

# A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic on the other side of the world. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the science of deduction and analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any one mortal to attain to the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Feuille as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger nails, by his coat sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser knees, by the callouses of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fall to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table. "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my eye upon me as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounge who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"You?"

"Yes, I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives, and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And these other people?"

"They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel some knot which other men can't see?"

"I can unravel some knot which other men can't see," I said, "because they have seen every detail for themselves."

"Quite so. I have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problems of crime which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that article which aroused your scorn are invaluable to me in practical work. Observation, with me, is second nature. You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan."

"You were told, no doubt."

"Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thought ran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a military type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor see much hardship and get his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."

"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin. I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories."

Sherlock Holmes rose and lit his pipe.

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friend's thoughts with an appropriate remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

"Have you read Gaboriau's works?" I asked. "Does Lecocq come up to your idea of a detective?"

Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically.

"Lecocq was a miserable blunderer," he said in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill."

"The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecocq took six months or so. It might be made a text book for detectives to

teach them what to avoid."

I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style.

I walked over to the window and stood looking out into the busy street. "This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."

"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, quizzically. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.

"Bring and bounce!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door and ran rapidly across the roadway.

We heard a loud knock, a deep voice below and heavy steps ascending the stair.

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot. I looked at the envelope and saw that it was addressed to "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, 221B, Baker Street."

"May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trade may be?"

"Commissionaire, sir," he said, gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."

"And you were," I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.

"A sergeant, sir; Royal Marine Light Infantry, sir. No answer? Right sir."

He elbowed his heels together, raised his hand in a salute and was gone.

## CHAPTER III.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories.

My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension.

When I looked at him he had finished reading the note, and his eyes assumed the vacant, lack luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I thought he was for trifles," he replied brusquely; then, with a smile, "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is just as well. So you actually were not able to see that the man was a sergeant of marines."

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of that fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals in these days, but I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes—There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about 2 in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected something was amiss. He found the door open and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. If you can come round to the house any time before 12 you will find me there. I have left everything in a state of quiet until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion. Yours faithfully,

T. GREGGON.

"Greggon is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked. "He and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shocking, in other words. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he riddled on.

"Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am not incurably lazy, but that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Suppose I unraveled the whole matter, you may be sure that Greggon, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on."

He hustled on his overcoat, and hustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do."

A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection of the mud colored streets beneath.

My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last interrupting Holmes' musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger, "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!"

We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

(To be continued.)

## A POSER IN ARITHMETIC.

Easy Question that Will Puzzle Some of the Knowing Ones.

If you ask a man in the street the simple question, "What is 1 divided by a half?" he will either reply that the operation is an impossible one or that the answer is a half. When you point out that 1 divided by 2 is a half, he will see that there is something wrong somewhere, but will still be quite unable to give the right answer. When you tell him that the assertion is 2, he will either accept the assertion without understanding it, or will dispute it tooth and nail. If you attempt to convince him of his error, you will find it is not at all an easy task.

His mistake arises through the confounding of two distinct ideas—namely, 1 divided into 2, and 1 divided by 2. One divided into 2 is 1 divided into two parts, each containing a half. One divided by 2 is the ratio of 1 to 2, or the number of times 2 is contained in one. To anyone who has thought the matter out this seems clear enough, but to the man in the street it is sly nonsense, and he will tell you so.

## A Crushing Reply.

Referring to the "Pulpit and Pew" question raised by Dr. Horton's interesting experiment, a North London minister writes:

"I think we ministers rather relish criticism, but we get too little of it."

One reads in this connection the story of the young minister walking home with one of the elders after the deliverance of his first sermon. After some moments' silence the latter observed:

"You were not long."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," replied the youthful cleric; "I was afraid I was tedious."

"Oh," was the crushing reply, "you were tedious."—Westminster Gazette.

## An Anarchist Candidate.

For the first time in the parliamentary history of Italy an avowed anarchist, Pietro Calogno, is a candidate for a seat in the chamber of deputies. He lives on a small island in the Mediterranean and must not leave there without government consent. Signor Calogno has been imprisoned several times because of his anarchistic utterances, was released only a short time ago on account of ill health and has fled to this country and to England more than once to escape the police.

## Unification.

"Sectional lines are vanishing. Soon there will be no north, no south, no east, no west!"

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."—Puck.

## What He Could Do.

Tommy—Ma, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?

Mrs. Fogg—No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.

## The Largest Dome.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

## On the Move.

"They have two servants."

"Huh! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house—one going and one coming."—Philadelphia Press.

## Leather from Cow's Hide.

A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

## A Substitute.

Friend—Got any defense?

Criminal—No; but I've got a first-class lawyer.—Puck.



THE descendants of "Molly Pitcher," who reside in Carlisle, Pa., recently celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Monmouth, in which Molly performed the deed that has handed her name down to posterity. Incidentally, it will surprise some people to learn that Molly's real name was not Pitcher, but Hays.

The battle of Monmouth, which took place after the British evacuation of Philadelphia and was brought on by the determination of Gen. Washington to follow and attack the enemy as they were retreating to New York, was fought on one of the hottest days of the year, a fact which may have helped the Continental troops in catching up with Gen. Clinton's forces. The intense heat, accompanied by rainy weather,



HOUSE WHERE MOLLY PITCHER DIED.

made slow marching, and at Monmouth, before they could reach the heights of Middletown, 12 miles further on, the British were forced to stop and give battle. It is said that because of the heat many soldiers on both sides fell on this battlefield without even having received a wound.

With John Hays, an American artillery sergeant, during this battle, was his young wife, Molly, and she made it her business to go among the men with a pitcher of water to slake their thirst. This gained for her the nickname of "Molly Pitcher." Mrs. Hays was of German extraction, her maiden name having been Mary Ludwig. She did not belong to the army at the time of the battle of Monmouth, but she had followed her husband in his various marches and offered her service in carrying water, voluntarily. At Monmouth she brought the water from a spring

## RECLAIMING OUR DESERTS.

They Are Gradually Yielding to the Encroachments of Civilization.

The desert still maintains its fastnesses in the West. There are some spots better entitled to the name than others, but each year these fastnesses are shrinking before the advance of human enterprise, as the water might rise over the land, leaving the high and difficult places to the last. So these islands are scattered through several States and Territories, mostly in Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah and Oregon, in the great valley northward from the Mojave desert lies the Death valley, perhaps the most desolate and forbidding spot in America, though comparatively small in extent. Yet there are few places, even in these desert strongholds, that are wholly without life of one sort or another, and a large proportion of them could be reclaimed if water were available. Even as it is, not one can be human activity; railroads have been built directly across three of the worst of them; mines are being opened and oil wells driven; land is being reclaimed by irrigation; and even in the fastnesses of Death valley there are many mining camps and an extensive borax industry.

In all the West, look as you will, says the Century, you will find no desert more pitifully forlorn, more deserted, more irreclaimable, and more worthless than the man-made deserts of northern Wisconsin and Michigan where fire has followed the heedless lumberman and spread a black and littered waste thousands of square miles in extent, where once grew a splendid green forest of pine. One is beautiful with the perfected grandeur into which nature molds even the most unpromising material; the other is hideous, grotesque, pitiful, a reminder of the reckless wastefulness of man.

A cat may look at a king and not see anything remarkable, either.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cherished to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I notice," said the wrathful musician, "that in your review of my performance last evening you speak of my technique being faulty. Will you be kind enough to tell me what you understand to be the meaning of 'technique'?"

"Surely, sir," replied the golf editor, who had acted temporarily as musical critic, "you don't expect me to tell you in the presence of these two young ladies."—Chicago Tribune.

Learned His Mistake.  
Farmer Haybill—Did you ever buy a gold brick?  
Farmer Gattland—Never did! But, begosh, I bought what I thought was one one.

A Real Veteran.



She—So you fought in the Philippines? Were you ever shot?  
Tramp—Yes, num. I was shot twice once, and half-shot twice.—Chicago American.

His Mission.  
"I wonder what's ever become of our old friend Dremer, who talked so much of devoting himself to the uplifting of mankind. I suppose he's an evangelist now."

"No; he's an elevator man in the Sky-reach Building."—Philadelphia Press.

Would Work Well.  
Mrs. Street—I have been very careful with my daughter. I have told her whenever she is going to speak to stop and listen how it sounds.  
Mrs. Lane—You ought to tell her to follow the same rule when she is about to sing.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Low Death Rate.  
"You may talk as you please," said the public-spirited suburbanite, "but our town is all right. Why, look at our remarkably low death rate. That's an argument."

"Yes, that's an argument," interrupted the caustic city man. "It shows how very few people would care to be found dead there."—Philadelphia Press.

The Unattainable.  
Woman—These fish don't seem very fresh.  
Fish Hawker (grawlingly)—Wot you wants is fish caught to-morrow and 'ave 'em to-day.

Helped Himself.  
"When I came to this town eighteen years ago," said the leading citizen, "I had only 18 pence in my pockets."

"However," the cynic kindly added, "there were other pockets."—Tit-Bits.

He Knew.  
Teacher—James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed.  
James—Plense, ma'am, at the bottom.—Indianapolis News.

Boston Streets.  
"Haven't been in Boston lately, have you?" "No." "We've been making some big improvements there. Widened one of our streets two inches! Yes, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the Nobility.



Knickerbockers to Be Substituted for Long Trousers.  
The United States army is to have a new uniform. Radical changes are to be made in both service and dress uniforms of officers and men of all branches of the service.

Some time ago Secretary of War Root appointed a special commission of army officers to investigate and report on the question of improvement in the uniforms now worn. This commission has held a number of hearings, examined the uniforms of the armies of other countries and will report to Secretary Root recommending a number of changes.

These recommendations will include the adoption of khaki as the service uniform for all arms, but full-length trousers for privates are to be abolished. The new service uniform proposed will have, in place of full-length trousers, knickerbockers and either leggings or a wrapping for the legs similar to that used in the British army. Long trousers are to be retained in the dress uniform, but the helmet will be abolished and a cap with a visor substituted. The brown slouch hat with the service uniform will be retained.

The proposed changes in the uniform of officers are all in the direction of simplicity. The present long, heavy sword is to be abolished in favor of a short and light-weight weapon similar to that now used in the Italian army. In full-dress uniform officers will wear a cap with visor which is to be modeled after a pattern used in the Prussian regiments of the German army.

The knapsack is to be abolished and in its place there will be a canvas bag that will be suspended by straps over both shoulders. The bag will hang about the middle of the back.

It is expected that Secretary Root will approve the proposed changes and, unless it is found necessary to have Congress pass on the matter, the army will appear in the new uniforms before the end of the year. So far as is known at present it will not be necessary to refer the matter to Congress.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Wisdom in Eclipse.  
Joe—You don't seem afraid to talk with the sweet girl graduate.  
Dick—No; those girls are all so pleased with their new frocks that they won't mention books.

Another Good Way.  
Chimney—Wot's de best way to teach a girl to swim?  
Johnny—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm gently round her waist and—  
Chimney—Oh, cut it out. It's me sister!

Johnny—Oh! Push her off de dock!—Puck.

End.  
"I think I have heard," said the tenderfoot, "that the man you called Rattlesnake Sam came to an unfortunate end—hanged for horse-stealing, or something of that kind."

"Wuss than that, pard," replied the cowboy, shaking his head with ineffable sadness. "He was killed by bein' thrown fr'm a hoss."—Chicago Tribune.

Saw Him First.  
Mrs. Dimplefoot—I am to see the doctor to-day, and I know he will insist upon my going abroad.  
The Hon. John—No, he won't. I met him yesterday and told him if he sent you abroad I couldn't pay his bill.

Fagging.  
"Hey, where's that valise I gave you er quarter ter carry for me?"  
"It's all right, mister. Me little brudder's comin' wid it just as fast as he can."

How Cruel of Him.  
Mrs. Mann—William, why do you race off to the club every evening right after dinner?  
The Hon. Mann—I want to make up for all the evenings I lost while I was courtin'—Chelsea Gazette.

Neighborly Advice.  
Mrs. Nextdoor—My daughter's getting to be quite an enthusiastic piano player.  
Mrs. Pepprey—Yes; why don't you get her to join a union?  
Mrs. Nextdoor—Join a union?  
Mrs. Pepprey—Yes; she wouldn't work more than eight hours a day at it then.—Philadelphia Press.

Answers the Door.  
Mrs. Trout (excitedly)—Bridget, there's a policeman ringin' at the front-door bell.  
Bridget (coolly)—Well, ma'am, yer can tell him O'm not in.

Polite.  
Mrs. Jones—John, there are burglars down stairs!  
Mr. Jones (sleepily)—You go down, dear. They wouldn't dare strike a woman.

The Only Way.  
Wilson—Yes, sir; this summer I expect to own my own home.  
Kidder—How long do you think your wife will be away?

She Wasn't There.  
Woman (to dry goods clerk who has been showing blankets for half an hour)—I thank you for your trouble, but I really didn't intend to buy anything. I'm looking for a friend.  
Clerk—Well, if you think she's in these blankets, I'll go through them again.

No Chance to Talk.  
Wigg—No, I can't say that Talkalot is a friend of mine. I merely have a speaking acquaintance with him.  
Wagg—Most people only have a listening acquaintance.—Philadelphia Record.

Still on Earth.  
"You are an angel," asserted the love-stricken youth. "That's no reason why you should keep her up to unearthly hours," remarked the old man from the head of the stairs.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Superstitious.  
Tess—Don't you really believe in dreams?  
Jesse—No, indeed. It's superstitious to believe in dreams, and besides it's a bad sign when you believe in them, for it usually brings you bad luck.—Philadelphia Press.

Did She Mean Anything Unkind?  
Mother (exhibiting first born)—Don't you see a resemblance? Look at our faces side by side.  
Visitor—Nothing could be plainer.—Punch.

Revenge.  
The Bride—There's only one thing needed to complete our happiness.  
The Groom—What is that, dearest?  
The Bride—I do wish my first husband and your first wife would meet and get married.

No Chance to Repent.  
Bilder—You say you married in haste. Then I suppose you are repenting at leisure?  
Gilder—No; I'm kept so busy hustling that I have no leisure.

The Task Impossible.  
The committee waited upon the successful man.  
"Your fame has preceded you," they said as he entered the room. He smiled serenely. "I am rather well known," he admitted, modestly.  
"You have given names to sleeping-cars, new cigars, health foods and games—names that have pleased the public and your patrons."  
The successful man bowed.  
"Well," said the spokesman, "we have a new baby at our house, and we have come to you to select a name that will please her parents, sisters and brothers, grandparents, cousins, uncles, aunts and friends of the family, and herself, later on."

The impossible.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A wash out on a railway line is one thing and it is quite another on a clothes line.

Many a man seems dead to the world when he is buried in thought.