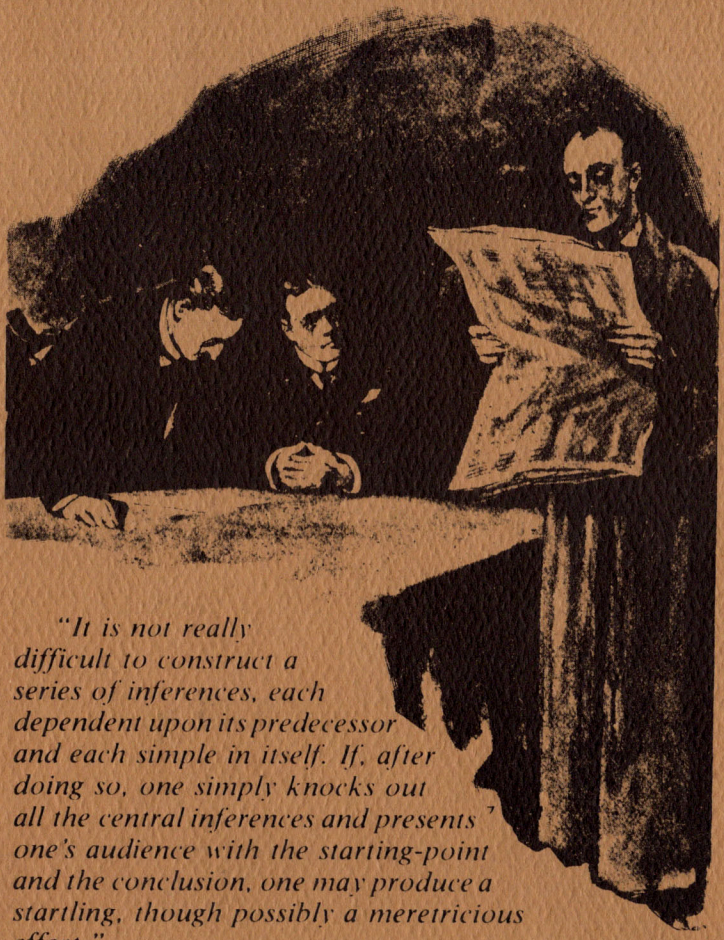
# CASE BOOK



*"It is not really difficult to construct a series of inferences, each dependent upon its predecessor and each simple in itself. If, after doing so, one simply knocks out all the central inferences and presents one's audience with the starting-point and the conclusion, one may produce a startling, though possibly a meretricious effect."*

Sherlock Holmes




# CONSULTING DETECTIVE™

by
Gary Grady, Suzanne Goldberg
&
Raymond Edwards

Sleuth Publications • San Francisco



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# CASE BOOK

## Volume I



*"Come Watson, come," he cried, "The game is afoot."*

## Consulting Detective Game



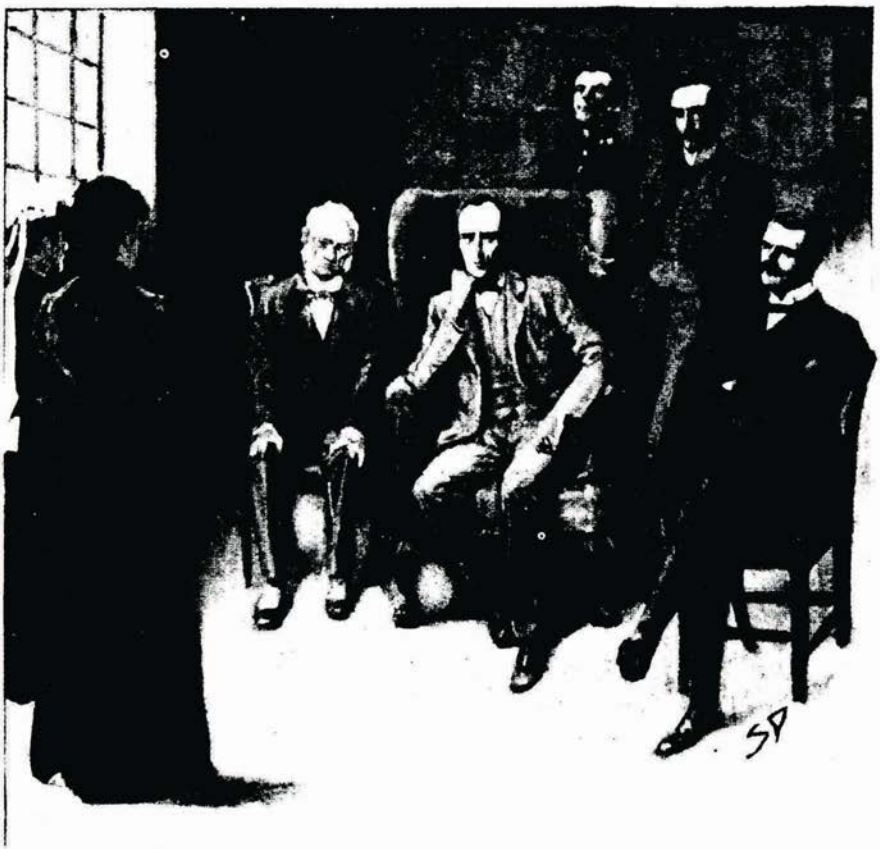
This game is dedicated to:
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
who created a world that will live forever,
and
Sidney Paget
who gave vision to that world.

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# CASE ONE

## The Case of the Murdered Munitions Magnate

### 20 March, 1888

Despite the lateness of the month, March is still roaring like a lion. In fact, just as we alight from our cab in front of 221B Baker, a derby hat skitters by propelled by the fierce wind. In close pursuit is none other than Wiggins, chief of the Baker Street Irregulars and, after Dr. Watson, Sherlock Holmes' most able assistant. Before we can join in the chase, Wiggins manages to halt the flying bit of finery with a deft stroke of his umbrella. Cramming it squarely on his head, he saunters back towards us.

"Hello," he says cheerily. "It would appear that Mr. Holmes is summoning the troops. Shall we?"

With the point of his umbrella, a very versatile tool it appears, Wiggins stabs the doorbell. It is several moments before Mrs. Hudson answers. After a brief exchange of greetings, she sends us on our way to Holmes' apartment.

Above, we find Holmes and Dr. Watson sitting at a table engaged in earnest conversation with a gentleman in his late forties, expensively dressed yet somewhat rumpled in appearance.

"Warm yourselves," says Holmes, "and I will explain my reasons for calling you out on such a bitter morning."

Coats and hats are immediately shed—there is a distinct 'pop' as Wiggins removes his derby—and a rush is made for the fireplace. In due course introductions are made, and the gentleman is identified as Mr. Richard Allen, brother of the late Courtney Allen, president of the Grant Arms Company.

"It is the recent death of Mr. Allen's late brother," says Holmes, "that occassions his visit to us. Briefly, Courtney Allen was found shot to death in an alley behind his office on the evening of March 9th at approximately 7:00 p.m. by the constable on patrol. Scotland Yard has put the crime down as a simple robbery 'by person or persons unknown,' largely due to the fact that the victim's wallet was found empty near the body and his gold pocket watch was missing. Mr. Allen was just telling us a bit about his brother when you arrived. Please continue, Mr. Allen."

"Well, Courtney was a dynamic individual. Always busy, forever on the move. Yet he had the unique ability to make ten minutes spent with you seem like an hour, so complete was his attention to you. Of course, his charm worked like a magic potion on the ladies."

"You said he was married?" asks Watson with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, yes... poor Beatrice."

"Was he involved in an, ah, in an affair at the time of his death?" asks Wiggins.

"Yes, I believe he was, but I have no clue as to who the lady might have

been. You see, the night before he was killed, I popped 'round to his office at about half-past five and managed to coax him to supper at Keen's. We were there but a short while when Courtney begged leave. He indicated that he had an important meeting, said 'Auf Wiedersehen,' and winked. That wink meant a woman."

"Is the company financially sound?" asks Watson.

"Oh, quite. A fine investment for anyone's portfolio. You see, the company was founded as a small gun shop some seventy-odd years ago by our great-uncle Thaddeus Grant. It catered to a very elite clientele."

"Most of the chaps in the regiment were equipped with pistols from Grant's," nods Watson. "Why, Braxton—you've heard me speak of Braxton, Holmes—he had a pair of the finest duelling pistols—"

"Yes, Watson. Pray continue, Mr. Allen."

"Courtney, always fascinated by firearms, apprenticed himself to Uncle Thaddeus. When Thaddeus died in 1873, he bequeathed the business to Courtney. While maintaining the original shop and its tradition, Courtney expanded into the international arms trade. With loans and the sale of public stock, he was able to build a plant at 12 Deverell-street for the manufacture of heavy ordnance. Today the firm is debt-free and very profitable. Of course, a drop in the share price occurred with the news of my brother's death."

"Who has ascended to the presidency?" asks Watson.

"Courtney's picked successor, Phillip Marlowe, the 2nd vice-president."

"And why not the senior vice-president?"

"Young Lord Ragland, who runs the Deverell-street plant is a brilliant technician but a most inept businessman."

"Who inherits your brother's stock?"

"His wife, Beatrice."

"Now I think we might examine the effects found with your brother." So saying, Holmes turns his attention to a briefcase and a large, brown envelope.

"It looks as if some sharp object has been used on it," comments Watson, referring to a long gouge on the leather of the briefcase.

"Yes, and it's practically brand-new. I gave it to Courtney for his last birthday, January 6th. As you can see, it is locked. The police found it that way. Courtney kept the key on a chain attached to his watch fob. The watch, of course, was stolen.

Holmes retrieves a long piece of wire from the coal scuttle. After gaining Allen's permission, he inserts it into the lock and, with a quick flick of the wrist, springs the lock open.

He pulls out several folders for our examination. Each is filled with company papers and is coded to indicate its contents. One marked ML-C, for instance, concerns various coal mine leases. Another, marked S-87-R, contains a listing of sales to the Russian Government during the preceding year. One folder is empty. It is marked SP#10-A.

Holmes then empties the contents of the envelope onto the table. The inventory includes: spectacles and case, a ruby ring, a gold wedding band, a key chain with keys, an empty wallet, a small notebook and a note which reads: "Meet me tonight at Spaniard's - 10 - A.M."

Seizing on the notebook, Holmes observes, "There are two entries on the day of your brother's death. 'Capt. Egan — 8:30 p.m!!!' Can you tell us who Captain Egan might be, Mr. Allen?"

"I've never heard the name."

"The other entry is, 'Plant — 8 a.m. — surprise!'.... The previous day's entry

is 'Bishop's F — 8:30 p.m.' and a notation that it's 'Billy's Mother's Birthday.'"

"'Billy' is Courtney's secretary, William Linhart."

Holmes compares the writing in the notebook with that of the note. They appear to be identical. He nods and says, "I believe we have enough to begin our investigation."

After Allen has gone, Wiggins comments that his hand gestures were most intriguing. "Combining infinite subtlety with tremendous force, it is easy to imagine that he has no trouble making his wishes known on the floor of the London Stock Exchange."

"I don't recall Allen giving out his occupation," says Watson, puzzled.

"No," replies Wiggins, "but certain phrases he spoke, coupled with the penciled notations on his left shirt cuff, stock prices surely, led me to conclude that he was a stockbroker."

"Bravo, Wiggins! Well, Watson, our young man has come a long way since the days when you described him as 'a dirty, little street arab,' eh?"

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes, but, after all, I was taught by the master."

"True," says Holmes matter-of-factly. "Quite true."

# CASE TWO

## The Case of the Mystified Murderess

### 4 July, 1888

At 221B Baker Street we find Holmes just as Dr. Watson's note had described him: listless, unresponsive, oblivious to all around him.

"He has not resorted to the needle as yet," whispers Watson. "My plan may keep him from it," indicating the newspaper clippings in his hand.

"A tightrope walker at the Royal Italian Circus fell to his death... Foul Play suspected... what do you think, Holmes?"

No answer.

"'Society Burglar strikes again'.... Hmm, a series of burglaries.... Six such over the period June 2nd to June 17th.... On July 2nd, the seventh occurred at the home of Sir Sanford Leeds.... 'Cleopatra Tiara' stolen.... As in the others, no sign of extensive search by the thief and only one piece of jewelry involved.... Victims elsewhere at the time. Here's a complete list of the particulars, Holmes, if you'd care to read it."

Silence.

"Ah, here's a puzzle.... A hansom picked up a fare at its regular stand.... The passenger spoke up when he realized that they were headed in the wrong direction but got no answer.... Oh, my.... The cabbie was dead, still sitting upright in his seat, a knife in his back!.... A policeman managed to halt the vehicle.... Around the cabbie's neck was a pouch containing thirty Roman coins, denarii."

"The stupid fools!" exclaims Holmes. "If they had allowed the horse to proceed, it would have led them to the scene of the crime! Let me see that, Watson!"

Watson hands him the clipping and casts a self-satisfied smile in our direction.

As Holmes, his enthusiasm restored, occupies himself with the clipping, the doorbell rings.

"I beg you for your help, Mr. Holmes," entreats a tall, bespectacled young man, identifying himself as Gerald Locke. "Three days ago, Guy Clarendon was found murdered at Halliday's. It's preposterous, but Miss Frances Nolan has been charged and is being detained at the Criminal Court, Old Bailey."

"I was just about to bring the matter to your attention, Holmes," says Watson, waving another clipping.

"I cannot believe that she is capable of murder. Even of such a scoundrel as Guy Clarendon."

"Scoundrel?" asks Watson. "I've only heard very good things about the younger Clarendon. Scion of a wealthy family, an accomplished batsman for the West London Cricketeers, a ranked fencer in international competition—"

"He was a bounder! Very fond of cards and strong drink and he associated with some rather low East End types. His father had all but disinherited him. I tried to tell Frances that he was only after her money, but to no avail."

"Frances and Loretta Nolan," says Holmes, suddenly stirring to life, "the surviving heirs of Sir Malcolm Nolan, founder of the Aberdeen Navigation Company. Sir Malcolm and Lady Nolan were killed when an avowed anarchist, one Zagreb Yoblinski, threw a bomb into their carriage, mistakenly thinking it carried the Duke of York. Loretta Nolan, aged 4 or 5 at the time, was also in the carriage. Miraculously, she was uninjured. Yes, the gory details of the assassination as well as those of the disposition of a considerable estate were well-documented in the tabloids. Mr. Locke, you are the suitor for Miss Nolan's hand, are you not?"

"Yes," he admits.

"Why was Miss Nolan charged with the murder?"

"Ah, well...." Locke hesitates. He seems very uncomfortable and removes his spectacles, wiping them as a cover for his distress. Finally in a low, resigned voice he answers, "She was discovered over the body with a pistol in her hand."

Holmes nods, takes up the clipping of the cabbie's death again and turns a deaf ear to Locke's renewed protestations of Miss Nolan's innocence. "I'm sorry, Mr. Locke," he says finally, cutting him off, "but I cannot personally take your case. Another very pressing matter has come to my attention." He goes to retrieve his hat, adding, "You can rest assured, however, that I could not leave you in better hands," and then he is gone.

"Ah...well, Mr. Locke," sputters Dr. Watson. "You must excuse...ah... that is.... As Holmes suggested, we will spare no pains to get at the truth. You have nothing to worry about."

"I...I,..I'm sure I don't," says Locke, sounding rather unconvinced.

## CASE THREE

## The Case of the Lionized Lions

### 17 August, 1888

The first morning post brings us the following note:

17 August, 1888

Dear Friends:

Check today's Times. I think you will find something of interest. Confer with you later.

Holmes

# CASE FOUR

## The Case of the Cryptic Corpse

### 5 March, 1889

It is early in the morning when a note arrives summoning us to meet Holmes at the morgue at Bart's. Making it a point to forego breakfast, we proceed there immediately.

At the hospital, a young orderly, mistaking sleepy eyes for sorrowful ones, assumes we have come to identify the remains of a loved one. So excessive are his expressions of sympathy, we have not the heart to disabuse him and quickly make our way down the corridor toward a stairway and descend.

Down we plunge until we find ourselves in a dimly lit, cavernous room, with three long rows of marble slabs, most of which are occupied by white-sheeted bundles whose contents are both evident and eerie. Down the middle row a lantern gleams, casting in silhouette a group of moving figures gathered about one of the slabs. We make our way there silently to take our place on the periphery, mourners at the gravesite.

"The knife, long and slender, entered the back of the neck with an upward motion and pierced the brain," says Sir Jasper Meeks. "Expertly done, I would say."

"It seems odd that in a crowded theatre, no one heard the commotion," says Inspector Lestrade.

"Not at all, Inspector," says Watson. "Death would have been instantaneous. There would have been no commotion to speak of."

Peering over Wiggins shoulder, we see the body of a man in his mid-thirties. He is of slight build and although his height is difficult to assess in the prone position, we estimate it to be 5′7″ or thereabouts. It might be said that he is handsome but his features are totally unremarkable. Only his carrot-coloured hair stands out.

Holmes points to the corpse's hands. "Well-manicured, almost delicate," he says, more to himself than to anyone else.

"And you know nothing about him?"

"Nothing at all, Dr. Watson," answers Lestrade.

"I have his effects in an adjoining room," says Meeks.

As we file away from the body, Holmes notes our presence and explains that the man was found dead last evening at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. He was killed during the performance and discovered by an usher afterward. The usher indicated that the deceased had occupied the same box, alone, every night for the past week.

Once in the room, Holmes turns his attention to the dead man's possessions laid out on a table there. He examines first the clothing. There is a coat, black with velvet-trimmed collar and pocket flaps, and trousers, deep gray with black

pinstripes. A label in the lining reads 'Poole & Son.'

"He was a bit of a dandy," comments Wiggins, pointing to the shirt with ruffled front and cuffs.

"Indeed," seconds Watson, fingering a derby much like Wiggins' own.

"I emptied all the pockets, as you can see," says Sir Jasper. The inventory includes:

1. A bill from the Bridge House Hotel, dated March 3rd, in the amount of eight shillings.
2. £60 in notes plus odd coinage.
3. A cigar still in its 'Simpson's' wrapper.
4. A torn ticket for the March 4th performance at the Elephant and Castle; Box M, Seat 1.
5. A diamond stickpin.
6. A slip of paper which reads:

*L Borough High - R Borough R - St Geo C -*
*R Waterloo - X Bridge - L Vic Emb - R Villiers*

Holmes picks up the diamond stickpin and goes to a glass enclosed case. "Quite genuine," he says, pointing to a scratch in the glass.

"What's this?" calls out Wiggins. He had picked up the derby and now he pulls a folded sheet of paper from the inside band.

"Excellent, Wiggins," says Holmes. "Let's see what you have there." The paper, unfolded and laid flat on the table, reads:

```
March 5th

E ormji ErkiP geQi nYwx sr Wtmvtx oMww cSy
e FpeHi woMpp oItx oiiR iRkekiH e uymH ompp
wLi ehzErgiw Alivi ormkLx mr niwX tpec xeK
e vEtmIv er ehdi eFnyvi teWx teMh TpiewYviw
mj hMvo sr ekiRx oiIt fshomr Riev
xlswi wiiO Als viehc OrsA
```

"It would appear," says Holmes, "that we are dealing with a very mysterious fellow."

# CASE FIVE

## The Mummy's Curse

### 12 April, 1889

We are having our morning tea at Baker Street hoping that a new case will come our way. Holmes is at work at his chemical table and Watson is busy reading *The Times*. The tranquility of the setting is suddenly broken by Watson.

"What balderdash, what rubbish, Holmes!" Watson adds emphasis to his outburst by throwing the morning paper to the floor. "How can the papers capitalize on people's superstitions? And *The Times*, Holmes. It's *The Times* that started it all." Watson walks over to the fireplace and begins to fill his pipe from the Persian slipper.

"I must say, Watson," says Holmes as he turns from his microscope, "you must be upset to forsake your beloved Arcadia for my shag. What is it that you find so disturbing? The affair of the mummy's curse, I would assume."

"Yes, Holmes, you assume correctly, but it seems to me that you should be using your powers of deduction and not of assumption to clear up this matter. It has the whole city in an uproar. Three men dead and we are to believe that it was caused by a four-thousand-year-old mummy. I am surprised that you have not shown some interest in this, Holmes!"

"I have been following it in the papers and have made some inquiries. It does show some points of interest. I think most of the main points are lucid, but there are a few minor points that still have to be cleared up. I may look into it when I finish up the case I am now working on."

"You don't mean that you believe this balderdash about a curse being responsible for the deaths of three people?"

"My dear Watson, there has been a curse of murder upon man since the beginnings of time, and I do not claim to know the cause of that curse. I think the cause of these murders is a little closer at hand than a four-thousand-year-old mummy."

Holmes now turns his attention to us. "Why don't you look into this? You may find something of interest."

# CASE SIX

## The Adventure of the Banker's Quietus

### 11 April, 1890

The world's first consulting detective, Sherlock Holmes, turns from the fire where he has restored some measure of warmth to his hands and comes to his seat before his morning breakfast. Sitting with us around the table are Inspector Lestrade and Dr. Watson.

"Well, Lestrade, what brings you to our humble abode on this cold, windy morning? An ill wind, I presume."

"You presume correctly, Mr. Holmes. Murder."

"Ah, indeed. Who was the victim and what are the details?"

"The victim was one Oswald Mason, Chief Accountant for the Bank of England. He was found murdered at his home at 10 o'clock last evening by his wife upon her return from an evening out. He seems to have been a simple, hard-working man, leading a quiet and unassuming life, and, on the surface, there seems to be no motive for the murder."

"Well, Lestrade, I don't think you came out on a morning like this just to tell me that you have a murder with no motive. I can't believe that Scotland Yard has exhausted all its resources and must now turn to me."

Lestrade does not immediately respond. He keeps his dark eyes focused on the plate of kippers in the centre of the table. After a moment, he raises his eyes and looks at Holmes. "You're right, Mr. Holmes. I think it's premature, but I am here at the request of the Exchequer. It seems that Mr. Mason was doing some work for the Treasury, and the Chancellor wants to make sure that Mason's death has nothing to do with the work he was involved in."

"Do you have any evidence that the murder was related to the Treasury matter?"

"No, none whatsoever. I tried to convince the Chancellor that unless some new evidence turns up it looks as if Mason's death is just another commonplace murder that I am sure the Yard can solve."

"I am sure, Lestrade, but as I have said before, and depend upon it, there is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace. Right at the moment I am finishing up a vexatious puzzle, so maybe my friends here will be able to look into the matter until I am free."

# CASE SEVEN

## The Thames Murders

### 4 June, 1890

Billy holds the door open for us as we enter the familiar surroundings of 221B Baker Street.

"Here are our friends now, Gregson. Come in and take the chairs here at the table." After his greeting, Holmes settles back into his chair and waits for us to take our seats across from him and Inspector Tobias Gregson of Scotland Yard. "I believe you know my friends, Gregson?"

"Yes. Yes, of course." Gregson nods his head towards us in greeting.

"Watson, could you bring some tea over for our friends?"

"Of course, Holmes. My pleasure."

Watson, who had been standing by the sideboard, brings over the teapot and cups, and joins us at the table.

"I have asked you to Baker Street to-day to hear the Inspector's facts on the series of murders that have taken place over the past week. The newspapers are calling them the Thames Murders since all the bodies have been find in or near the Thames. Inspector?"

Inspector Gregson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a notebook. Laying it on the table in front of him, he opens the book and looks at a few pages before addressing us. "I hope you will be able to give us a little help on this one. I am involved in two other cases at present and Lestrade seems to be at his wits' end."

Holmes shifts in his chair and starts to speak but satisfies himself with a knowing smile.

"Early this morning," continues Gregson, "the body of Roland Jaquard was found under the Charing Cross Footbridge on the south bank of the Thames. He had been badly beaten and bruises around the neck suggest that death was caused by strangulation. As you probably know, this is the fifth body found in the Thames, or on its banks, in the last week. So far no connection has been found among these murders, and none may exist, but this is what I want to found out."

"What can you tell us about Jaquard?"

"Roland Jaquard, 36, was the step-son of Lord Astley Denham. His father, General William Howard Jaquard, was killed during the Indian Mutiny. His mother, Lady Margaret, married Lord Denham in 1860. She is one of the leading ladies of London society. Roland had the reputation of a ne'er-do-well, some would even say a mountebank. His only visible means of income was his ability with cards. He was one of the best whist players in London and could be found most days at the card tables of the Bagatelle Card Club, 14 Poland-street, NW. He could also be found in the drawing rooms, and sometimes the bedrooms, of

some of the best families of London."

"Bedrooms? You mean he was a womanizer?" asks Watson.

"That was part of his reputation."

Holmes, who has been quiet during Gregson's discourse, now turns to the Inspector. "Have you made any progress on the other murders?"

"None that I know of. As I said, Lestrade has been conducting the case, but very little progress, if any, has been made. I can give you names of the other victims if you like."

"That would be a start," says Holmes. As Gregson looks through his notebook, Holmes turns his attention to us. "This case presents some interesting possibilities for you. We don't know if there are any connections within this series of murders, but I don't believe in coincidence. Five bodies in six days found in or by the Thames is too much coincidence for me. Remember, we must look for the underlying logic of a crime. No matter how diabolical the criminal mind, there is usually a logic behind it. That's what we must find. Have you found the victims' names, Inspector?"

"Yes, here they are. I have made a list for you with the victims' names and the dates of the murders. Here it is." Gregson hands us the following list:

| | |
|---|---|
| Nathan Revell | 30 May |
| Cyril Maude | 31 May |
| Charles Attard | 1 June |
| Leo Shephard | 3 June |
| Roland Jaquard | 4 June |

"I hope you'll be able to help us in this matter, Mr. Holmes."

"Unfortunately, Watson and I are involved in a complex little problem that we must bring to a conclusion, but we will give as much assistance as we can."

"What could be more pressing than five murders, Holmes?"

"Many things, Gregson, many things. But I am not uninterested in this case and will give as much attention as I can. I am sure that our friends will be able to shed some light on the problem, Gregson."

# CASE EIGHT

## The Case of the Tin Soldier

### 10 June, 1890

We are at 221B Baker Street quietly celebrating the conclusion of the Thames Murders Case when we hear a clamour in the street below followed by the ringing of the front doorbell and then the sound of heavy footfalls on the stairs.

"It seems as if our moment of triumph is to be but short-lived. Come in, Lestrade."

Lestrade timidly peeks in, his face betraying surprise at being recognized before he is seen.

"Really, Holmes!" exclaims Watson. "I suppose you will tell us that Lestrade rings doorbells in a most distinctive way and that you would recognize his footsteps anywhere?"

"No, my dear Watson, not at all." Holmes chuckles. "But since the trip from the front door to ours was made in seconds and was unaccompanied by a warning screech from Mrs. Hudson, it must be presumed she knew the caller. Who else would be in such a hurry and gain immediate entry but Inspector Lestrade with some pressing and professional matter? Besides, while at the window a few moments ago, I glimpsed the Inspector's carriage turning onto Baker Street. Inspector, now that you have regained your breath, how can we be of service to you?"

Lestrade plops down in a chair and gasps out, "General Farnsworth Armstead, one of the six surviving Waterloo Tontine ticket holders, has been murdered."

"Waterloo Tontine?" asks Watson.

"A lottery of sorts. In 1815 the Tontine was set up to aid the veterans of the Battle of Waterloo, Wellington's victory over Napoleon. For a pound one bought a ticket in the name of some young relative — longevity is paramount to winning. The ticket proceeds amounted to over a million pounds, half of which went immediately to veterans and their families for medical and hardship expenses. The remainder went into an account at the Bank of England where it has been collecting interest all these years. The sole surviving ticket holder will claim that prize."

"A king's ransom, certainly!" exclaims Watson. "Who are the surviving ticket holders?"

"The oldest is Captain Robert Juergens, 82. Then Anita and Claire Thomas, twins, 80 years old. William Rowland, aged 79. Peter Dudley, 77. General Armstead was the youngest at 74."

"*The Times* is sponsoring some big to-do involving the Tontine survivors on the eighteenth," says Holmes.

"That's right. A Waterloo anniversary banquet at the Langham Hotel."

"Why is the name Armstead familiar?"

"Perhaps, Watson, you are thinking of the General's book, *Treasures of the Conquerors*," says Holmes. "He was a noted art collector, I believe."

"Indeed he was, Mr. Holmes," says Lestrade. "He was interested in valuables which at one time belonged to famous military men. The book traced the history of various objects and how they passed from collector to collector. Quite a sensation, it was, if you know what I mean. At the time of his death he was working on a revised edition for his publisher, Norgate and Company. It was to contain an entirely new chapter on a fabulous diamond called the Polar Star, which at one point belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. The General had new information which traced the gem to its present owner. What do you think, Holmes?"

"I think, Inspector, that you should tell us the circumstances of the General's death," says Holmes.

"Oh! Ah...at 10 o'clock this morning, the General's valet and former batman, David Sennett, admitted a caller to the General's study. The caller was an elderly gentleman with a french accent unknown to Sennett. It was all very unusual in that the General never sees anyone in the morning while he is at work. But the gentleman insisted that if the General would read a letter, he would be the exception to that proven rule. And so it was. Sennett took the letter to the General who went very pale when he read it. He told Sennett to let the man in. Sensing something amiss, Sennett dawdled in the area of the study for the next fifteen minutes or so. Suddenly he heard the distinct sound of sword play. He then tried to enter the study but found the door securely locked. As he attempted to force it, he heard the crash of breaking glass. He gave it up and raced to the kitchen and out the back door to enter the study from the garden. The caller had quite vanished by the time he arrived and the General was leaning against a display case of military miniatures, the shattered top of which accounted for the broken glass. Before Sennett could assist him, he dropped a rapier from his hand and fell over dead."

"I take it," asks Holmes, "that the letter that so upset the General was nowhere to be found."

"Correct, Mr. Holmes."

"Well, Inspector, we shall put our brains and our feet to the task."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes."

# CASE NINE

## The Case of the Solicitous Solicitor

### 26 June, 18

As we enter Holmes' apartment, we come upon a most silent and introspective gathering. Our attention is drawn towards Holmes who sits, legs outstretched, plucking random notes from the strings of his violin. It appears that for the Master Sleuth the instrument produces not sound but sight. As he plays a discordant melody, some vision seems to be forming behind those gray and brooding eyes. Dr. Watson, who sits on the edge of a large chair, fills his pipe while engaging in a most minute inspection of the rug. Inspector Lestrade, who stands near the mantel flipping the pages of his notebook, desperately tries to read between the lines of his own handwriting. It takes a moment but our presence is finally noticed.

"Ah, your prompt attention to my note is gratifying. Inspector Lestrade has a rather intriguing problem for you. Inspector, would you be so kind?"

"At approximately 10 o'clock this morning," begins Lestrade, "I received a communication from the offices of Sloan, Swathmore and Cartwright. No doubt you are aware that they are one of the most prestigious legal firms in all of London. Trust funds under their care amount to many millions and they advise the world's largest companies in their contract negotiations.

"The communication from Constable Lane read, 'Junior partner drops dead. Doctor at scene suspects poison. Come at once.'

"I arrived in the lobby of the Sloane building and took one of the two lifts to the fourth floor. Out of the lift, I turned right and proceeded down a short corridor entering a large cirular room. In the centre were three desks, obviously the executive staff's work space. Five office doors ringed the room. Constable Lane beckoned me towards one of them.

"There I found the body of Melvin Tuttle, two and one-half years with the firm and the newly promoted junior partner. Dr. Jerrold Mason, who has offices in the building, was also present. He informed me an examination of the body indicated heart failure but that considering the youth of the man—Tuttle was 28—and his obvious good health, he suspected poison."

"Of course, heart failure is not unheard of in one so young," interrupts Watson. "The appearance of health is not always the fact of it."

"An excellent observation, my dear Watson," says Holmes, "but no doubt Sir Jasper will be able to tell us more after a thorough examination."

"Quite so, quite so," says Lestrade. "But my instincts tell me that the man was poisoned. In fact, I will stake my reputation on it."

"And a sterling reputation it is," says Holmes. "Pray continue, Inspector."

"Acting on Dr. Mason's suspicions, and my own," he proceeds, "I sent the cup of tea and biscuit found on Tuttle's desk to Professor Murray for analysis,

as well as a bag of toffee found in the top drawer. Oh, and Tuttle's tobacco pouch and pipe." With this last, Lestrade looks to Holmes for approval and Holmes, somewhat amused, gives it to him with a nod.

"While Constable Lane collected the contents of Tuttle's desk to be taken to the Yard for inventory and study, I took the vacant office next to Tuttle's to conduct my investigation.

"According to the lift operator, Emmett Price, Tuttle worked late last night and arrived early, shortly before 8:00 a.m. Some important contracts had to be gotten out and it was Tuttle's responsibility.

"At 9:00 a.m., Mrs. Margaret Porter and Miss Alice Spring arrived in the lobby almost simultaneously. Mrs. Porter, the senior member of the executive staff, has been with the firm some 22 years. Miss Spring, an attractive brunette, is the executive secretary and has been with the firm for five years. Price noted that she seemed 'distracted.' The third member of the staff, Miss Brenda Walker, the staff typist, also worked late last evening and was not expected before afternoon.

"Of the three senior partners, Sir Sidney Sloane, the founder of the firm, never arrives before noon; Mr. Henry Swathmore, head of the Trust Division, worked late with Tuttle last night and had an appointment at Bell's Baths at 9:00 a.m.; and Mr. Whitney Cartwright, head of the Contracts Division, took an unscheduled leave of absence of undetermined duration, yesterday.

"According to Mrs. Porter, Mr. Tuttle's door was open when she and Miss Spring arrived. When he saw them, he rose, waved his pipe in greeting and closed the door. While Mrs. Porter made the rounds of the three senior partners' offices collecting memos and such, Miss Spring was back at hers, weeping. Mrs. Porter attempted to find out the trouble but Miss Spring rebuffed her. By Mrs. Porter's estimate, fifteen minutes passed during which she sorted correspondence, Miss Spring typed at her desk and Mr. Tuttle worked behind the closed door of his office.

"Mrs. Porter then went about preparing morning tea. When it was ready, she took a cup and a fresh biscuit, purchased at Lydell's Bakery, 345 Macklin-street, to Tuttle. He accepted them and handed her eleven letters to be posted immediately, stating that he was very glad that the contracts were finally finished. Mrs. Porter saw that Tuttle appeared tired, even a little unsteady — his hand shook as he tried to relight his pipe — but noticed nothing of a more serious nature.

"She then left the office, closing the door behind her, and walked directly to the lift. When Price arrived she gave him the letters with instructions to pass them on to a messenger for immediate posting. She had just arrived back at her desk when she heard a crash from Tuttle's office. After an exchange of glances with Miss Spring, who had been at her desk during all the foregoing, they both went to investigate.

"They found Tuttle lying on the floor apparently lifeless. Miss Spring rushed to the body crying out, 'Oh, Melvin!' Mrs. Porter was able to take her out of the office and settle her down somewhat before she summoned Dr. Mason via Price. And there you have it."

"I suppose you thoroughly, what's the expression, 'grilled' the two ladies?" asks Watson. "Poison is, after all, a woman's weapon."

"Each was *questioned* separately and their stories, in the main, coincided," replies Lestrade.

"In the main?" asks Watson intensely.

"No two witnesses to a single event will give the same testimony in every detail," says Holmes. "To do so would indeed be suspicious, as Inspector Le-

strade knows quite well."

"Yes... yes... of course," agrees Lestrade, cautiously.

"You mentioned a vacant office, Inspector?" asks Holmes.

"Yes, until last week it was occupied by Harold Diggs. It seems that three months ago both Diggs and Tuttle were promoted from the floor below. Diggs, 11 years with the firm, resigned upon the announcement of Tuttle's junior partnership. As I understand it, he had quite a row with Sir Sidney Tuesday last."

"Ah, a jealous colleague!" says Watson, "certainly a motive for murder."

"Mr. Holmes," says Lestrade, completely ignoring Watson's remark, "I admit to being quite baffled. The Commissioner has already notified my office that he expects a prompt solution to this crime."

Holmes nods gravely and says, "Of course, Inspector. A prompt solution to any case is always desirable. You shall certainly have our help in this matter."

# CASE TEN

## The Case of the Pilfered Paintings

### 22 January, 1891

We are sitting around the fire at 221B Baker Street listening to Holmes pontificate on the stories from the morning paper when we are interrupted by the frantic clanging of the doorbell. A tall white-haired gentleman in his late fifties is immediately shown in by Mrs. Hudson. Holmes rises from his chair, removing his cherrywood pipe from his mouth, and says, "Ah, Sir Simpson, a not unexpected pleasure to see you. We have been talking, as is all of London, about the theft of the two de Kuyper paintings from the National Gallery last night, so a visit from the Gallery's director is not a surprise. Won't you sit down and tell us what you know of this unfortunate affair?"

Holmes has walked over to the fireplace and is refilling his pipe with tobacco from the Persian slipper that hangs from the mantel. Sir Simpson Witcomb wearily lowers his tall frame into the chair that Holmes has just vacated and begins his story. "As you may know, about six months ago, July 1st to be exact, an auction was held at Armitage's Gallery for two recently discovered de Kuypers. Before that time there were only six known paintings by that great, but elusive master. Four are in the Louvre in Paris, one in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam and one in the private collection of Lord Winslow Smedley of London. So, you can imagine what excitement was caused in the art world when those two paintings were put up for auction. In May, when my head curator, Brady Norris, returned from his holiday in Belgium, he informed me of the impending sale. I immediately went to the Gallery's Directors for authorization to purchase the paintings. As you know, I was successful at the auction and the paintings went to the National Gallery for 125,000 pounds, a large sum but less than we had anticipated. We were fortunate that the auction was held in London on such short notice so many of the buyers who would have raised the bidding were unable to attend.

"The National Gallery has always taken pride in its collection of Flemish and Dutch paintings. The masterpieces of Rubens and Rembrandt have always been popular with the British public, and the de Kuypers were not disappointing in that respect. The de Kuypers became the focal point of the Flemish Room. I am sure you understand the fascination people feel when faced with objects as rare as the de Kuypers. I became absorbed and fascinated with the idea of bringing together all the known de Kuypers. All of the owners of the de Kuypers agreed and in two days the show was to have opened. Now it is postponed, I hope not forever. This could irreparably damage the Gallery, Mr. Holmes."

Holmes, who has been standing in front of the fire, eyes fixed on the flames, now turns and faces Sir Simpson. "Surely the paintings are insured, Sir Simpson?"

"Yes, of course. By Lloyd's. It is the loss of confidence in the Gallery's security that worries me. Other museums will not allow their paintings to be shown if we cannot guarantee their safe-keeping. I have just come from the Metropole Hotel where I met with Jean-Paul Beauclair, the curator of the Louvre, and he will not allow the four de Kuypers in his custody to be hung at the National Gallery for fear they will be in danger. I fear the same response from Amsterdam and Lord Smedley, not to mention all of the future exhibitions that may be cancelled if our security remains in doubt."

"One question, Sir Simpson. Was the show well-publicized?"

"Yes, indeed. It has been public knowledge for weeks. We had no reason to keep it secret. We were anticipating a large and enthusiastic response from the public."

"When were the other paintings to be hung in the gallery?"

"Tomorrow, Mr. Holmes."

"And was this also public knowledge?"

"Yes, it was. The press had been invited and a small ceremony had been planned."

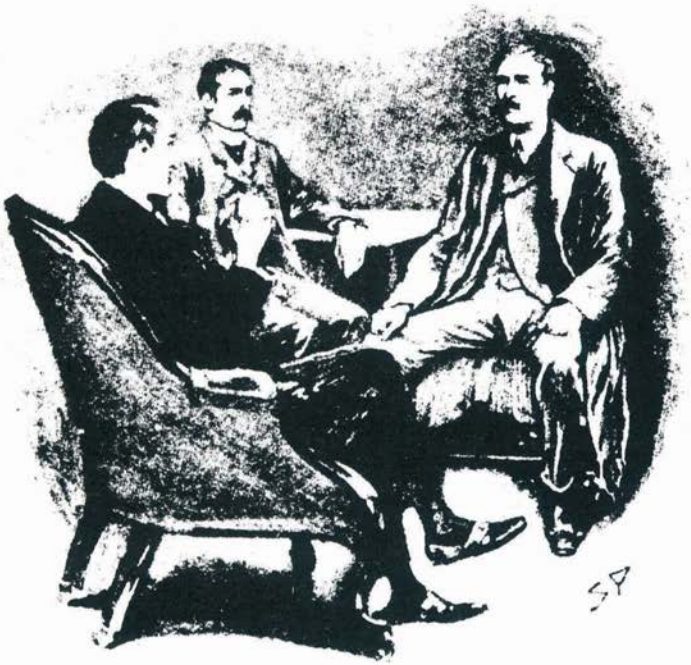
"And where are the other paintings now?"

"The Louvre collection is now at the French Embassy. The Rijksmuseum's de Kuyper is in our storeroom. We were to pick up Lord Smedley's in the morning at his London townhouse."

"Thank you, Sir Simpson. I think we have all the facts now. Hopefully, we will be able to clear this matter up in a short time. If we shall need to ask you more questions later, where will we be able to reach you?"

"I will be at my home. Please feel free to call."

# Solution Section



*"I am afraid that my explanation may disillusion you, but it has always been my habit to hide none of my methods, either from my friend Watson or from anyone who might take an intelligent interest in them."*

Sherlock Holmes

# SOLUTION

## CASE ONE

## The Case of the Murdered Munitions Magnate

We are gathered once again at 221B Baker Street comparing notes and discussing the case, trying to unravel its many threads, when Holmes finally speaks.

"From the outset it was obvious that the theft of Mr. Allen's wallet was but a decoy for the perpetrator's real intent. In the first place, it is unlikely that a common criminal would have overlooked two valuable rings and in the second, simple robbery would not explain the empty folder marked SP #10-A."

"But the briefcase was found locked," protests Watson. "As far as we know, Allen locked it and it remained so until you yourself sprang it open. I might add that I was quite shocked at your adeptness at such larceny."

"To study the criminal is to acquire knowledge of criminal methods. In any case, the murderer must have opened it, as evidenced by the spread eagle position of the body and the placement of the briefcase with regard to it. As Allen was shot, his arms described an arc out and away from the body. The briefcase, then, appears to have been flung some distance, as indicated by the gouge in the leather, caused by its scraping along the jagged cobbles. Yet it was found beside the body and, more significantly, waist high, exactly the right position for the murderer to have retrieved it and brought it to the key on Allen's watch fob.

"Knowing that the contents of the folder were central to the murder and that the code stood for Special Project #10, a new naval gun for the Admiralty, it was a simple matter to cull two suspects from the customer list of Benson & Hedges Imperial brand smokers. The cigarette found at the scene was, of course, a Benson & Hedges cigarette."

"You must mean Count von Schulenberg and Emile Zobar, the military attaches from Germany and France," ventures Wiggins.

"No, not at all. Remember, all technical data was kept at the Deverell-street Plant. Folder SP #10-A, like the others in Allen's briefcase, contained only administrative data, data that would be of little or no use to a foreign power. It could, however, contain something that would be damaging to a company employee. Therefore the two significant names on the Benson & Hedges list were those of Lord Ragland and Richard Camp.

"Captain Egan, quite unintentionally, went a long way toward clearing Camp. A visit to the plant completed the job."

"His visits to the French Embassy were certainly suspicious," asserts Watson.

"The photographs on his desk explained them perfectly. The Church in the background with the unfinished towers is the Notre Dame Catherdral in Paris. Mr. Camp's lady love is French and lives at the French Embassy. Further, I suspect that the lady has some familial relationship to Emile Zobar. The Benson & Hedges Imperials purchased by Mr. Camp, a cigar smoker, were intended as a gift for Monsieur Zobar.

"By that process of elimination then, Lord Ragland is our man."

"But why? What was the damaging information in the folder?" asks Watson.

"From the cryptic wire sent to Egan and the note concerning Spaniard's

intercepted by Allen, which by the way explains why a note signed 'A.M.' was in Allen's handwriting, it is clear that Ragland was selling Special Project # 10 to a foreign power. Whatever evidence Allen had was in the folder and about to be taken to Captain Egan.

"I believe Mr. Allen went to the plant that morning to confront Lord Ragland with that evidence. When he intercepted the note he saw a chance to catch Ragland and 'A.M.' — Alexi Meshkoff, military attache at the Russian Embassy — redhanded. He set up the meeting with Egan and was ready to 'pounce.'

"Ragland, for his part, was either told of Allen's surprise visit and the intercepted note or else he detected something amiss with the note itself. He probably waited during the day for the axe to fall and when it didn't, he realized that Allen was playing a waiting game. He took up station in the alley knowing that Allen would come that way and shot him."

# SOLUTION

# CASE TWO

## The Case of the Mystified Murderess

We are at 221B trying to sort out a solution when Holmes enters the apartment.

His appearance is startling. His famous deerstalker cap is gone, his trousers are spattered with mud and his jacket is ripped. Even more disturbing is the stark look of defeat in his eyes. Without a word, he shuffles over to the basin to splash his grimy face with water.

"Holmes," says Watson softly, "we're having a devil of a time with this case. Could you help us?"

Holmes stiffens, then after a moment lets out a long sigh. As he turns back to us, his features soften until a faint trace of a smile plays at the corners of his mouth.

"Of course, Watson," he says, matching Watson's subdued tone. "How can I be of service to you?"

For the next twenty minutes, Watson acquaints Holmes with the facts of Guy Clarendon's murder by taking him on a verbal tour of our visits around the city. When Watson is finished, Holmes takes the floor.

"Excellent, Watson. You have managed to solve two cases for Scotland Yard, though I doubt Lestrade will consider himself in your debt."

"I have?"

"Yes, indeed. . . . Clarendon is 7000 pounds in debt to the gambler Kilgore. Unfortunately, he is out-of-pocket and in his father's bad graces. Kilgore's confederate, the dangerous Gus Bullock, is seen hanging about the Clarendon home and the younger Clarendon is roughed up. To solve his problem, Clarendon turns to burglary. His victims are to be members of his own class, whose social comings and goings he knows well and whose homes he has visited. He acquires a black sweater and black trousers, dyes a pair of canvas fencing shoes and decides that he needs a base of operations. It may well have been Bullock's lurking presence that spawned his desire to secret himself away. In any case he chooses Halliday's.

"Clarendon arrives at Halliday's and takes a day to look the place over. Significantly, he switches rooms to one in the back part of the hotel, with a vine-covered trellis conveniently leading to the bedroom window.

"Now, on the first of June, Bullock, having discovered Clarendon's elegant hideaway, confronts him in the lobby. The 5,000 pounds, given to him by his father, is withdrawn and makes its way to Kilgore against the debt. That evening the 'Society Burglar' strikes for the first time. Clarendon, Kilgore and Calvin Leach, a known trafficker in stolen goods, are seen in company. Notice, if you will, that one-half the value of the first three society thefts amounts to 2,000 pounds — one-half of the value being the price normally paid by Leach for stolen goods — and equals the balance of Clarendon's debt to Kilgore. Debt-free, Clarendon is now in a position to make money on his own, as his succeeding bank transactions evidence. On the day after each of the next three burglaries Clarendon made deposits.

"The pattern of the burglaries is obvious. Clarendon would pick his target, select the night and contact Leach. That evening, he would enter Halliday's well before 10 o'clock in order to establish his alibi, change into his working clothes and exit down the trellis. The burglary accomplished, he would return, change again and meet with Leach. The next day he would deposit his take. The pattern was interrupted on the night of July first, the night of the theft of the Cleopatra Tiara.

"Loretta Nolan, long a partner with Clarendon in various forms of mischief, knew of the burglaries and quite possibly participated in them. Her distinctive laugh places her at Halliday's. Shortly after the fifth robbery, two plots were hatched: one in the mind of Clarendon involving the Cleopatra Tiara and the other in the mind of Loretta Nolan.

"On the night of July first, she entered Clarendon's bedroom via the trellis armed with a derringer purchased five days previous at S. Goff in the name of her sister. Clarendon returned from his night's work and poured two glasses of wine in celebration. Thereupon Loretta shot him and took the tiara.

"Sometime that night she then went to her sister's home. Being thoroughly familiar with the technique, she hypnotized Frances. She instructed her to go to Clarendon's room with the derringer and to fire into the ceiling.

"No doubt Loretta Nolan's mental state was such that she looked upon the burglaries as a very elaborate game. The final double cross and the very ingenious method by which she involved her sister must have seemed to her as the ultimate in gamesmanship. If you will notify Lestrade, I have no doubt that you will find the Cleopatra Tiara still in Miss Nolan's possession."

Holmes sighs deeply and appears suddenly weary. The spark of energy and interest ignited by Watson's plea for help is all but extinguished. He sits a moment in silence looking down at his own tattered appearance. No doubt, his failure to solve the cabbie's murder preys upon his mind. Finally, he starts toward his room mumbling, "I believe I will clean up now."

At the doorway he stops and whispers, "Watson, the needle."

# SOLUTION

# CASE THREE

## The Case of the Lionized Lions

"I assume you got my note," Holmes greets us as we enter his rooms. "Help yourself to some tea.

"You know how much I rely on the newspapers for information and amusement, and to-day's *Times* was no exception. It was the murder of two lions that caught my interest. A simple little problem, but I thought it might amuse you.

"You must admit that the discovery of two lions, dead or alive, in Hyde Park is worth investigating. We should start by asking ourselves some basic questions. I started with the following questions: one, where did the lions come from; two, why were they murdered; three, why were they murdered in Hyde Park; and four, who murdered them?

"First, it was not difficult to discover where the lions had come from. We are not dealing with a common household pet. I can think of only two places where the lions might have come from, the Zoo or Roy Slade's Wild African Extravaganza which arrived in London yesterday. I chose the latter for a number of reasons, the main one being the coincidence of the murders happening on the same day as the arrival of the show. Did you check out Roy Slade at Hengler's, Wiggins?"

"Yes, that's where the lions came from. They were in their barred and locked travel wagon when it disappeared."

"The next question, why they were murdered, we will pass for a moment and look at why they were murdered in Hyde Park. If all the murderers desired was the death of the lions, why go to all the trouble of stealing their wagon, driving it across town to Hyde Park, breaking open the lock and killing the lions there? A possible reason that comes quickly to mind is that Hyde Park at 2 o'clock in the morning is a rather secluded spot.

"At this point, I sent a telegram to Lestrade asking if the wagon that carried the lions had been found. It had, in Archbishop's Park. So, what do we have? The lions were stolen from Hengler's, taken to a secluded spot and killed. The killer drove the wagon to South London and abandoned it.

"Those are the facts, but not the why. Again, a clue as to the why was to be found in the newspaper. This was the story of the wild animal trainer who was injured at the docks; his name was Barry O'Neill. O'Neill is a name familiar to me, as it should be to you if you read the papers. You remember Thomas O'Neill, the jewel thief. I sent another telegram, this one to Somerset House, Birth Records Department. The reply confirmed that Barry and Thomas are brothers. With this fact, I had enough data to form a working hypothesis.

"Fact: six months ago Thomas O'Neill, a jewel thief, escaped a London police search and was reported on the Continent. Fact: six weeks ago, the jewels of the Duchess of Oldenburg were stolen. Fact: the police of Oldenburg and its neighbouring states closed their borders and began an intensive search for the jewels. Fact: Thomas O'Neill was detained by the Oldenburg authorities but no evidence could be found to hold him. Fact: Roy Slade's Wild African Extravaganza just finished a six-week run in Wilhemshaven. Fact: Barry

O'Neill, brother of Thomas, is the lion tamer for the troupe. Fact: Barry O'Neill was injured while unloading the show at the London docks and is currently hospitalized. Fact: two lions from the circus were stolen and killed. Those are the facts; what is the hypothesis? Wiggins?"

"Well," begins Wiggins, "I think Thomas O'Neill was part of, most likely the leader of, the gang that stole the Duchess' jewels. Knowing the security measures that the authorities would take, Thomas gave the jewels to his brother, Barry. Barry hid the jewels around the necks of the lions, in the pouches we found in the abandoned circus wagon. It would take a most conscientious customs official to perform a body search on a lion. Then Barry was accidentally injured and put into a hospital for four weeks. Thomas couldn't wait or take any chances. The Wild Africa Show would have finished its three-week London engagement and gone to France before Barry was released. Thomas stole the lions, took them to Hyde Park and killed them. He removed the pouches and escaped with the stolen jewels."

"Excellent, Wiggins, excellent!"

"Elementary, Mr. Holmes, elementary."

# SOLUTION

# CASE FOUR

## The Case of the Cryptic Corpse

"A simple case," says Dr. Watson, warming his hands at the fireplace. "Except for that damned cipher. . .don't know how it figures in."

"Simple in some ways, Watson, but not ready to be closed."

Lestrade, the expression on his face having changed from one of disagreement at Watson's remark to one of puzzlement at Holmes', speaks up. "I find nothing simple about it, 'damned cipher,' or otherwise. If you would kindly explain it to me, Mr. Holmes, I'd be much obliged."

"Of course, Inspector. . . . The first place of inquiry was 7 Long-lane, SE, Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse, in an attempt to establish an identity and background for our very mysterious friend."

"How on earth did you manage that?" asks Lestrade.

"From the note with the street directions, Inspector. Our man's destination was clearly Simpson's Cigar Divan — he had a cigar from there and Simpson's is on Villiers — but his point of departure was somewhat more obscure; after all, the street from which one begins is usually not included in directions.

"Our man began his journey by turning left onto Borough High-street. Looking at the map, there are but four streets from which one can turn left onto Borough High-street so as to be travelling south."

"Why south?"

"In order to turn onto Borough-road from Borough High, one must be traveling south. So our man either began from London Bridge Station or from 7 SE. I dismissed the former. If one were coming into town to visit Simpson's, why stop at London Bridge Station? Why not continue on to Charing Cross? By simply canvassing both ends of the 7 SE block, I discovered Mrs. Jetley's where the mere mention of bright red hair evoked a most satisfying response.

"To put a name to our man we use two principles. First, personal items are usually reliable with regard to inscribed names. Second, most false names are but a composite or variation of the real name. His shaving mug was inscribed 'Mac,' he was known to Mrs. Jetley as Charlie Donald and a steamship ticket bore the name M.P. Charles. Keeping our two tenets in mind, I suggest that his name was Charles P. MacDonald. Although, Inspector, a communication with the Australian authorities listing all the possible variations would clear up any doubt."

"What told you he was from Australia?"

"The steamship ticket, principally. The amount of the passage was put at 160 pounds, indicating a trip of considerable distance. He was definitely English, yet spoke with an intonation unfamiliar to Mrs. Jetley. Australia suggested itself as the point of origin. A visit with Jardine, Matheson and Company should confirm or deny that suspicion.

"The only name associated with MacDonald, for so we'll call him, was a performer at the Elephant and Castle, Miss Minnie Cavill. A page out of the playbill had been removed and Miss Cavill's name circled. There was a notation alongside the name: 'Beautiful.'"

"So MacDonald's death had something to do with her?"

"The coincidence of place, the Elephant and Castle, certainly pointed that way. However, at the time I was more interested in the stethoscope, the overalls and the street supervisor's cap, especially as they related to the cipher."

"Which is simply a substitution code," beams Wiggins. "The key is in the date, which is all wrong. He was killed on the 4th, yet it's dated the 5th! If you displace the alphabet by five to where 'E,' the fifth letter in the alphabet, becomes 'A,' the first letter, then the cipher is broken! See?" We gather round to read his translation:

A knife AngeL caMe jUst on Spirit kIss yOu
a BlaDe skIll kEpt keeN eNgageD a quiD kill
sHe advAnces WherE knigHt in jesT play taG
a rApiEr an adze aBjure paSt paId PleasUres
if dIrk on ageNt keEp bodkin Near
those seeK Who ready KnoW

"Doesn't seem to make much sense," says Watson.

"Knives and dirks?" wonders Lestrade. "Our man was certainly stabbed. The capital letters may mean something."

"I'm afraid, Wiggins, that the last line of your translation is the most telling," says Holmes, "'Those seek who ready know.' The key *is* the number 5, but Professor Moriarty is practicing the old adage that the best place to hide something is in plain sight. Forget your substitution; go back to the original cipher and read the letters down in their columns. Five columns over, including spaces, we find a word, 'meet.' Continue on, counting over five columns each time and reading down."

"Meet..roger..gold..noon..sixth..mint..out..cox," reads Wiggins."

"The capitals do mean something; certain of them do. Each of the message words is followed by a capital. Read them out, Wiggins."

"M...O...R...I...A...R...T...Y, Moriarty!"

"My God! that's so simple. Why didn't I think of it?"

Watson is quite prepared to answer Lestrade but Holmes continues on before he can.

"MacDonald's murder was at once incidental to the cipher and the sinister robbery plot and yet connected to it. Professor Moriarty was planning a job for which he needed a specialist, MacDonald. Given the stethoscope, Mrs. Jetley's comment on MacDonald's dexterity with a coin, my own observations of his hands and the clue left by Porlock, a miniature safe, MacDonald's specialty was obviously that of a cracksman.

"Now, MacDonald's contact with Moriarty was through Roger Thornberry, the Roger of the cipher and, according to the barman at the Bar of Gold, a master with the stiletto, a long, thin knife of Italian origin.

"The cipher indicated that the Royal Mint was out as a target and the alternative was Cox's bank. On my visit there, I noticed digging across the street, supposedly under city supervision. It went a long way to explain MacDonald's overalls and the supervisor's cap and the overalls possessed by Thornberry."

"You mean that the digging is being conducted by Moriarty's men! I'll have them rounded up in no time."

"There is still the murder to be disposed of."

"Yes, of course," apologizes Lestrade. "Sorry to interrupt."

"Quite independent of his part in the robbery or his association with Thornberry, MacDonald chanced upon Miss Cavill. He went to the Elephant

and Castle every evening for a week, bought her jewelry — A. Marx and Co. is a jeweler — and, no doubt, escorted her on the night of the third to the Bridge House Hotel. Unfortunately, Miss Cavill was already possessed of a very jealous and dangerous paramour, Roger Thornberry. The poster in his room giving Miss Cavill top billing and the photograph of a fair-haired lady in theatrical costume establish the connection."

"Thornberry, hum!" exclaims Lestrade. "I'll have him under lock and key immediately!"

"You may not get the chance, Inspector. That is what I meant when I said that the case is not yet closed. I doubt if Professor Moriarty will take kindly to the fact that his plans have been scotched. He may already have collected payment from Thornberry. Thus, by an injustice, justice is done."

# SOLUTION

# CASE FIVE

## The Mummy's Curse

"Well Watson, let me set your mind to rest; I think we have a suspect other than the mummy."

"Come, Holmes, I never thought for a moment that it was the mummy. What balderdash!"

"I know, Watson, I know. The Mummy did have one thing in common with the murderer — other than the victims, they were the only ones present at each murder."

"Well, of course, Holmes, you state the obvious."

"But it's seeing the obvious that's important; Watson. I solved this little problem with one telegram and an interview. To start with we had two factors that made this a somewhat simple case. First, I saw nothing in the modus operandi to indicate that we were dealing with more than one murderer. Second, the locations of the murders help limit the number of suspects."

"Limit the number of suspects? The first murder was in Egypt, the second on a ship and the third in London. Sounds like a lot of possible suspects to me — the population of Egypt, the population of London."

"No, no; Watson. We must find someone who was in Egypt at the time of the first murder, on the ship for the second, and in London for the third. This quite satisfactorily limits the number of suspects, especially when we look at the ship. According to the newspapers the ship, the *Eastern Empress*, was in Bombay at the time of the first murder; so we can eliminate the crew members from our list of suspects. Thus I needed a list of the passengers who boarded the ship at Cairo. To that end I sent a telegram to Jardine, Matheson and Company requesting the passenger list. From it I learned that Phillip Travis, *The Times* reporter who reported on the first murder, was a passenger on the *Eastern Empress*. So I had a possible suspect, but no motive.

"My next step was to interview Lawrence Feld, head of the Egyptology Department at London University and prime mover of the Katebet expedition. He was able to supply the motive. It seems that Travis was a student in Egyptology at London University and studied under James Windibank. He tried to become a member of the expedition but was turned down by Windibank. Weatherby was chosen in his place; this upset Travis. I think this gives us the basis for a motive."

"I agree, Holmes. It was a simple case, I must admit."

# SOLUTION

# CASE SIX

## The Adventure of the Banker's Quietus

"Well, well. Here are our friends now, Lestrade," says Holmes as he and Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard stand flanking Errol Hawk and Violette Blue just in front of the barrier at Waterloo Station.

"It was a pretty problem, as my instincts told me this morning. Hawk, here, for all his personal fastidiousness, was a most untidy thief and a brutal murderer.

"Errol Hawk succumbed to the lure of the DeVries diamonds from the first moment that his cellmate at the Millbank Prison, Nat Cook, told him of their whereabouts. Desperate that the death of Jonathan Small, his partner in the 1887 diamond theft, would lead to the dispersal or destruction of the Venus statues, Cook found himself forced to take on a new partner.

"Just nine days after Small's death, Hawk was released from prison, where he had been serving two years for the burglary of a lady's jewelry box. He made straight for the home of Miss Violette Blue. Having reassured himself of her devotion, he set about laying his plans. The next day, he went to J. Small and Company to claim the prize, only to find that but five of the original fifteen statues remained. He purchased them and, posing as a Southampton dealer in *objets d'art*, he learned from Mrs. Small where the other statues had been sold as a precaution lest the bundles he now carried did not contain the treasure. He took them to Violette's rooms where together they broke them to pieces, in vain. Errol then plunged into devising a scheme to track down the others.

"The next morning," continues Holmes, drawing on his disreputable black brier, "Hawk went to Evenson and Company Gift Shoppe where he purchased the three Venuses still in stock and learned that the other two had been sold. Unable to convince the manager of the shop to reveal the names of the purchasers, he resolved to get this information by reverting to his old trade of burglary. He entered the shop that night and took down the names and addresses of Mrs. Oswald Mason and Mrs. Mabel Brown from the shop shipping register.

"Having spent the entire day plotting his actions, Hawk arrived at the Mason home in a state of considerable agitation. He entered through the upstairs bedroom window into a house he thought deserted, until he saw the light in the study. He approached the door, in much the way Mrs. Mason did upon her return. He saw Oswald Mason with his back to the door and the counterfeit Venus on the table in the far corner only a few steps away. At this point Mr. Mason became aware of Hawk's presence and a fight ensued that ended in Mason's death.

"After Hawk made sure that Mason was not going to give him any more trouble, he went to the corner table, grabbed the Venus and smashed it upon the floor. As he was sifting through the rubble of the broken statue he heard the sound of the front door latch opening. Seeing that the diamonds were not in Mason's Venus he saw no reason to prolong his stay. He opened the window, threw open the shutters and slipped out, making his escape somewhat more noisily than was comfortable."

Inspector Lestrade beams when Holmes adds, "It thus would appear that

Scotland Yard was correct in its conclusion that the killer had been surprised by Mrs. Mason's return." Lestrade mumbles something to himself, however, as Holmes continues, "Unfortunately, they missed the obvious fact that it was only the Venus for which the burglar had come.

"With one murder done that evening, Hawk was not to let anything stand in his way of success and had made for Mrs. Mabel Brown's house. He climbed to the roof and, in the pattern of entry which had made him such a spectacular menace to the fortunes of wealthy matrons before his arrest, he gained access through a second story window. Mercifully, he found no one at home and descending the stairs he located Mabel Brown's facsimile of the Venus de Milo. Not wanting to be seen on the street at night carrying the thing, he smashed it there. Again he had been foiled! One can only imagine the fury, lacking in remorse, which filled his heart at that moment."

Holmes interrupts his narrative and casts a contemptuous glance at the now downcast Hawk, slumped against Lestrade beside the sobbing Miss Blue.

"As soon as the Museum shop opened, Hawk was there and purchased the four pieces on the shelves and also learned the ominous fact that a fifth Venus de Milo had been sold only the day before. Hardly had he arrived back at Violette Blue's flat, but they were both tearing away at the wrapping and adding the statues one by one to the pile of plaster rubble by the grate. The diamonds, as you no doubt surmised, were in the second of the four Museum copies.

"Once in possession of the stones, the two hurriedly completed the packing of their bags and then sped for Waterloo and the hope of a boat-train and freedom on the Continent."

# SOLUTION

# CASE SEVEN

## The Thames Murders

"Now that everyone is here we can begin," says Holmes as we enter his rooms joining Inspectors Lestrade and Gregson. "A very interesting case with some twists and turns that I wasn't expecting.

"We'll start with the murder of the first victim Nathan Revell. His story can be put together as follows. Revell, a hard-working clerk for most of his life, had one passion, whist. Whist is a pleasurable enough pastime until one starts playing for money with the likes of Moran and Jaquard. By cheating Revell at the card table, Moran was able to force him to participate in his scheme to embezzle from Lindsay and Company. As you probably discovered, Charles Attard was part of Moran's organization and also Mrs. Lindsay's lawyer. As such, he had access to the firm's confidential records. Thus Moran had all he needed for his embezzlement scheme: someone who had access to the firm's confidential accounts, Attard, and an inside man to make use of that information, Revell. All in all, a good plan, except it developed a flaw: Revell.

"As Revell's suicide note indicated, he had a change of mind. He saw that embezzling would solve nothing; it would merely lead to new insoluble problems. He saw only one way out, suicide. On the evening of May 30, Revell was to take the embezzled securities to Moran who was waiting at the Bagatelle Club. While Moran was waiting, however, Revell was writing his suicide note and leaving the securities in his room for Patterson to find.

"When Revell didn't show for his rendezvous with Moran, Moran sent two of his henchmen, Maude and Twiggs, to find Revell. We have no way of knowing what Maude's instructions were to his henchmen, but I think we can assume, from the presence of the Roman coin found on Revell's body and similar coins on the bodies of other victims we have come across, that they were ordered to murder Revell as an example to the underworld of what happens to those who try to double-cross Moran. Maude, the gunman, shot Revell and then he and Twiggs dropped the body into the Thames. They returned to Revell's room and retrieved the stolen securities. Holding 6,000 pounds was too much temptation for Twiggs. He killed Maude, taking the securities and the Mauser TH, and went into hiding.

"Of course, this did not please Moran; but before he could personally take care of it, he was called to Paris by his master, Moriarty. Attard tried to find Twiggs, and unfortunately for him, he did. He could not talk Twiggs out of the securities and was no match for Twiggs in a shoot-out. Twiggs killed Attard with the gun he had taken from Maude.

"The evidence found at Jaquard's house, the securities, the Mauser and the La Faucheaux, indicate that Jaquard was the probable murderer of Twiggs. It all fits together, an all too common tale of dishonesty and betrayal. There is no honour among thieves."

"Then Moran must have murdered Jaquard!" exclaims Lestrade.

"I'm afraid not, Lestrade," replies Holmes. "The story of Jaquard's death was clear from the clues found at his residence. In fact, it was so clear that it

clouded my view, for a short time, of how Jaquard fit into the other murders. As the most recent victim Jaquard's trail promised to be the warmest and therefore his residence was the first stop in my investigation. It was replete with clues. The securities, the money and jewelry found in the apartment implied that robbery was not the motive.

"You see, Lestrade," Holmes turns his attention to the Inspector, "If Moran, or one of his men, had killed Jaquard, the securities would have been taken. If you check with Lindsay and Company, I think you will find that these are the missing securities. No, you can rule out Moran and his organization.

"Jaquard's death was due not to his criminal intrigue but to his romantic intrigue. I think there is little doubt about what happened on the night of Jaquard's death; the story is told by the physical evidence. After Jaquard killed Twiggs he still had time to keep his planned engagement."

"Who was the woman?"

"According to Langdale Pike, and he should know, it was Letitia Garcia. He picked her up at the theatre after her performance and took her to his rooms. Upon entering his apartment, he went to the study and removed his coat, relieving himself of the two pistols and tossing the securities on the desk. His supper was successful for he had soon manoeuvered Miss Garcia upstairs to his bedroom, but the evening came to an different climax than Jaquard had expected. Someone kicked his door in and charged upstairs."

"And do you know who?" asks Lestrade.

"I think we can assume it was Marco Escobedo. If you check today's *Times* you will find him and Miss Garcia linked romantically. An old and familiar drama took place, a fight over a woman. Jaquard lost this fight and his life. The jilted lover then dressed Jaquard's body, not showing the same care as the fastidious Jaquard. He then rolled the body up in the bedroom rug and moved it to the Thames. His murderer did not know what an ironic resting place this was since he knew nothing of Jaquard's involvement in the other murders."

# SOLUTION

# CASE EIGHT

## The Case of the Tin Soldier

"Well, we're all here and waiting. For the life of me I cannot imagine how you cut to the truth of this case!"

Holmes puts aside the morning paper and begins, "In this particular case, which might be titled *The Case of the Tin Soldier*, if you'll forgive my intrusion into your literary bailiwick, Watson, the most intriguing fact was the method of murder. 'The distinct sound of sword play,' reported Mr. Sennett. Most odd. It suggested to me an affair of honour.

"At General Armstead's home my suspicions were confirmed. First, the letter. It was yellowed with age and addressed to the General by a rank he held some forty years ago. It upset the General, indicating it concerned some long-past indiscretion. It was the reason for the duel."

"How can you be so sure it was a duel?" asks Watson.

"The General had time to place a chair against the wall, climb upon it and retrieve a rapier hanging ten feet above. The murderer allowed him to arm himself. A duel is the only event that fits with the facts. It is also interesting to note that the second rapier remained in place. The intruder came prepared — a sword stick.

"As to the intruder himself, Sennett described him as an old man. Yet he left the premises over an 8-foot garden wall. A disguise, and carried off with enough expertise to completely fool Sennett. The carpet bag was used as a receptacle of the disguise when it was no longer needed.

"Then there was the clue left by the General himself. Mortally wounded, incapable of speech, at least incapable of producing a sound that would carry through the study door to Sennett, the General wanted to leave some clue. With his last ounce of strength, he smashed the diorama glass and turned the figure of Wellington in the opposite direction."

"The diorama depicted the Battle of Waterloo," said Watson. "I would have thought the Tontine was involved."

"If that were so, Watson, the General need not have been so indirect. The Tontine ticket was hanging in front of him. All he had to do was reach for it and the message would have been clear.

"Based upon an indiscretion out of the past, a letter addressed to 'Captain' Armstead, the rank the General held at the time of his service in France, and the intruder's French accent as detected by Sennett, I concluded that an interview with Jean Paul Gerade at the French Embassy might prove profitable.

"The picture painted by M. Gerade fit directly into the pattern. Having agreed to a marriage of convenience as a sacrifice to his career, the General lived a riotous life in France. A full, carefree life without responsibility for exactly one year. A rather romantic notion. And what is more romantic than a desperate and ill-fated love affair?

"M. Gerade's mention of the actor, Phillip Arneau, struck a chord. Who better than an actor, a trained master of illusion, to disguise himself and perform in that disguise convincingly? Also, Phillip Arneau performs the role of

Napoleon. According to M. Gerade, the General had seen the play and gone backstage to meet Arneau. When the General turned the figure of Wellington around, he was trying to tell us that his killer was Napoleon, Wellington's *opposite* at the Battle of Waterloo. Or rather, the actor playing Napoleon, Phillip Arneau.

"At the Princess Theatre, seeing the two portraits and hearing something of the women's story suggested a reasonable scenario to fit the situation. Arneau's sister was the 'little flower' - a proper name, not a description by the way - sighed over by the General to Gerade. She was an impressionable 17-year old who fell madly in love with the dashing English Captain. When the Captain's year came to an end, she despaired and took her own life. Her grief-stricken mother went mad and was sent to an asylum. Thus, in the twinkling of an eye, Phillip Arneau had lost a beloved sister and a loving mother. He was but 6 or 7 years of age, and while he desperately felt the double wound, he was too young to understand the circumstances that caused it. Some 42 years later he stumbled upon a letter written by his long-dead sister. It yielded an explanation and a name — Armstead. He came to London and fate engulfed him: he received word of his mother's death and, at the same time, the London papers trumpeted the hated Armstead name. Armed with sword-stick and letter, he went to the General's home to take his revenge. *Voila*!"

# SOLUTION

## CASE NINE

## The Case of the Solicitous Solicitor

We are gathered once again at 221B Baker Street to listen to Holmes' explanation of the case. Standing by the mantle, he draws deeply on his pipe and begins.

"While Mr. Tuttle's untimely demise was indeed tragic, his rapid *rise* seemed to me far more significant. Two and one half years from junior clerk to junior partner in one of the very best legal firms in London? Most unusual to say the least. Such was my thinking after Lestrade's visit."

"What about the two women?" asks Watson. "Did you discount them as suspects from the beginning?"

"Well, Miss Spring was in love with Tuttle, or at least such an inference could be drawn from her reaction to Tuttle's death — her use of his first name, for example. While poison might be considered by some as a woman's weapon, it is hardly the weapon in a crime of passion. As for Mrs. Porter, let me just say that I found her story singularly unimaginative if it was to be considered anything but the truth.

"From Professor Murray I learned that poison was indeed involved, more to the point, a very rare poison. Also that none of the substances at hand actually contained it. Rather, Tuttle ingested it by some other means and transferred traces to the tea, pipe stem and biscuit. The discrepancy between the high concentration on the cup lip as opposed to the relatively low amount in the tea itself allowed for no other explanation.

"Pursuing the theory that Mr. Tuttle's swift advancement was instrumental in his murder, I needed more information on the circumstances of his promotion. Who better to supply that information that Mrs. Porter? From her I learned three important things. First, Tuttle was no genius. Capable, hard-working, but hardly brilliant enough to explain his rapid rise. Second, a hint of a curious kind of nepotism. Tuttle's connection with Mrs. Cartwright presented an interesting scenario. At sometime in the past, Tuttle was asked to escort Mrs. Cartwright to some social function as Mr. Cartwright was busy with business matters. Where others might resent such after hours duty, Tuttle saw it as a golden opportunity. He was a charmer and he used that charm to the fullest. Perhaps the relationship ripened into an affair; the note in Tuttle's desk hints as much. Mrs. Cartwright then went to work on her husband. Over a period of time, her unstinting praise had its effect on Mr. Cartwright. He began to believe, without really realizing how or why, that Tuttle was an extraordinary fellow — brilliant in fact — and deserved to be promoted."

"You have just outlined a perfect scenario for murder," says Watson. "Husband finds out the truth, takes an unscheduled leave of absence, plans and executes a crime!"

"True, Watson," replies Holmes, "but there is an unanswered question provoked by the third bit of information. Both Mr. Cartwright *and* Mr. Swathmore were party to the decision to promote Tuttle. Remember now, Mr. Swathmore does not see Tuttle with Mrs. Cartwright's eyes. Why would he

decide in Tuttle's favour? What did Tuttle have on him?

"In any case, while suspects abounded there was still no solution to the method of the crime. Perhaps Miss Brenda Walker, the staff typist, would be able to shed some light on that score. She, Swathmore and Tuttle worked late the previous evening. It took some doing, considering Miss Walker's volubility, but there I struck gold. The envelopes! And provided by Mr. Swathmore!

"Tuttle finished the contracts, sealed up the envelopes and was relaxing with his pipe just as Mrs. Porter brought him his tea. She noted the trembling in his hand as he was lighting his pipe — the first symptom of the poisonous assault on his nervous system. Due to the potency of the poison involved, Tuttle would have to have ingested it immediately before Mrs. Porter's entrance. Since all other subtances proved negative, it had to have been the gum in the envelopes. The tea, although innocent itself, served to wash the poison down into Tuttle's stomach, thus accelerating the process.

"A brilliant plan, all things considered. The murder weapon, as it were, was mailed away to be consigned to the nearest waste basket, totally untraceable in a day or two. Unfortunately for Mr. Swathmore, one was posted locally. It was a simple matter to obtain Mr. Heathcliff's address from the Directory, obtain the envelope and test it for chinaberry in my own laboratory.

"In one fell swoop I had the murderer and the method but the motive remained a mystery. Some connection between Tuttle and Swathmore had to be discovered and so it was off to Scotland Yard to inspect the contents of Tuttle's desk. While there were a number of interesting items, the locker key from Bell's Baths seemed the most significant. You recall that Swathmore had an appointment at Bell's on the morning of the murder?

"After paying my 'fee' to Ol' Jack, I learned that Swathmore was particularly interested in Tuttle's locker. He was looking for something. Also Mr. Cedrick Livingston entered the case, now a builder and land developer but formerly a seaman. He sailed in the Orient and probably in the South Seas. It took little imagination to see that Livingston was Swathmore's link to the rare poison used in the crime. And if Livingston was party to the murder, he must have been party to whatever it was that Tuttle had over Swathmore. What were they looking for in Tuttle's locker? Might a clue to be found at Tuttle's home?

"As I expected, Tuttle's flat had been thoroughly ransacked by the time I arrived. It was heartening to note, however, that not a corner of the place had been left unturned. It indicated that the intruders did not find what they were looking for. Had they, the debris would have ended at the point where they found it. The letters from 'V.M.' proved most significant. They tell an interesting story and explain Tuttle's voracious need to get ahead. 'V.M.', the initials on the more expensive of the two lockets, was the love of Tuttle's life, despite his other dalliances. Might not he entrust his valuable 'level of advancement' to her? The return address on the envelopes was suspect, however. If the father objected to their liaison, it was probable that it was the address of a trusted friend and not her own. However a quick look at the Directory showed only one 'V.M.' listed, Virginia Monroe, 'Ginny' being a diminutive of Virginia.

"At the Monroe home the 'why' of the murder came to light. Mr. Swathmore was using his power of attorney over certain trust funds in his keeping to undersell land to Mr. Livingston which he in turn either kept for his own use or sold back to other trusts under Swathmore's care for a large profit. Tuttle evidently discovered the scheme, probably quite by accident, and after compiling a dossier from the office of records — the notation, 'Chancery Lane — 2nd

floor — Disraeli O'Brian' on the slip of paper in the two trust files in his desk refers to the Office of Records — Tuttle confronted Swathmore. Tuttle was paid off in cash, as his bank account attests, and more importantly by being promoted. Perhaps Tuttle was dissatisfied with his share or perhaps the simple fact of his knowledge was too much for Swathmore and Livingston."

"And so ends the *Case of the Solicitous Solicitor*," says Watson.

# SOLUTION

# CASE TEN

## The Case of the Pilfered Paintings

We are seated at Baker Street along with Sir Simpson. Holmes is standing silently in front of the fireplace, his eyes fixed upon the flames. Other than a monosyllabic greeting, he has not said a word since we arrived five minutes ago. Finally he turns towards us and addresses Sir Simpson.

"I guess the best way to start, Sir Simpson, is to give you a factual account of what has happened. I think it would be best if you wait until I have finished the complete story before asking any questions."

"Whatever you wish, Mr. Holmes," agrees Sir Simpson.

"To start with, there are no de Kuypers. They are *all* forgeries. Forgeries made by one man. It has to be one of the greatest art hoaxes in history and done to satisfy the ego of its perpetrator, Pierre Donet.

"Donet is a very talented artist, but the style he loved and in which he was expert had been declared *passe* by the art world. He set out to create de Kuyper: he wrote his biography, he painted his pictures and the art world embraced this created image. Many major art historians placed de Kuyper in the category of a minor master; art investors raised him to the category of a major master. What started out as an exercise to demonstrate the fickleness of the art establishment turned Donet into a world-respected art expert on de Kuyper and it turned out, for Donet, to be quite rewarding financially. This whole story is not without its humour.

"The next chapter in the story must have given Donet great satisfaction. Brady Norris, not knowing that the de Kuypers were forgeries and Donet the forger, but being familiar with Donet's work, approached Donet and proposed that he forge a de Kuyper painting. One can only imagine the will power it took Donet, upon hearing this proposition, to hold back the laughter. How could Donet pass up such an offer? He agreed to Norris' plan. He would forge two de Kuypers and authenticate them. Donet saw no reason to enlighten Norris to the fact that he had forged all the known de Kuypers.

"Norris informed you of the upcoming sale of two de Kuypers. He made sure the National Gallery would be the successful bidder. Everything went according to plan, until you upset it."

"Me!" exclaims Sir Simpson.

"Yes, you arranged for the de Kuyper show bringing together all of the de Kuypers and the leading experts, and putting the spotlight on the two paintings. Remember, Norris didn't know that the other paintings were forgeries; he thought that only the National Gallery's were. He panicked, afraid he would be found out. He made plans to have the de Kuypers stolen. He hired Matthew Cole, a minor thief, to help him. He smuggled Cole into the museum in the crate that arrived the day of the robbery. He gave Cole his keys; the rest was simple.

"Norris arranged to meet Cole after the robbery and retrieve the forgeries. Perhaps Cole, thinking he had possession of valuable masterpieces, tried to demand a higher price for his labour. Or perhaps Norris panicked at the idea of a witness and potential blackmailer. For whatever reason, Norris killed him,

thus both lowering his overhead and getting rid of a witness with one blow of his cane. He then set fire to Cole's room hoping to destroy evidence of two crimes at once.

"That's the story of how the perfect crime went wrong," concludes Holmes.

"Unbelievable," responds Sir Simpson.

"What about Herbert Cofman?" asks Wiggins.

"He helped his friend Norris, but he knew nothing about the forgeries or the murder."

"And Donet?"

"Donet was here to enjoy the spectacle of the art world paying homage to his creation. How could he miss it? It was the crowning touch to his genius. Norris came to him with his fears, but Donet told him not to worry. If he had only believed Donet, everything would have worked out to his satisfaction

"Well, Sir Simpson, that's the whole story. We should summon Lestrade and let him handle the arrests."

"What will happen to Donet?" asks Wiggins.

"I think you will find that he is on his way back to Belgium. I don't think he will suffer any legal repercussions. The museums will just put the paintings in storage and keep their reputations intact. I don't think they want Donet in prison with time to write a book on how he hoodwinked the art world."



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