

**RULER OF DAMASCUS NOW WORLD FIGURE**

Emir Feisal, Hero of Arab Armies, Wildly Applauded.

**LIFE'S STORY DRAMATIC**

Direct Descendant of Prophet Mohammed Gets Rule Over Eastern Syria From British.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.  
(Copyright by the New York Herald Company. Published by Arrangement.)  
DAMASCUS—When Feisal entered Damascus the city went wild. It was a tumult of Arab demonstrations, and in striking contrast to the silence with which the populace watched General Allenby's formal entrance into Jerusalem. There were no questions in the minds of the masses when Feisal rode into the city of Damascus at the head of his Bedouins. Damascus is a Moslem city, associated with the most glorious period of Moslem conquest, and the populace saw in the triumphal entry of this descendant of the prophet an augury of the return of the days of Islam. So they fired off weapons and shouted and sang and waved branches and threw flowers, and hung priceless rugs out to line the streets. It was an Arabian night celebration, such as everybody has read about and few living persons have ever seen.

"So spoke an eyewitness of the fall of Damascus, who was outlining to me how Emir Feisal, son of King Hussein, of the Hejaz, has come to fill the eye of the Moslems of Syria and even to be accepted by many of the Christians as ruler of the land."

Of all the romantic figures of this romantic part of the world, Feisal has come to occupy such a pivotal place of power as this 27th in direct line of descent from the Prophet Mohammed. He is in a sense the key to the Syrian situation and two European governments court his favor. He cut a wide swath in Paris during the peace negotiations, where he sat in the conference as his father's representative, and when he came home on a French war ship the rumor was throughout the astonished land that he had deserted the British and gone over to the French. Such are the grave deductions the sensitive east draws from the slightest actions.

**Feisal's Story of Interest.**  
Emir Feisal's story is motion picture material. Like many children of powerful Mecca families, he was sent off in early childhood into the desert to grow up wild with the tribes. This was to insure his physical vigor. Later he was given a scholastic education at Constantinople. When he returned to Mecca, a gilded city youth, with all of Constantinople's contempt for the ways of the desert, his father straightway sent him out to guard the caravan roads.

Feisal says that experience made him. He had become an effete city man, sophisticated, fashionable and strong in the weaknesses of the urbanite. Suddenly he found himself thrown on his own resources, compelled to lead wild men who would follow nobody who was not better man than themselves. Life was on the most primitive basis and ever close to a violent death. There was nothing in Constantinople fashions to prepare the gilded youth for this. Familiarity with cafes and music gardens was no preparation for long desert marches, with only so much food as one could rustle and carry at the point of his saddle.

Those primitive days proved the real mettle of the man. He learned how to live down to the level of the Bedouin in the tents of goat's hair. With no wardrobe except the garments he wore, he learned, like his ancestors before him, to endure the heat of the scorching day and the cold of the desert winds by night. How to go hungry, and how to feast as a jolly comrade with fellow soldiers after a successful raid, were lessons not taught in the schools of Stamboul. Also the action of Arabia's noblest line was initiated into the democracy of the desert; and he had to prove his kingship by his can-ship. He made good. A crack shot, a daring rider, a fearless fighter, a resourceful leader, Feisal came to his own in those years which he had so dreaded when first they were imposed upon him by his Spartan father. No Arab in Arabia was more fit than Feisal after his desert training.

**Arab and Briton Become Brothers.**  
Then befell the great war, with a decision in the east essential. A rare and remarkable young man out of Oxford university, a poet by choice, an archaeologist by profession, an adventurer by destiny, T. E. Lawrence became the most powerful shaping influence in Great Britain's Arabian policy. The story is now about him or his adventures—how, for example, he visited Damascus in uniform during the German occupation and learned the plan and disposition of the enemy troops. He was the dashy leader of raids upon the Turkish line, and a price of half a million dollars was eventually put upon his head by the Turks.

Lawrence was responsible for the scheme of setting up a separate Arab kingdom in the Hejaz, backing the claims of Hussein to the shereffate and making him king. So it was done. Lawrence became leader of the shereffian or Hejaz forces, nominally on the staff of Prince Feisal. The two became as David and Jonathan. It was through Lawrence that I first met the emir in London. When I met his highness in Damascus he lamented that Colonel Lawrence had met with an airplane accident in Italy while flying to Damascus to counsel with his friend in the present crisis. Devout and ardent was the expressed desire of the harassed emir for the presence of his British brother.

I like Feisal. He is a real man and a charming one. When I saw him in London and Paris he wore Arab dress; in Damascus he received me in immaculate French morning clothes! Like his many other friends, I am more concerned about his health than about his political future. Wherever he is he will be an influence for tolerance and peace, and progress among his Moslem competitors and followers.

The fact of Feisal's political headship at least that part of Syria which is tributary to Damascus is so naturally taken for granted that few stop to ask how it all came about. Why should Feisal, who is not a Syrian at all, but a Hejaz Arab from Mecca, be nominally sovereign in Damascus, while his father's flag, that of the Hejaz, is flown as the Syrian emblem? The answer might be given in Kingsley's famous phrase, "I had a friend." Because Lawrence had met with an airplane accident in Italy sitting upon the uncomfortable throne of Damascus.

Just as the creation of Hussein as the king of the Hejaz made Great Britain dominant over the Arabs of the holy province, so the placing of Feisal in authority at Damascus gives Great Britain paramount influence in the state which, even if other plans

**Men's Fall Shoes**



**Quality Styles**

THE acme of style and comfort; perfect fitting in every detail; made from solid leather throughout, with the finest of linings and trimmings—such are the shoes we show for men.

**\$10 and Upwards**

**Fall Shoes for Women**

**Quality Styles**

HERE are the desirable styles that are so important in adding the prestige of smartness to the costume. Our showing is most complete; our qualities are unsurpassed.

**\$10 and Upwards**

**Rosenthal's**

129 Tenth Street, Between Washington and Alder  
We Give S. & H. Trading Stamps

go awry, will be a buffer between the French in Western Syria and the precious Mesopotamian interests. Moreover, it was in line with England's historic policy of cultivating Moslem good will that a descendant of the Prophet should be established at the seat of the ancient glories of Islam. As another valid reason, Feisal could be depended upon to be "good"—that is, to do what the British want him to do. Common report has it that the present British staff at Damascus are not always as considerate of the Emir's dignity and feelings as Colonel Lawrence has ever been. They take the position that since Great Britain pays the bills of this new government, she should call the tune to which it marches. Without this British subsidy, Emir Feisal would be in straits.

**Damascus' Emir to America.**  
I go no step beyond what was given to me for publication when I write that, despite his friendship for Great Britain, Emir Feisal prefers American tutelage for Syria. In common with most Syrians, he looks upon a mandatory as an evil, though a necessary evil. He shares the common belief that America will do most for Syria, take least from Syria, and finish up the task and leave Syria soonest.

Repeatedly Emir Feisal told me that since America has started this passion of patriotism, this ardor for nationalism, this longing for liberty, in the minds of Syrians—for he traces the present movement back even beyond the American war aims to the presence of American schools, among which the American university at Beirut is paramount—therefore, America is in honor bound to see it through. "Why did America teach us the great words of freedom and independence if she does not mean to show us how to use them for their

ultimate purpose? Syria is looking to America to save her from spoliation by Europe."

Much more in the same strain his highness uttered. He was singularly unreserved, and asked me specifically to print his statement that before Syria will accept France as a mandatory the people will fight. He recounts with bitterness incidents of what he terms French misrule in Beirut and the Lebanon. Even his own motor car was arrested for displaying an Arabian flag.

Upon the subject of Zionism he is equally emphatic. In France he gave a general letter of good will to the Zionist officials, but he is inclined to repudiate even that at present, insisting that Syria shall be one and undivided, with the Zionist hopes for rule in Palestine forever squelched and with immigration of Jews forbidden.

Should the general desire for a united Syria be acceded to by the Paris conference and France awarded the whole, where would Emir Feisal be? Great Britain values good relations with France above her covetings with Feisal and the Syrians. Unexpectedly, however, Feisal has developed real strength as ruler of the Syrians, for in the orient government has always been personal. The Moslems especially are keen for him, and since France has definitely aligned herself behind the Latin branch of Christendom, there is a real religious as well as political issue joined. Conditions may easily arise which will split the present unity of all religions which characterizes Syria's devotion to nationalism. Then—but this article does not enter the domain of prophecy.

Phone your want ads to The Oregonian. Main 7974, A 6035.

**An Enduring Reputation**

for service to guests, whether transient or permanent.

For pleasant, outside rooms; light, well-ventilated dining rooms; and several other features, such as the porches and courtyard, that are unique among hotels.

For a cuisine that embraces all the seasonable delicacies, cooked in unexcelled style.

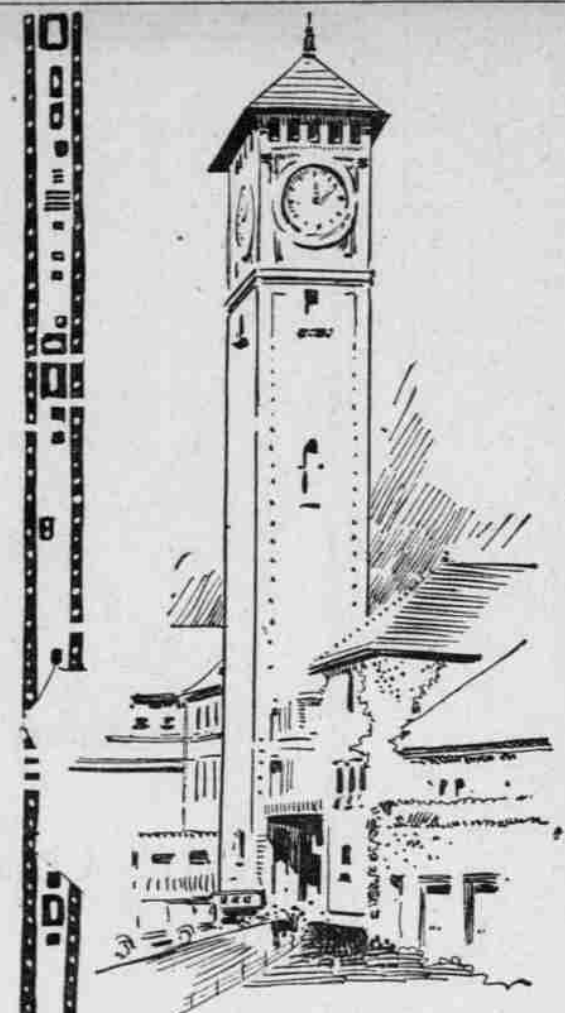
Sunday Table d'Hote Dinner, Special Music, \$1.25.  
Business Men's Lunch, weekdays, 12 to 2, 60c.

**The Portland Hotel**  
Richard Childs, Manager

**NATIONAL LAUNDRY CO.**  
East Eighth and Clay Sts.

We are now in position to take care of all our Customers as in the past, and if for any reason our driver has not called for your bundle please call us by Phone at once.

East 494  
B2822



**After all, style is a matter of taste. How may we please your taste?**

Perhaps you will like our new Waist Seam models—or still you may prefer the straighter lines in the more conservative models. At any rate, we have 'em all and can fit any man from 16 to 60 years young.

**FALL SUITS —and— OVERCOATS \$20 to \$40**

Alterations Free  
Fit Guaranteed  
**Raleigh Building**  
Sixth and Washington Sts.  
Entrance Opposite Sunset Theater.  
Largest Clothers in the Northwest  
Seattle Store, Arcade Bldg.

**For Business Men of all Ages**

**FAHLEY-BROCKMAN**  
UPSTAIRS CLOTHIERS TAKE THE ELEVATOR AND SAVE \$10.00

**Doug's Fairbanks**  
in **A Modern Muskeeter**  
Story and direction by ALLAN DWAN

ALSO **MACK SENNETT COMEDY**  
**HIDE & SEEK DETECTIVES**

DOUG GOING UP

**SUNSET THEATRE**

Open Evenings—"That's the Song Shop Service"

**New Player-Piano Rolls Just Arrived**

This List Includes All the Favorites That You Have Been Waiting For!

Tell Me—Fox Trot	Daddy Long Legs	Kentucky Dreams	That Tumble-Down Shack
Baby—Fox Trot	Dreamy Alabama	Roses at Twilight	Oh, What a Pal Was Mary
Tulip Time—Fox Trot	I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles	Alexander's Band	Hawaiian Lullaby
Mummy's Mine—Fox Trot	Dear Old Pal of Mine	By the Campfire	My Baby's Arms
Will-o'-Wisp—Fox Trot	Hawaiian Nights Waltz	Alabama Lullaby	Alcoholic Blues
Lonesome	Beautiful Ohio—Waltz	Lonesome, That's All	Johnny's in Town

**Easy Terms on This \$50 Grafonola**

We have just received a small shipment of this favorite small size Grafonola, finished in mahogany. Our popular Phonograph Department sells all size Columbia Grafonolas on any reasonable terms—or cash.

Columbia Grafonolas priced \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$200, \$250 and up. Buy your Columbia Records at the Song Shop.

Have you heard "TELL ME," the **Sheet Music** Star Dance Folio No. 20—just arrived—price 50c

"When it's music, go where the crowds go"—Portland's most popular music store. Everything in popular and classical sheet music, regardless of the price. A regular sheet music stock.

Tell Me—the hit... 30c	Give Me a Smile... 15c	Down Hitabow... 15c	Monte Cristo... 35c
Alexander's Band... 15c	Will-o'-Wisp... 25c	Hand of Hearts... 15c	Your Eyes Have Told Me... 30c
Blowing Bubbles... 20c	Tell Me Why... 30c	Desire... 35c	Mummy's Lullaby... 35c
Sahara... 35c			

Picture Frames Stationery Fountain Pens

**Remick Song & Gift Shop**

Postcards Incense Burners

24 Washington St., Bet. Sixth and Broadway—Main 2269