

**WOMAN WORKS FOR SISTERS**

Wife of Turkish Prince Conducts Campaign in Their Behalf.

**TRIES TO FREE COUNTRYWOMEN**

Has Hard Struggle to Earn Her Living After Being Smuggled Out of Haram by Government.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 5.—(Special.)—Princess Fatima of Medina, a nurse, was born in a harem and speaks a very great influence in the future of Turkey. Women, heretofore, have been a negligible quantity in this country; but if the princess has her way they no longer will be, for she is trying to bring about the total emancipation of Turkish women. A princess, reared in a harem and speaking in public to thousands of women—yes, and men, too—about women's rights in the very heart of the sultan's dominions! To European ideas this seems incredible and yet it is one of the wonderful transformations worked by the recent revolution.

Princess Fatima's meetings are attended not merely by the European visitors, but by the wives of merchants, small officials and under officers—the most conservative classes in Turkey. The most wonderful part about the gatherings is the fact that the women come uninvited. She is an excellent speaker and talks in an earnest, convincing way. She advocates everything that will tend toward emancipating her sex. She is forming a league whose members are to promise not to marry a man unless he undertakes to confine himself to one wife. There is already a huge membership, even among the women of the lower and middle classes.

Fatima's energies seem to be limitless. She is founding schools for Turkish girls, whose parents cannot afford to have foreign governesses. Now, this means a great deal, because the Turkish women of the middle class talk in an earnest, convincing way. She advocates everything that will tend toward emancipating her sex. She is forming a league whose members are to promise not to marry a man unless he undertakes to confine himself to one wife. There is already a huge membership, even among the women of the lower and middle classes.

In a few years after her marriage she had not only mastered her mother tongue, but could speak and read French and English as well. But this more she learned the more she longed to learn and see. She longed to walk about in the streets and go to visit her female friends on foot. Only on very rare occasions did she leave the garden of the harem and then she was always in a closed carriage, with the blue silk blinds lowered and a stiling veil over her face. Her husband had but one wife, not so much because he approved of European ideas, but because he said he could not afford more since French cookery and English furniture had become the fashion. If the wives gave a party, only women were present, amongst them the ambassadors' wives and daughters describe their parties, where men and women conversed freely, and talked, not only of love, but of books, people, politics and art, she says that she determined that if she could possibly bring it about, Turkish women should also be free and be treated like grown-up people instead of dolls. But this was not so easy as it seemed. Not only her husband, but his and her own family refused to let her change her life in the least.

When Fatima heard the foreign ambassadors' wives and daughters describe their parties, where men and women conversed freely, and talked, not only of love, but of books, people, politics and art, she says that she determined that if she could possibly bring it about, Turkish women should also be free and be treated like grown-up people instead of dolls. But this was not so easy as it seemed. Not only her husband, but his and her own family refused to let her change her life in the least.

**Music and Musical Notes**

THE musical critic attended a concert last week which made him do a bit of serious thinking. (Yes, it was a good thing that he went.) A man played. His program was a big one. It must have cost him many hours of hard, hard work and nights of study, alternating with days of practice. The program was full of proof that energy had been expended, energy without stint or pause.

And yet—what was the matter? It was only too plain that people were not moved; that is, mentally. Some of the leading minds were moved to leave the building, and some showed their disapproval by leaving in the middle of a number. What was the matter?

The Bee music man, as he is called at the office, never had a harder task than writing the truth of that particular concert.

What was the matter? It was all "letter" and no "spirit."

The "spirit" of music "maketh alive," just as the "letter" killeth. Is there not too much "letter," that is to say, too much "technical expression" at all our concerts and not enough of the "spirit" of music, or that which "inspires," that which is an inspiration?

Let an illustration serve to bring out the point. Every reader of this column knows the old story about the old lady who dropped into a fashionable church, and when the sermon proceeded, became very enthusiastic and exclaimed loudly: "Hallelujah!" Whereupon the usher came to her and expostulated. But later the cry was repeated, and again the usher came to her and expostulated. But she replied, "Why bless your heart, young man, I've just got religion." "Then the usher said, "Yes, madam, but you must keep quiet, this is no place to get religion."

Of course, the story is impossible and all that, and yet even in fashionable churches one sometimes hears the real essence of the truth. Now apply the same. How often have you been so thrilled at a concert that you felt like crying out, "I love music!" How often in your concert attendance have you felt deeply and gloriously the significance of the fact that you really loved "music?" You may be attracted by the artist. You have been known to say that. You have been dazzled by the brilliancy of the technique. You have been heard to say that also. You have been known to exult over the composer, or the work, or the presentation. But did you ever get down to the heart of things and say to that other soul who sat with you, "My, how I do love music!"

Of course, this is all very sentimental, and all that. But really is it?

Music is a ministry. It is not merchandise. Music is a holy gift. It is not an amusement.

When music is in its "holy temple," all the earth doth keep silence before it. It is the duty and privilege of all musicians to see that the temple is not profaned. And it is well that we should not mistake the temple for the Spirit of Music itself. And holy as is the temple, important, as is the technical expression, one must never forget the temple is the Spirit of Music, for it is the Spirit which makes the temple holy, and not otherwise.

These are thoughts which came to a music critic at a concert.

A letter came from the west one day last week and it was from a teacher in a far-off city in Nebraska. The letter told of the fact that this column has been read constantly by a woman who lives on a homestead twelve or fifteen miles from any town. And this clever, college-educated woman admitted that these columns were in some little way an inspiration to her. Now, of course, it is highly improper and very much out of place to allude to an incident like this, in this particular column. But let us waive that point. It is of the woman that the writer is now thinking, and not of the kind words which she said.

It is not very polite towards those who are earnestly working for the highest interests of music. It is not kind. Because there are efforts beyond number being put forth by many capable instructors in Omaha, whose work will show up well in the light of a clear standard.

And lastly, it is not true. Because pupils of Omaha teachers of music, in every branch, have been highly commended when they have come abroad to teachers with bigger names.

If Omaha is a place wherein there is not much incentive or opportunity to study, how would you like to live on "a homestead twelve or fifteen miles from any town?"

There are teachers in the smaller towns of Nebraska who are working, on, now hard and many of them with all too little encouragement, to create a musical thrill, a musical taste, a musical atmosphere. Often they hear stories of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of music in these smaller towns—stories which moisten the eyes of even the hardened and harsh critic of The Bee—stories which are too sacred to put into print, even in a Sunday paper.

It is for the sake of those teachers that he alludes to this letter which lies before him, which a sincere and brave little music teacher wrote to him, out of the fulness of her dear musical soul, when the snow was falling last Sunday afternoon.

When you feel the loneliness of your position, think of the one who yet keeps up her interest in the higher things and who lives on "a homestead twelve or fifteen miles from any town."

What a great thing it is to be able to keep the outlook when the outlook is not very pleasant.

There is a little newspaper clipping pasted on the wall over the desk of one of the editorial force of The Bee, and when the young woman who placed it there looks up from her desk for a moment she reads these words: "The philosophy of happiness consists of being happy, not because of things, but in spite of things."

There is a great inspiration for people who are looking for happiness in their musical growth and expansion, in that sentence which is pasted on the wall in The Bee office. Not because of things, but in spite of things. Happiness of that kind is genuine, and he who has attained it is already a philosopher.

You are indebted to the New York Sun for the following delicious bit. There is a serious side to it, too, if you happen to see it.

A well known New York teacher of singing, an Italian, was having his first talk with a new woman.

"You are a great friend of Caruso?" she asked.

"He admitted that he was."

"Then you must tell me something," she went on enthusiastically. "How many tricks can he stand?"

"Tricks?" repeated the professor. "How many tricks can he stand?"

"It took some minutes to clear up the mystery. Then the young woman, who was a former teacher who had trained her husband, asked the teacher to sing for her."

That was supposed to compel her to breathe from the stomach. She had been told by the teacher that a weight rested on the chest absolutely still and there must be the impression that a weight rested on them. The teacher complied that Madame Sembrino could support three tricks without trouble."

THOMAS J. KELLY.

**Musical Notes**

The recital given by the advanced pupils of Mr. Sigmund Landsberg on Thursday evening was very happily spoken of by professional and amateur alike. The program was excellent. Those participating were Miss Dora Stevens, Miss Juanita Slater, Miss Grace Salsburgh, Miss Alice Gorman, Miss Emily Cheve, violinist, also assisted.

Miss Louisa Allen presents her pupils, Miss Hazel Wolcott and Miss Edna Gorman, who will play the piano at the concert tomorrow (Monday) evening. Miss Helen Sudick will play the piano for the program.

Accolay Concerto ..... Massenet Mazurka ..... Meynarski Slumber Song ..... Schumann Concerto in D flat ..... Liszt Miss Sadler ..... Chopin Nocturne-Op. 9, No. 2 ..... Chopin Waltz-Op. 10, No. 3 ..... Chopin Berceuse ..... Neavara Cantabile of Bolero ..... Danbe Miss Wick.

Europe, to study and to see how women lived there, so as to speak with some authority when she came back again. Every morning away was almost impossible, so closely was the harem guarded, but at last she bribed a German governess to smuggle in an European woman's dress and hat and one morning after her German lesson she walked boldly out of the harem, her hair cropped close to her head, and with a new and which even Turkish men use to an enormous extent washed from her face and \$100 worth of Turkish money secretly hoarded up during three years, in her pocket.

Aided by the German governess, Fatima went to Germany and wrote them to her husband and her father, telling them what she had done and her reasons. They wrote back to say she should not have any money at all unless she swore to return home at once. This she refused to do and began to fight against starvation in Berlin, while attending a law higher school. Only a Turkish woman, delicately nurtured in the lap of eastern luxury, can form an adequate idea of what this woman went through. It was then that she saw the other side of the medal—the rough side of independent women, who must think for themselves and keep the wolf from the door.

As her small stock of money was soon gone she gave Turkish lessons in the afternoon to a few youths who wished to enter a diplomatic academy, going to her lectures in the mornings and preparing for her examinations all through the evenings and into the small hours of the morning but few people wanted Turkish lessons at all and Fatima often dined on nothing better than a plate of ill made soup and a piece of coarse bread—fare that she would not have touched a few months before. But preserver of her reward and finally Fatima obtained her diploma at a German educational. More than that, she had studied the rights and wrongs of the women's movement in Europe, and, as soon as the revolution broke out in Turkey in the summer of 1908, she determined to take advantage of what was going on there and return home and persuade her father not only to insist on being educated, but to institute home life in place of harems.

Having no money she went to the editor of a Berlin paper and asked for a loan—in return for which she promised to send him "copies" about the revolution. He was very much surprised at this offer from a woman who looked like a foreigner, but, on hearing her story, acceded. A week later she was in her native town of Medina, preaching emancipation to a crowd of women of the lower classes. Her husband and father wished to have her arrested and brought back to her "home" by force. This would certainly have been done had she arrived there a few weeks earlier. But revolution had already wrought great changes in Tur-

key. The members of the "Young Turkey" party who were in the town declared that a finger should be raised against her. At this the reactionaries, to whom her father and husband belonged, were furious, and called a meeting at which they declared that all the revolutionists wanted to do was to get a constitution in order that the women might go about unveiled.

This announcement caused such a commotion in the town that all the "Young Turkey" would have been mobbed had not a number of troops arrived and dispersed the crowd, arresting the agitators.

After this Fatima began a preaching tour through Turkey, which she is still continuing. Her story soon became known and very many educated Turks declared themselves to be on her side. "But this was not a difficult fortress to storm, because no aristocratic Turkish household keeps up eastern customs in their entirety, and, when revolutions are going on, great changes can take place in a short time. Amongst those who support her warmly is Prince Sabah ed Din, a prominent liberal and a very cultured man.

"You are perfectly right," he said to her at a recent meeting she had in Constantinople. "Our women must be educated, enjoy home life, should go about unveiled and receive visitors without restriction like other women do. But you must be prudent and moderate or you will not only spoil your own cause, but that of young constitutional Turkey as well."

The prince put the situation in a nutshell. If Princess Fatima and her followers press their cause too hard they will not only turn middle-class Turks and the lower orders against them, but will turn them against the new Turkey and its constitution, against progress and reform of all kinds, throwing them back into the arms of the reactionaries. For, in spite of the revolutions and the foreign customs observed in aristocratic houses, the provincial Turkish people have but one wife. It is adverse to any changes at all in his house and private life. Badly educated himself, he does not see why his wife and daughters should be taught to read and get "new ideas."

Most, may, nearly all the small provincial towns are like Medina and the inhabitants would mob anybody who advocated women's emancipation. It is amongst this class that the changes sought to be made if Turkish women's future is to be more enlightened than their present; and it is just this class who will receive changes with anything but a smile of welcome. This is what makes Princess Fatima's task so hard, though all really liberal Turks wish her success and help her not only with words, but with gold, which she spends upon the cause she has so much at heart.

HOWARD WETMORE.

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**Pyrography Outfits—up from ..... 50c**  
**Wood to Burn—Special designs. 5c, 10c, 25c Up**  
**A. Hospe Co.**

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Anticipating Christmas needs, the beautiful and high class Pianos, Player Pianos and Organs fill the bill.  
To get the balance of the stock, representing Krantz & Bach Pianos, Kimball Pianos, Krakauer Pianos, Hallett & Davis Pianos, Bush-Lane Pianos, Cable-Nelson Pianos, Cramer Pianos, Burton Pianos, Hospe Pianos and many other well known good brands of art cases, colonial cases, modern styles of pianos, retailed at \$550, \$600, \$700, \$800, \$900, \$250 and \$225.  
These pianos are placed on sale at this great pushing out stock sale on small payments, or for cash, at \$189, \$159, \$178, \$198, \$237, \$269, \$287, \$335 for good, new pianos.  
In fact, you will find pianos which are nearly new at \$110, \$120, \$130, etc. Ten dollars takes one home, \$5 per month pays for it.  
Elegant new Grand Pianos selling at \$525, \$550, \$575, etc. This for the \$1,000 kind, in mahogany, oak and rosewood cases.  
Player Pianos, meaning a perfect piano, just like the regular style. Plays by hand or automatically by a pedal device. Easy to manipulate by the most inexperienced without instructions, giving you a live piano and music when you want it. This class of pianos retail regularly at \$650, \$750, \$850 and \$1,000—we put them on this sale at \$290, \$375, \$450 and up. Monthly installments, if you desire.  
Our Parlor Organs, Cabinet Organs, Chapel and Church Organs, manufactured for us by the Kimla Co., the Swan Co., the Great Western Co. and others, the regular \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80 and \$100 kind. We are selling these instruments at \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, etc., on 50-cent per week payments.  
A full guarantee of from 5 to 16 years goes with each and every instrument. You take no chances; now, hurry; don't let the choice of the best bargains slip away. You save \$75, \$100, \$125, in some cases \$150, by purchasing now.  
**Special Sale in Music Rolls and Bags**  
Monday Afternoon From 2 to 4 O'clock  
\$1.00 Rolls go 50c  
\$2.00 Rolls go 1.00  
\$3.00 Rolls go 1.50  
\$3.00 Bags go 1.50  
Come early and avoid the rush.  
**A. Hospe Co.**  
1513 Douglas Street

**FAITH IN CORPORATE STOCKS**

Wide Distribution of Ownership of American Corporations.

**INVESTORS UNAFRAID OF FUTURE**

Owners of Railroad Shares Vastly Increased—Industrial Shares and Bank Stock Held by Small Investors.

The widespread ownership of the corporations is striking evidence of the faith the great body of industrious, thrifty Americans have in corporate enterprise, despite all recent disclosures of the misuse of corporate power by the unscrupulous. This faith was shown, as it never had been before in our history, in the recent disastrous financial panic, when hundreds of thousands of small investors came into the market place with their savings to take railroad, industrial and bank shares of the hands of thoroughly frightened speculators and capitalists.

The rapid growth of industrial "trusts" and railroad combinations in the last ten years has centralized control, and the careless observer has mistaken this for centralized ownership. But the centralization of control has been accompanied by the spreading out of ownership. The steel corporation, concretely illustrates this among the industrial combinations. Before the formation of the Steel "trust" of the '90s, many of the mines, mills and furnaces were privately owned. A few rich men owned these independent industries. The public did not participate in the profits, except in the form of wages. Now, with centralized control, 10,000 investors are partners in the steel business and participate in the profits.

Railroad and Industrial Stocks. Four years ago, when the Interstate Commerce commission made its report on railroad shareholders, the railroads had 30,000 owners. Since then they have increased to fully 50,000. These 50,000 railroad owners divide \$20,000,000 a year in dividends, an average for each owner of \$400—just about the average earnings of the 1,500,000 railroad employees. Seven of the big industrial combinations have 200,000 owners on their books, steel, telephones, sugar, copper, Pullman, smelters, oil. These account for only \$100,000,000 of industrial stock, a minor fraction of the country's total. It is conservative to estimate the number of other owners of industrial shares at several hundred thousand. How many people own mining stock is proven properties can only be conjectured. Taking no account of "wildcat" companies—for we are talking about investors—the mines of the country must have several hundred thousand shareholders. And then there are the banks.

Bank Stocks Well Distributed. The popular fallacy is that a few thousand rich men own all the banks, but the truth is that as many thrifty Americans own bank shares as railroad shares. It is fair to estimate that upward of 80,000 people now own these institutions. This takes no account of the 12,000 trust companies, state banks and private banks, whose owners make up another great army of investors.

The public's ownership of the highest grade securities is very clearly shown in the "guaranteed" railroad shares, whose dividends are guaranteed by leases. The shares of more than a hundred thoroughly seasoned railroad properties are thus almost as safe investments as bonds, and they are eagerly sought by executors, trustees and guardians, who are entrusted with funds belonging to others. An examination of the shareholders' list of these roads showing that they have large investors, men and women, holding each a few shares (often only one share)—names unknown to Wall Street and the newspaper reader—is striking proof of the public ownership of the sound corporations. Shareholders lists are closely guarded. Most owners feel that they have no right to disclose the names of their shareholders, because every American citizen has the right to privacy in his investment.

Looking over the stock books of the railroads one is impressed by the large proportion of women shareholders. The Georgia railroad has many more individual women owners than men. This is true of most guaranteed stocks, which are favorite investments for women, whose sole thought is security of income. But the big railroads also show a surprisingly large proportion

**ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS**

(Continued from Page Six.)

man and one youth, all acrobats, with an eye for the artistic. They recently closed a long run at the London Hippodrome, in which they were engaged for the Ophelia circuit. Dick Lynch entertains with words, music and dancing. His comely interpolations are pleasing. He has a few burlesque illustrated songs he gives for the one price of admission. "The Magic Album," "How the Fair Sultan Bit" and "A Lucky Incident" are the subjects of the new kindergarten views, the first mentioned being a colored series.

The Camerophone theater offers a very attractive bill for the next three days. The headliner is that great boy, comic James J. Morton, in his original song and monologue, Cameron and Gordon in their sunset serenade, "Good Evening, Caroline." The "Gibson Girls" Sceptic in songs from "Bells of Mayfair" and "Follies of Old." Fine illustrated songs and a number of silent pictures make up a very strong bill.

An old fellow down in the mountains of Kentucky poured out his feelings in the letter following, written to a manufacturer in New Jersey and printed in the New York Sun:

"Jentlemen—I want you to understand that I ain't no damn fool when I bore that bill from that Head-headed agent of yours. He told me that you sent him all the way from cincinnati to get that order. I that he was lying and I bore all my goods from the Jersey and he told me he sold the Jersey and would sell me just like he sold the Jersey. Now you writes me a printed letter and see if you send me the munny you said you'd send me the good. I recore you will, most any damn fool ud do that. I would not mind a bit sendin the munny and risk gettin the goods, but when I recollect how you and your agent done me I refuse to do it. If you would of treated me right and rit no letters in ritin' a'not of sent me that newspaper printed letter like it was a damn fool and could not read rit. I would have tuck the goods and paid the cash, now I don't want no more of yore printed letters. I want stand shif from no house. I am fifty-six years ole the last of next coming January and the first man has got to put my back on the ground yit. I may not have as much learning in grammar as you got but I can whip you or any other damn yankee that wants to try rit me a printed letter. "Yours truly,"

BACK TO SIMPLE WRITING  
Soulful Protest of Backnumber Against Modern Printed Letters.

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**New Stock of Economy Nut Coal Just Received**

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**Saves Labor** Because you don't burn so much coal—you don't put so much in the stove. Because a coal that burns right—like Economy Nut—doesn't have to be poked and punched and shaken—and that's labor saved. It is also labor to carry away slate and clinker, but not if Economy Nut is used, for there are none.

**Saves Time** When it's cold and you shiver around waiting for the breakfast fire to burn, minutes are like hours. Economy Nut coals kindles and starts burning quicker—en-seat. A fine steady, regular heat is what you want for the kitchen stove. Many a meal has been delayed if not partially destroyed by reason of the poor coal "acting up."

**Saves Worry** If your coal does not do for you what Economy Nut will do, it does not serve you properly and worries you. When the fire won't start quick, won't burn right, won't cook to suit, won't economize in money, labor and time, you worry, don't you.

Use Economy Nut at \$6.50 and DON'T WORRY.

**\$35.00 in Prizes** ON December 10th our "OWL CONTEST" closes. Have left several thousand "Owl Cards," and these will be freely given out to those who call at our office, 1614 Harney St. Simple directions are furnished. No expense or purchase necessary. Just a plain, free-for-all competition, in which all have equal chance to win a prize. Children and grown folks alike are interested. Will gladly tell you more about it by phone or at the counter.

**OZARK Arkansas Anthracite \$9**

This is a splendid coal for all sorts of heating stoves and furnaces. Those who desire most heat for least money can well afford to try it. Burns as clean as regular hard coal. Makes a better fire, is more easily controlled by the draughts and costs much less per ton.

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