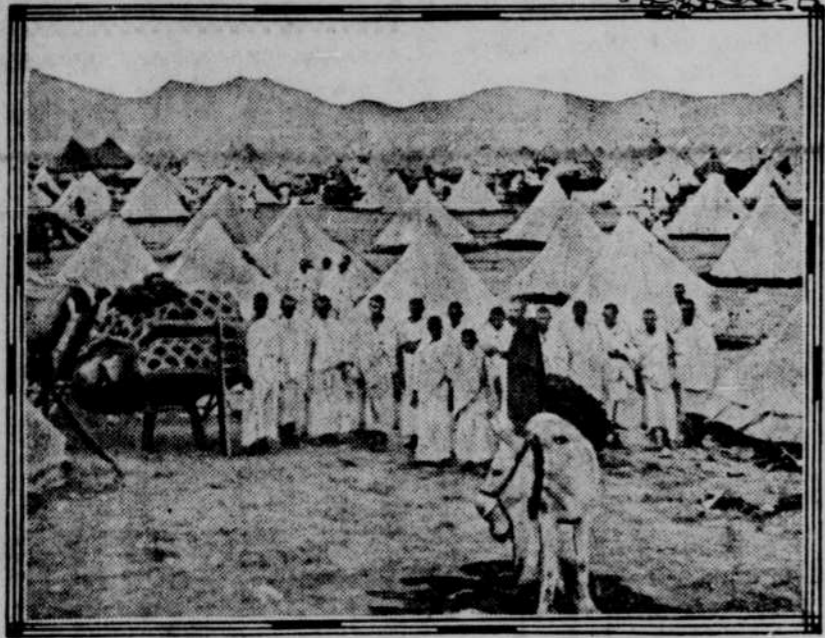


# MECCA UNVEILED



Pilgrims Encamped Outside Mecca.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Though the World was changed the temporal map of Arabia, raising the narrow strip of the Hejaz, formerly a Turkish province, into a kingdom, it did not alter the place in the world of Mecca, chief of the Hejaz cities. That mystic city under Arab control still is the center of all Mohammedan thought and action as it was under the Turks.

The importance of Mecca is not due to its resident population of perhaps 100,000, but to the more than 200,000 pilgrims who visit it each year from every nation of Islam. Statistics are hopelessly contradictory and confusing regarding the number of annual visitors. According to Turkish official estimates, in 1907 there were no less than 280,000 pilgrims. It is a marvel how so many thousands can find food, shelter, and, most of all, drink, in such a desert city.

The religious capital of Islam, and now the temporal capital of the new kingdom of the Hejaz, affords an index to the growth and strength of Mohammedanism in various parts of the world, for one can rightly gauge the strength of religious fervor in this great non-Christian faith by the number of those who go on pilgrimage.

From Java, Bengal, West Africa, Cape Colony and Russia, as well as from the most inaccessible provinces of China, they come every year and return to their native land—if they escape the hardships of travel—to tell of the greatness and glory of their faith, however much they may have been disappointed in the actual condition of the city and its sacred buildings.

When we consider Mecca, Mohammed's words of prophecy in the second chapter of his book seem to have been literally fulfilled: "So we have made you the center of the nations that you should bear witness to men." The old pagan pantheon has become the religious sanctuary and the goal of universal pilgrimage for one-seventh of the human race.

From Sierra Leone to Canton, and from Tobolsk to Cape Town, the faithful spread their prayer carpets, build their houses (in fulfillment of an important tradition, even their out-houses), and bury their dead orient-ward toward Mecca. If the old world could be viewed from another planet, its details disclosed, the observer would see concentric circles of living worshippers covering an ever-widening area, and one would also see vast areas of Moslem cemeteries with every grave dug with its main axis toward the sacred city.

Its Mysteries Laid Bare.

Mecca is no longer a veiled city. A score of intrepid travelers have unveiled it. From Bartena, Wild and Joseph Pitts to Burton, Burckhardt, Hurgrojnje and Courteillemont, they took their lives in their hands, herded with strange companions, underwent untold hardships, and by luck or luck came scatheless out of this lion's den of Islam. According to Doughty, scarcely a pilgrimage takes place without some persons being put to death as intruding Christians. An educated and pious Moslem in Cairo admitted recently that when he went on pilgrimage and took pictures of the city his life was endangered more than once by the fanaticism of the inhabitants. However, there are many who believe that the establishment of the new kingdom will mean the removal of restrictions against non-Moslems.

The mixture of races brought about in Hejaz province for so many centuries by the pilgrimages has not been conducive to morals or good government. No one who has read the account of social life at Mecca, as given by Hurgrojnje and other travelers, including Moslem pilgrims themselves, can doubt the need for social reform in that city. Mecca is the microcosm of Islam in its religious life and aspirations. According to Hurgrojnje: "It is Islam, the official religion, which brings together and amalgamates all the heterogeneous constituents of Meccan life. On the other hand, this society itself welds into a chaotic whole the prejudices and superstitions of all countries." In other words, Mecca is the sink-hole of Islam. All witnesses agree as to the flagrant immorality which pervades the streets, and even the mosque, of the sacred city, the prevalence of the slave trade, the

fleeing of pilgrims, and the corruption of the late Turkish government. The post office at Mecca, under Turkish regime, was certainly unique. Sacks of letters were thrown out into the narrow street leading to the post office, and there sorted by the pilgrims themselves, who opened them and took their letters and those of their friends also. A similar system prevailed at Medina, Yenbo and Jiddah. King Hussein of Hejaz, however, has taken steps to join the International Postal Union, and has had stamps printed in Egypt bearing the inscription "Hejaz Post."

Foreigners Handle Its Commerce.

The commerce of Mecca is entirely in the hands of foreigners, mostly Indians, who sell rosaries, carpets and silk stuffs. One of the main occupations of the silversmiths is the manufacture of rings, which are supposed to be constructed from silver that was once part of the sacred temple doors, and are reputed to be an effective remedy for certain ills. Most of the natives, however, earn their living as guides to the pilgrims and grow wealthy during the season.

Sacred Mosque and Ka'aba.

The sacred mosque, Mesjid el Haram, with the Ka'aba as its center, is located in the middle of the city. Mecca lies in a hot, sandy valley, absolutely without verdure and surrounded by rocky, barren hills, destitute of trees or even shrubs. The valley is about 300 feet wide, and 4,000 feet long, and slopes toward the south. The Ka'aba, or House of God (Bait Allah), is located in the bed of the valley. All the streets slope toward it and it stands, as it were, in the pit of a theater.

The Ka'aba proper stands in an oblong space 250 paces long and 200 broad, surrounded by colonnades, which are used as schools and as a general meeting place for pilgrims. The outer inclosure has 19 gates and six minarets; within the inclosure is the well of Zem Zem, the great pulpit, the staircase used to enter the Ka'aba door, which is high above the ground, and two small mosques called El Kubattain. The remainder of the space is occupied by pavements and gravel, where prayers are said by the four orthodox sects, each having its own allotted space.

In the southeast corner of the Ka'aba, about five feet from the ground, is the famous Black Stone, the oldest treasure of Mecca. The stone is a fragment resembling black volcanic rock, sprinkled with reddish crystals.

Arriving within a short distance of Mecca, orthodox pilgrims, male and female, put off their ordinary clothing and assume the ihram, which consists of two pieces of white cloth, one tied around the loins and the other thrown over the back. Sandals may be worn, but not shoes, and the head must be uncovered. After certain ablutions the pilgrim enters the mosque, kisses the Black Stone, and runs around the Ka'aba seven times. After special prayers he proceeds to the place of Abraham, then drinks from the holy well, and once more kisses the Black Stone. After this follows the race between the two hills, Safa and Mirwa.

Little books of ritual prayers to be used by the pilgrims are sold to everyone, and there is great punctiliousness in observing every detail correctly.

On the seventh day of the pilgrimage there is a sermon from the grand pulpit. On the eighth day the pilgrim goes to Mina, three miles distant from Mecca, and spends the night. The next morning he leaves for Arafat, another hill a short distance from Mecca, and the following day is the great day of sacrifice, simultaneously observed throughout the whole Moslem world. Early in the morning the pilgrims go to Mina, where they are three pillars, called the Great Devil, the Middle Pillar, and the First One. Here each pilgrim flings seven pebbles to show his hatred of Satan and his love of God. He then performs the sacrifice of a sheep, goat or camel, according to his means, the victim being placed toward the Ka'aba and the knife plunged into the animal's throat with the cry "Allahu Akbar." This ceremony concludes the pilgrimage proper and the pilgrim then begins his journey back home.

## NEW HUNT FOR AMBROSE SMALL

Sisters of Missing Canadian Theater Magnate Not Satisfied With Work of Police.

### DISAPPEARED TWO YEARS AGO

Whole North American Continent Covered and Even Psychics Consulted in Search for Man Who So Strangely Vanished.

Toronto, Ont.—The world-wide search for Ambrose Joseph Small, millionaire Toronto chain-theater owner, again has come to the front.

New developments indicate that another search for the missing magnate may be undertaken—a search even more comprehensive and spectacular than the one that followed Small's mysterious disappearance.

Small dropped out of the world December 2, 1919. Toronto police immediately started a search. They sent circulars offering vast rewards to police in every civilized nation, they sent officers on trips through the whole North American continent, they even consulted professed psychics—all in vain.

Then came a lull. It seemed that the case of Ambrose Small was to be added to the list of unsolved police mysteries.

But now a new element has been injected into the case. Gertrude and Florence, the two sisters of the missing millionaire, declare the police have not prosecuted the search with enough vigor and thoroughness. And Gideon Grant, attorney for the two sisters, says he will ask the attorney general to open a new probe—a probe he is satisfied will reveal the fate of the missing magnate.

Case to the Fore Again.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Theresa Small, the wife—or perhaps the widow—of the missing man, has spent vast sums to aid the police.

Thus the whole case has been pushed to the fore. Police are reviewing the disappearance itself and the search that followed.

Here is the story: Small's fortune at the time of his disappearance seems to have been \$3,300,000. He controlled 36 theaters in Canada.

On the afternoon of December 2, 1919, he put through a big theatrical deal involving \$1,000,000. Then he left for home, where he had told Mrs. Small he would take dinner with her at 6:30. He stopped to buy a newspaper from his favorite newsboy. He entered a barbershop to be shaved by a barber whose services he always had preferred. Both barber and newsboy have signed affidavits telling of their last talk with Small.

After he left his barber, Small vanished. He's not since been heard of. Was he kidnaped? Murdered? Or did he flee? Police do not know. But here are the scattered threads of evidence they have collected:

Shortly after Small's disappearance John Doughty, his secretary, also disappeared. He was arrested in Oregon. He is now serving time for the theft of \$105,000 in bonds, Small's property, but he could not be directly connected with Small's disappearance.

Mysterious Clues.

The letters of "B. B. Friedl." These were sent to Col. Richard J. Haire, an attorney. The writer professed he could tell Small's whereabouts. But the letters led to nothing.

The story of Alfred Elson, caretaker of Rosary hall here. Elson says he saw a motorcar, containing a bundle which might have contained a body, drive up a road near Rosary hall on the day of Small's disappearance. He thinks the car's passengers may have disposed of Small's body then.

The testimony of Catherine M. Dunn, formerly a maid in the Small household. She maintains Small returned to his home in the interval between his visit to the barber and his disappearance.

The alleged vision of Louis Benjamin, Toronto medium, who said Small appeared to him and told him he was at Honey Harbor, Nantucket, Long Island Sound. It was later learned that Honey Harbor is on Georgian bay, Ontario.

And the village of Veronica, Ont., pops its head into the case to insist that a man taken into custody as Small a year ago and later released, was Small, despite statements of relatives that the man was a stranger.

That's the confusing tangle of evidence. And a tangle it will remain—unless, as Attorney Grant believes, the attorney general can uncover some fresh clues.

### PRISONERS MAKE OWN LAWS

Kentucky Offenders Tried in "Jail Court"—"Whipping Boss" Does Rest.

Inez, Ky.—A Martin county jury upheld the "laws" made by the self-government body of prisoners in the jail at Inez when Lewis Maynard, a prisoner, sued for torn clothing and injured feelings.

In the pure democracy a new prisoner has the choice of paying a \$1 fine or receiving 50 blows from a hard paddle. Baths are compulsory and profane language is forbidden.

Offenders are tried in the "jail court" and the "whipping boss" executes sentences.

### DULCIE PROPOSES

By AGNES GRAHAM BROGAN

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

The man and the girl sat on the bank of a stream that, loosed from winter bondage, went leaping across its shining stones. In a blossoming tree above the two, robins twittered joyously.

The man stretched long and lank, at the girl's side, had tired-old lines about his mouth, but his eyes were as ineffably young as his rare smile.

"John Prim," said the girl, "I love you."

The man looked perplexed, unbelieving; then frowned.

"Love is no subject for joke, Dulcie," he reproved.

The girl trilled a bar of a gay little song.

"I do not joke, when I say that I love you, John," she returned seriously.

"Such a declaration, should come from me, and not the woman," he suggested.

"But you won't make it," she answered him, and laughed.

"I brought you here," John Prim said, "to tell you that I am going away, it may be for a year, perhaps longer. The business needs a foreign representative, and I have signed to go."

Dulcie nodded cheerfully.

"So I heard," she said, "that is why I decided to propose today. And if you refuse to marry me, John, a year will be a long time to go following you around Europe."

Her blue eyes plaintively viewed the apple tree. The man turned toward her impatiently.

"You could travel on your Aunt Dulciana's money I suppose?"

The girl nodded.

"What a fine means of revenge that would be, for the spiteful manner of her bequest," John, have you any idea why Aunt Dulciana left her money to me, upon condition that I should not marry a Prim?"

"There was," John replied, "an old love affair between your departed aunt, and my father. She refused to marry him, I believe, because she was rich, and he poor, and then with the inconsistency of woman, never forgave him, when later he did marry my mother. The present will, however, was probably drawn with a fact in mind of my general unsuitability. Why a possible thought of marriage between you and I should have occurred to her, I cannot understand."

Dulcie hummed another note of her song.

"I told Aunt that I intended to marry you, John," she said, "I always have."

"My dear, my dear," sighed the man, "look at my hair, it is growing white—"

"I have looked," remarked the girl, "I like it that way, movie-actorish. And even if I loved you," he went on, "do you think I would allow you to make so great a sacrifice?"

"You do love me," Dulcie said comfortably. "I tested you John, before I decided to propose; you are jealous—"

"One may be jealous, and still not love," he defended.

"And," she continued calmly, "you missed me terribly, when I was away."

"How could you know?" he questioned miserably.

There was no sympathy in Dulcie's merry glance.

"I saw the glad look in your eyes the day I came back," she told him. "I am a failure," the man said sadly.

"I have no right to hope for or expect happiness. I have failed in everything. My mother with her savings sent me abroad to study art, to realize for her the dreams of a lifetime. And I came back with only my pitiful dabblings—"

"Were you to blame," cried Dulcie, "because your mother had set her heart upon making an artist out of a business man?"

"A business man!" contemptuously repeated John Prim, his voice broke, "when I came home to ruin the business under my supervision, that my father had built through years?"

"You know very well," Dulcie returned, "that war ruined your father's business, and you had no power to prevent it. You shall not wrong my future husband, John, and as for that matter, I, too, am a failure. I failed mother, in refusing to marry the pope-eyed young Van Hugsyon, of her choice; and I failed Dad at the start, in not being the son of his desire."

"Now," the gay note of her laughter rippled, "I have failed Aunt Dulciana, handing over her fortune to a graceless nephew."

John Prim jumped to his feet.

"Dulcie," he cried, "surely you have not been so rash as to waive claim to that legacy."

"Surely I have," answered Dulcie pleasantly. "Its condition is impossible. And though we may have failed others, John, we have not failed the test of love. For here we are quarreling as to which shall make the greater sacrifice for the other. And as love is the greatest thing in the world—"

Close in his eager arms, her pleadings ended. And after a time, when John raised the girl's radiant face to his own, the tired lines about his mouth vanished in the ineffable youth of his smile.

Dulcie hummed a bar of her spring song; then, "My, my, John Prim," she said, "what a time you did give me, proposing."

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Those impatient people who complain about late trains on American railroads will probably settle into an amazed silence and speak no more about such paltry matters when it is stated that, according to dispatches, the Tashkent express to Moscow gayly puffed into its home station 21 days late recently. Russia has overturned many illusions, but this beats them all. One hesitates to ask for statistics on messenger boys.—Christian Science Monitor.

### Lots of Twins.

Ashland, O.—Vernon Utz, a Jackson township farmer, residing near Red Haw, has a flock of sheep that promises to be a money maker. During one week, ewes of the flock bore 21 sets of twins. Utz is rejoicing because, in addition to the twins, he has counted numerous singles gamboing o'er the green.

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You are hereby notified that Ethel Jones, on the 18th day of February, 1922, as plaintiff, filed her petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, wherein she prays to obtain a decree of divorce from you on the grounds of cruelty and non-support.

That on the 22nd day of May, 1922, the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, entered an order that service of summons in this action may be had by publication as is by law made and provided. You are therefore required to answer plaintiff's petition, on or before the 30th day of June, 1922.