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SATURDAY JUNE 29 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

PART TWO

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Police Making Arrests in The Russian Capital

Scene of A Bomb Outrage

The "Plac Teatralny" in Warsaw, Where Tortures Take Place

AMERICANS SAVE LONDON SEASON

They Are the Only Ones Who Go In for Doing Things on Big Scale.

EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY GOSSIP.

How Hostesses From the Land of Stars And Stripes Are Setting a Hot Pace in Mayfair.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 19.—But for the entertainments of American hostesses the London season of 1907 would not amount to much. They are the only ones who continue to go in for doing things on a big, gorgeous and lavish scale. English leaders of society have practically ceased to compete with American dollars. The American annexation of London is well high complete.

The weeks of cold and inclement weather, the absence of the queen, the scarcity of money in aristocratic British pockets, have all contributed to put a damper on festivities to which only the exuberant American spirit, sustained by big bank accounts, rises superior. British hostesses seem to have entirely abandoned to their competitors from over the sea the great receptions and huge dinner parties which they were wont to organize on other days.

Thus far the king has not been present at any big social function. But he is going to make an exception in favor of the Duchess of Roxburghe, who is to give him a great dinner party at Stratford House which will be quite the swiftest thing of the season. This is a great triumph for the American duchess. But a still greater triumph is her capture of the Princess of Wales for the great ball which she is also to give at Stratford House, for the princess in social matters, is far more exclusive than the sovereign, being less hampered by considerations of state and freer to consult her own personal preferences. Heretofore she has shown little partiality for American women.

ROPES OF PEARLS.

The Duchess of Roxburghe has come to the front with a rush this season. She is making the Goelet millions count. Her activity in the social world is in striking contrast to the seeming indifference to it which she had previously displayed. She goes everywhere. She wears ropes of pearls which, an expert in jewels tells me, are quite as fine as the Duchess of Marlborough's renowned set. They are pear-shaped, perfect in color, and it has taken a great Parisian jeweler three years to collect and match them. I am told they are worth at least \$125,000. The Duchess has struck a decidedly original note in dress this year. While nearly every other woman wears gowns of one color the Duchess of Roxburghe favors two and is seen a good deal in that charming combination of mauve and blue so dear to the heart of the Parisians. She always has been distinctly "previous" in the matter of dress and is now beginning to be regarded as a leader of fashion.

There were six policemen in what we call "colored dress" which signifies ordinary civilian attire at Mr. Potter Palmer's recent concert. There need not be an atom of surprise expressed at this as all the great hostesses now engage a number of detectives to prowling about their rooms at festive gatherings. And excellent reasons they have for the precautions. Of that Mrs. Potter Palmer has had striking proof. Her rooms are full of

priceless objects of art, many of which lie about on shelves and tables and so small that they might easily be slipped into a pocket. She has lost several beautiful trifles of late which have never been traced, with the result that she does not intend to part with any more if she can help it.

KLEPTOMANIAC CAUGHT.

At her concert the other night a detective followed one particular lady about the room and after she had put on her cloak and was about to depart he said, in the politest manner, that he had something to say to her and wished her to enter with him a private room. Thereupon being searched by a maid she was found to have secreted in her clothes two exquisite snuff boxes, a tiny Chinese vase of great value and two Japanese ivory carvings. Her husband was summoned and explained that she "suffered" from kleptomania. Meanwhile the hostess had been butting up and knew nothing of what was happening, but when she did learn of it she said that the guest was to be allowed to depart at once, and that no action was to be taken.

DIAMOND RING WAS RETURNED.

Here is another incident for which I can vouch. It took place not very long ago in a well known house, at a dinner party of 30 people in honor of a golden wedding. During the meal the hostess showed to her right hand guest a beautiful diamond ring with which she had been presented that morning. The jewel was passed around and after some little time the hostess observed that it was not there. She at once demanded its return. There was dead silence and the ring was not forthcoming. Suddenly the venerable host rose from his seat and said, "I shall lock the door and send for the police and every guest at this table shall be searched."

FORTUNE HUNTERS ACTIVE.

Mrs. Marshall Field is one of the most interesting Americans here just now. She is going out a great deal, and as her children are now quite well, she has abandoned her deep mourning, which was singularly unbecoming to her. She is tremendously run after and is a decided social success, though she never strikes one as being especially for people in general. Judging by what an ordinary observer sees, I should think that if the day ever comes when the field is "disposed" to re-marry, she might have anyone from a duke downwards. It is immensely amusing to see how younger sons, and elder ones, too, "go" for this charming widow. They are probably unaware that if she re-marries she loses a very big portion of her very handsome income. Mrs. Marshall Field, who has a really keen sense of humor, is herself vastly tickled by these attentions.

J. P. MORGAN WANTS THEM.

J. Pierpont Morgan and his friend Sir Purdon Morgan are now in France buying more art treasures. On their return to London, Sir Purdon will be asked to purchase a number of panels in tapestries, said to be among the most valuable of their kind in the world. The lowest figure at which they are priced is \$375,000. The Rothschilds have had their connoisseur inspect them and the Sassoons are also interested, but I learn that J. Pierpont Morgan has had sufficient interest to arrange that they are not to be sold until he has the chance to see them.

READY TO PAY THE PRICE.

Awaiting his approval is also a wonderful collection of old glass. Many connoisseurs and dealers are endeavoring to acquire this, but today no great collection is ever sold in England without being submitted to the multi-millionaire American. It is an unwritten law vigorously observed. Were the king or queen to want some object of art, the vendor would feel it his first duty to decline to part with it until it had received the approval of the great Morgan. This is, of course, in a measure due to the fact that Mr. Morgan is always ready "to pay the price," provided Sir Purdon Morgan pronounces the article worth it. There is no chicanery, no haggling for the money, the check is signed there and then.



Elinor Glyn's Salon

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

Horrors OF THE Inquisition Revived in Warsaw.

Fiendish Barbarities Surpassing Those Practised at Riga, Perpetrated on Prisoners By the Police Authorities of the Polish Capital With the Object of Obtaining "Evidence" on Which to Convict Victims Themselves or Persons Suspected.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Poland, June 20.—All English-speaking people have heard of the tortures practised on Russian political prisoners at Riga. The recent revelations concerning them sent a thrill of horror through civilization. But hardly a whisper has reached the outside world of the atrocities perpetrated on prisoners here, although the fiendish system has been in operation for years.

Its application is not confined to political prisoners. Persons accused of all sorts of crimes are subjected to it. Neither sex nor age secures immunity from it. Men and women, youths and maidens are numbered by hundreds among the victims of its inhuman barbarities. The question of guilt or innocence has little to do with it. The object is to extort a confession which will secure a conviction of somebody. The cruelties of the inquisition alone afford a parallel to it. To escape from horrible agonies, victims are forced to confess to crimes which they never committed, or to accuse others of deeds of which they had no knowledge.

The Warsaw "Ratusz" or town hall, an imposing building, is the scene of these barbarities. On the second floor is a large room stretching right across the front of the building. This is the torture chamber. Anybody is liable to undergo the "third degree" here. The police hear of a meeting in a square or a procession in the street. They surround it and the people who have the misfortune to be passing near it and drive them en masse to the town hall.

BEATEN BY SOLDIERS.

The big hall is opened and they are kept for the time being in the courtyard beyond it. Then the gates are shut, lest the public should pry at the unfortunate fellow men, who are beaten by the soldiers and mounted police as soon as they get within the precincts of the town hall. Then they are driven into a room on the ground floor and requested to give up their passports. If, after communicating with the police in the district of the town that they live in, the passports are found to be quite satisfactory they may be set free. But the process has taken the whole of the night and meanwhile the people have been herded together in one room, without being able to sit down, without food, drink or fresh air.

DETAINED UNFORTUNATELY.

Those who for any reason have fallen under the suspicion of the police are detained. They are driven to the torture chamber and there admonished to answer all questions that may be put to them. This warning is accompanied by a blow from a rifle butt, a slash from a riding whip or long pieces of india rubber tubing, which cause terrible pain without leaving much trace behind. The victims are beaten on the back, shoulders, legs, breast and soles of the feet. Often their shrieks can be heard in the street outside and in the neighboring houses, in spite of the tortures practised in the torture chamber.

IVANOFF'S METHODS.

After this first installment of torture the questions begin. At one time—until a few months ago—two police officers named Konstantinoff and Grun were the chief adepts in this terrible method of making the evidence fit the crime. They were assisted by a lot of lusty and callous attendants. But both these monsters are dead, having been killed by the friends of their victims. At present Ivan Petrovitch Ivanoff is doing their work, and in a way which proves he has learned his lesson well. He works under a public prosecutor, or procurator, Alexis Sergeevitch Alexieff. Both of them visit the scenes of political outrages, as it is their business to collect materials in connection with the trial which must inevitably follow, whether the guilty persons are caught or not. If these first beatings have not much effect Ivanoff uses more drastic measures. It does not matter that the victims often know nothing about the crime in particular or revolutionary societies in general. Ivanoff has got hold of them, and means to make use of them. Not only that, but other prisoners are placed within earshot of the torture room, that they may hear the shrieks, become unnerved and confess what they know—or don't know.

STRAPPED TO A TABLE.

The victim is strapped on to a table, face downward, and beaten on the spine. But not with an india rubber tube this time. A small wooden box is put on his back, and he is beaten with a hammer. Those who have experienced it say that the agony thus produced beggars all description—the more delicate the victim has been, the more terrible the pain, which shoots through every nerve in the body each time the hammer touches the little box. When this form of torture has been applied for some time Ivanoff again repeats his questions. Should the answers still be unsatisfactory the rack is applied, hair is torn out by the roots, teeth broken and wrists cut off. It must not be forgotten that often these victims are entirely innocent of the crime Ivanoff accuses them of, that he knows it and only tortures them to get evidence for one of his "cases" so that he may get a reward and—ultimately—promotion.

SAMPLE CASE.

The following cases have happened within the last few weeks. A policeman was shot in the Długa street and the assassin or assassins escaped. That same day Ivanoff came across a boy of 17, named Nordvint, arrested for theft. "Confess that you shot the policeman, and you won't be imprisoned for theft," said Ivanoff, and the stupid boy, not thinking about the possible punishment for shooting a policeman, agreed. Ivanoff wanted two witnesses to hear put Nordvint's "confession."

man arrested by the police is looked upon as guilty. So, according to the official view, the sooner the unhappy person owns up the better. The numbers of the suspects have, of course, greatly increased since the revolutionary movement began, but the system is one of very old standing.

IVANOFF'S RECORD.

Men like Ivan Petrovitch Ivanoff and Alexis Sergeevitch Alexieff, though in a modified form, are to be found in all large centers of justice. Alexis Sergeevitch, though not of the same family as the famous Alexieff of the Russo-Japanese war, is a man of good birth. Having finished school, he went through the "Ecole des Droits," which is the Russian equivalent for the inner temple for barristers in England. Then he was attached to the acquisition court and soon became procurator. Ivan Petrovitch Ivanoff is the son of a sergeant in the Lithuanian guards regiment. He was brought up in one of the military orphanages and entered the police force as a "secret agent" or spy—which means that he was attached to an inquisition court. After doing brutal work for the notorious Grun, who was the most noted "agent" in Russia, and used to be sent for to Moscow and Petersburg when some great criminal investigation took place, he became his most trusted agent. When Grun was assassinated Ivanoff took his place.

INVENTS NEW TORTURES.

There are signs that Ivanoff will outstrip his predecessor. He is said to be inventing new ways of torturing his victims. The "small box" idea originated with Grun, who, however, being an educated man—he was the son of a doctor with a good practice—preferred to inflict moral tortures upon his "prisoners" rather than to beat them with a cynical smile on his thin, keen face. "You can beat a peasant and he will tell you everything, but set hold of a student and you must torture his mind rather than his body," Grun acted up to his theories. He would leave no stone unturned that might help him to get up his "case."

EVIDENCE TO ORDER.

Sometimes before his death he was on the track of a band of men who had made false banknotes. These were passed by a Jewish banker named Landau. Grun pounced upon the cashier of the bank—a Jew named Simon Muttermilch—had him brought to the torture room where the victims were in readiness and said, "If you tell me the name of one of the forgers I'll let you go. If not, you shall be beaten with these whips, your bones will be broken on that rack, and you'll be sent to Siberia for 19 years."

POINTS OUT VICTIM.

Muttermilch, who knew very little about the matter, was so frightened at the threats and the sight of the torture that he gave the name of a young photographer—Stanislav Zielinski, who, he thought, had helped to make the notes. "Where does he live?" asked Grun. Muttermilch did not know. All he could say was that the last time he saw Zielinski was at a funeral which he was going to a funeral that very afternoon. Grun looked over the list of funerals, which the police publish each day, and concluded that it would most likely be that of a man called Emanuel Zand. Grun went to the funeral, followed by a convoy of soldiers and took Muttermilch along to point out the photographer.

ARRESTED THEM ALL.

Muttermilch was so frightened that he could not remember which was Zielinski, so Grun had all the men arrested who followed the bier. They were taken to the Ratusz, or town hall, and each Zielinski was interrogated amongst them he let the others go. Muttermilch was also set free, but only to be arrested just before the trial, after which he was imprisoned for four years. Zielinski denied having anything to do with the false bank notes. Though beaten till he was a mass of wounds, he persisted in protesting his innocence.

"MORAL" TORTURE.

Ivanoff would have put him on the rack, but Grun knew human nature better. He determined to try moral torture. He had found out that Zielinski lived with a woman to whom he was very much attached. He sent one of his agents to telephone to Zielinski at the Ratusz saying that she had typhoid fever, was very ill and continually asking what had become of her lover. Zand, of course, had not heard of since he left home to go to the funeral. Zielinski asked leave to be allowed to go home, as he was unwell, and the charges brought against him. Grun refused and refused to let him go to the telephone and tell the

BELIEVES SHE HAS LIVED BEFORE

Gifted English Authoress, Convinced That She is on Earth For Third Time.

TWO PREVIOUS EXISTENCES.

Elinor Glyn Sure She Lived in Ancient Athens and That She Was Guillotined During French Revolution.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 20.—There are some novels which arouse in one a strong desire to know their authors, while others—good books though they may be—leave a reader comparatively indifferent concerning their creators. To the former class belong the stories of Elinor Glyn. No discriminating reader of the delightful "Visits of Elizabeth," for example, can have failed to receive the impression that the woman who wrote it possessed a strong and decidedly engaging personality.

This is emphatically the case, too, as I am able to testify as the result of a delightful visit which I recently paid to this beautiful society woman turned authoress, who, as readers may be aware, is known in private life as Mrs. Clayton Glyn.

REPRESENTS AUTUMN.

"The Hall represents Autumn," Mrs. Glyn said, when explaining her scheme of decoration to me. "The first view of me gives the impression of autumn," she added smiling. "I am in the autumn of life—the Indian summer I believe you call it—in your country, so the first view of my house gives an autumn note, too."

The hall is quite tiny and paneled in brown wood, the furniture—a great press, etc.—is of dark brown oak, carved with garlands and leaves of roses, in the Louis XVI style. The carpet is thick and deep warm grape purple, as are the glass shot silk curtains, whose drapery coming from inside the moulded window arch, is kept in place by heavy cords and tassels of purple silk, and wreaths of hand made silk autumnal dried leaves, from scarlet to yellow, and from yellow to brown and russet green. These are tied with Louis XVI bows of brilliant gold ribbon—while the inside curtains are russet green silk. I can give no adequate idea of the beautiful effect thus produced.

"You must not linger too long here," Mrs. Glyn said, "as I have more to show you," and she opened the door into her study.

"This is spring," she said, "because the soul is ever young if one wishes, and here I write and dream." It was indeed a vision of spring, even on that rainy day! The walls are paneled and carved with garlands of roses, the tone a dove grey with the carvings in a soft ivory. Everything in it except one offending Louis XVI bureau, which has been condemned to the attic, is of the latest style. The glass shot silk curtains, the carpet and the furniture are all of the latest style. The sofa and chairs are of the latest style. The room is a vision of spring, even on that rainy day! The walls are paneled and carved with garlands of roses, the tone a dove grey with the carvings in a soft ivory. Everything in it except one offending Louis XVI bureau, which has been condemned to the attic, is of the latest style. The glass shot silk curtains, the carpet and the furniture are all of the latest style. The sofa and chairs are of the latest style. The room is a vision of spring, even on that rainy day!

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