

MOSLEM NIGHT OF NIGHTS

An Impressive Sight in the Mosque of St. Sophia.

LONG, HOT DAYS OF RAMAZAN

Nine Thousand Moslems at Prayer on the Night of Power—Celebrating Great Festival of Ramazans.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 2.—Moslems in Turkey have just been keeping Ramazan, the greatest of their festivals, a month of fasting, feasting, safety and prayer, during which period none may touch food, water or tobacco from sunrise to sunset, and even the laziest dares not break his fast in the presence of another. Therefore, whenever it is possible, the moslem sleeps throughout the weary hours of daylight, waking only when the chanting of minarets reminds him that it is the hour of prayer. At sunset feasting and gayety commence, and little cafes, empty all day long, are filled with hungry customers, who sit and gorge in preparation of the next day's fast.

During Ramazan the sultan makes his first and only appearance for the year, outside the palace grounds, at the Night of Power, the most important of all the nights of Ramazan. Each year a young girl selected after a search throughout the empire as the most beautiful is taken to the royal harem on this night as a gift for his majesty. On the Night of Power, too, in the huge mosque of St. Sophia, one witnesses a spectacle that is not seen in any Christian country, or, indeed, on any other occasion in Turkey—the impressive sight of thousands of devout and earnest worshippers, among whom there is not a single woman. And the Koran, which all Moslems venerate, believing it to be the word of God, speaks in this mystic language of the Night of Power.

"Verily we sent it (the Koran) down on the Night of Power, and who shall make thee know what the Night of Power is? The Night of Power is better than a thousand months. In it descend the angels and the spirit by permission of their lord in every matter. It is peace until the rising of the dawn."

Date is Uncertain. The exact date being unknown, the Night of Power is generally celebrated on the 27th day of Ramazan. It is only certain that it falls between the 26th and the 29th of this month, and as it is believed that there is one particular moment in which the prayers of all worshippers are granted, Moslems spend most of these four nights in prayer in order not to lose this precious moment.

On the Night of Power, contrary to his usual custom of lingering over the long anticipated evening meal, the Moslem, on hearing the cannon at sunset warning him that he may break his fast, hastily disposes of his food; then sucking up his tiny cup of coffee with the trembling hand that is polite in Turkey and indicates great appreciation, he hurries along the steep, narrow streets, already swarming with men bending their steps in the direction of the Mosque, from whose four towering minarets the voices of the muezzins are presently heard chanting the call to prayer: "God is great, God is great. God is great, God is great. There is no god but God. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the prophet of God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the prophet of God."

"Come to prayers. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. Come to salvation. Come to salvation. There is no other god but God."

Scene at St. Sophia's. The huge mosque of St. Sophia was once a Byzantine church belonging to the Greeks, and on this particular night Christians are only permitted to enter at the small northern door, which leads to one of the broad galleries encircling the mighty pile.

Early in the evening innumerable streams of men begin to filter slowly through the five main entrances; the door to the gallery,

however, remains locked, and you are told by one of the passing nojas that you must wait until the key is brought. As you stand outside and watch the worshippers who, if they have not performed their ablutions at home, now wash faces, hands and feet at the fountain which is provided for this purpose at every mosque door.

There are men of all ages; many dirty looking, in tattered, much patched native garments; men look unkempt and men of almost European appearance, while the religious students or sofas, in long, dark robes and white turbans, make a strong contrast to the other Turks in colored, tattered garments. There are Turks, Albanians, Kurds and Arabs among the worshippers, but each one on entering casts off his shoes, carrying them in with him, keeping on his feet.

As you stand watching this motley crowd a long robed youth comes slowly through the courtyard indicating that he has the key and is about to open the northern door. You stumble after him in the dark, and a steep, ill-paved, unlit street shut in on either side by the close shuttered windows of Turkish houses, and feel your way cautiously down the broken stone steps leading to a small princely entrance.

Here the Turk lights a taper, fumbles with the lock, looks and does not forgetting to pocket the required fee pushes open the door. Inside it is dark, except for the faint light of a flickering candle placed on the ground at each bend of the winding passage; and as you painfully ascend the tunnel-like stony path you wonder how the smaller roads up here, in the mosque gallery without knocking his head against the low ceiling or his horse stumbling on the ill-paved way.

No Place for a Christian. Few native Christians ever come to this ceremony. Even this year, with the constitution proclaimed, they could not shake off their fear. And you realize as you continue to feel your way up step after step, round bend after bend, that their fear is not unjustified; for no one could escape from such a place if the Turks carried out the threatened massacres which are rumored about the town.

But when at last you enter the enormous, dimly lit building, and stand looking over the carved stone railing, so cracked with age that it seems as if a touch would send it crashing into the depths beneath; when you strain your eyes down 100 odd feet into the body of the mosque and up into the great misty dome you are completely awestruck with its vastness.

Then as you notice the defaced mosaics and mutilated crosses a feeling of sadness comes over you and your thoughts go back to the horrible scenes that were enacted on the beautiful marble pavements hundreds of years ago when Mohammed, the conqueror, mounted on the bodies of Christians he had slain and left the imprint of his bloodstained hand, which is seen today high up on the marble column. Lamps are being lit in every part of the mosque and men are still busy with tapers lighting the innumerable tiny oil lamps upon the gallery. As your eye wanders from gallery to gallery lamp after lamp lights up until the creeping light reaches the very dome and encircles it.

In the Body of the Church. Suspended from this low in the center of the mosque is an enormous pendant, like a giant's crown, twinkling with hundreds of jewels, while around it are smaller pendants, each also hanging by a long thin chain from the ceiling. For a moment these lights dazzle you as you look down on them from your height, but as soon as your eyes grow accustomed to the glare you see that the ground is black with men and that many are still entering, taking their places in one of the long straight lines formed across the body of the mosque facing Mecca.

Each man as he enters places his shoes on the floor in front of him and commences his prayers immediately, without glancing around. Once in a while a small damsel in search of her father threads her way in and out of the rows of kneeling men, pushing aside the steps between two without receiving the slightest notice or calling forth any remonstrance, which would not be the case were she a year or two older.

Priests and students are already seated on little raised platforms erected here and there about the ceiling. For a moment these lights dazzle you as you look down on them from your height, but as soon as your eyes grow accustomed to the glare you see that the ground is black with men and that many are still entering, taking their places in one of the long straight lines formed across the body of the mosque facing Mecca.

The long straight lines break up quickly and the floor is covered with a seething, indistinguishable mass. Here and there like little dim stars the light of 100 flickering candles glows upon the benches, and by this light sits a preacher, his feet tucked under him and the Koran open upon the prie dieu in front. Without losing a moment the discourses commence—many of them purely political this year—and the hubbub, which sounds like that of a stock exchange, continues throughout the night.

Many of the congregation leave the mosque, not waiting for the sermons, and as you hasten homeward along the dark, narrow streets of Stamboul men in native costumes, ragged, dirty looking ruffians, look curiously after you, for there are no women abroad at this hour. At the bridge you are obliged to hire boatmen—the largest Turkish gunboat having broken the old bridge in passing out of the Golden Horn in the morning—and these wrangle and fight for customers.



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MILITARY HONORS FOR GRIMM

Funeral of First Lieutenant of Signal Corps at Fort Omaha.

FULL GARRISON FALLS IN LINE

Body is Placed in Vault at Forest Lawn Cemetery, to Be Removed to Arlington Cemetery at Washington.

The funeral of First Lieutenant Otto B. Grimm, signal corps, United States army, was held Saturday morning beginning at 9 o'clock, at his late quarters in Fort Omaha. The devotional services were conducted by Chaplain James W. Hillman of the Sixteenth United States Infantry at Fort Crook.

The body rested in a gray cloth-covered casket, over which was draped the American flag and a large cluster of American Beauty roses from the wives of the officers of Fort Omaha.

The entire garrison of Fort Omaha, with the Sixteenth infantry band from Fort Crook, were lined up outside the house in the street, the band playing a dirge at appropriate intervals during the services.

When the body was removed from the house, the garrison formed in line with arms reversed and the casket was placed on a black cloth-covered open ambulance.

Two platoons of the Signal Corps detachment were mounted, and led the funeral procession, followed by the band and hearse, the foot detachment following and ambulance carrying the officers bringing up the rear.

The garrison flag was placed at half-mast during the services. The funeral procession marched from the Fort Omaha grounds to Forest Lawn cemetery, a number of citizens in private conveyances accompanying the procession. At the cemetery the body was placed in a casket, with the ceremonial of firing three volleys, the salute for the dead, and the sounding of taps, concluding the impressive ceremonies.

The body of Lieutenant Grimm will be later taken to Washington for interment in the National cemetery at Arlington.

Mrs. Grimm, the mother, and Mrs. Rippon, sister of the dead officer, of Cleveland, were present at the funeral.

SALVATION ARMY NOTABLES

Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, Distinguished in Orient, Inspect Work in Omaha.

Commissioner Thomas Estill of the Salvation Army, accompanied by Mrs. Estill and Colonel George French, his chief of staff, arrived in Omaha Saturday morning on a tour of inspection of the army corps of the west and is quartered at the Rome, where the party will remain until Monday, when they go to Des Moines to inspect the corps at that point.

Commissioner Estill has been in America only two months, although he has been engaged in Salvation Army work for thirty years and has been an officer in the army for thirty years.

Mrs. Estill is at the head of a special department in her husband's jurisdiction which deals with women and children. She has been successful in this work in other countries. Since leaving England Commissioner and Mrs. Estill have served the army in Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Holland and Japan.

The work in nearly all the foreign fields is carried on just as it is in this country," said Commissioner Estill. "In Japan the work is entirely different, but the western ideas are being adopted. For a number of years the army was treated in Japan as a mission."

Over 400 societies or corps, with 1,500 officers, are under the jurisdiction of Commissioner Estill and beside these are seventy social institutions for men, eleven homes for unfortunate girls, two homes for children, two training colleges, one for men and one for women, and one of the largest orphanages in the world.

A public welcome was extended to Commissioner Estill and his wife last night at the barracks and Sunday three meetings will be held at the barracks under the leadership of the commissioner.

HUTESON IS REAPPOINTED

Omaha Man is Placed on State Optometry Board for Three Years by Sheldon.

J. C. Hutesson of Omaha remains on the state optometry board for three years at least. His reappointment was made by Governor Sheldon and he received official notice of it Saturday morning.

When dying a garment, put in the new pieces like it, also the binding and any pieces of ribbon or lace that may prove useful when the cloth is again made up.

SUICIDE STORY JUST A JOKE

Distorted Sense of Humor Tyles Trick to Facilitate Wife of F. W. Haskins.

A joke on the part of friends of F. W. Haskins, the Ames avenue street car conductor, who quarreled with his wife and left his home at 809 South Nineteenth street Wednesday and was supposed to have drowned himself in the Missouri, explains his reported death.

Haskins turned up in Omaha Friday morning and stoutly denied that he had ever sought a watery and chilly grave in the big Missouri. He will attempt to patch up the difference between himself and Mrs. Haskins.

DINNER TO REV. R. B. H. BELL

Facewell Spread Given Rector by His Associates in the Juvenile Work.

Associates of Rev. R. B. H. Bell in the juvenile court work gave an informal dinner to Canon Bell Saturday noon at the Young Men's Christian association. Canon Bell has just accepted a call to an Episcopal church in Des Moines, the largest church in the state of Iowa and the only Episcopal church in Des Moines.

Bye the Pieces.

When dying a garment, put in the new pieces like it, also the binding and any pieces of ribbon or lace that may prove useful when the cloth is again made up.

Dressing for Rotten Duck.

Instead of the ordinary dressing for duck or other game substitute apples seasoned with salt and pepper and the strong taste of the meat disappears.

ASTONISHING RESULTS FROM NEW TREATMENT

An Omaha Lady Is Cured of a Skin Trouble That Had Defied All Doctors for a Year.

United Doctors Made the Cure in 12 Days of Their Wonderful New Treatment.

The United Doctors have had their Omaha institute open about three weeks, yet in that short time, they have made a number of cures that are almost miraculous. News of the wonderful cures that are being made by the United Doctors in their institutes in the East have reached the West, and as a result, the United Doctors have not lacked for patients.

Omaha, November 23, 1908. United Doctors, corner 16th and Harney streets, Omaha, Neb.—Gentlemen: I am writing you this letter to make a statement concerning my case.

My trouble first started last May, when a small pimple appeared on my face. It troubled me considerably and soon commenced to grow. In a short time it had increased so in size that it covered the entire right side of my nose, and extended over a considerable portion of my cheek, and had swollen my face so that my right eye was closed.

Before having this experience under your treatment, I would not have believed that so great a change in a person's health could take place in so short a time, and give you all credit for curing me, and saving me from that terrible operation.

When I paid you for the one small bottle of medicine which you gave me, I felt that I was paying an enormous price for the very small amount of medicine, but since I have seen what that little bottle of medicine has done for me, I feel that it was the best investment I ever made in my life. It would have been cheap at a thousand times the price.

You are welcome to publish this letter in the newspapers or use it in any way you see fit. I only hope that by writing this letter, I may be able to persuade some who are skeptical to place their case in your hands and be cured as I have been. I would be pleased at all times to answer any inquiries from one who may be interested in my case. Your grateful patient. (Signed.)

MRS. CLARENCE P. McDONALD, 2066 N. 23rd Street, Omaha.

The unprecedented number of patients who have called at the United Doctors Institute for treatment made it impossible for them to see and examine them all. As a consequence, any who desired to take advantage of the grand free offer were unable to do so, even though they waited patiently for a number of hours. In order to treat all alike, the United Doctors have extended their free offer to all who call before December 29th.

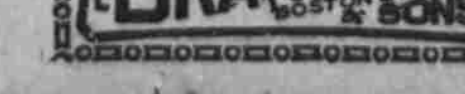


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Ask for a free copy of Madame Yale's 32-page Souvenir Book at our Toilet Goods Department. Also mailed free to those living out of town. Write for a copy.



Old Mexico in February

From snow and sleet and icy winds let us transport you to a land of sunshine, flowers, fruit and shimmering blue skies. While friends at home are shivering, you can be enjoying balmy days in picturesque old Mexican towns, and idling away delightful evenings among quaint out-door cafes, amidst music and laughter and the tinkling of coffee cups.

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Leave Omaha Feb. 2, Return March 4. Western Tourist Ass'n, Atlantic, Ia.