

# Miller, Stewart & Beato

## 413-15-17 South 16th Street.

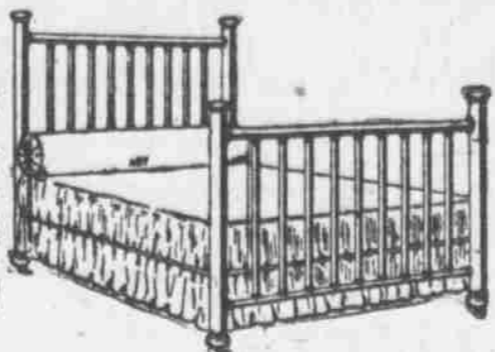
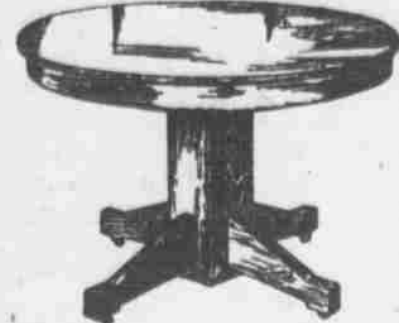
### FURNITURE ARRAYS

The manufacturers of Furniture have shown greater improvement this season than ever before in their new styles of Furniture, particularly Dining Room and Bed Room Furniture.

These goods are now on inspection on our floors and all are invited to inspect and criticise the new ideas.

### DINING ROOM FURNITURE

We are showing the choicest designs of DINING ROOM FURNITURE that is on the market, such as GOTHIC, JACOBINE, WILLIAM & MARY, FLANDERS, EARLY ENGLISH, OLD ENGLISH and HEAVY COLONIAL DESIGNS in SOLID MAHOGANY, all at prices difficult to duplicate elsewhere.



- Flanders Buffet B. P. .... \$68.00
- Flanders China Cabinet .... \$45.00
- Flanders Table ..... \$63.00
- Flanders Side Chair ..... \$6.75
- Flanders Arm Chair ..... \$9.00

- Colonial Mahogany Buffet... \$68.00
- Colonial Mah. China Cabinet \$58.00
- Colonial Mahogany Table... \$72.00
- Colonial Mahog'y Side Chair \$15.25
- Colonial Mahog'y Arm Chair \$21.50
- Colonial Mahog'y Side Table \$42.00

- Early English Buffet..... \$31.50
- Early English China Cabinet \$26.50
- Early English Table ..... \$20.00
- Early English Side Table .... \$3.75
- Early English Arm Chair.... \$6.75

### BRASS BEDS

Our BRASS BED Section shows a great improvement over the efforts of last season's manufacturers. The new construction overcomes the tendency of a bed of this character to work loose or rattle, caused by loose joints. The assortment which we carry of this class of goods makes it impossible for us not to satisfy any customer, no matter how fastidious. We have them in all grades which range in price from \$250.00 down to \$15.00.

The \$15.00 bed is the cheapest brass bed made with guaranteed construction.

### IRON BEDS

All of our Iron Beds are made from Shelby steel tubing, making them from 75 to 100 lbs. lighter and easier to handle, and twice as strong as the ordinary. The construction at the joints are all seamless. We have them in the different finishes, some very choice styles in white finish, others in Vernis Martin, made in all sizes, 4-ft. 6-in. wide, 3-ft. 6-in. wide and 3-ft wide. The prices range from \$18.00 down to \$2.00.

### RUGS

FOR CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE

On account of the unusual demand for Craftsman Furniture it has been necessary to make rugs particularly adapted to use with this class of furniture. These are made in all sizes and in two or three tone shades without figures, in the different shadings of brown, blue, green and gray.

No room furnished with Craftsman furniture should be without a Craftsman rug. These add so much to their improvement and appearance. They are reversible and are heavy, serviceable goods; prices range in the 9x12 size from \$35.00 to \$20.00.

# Hayden's

## Great Ak-Sar-Ben Sale

### Of High Grade Standard PIANOS

During the hot summer months when the piano business was dull, we ordered from the great eastern factories hundreds of pianos to be made for us, according to the latest modern and most improved designs and styles. WE PAID SPOT CASH FOR THESE PIANOS, and therefore received large special discounts for cash.

All of these pianos have arrived and with our entire stock will be offered for sale to the Visitors of the Great Ak-Sar-Ben Festivities. We promise to save every piano buyer from 33 1/3% to 50% on the Dollar, by purchasing a piano during this GREAT AK-SAR-BEN SALE. If you live within a hundred and fifty miles of Omaha, you will at least save your railroad fare and a week's expenses by buying your Piano at Hayden's now.

### Every Piano In Our Store Is Marked In Plain Figures and Is Sold at One Price

We do not ask you to pay more or less than any other purchaser, and we sell you a strictly high grade piano, guaranteed for ten years, at the same margin of profit that we would sell any other article of merchandise in our store. This is something that will be of interest to you, if you intend to buy a piano. For after you have looked around and compared our prices, our pianos and the values we give you for your money, with our competitors, you will see why we sell more pianos than any other piano house in the entire west.

This is a broad assertion, but we are ready to show you what you can save if you buy a piano now, by quoting you a few of the many piano bargains:

- \$300 oak pianos ..... sale price \$185
- \$275 mahogany pianos ..... sale price \$168
- \$290 walnut pianos ..... sale price \$189
- \$325 mission style pianos ..... sale price \$205
- \$315 plain mahogany pianos ..... sale price \$193
- \$250 English oak pianos ..... sale price \$172
- Mahogany pianos ..... former price \$375; sale price \$250
- Oak pianos ..... former price \$500; sale price \$375
- Mahogany pianos ..... former price \$525; sale price \$375
- Puritan style, mahogany pianos, formerly \$425; sale price \$320

### SECOND HAND

- Oak piano ..... former price \$300; sale price \$185
- Mahogany piano ..... former price \$600; sale price \$265
- Walnut piano ..... former price \$400; sale price \$175
- Mahogany piano ..... former price \$350; sale price \$150
- Oak piano ..... former price \$300; sale price \$190
- Mahogany piano ..... former price \$365; sale price \$205

# HAYDEN

Omaha, Nebraska

The Largest Piano House in the West

### FURTHEST WEST OF ISLAM

Moors Are Sure the Puritans of the Mohammedans.

### QUAINT WAYS OF THE PEOPLE

Even Tangier Little Touched by European Influences—A Medieval Land Close to a British Stronghold.

TANGIER, Sept. 4.—The Moors have frequently been called the Puritans of Islam. Whereas most educated Arabs and many Persians, Egyptians and Indian Mohammedans have adopted the European style of dress, not a single Moor living within the borders of his own country has laid aside the cloaklike Arabian jellaba. In the streets of Tangier, the city most infested with Christians, there is not a tramway or a hackney cab.

With the exception of a few kilometers of narrow gauge mining railway not an iron track penetrates the country anywhere. There is neither a telegraph nor a postal service. And except for the discredited ex-Sultan Abdul Aziz not a Moor has deigned to test the inventions of Europe, which they scorn. It seems extraordinary that such a country, the Moghreb al Akasa, as the Arabs say, or furthest west of Islam, should be across the narrow strait of Gibraltar, a few hours run by slow steamer from a city where British law and the advancement of Christendom hold sway.

If the day is clear you are within sight of Tangier at Gibraltar. It takes the little ferry steamer about three hours to make the journey. In less than forty minutes the boat has crossed the strait and coasts along under the shadow of the Moorish rocks. Shortly you come upon a bleak stretch of sand, as from the Sahara, breaking through the mountains, and there beyond, where the yellow hills begin to rise again toward the clear warm sky, is the outpost city of the east, a mass of square, flat-roofed, almost windowless houses, blue and white, climbing in irregular steps much like the giant's caseway, to the walls of the ancient Kasbah, or citadel, with here and there a square green minaret and a towering palm.

Tangier is a place somewhat outside this medieval country. It seems like a showy left for the tourist and the European adventurer. Men from within the country come out to the fair to trade and others, while clinging still to their ancient dress and customs, are content to reside here, yet they will tell you, sighing, that it is no longer truly Morocco.

There is no mella where the Jews must segregate themselves; Spaniards and others from other Mediterranean countries have come to stay here permanently and may quarter themselves where they please, and there are great hotels by the water, with little houses in front, where Europeans, both men and women, go to take off their various clothes and then rush into the waves. Truly Tangier is still a Frechman's paradise, with here bells drowning the voice of the muezzin on the grand mosque; the hated telegraph runs into the city from under the sea; a Frechman sits the day long in the custom house and takes one-half the money, and no Moor may say anything to all this.

Still there are compensations. The European builds big ships and guns that shoot straighter than Moorish gun, but he is not so wise. He works all day like an animal, and when he gets much money he comes to Tangier with it, and true believers, who live in cool gardens and smoke hashish, make him pay five times the ordinary price for everything he buys. When at a modern French, or Spanish hotel, at a cafe in the Soko Chico (the little market), the stranger is beset by

youthful bootblacks and donkey drivers, and at evening guides, so-called, come up to tell in whispers of the charms of a Moorish dance—"genuine Moroccan, a Moorish woman, a beautiful Moorish woman"—that can be seen at a quiet place for 10 pesetas, Spanish. One of them, confident of catching you, presents a testimonial, and with difficulty we restrain our smiles. It reads:

"Mohammed Ben Tarah, worthy descendant of the prophet, is a first-class guide to shops which pay him a commission on what you buy. He will also take you to see an uninteresting Moorish dance, thoroughly indecent, well imitated, for all I know. He has an exaggerated idea of his superficial knowledge of the English language, and as a prevaricator of the truth he worthily upholds the reputation of his race."

The Soko Chico, though an unwholesome place, is very interesting. About the width of Broadway and half a block long, it is large enough as spaces go in Moorish cities to be called a market and to be used as such. From early morning until midnight this little Soko is crowded with petty merchants, whose stock of edibles brought on platters or in little handcars could be bought for a Spanish dollar.

Mightily they shout their wares, 500 hawkers in a space of half as many feet. The noise is terrific. The cry of horsemen for passage, the brawls of endless arguments, the clatter of small coins in the hands of money changers and the strains

of the band at the Grand cafe struggling to make audible selections from an opera—these together create an infernal din.

The Soko Chico, where the postoffices of the powers alternate with European cafes is of all Morocco the place where east and west come into closest touch. The Arab woman veiled sits cross legged in the center of the road selling to Moslems bread of semolina, and the foreign consul seated at a cafe table sips his glass of absinthe and water. Occasionally a horseman with long bushed hair goes by toward the Kasbah, followed a moment later by the English colonel who lives on the Moroccan and wears a helmet. A score of tourists gather at the cafe tables in the afternoon, and as many courtiers, with brown, knotty, big veined legs, always bare, squat against the wall of the various foreign postoffices, resting until the last moment before beginning their long, perilous all night runs. Jews, who dress in garb, listen to Jews in the European clothes who tell them about America.

But there is another Soko, the Outer Soko, beyond the walls of the city, where the camels and the story-tellers come, and this is no hybrid place, but really Morocco and as fine a Soko as any town but Fez or Marakech can show. Here across a great open space that rises gradually from the outer walls are stretched rows upon rows of little ragged tents as high as one's shoulders and before them sit their keepers. Arab barbers ready to shave a head

from ear to ear or leave a tuft of hair; unvelled Barber women, generally tattooed, selling grapes and prickly pears or, as the Moors call them, Christian figs; Soudanese, sometimes freemen, trading or holding ponies for hire; women from the Soudan, the greater number slaves and pockmarked, squatting among their master's vegetables; Rif men, who have come from the fighting district to sell a two franc load of charcoal; pretty, little half veiled girls with one earring, selling bread broken into half and quarter loaves; soldiers carefully feeling the weight of each small piece and asking for half a dozen seeds of pomegranate as an extra inducement to buy; minstrel and snake charmers and bards; water carriers tinkling bells; blind beggars chanting "doefully 'Aliah, Allah-ia!" camel drivers, sitting in a British Blue Book.

"An Englishman, Drummond Hay, coming out one morning at one of the gates of Tangier, saw a company of soldiers dragging along two prisoners with their arms bound to their sides. One was a mountain man from the Rif, formerly a gardener to one of the European residents at Tangier; the other a young fellow, tall and with an open and attractive countenance. The Englishman asked the officer in command what crimes these two unfortunate men had committed.

"The sultan," was the answer—"may God prolong his life"—has ordered their heads to be cut off because they have engaged in contraband trade on the coast of the Rif with infidel Spaniards."

"It is very severe punishment for such a fault," observed the Englishman, "and if it is to serve as a warning and example to the inhabitants of Tangier why are they not allowed to witness the execution?" The gates of the city had been closed and Drummond Hay had caused one to be opened for himself by giving money to the guard.

"Do not argue with me, Nazarene," responded the officer. "I have received an order and must obey."

"The decapitation was to take place in the Hebrew slaughter house. A Moor of vulgar and hideous aspect was there already awaiting the condemned. He had in his hand a small knife about six inches long. He was a stranger in the city and had offered himself as executioner because the Mohammedan butchers of Tangier who usually fill that office had all taken refuge in a mosque.

"An altercation now broke out between the soldiers and the executioner about the reward promised for the decapitation of the two poor creatures, who stood by and listened to the dispute over the blood money. The executioner insisted, declaring that he had been promised 20 francs a head, and must have 40 for the two. The officer at last agreed, but with a very ill grace.

"Then the butcher seized one of the condemned men, already half dead with terror, threw him on the ground, knelt on his chest and put the knife into his throat. The Englishman turned away his face. He heard the sounds of the violent struggle. The executioner cried out: 'Give me another knife, mine does not cut!' Another knife was brought and the head separated from the body. The soldiers cried in a faint voice, 'God prolong the life of our Lord and master,' but many of them were stupefied.

"Then came the other victim, the handsome and amiable looking young man. Again they wrangled over his blood. The officer, denying his promise, declared that he would give but 20 francs for both heads and the butcher was forced to yield. The condemned man asked that his hands might be unbound.

"Being loosed he took his cloak and gave it to the soldier who had unbound him, saying: 'Accept this; we shall meet in a better world.' He threw his turban to another who had been looking at him with compassion, and stepping to the place where lay the bloody corpse of his companion he said the Moslem creed in a clear, firm voice: 'There is no God but

God, and Mohammed is His prophet!' Then taking off his belt he gave it to the executioner, saying: 'Take it, but for the love of God cut my head off more quickly than you did my brother's.' He stretched himself upon the earth in the blood and the executioner knelt upon his chest.

"A few minutes after two bleeding heads were held up by the soldiers. Then the gates of the city were opened and there came forth a crowd of boys and men who pursued the executioner with stones for three miles, when he fell fainting to the ground, covered with wounds. The next day it was known that he had been shot by a relative of one of the victims."

"The authorities of Tangier apparently did not trouble themselves about the matter, since the assassin came back into the city and remained unmolested."

"After having been exposed three days the heads were sent to the sultan in order that his imperial majesty might recognize the promptness with which his orders had been fulfilled."

"Since this incident of thirty years ago Tangier has changed. No longer may a man be flogged in public in the Soko; no longer may the slave be sold at auction; no longer may the head of the sultan's sultan be put upon the wall; the place is dominated now by foreign diplomats with tender European hearts. Though still nominally within the empire of the sultan the city is defiled forever, gone over to the infidel Nazarene.

FREDERICK MOORE.

### "AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE"

American Learns More About An Off Quoted Phrase's Meaning.

YORK, England, Sept. 15.—That the Englishman's start in his case is a statement often quoted. How the thing works out in practice sometimes an American had a chance of seeing the other day at Saltburn, a watering place near here.

The American had arrived at Saltburn some days earlier and taken lodgings. Next to the American's room was that of an English woman and next her's that of her two children. These rooms occupied all of the first floor of the modest house. On the night the trouble came the "hall" room front, as he would be designated in New York, "the gentleman," as they put it here, was aroused from the sound sleep that comes soon after retiring and found a man who had just entered the doorway approaching the bed. Supposing the intruder to be some confused lodger, the American merely asked, "Well, what is it?" with the idea that a voice showing that the room was occupied would be all that was necessary to show the caller his mistake.

Instead, to the American's amazement, the short and stocky intruder with one step had reached the bed and grabbed him. Till this time there had been no word uttered save the awakened man's question. The next instant, naturally, the American was out of bed, dragging the bedclothes with him, and had grappled with his assailant, backing him against the wall with a much louder demand to know "What is it?"

"Oh-b-h" came the moaning, whining voice of the landlady through the open door, "my husband is drunk."

With no more ceremony than the occasion demanded the drunken husband of the landlady was ejected from the room and the incident seemed to be ended. Not at all. At most the bedclothes had been straightened out and an attempt made to lock the door when amid sounds of a struggle on the stairs came the landlady's voice crying, "Give me that gun; give me that gun!"

"I won't!" answered the husband. "I'll kill the d-d Russian! I'll kill him, I say! I've got a cartridge in the gun and I'm going to kill him. Let me go!"

The landlady was crazy, murderously drunk. While the struggle was on the English woman whom we will call Mrs. C, fearing lest murder be done and lest her sleeping children next be the objects of the drunken man's rage, had slipped past him and rushed to the police station around the corner, returning with an inspector of police. Then came to the surface the real beauty of the English law, the significance of the proud refrain, "The Englishman's home is his castle."

Should the inspector touch the man or his gun? He would not, notwithstanding he did enter the house as far as the foot of the stairway. Mrs. C. had opened the door for him or he would not have crossed the threshold. He declined to arrest the man or to take the gun, saying blandly that the man was "in his own house."

### Omaha's Latest Skyscraper



WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BUILDING.

See Want Ads are business boosters.