each nation in relation to its economical, political, and ethical state. There can be no peace as long as aggressiveness destroys human justice. The wishes and rights of all men are the same and focus in a document which says all are entitled to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

Christian thought has given to the world belief in the possibility of progress. It has given humanity affirmative ethics as to the perfectibility of man through knowledge of himself and of the world in which he must live. It has indicated that he may find happiness through self-improvement. We have,

perhaps, interpreted progress as meaning comfort rather than happiness.

Spiritually quiescent, politically turbulent for centuries, under Moslem rulers who were unfriendly and contemptuous to foreigners, Iran in its geographical aloofness was also mentally aloof from the forward march of Europe. But now, over her mountain frontiers and from her high desert plateau, she turns her gaze toward that Europe, toward England and America, for new stimuli in order to discover how and why she has fallen so awkwardly out of step with the progress of the world. Such progress, however, cannot come by observing and copying Paris, London, or New York; it will be built upon Iran's own ideals, her own emotional needs. This is the task of nationalism, a serious but inspiring one.

We have already seen how subjection to the greed and avarice of foreign Christian nations brought about Iran's desire for strength for herself, modeled on lines comparable to that of those very powers, that she might be able definitely to restrict their further deleterious influence within the country. Kipling said the West cannot "hustle" the East. Iran proves that the East has hustled itself for protection from the wrongs of the West, and will hustle itself again if it believes that the "benefits" from the West will reward its effort.

The gift of the West is knowledge; the gift of the East is wisdom. An Easternizing of the West, along with a Westernizing of the East, might well lead us on the way to attaining an international world. Iran's survival gives food for thought: Shall we of the West

live three thousand years as they have done? In the establishment of America, expenditure of energy was necessary. There were floods, devastation of earthquakes, forest fires, Indians, blizzards, and famine to overcome. Always the lure of conquering untamed nature and the rewards. Through the heritage of energy from ancestors who left their countries in quest of conditions which they believed would eventually be better for themselves and their children, we have developed a race which is always looking forward.

If pioneers found life uncongenial in Missouri, they could pack up and move on to Kansas; and if things were disappointing there, Colorado was ahead. There was adventurous ambition always believing in its own energy to make things better. That kept horizons opening. A fortune and opportunity lay just across the prairie, or over the mountain range. With this movement, this suddenness of success or failure, this constant chance to make a fresh start, Americans developed self-reliance, productive imagination, ability to become inventors, athletes; to create soaring skylines, and opportunities for every man, woman, and child.

The climate in most of the states necessitated constant work in the early days, both summer and winter, in order that families might maintain themselves. Only recently have we ceased to regard indulging in leisure as an evidence of laziness. We have expected each person to add a just proportion in one form or another to the material welfare of the village or the nation. Our society rests on energetic traditions,

but now that the time and minds of men and women are freed from drudgery by labor-saving inventions and organization in home and business, we may learn much from Iran. Kindness and hospitality are in both lands, but we have not had grace in meditative and artistic pursuits nor appreciated the values of exquisite refinement in ordinary behavior.

It is in spiritual vision that the brilliant hope of Iran's future lies; unconsciously she teaches us our mistakes in pursuing progress. For, whether rich or poor, Iranians have always held themselves above material wants and been content to enjoy the simplicities of life; they have not been cursed with a desire for possessions. Their sensibility, their joy, and their dignity are independent of material circumstance.

On the other hand, in science, industry, invention, medicine, in social planning, in political democracy, America has given instruction and benefits to the world. Some otherwise intelligent Europeans who have come across the Atlantic with a desire to be hypercritical have spent a week or two in New York and written satirical articles reflecting their own superficial observations; but an Iranian student who had spent four years here said to me, "I like your country's buoyancy and faith; they have helped to make the earth a happier planet by emphasizing humanities, the human and healthful values which underlie equity for all, freedom for growth, and appreciation of accomplishment which is based on individual initiative. These are qualities Iran needs,

and we are determined to make our enthusiasm result in a like efficiency."

Where America is abrupt and new, Iran, like other Asiatic countries, has its social roots deep in the earth of human nature and experience. It is obvious that the Iranian spirit and character have individuality and worth. They are a lovable people. Their sense of quiet enjoyment, their stern endurance and courage, their quick intelligence and wit, their pacifism and sociability—these are all things to heighten one's respect. Their habits of mind, confirmed and continued through the centuries, have given to their society a graciousness of living and a deep understanding of spiritual values.

All religions and systems of ethics have come out of the East. The traditions of their social organization are of a civilization which has led to the spontaneous flowering of art and literature. A combination of the Eastern and Western approaches to life should bring the fullest manifestation of human balances. With the objectivity of our triumph over the world of nature in reason and science, may be combined their more contemplative imaginative understanding of the human soul. No traveler can escape feeling the greatness of Iran; it is buried in her soil, it glows in her palaces and mosques, it echoes from the mountain peaks, it burns in the eyes of the people. Every traveler must be impressed by her new ideals and intentions, her toil for those ideals, and the greater life she is yet to enjoy.

The blending of East and West in Iran is inspiring. What she receives from the outside, as so often

she has done before, she is stamping with her own personality. The influence of this empire has been tremendous in the past. May it not now be the beginning and the hope of our next stage of evolution?

Iran is a reborn nation, with a magnificent future awaiting her in which her ancient racial intelligence and imagination will still find keen expression, in modern terms. Meanwhile, this hour of metamorphosis is an exciting time.

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