

There is a Season for All Advertising, But the Best and Most Successful is the One Who is Before the Public in Season and Out of Season.

DESERT EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

The Great Percentage of the Prosperous Farmers, Ranchers, Stockmen of the West See No Other Paper Than the Semi-Weekly News. Advertisers, Make a Note of It.

PART TWO.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

MAN SWALLOWED A NATION'S NAVY.

Hassan Pasha Absorbed \$100,000,000, Which Sultan Supposed was Being Spent on Warships.

TURK TRICKED HIS MAJESTY.

Faithful Minister Who Sailed Handful of Ships Round and Round Under Palace Windows.

Constantinople, Oct. 12.—"Who has the biggest stomach in the sultan's dominions?" was a riddle commonly asked in Turkey for many years, and the answer, known to every school boy in the country, was: "Hassan Pasha, the minister of the navy, for he has swallowed a whole fleet, including masts and machinery."

This was an expressive way of stating the fact that Hassan Pasha, whose death occurred recently, appropriated for his own use the funds intended for the Turkish navy and left the Turkish fleet, once a formidable naval factor to go to rot and ruin. Hassan Pasha held the office of Turkish minister of the navy for upwards of 20 years, and the havoc which he worked on the country's national defenses in this period was truly colossal. When he assumed office Turkey had more than 100 warships in an efficient condition, carrying an armament which at that time was perfectly up to date, and manned by 35,000 trained seamen.

On paper Turkey still enjoys the possession of 102 ships of war, including a score of battleships, carrying 1,000 trained naval combatants, but the great majority of the ships included in this list are hulks lying helpless in various ports on Turkey's coast, while the trained seamen and the guns are simply non-existent.

FOOLED THE SULTAN.
A brief visit to Constantinople suffices to collect a wealth of information regarding the utter incapacity of the Turkish fleet. This incapacity has given rise to innumerable ludicrous incidents.

At the beginning of the Turko-Greek war, six years ago, the sultan expressed a desire to hold a review of his fleet. Panic prevailed at the ministry of the navy, for out of the ships supposed to be ready for warlike operations only about 30, or less than one-third of the total number, were capable of sailing down the quiet waters of the Bosphorus past the windows of Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace.

Hassan Pasha had reported to his monarch at every audience that the navy was in a highly efficient condition and able to annihilate the Greek fleet, and he greatly feared the anger of Abdul Hamid, when he discovered that only 30 out of 199 ships were able to crawl down the Bosphorus. Hassan, however, was a man of great resource and lively imagination, and he informed the sultan that the entire Turkish fleet would sail past the windows of Yildiz Kiosk in three separate divisions.

When the morning of the review arrived the sultan appeared at his window and watched 30 warships steam along in proud array. He was told that these formed the first division of the fleet and that the second division would follow later. Scarcely was the sultan's back turned when the 30 warships put about their helms, returned to the point from which they had started, and sailed down the Bosphorus a second time. The sultan was called to the window and Hassan pointed out the second division of the fleet with great pride, adding that the third division would come still later. The sultan withdrew again, and the same 30 ships went back to their starting point once more, and repeated the maneuver, enabling Hassan Pasha to show Abdul Hamid the third division of the fleet.

A VERSATILE AMERICAN.



Mrs. Thomas Power O'Connor, who was Miss Elizabeth Paschal of Texas, has earned the title of "The Most Versatile Woman in London." Not only is she a brilliant dramatist and a delightful actress, but is accounted one of the most charming of hostesses and finds time to entertain lavishly.

Abdul never had the faintest suspicion of the deception practised on him, and was fully convinced that he had seen his fleet of more than 100 warships steaming down the Bosphorus. Enemies of Hassan subsequently attempted to enlighten him, but the sultan dismissed them angrily, warning them not to come to him with such ridiculous and absolutely impossible stories.

SHE COULDN'T RETIRE.

After the war with Greece the powers compelled the Turks to evacuate Crete, and orders consequently were issued from Constantinople for all the Turkish force there, military and naval, to be withdrawn. Turkey's naval force off the Cretan coast consisted of one second class cruiser, the Hejbetnuma, which, however, continued to lie at anchor in Suda bay after hired foreign troops had removed the Turkish army.

The admiral of the fleets of the powers assembled at Suda bay regarded the presence of the cruiser as a sign that Turkey intended to resist the powers, and reports of the obstinate warship quickly were cable to all the great capitals of Europe, with the result that serious representations were made to the Turkish government in Constantinople. The Porte protested that the cruiser was under orders to leave Crete, but several days went by and still the Turkish warship lay at anchor.

Acting under orders from their respective governments, the European admirals delivered an ultimatum to the captain of the Hejbetnuma, who thereupon appeared on board the European flagship and explained that no one could be more desirous of getting away from Crete than he, but the fact was that the engines were not in working order and the ship could not steam 100 yards. The incident, which at one moment appeared to be a matter of serious diplomatic significance, ended in general merriment, and the European admirals supplied the helpless Hejbetnuma all the way back to the Bosphorus.

Shortly after this occurrence the sultan gave orders that a warship should be dispatched from Constantinople to Salonica, where there had been disturbances. The least defective of the vessels of the fleet was quickly fitted out, and sent off on its way to Salonica, 400 nautical miles distant. Months went by, and no news came of the ship, so that the high naval officers in Constantinople remarked, with a shrug of their shoulders: "Probably there have been storms at sea." More months went by without any sign of the ship, and the same officers said: "No doubt she went down with all hands."

At last, when her existence had been almost forgotten, the warship steamed slowly into the bay one day and dropped her anchor. Her only mast had gone by the time she arrived, and she presented in general a terribly weather-beaten appearance. Hassan Pasha hurried on board, asked the captain why he had not reported her arrival at Salonica, and overwhelmed him with questions as to what he had done all the time. When the flow of interrogations had dried up, the captain answered briefly:

"There is no such place as Salonica."

He had searched for a full year without finding the port to which he had been dispatched.

OFFICERS PAWNED THE COMPASS.
Not long ago Hassan Pasha put a small party of European diplomats stationed in Constantinople, who desired to cross the little Sea of Marmara to go hunting on the Asiatic side. A start was made soon after sunset, and the diplomats expected to be at their destination in three hours, even when making allowances for the speed of Turkish warships.

Three hours elapsed, but there was no sign of land. Three more hours passed, and still no indication that they were near their landing place. Impatient inquiries addressed to the captain only elicited from him the question whether one of the gentlemen happened to have a pocket compass hanging on to his waist.

It developed that there was no compass on board, and the sultan's back turned when the 30 warships put about their helms, returned to the point from which they had started, and sailed down the Bosphorus a second time. The sultan was called to the window and Hassan pointed out the second division of the fleet with great pride, adding that the third division would come still later. The sultan withdrew again, and the same 30 ships went back to their starting point once more, and repeated the maneuver, enabling Hassan Pasha to show Abdul Hamid the third division of the fleet.

NOBLEMAN'S "PALACE" AUTO.



Lord ANGLESEY'S NEW AUTOMOBILE.

MARQUIS of ANGLESEY

The latest freak of the eccentric Marquis of Anglesey is a project to tour England with a troupe of singers who entertain in the interests of local charities. The marquis travels in a \$15,000 motor car, said to be the finest in England. The car has a wheel base of over 10 feet and inside is fitted with four revolving chairs separated by tables.

This is the first voyage we have made during the last three years."

When the sun rose the captain still was searching for land, and the text which should have lasted three hours had extended to fifteen before the point on the coast of Asia Minor was reached.

On the birthday of the emperor of Russia, it is customary for all the Turkish warships lying at or near Constantinople to fire a salute of thirty-three guns, but on the occasion of the czar's birthday, May 18, this mark of honor was omitted. The omission attracted much attention, and gave rise to the report that the relations between Russia and Turkey were critical. The Russian ambassador in Constantinople demanded an explanation from the Porte, which professed to be ignorant of the cause of the omission and ordered an enquiry, as the result of which it appeared that not a single warship had sufficient powder on board to fire a salute of one gun, much less thirty-three.

SHIPS HELD UP FOR PAY.

Many other stories are related in Constantinople showing the lamentable condition to which Hassan Pasha's administration reduced the Turkish navy. From time to time it is announced that one of the ships of the Turkish navy has been dispatched to Genoa, to Kiel or to some other shipbuilding port to be modernized, but they rarely come back to Constantinople again. The Porte pays a small installment in advance, and work is begun on the ship in question. More money, however, is not forthcoming from Turkey, and the shipbuilding firm ceases work until the next installment arrives, with the result that the ship lies for years without being touched. There is a Turkish warship at Genoa, which has been there for six years, and one at Kiel which has been there for five years.

A few weeks ago the Turkish navy was increased by the addition of two brand new, first-class Italian torpedo boats in circumstances that are worthy of record. The torpedo boats had been ordered from the firm of Ansaldo, at Genoa, and Signor Ansaldo, who is an old friend of the Turkish sultan, made the following arrangement in regard to payment: One-third of the price had to be paid in advance, the third before the departure of the torpedo boats from Genoa, and the third when they passed through the Dardanelles on their way to Constantinople.

The first two installments were paid without excessive delay, and Signor Ansaldo himself went on board to take the boats to Constantinople. On arrival at the Dardanelles he was anchored and telegraphed to the Turkish capital for the third installment. Receiving no reply, he sent a second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth telegram, all in vain. Finally he hoisted a huge Italian flag on each of the torpedo boats and sailed up the Bosphorus, dropping anchor under the windows of the sultan's palace. The sudden appearance of two Italian torpedo boats in a commanding position opposite Yildiz Kiosk created quite a panic in the palace, and the sultan demanded explanations, which were immediately forthcoming from Signor Ansaldo. The third installment was paid with remarkable celerity. The wily Italian had understood how to obtain his due.

GOT \$100,000,000.

Hassan Pasha, though not a successful minister of the navy, was an adept at juggling with public moneys. Most of the funds for the repair of old ships, for the construction of new ones, for the payment of officers and men, for the purchase of stores and ammunition, and for the repair of old ships, were diverted to other purposes. What he did not actually take himself was paid in the form of bribes to high officials, who might have betrayed all his secrets to the sultan. Officers and men of the fleet received no pay, but Hassan Pasha grew richer and richer year by year. There was no attempt to falsify the books at the offices of the ministry of the navy. Hassan Pasha disposed of the money, and there was an end to it.

Unpleasant reports about the state of his navy were forced on the attention of the sultan from time to time, but Hassan Pasha had a remarkable and mysterious influence over his monarch. It is stated that when they were both young men Hassan Pasha brought an old fortune teller into the palace, who told the sultan that he would only live as long as Hassan Pasha was one of his trusted ministers. The old woman

succeeded in working on the sultan's superstition, hence the almost unlimited influence which Hassan Pasha possessed at court.

After his death, however, the sultan's eyes seemed to have been opened, for he appointed Djel Bey, one of the few incorruptible men in Turkey, to investigate the condition of the ministry of the navy and of the fleet. Djel Bey found that Hassan Pasha's traceable speculations amounted to \$100,000,000, and that other misappropriations which could not be traced, must have been considerable. The new minister has since shown great energy in restoring the fleet.

Hassan Pasha invested most of his ill-gotten gains in landed estate in Turkey, and the sultan has decided to confiscate this property for the benefit of the country. Hassan, however, took the precaution of investing some \$20,000,000 in other countries, chiefly England and France, and this amount cannot be taken away from his heirs. He had 19 children, who will share his fortune in equal parts. Hassan is dead, but his memory will live long in Turkey, where many expressive titles have been conferred on him by the voice of the people.

GERMAN TUTOR TORTURED BOYS.

One of the Most Revolting Cases in the Annals of Crime in The City of Berlin.

BANKER'S SON SUCCUMBED.

Dippold, the Accused Man, Narrowly Escaped Lynching at Hands of Enraged Crowd in Court Room.

Special Correspondence.

Berlin, Oct. 14.—Not in years has so deep a public feeling been aroused here by any case of criminal sort as exists over the affair of the private tutor, Dippold, who has just been found guilty of torturing to death one of the two boys of Herr Koch, director of the Deutsche bank, and practising almost as great barbarity on the other of the lads who had been placed in his charge. At first, it seemed almost incredible that the charges of actual fustian toward 14-year-old Joachim and 12-year-old Heinz Koch, which were made against the tutor could have more than a slight foundation, but they were substantiated fully at his trial, and the details then brought out make the case one of the most revolting in the criminal records of Germany.

HORRIBLE BRUTALITY.

It was proved that Dippold had been in the habit of binding the boys hand and foot and beating them with a heavy stick until it broke. He also had beaten each of them with an iron rod until they fell to the ground unconscious. At night, he had obliged them to lie, naked, on the floor and had chained them to the bedstead in such a way that they could not move a muscle. And when, from utter exhaustion, they fell asleep, he prodded them with a poker to awaken them. He kicked them on their bare bodies with his heavy, hob-nailed boots, and even stamped on their heads. More than once he thrashed them so brutally that the floor of the room in which the thing took place was covered with blood. He also made them walk in the snow barefooted in 20 degrees of frost, with the result that their feet were frost-bitten. When the body was examined of the boy who died as the result of Dippold's brutality, it was found covered with the marks of ill-treatment.

while the back was bruised and ulcerated and many of the tissues gangrenous.

HOW FOUND OUT.

A remarkable feature of this case was the way in which Dippold for so long managed to keep the confidence of the parents of the unfortunate boys whom he was maltreating, and the means by which he succeeded in frustrating all attempts to expose him. It should be explained that Dippold, who had the reputation of an exemplary master, was not lodged at the Koch residence in Berlin but, according to the German habit, had the boys with him at Bayreuth, where they were absolutely at his mercy. The first hint that their parents had that anything was wrong came to them from the servants at the house in Bayreuth where Dippold and the boys were living. These servants had been so shocked by the sufferings which they knew the two little fellows were undergoing that they felt it their duty to notify the Kochs, whose address they managed to obtain.

MOTHER FAILED TO DISCOVER.

So Frau Koch went to Bayreuth to investigate. She saw the boys, but, remarkable as it seems, apparently did not think it necessary to look at their bodies and as they showed no other signs of having been ill-treated, she was convinced that the reports which had reached her had been false, especially as the boys themselves said that they were perfectly contented. At the trial, the other day, little Joachim, whom Dippold did not succeed in killing, declared that he and his brother would have confessed having committed murder rather than exasperate their mercenary tutor. And, before Frau Koch left for Berlin, Dippold succeeded in making her tell him which of his servants it was that had warned her against him and actually obtained her authority for discharging them.

SENT DIPPOLD A CHECK.

The mother, however, had not been back in Berlin long, when reports began to reach her from other sources that her two boys were being tortured by their tutor. This time she sent two of her men friends, a physician and an army officer, to look into the matter, but Dippold managed to bamboozle both of them. In fact he hoodwinked them so successfully that when they returned to Berlin they told Frau Koch that the tutor was a "most excellent young man," and impressed her with his virtues to such an extent that the woman whose children the tutor was ill-treating alive almost daily sent this monster a check for \$125, with a letter of thanks for his "faithful services."

THREW A GREAT BLUFF.

Now, however, Dippold threw a great bluff. He replied to Frau Koch's letter in the tone of a man who had been deeply injured, and declared that, unless he might be free from suspicion henceforth, he would give up his post, ending by demanding permission to take his charges to his native village of Drossendorf. This was given him, and at Drossendorf, in a rickety cottage away from other houses, was played out the tragedy which drove the spectators in a German courtroom half mad when they heard the story of it the other day.

BARBARITIES INCREASED.

The tutor began immediately to inflict more barbarities on his young charges than ever he had permitted himself before. The old woman who acted as Dippold's housekeeper deposed at the trial that for two months before the trial, Dippold had beaten the boys with a stick, and that he had often beaten them from sunset until sunrise, and often, went on this old frau, "I buried my head in the bedclothes to shut out the sounds of their sufferings!"

BOY TELLS THE STORY.

When he was brought into court to testify against Dippold, the head of little Joachim Koch barely reached above the rail of the witness box, but the boy had his nerve with him, and what he had to tell made a terrific impression on the jury and the court, and upon Dippold himself. First he told about their repeated beatings, and how they had been chained to their

beds. "Sometimes," he went on, "we were so tired that we fell asleep even in this position, and then Dippold woke us roughly and beat us till the blood flowed. We fainted, and he kicked us until we regained consciousness. One night he broke seven sticks on our backs."

"IT WAS GOOD FOR HIM."

The judge now asked the boy why he and his brother had not complained to their parents? Joachim answered, "Dippold told us repeatedly that father and mother thought it was good for us to be thrashed as often as possible. 'Did you believe that,' asked the judge."

"We had to," said the boy, "as the beatings went on month after month and no one interfered, we supposed that our parents knew and approved." Here the mother and father, who were in court, broke down entirely and sobbed pitifully.

TORTURED TO DEATH.

Then the story was told of how Heinz was tortured to his death. The boy woke up that morning feeling ill, and begged Dippold to let him stay in bed, but the tutor literally dragged him out on the floor and obliged him to dress and begin work. Heinz tumbled over and moaned in agony when Dippold kicked him and stuffed a gag in his mouth. He carried the boy into a bathroom and drenched him with ice-cold water until he fainted when he kicked him again. Then he made little Joachim beat his brother's hands with a walking stick until Heinz fainted for the third time. Dippold now carried him to his room and flung him on the bed, after which the tutor calmly went out for a walk. Joachim, however, stayed beside his brother and soon noticed that he was breathing strangely. He tried to make him tell how he felt, but the boy was too far gone. In a few minutes he died.

Perhaps there never has been such a scene in a courtroom as was enacted after this story had been told. "The spectators lost all control of themselves and men and women cried, 'We can listen no longer to this tale of brutality. To the gallows with the monster!'"

CURSED AND THREATENED.

Dippold, who until now had maintained a rather cynical attitude, went ghastly pale and covered in the dock for he believed that he was about to be lynched. Curses and threats were being hurled at him by the people, and the warders never expected to get him out of the court in safety. However, he was managed after the tutor had been given the maximum sentence prescribed by law—eight years imprisonment and the loss of all his civil rights.

The only defense that the man could make was that the two little boys had bad habits and that his systematic torturing of them had been necessary for their cure. The medical experts described Dippold as sane, but a moral degenerate, actuated by a "blood mania."

AN IRISH BULL.

George Moore, the novelist, has accumulated from his residence in Ireland a number of Irish anecdotes that are not included in his book, "The Untold Field." Mr. Moore says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him, carrying on his back a coffin unusually tiny. A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young man, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE BOY.

Patsy—Mum, won't yer gimme me candy now?
Mrs. Casey—Didn't Oi tell yer Oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still!

Patsy—Yes'm, but—
Mrs. Casey—Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it.—Philadelphia Press.

NOW A COUNTESS.



The count, George Uffalussy de Uffal, met his bride while on a pleasure trip through the states. The death of a wealthy uncle summoned him home recently, so the couple married hastily and set out for Hungary, where the count comes into the considerable estate of his dead relative.

YOUNG LADY'S CURE FOR HOOLIGANISM.

New Art of Self-Defense is Now Being Taught the Fair Sex in London Town.

ONE WOMAN AND ONE PARASOL

Makes Her the Equal of Two Toughs—King Peter of Serbia Tried The System.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 15.—For some unexplained reason there has been a great increase of late in what London folk call "hooliganism." The riotous street demonstrations on "Mafeking Night," and in celebration of the close of the Boer war, taught the stream of toughs who poured out from Whitechapel into the West End that the renowned London "bobby" would not be everywhere at once, and that with a ratio of 50 hooligans to one bobby quite a bit of law-breaking might be done in more safety than had been supposed. Since then a number of solitary way-farers have been attacked and robbed, and two or three have been murdered—all of which was most disconcerting to the independent English woman, who has taken to going on bicycle rides into the country by herself, and to walking about the city streets in the day time without the chaperone who was considered so necessary a few years ago. Lady Deane had her purse wrested from her recently by a hooligan in the fashionable Kensington district of London, and Lady Mary Sackville was robbed of her bag and chainmail not long ago, by a rough who assaulted her and threatened to kill her. Many other attacks of the sort have been made on less famous folk.

THE MIGHTY PARASOL.

In consequence of this state of affairs it occurred to a young French woman, the wife of the famous French swordsman, Pierre Vigny, to undertake the instruction of Englishwomen in the art of self-defense with a parasol or walking-stick, according to a system devised by her gallant husband, who has devoted years to its perfection. It may best be described as a mixture of the various different methods of self-defense, practised in England, France, Germany and Japan. Many of the passes, thrusts and stabs used in fencing are comprised in it. Some of the guards used by boxers and the movements of the leg and foot practised by experts of French boxing are introduced as well as certain methods peculiar to German swordsmen and professors of the rapier. Numerous tricks are borrowed from the marvelous Japanese system as "Jiu Jitsu," or weakness against strength, against which Fitzsimmons would be as helpless as a babe, and any delicate lady who becomes proficient in the art can rest assured that she is a match for at least one or two roughs so long as she retains her presence of mind and her umbrella!

KING PETER CAN FIGHT.

Madame Vigny and her husband have had quite a number of distinguished pupils, including the present king of