

# CONAN DOYLE FEARS DRASTIC UPRISING AGAINST MILITANTS

## Believes the Time Is Close at Hand When the English People Will Take the Law Into Their Own Hands and the Result Will Be Nothing Short of Lynching.

WHY do you come to America? was the natural question to put to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on his arrival in New York recently, for any one who would visit New York city in the summer time is immediately suspected of some tremendous ulterior motive.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes mopped his big, round, English face desperately.

"Just for fun—though it doesn't look much like it, I must confess."

Sir Arthur is a huge man, well over six feet, with a powerful frame. He is somewhat heavier than when he was here 20 years ago, and his hair is a little gray, but his step is as light and his slow smile as pleasant as it ever was.

He ignored the question of his visit to America for the moment and hurried to get a grievance off his mind. It was not the weather that was bothering Sir Arthur quite so much as American journalism.

"I am in a bad humor," he announced genially. "I am in a wretched humor, all of it due to American journalism. In the first place, I made the great mistake of not seeing the whole herd of newspaper people at once. Consequently, I have seen at least 40, strung along every minute since 9 o'clock this morning."

"But that is not the trouble. It is what your reporters make me say about the militant movement. I open the late editions of your amazing papers, and find myself headlined as desiring to lynch the militants!"

**Lynching a Possibility**  
"I must correct that or I shall not dare to return to England. I have many very good friends among the militants and among those who favor the militant movement. Now, what I did say to your reporters was that I was afraid the time was close at hand when some very drastic action would be taken. That I very much feared that the people would take the law into their own hands, and that the result would be nothing short of lynching."

"That would be a terrible outcome—I can conceive of nothing more horrible, except that I myself should subscribe to such an action! But the situation is very, very grave indeed—I do not think that you on this side of



the water realize the seriousness of the pass to which we are coming. "So far the government has followed public opinion and so far public opin-

afraid that something is going to happen. Up to this time the police have been able to protect the women against the violence of the mob, but it is becoming more and more difficult."

"What about the argument advanced that the militants will step aside just in time to let the government crawl out of its difficulty by granting suffrage at the request of the non-militants?"

"I have never heard that argument advanced, but, on the face of it, it is not only specious, it is thoroughly immoral. The militants have already gone too far, and I am afraid that the reaction is coming very soon, and that it is going to be disastrous."

### As England Knows Him

This is not the Sir Arthur whom the school boy reader of his detective tales would picture to himself, but it is the Sir Arthur whom England knows, the man who has a keen interest in his country's affairs, the man who has devoted much of his life to reform measures—reform not only in criminal law, which, of course, interests him most, but in the divorce laws—who has devoted the service of his pen to such problems as the Congo question.

"I know that you want to ask me about the police system and the place of the detective story in literature,

### Little Polly's Home

Often, when I read the news  
Of the weddings taking place,  
I just try to picture views  
Of the bride and bridegroom's face,  
And I make up little plays  
All my own inventions of  
All the different kinds of ways  
That they may have felt in love.  
I have quite a lot of fun  
Fitting faces to their names—  
Altogether, that is one  
Of the most amusing games.

When I read of "Mr. Fair,"  
I, for instance, think that he  
Is an ugly man, with hair  
Just as black as it can be.  
"Mr. Short" I make quite long,  
And "Miss Bender" tall and straight;  
I may be completely wrong,  
But it's fun, at any rate.

Sometimes, too, I like to guess  
What their marriage reasons were,  
Why the bride accepted him—  
What he ever saw in her.  
And there was a "bride" last week  
With the queerest name of all!  
She was "Mary Humpledeek."

And the "bridegroom's" name was  
"Ball."  
"Maybe," to myself I said,  
"I am wrong, but, all the same,  
I believe that she was wed  
Just to change her silly name."

ion has not demanded the suppression of the militants. But the patience of the public has just about reached the breaking point, and I am very much

matters but little. It makes me think of a verse from Pope:

"For forms of government let fools  
contend;  
The land that's best administered  
is best."

"The Frank case is a different proposition."  
In view of the fact that Sir Arthur was met at the boat by W. J. Burns, this chance remark sounded interesting.

"Do you think Frank is innocent?"  
"I have not followed the case in sufficient detail—yet. Yes, I have spoken with Mr. Burns about it. He, as you know, is deeply convinced that here is an instance of wrongful conviction, and I am inclined to think that he is right."

### Saved a Man From Prison

It was through the efforts of Sir Arthur, for the time turned Sherlock Holmes himself, that George Edalji, a young Englishman of good character and excellent birth, was saved from seven years of penal servitude. Edalji had been convicted of a number of curious crimes, none of them, however, approaching the horror of the Frank case. Sir Arthur, reading the accounts of his trial, became convinced that George Edalji was an innocent man. He bent all his efforts to an unraveling of the case, and succeeded at last in bringing about Edalji's acquittal and the complete clearing of his name.

This is not the only case where Sir Arthur has slipped, as it were, into the shoes of his own Sherlock Holmes, known the world over. He has made a searching examination of the case of Oscar Slater, condemned under Scottish law for murder in 1906, and now in penal servitude. Even Sir Arthur's efforts have as yet produced no results in Slater's case.

### Stands for Home Rule

"You are interested in the Ulster question here? I am for home rule in Ireland and home rule in Ulster. As for the recent developments I am convinced that the men of Ulster will never submit to an Irish home parliament. I tell you those men are not bluffing. They are in earnest. The outcome will be so serious as to amount practically to a civil war, or it will turn out to be nothing at all."

"I hear that your Colonel Roosevelt returned with an account of a new river. Of course, he has discovered his river, if he says so, you may rely on that. Colonel Roosevelt is a superb man if there ever was one."

In fact, it is not difficult to understand Sir Arthur's admiration for our energetic ex-president. He is a hunter in the same sense that the colonel is a hunter; he is passionately fond of exploration and adventures in wild lands. When still a young man he set sail for the arctic regions in a whaling vessel, and he has made an extended trip along the west coast of Africa, taking with him the keenest

powers of observation and a marvelous memory for scientific facts, which do not remain stored up unused in his mind, but come forth incorporated in such characters, for example, as Dr. Challenger.

It was partly this love of travel and of adventure, and partly that earnest desire to be of service, that sent him off to the Boer war as surgeon in the Langman hospital. It is curious to think of him as Dr. Doyle, but he was for several years a practicing physician at Southsea before he became the writer whose reputation became in a very few years world wide.

### His First Success

Strangely enough, "Sherlock Holmes" was not the first book which attracted attention, but "The Return of Michal Clark." "Sherlock Holmes" had preceded it in 1891, but it was not until his later work became fairly well known that his most popular book came into its own. Since then he has written, as he talks, steadily and evenly. But it must not be imagined that he writes only detective stories. He has published two books on the Boer war; he is the author of numerous contributions to magazines on subjects of current interest, and one of his discussions of the problem of war has been translated into 12 languages and 100,000 copies of it distributed gratuitously.

Sir Arthur comes of a distinguished family. Grandson of John Doyle, a famous caricaturist, he is also the nephew of the well-known "Dicky" Doyle of Punch.

### The Patriot

So many flag I never see,  
Nor hear so many bands  
Like nowadays dere seem to be  
Round dees panmatta-land;  
An' anybody about so much  
For 'redda, white, blue,'  
My patriota heart ees toucht?  
Weeth warms feelin', too,  
My blood ees jump, my fengens ache  
For justa chance to show  
How groats trouble I could mak'  
For dees Mexico.

I was a soldier man bayfore  
I egn' across da sea,  
So bil da ways for makin' war  
Ees nota strange to me,  
You bot my life! dey gona find  
Dat I am brave an' true,  
For yesterday I mak' my mind  
Lous, what I gonna do!  
Eh—'Wat? Put on my soldier suit  
An' tak' my gun?' Oh! no!  
But I won't buy or sal no fruit  
Dat com's from Mexico.

### Mexican Governmental Plan

Mexico is like the United States, a federal republic, with executive powers centralized. There are 27 states, 3 territories, and a federal district, the latter on the analogy of our District of Columbia.

The central government has three coordinate branches—executive, legislative and judicial—each nominally independent of the other. The president, vice-president and cabinet of eight compose the executive branch. The cabinet officers are the secretaries of foreign affairs, interior, justice, public instruction and fine arts; fuel, colonization and industry; communications and public works; finance and public credit, and war and marine.

# HOW THE BY-PRODUCTS OF A PORTLAND PACKING PLANT ARE PREPARED

## Wool Pullery, Glue Factory and Fertilizer Plant Take Material Not Acceptable as Foodstuff and Turn It Into a Variety of Useful Products by Processes That Are Interesting If Unpleasantly Odorous.

By F. L.

WHEN you poured the cream in your coffee this morning you probably did not stop to speculate on the eventual fate of the mild eyed bossy who furnished you one of the most enjoyable parts of your breakfast. When she has ceased to be profitable to the dairy she will be fattened and sold to the stockyards and by them, sold to the Union Meat company. You will possibly eat a steak or so of the 56 per cent which is utilized for beef, but how about the remaining 44 per cent? In the days when beef and hogs and sheep were killed and dressed on the farm, the 44 per cent would have been wasted, just as most of it is today in the small cities where animals are slaughtered for the local butcher.

But today here in Portland every bit of what was formerly waste material is utilized.

Not only will you eat a steak from bossy, but you will wash your hands with the soap made from her residual fats.

You will brush your teeth with a tooth brush made from her shin bone. You will wear shoes made from her hide.

Your sugar will be refined with the albumen extracted from her blood.

You will take your quinine in capsules made from her gelatinous tendons.

You will brush your hair with a brush whose back is made from her horn.

Your pipe stem has been made from the tip of her horn.

The pepsin in the gum you chew comes from her glands.

The automobile seat you sit on is upholstered with her hair.

The rocking chair in which you stretch at ease before the fireplace in the evening is stuck together with glue made from scraps of her hide.

The very newspaper which you are reading is printed with ink made from carbonized waste from some mild eyed cow.

In North Portland, near Kenton, in company with a Journal artist, I recently spent a half day going through some of the factories where the by-products of the factory plant are handled. The Portlander who visits the wool-pullery, the glue factory and the fertilizer works there will certainly be traveling abroad at home for shuttle-

like, the threads of these industries weave back and forth between Portland and the far places of the earth.

A blind and deaf man would need no guide to find the wool pullery; he would only have to follow his nose. Tracing the odor to its source, we found a number of workmen unloading a freight car. They were taking in truckloads of sheep pelts, the odor of which would make a skunk blush for his very ineffectiveness. With the superintendent, we went through the plant, following the pelt process by process.

"First of all," said the superintendent, "the pelts are thrown in the 'soak.' This takes the salt out and washes off the blood. Here is the next process."

**Where Pelts Are Cleaned**

We stepped over to a machine, where a man took up a pelt from a large pile that had just been brought from the "soak" and fed it into a machine. As it pulled forward he pulled back, allowing it to be fed in gradually. Within two or three minutes the dirty brown pelt came out free from sand and dirt and white and clean.

Another workman threw the clean pelts into a centrifugal extractor, where they had all the moisture shaken and thrown out of them.

On a broad table a workman with rubber gloves spread the pelts, as they came from the centrifugal drier, with the wool side down, and with a broad brush painted them with a greenish paste, folded them with the wool side out and stacked them in piles on the floor nearby.

Going to a pile of pelts that had been painted the evening before, I found I could rub my hand along the skin and brush off all the wool. The wool came off the skin as smoothly as though it were lather and my hand a safety razor.

"Tell me the how and why of that," I said.

"That green paint the man is spreading on the pelts is a depilatory. It is made of arsenic, lime and sulphurous acid. The pelts sweat and the pores are enlarged, so the wool roots are loosened, and consequently it can be scraped off easily. We cannot let the green paste stay on too long, as it would ruin the skin, so when the wool is scraped off we send the 'slats,' as the skins are termed to the vat, where they remain in a lime solution for a week. From there they go to the 'beam' house, where they are 'fleshed' and trimmed and 'worked out.' They are then sent to the 'drencher,' where they are soaked in soft water and mid-

dlings to draw out the lime. They are then sent to the picking vats to be treated with salt water and a mild solution of sulphuric acid, and from there they go to the grader."

We watched the grader take up each "slat," give it a quick appraising glance and throw it on one of a large number of different stacks of skins.

"Yes, we divide the 'slats' into 16 grades. We sell them in dozen lots at an average of 25 cents a skin to the glovemakers."

As I held up a soft lamb skin I could not help thinking of the tonsured monks in their cloisters and monasteries in the long gone days working for years to print by hand on sheep skins or vellum, as they termed it, the Bible or other religious works.

In the art room of the Portland public library there is a small volume, a duodecimo, called "The Book of Hours." It is beautifully illuminated. Every picture and every letter drawn by a hand long dead, on the sheep skin, is a work of art. Nowadays, with printing presses turning out 70,000 papers an hour, it would take a pretty large flock of sheep to furnish us our reading matter.

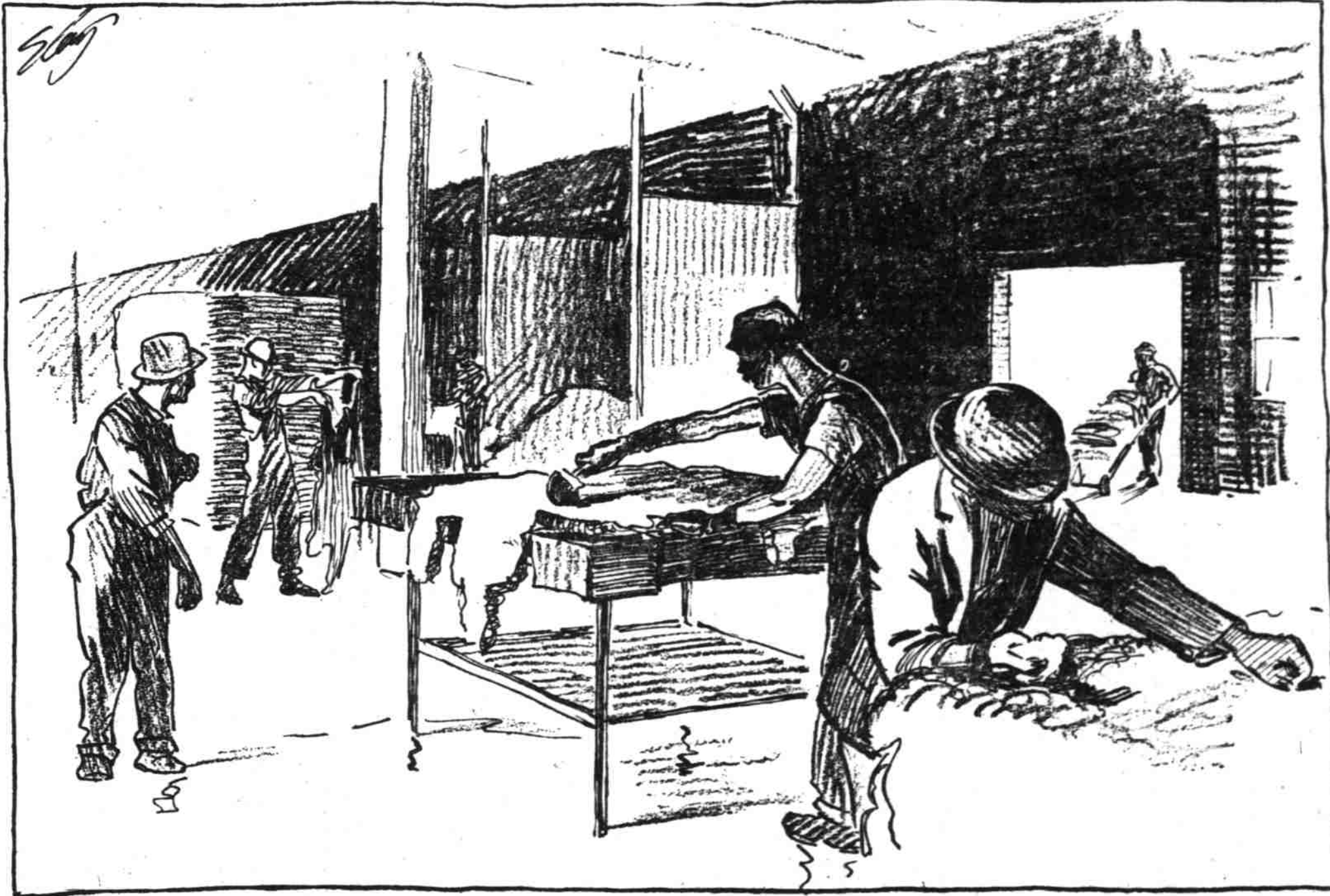
In the wool sorting room the workmen have a curving table on which the pelt is placed. The pullers are paid two and one-fourth cents a pelt and they earn from \$18 to \$24 a week.

**Wool Carefully Graded**

"We divide the wool into 52 grades so you see it takes an expert to do the grading," continued our guide. "Many of the pelts we get are unshorn. We had a fleece the other day whose staple was 21 inches long. From this drying oven and combing machine the wool is taken to the presses and baled ready for shipment."

From the wool pullery we went to the glue factory. If you can imagine a wooden tub large enough for a full grown elephant to sit down in, you will have a good picture of the wooden tub in which the bits of hide, the trimmings of the pelts, the sinews from the picking machine and all the other scraps are soured around in the preliminary stages of their trip to the glue pot. A big cone revolves constantly, rolling and pressing and stirring up the scraps. After being pounded around for five or six hours in the washing machine the scraps are treated with lime to swell the stock so that when it goes to the cooker the glue will separate from the tissue. This residue or tissue is treated with sulphurous acid to get out the grease which goes to the tank house to be used in the manufacture of soap.

The scraps from the washing vat are cooked for 10 hours. This is repeated six times and the glue is strained off through excelsior in the false bottom of the vats. The glue is drawn into evaporators where the water is driven off in the form of steam. The glue remaining is pumped off and treated to prevent souring and is then put in



Interior of a wool pullery; sketched between gasps at the window.

the press and chilled till it is solid. It is then cut into one-half inch slabs and placed on drying frames.

I picked up a heavy, quivery slab of glue from the cutting machine and in my other hand I held a thin, tough brittle transparent sheet of glue.

"That heavy, rubber like slab of glue will be just as thin, as light and brittle when it has come out of the drying oven as that bit of commercial glue you have in your hand," said the superintendent of the glue factory. We went from frame to frame and from bin to bin examining the various grades of glue.

"We make about 40,000 pounds a month. Here is one of our lowest grades. It is heavy and dark. It is made from bones instead of hide trimmings. It is used by undertakers to glue the lining in caskets," said our guide.

From the glue factory we went to the fertilizer plant.

It has an odor all its own. It is hard to say which of the two, the glue factory or the fertilizer

works, smells the worst. Whichever one you happen to be in you will think must be the worst. In the fertilizer works you will find huge piles of digester tankage or meat meal, made from the ground up cracklings from the lard department, also big slabs of beef scraps pressed in an hydraulic press and ground up here for chicken feed. Here, too, you will see heaps of blood meal and blood flour and dried, ground and powdered manure, to say nothing of long stacks of sacks containing fertilizer ready for shipment.

In one room I saw several cartloads of bones. There were deer horns, elk horns, buffalo skulls, horse hoofs and all sorts of bones. If those dry bones had suddenly come to life there would have been a regular menagerie on hand.

**Bones of Men Occasionally Used.**

"That is a shipment of bones we have just received from Montana. We often get human skulls in our bones

from Montana, probably from some old Indian burying ground.

"Last year we had a shipment of 125 tons of human bones from India and we have a 30 ton shipment on the way now. You can find human jaw bones, leg bones and pieces of skull among the broken up bones. They do not bury their people there. They burn them. The poorer classes can not afford enough wood to burn their dead to ashes so the bones are gathered up and shipped as old bones. Look up the custom receipts and you will see the United States imports lots of bones from Asia." We grind up the best of the bones into chicken feed. Most of the human bones from the funeral pyres that we received from India become poultry food. Bone is a fine egg product.

In another place I saw a large heap of cow horns. "We send the horns to Philadelphia. They steam them and split them and make them into buttons. The white horns we ship to Japan. The dark ones are made into potassium cyanide."

Fastened to the wall were a number of long racks on which were hundreds of snow white beef shin bones. "After the sinews have been taken out and sent to the glue factory the shin bones are put in cold water," our guide said. "The hoofs are taken off and the bones in the foot are boiled to get the oil which is used for leather dressing. The shin bones are cooked at low temperatures, not boiled, and all neatfoot oil is drawn off. When the shin bones are free from grease they are carefully washed, graded into heavy and light flats, and heavy and light rounds and are placed on these racks to be air dried. We ship them to Connecticut where crochet needles and toothbrush handles are made from them."

"It would be interesting to trace how far the products of a single steer in this factory goes. As a starter his shine goes to Connecticut, his hoofs to Japan, his horns to Philadelphia, his meat to Manila, his glue to China and the Orient, and that is just a beginning."