FIVE PRINCES OF BLOOD ROYAL IN ONE CITY BLOCK

But They Have Given Up Their Titles and Are Plain American Citizens.

ONE EMIR IS A WAITER.

None of the Quintet Ever Expects to Return to Turkey.

There have been princes and princes in New York—in which town it has been recorded in print one may get anything one pays for, even princes—but it remains for The Evening World to-day to present to its readers possibly the only block in the world in which one can find five princes under one round top.

The man who named Prince street—which is further uptown—never knew anything of the block bounded by Cedar, Albany, Greenwich and Washington streets, or he'd have reserved decision.

To begin with—you may not know the region—but it is a land of old Colonial doors, with arched tops, queer circular windows and dormers clinging to the roof like fatigue caps, and that indescribable half sweet, half sour smell that is the Orient.

There is the restaurant "Cedars of Lebanon," the kimono factory of "The Golden Horn," the importing firm—in their dingy, pungent lofts are cases of riotous colored rugs and sticky, smelly syrups and fat, oily cigarettes—of "the Sublime Porte," and half a hundred other businesses, including the coffee houses, centres of politics and gossip—all named in soft, spidery Oriental traceries, in the high-falutin fashion of the purple East.

Land of the Five Princes.

Don't expect to hear English spoken down here, you New Yorker who does not know his own town. In what may be called the land of the five princes one hears only the goulash, molasses-like tones of the Oriental, spread thick over the conversational bread with sticky emphasis.

And these are the five princes of the land that lies beyond Broadway and the street cars and the honeycombed office buildings.

L'Emir Joseph Chehab (kimonos), at No. 54 Washington street, and the princess in her own right, his wife; L'Emir Emil Chehab, at No. 80 Greenwich street (general importing); L'Emir Joseph Chedid Bellamah (importing), at No. 74 Greenwich street; L'Emir Fatik Chehab (newspaper worker on Al Hoda, the only Syrian newspaper in New York), at No. 81 West street, and L'Emir Sadlim Nafiir (waiter) in the coffee-house of the Cedars of Lebanon at No. 82 Washington street.

All these Emirs—please notice not Ameers—are princes of the blood royal, whose grandfathers and great grandfathers were kings in the old shadowy days before Turkey laid her grasp on the province of Lebanon, just this side of the burning Arabian desert, whence rode the hardy forbears of the royal blooded waiters, kimono makers and (literally) merchant princes of the Syrian quarter.

If you look for Lebanon on the modern map of Turkey in Asia you will no longer find it. It is merged in the general term.

Look for Beirut.

On Washington street, however, they will tell you to look between Tripoli and Akka and there you will find Beirut, a town the five princes tell you—with remarkable unanimity for princes—containing the finest university in Europe. And so these princes, whose ancestors, they will tell you, rode with burnoose and karat (spear) among the fiery Haramis (brigands) of the desert three hundred years ago, are all trying to live down in the chase of the almighty dollar of the land of the infidel the, to them, disgraceful recollection of the old days of the Beni Kahtan (the bards), who urged them on to battle against the invading Turks.

Talk to them of Lebanon, they will tell you of their American citizenship, their homes in Brooklyn, with, one supposes, the rubber plant and the perambulator.

Ask them of their hard-riding forefathers, desert burned, and they'll turn to their ledgers and show you, with charming courtesy and a deftly offered cigarette, their profits for the week.

"We are American citizens. We have forgotten," say the Emirs of Washington and Greenwich streets if you ask them of the Emirs of the days of steel and clashing desert warfare. For instance, this old bit of Arabic poetry, culled by the reporter from a Syrian of the quarter, excited the intense rage of L'Emir Emil Chehab.

It expresses the Oriental view of women, and was translated for the reporter by a Syrian newspaper man:

"From ten to twenty
"A repose to the eye of beholders;
"From twenty to thirty, still fair and full of flesh.
"From thirty to forty a mother of many boys and girls;
"From forty to fifty an old woman of the deceitful.
"From fifty to sixty slay her with a knife.
"From sixty unto seventy the curse of Allah on them, one and all."

No Longer Emirs.

"My wife is forty, and besides I am a Christian," said L'Emir Emil Chehab, "and my mother-in-law is fifty. 'Slay her with a knife' indeed. We Emirs in America do not want to be Emirs longer, but plain American citizens."

L'Emir Joseph Bellamah is a most courteous, polished business man of the better type, but, reminded of his princeship, he gets indignant.

"Please don't print that I am an Emir," he said. "I am a plain American citizen and business man, and why should I want to be an Emir when there is nothing left for me to—to—"

"Emir," was suggested.

"Exactly," he replied. "Eight hundred years ago my ancestors and the Chehabs divided the province of Lebanon between them. They swept in from the desert and took possession. But in 1860, as you know, the Turks conquered us, and then my father—the then Emir—abdicated and became a merchant at Beirut. I don't mind saying that I came over here nineteen years ago because of trouble with the Turkish Governor of the province. He realized that I, a Syrian, and after the death of my father, the heir to the throne, was a dangerous man—all the more as he was unpopular.

"So I came here and was naturalized, and have lost interest in my title. I never use it. But you by chance came here, and so I admit to you that I am an Emir of Syria. Will you have another cigarette?"

The most interesting, however, of the exiles, monarchs retired from business, is Sadlim Nafiir, tall, dark-mustached, obsequious, waiter in the—by some irony—Cafe of the Cedars of Lebanon. It is not etiquette here to ask for your Akit or Laban without prefacing it with "May it please the Emir," but "Your Honor" or "the Honorable Emir" is omitted as not being consistent with the royal descendant's present occupation. Just so has the once honorable suffix of "Bey" fallen into dishonor.

"Bey" Means Money.

"Bey?" said a Syrian, asked to explain its meaning. "Why, Bey means money enough to buy the title. It was not so always—but now, yes."

Emir Nafiir is as non-communicative as his brother Emirs.

"My fathers were princes—true," he says he hastens about in the thick atmosphere of the coffee-house, blue with the reek of a score of hookahs. "I am now waiter at Cafe of the Cedars of Lebanon. There is no more to be said. Turkey? Yes, she has obliterated my family. I am all that is left—me, Nafiir, waiter at the Cedars of Lebanon. But—that is of no interest. We were once—and now are no more."

And Nafiir hurried off with a muttered: "A'wallah, a' wallah, aywa," which means just about "Even so, even so, so be it."

And the unmoved Orientals about added with their "Jesell" or "Latakia" to the thick blue cloud in which the descendant of the Bedouins has his being.

Of the Chehabs—they are only tribal relatives, and are all American citizens and anxious to forget their Emirships. Said Fatik Chehab, in the bustling office of Al Hoda:

"You see, I have advertisers to attend to; why should I talk of my old days or of my forefathers? In America one lives for the present. Your newspapers teach it; I live here and I believe it. How absurd for me to parade as an Emir."

"You might catch an heiress," was suggested.

Young Chehab's dark eyes flashed.

"My parents were honorable. I am honorable," he said. "I can earn my living even if I am a l'Emir."

WALDORF MANAGER SUED.

Wife of Harvey S. Dennison Applies for a Divorce.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10.—Suit for divorce has been instituted by Mary A. Dennison against Harvey S. Dennison, manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and formerly assistant manager of the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, after Mrs. Dennison had fruitlessly tried for several months to get her husband back to Philadelphia, where she could bring suit for non-support.

In 1904 Dennison married Miss Fairman, of Germantown, and they lived together for a year and a half in Germantown. In April, 1905, he left the city, making no explanation to his wife, and sailed for Europe. He came back to take the management of the Waldorf-Astoria a few months later. The complaint is desertion.

No Extra Charge for It.
Advertisements for The World may be left at any American District Messenger office in the city until 9 P. M.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR A GOOD STOMACH

This Offer Should Be a Warning to Every Man and Woman.

The newspapers and medical journals recently have had much to say relative to a famous millionaire's offer of a million dollars for a new stomach.

This great multi-millionaire was too busy to worry about the condition of his stomach. He allowed his dyspepsia to run from bad to worse until in the end it became incurable.

His misfortune serves as a warning to others.

Every one who suffers with dyspepsia for a few years will give everything he owns for a new stomach.

Dyspepsia is caused by an abnormal state of the gastric juices. There is one element missing. The absence of this destroys the function of the gastric fluids. They lose their power to digest food.

We are now able to supply the missing element to restore to the gastric juices their digestive power, and to make the stomach strong and well.

We know that Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will positively and permanently cure disordered stomachs, indigestion and dyspepsia.

We want you to try them and will return your money if you are not more than satisfied with the result.

Three sizes, 25c., 45c. and 89c. Only at our stores or by mail.

Riker's Drug Stores—N. Y. Stores: 6th ave. and 23d st., 13-15 West 23th st., 6th ave. and 42d st., 2 West 14th st., Broadway and 9th st., 7th ave. and 14th st.

Brooklyn Stores: 456 Fulton st., 246 Fulton st., 273 Flatbush ave., 371 Sumner ave., Columbia and Union sts., 1273 Broadway, opposite Ralph ave.