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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SHEIK-UL-ISLAM OF BRITISH ISLES.

Wm. Henry, Otherwise Abdullah Quilliam, Striving to Convert English to Mohammedanism.

IS A POLICE COURT LAWYER.

He Tells Patrons of His Liverpool Mosque That Mahomet Will Solve Race Problem.

Special Correspondence.

London, Nov. 15.—Although the sultan of Turkey is not exactly a popular character among English-speaking folk, he bears no ill will on that account, and hopes to heap coals of fire on our heads by showing to us in time that we are all wrong in the matter of religion, and that we shall be saved by becoming Moslems. To that end he is giving the light of his countenance and the rays support of his check-book to the sheik-ul-Islam of the British isles, whose headquarters lend picturesque to the otherwise dingy city of Liverpool.

Although the sheik is a notable figure in his official gown, oriental enough to satisfy the most exacting of his converts, yet his ordinary, every-day pursuit is that of a prosperous police-court lawyer, with a big criminal practise. As such he is William Henry Quilliam; but to the 500 British subjects whom he has already gathered into the Mohammedan fold, he is known as Abdullah Quilliam.

IS A BRITISHER.

The sheik was born in Liverpool, and of British parents, too; but his life has been remarkable for all that. Early in his police-court practise he came to the conclusion that drink was one of the devil's most effective aids, and in consequence he became an active teetotaler, winning some renown for his efforts to spread his convictions. Some 25 years ago he went on a tour to Turkey and Morocco, and took to studying the tenets of the Moslem creed, with the result that he and his wife became converts.

Now Mohammedanism has always been associated with polygamy in the English mind, and Mr. Quilliam was subjected to a great deal of ridicule when his conversion became known. Undismayed, however, he commenced a course of propaganda, mostly through lectures delivered at temperance societies, and gradually gathered a small band of adherents around him. His early converts were mainly relations, but in time his fame spread, and Indian seamen or Lascars and other Oriental visitors to the great seaport, used to visit his house to pray.

RECEIVED CORDIALLY.

By dint of hard study he had become a proficient Arabic and Turkish scholar, able to speak and write both languages fluently. He wrote to the sultan of Turkey, and received a mandate to visit Constantinople. He responded in person and was received cordially by Abdul Hamid, who made a great impression upon him, as he does on almost everyone who comes into personal contact with him. The sultan, so Quilliam declares, is one of the kindest of men, and has a great love for children. He is an astute man of the world and is thoroughly versed in French and English literature. On this occasion Quilliam was accompanied by his son, a little boy of 10. The sultan took the kid on his knee, called him his "little man" and asked him how he liked Turkey. The boy replied that

he liked Turkey very much, and the sultan replied that if he should be a good boy, obey his parents and study hard, he, the sultan, would perhaps be able to make a man of him. That man now holds an important official position in Constantinople.

The result of Quilliam's interview with the sultan was that he was appointed chief of Islam for the British isles, and was decorated with the Order of the Medjidieh. On his return to Liverpool the sheik opened a mosque and Moslem institute in the West Derby road, and ever since public prayers have been held there on Fridays in the "praying room," to the huge delight and edification of the prosaic neighborhood.

HONORS GALORE.

Since his conversion honors have come thick and fast to Abdullah Quilliam. He has journeyed frequently to Constantinople to see his imperial friend and patron, getting prompt audiences where many a savior has knocked in vain. He has hobnobbed with the shah of Persia, and with the ameer of Afghanistan, receiving an unpronounceable title and a gift of \$12,500 for the good of the cause from the latter. The sultan of Morocco has also honored him in various ways.

Quilliam is not a priest, for there are no priests in a Moslem religion. He is merely the kind of glorified registrar of births, deaths and marriages for Moslems. On Fridays he dons gorgeous robes of crimson and blue silk, which glitter with the jewels of his orders, removes his boots, and recites the Moslem formula, while his followers prostrate themselves on the ground. They also remove their boots, but wear their hats or fezes.

The women remain unveiled. The Yashmak or veil is not an essential part of Mohammedanism, it is only an oriental custom of Mohammedans in the east have adopted.

Eleven Moslem weddings have taken place since the opening of the mosque, of them uniting ordinary English couples who had adopted the Moslem faith. Three English girls married Indian barristers and doctors, and two ladies who were born in England of Indian parents married Indian professional men. A corner of the great West Toxteth cemetery is reserved for Moslem burials and half a dozen followers of the prophet are at rest there.

OPPOSITION DIES OUT.

At first there was great opposition to the Moslem mission in Liverpool, but the personal popularity of Quilliam with the rough element secured safety, and now his sheik's followers hold their services quite unmolested. There are no polygamists among them, and not a single scandal has crept in.

A large number of oriental visitors are almost always to be seen on Fridays at the mosque which presents a wonderful color picture on account of the gorgeous robes of the Indian, Egyptian and Moorish worshippers. Every Mohammedan potentate who visits England makes it a rule to pray at the Liverpool mosque, and during the coronation of the king of the Belgians the media prayed there.

The Medina Orphanage is the result of the donation of the present shah of Persia, who when he was shahzade, visited Liverpool and presented \$25,000 to form a home for destitute children. The associated Moslem institute exists as a sort of club for Moslems. Orientals who are in business in Liverpool or who are studying in England, frequently live there.

QUILLIAM'S VIEWS.

Like the Jews, the Moslems do not eat pork or shell fish. Quilliam believes that Mohammedanism will eventually become the universal religion because science, he holds, shatters Christian theology without giving anything to replace it. "Mohammedanism," he says, "being merely a belief in the unity of God and the inspiration of Mohammed, along with other great men, and a practical recognition of the brotherhood of Moslems, irrespective of race or color, is bound to become the world's religion. Allah Illa Allah, God is great and unchangeable. In his good time all the nations will become brothers under the crescent flag of Islam."

Perhaps on account of its picturesqueness, or perhaps on account of its doctrine of the equality of all men, the Moslem faith is making great progress among negroes. Many of them, and a few whites, too, have joined the mission which has been established in the West Indies, and the Moslems believe that in time they will solve the whole race problem.

IN LONDON'S SWIM.



Mrs. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

The accession of Alfred Lyttelton to the colonial secretaryship of Great Britain brings Mrs. Lyttelton into social prominence and she is one of the leading lights of the season in London. Our photograph shows her in her favorite pose with her baby boy.



ABDULLAH QUILLIAM OFFICIATES AT A MOSLEM WEDDING IN HIS LIVERPOOL MOSQUE.

"DOGIE" STYLES CHANGE.

How the Ancient Craze for "Arm-Dogs" Has Come to be Revived.

London, Nov. 15.—The London society woman's latest craze for "arm-dogs"—that is, pets small enough to be carried around the arm, has called attention to the rapidly with which "styles" in dogs have changed here of late. So frequently, in fact, has the vane of popularity swung from one breed to another that the dealers do not know what to expect from one day to the next. Only a short time ago, the ugly little Belgian griffons were the craze, but society soon tired of them and look up another diminutive breed, the chows. The chows' popularity, however, was as short lived as that of the griffons, for when the first Japanese pug made its appearance, recently, nobody had use for anything else.

The present revival of the old fashion originally set by King Charles II of carrying "arm-dogs" is due to a London actress of some celebrity, and the tiny spaniel-faced spaniels which are used for this purpose now seem likely to drive from popularity the French toy bull dog, which has been so popular.

Of course, there are many "doggy" women who make no attempt to keep pace with the constantly changing modes, and who care not a rap what is "in" or "out." This is the class to which dealers look for a steady demand, and while the profits from the sales of ordinary dogs are not so great, fanciers usually prefer such trade. Yorkshire terriers and other small dogs are always in demand, especially by elderly ladies. The French pug is popular about the most expensive of the really fashionable pets. According to their breeding they bring from \$400 to \$1,000 each, but the fancy ones have been known to come as high as \$1,500.

The extraordinary depression, so to speak, from which London society is just now suffering, is due to a combination of rather unusual circumstances, chief of which, however, is what is commonly known as "stone-broke-ness." Owing to the fact that the season terminated sooner than usual owing to the early visit of the king and queen to Ireland, many plans for further entertainments fell through, but perhaps it was just as well for despoiled proprietors of the contrary society, really in "hard up." Unexpected shrinkages in most reliable stocks have produced "differences" which many investors of both sexes have been obliged to pay up, and many have spent on amusements. Then the miserable weather of the summer discouraged many from taking country places, and as houses let very badly, a large number of the early visitors spent on an annual income from this direction find themselves just so much short.

As the American habit of dining out is constantly growing in favor in England, many society folk are taking advantage of it to save the expense and trouble of entertaining private parties in their own homes. With the facilities now offered by the leading restaurants any one can serve dinner to any number of guests with as much or as little privacy as he desires, and many persons of position are taking advantage of the idea. Aside from the economy in the dinner itself, dress is a factor worth considering for it is generally conceded that gowns for restaurant wear need not cost so much as those necessary in one's own home.

With so many ways for the funds which usually find their way into amusement, it is evident that a good share of society will continue to stretch for some time to come, and the outlook for the immediate future is anything but bright.

Gen. Jacob Hurd Smith (United States army) and his wife have arrived in London from Paris and are staying at the Thackeray hotel. Gen. Smith is traveling solely for the purpose of obtaining a much needed rest from his 40 odd years of service to his country, and is enjoying London and the meeting of old friends to the full.

After a few days here, the general and Mrs. Smith will return to Paris to stay for a couple of weeks before going south to the Riviera, where they will spend some time in more than one of the delightful towns which border the blue Mediterranean. To meet a favorite nephew who will be landing in Italy with his bride, a Miss Leeds of Boston, Gen. and Mrs. Smith will leave Genoa for Genoa or Naples, and then intend to proceed to Cairo, where they will stay for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. William Strang, the Scottish painter who has just been commissioned to paint the portrait of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has been invited to give a series of lectures on art.

Mr. William Strang will leave England for New York in December and will stay in that city for one month. From there he intends to go to Chicago for a few days giving several lectures there, and will then make his way to Boston for a stay of at least a fortnight.

LADY MARY.

BLOOD-FEUD IN OLD LONDON

Armenian Assassinations Which Recall the Palmy Days of the Vendettas of Corsica

ALFARISTS VS HENTCHAKISTS.

How the Murderer, After Slaying Sagatiel, Lay Hidden for a Week Near Scene.

Special Correspondence.

London, Nov. 15.—The more one considers all the details of the extraordinary assassinations of Armenians which have horrified London, the more remarkable it seems that they could have happened in the twentieth century and in the heart of an unpopulated Anglo-Saxon city. The grim story of how the Alfarists' vendetta, against their former allies the Hentchakists, has been carried out here so relentlessly that in less than a fortnight four men lie dead as a result is one that might be associated readily enough with Corsica or old world Italy—but not with Peckham Rye, the normally quiet suburb in whose principal street, in broad daylight and with half-a-dozen frightened people looking on, the second of these astounding political murders was committed.

CAME FROM AMERICA.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole affair is the fact that the assassin came from America for whom the London police have been searching really "hard up" since he succeeded in shooting Sagatiel, his first victim, had lain hidden almost under their noses—for the double murder committed by him last Tuesday before he put a revolver to his own head was carried out not a quarter of a mile from the scene of his first crime.

DEADLY VENDETTA.

It is safe to say that, up to a fortnight ago few people in London were aware that an Armenian revolutionary club had its headquarters in Peckham, and of the existence of the Hentchakists and the Alfarists, between whom there is so terrible a feud. But then came the sensational murder of Sagatiel, and the police, from behind at his own door-step, and it became known how the deadly vendetta conceived in Europe and fostered in the United States had come to throw its ghastly shadow over this commonplace home of London's working classes.

STORY OF THE FEUD.

Of course, no one needs to be told the story of how there came to be bad blood between the Alfarists and the Hentchakists. It will be remembered that they are rival factions of the Armenian revolutionary party. Up to 1887, there was but one organization, but then came the split, the founding of the Alfarist and Hentchakist societies and the almost immediate breeding of animosity between them. The Alfarists were accused by their rivals of being secretly in league with the sultan, while the former made a counter charge of treachery against the Hentchakists. Open trouble did not break out, however, until early this year when two Alfarists were killed by the Hentchakists. The latter assert that those who were murdered by the Hentchakists, and although the latter deny this, their accusers immediately declared a vendetta. An Alfarist journal in the United States cried out for revenge, and shortly afterward began the series of attacks on leading members of the Hentchakists both in Europe and America, which have culminated with the murders of Sagatiel Sagouni, the Armenian leader in London, and the two delegates who were slain in Peckham High street, last Wednesday.

EDITOR SHOT.

One of the earliest of these attacks was, of course, the shooting of Sahagouni, in Boston, and it was followed, about a month ago, by an attack on M. Nazarek, the original organizer of the Armenian party, who was stabbed in the back with a dagger while walking in one of the public streets of Lausanne.

Switzerland. Sagouni, the leader of the Hentchakists in London, who was shot last week, was intimate with Nazarek, and shortly after the former was wounded, made a trip to Switzerland to see him, and had been back in London only a few days, when he, too, was attacked and with fatal results.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

It is many years since so cold blooded a murder has taken place in London as that of Sagatiel Sagouni. The Hentchakist leader had been attending an evening meeting of the society at its headquarters in Peckham Rye, and as stated already, when set upon, was in the act of entering the gate leading to the cottage at Nunhead Grove where he lodged. It is supposed that his murderer had followed him from the club rooms and waited for the most convenient time to attack him. The thing happened shortly after 8 o'clock, and evidently Sagouni was off his guard owing to the earliness of the hour. He had been expecting something of the sort, however, and even when shot down, was fully armed, a revolver and a knife being found in his pockets after his death.

HE WAS COOL.

As Sagouni opened the gate before No. 29, Nunhead Grove, his murderer, shot him with a pistol. The bullet struck the Hentchakist in the back, he turned round, and the assassin swung to. With utter coolness, however, the assassin changed his weapon to his left hand, pushed the gate open with his right so as to get an unobstructed view of Sagouni, and then fired four more shots, two of which struck his victim fairly. The other two respectively passed through the bullet and the assassin's hand into his pocket, glass over the front door of the house. The latter part of this tragedy was seen by a small boy who was passing, as well as by a man inside the house. Realizing that he was in danger while he waited, the murderer rushed off through Nunhead Grove and up a narrow alley, his hat falling off as he hurried along, and he himself casting away his revolver. Meanwhile Sagouni, bleeding and half dead, managed to stagger up the steps of his house and fall fainting into the arms of the man who stood in the front door. A few minutes later he died, without being able to give a further description of his murderer than to say that he was a stranger.

HUE AND CRY RAISED.

Then began the hue and cry after the assassin. Neither the man who saw him from the window of the house in Nunhead Grove nor the boy who witnessed the crime from the street could describe him further than to declare that he was short and dark, and that it was evident from the first that to identify him would be difficult. There was no doubt about his having been in the United States, for the long hair which he wore was a typical American "slouch," with the name of a New York maker inside it, and his revolver, found without trouble by the police, was a Smith & Wesson, N. Y. The police, however, found it impossible to identify the murderer by means of these clues.

Then followed several days of intensive activity on the part of the police, from which, however, absolutely nothing resulted, and London had begun to forget about the missing murderer, his victim and the strange feud between the Armenian societies when the supplementary tragedy which was played out in Peckham High street last Wednesday in broad daylight.

THREE DEAD.

When this was over two more Hentchakists lay dead, while a few yards off, bled up in his own blood, was the corpse of their murderer and, in all probability, the slayer of Sagouni—a suicide. The most remarkable feature of the affair, is of course, that it happened in one of the busiest parts of a public street between half past one and two in the afternoon, but it is an extraordinary circumstance that the two men shot by the murderer were members of a party of eight who had started out together.

At the time when Sagouni was murdered, the Hentchakists were being held in Peckham, and perhaps the murderer chose this particular time for beginning his work in hope that he might make "an extensive bag" among the delegates who were present from various parts of Europe. Naturally, however, the other Hentchakists were highly frightened by the assassination of their leader and they took all sorts of precautions to guard their own persons, being especially careful never to venture out of doors except in groups of two or three.

This is how it came that the party of Hentchakists who were attacked last Wednesday came to number eight. They included two Russian delegates to the congress, three London Hentchakists and three continental representatives. They had been attending a meeting at the headquarters in Peckham Rye at morning, and when they ventured forth it was in search of something to eat. They were more or less on their guard, even as they walked along the crowded street, but probably

thought themselves absolutely secure on account of their number.

CHOOSE AN ALLEY.

Several people seem to have noticed the murderer hanging about in the High street, while waiting for his victims. And the place which he eventually chose for attacking the party was well selected. Just off the High street, a small alley with billboards on each side of it runs back into a coal dealer's yard, and here the assassin took up his stand—his hands on the butt of a Kalashnikov revolver which he had in his pocket. Though the Hentchakist party numbered eight, it got somewhat broken up in its progress down the street, and when passing the fatal alleyway was made up of three groups—the two Russian delegates first, then the three London Hentchakists, Amy Grigorian, Fluran Izmirian and another named Jarvis, and finally the three continental delegates. For his own reasons, the waiting Alfarist allowed the two Russians to pass in safety, but no sooner had the three London men, who were walking abreast stepped past him than he leaped out and commenced work.

BAGGED TWO.

The Hentchakists now were some six paces in front of him. Leveling his revolver, the murderer fired point blank at Grigorian, who was nearest him, and the man, who by the way had both hands in his pocket, started forward on the sidewalk stone dead with a bullet in his brain. Without losing a second the assassin fired two shots at Izmirian, both of which, however, went wide, whereupon the frightened Armenian took to his heels. But the third man, Izmirian, was not so fortunate. Rushing upon him, the murderer fired another chamber of his smoking revolver and with such effect that the bullet tore to the base of the man's skull, leaving a hole into which one could run two fingers. The Armenian turned half round, and then toppled over beside his dead comrade.

TRAGIC SUICIDE.

Now the assassin's only thought was of escape, but it was one of the quickest. Already men, including the rest of the Armenian party, were rushing toward him from all directions, and the first of these to reach the spot was a sturdy young laborer named Jarvis. As the latter rushed forward, the murderer attempted to make a bolt of it and the two men collided with such force that the assassin was hurled down and for a moment sprawled on the ground. However, he had his wits about him. Quick as a wink, and with the expression of a cornered rat, the man plunged his hand into his pocket, drew out his "reserve" revolver, pressed it to his temple, and in a second moment had blown out his brains and sunk down dead on the pavement.

At this writing the case is by no means cleared up and it seems unlikely that it will be for some time. It is, however, fairly certain that the man who shot the two Armenians in Peckham High street was also Sagouni's murderer. He must have had accomplices who hid him securely in the vicinity of Nunhead Grove, where the police were seeking him. A short dark complexioned specimen, he had a scar on his face which had been noticed by those who saw him shoot Sagouni and reported to the detectives, might have been the man who hid him. It is now declared that his name was Yorgie Yangle, and that he was an agent of the Alfarists, sent by them from the United States, especially selected on account of his skill with the revolver.

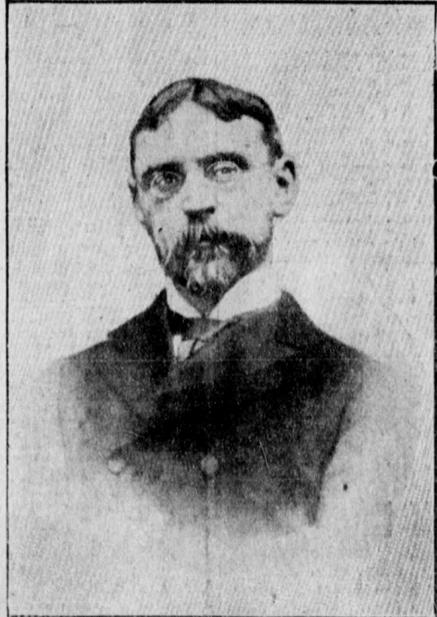
NATURAL ORDER REVERSED.

William C. Mageissen, the American vice consul at Beirut, is an intimate friend of Najib Hashim, who is the manager of a theater in New York. "I spent a week with Mageissen," Mr. Hashim said the other day, "in the summer of 1902. The young man knew then that his life was in danger, but he was fearless and gay. It was a pleasure to be with him.

"One day in Beirut he introduced one of his servants to me. "This boy," he said, "had never seen a paved city till he came to New York a year ago. The day he reached here, a dog was walking about sightlessly, ran at him, and he picked up a stone from the paved street, but the stone, of course, stuck fast. To escape the dog, he had to take to his heels.

"Afterwards, in telling me the story, the boy said that he thought the dog was from the town, since in it the dogs were let loose while the stones were fastened down."

O'BRIEN DOUBTFUL.



The crisis in Ireland's affairs caused by the attitude of Wm. O'Brien, in resigning from his party at this critical juncture, is expected to lead to a dissolution of the party unless he can be won back. With the land act coming into operation and other Nationalist issues coming forward, the peculiar situations created by Mr. O'Brien's action is attracting world-wide attention.