

Must Trade Wives or Leave the Band.

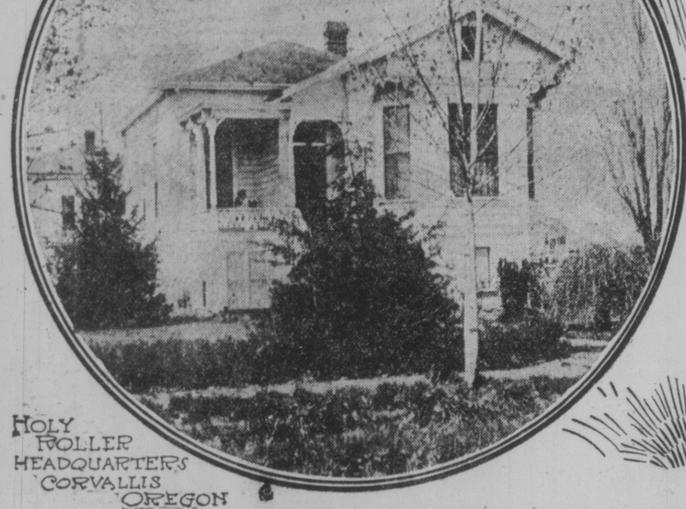
Wonderful following of a Crazy Man who says he is Joshua and who has been RIDDEN ON A RAIL.



CREFFELD AFTER HIS CAPTURE



A GROUP OF 'HOLY ROLLERS' AT KIEGERS ISLAND CREFFELD WITH OPEN BIBLE ON HIS LAP



HOLY ROLLER HEADQUARTERS CORVALLIS OREGON

Special Correspondence of The Inquirer.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 2.

SIX of his victims crazed by his influence and sent to asylums, four young girls sent to the Portland Home, respected families broken up, wives estranged from their husbands and parents repudiated by their children is the terrible score against Edmund Creffeld, a self-styled Joshua, who in four years has passed from tramp to Salvation Army exhorter and thence to organizer and leader of a new religious sect, and who now lies in a cot in prison in Portland, Oregon, charged with one of the greatest crimes against human society. In spite of all the fanatics he has stirred up, his own mind, according to the testimony of the medical experts of Oregon, is clear and normal. His zeal, if such it may be called, has cost him a coat of tar and feathers and all but brought him a hangman's noose, adjusted by a great mob of outraged citizens.

A strange magnetism which the man possesses has attracted to him scores of followers, who see in his new teachings the only great divine truth, and who follow him blindly where they will follow no one else. Home ties have been severed and unbelieving husbands cast off by women who accept the creed of "God's Elect," as Creffeld calls his following. To people generally they are known as the "Holy Rollers," a name earned by their custom of tossing about on the bare earth to bring themselves to a state of religious ecstasy. Were these followers solely of the ignorant, Creffeld and his people would have attracted scant notice, but among them are highly intelligent people of Northern Oregon.

Many who have joined have had their minds wrecked by practicing the strange rites with which Creffeld has surrounded his religion. In one family, that of O. V. Hurt, of Corvallis, Ore., four members were driven insane and one was committed to a home. Mrs. Hurt, her son, her daughter and daughter-in-law joined Creffeld's band. The frenzy into

which he worked them with his exhortations soon unbalanced them mentally and they were sent to an asylum. Creffeld married the daughter of the Portland Home, and the day after he escaped from the Portland Home, he thought that the marriage would afford him protection.

Florence Lynch, a little girl, has made a sensational affidavit, in which she accuses the members of a religious sect called the "Holy Jumpers," of committing bigamy. She asserts that who join must renounce former marriages and select wives from among the members of the sect.

Her own father and mother did this, she says. She also says her father not only left her a prisoner, but brutally beat her, ending his attack by pulling a handful of hair from her head. In part she says: "I am of the age of 16 years and the daughter of James Lynch and Lizzie Lynch, members of the organization known as 'Holy Jumpers.' My parents joined the same when I was 9 years old and we have been members ever since. Upon joining said organization they renounced their former marriage and my father chose Sarah E. Collins as wife. My mother chose J. R. Hudson as husband. Both Mr. Collins and Mr. Hudson were married, and their husband and wife chose other members as their wife and husband.

"Neither my father nor my mother was ever divorced or married except as they were married by the church officers. Married people joining the 'Holy Jumpers' must give up their former husbands and wives and choose of the members of the organization as their wives. They teach, are wholly sinful and can never be good."

The strange prophet, who is but 31 years of age, was a tramp four years ago. He had come to the United States from Germany in 1898 and luck had been against him. If he could do all this for the Salvation Army, why not for himself? Why not make himself the head of a new religion? Why not turn the devotion of his followers to his own use? Slowly he began to act upon this plan. He cemented his band to himself with the strongest ties and

He doubled the size of the Seattle army in a few weeks by his conversions. He was sent to Salem, Oregon, to build up a branch of the Salvation Army, and met with the same success that had crowned his efforts in Seattle. He was a born orator; his presence was magnetic and great crowds gathered to hear him. He was clear of countenance, pleasing in facial expression and possessed of a penetrating eye. It was noticed that his power over women was most remarkable. They comprised four-fifths of his converts. All this time Creffeld was living a pure life and practicing the doctrines he preached.

As he became conscious of his power, a change came over him. He saw what he had been able to do by his own efforts and then the fire and ambition crept into his heart. If he could do all this for the Salvation Army, why not for himself? Why not make himself the head of a new religion? Why not turn the devotion of his followers to his own use? Slowly he began to act upon this plan. He cemented his band to himself with the strongest ties and

then with them went to Corvallis, Oregon, where he announced his new religion, called his people God's Elect and proclaimed himself their leader, appointed by the Lord. He declared that he, and he alone, communicated with God, and that his every action was directed by God. The great trial had been made, the crucial step taken and he had won. Those who had blindly believed in him blindly followed

him. He preached in Corvallis with great fervor, and he saw his band double in size. His creed was brief. It was: "Joshua is our leader." "His every act is inspired from on high." "Do nothing, be it as trivial as it may, without asking heaven and receiving directions from above." "Do nothing for money."

Creffeld has been taken back to Portland for his trial. His zeal is undiminished. He reads the Bible long hours of the day and night. He talks rationally upon all topics and frequently discusses his religious beliefs. Dowie, he says, is an impostor. Of himself he says he preaches the truth as he sees it. The people of Oregon are unanimous in their verdict and assert that it will go hard with Creffeld before they are through with him.

The Man Who Didn't Kill Strobeloff

THE death of Von Biehe," said the Rev. Adolph Roeder, of Orange, N. J., "reminds me of a very curious incident which brought me in touch with the murder of Strobeloff, the Russian chief of police who was killed by the Nihilists in the '80s.

"It was a peculiar thing to happen to an American citizen, and the incidents in their order make a complete and finished story such as one doesn't often encounter in real life.

"One day, in 1887, a man sat on a bench in a park in Baltimore, planning the best way to commit suicide. He had sat on the bench all night. He had no money, he knew no one in America, he had been unable to get work, and he thought that he had got about all out of life that was coming to him.

"In the morning a workman on his way to work noticed that the man was in trouble and spoke to him. They fell into conversation, and it ended in the workman's sending him to me, a minister being at all times considered a private charity organization.

"I reached my house just at breakfast time. I told him he needn't commit suicide till after breakfast, anyway, and then he could tell me his story.

"He unfolded a curious tale. He gave his name as Nikola Henckel and said he was the son of a ducal house of North Germany and that his mother was a Russian and a relative of the Czar.

"When he left school, in a burst of youthful enthusiasm he joined the Nihilists, as he was then living in Russia. At the very first meeting after he joined lots were drawn to see who should kill Strobeloff, and the lot fell on him.

"His nerve was not equal to it, and he fled the country, knowing very well that he was in danger from the society. He went to South America and put his money into a mining claim, which he was working with a partner.

"The partner stole all his money and ran away one night. He walked eighty miles to the coast and got a berth to work his passage on a ship. The ship came to Baltimore, where he was discharged. He had found no other work, had used up all his

money, had received no answer to his letters home, and there he was.

"He took down the 'Almanach de Gotha' and showed me his family tree and record. That did not make his story any the less wild, but I could see that he was a young fellow with high education and acquainted with many languages.

"I consulted a friend, and between us we found him some pupils, and put him in the way of earning a living. He seemed very grateful, and promised to repay all we had spent on him.

"Before he had done so, however, he disappeared. It was a very hot day in August, and we made the rounds of the hospitals, thinking he might have been overcome with the heat. When we did not find him we shook hands, congratulated each other that the experiment had not been a costly one, and dismissed it as one more case of misplaced confidence.

"But a few weeks after that I received a letter from a lawyer. This lawyer said that he had received a remittance of several hundred dollars for Nikola Henckel from his mother, and said he understood I could give him information of Nikola Henckel's whereabouts.

"We began to think Henckel's story might be true, and laid the matter before the Baltimore Police Department. A detective was put on the case. He turned his attention to the Russians in the city.

"For some reason or other his suspicions were directed against a certain Russian shoemaker, with a basement shop. He got this shoemaker drunk, and in that condition got the story out of him, or enough of it to know pretty well what had happened.

"The shoemaker had accosted Henckel on some pretext, and had invited him into his shop to have a cool drink, it being a terribly hot day. Once in the shop Henckel was overpowered, bound and gagged, by two men.

"They kept him, bound and gagged, in that shop for two days, while we were hunting for him. Then they took him on board a Russian sailing vessel and took him to Russia.

"By correspondence afterward I ascertained the whole story. Whether for poetic justice, or because they thought it safer, or for what reason, the Nihilists did not kill Henckel, but turned him over to the Russian Government.

"Russia was in a state of excitement over the killing of Strobeloff. When Henckel ran away from the task, Vera Sassouitch volunteered.

"She shot the chief of police dead at the foot of the statue of the Czar Alexander. She was executed almost immediately, but, of course, the government was eager to apprehend all that had been involved in the plot.

"The two men who had captured Henckel turned State's evidence, and accused him of having intended to murder the Chief of Police. Their evidence was taken, but they were taken also, and sentenced to Siberia.

"Henckel was condemned to death, but through the influence of his mother the sentence was commuted to exile to Siberia, and all three were sent away together. It would have been a study for a psychological novelist, those three men marching away to Siberia together.

"Henckel's story to me was true in every particular. His name was Henckel just as Queen Victoria's name was Guelph. But in Europe he would be known only by the family title, which I shall not give, as it would be recognized.

"Well, that was seventeen years ago. About a year ago I heard that Henckel had escaped and was coming to America. I hope he will get here, but that was nearly a year ago now, and I am afraid his plans have miscarried. I am afraid the man who didn't kill Strobeloff will die in Siberia."

Mrs. Candidate Tries Her Hand With Women

GEORGE," said Mrs. Candidate, "I've learned the Declaration of Independence."

"Ah," responded her husband.

"Yes," she continued, with an important air, "and I have also read the Constitution from beginning to end."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Candidate, surprised.

"Of course," she explained, "I have an object in this."

"Of course," he assented.

"And I want you to guess what it is," she said, placing her chair close to his hammock.

"Preparing for a civil-service examination?" he suggested.

"Certainly not!" she answered, with some asperity. "What do I want with a government position?"

Mr. Candidate rolled a cigarette.

"Guess again," said his wife.

"Perhaps," he said, with an air of reflection, "you intend to start a club."

"Somebody told you!" exclaimed Mrs. Candidate, disappointed. "We had our first meeting to-day."

"You underestimate my discernment, Mattie," said her husband, indolently.

"Well, I did think I'd keep you guessing ever so long," said his wife, regretfully. "But isn't it grand!" she went on, recovering her spirit.

"What?" he asked drovvally, "the Constitution or the club?"

"Oh," she replied, "to be always talking politics; you know, George, how I revel in politics."

"There is no politics in the Constitution," he remarked judicially.

"We'll soon get away from the Constitution," she answered, knowingly.

"I don't doubt it," agreed Mr. Candidate. Then, with the air of a man to whom an idea had suddenly occurred, he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mattie. I'll give you something handsome, a new trap, or that opal ring you admire, if you'll promise never to mention politics, ancient or modern, outside of the club."

"How remarkable," exclaimed his wife admiringly. "Joshua seem to read my very thoughts this evening before I express them. I had that very idea when I organized the club."

"You see," he went on, warming to his subject, "I understand practical politics generally and the exigencies and needs of my race for office so much better than you do, and—"

"I know," interrupted his wife with a sigh, "I've had so little experience. I admit, that I don't understand men and that I may lose you votes instead of—"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Candidate, delighted to find his wife in this humble frame of mind. "Now it's perfectly safe for you to discuss George Washington and all those old fellows with a lot of women, and besides," he continued, in the tone of a university professor, "it's improving, enlightening, uplifting."

Mrs. Candidate regarded him with an embarrassed air as he settled down more comfortably into the hammock and proceeded to light his cigarette.

"Don't you think, George," she began hesitatingly, "that I might do better with women than with men? Accomplish more, I mean—"

"Unquestionably!" he said encouragingly, "and I'm sure, Mattie," he continued, kindly, "that you don't want to aid in my defeat."

"Indeed I don't, George," said his wife feelingly. "I'll do anything for you! I'd try to get votes for you even if the whole club got down on me."

She glanced at him doubtfully. Mr. Candidate caught the look, and there was a note of anxiety in his voice, though he tried to speak quietly.

"That's an ambiguous remark, Mattie."

"Well, I admit, George, that the club got into something of a tangle this afternoon," she said in a deprecating way.

Mr. Candidate knitted his brow, threw away his cigarette, and waited.

"Mrs. Mosbach said that the politicians of to-day ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with the patriots of 1776, and that his wife, gathering courage slightly.

"Uncomplimentary, I admit," said her husband, dryly.

"So I got up and said that no purer patriot than you ever lived on this earth."

"There was hope in Mr. Candidate's smile as he listened to his wife.

"And then—and then—" she faltered a little. "I could stand by George," said his wife, gathering courage slightly.

"Well?" he queried, helpfully, trying to smooth the way for her.

"To know how many of the members would—would—" she stammered.

"Go on," said Mr. Candidate in a strained voice.

"Vote for you if they had a vote," she finished, breathlessly.

"Great conscience alive, Mattie!" exclaimed Mr. Candidate, sitting upright in the hammock.

She drew back, startled.

"Then this club business is merely a blind to enable you to pursue your mania for meddling in my political affairs, is it?" he exclaimed with illy concealed rage.

"Well, George," she said, brokenly, "I thought I might influence the voters through their wives."

"A great scheme!" he exclaimed with withering sarcasm. "I am satisfied that no one on earth save you, Mattie, could have conceived it!"

"Well, you needn't worry about it, George," said his wife, slightly defiant, "it was laid on the table unanimously, so you see they didn't vote on it. And then somebody offered a resolution to adjourn, and that was the end of it, but the next time—"

"Mattie," said Mr. Candidate, in a hoarse whisper, "if my name, or my office, or my candidacy is ever again mentioned in this woman's club I shall insist that you never enter it again."

And Mr. Candidate strode away to the gooseberry patch and dug viciously for an hour—Washington Post.

Wise Woman, This

WOMEN'S ways are inscrutable, and they do a great many things that seem to be utterly without point to men, but it has been my experience that time shows they had a pretty good reason for the queer tricks they played us," said a traveling salesman.

"For instance," he continued, "my wife has an angelic disposition. She has always had that disposition, and it was one of the many things that attracted me to her. After we became engaged, however, on several occasions she did things which seemed to me to be utterly inexcusable. I've got

something of a temper, and I would get pretty hot, but every time the little trouble passed off—she having gained her point, however. This sort of thing happened several times, but we were finally married.

"After the ceremony she never gave any symptoms of inconsistency, but was always as sweet and amiable as she could be. One day I asked her why she had done these things during our engagement and if she had done them merely to make me angry.

"Certainly I did, my dear," was her surprising reply. "I am a prudent woman and merely wanted to make sure I could manage you when you were mad."