

REAL SHERLOCK HOLMES DISCOVERED IN PERSON OF HIS NOTED CREATOR, SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE WHO PROVED HIMSELF GREATER THAN SHERLOCK HOLMES IN EDALJI CASE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE created "Sherlock Holmes," prince of modern detectives, and thrilled the fiction-reading and excitement-loving world.

"What an ingenious imagination!" was the exclamation of the millions who had followed the adventures of the masterful sleuth.

"What a fund of fancy, but how thoroughly logical withal!" they cried.

Now "Sherlock Holmes" is no longer a creature built of the stuff "that dreams are made of." He is no longer merely the stage conception of his dramatic friend, William Gillette. He is a real live man.

And his name is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Thereby hangs a story that has stirred all England and sent its echoes far across the distant seas.

Even as his own hero worked many times in fiction just for the glory of clearing a man's name of dishonor and righting the wrongs of the oppressed, so Sir Arthur has labored in the interests of justice, without reward save the knowledge that his deed was good, and he has triumphed in two particular cases.

He has cleared a man unjustly accused—cleared him at least in the eyes of the world, if not completely in the legal sense, and he has gained, through his efforts, the right to be called the original "Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street."

Tardily enough, but none the less emphatically, hard-headed British justice has inducted his work, for within a few days the authorities with whom the wronged client had consented to arrest another man accused of the murder of a woman, in the first instance. This is how it all came about:

Started the Nation.

In the early part of 1903 all England was

startled by a series of fendish crimes in the county about Great Wyrley, district of Staffordshire. Cattle and horses belonging to farmers and gentlemen living in that picturesque part of the island were found by their owners shockingly maimed. Horses, cows and sheep were slashed with knives or stabbed when the outrages were committed. Many of the beasts were not fatally hurt, indicating that the "slashers" sole desire was to inflict painful wounds on the dumb brutes. He would visit one or two farm houses in one locality on the same evening, and the next time he would be heard from many miles away from the scene of the previous outrage.

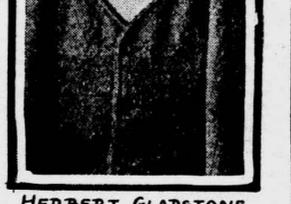
To many it seemed like the work of a lunatic, but the stolid, unimaginative landowners decided that it was some one trying to wreak vengeance for a fancied wrong. But so silently and so swiftly did the fiend work that the local police could find no clue to his identity.

Finally anonymous letters began to arrive at houses in Great Wyrley—letters threatening fresh outrages, and the cattle slashing was repeated. Many of the landowners got these letters and turned them over to the police, but still the authorities could find no clue.

Among the persons who received letters at this time and turned them over to the police was George Edalji, son of a Chief of England clergyman, who was vicar of Great Wyrley. The elder Edalji was a student who had studied law at a university course, and had obtained admission to the bar.

Misarrange of Justice.

Either because of racial prejudices against him, or because the police in their feverish desire to run down the criminal, grasped at any straw, the authorities determined to arrest George Edalji, because they fancied they detected a resemblance between his handwriting and that of the author of the anonymous letters. They asserted that he had maimed his neighbors' cattle



HERBERT GLADSTONE

because of fancied insults, and that he had written the anonymous letters and had included himself in the list of those threatened to avert suspicion.

While there were many who believed that Edalji was the victim of a miscarriage of justice, and among these was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The more he thought of the peculiar circumstances the more he felt convinced that Edalji was not the real culprit. One day he made up his mind to go to Wolverhampton, where the young man was imprisoned, and like his hero, Holmes, he acted on the spur of the moment, hurried to an express, and was soon on the scene of action.

Bringing to bear the famous "Holmes system of deduction," Sir Arthur went to work on the case with an energy that would slash the animals after the manner of the Great Wyrley fiend, and then steal noiselessly away into the dark. How could such a man find his way over streams and ditches without a slip or a false step to "betray him?"

If Sir Arthur had any doubt of his client's innocence, this development removed the last trace of it.

Then began the battle between the real "Sherlock Holmes" and his theories, and the stern law which called for facts as to why and as insistently as ever did Mr. Grader. There were sneers for Sir Arthur, but he was called "the madman," "the crack," and even "crank." The secretary of state for home affairs, before whom he carried the case, snubbed the author-detective, and other government officials followed suit.

But Sir Arthur had much of the public with him, and he became the popular clamor that after Edalji had served three years, the home secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, announced that the crown would "pardon" the young man. So Edalji

thought it over, he realized what his discovery meant.

How could a man who was almost sightless, to whom the world appeared as in a mist, steal across moor, bog and field on the darkest nights, creep up upon horses in the pasture, or find his way into a stable, slash the animals after the manner of the Great Wyrley fiend, and then steal noiselessly away into the dark? How could such a man find his way over streams and ditches without a slip or a false step to "betray him?"

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WAS LIFE ELECTRICITY?

Plenty of vital power increases the action of the lungs and gets more oxygen for the blood. Plenty of power increases the action of the stomach and gets more food. Plenty of power gives more to the liver, which increases its action and rids the body of the waste products. More power increases every vital process, gives plenty power for the muscles for our work and plenty for the mind in our thinking. Plenty of vital power thus normalizes all parts of the body and give that mastery and joy of bounding health.

Washington Scientist Makes Researches into Vital Force.

New Society to Investigate Relationship of Organic Electricity and the Problem of Life.

"Advanced age will be a commonplace. I myself propose to live as long as I please."

The speaker made his astonishing declaration with no bravado, but with an air of calmness and sane conviction. He was, he said, a student of Andrew McConnell's, a scientist of Washington.

"Life," he continued, "is electricity. With the discoveries which McConnell is making there will be an exact science of health; chronic diseases will vanish from the earth; mind development will be systematically cultivated, and all the so-called miracles of the magnetic healers, the faith cure specialists, mental scientists, Christian scientists, and so on, which have astonished and mystified and scandalized the world, will be seen to have a simple scientific basis. Franklin's kite experiments established the relationship of lightning and electricity and the phenomenal applications of electrical discoveries in these days by Edison, Bell and Marconi, in lights, phonographs, telephones and wireless telegraphy have prepared the world for wonders. McConnell has only gone a step further and opened the realm of organic electricity which gets down to an interpretation of life itself and makes plain the phycic mysteries of telepathy, thought transference, suggestive healing and the prolongation of life itself."

The claims of Andrew McConnell's student are so astonishing that the reporter who called on the scientist was prepared to find some visionary if not an absolute scheming charlatan. The fact is Andrew McConnell is a quiet, unpretentious and unworldly scholar, who has for some years been making researches into what he calls life force, or organic electricity. For two years he has been making experiments quietly in a southern community and lately has been carrying on in Washington a series of tests in the influence of his new organic electricity in stimulating vitality. Much attention is being attracted to these experiments, and particularly significant ones being manifested by the corps of scientists at the Smithsonian Institution.

To Aid Research.

A society of local scientists is being organized under McConnell among the leading investigators in various government laboratories to make researches into the laws governing electricity and life, as the tests which have been made establish the fact that the investigator is able scientifically to perform the various cures which are claimed to be performed miraculously by Christian Scientists and other uneducated objects of the organization are to investigate the laws of organic electricity, with the threefold view of overcoming chronic diseases, increasing mind power and lengthening life.

Life Is Electricity.

Mr. McConnell himself is convinced that life itself is electricity. He says: "We have conclusive proofs that life is electricity. We do not take up the question of the immortal soul, but simply prove that the physical basis of life and intelligence is electricity."

Dr. E. D. Snodgrass, an Italian scientist, found by accidentally bringing a dead frog's legs close to an electrical machine that the electric current made the muscles of the dead frog twitch. This was the first proof that electricity can produce muscular action.

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SHANGHAIED, SHIPWRECKED AND CAST AWAY ON JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLAND

Yeoman Myers, U. S. N., Tells of Strange Adventure That Baffled Him at Valparaiso—Sole Survivor From Wreck of Whaler off Crusoe's Isle.

"A man who follows the sea," said Chief Yeoman Myers of the navy, "leads a fascinating life, but at times, as in other walks of life, he goes up against the real old thing."

"Did I ever tell you of the time that I was shanghaied on a whaler? No? Well, I can tell you better than I'm smoking. I was on a whaler, and I was shanghaied, and my term of enlistment having expired I took my discharge at Valparaiso, Chile. I had been knocking about the town for a week or so, and was getting tired of shoe life, kind of homesick for the ship, I guess. One evening I took a walk down on the water front—ever been on the water front at Valparaiso after dark? No? Well, if you ever go there you want to keep your eye peeled."

"Having nothing better to do, I was strolling along thinking of my last ship and wondering where she was, half wishing I was back on board of her. I noticed a couple of suspicious looking characters come out of one of the numerous rum shops that line the front, but paid no particular attention to them until I heard one of them say, 'That's the fellow,' and before I knew what they meant I got a clip on the head that put me completely out of business."

"When I came to I heard a gruff voice calling, 'Bear a hand there; get a move on yourself; you've played gent long enough; get on deck!'"

"Sitting up I fetched my head an awful whack on a beam overhead. Looking around I found myself in the top bunk of one of the dirtiest, most evil smelling forecastles I had ever seen. Through the dim light from a dirty, smoky, hanging lamp I could see that I was in one of a number of bunks. The deck overhead and the beams were dirty and covered with smoke. The floor was strewn with chests, boxes, boots and dirty oil skins. The smell was horrible. Again I heard that voice, 'Come, tumble out there, no more skulking below for you, m'bearty. Hustle out of this or I'll lend you a hand.'"

"My temple throbed, the pain was something terrible. When I tried to move the light danced before my eyes and I almost fainted. Scarcely knowing what I did, I tumbled out of the bunk and staggered toward the ladder. I scrambled up, and away went the canvas, blown clean out us. The sail was as stiff as a board, but by beating and hammering, hauling and pulling, we finally got it furled, the wind in the meantime blowing so hard as to almost nail us to the yard. By the time I reached the deck I was almost exhausted, but the mate would give us no rest."

"Out there and furl those head sails," he howled almost before we struck the deck.

"To go out on the jib-boom meant almost certain death, but we struggled out us. We were under water more often than above it. They had stacked off the head sheets and manded the down-hauls. The sails filled with wind and belled out as the ship would sink down in the trough of the sea, and I thought it would jerk the boom out of her. We had just gotten well out on the boom when the sails filled with wind, the ship gave a mighty plunge, and away went the canvas, blown clean out us. The sail was as stiff as a board, but by beating and hammering, hauling and pulling, we finally got it furled, the wind in the meantime blowing so hard as to almost nail us to the yard. By the time I reached the deck I was almost exhausted, but the mate would give us no rest."

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