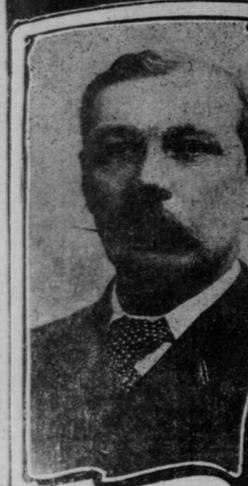


THE REAL

SHERLOCK HOLMES

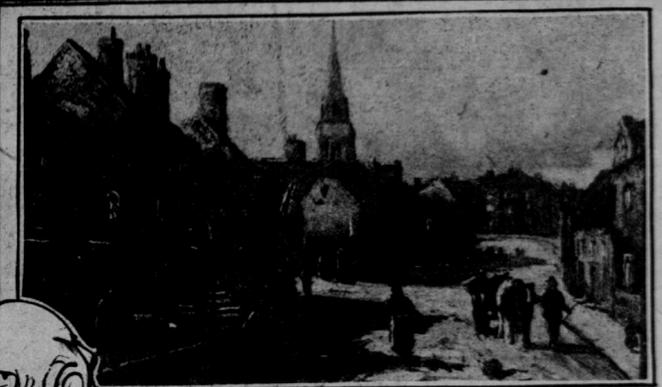
HE IS SIR CONAN DOYLE HIMSELF WHO HAS JUST EMPLOYED THE GREAT DETECTIVE'S SYSTEM TO CLEAR A MAN FALSELY CONVICTED OF A CRIME



MR. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE WHO CREATED "SHERLOCK HOLMES" AND PROVED HIMSELF GREAT DETECTIVE EVER IN EDALJI CASE



WILLIAM GILLETTE IN STAGE COSTUME OF "SHERLOCK HOLMES"



VIEW OF PICTURESQUE WOLVERHAMPTON, ONE OF THE SCENES IN EDALJI DRAMA. (FROM A PAINTING BY CILLEY)



GEORGE EDALJI, HERO OF THE REMARKABLE CASE IN WHICH A. CONAN DOYLE PROVED HIMSELF THE REAL "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

HERBERT GLADSTONE, BRITISH HOME SECRETARY, WITH WHOM SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE BATTLED TO OBTAIN VINDICATION FROM STATE FOR EDALJI

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 particulars.

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 indorsed his work, for within a few days the authorities with whom the author worked for years to clear his much wronged client have consented to arrest another man accused of the crime, and have admitted that they blundered badly in the first instance. This is how it all came about: In the early part of 1903 all England was startled by a series of fiendish crimes in the country about Great Wyrley, district of Staffordshire. Cattle and horses belonging to farmers and "country 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 and left dying in field and stable. Many of the beasts were not fatally hurt, indicating that the "slasher's" sole desire was to inflict painful wounds on the dumb brutes. He would visit one or two farmhouses 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 land owners decided that it was some one trying to wreak vengeance for a fancied wrong. But so silently and swiftly did the fiend work that the local police could find no clew 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 land owners got these letters and turned them over to the police, but the authorities could find no clew.

Among the persons who received letters at this time and turned them over to the police was George Edalji, son of

a Church of England clergyman, who was vicar of Great Wyrley. The elderly Edalji was a Parsee, who had been educated in England and had become christianized. The son was a studious youth, who had studied law after a university course, and had obtained admission to the bar.

Either because of racial prejudice 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 anonymous letter writer. They asserted that he had maimed his neighbors' cattle 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.

In vain the young man protested his innocence and in vain his father, the vicar, swore that his son was in his own home on the nights when the outrages were committed. Public sentiment was against Edalji; he was convicted and sentenced to seven years in prison. Meanwhile 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 have thrilled his hero's Boswell, "Dr. Watson." It wasn't long before he had something to work on, and presently he knew that Edalji could not have committed the crimes with which he was charged. It was a perfectly simple, yet apparently conclusive point.

At his first meeting with Edalji the latter peered at him steadfastly as though trying to see through a fog, and when Sir Arthur extended his hand the young man groped for a moment in the air before he could grip the novelist's fingers.

"Near sighted," said the real "Sherlock Holmes"; "almost blind." And such was the case. Edalji had been a clove student all his days, and he did not realize that his eyes, never naturally strong, were growing weaker

and weaker. Sir Arthur, himself a physician, ordered spectacles for his protegee. Then, as he 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?

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 loudly and as insistently as ever did Mr. Gradgrind. There were sneers for Sir Arthur; he was called "dreamer," "idle theorist" 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 so great 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, but not a vindication; he was free, but he could obtain no satisfaction for the years he had spent in jail.

Edalji, with Sir Arthur's aid, then began a fight to clear his name and recover damages for false imprisonment. But the government was obdurate. A "pardon" was all Edalji could get.

Then, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the news that the Great Wyrley "slasher" was at work again. And this time Edalji was a hundred miles away at the hour the outrages were committed. Sir Arthur had prophesied when he was arguing with the government that the "slasher" would return, and that Edalji would then have an absolute alibi. Time had vindicated his client.

At last the officials made an arrest of a suspect at Wolverhampton. There wasn't anything very important about this arrest itself, for the prisoner is not supposed to be the man wanted, and Sir Arthur has a theory that this points a vastly different way. But it did show absolutely that the police were ready to admit that Edalji had

been wrongfully accused, and that Sir Arthur was right in his protestations of his client's innocence. That Great Wyrley, where, by the way, nobody knew me, I traced back the history of the whole miserable business to personal vengeance. For reasons which I need not go into there were two brothers who hated Edalji like poison. One of them is now dead; the other, who is still alive, appears to me, speaking as a medical man, to be a type of the malignant degenerate.

He undoubtedly is a madman. His particular mania might be called cruelty to animals. It is a sort of blood lust, and well known to students of the psychology of crime. It can be seen frequently in children who do fiendish things to animals and birds.

Should the Wolverhampton suspect prove his innocence, it is quite likely that the police, now thoroughly humbled, will seek out Sir Arthur and take up his once despised theory of the madman, even as they indorsed his efforts by deciding to make the first arrest. They are telling stories now in England about Sir Arthur's early ability as a detective. Long before he brought out "Sherlock Holmes" he met a man at his tailor's who was buying a suit of clothing and seemed to have a strong objection to any material with a stripe in it.

Sir Arthur at once set the man down as an ex-criminal, and, to satisfy himself as to how far his deduction was correct, he determined to try to trace the man's history. This was by no means an easy matter, but some months afterward, chancing to visit a convict prison, he saw the man's portrait in the rogues' gallery.

The Rule of the Gods From Their Gallery Heaven

By Will Scarlet

LONGING the other day in the top tier of seats in the Greek theater in Berkeley, I dreamed a dream. With nothing before me but the chaste lines of the classic stage set off by the background of waving trees and cloudless sky, it was an easy matter to transport oneself to sun-kissed Attica, to change one's conventional sack coat for a simple Hellenic tunic, to bind one's hair with a red waiting in the theater of Dionysius to witness the latest tragedy of Sophocles.

And so the dream went on. The Athenian youths, strong of limb and tanned of visage, fled into their places. Then came the laughing maids and the somber matrons, the glorious sunlight flashing in their hair. Arrayed in gorgeous vesture, the high priest of Dionysius came last and sank luxuriously into his massive carved seat of state. A moment of suspense, of expectancy, and the chorus took their places in the circular pit, performed their stately dance, chanted their solemn lyric, and the play was on.

We do strange things in dreams. When, in waking life, you and I go to a theater—even a Greek theater—we watch the actors; but in my happy day dream I ignored the stage and riveted my attention on the auditorium. I watched the audience. I saw the flush come to the bronzed cheeks of the young men and the tears start in the eyes of the maidens. I saw the high priest of Dionysius clandestinely gaze and yawn. I saw odd couples of young people here and there pay scant attention to the knights of the sock and buskin for the all sufficient reason that they were busy with a little play of their own.

The dream seemed near an end when, of a sudden, I realized that I was seated among the gods. A young Athenian near me savagely nudged his companion and remarked in a confidential shout, "Bum show!" The companion nodded and yelled patronizingly at a self-conscious actor, "Oh, you're rotten!"

And then, a moment later, everybody on the tier wherewith I sat brought his palms together with a mighty sound and pounded repeatedly with his sandaled feet on the stone flooring. Cheers—scores of them—echoed and re-echoed and lost themselves among the waving tree tops. Some actor had played to the gallery.

Who is there bold enough to say that that dream was nothing, but a dream? Must we suppose that, because the Greek audience lived a few centuries before our time and were ignorant of the scientific method of advertising, retains they conducted themselves in a manner radically different from the modern audience? Perish the thought! Human nature does not materially change despite the lapse of years. Of a certainty the theater of Dionysius had its matinee girls, its "Johnnies," its bald headed row, of a certainty, too, it had its gallery gods.

From ancient Athens to modern New York, from the theater of the Hellenic wine-god to the Bowery, is a far, far cry. But one thing they have in common—the duty of the topmost balcony. The gallery gods are immortal. It is difficult, indeed, to overestimate the power of the gods or the respect in which they are held by actors and managers alike. By them are players frequently made or marred. By them are theaters done or undone. The unwritten records of the popular drama in this country have few things of greater interest than the stories which tell of the despotic rule of the gods.

Right here in San Francisco and only a very few years since occurred a case in point. A new leading man came to one of our popular south of Market street theaters. He was not a bad actor, by any means. He was graceful, handsome as men go, blessed with a splendid voice and not afraid to use it. Furthermore, he was enthusiastic and sincere. All things seemed to point to a successful engagement and the managers and the press agents were already constructing a pedestal for the matinee idol that was to be.

Well, the managers and the press agents did the proposing, but the gallery gods did the disposing. For some reason or other—or, more likely, for no definite reason at all—the presiding deities of the last six rows of the top balcony conceived a deep rooted aversion for the new leading man. The first night of the new engagement was interesting, to say the least. The new leading man said it was Dante's masterpiece, and he ran out of adjectives before the week was over. Things grew worse and worse. The result was that in a fortnight the leading man and the manager met one day in the wings and each thrust an envelope into the other's hand. The manager opened his and found the leading man's resignation. The leading man opened his and found a two weeks' notice.

That leading man left San Francisco, but he did not leave the stage. At present he is playing leads in a prominent eastern house, and rumor has it that he is immensely popular. But he never was, never could be popular here. His hopes were prematurely blighted by a whim of the gods.

In a Brooklyn theater some three score years ago was a supernumerary lady called Ida Greenfield. The gods had no particular use for Ida. To them she was a "stuffed woman," and nothing more. On the rare occasions when she achieved the distinction of a speaking part, when she sang, chattered like a vulture or two, or remarked from way down stage: "The carriage has come, ma'am," the gods serenely munched their popcorn and longed for a finish. Nobody would ever suspect that Ida Greenfield was destined to win the favor of the gods.

One night, however, the unexpected happened. Donnelly, the manager, knew his business and kept a tentative finger on the popular pulse. It was near election time and the air was thick with the wranglings of the contending factions—South Brooklyn and Jackson's Lots. It was such a state of affairs as would have been possible here before the fire were there political animosities between south of Market and the Mission. Now, Donnelly's clientele was very largely drawn from Jackson's Lots, and Donnelly knew it. The play of the week was "The Mulligan Guards." The guards

were drawn up on one side of the stage after performing their stunts and singing their polking marching choruses and the gods were in the midst of their enthusiastic applause, when out of the wings stepped Ida Greenfield. Her unlooked for appearance silenced the house. She strode to the center of the stage, lifted high a gaudy stage wreath and remarked: "The young ladies of Jackson's Lots presents this wreath to the Mulligan Guards."

That was all, but that was enough. The house broke loose. The gods clapped, and stamped, and shouted, and whistled, and roared. Ida Greenfield was recalled a dozen times and nearly killed herself in the unwonted exertion of bowing to the audience. And from that night Ida was the darling of the gods. She might do anything with impunity. Her little songs were applauded long and heartily. Her seven word speeches were cheered to an echo. Her very appearance on the "stuffed woman" aroused the divine enthusiasm of Olympus. So Donnelly took the hint. In a very short time the erstwhile supernumerary lady was "featured" on the program and "headlined" on the billboards. And ever and always there was a full house.

Donnelly was very far from being the only manager who sought as a matter of business to do in all things the will of the gods. Over in New York even greater homage was paid to the divinities who nightly climbed up the tedious spiral staircase that led to the Bowery gallery. And when a play or an act or a stunt was successful nobody thanked the author or the actor or the manager or the press agent. That would have been idolatry. But every one interested blessed the gods.

Some actors, when thus addressed from Olympus have talked back with varying success. A certain well known tragedian was playing Shakespeare's "Richard III." When in the last act he shouted out the familiar line, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" he facetious god impudently inquired, "Wouldn't a donkey do?" "Sure," returned King Richard quick as a flash, "Come on down!" The discomfited god did not join in the roar that followed, but he preserved a discreet silence ever after.

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Should the Wolverhampton suspect prove his innocence, it is quite likely that the police, now thoroughly humbled, will seek out Sir Arthur and take up his once despised theory of the madman, even as they indorsed his efforts by deciding to make the first arrest.

They are telling stories now in England about Sir Arthur's early ability as a detective. Long before he brought out "Sherlock Holmes" he met a man at his tailor's who was buying a suit of clothing and seemed to have a strong objection to any material with a stripe in it.

Sir Arthur at once set the man down as an ex-criminal, and, to satisfy himself as to how far his deduction was correct, he determined to try to trace the man's history. This was by no means an easy matter, but some months afterward, chancing to visit a convict prison, he saw the man's portrait in the rogues' gallery.

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