Clue Book



"It is of the highest importance in the art of detection to be able to recognize, out of a number of facts, which are incidental and which are vital. Otherwise your energy and attention must be dissipated instead of being concentrated."

Sherlock Holmes

Consulting Detective Game™

Sherlock Holmes

CONSULTING DETECTIVE™

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Sherlock Holmes

CONSULTING DETECTIVE™



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SHERLOCK HOLMES CONSULTING DETECTIVE

Welcome to the streets of Victorian London. The fog is rolling in, murder is in the air, and you, as one of the Baker Street Irregulars, are out to solve the crime.

This book contains all the materials necessary to solve the ten cases of Volume 1 of *Consulting Detective*. The book is divided into four parts: Holmes' Lecture of 1886, the ten dated Cases with their corresponding Clues and Quizzes, the Quiz Answers and the Case Solutions. Additional materials include the Reference Map of Holmes' London, the London Directory and the Newspaper Archive.

Begin your excursion into Victorian London with a lecture given by Holmes to his Baker Street Irregulars. This lecture should help the player understand the resources available to him in Holmes' London. A listing of those resources is given after the lecture for the player's use during the game.

If any of the players has not read the lecture, we recommend that it be read aloud to all the players before the start of the game. As a player, you will be one of the Baker Street Irregulars trying to solve the case that Holmes presents to you. Be guided by logic, not the length of the clues.

In most of the cases you will discover additional mysteries and crimes other than the one Holmes gives you. They may be found in the newspapers or from someone that you are questioning. It is up to you to decide how to treat these cases. You may decide to solve them while working on the stated case, hoping to get extra points in the quiz, or you may save them for another day.

It is now time to step into the fog-covered streets of Victorian London and match our wits with those of the world's greatest consulting detective, Sherlock Holmes. The game is afoot!



"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organized."

Sherlock Holmes

Holmes' Lecture of 1886

Introduction

In *A Study in Scarlet*, March, 1881, we are introduced for the first time to the *Baker Street Division of The Detective Police Force.* This group of "six small dirty street arabs," under the leadership of Wiggins, was of invaluable benefit to Sherlock Holmes as his eyes and ears in the streets of London. By 1888, *The Sign of Four*, Wiggins had grown into young manhood, and his force of *Baker Street Irregulars* had doubled. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone," said Holmes. Wiggins became an unquestionable asset for the world's greatest consulting detective.

Holmes' career at Baker Street spanned some 22 years. As his fame grew, so did his case load. After Watson's first marriage in November, 1886, Holmes relied more and more on his *Baker Street Irregulars* for assistance. During the years of Holmes' absence, 1891-1894, it was Wiggins, then an aspiring actor, who kept Mycroft Holmes informed of the happenings in London's criminal world. Mycroft, who was in frequent contact with his brother, passed this information on to Sherlock.

Wiggins continued his association with Holmes throughout the 1890's and into the next century. His skills as an actor, many of which he learned from Holmes, helped him move among the many strata of London society at will. Upon Wiggins' death in 1939 his notebooks containing histories of the many cases he worked on with Holmes were found. Also found among his papers were notes from an 1886 lecture given by Holmes to Wiggins and other members of the *Baker Street Irregulars*. The lecture covers Holmes' view of London and the many personalities who were of help to Holmes and who would be of help to the *Baker Street Irregulars*. We have reconstructed this lecture for your edification. When you pick up the *Case Book* and try to solve one of the mysteries within, keep in mind Holmes' lecture which introduces many resources for your use.

Lecture



Holmes stood next to a map of London which hung on the wall of the sitting room at 221B Baker Street. Watson intermittently surveyed the scene over the pages of his book, while Holmes paced back and forth in front of a group of attentive youths, his black brier in his right hand, his left in the pocket of his mouse-coloured dressing gown.

"London is not a beautiful city," began Holmes. "Under the soot that covers its buildings is the residue of the Empire, a teeming mass of four million souls trying to survive, mostly off of each other. Behind this assemblage is a force of evil, a legion of scoundrels weaving their web of iniquity over the city, and in the centre of the web is the master criminal himself, Professor James Moriarty, the greatest schemer of all time, the organizer of every deviltry, the controlling brain of the underworld — a brain which might have made or marred the destiny of nations. That's the man! But so aloof is he from criticism, so admirable in his management and self-effacement that his true character is unknown to the public and police. This fact must be kept in mind in all your investigations."

"How has he managed to stay so unknown, Mr. Holmes?"

"That is a good question, Wiggins. Moriarty insulates himself from the crimes he controls and the public with an organization of underlings and thugs who make sure that no thread of evidence can be traced to Moriarty. So you can see that we are not dealing with the ordinary criminal mind and we will need all the help we can get.

"Today we will discuss some of the people who will be of help to you in your investigations. At the start of any investigation you must keep in mind that it is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. The people that I will introduce you to at this time will help you collect the facts.

"Our first stop will be *St. Batholomew's Hospital* or Bart's." Holmes pointed to 38 EC on the map with the tip of his pipe. "Bart's is one of the oldest and greatest of London's hospitals and is one of the medical schools of the London University College. Located here is the office of the Coroner's Chief Medical Examiner, Sir Jasper Meeks. He is London's greatest forensic pathologist. You can depend on him for all the technical details that can be obtained from a *corpus delecti*."



"Will the bodies of murder victims always be taken to Bart's, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, Wiggins. All deaths that have questionable causes must be examined by the Chief Medical Examiner.

"Our next stop is the *Scotland Yard Criminology Laboratory*, located at 22 Regency-street, SW. Here we meet H.R. Murray, Head Chemist. It is rumoured that Murray lives in the lab; any time of day or night you will find him bent over one of his tables trying to extract the history of a crime from the physical evidence available to him. You can learn much from old H.R. if you can follow the twists and jumps of his thinking; there is no better mind when it comes



to interpreting the physical evidence from a crime."

"Wouldn't it be easier just to go to Scotland Yard, Mr. Holmes?" asked Wiggins.

A smile came over Holmes' face as he lowered himself into the wicker chair. "Yes, let's talk about *Scotland Yard.* If the Yard would read the reports or knew how to look at the evidence, then there would be no need for our services. Yes, they will get the reports and sometimes they may even read them, but that doesn't mean that they will know how to interpret them. Gregson and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot, but you will find that they often twist the facts to fit their preconceived theories. But you are right, Wiggins, Scotland Yard, at 13 SW, is a very valuable source of information. The professional police have methods for gathering facts and information that are not open to us.

"At this time I would like to mention another invaluable source of information, *The Office of Records* at number 14 Chancery-lane, WC. This huge fireproof Tudor-style edifice contains legal records, both criminal and civil, as well as state-papers. Your contact there is Disraeli O'Brian, Head Clerk of the Land Records Department, whom you will find a walking, or should I say sitting, encyclopaedia of the office's affairs over the last thirty years.



"Another records office you should know about is *Somerset House* on the south side of the Strand at 17 WC. The Office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages and the Probate Registry are located there. You will also find the Commons Will Office which is a great repository of testamentary writings of all kinds."

"Who should we contact at Somerset House?" asked Simpson.

"The records are open to the public so you will need no special contact."

Holmes rose from his chair and stood facing the map while lighting his pipe. When it was started he turned again to his audience and resumed his lecture. "Let's talk a little about the courts. We will have little to do with the official law enforcement establishment, but it is a source of information. *The Criminal Court,* or "Old Bailey" is located at 36 Old Bailey, EC, and should be kept in mind when dealings with known criminals are concerned. You can pick up a lot of information hanging around Old Bailey.

"When I was studying at Bart's, I would run across to Old Bailey and watch the trials of the day in progress. It was seeing the unimaginative nature of our criminal and legal classes that made up my mind to become a consulting detective. Small cases that show some degree of imagination and challenge are more rewarding than the large crimes that lack anything new.

"There is one young barrister, Edward Hall, whom you will find most days at Old Bailey, who is a cut above the other unimaginative members of his profession. You will find him of assistance."



"Mr. Holmes!"

"Yes, Simpson?"

"Could you tell me the difference between a barrister and a solicitor?"

"Yes, of course. A solicitor handles the routine legal business of our society. If you do not have to go before a court, then you will have no need for a barrister. If you must go before a court, then your solicitor would engage the services of a barrister. A barrister is a member of the highest class of lawyers who have the exclusive right to plead in superior courts. The particular business of the barrister is the advocacy of causes in open court and, except in criminal cases, he may not undertake a case without the intervention of a solicitor who actually prepares the case for trial.

"This would be a good time to talk about the Inns of Court. Here on the map you will see *Grey's Inn,* 10 WC, *Lincoln's Inn,* 13 WC and *The Temple,* 33 EC. These four great Inns of Court — the Temple is divided into two Inns, the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple — are incorporations for the study of law possessing the exclusive privelege of calling barristers to the Bar. All barristers must belong to one of the four Inns. The Inns contain dining halls, libraries, offices and living quarters for barristers and law students.

"Now that we have looked at the top of the legal society let's lower our sights a little and look at some other resources available to us. The first is Porky Shinwell."



"I must say, Holmes, you would have to lower your sights a great deal to find Porky Shinwell." Watson laid his book down on his lap and looked up at Holmes for the first time.

"It all depends on where one keeps one's eyes, my dear Watson. Porky is not a pillar of society, I dare say. But he is a man who has learned from his mistakes and is trying to start a new life on the right side of the law. He has been of great help to us in the past as I expect he will be again in the future. Shinwell Johnson, known as Porky, after two terms at Parkhurst has given up his life of crime for that of innkeeper. He is now the proprietor of the *Raven and Rat Inn,* 52 Hall-street, EC."

"Whose patrons once filled Parkhurst, Millbank and every other prison in the Empire," interjected Watson before returning to his book.

"Right, Watson. But what better patrons could you have to keep an ear on the underworld of London. You can always get a case, or help on a case, from Porky Shinwell.

"Speaking of the underworld we should mention Fred Porlock. 'Fred Porlock' is the assumed name of a member of Moriarty's criminal organization who has been of immense help on a number of occasions. I don't know who he is or why he informs on his master, it is enough to know that he does. He communicates with me by post or by leaving a message, usually in code, at *Parsons and Sons Toy Shoppe,* 18 Shaftesbury Avenue, NW."

"A toy shop?"

"Yes, at times Porlock's sense of humour shows through.

"Now for one of the most valuable sources of information available to you, the newspapers. Approximately 570 newspapers are published in London and its environs. As you know, I have filled one of the upstairs lumber-rooms with back issues of newspapers and I consult them regularly. The press is a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it. I read nothing but the criminal news and the agony column. You will find the agony columns are most instructive, and the private consulting detective will not want for work so long as they exist."

"But aren't most of the things found in those columns insignificant, Mr. Holmes?"

"Insignificant? Perhaps, Mr. Simpson, perhaps. But it has been more important to me to choose a case for its uniqueness and interest than for its significance. The strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is reason to doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. One of the reasons I am training you in the art of detection is to enable you to take over part of my case load.

"Remember, the more information you get out of the newspapers the more time you will save in solving your case.

"I have also found two reporters to be of assistance from

time to time. They are Henry Ellis of *The Times* and Quintin Hogg of the *Police Gazette.*

"Mr. Ellis is the foreign news editor and is a great reservoir of information of what's happening on the continent. He also has an interest in crime news and is always happy to help when he can, but you must be careful of what you tell him or you might find what you confided to him in the next day's *Times.* He can be found at his office at 30 EC.

"Quintin Hogg is crime reporter for the *Police Gazette.* He is an ex-police inspector who found the environment of Scotland Yard less than stimulating. He is a good reporter with a strong deductive mind. A very good resource to keep in mind. His address is 35 EC.

"Any questions?"

"Don't you think you should mention your brother Mycroft?" asked Watson. "After all, he has been of great help to you in the past, Holmes."



"I would rather think that I have been of great help to him, my dear Watson. But you are right, I should tell them something of my brother. He is a great resource when it comes to information about the government."

"He *is* the government," said Watson, imitating Holmes' manner of speaking, which presented the young men seated in front of Holmes the challenge of trying to conceal their mirth.

"Yes, Watson, I have made that statement in regards to my brother," answered Holmes, less than amused. "He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise and is seen nowhere else, except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms. If you ever need his help, you will find him available at the *Diogenes Club* at 8 Pall Mall, SW.

"Another person I would like to mention is Langdale Pike, a person who usually gets in the last word. He's a human reference work on social scandal, especially of the London scene. He contributes bits of gossip to the 'garbage papers' that cater to an inquisitive public. His working hours are spent at the *Societies Club* at 2 St. James, SW."

"What about the *Central Carriage Stables,* Mr. Holmes?" asked Wiggins. "I've always had good luck getting information there."

"That's a good one, Wiggins. The *Central Carriage Stables* is located at 5 Grey's Inn-road, WC. It is at this location that all of London's cabs are stabled and despatched. I have gotten much valuable information on people's movements by talking to the cab drivers. A good one, Wiggins, a good one."

Holmes again set himself down in his wicker chair. "I guess that is enough for today. Can you think of anything I missed, Watson?"

"What about Lomax at the London Library?"

"Yes, he can be of value. Lomax is a wealth of information and can find anything you need on the full shelves of this great library.

"I think that is enough for today, but I must tell you again that it is of the highest importance in the art of detection to be able to recognize, out of a number of facts, which are incidental and which are vital. Otherwise your energy and attention must be dissipated instead of being concentrated.

"Well, gentlemen, if you will move over to the table, I will ring Mrs. Hudson and have her bring up some tea and biscuits."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes."

"My pleasure," responded Holmes. "I am sure we will soon be able to put your talents to work."

SOURCES FROM THE LECTURE

Sir Jasper Meeks: Chief Medical Examiner .....38 EC

H.R. Murray: Criminologist .....22 SW

Disraeli O'Brian .....14 WC

Somerset House .....17 WC

Edward Hall: Barrister .....36 EC

Porky Shinwell: Innkeeper .....52 EC

Fred Porlock: Informant .....18 NW

Henry Ellis: Reporter, *London Times* .....30 EC

Quintin Hogg: Reporter, *Police Gazette* .....35 EC

Langdale Pike: Society Columnist .....2 SW

Central Carriage Stables .....5 WC

Lomax: Librarian .....5 SW

Mycroft Holmes .....8 SW

Scotland Yard .....13 SW

Case One

20 March, 1888

The Case of the Murdered Munitions Magnate



BAKER STREET

AREA SE

8 SE

Chester Carley's landlady informs us first, that he is out, and second, that he is a train conductor aboard the Brighton Weekender which leaves Waterloo Station of an afternoon on Fridays.

"March 9th was a Friday and so that's where he was."

12 SE

We enter the typically grimy manufacturing environment of the Deverell-street Plant. "Lord Ragland ain't here, but I could show you to Mr. Kehoe's office; he's the guv'ner's assistant."

It is evident that Walter Kehoe has come up through the ranks and would be more comfortable in overalls than his present ill-fitting tweeds. With a meaty paw he tugs at his shirt collar and asks us our business.

"Can you tell us anything about Mr. Allen's visit here on the morning of March 9th?"

"Odd, I thought it was, so's I remember right enough. Mr. Allen comes to see his nibs, er, Lord Ragland, but he weren't here. Mr. Allen says he'll wait in the office."

"Do you know why Mr. Allen came to see Lord Ragland?"

"Now I wouldn't be knowin' their business, but it was most likely about Project #10, it bein' secret and all. There was hangers on around the Plant, foreigners and what-not."

"Do you know what transpired when Lord Ragland returned?"

"What? Well, he never did return, leastways not before Mr. Allen left. I was called away and when I gets back, Mr. Allen, he hands me a note. Says it come for Lord Ragland and I was to be sure he gets it. He also says that he'll see Lord Ragland some other time and perhaps it's best I don't even mention that he come by. Lord Ragland was in a bit later, stayed for a couple of hours and left for the day. Odd it was."

A begrimed workman enters and informs Kehoe of some problem with a piece of machinery.

"I'll be back in a moment, gents. Why don't you wait in Lord Ragland's office."

Left to our own devices when Kehoe and the workman leave, we can't but notice a drawer in Ragland's desk partially open. And, of course, we can't help but peek in. We do not discover much of interest, only a stack of invoices and a bundle of stock certificates. One of the invoices is from Radford, Jones & Co. for 140 guineas. It is dated September 5, 1887, and stamped, 'Paid, March 10, 1888.' The stock certificates are in 5000 share denominations for several different companies, among them, Rafferty Paper Mills and Stephenson Iron Works. We manage to close the drawer just before Kehoe returns.

"A little kick in the slats always does the trick. Now where were we?"

"That's a very impressive safe."

"All plans're kept under lock and key, to be sure."

"Would you take us to someone who could tell us about Project #10?"

"Well, the only one around now would be Richard Camp. He was an engineer on the project. Not on it anymore but he can tell you a thing or two."

Kehoe leads us back through his office and out into the corridor. The noise of the plant, curiously insulated in Ragland's office, grows stronger as we approach Camp's office. We knock and enter but the office is vacant.

"He may be down on the line. Let me check."

Kehoe's second absence gives us a chance to prowl around Camp's office. The desk is littered with plans and formula notations, none of which means anything to us. Next to a cigar humidor is a framed photograph of a young woman. She is very pretty with extremely long, dark hair and she radiates a bright, dimpled smile. Somewhat blurred in the background is a vaguely familiar Cathedral with two square-topped towers. Before we can rummage further, Kehoe returns.

"Mr. Camp left early it seems. Not feeling well."

"Well, thank you for your time."

18 SE

The parish priest from St. Anthony's is visiting an ill Mrs. Kehoe. Since Mr. Kehoe is not at home, it is he who answers our knock. During the course of our brief conversation with him, we learn that the Kehoes are very involved in church activities, one of which, a fund-raising dance, took place on Friday evening, March 9th.

44 SE

The owner of Wolff, Phillips & Co. gingerly takes the cigarette butt from Wiggins and studies it carefully. "This," he declares, "is a Benson & Hedges Imperial. One of their latest attempts. Rather overpriced. Available only directly from the company." We thank him profusely and dash out the door.

AREA SW

2 SW

Langdale Pike, gossip and scandal monger extraordinaire, provides us with a very interesting answer to the question of Courtney Allen's latest liaison.

"At first I kept it quiet just to see how long before her husband realized," he whispers. "Marvelous. A bride of only a few months puts horns on an old goat.... Now in view of recent events, it would be tasteless to circulate."

Catching Wiggins' look of impatience, Pike gets to the point. "The Countess von Schulenberg."

5 SW

At the London Library, after spending many minutes leafing through the immense tome, *Great Cathedrals of the World*, we finally come across a drawing of a cathedral which strongly resembles the cathedral we saw in the background of the photograph. The caption under the drawing reads, "Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris."

7 SW

The clerk at Carlin's, after trying to sell us all manner of tobaccos, pipe accessories, cigarette holders and what-not, finally gives up and answers our question.

"'B & H' stands for Benson & Hedges."

8 SW

We are joined by Mycroft Holmes in the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club.

"How can I be of help to you, Master Wiggins?"

"Mr. Holmes, we're working on a case with your brother. Could you help us with any information on the Grant Arms Company?"

"Of the company, I know very little," says Mycroft, settling his great bulk into an armchair. "I do know that they are working on a secret project for the Admiralty."

"Who else might have known?"

"The fact of the project is certainly common knowledge among the arms community. The details are only known by a few."

"Who would be most interested in obtaining those details."

"Del Guerra, Zobar, and Meshkoff certainly. The military attaches for Spain, France and Russia respectively. Then, of course, Count von Schulenberg. It has been long suspected that he is more than simply the German attache."

"A spy?"

"Let me put it this way, and you draw your own conclusions. His bride is not in fact his new bride. Her name was

Freda Rudel four months ago and her name is still Freda Rudel."

9 SW

At the German Embassy we are told that Count von Schulenberg is out but that his aide, Colonel Frederick von Kraushoffer, will see us.

The Colonel is an impressive figure. Tall and slim, he gives us an imperious, one-eyed stare from behind a monocle. He is at a loss over our only question, not from any lack of knowledge on his part, but at our temerity in asking it. After a long pause, he finally relents. He retreats to the desk and flips through the pages of the record book.

"The Count left the Embassy at 4:55 p.m. on March 9th."

Beating the Colonel to the punch, as it were, we summarily dismiss ourselves.

10 SW

Captain Egan is a small, bulldog of a man. He paces back and forth behind a massive oak desk as if it were a quarterdeck railing.

"Eight months ago, Allen came to this office with the designs for a new naval gun. Revolutionary in concept. Can't say much about it, most secret, don't you know. The design was approved and monies advanced for its development."

"Can you tell us anything about the meeting Mr. Allen was to have had with you on the evening of his murder?"

The Captain barks out a name, unintelligible to us, and an aging Lieutenant, long since beached upon the promotionless shores of paperwork, scurries into the room.

"Bring me the Grant Arms Company file.... Allen sent me a wire this morning. Quite vague. Close-mouthed fellow when all is said and done. He was worried about security for Project #10, I know, but wouldn't say much about it; his responsibility; he'd take care of it. 'Course, I put some of my men on it anyway."

The Lieutenant returns with the file and is dismissed, for the time being, back into oblivion.

The Captain shows us, first, the wire. It reads:

MEET TONIGHT: 8:30. YOUR OFFICE
CALL OUT THE GUARD. POUNCE AT 10

He then shows us a detailed list of the activities of Richard Camp, a development engineer on Project #10.

"As you can see, he was always bringing boxes and bundles to the French Embassy. Emile Zobar, French Military Attache, has his offices at the Embassy."

"So you believe that Mr. Allen's wire implied he had information implicating Camp in a security breach of Project #10?"

"I did. Still do. But Lord Ragland, head of the project, assured me that Allen's security fears were unfounded. We met two days after Allen's unfortunate death. As a precaution, he told me he would remove Camp from the project.

"Since the conversation, I've concentrated my efforts on Zobar, von Schulenberg, Del Guerra and Meshkoff. Their governments would all have great interest in our new gun. So far my men have uncovered nothing."

"Thank you, Captain."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade is busy behind a stack of papers and has very little time for us.

"Allen's wallet was found empty — he regularly carried as much as thirty pounds pocket money. His gold watch was missing. His briefcase was locked tight. Simple robbery and nothing more. I'm surprised Holmes is wasting his time on this case. I sincerely hope he finds the culprit, however. Things have come to a pretty pass when common footpads resort to firearms!"

"Who was the officer who found the body?"

"Beadle. If you think it will do some good, I will notify him to meet you at the scene. Good day."

25 SW

The proprietor of Spaniard's Inn is a most co-operative fellow, for a small consideration. While he consults his records we wait at the bar sipping a glass of beer.

"Two gentlemen with the initials 'A.M.' reserved private rooms on the evening of March 9th," he tells us when he returns. "Alexander Mishkin and Anthony Mariano."

"Can you tell us how to get in touch with them?"

"I have never seen either man before or since."

"Could you describe them?"

"Well, that's as may be. March 9th was some days ago..."

Again we grease his palm. It never ceases to amaze us how effectively a quid can jar a memory.

"Alexander Mishkin was a giant of a fellow. He walked with a slight limp and spoke with an accent. He arrived at 8:30 and ordered supper. An English gentleman, about 30, I would say, joined him later. Also, both Mishkin and the Englishman carried identical briefcases.

"Curiously enough, Anthony Mariano also ate alone and was joined by another man. His reservation was for 9 o'clock."

"Could you describe Mariano?"

"Oh, about the same age as the Englishman, thirtyish. Hmm, swarthy, shifty eyes. Medium height."

We thank him for his information and start to leave when he reminds us that we have not paid for our drinks.

"But then again," he adds, catching the black look Wiggins throws at him and jingling the coins in his hand, "suppose we just call it even."

34 SW

At the door of Alexi Meshkoff's home we are met by a giant in a Cossack uniform. We ask to see Mr. Meshkoff. He gives us a perplexed look and says something in what must be Russian, the only intelligible word of which is 'Meshkoff.' We repeat our request and the Cossack says, "Da, Meshkoff," and he repeats what he first said. Finally we come to the conclusion that we each could repeat ourselves a thousand times over and neither would understand the other. We decide that the better part of valour is to retreat to the nearest pub.

38 SW

At the Spanish Embassy we are told that Senor Del Guerra is at home.

50 SW

Gregory Cardiff is in the billiards room with a guest when we visit his home. Unfortunately, Wiggins does not see the Irish setter lying on the floor in his path. Before we can warn him, he manages to step on a paw which causes the dog to yelp and leap into the air. The direction of the dog's leap is toward the small of his master's back, who at that moment is attempting a 3-rail shot. Mr. Cardiff misses the shot but makes a 2-foot-long tear in the felt with the tip of his cue stick. With profuse apologies and many well wishes, we hastily take our leave.

51 SW

We are greeted at the door of Count von Schulenberg's residence by a man whose glare is unfriendly and forbidding. His walrus moustache and stiff bearing remind us more of a sergeant in the Prussian Guard than a butler.

Before the man can shut the door in our faces, as he shows every sign of doing, Wiggins spews forth a stream of gutteral sounds in a language that must bear some resemblance to German for the butler steps back, clicks his heels and admits us. Wiggins, for his part, cannot resist a mischievous wink in our direction.

Count von Schulenberg sits waiting for us behind his desk in the study. Physically, he is a bit of a surprise to us. Short and rotund, he looks slightly absurd in his tight-fitting uniform, more like an overdressed tram conductor than a military man. We suspect, on the evidence of a half-filled glass of a clear liquid on his desk, that his florid complexion is due as much to his penchant for tippling as to the tightness of his collar.

If his stature and shape, his rosy cheeks, grey hair and whiskers — his bushy side-whiskers loop down to his chin and back up to connect with his moustache — put us in mind of Ol' Saint Nick, his manner conjures up a very different image. He is very cold, devoid of any emotion, save possibly anger. He notices Wiggins' attention to a magnificent gun collection which lines one wall and asks him in a flat tone of voice suggesting disinterest in an answer, if he has a liking for guns. Wiggins barely begins a reply before the Count cuts him off.

"Now gentlemen, what is your business?"

We explain our mission and ask if we may put some questions to him. We take his stony silence as consent to do so.

"Were you aware that the Grant Arms Company was developing a new weapon for the British Government?"

"I knew of such a weapon, of course, but no details concerning it. But since no company can compete with our own Krupp Works, I was not very interested."

"Do you remember where you were on the evening of March 9th?"

He raises an eyebrow with the implication of the question. While he is deciding whether to answer or not, he lights a cigarette. We can't help but notice the "B & H" on the cigarette. Finally, he speaks. "I recall quite well. I went to the home of Hector Del Guerra, Military Attache to the Spanish Government."

Just then there is a knock on the study door.

"Herr — oh, Alfred," says a very beautiful young lady as she sweeps into the room and stops short. "I'm sorry, Alfred. I was unaware that you had company."

With a great deal more animation than we have seen heretofore, the Count rises, goes to her and with elaborate ceremony introduces the young blonde woman as his wife. Together they make a most incongruous pair. Thirty years and three inches, the height advantage going to the lady, separate them. The introduction at an end, the Count — there is no other word for it — dismisses her.

Turning back to us, he says,"If that is all, gentlemen...." It is not a question.

54 SW

At the Russian Embassy we are escorted into the office of Alexi Meshkoff, Military Attache. His massiveness is not obscured by his desk. He is friendly, chatty almost.

"My government is very, very interested in the new naval gun being developed by Grant's. That I cannot deny. We have done business with Mr. Allen's company in the past and have always been satisfied. The Czar, may God preserve him, has very large borders to defend as well as a large fleet to arm. But we are a patient people; I point to the Balkans as an illustration of that fact. We will wait until the British government deigns to allow Grant Arms to *sell* us the new gun."

As Meshkoff finishes speaking, there is an unexpected clatter behind the desk.

"Ah, thank you, young man," he says to Wiggins who retrieves his cane which had slipped down from the edge of the desk of its own volition.

Meshkoff pats his thigh and explains, "An affair of honour some years ago. Although not too many years ago," he laughs. "As my adversary fell forward, shot dead through the heart, his pistol went off, accidentally, much as the cane just slipped off the desk. Unfortunately, the ball found my leg."

"Sir, would you mind telling us where you were on the evening of March 9th?"

Meshkoff tilts back his head and laughs heartily.

"Of course not, my friends. I attended a performance at the Covent Garden Theatre and was there all evening."

Since we have nothing more to ask, we thank him and take our leave.

56 SW

Lord Ragland's man, Bunting, admits us to the residence and shows us into the study to wait. We are almost as impressed by Lord Ragland's establishment as we are with Lord Ragland himself when he arrives. At 30, he is the picture of the English gentleman, impeccably groomed, with a grace and style at once attractive and forbidding. The introductions completed, he separates himself from us by walking to the other side of the desk. Seating himself, he asks us to begin.

Before we can, however, he notices an envelope on the desk and immediately calls for Bunting.

"Drummond's has slipped up again. See that this is posted immediately.... Excuse me, gentlemen. Debit where a credit should be or some such. Please begin."

"On the night of Mr. Allen's murder, he had an appointment with Captain Egan—"

"Yes, the purchasing officer for naval ordnance at the Admiralty, We were working on a secret project for the Admiralty, and Courtney was concerned about one of the engineers, Richard Camp, being a security risk. We discussed it that morning. I gave no credence to the idea."

Lord Ragland pauses to reach into a small silver box. From it, he draws forth a cigarette which has a "B & H" printed on it in gold leaf. He inserts it into an ebony cigarette holder, lights it and leans back. Without our prompting, he continues.

"No, no. Camp is a fine fellow. But as a concession to Egan, I removed him from the project and assigned him elsewhere.... Tragic, Courtney's death. To think that I had intended to stop by the offices that evening but was forced to work late at the plant. If I had, perhaps the thief would have thought twice before tackling two of us."

"Were you disappointed about not being named president? You were, after all, senior vice-president."

"Not a bit of it. I am quite happy in my work in the technical areas. Administrative matters do not interest me. Besides, one of Marlowe's conditions of employment was that he succeed Courtney when Courtney retired. Of course, that would not have been for many years."

"Thank you, Lord Ragland."

59 SW

We are shown into the office of a busy little man who twirls the end of his moustache with one hand, while he shuffles papers with the other. He barely looks up to inform us that Emile Zobar is not in his office today, but starts violently at the mention of Richard Camp.

"Do I know Mr. Rich — who?"

As he hems and haws a moment or two, a compact man of medium height enters. He breaks off in mid-sentence as he sees us.

"Pardon me," he says in English. "I am Paul Zobar, Vice Consul. May I be of service to you?"

Before we can reply, the little man explains in a flustered mixture of French and English that we are on our way out and that the matter was a trifling one anyway, unworthy of the Vice Consul's attention. Satisfied, Zobar drops some papers on the desk and leaves the room.

"I'm afraid I have no more time for you. If you wish to see Emile Zobar, I suggest that you call at his home. Good day."

As we are about to leave, a lovely young lady enters. Wiggins bows low to her, sweeping his derby across his body. He is immediately rewarded with a wide, dimpled smile and a curtsey. Before he can advance his cause, however, the

young woman calls out, "Papa," and races down the hallway toward Paul Zobar.

60 SW

Sir Clayton Partridge is a vigorous man in his late fifties. When we arrive at his home, he is directing three servants in the packing of his carriage.

"No, Mullins, put the fly rods on top but only after everything is loaded...Cleaver, that cord will never do. Stouter stuff, man, stouter stuff is needed.... Where is my shot bag, Brimmer? You know I hate to carry shotgun shells in my pocket."

Our interruption is not appreciated but, in the main, Sir Clayton is co-operative. He tells us that he is indeed a smoker of Benson and Hedges Imperials. Further, he is acquainted with the Grant Arms Company.

"Phillip Marlowe is an old friend and golfing partner. Played with him on the very day of Allen's murder."

"When did you finish your round?"

"Late afternoon. Invited Marlowe home to dine. We were at it well into the evening. Brandy afterward, you know. Must have been midnight when we parted company."

86 SW

We have difficulty keeping up with Wiggins as he strides boldly into Dunhill's. He asks the clerk, in a tone that demands an answer, "Sir, could you tell me what the initials 'B & H' on this cigarette end stand for?"

The clerk, after a moment of stony silence, growls, "We don't give out information that would aid our competitors. I find that question offensive." He stares us out the door.

88 SW

The old salesman at Fribourg & Treyer is eager to help us.

"'B & H'? I believe that stands for Bradford and Hennessey —they import furs, I think."

"No, no" sighs Wiggins, "they're on this cigarette end."

"Oh, on a cigarette, are they? Well, that would be Benson & Hedges, wouldn't it?"

AREA NW

1 NW

We find the home of Rudolph Noble closed up. The servant from the neighbouring house tells us that he left for Lourdes, France, with his ailing mother last August and has not been heard from since.

14 NW

Our interview with Mrs. Allen is mercifully short. She answers our indelicate questions with a quiet, calm dignity that convinces us she knows nothing of her husband's murder that would be of any help to us.

16 NW

A salesman identifies the cigarette end as that of a Benson & Hedges Imperial.

"It is quite an expensive blend of Turkish and Virginia tobaccos. Very strong, yet very smooth. It's not a cigarette for the casual smoker but rather for a connoisseur."

"Imperials are made to order, are they not?"

"Oh, but of course. The Imperial is a relatively new brand and the client list is very small and exclusive."

"May we see that list?"

The salesman reaches under the counter and pulls out a small ledger. The list has the following 12 names:

Henry Higgins	Gilbert Welch
Sir Clayton Partridge	Montgomery Eustace
Lord Henry Ragland	Count von Schulenberg
Gregory Cardiff	Rudolph Noble
Chester Carley	Richard Mainhart
Emile Zobar	Richard Camp

18 NW

The proprietor of Parsons & Son Toy Shoppe, Sam Parsons, leans over and whispers to us conspiratorially, "No messages from 'you know who' today."

23 NW

We find Richard Camp in the sitting room of his bachelor apartment nursing a cold and looking thoroughly miserable. As he pours a spoonful of Dr. Saari's Magic Elixir, he is seized with a fit of sneezing causing the liquid to spill down his shirt front.

"Blast!" he curses. He flings the spoon across the room and takes a slug straight from the bottle. "Ill health puts me in an ill temper," he says by way of apology.

"We're sorry to inconvenience you, but we would like to ask you a few questions. Would you tell us why you were removed from Project #10?"

"Lord Ragland simply assigned me elsewhere. Since Project #10 was well along, he felt I would be more useful in other areas. He also mentioned that my visits to the French Embassy had been misinterpreted in some quarters and perhaps it would be a politic move."

"Your visits to the French Embassy?"

"I am secretly engaged to the daughter of the Vice Consul. Her father is a most difficult man. Her uncle, Emile Zobar, is sympathetic to us. Since I work for an arms company and he is the military attache, my visits there were ostensibly to see him. Both Mr. Allen and Lord Ragland were well aware of the real reasons for my visits."

"Did you ever discuss Project #10 with Monsieur Zobar?"

"No! I would never!"

"And where were you the evening of the 9th?"

"I met Annette, my fiancee, at Rule's. We took several hours to dine and then I brought her home to the Embassy."

"Just one more question, Mr. Camp. Do you smoke Benson & Hedges Imperials?"

"No, I don't. They are a favourite of Emile Zobar's, though, and I gave him some for his last birthday. Why do you ask?"

"Just following up our leads. Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Camp. Hope you're feeling better soon."

32 NW

We make our way past the stacked luggage in the hallway to find Phillip Marlowe in the centre of the parlour swinging a golf club, a mashie-niblick by the look of it. He is a brisk man in his mid-forties. He informs us that he is on his way to the country estate of Sir Clayton Partridge and so brevity on our part would be appreciated. We ask him about his ascendancy to the presidency of the company.

"Allen and I had an understanding on that score. Upon his retirement, I would take the office. In fact, it was the key reason I joined the company three years ago."

"Mr. Allen was close to retirement, then?"

"Not by any means.... Look, I cannot deny that I have mixed feelings about Allen's untimely death. It was tragic and I feel outraged as any decent, right-thinking man would. But we were not personally close and I *do* relish the chance to run the company."

"Where were you on the evening of the 9th?"

"I played golf with Sir Clayton in the afternoon and went home with him to dine. Stayed 'til almost midnight."

The butler enters the room with a valise in one hand and a shotgun in the other.

"Ready, Swinson? Well, I'm off."

34 NW

We arrive on Wimpole-street in front of the home of Henry Higgins after a wild cab ride. We hop down, glad to touch terra firma once again, and, on wobbly legs, ascend the three stairs to the front door. Our first ring goes unans-

wered, as does our second. We are about to leave when the door finally opens.

A young man with a rather studious air motions impatiently for us to enter. We follow him through the open door and make our way toward a strange-sounding voice speaking an atrocious English dialect. We find ourselves in the study where the young Henry Higgins is frantically writing on a notepad. We look around for the speaker only to discover a machine emitting the scratchy sounds. Finally he switches it off and looks up at us.

"Amazing machine, wouldn't you say?"

Without giving us a chance to answer, he shows the notebook. All we see are apparently random letters joined and marked over with squiggly lines.

"I am inventing a writing system which will elaborate the sounds of words. I'm afraid our twenty-six letters do not do the richness of the English language adequate justice. Of course, there is much work to do and I haven't got it quite right yet, but I will, have no fear."

"Mr. Higgins, we wonder if we might ask you a few questions?" says Wiggins.

"You were born on the fringe of Chelsea. Within two blocks, three perhaps, of Lupus-street! Am I right?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Not even close."

"Oh. Well, how can I help you?" he asks in a dejected tone.

Our questions concerning Benson & Hedges cigarettes, the Grant Arms Company, etc., are pointless with this chap, we know, but we ask them anyway.

39 NW

Our visit with Montgomery Eustace is very short. When we find him to be an 80-year-old man with his leg in a cast, we doubt that he is involved in the case. Several minutes of conversation with him seem to confirm our doubts.

40 NW

Wiggins describes the emerald earring to the salesman at Rowlands & Frazier.

"Yes, I recall them quite well. Let me see."

He opens a large ledger and tells us that they were commissioned on January 12th by Count von Schulenberg.

47 NW

We are told by Captain Egan's landlady, whom we suspect was once a bosun's mate on a man-o-war, that he is at the Admiralty.

54 NW

Once the clerk at Bradley's cigarette shop realizes that we are only there to bother him with questions and not to buy anything he ignores us completely and attends the next customer in line. We go elsewhere to get the information.

AREA WC

1 WC

All the lights are on at Richard Allen's residence as we arrive on his doorstep. He invites us in and we sit in his tasteful living room.

"Mr. Allen, is there any more information about your brother that might help our investigation?"

He thinks. "I've said everything I can." Sitting beside him we, each in our own way, wonder why we've come, and forget even to assure him that we'll solve the case.

5 WC

Not a single cabbie at the Central Carriage Stables can remember picking up a fare between 6:00 and 7:00 p.m. on March 9th around Leonard-street, City-road or Old-street. "I guess," says Wiggins, "that the culprit fled on foot."

11 WC

The proprietor of Radford, Jones & Co. is caught between a natural reticence to talk about his clients' financial affairs in general and a biting urge to speak about Lord Ragland's in particular. After all, a gentleman's tailor is second only to a gentleman's gentleman as a paragon of discreet and loyal service. But the slight done him, which involves money, is too much to contain, and he chooses to speak rather than keep silent.

"It took us seven full months to collect that bill — 140 guineas! Why, I almost had to resort to the courts! Not that it would have done me much good at the time. If all the tradesmen to whom Lord Ragland owed money were lined end to end, they would've stretched across the city! Of course, everything righted itself. I don't mind telling you, however, when he comes for a fitting these days, we have our payment in hand before we proceed."

14 WC

We wait patiently as Disraeli O'Brien looks up the files of the various names we have given him. He returns shortly. "I'm afraid that none of the principals in your case have ever had any brush with the law. Unfortunate for your investigation, but perhaps, fortunate for them." We thank him and step back out onto the windy street.

17 WC

The clerk at Somerset House finds for us Courtney Allen's will. It is short and to the point. He bequeathed his entire estate, which included a large block of Grant Arms Co. stock, some property and over £60,000 in notes, to his wife Beatrice.

19 WC

The maitre d' at Rule's Restaurant, after consulting the records, remembers Richard Camp and his lovely companion quite well.

"They were a charming couple, very much in love. They arrived shortly before their reservation time, 7 o'clock, and spent several hours, until sometime after 10, engaged in long looks and hushed conversation. Our chef was somewhat irritated for they showed more interest in each other than in his preparation."

20 WC

We enquire at Simpson's Cigar Divan if they are familiar with the letters "B & H" printed on a cigarette.

"In gold leaf you say? That would be Benson and Hedges new Imperial brand cigarettes. Emile Zobar smokes them. He is the Military Attache to the French Embassy and a chess devotee."

"Would you know if he was here on the evening of March 9th?"

"Well, he usually plays with Alfie," he says, pointing to a skinny, scholarly type bent over a chess board, alone in the corner. We go over to him, but before we can interrupt, he holds up a hand as a signal to wait. With lightning speed he manoeuvers both black and white pieces around the board. Only when he is satisfied with the variations of the opening he is studying, does he turn his attention to us.

In response to our question, Alfie reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a note book.

"At 9:04 p.m., March 9th, we sat down to play. Finished at 11:14. The game was a draw. He played the Ruy Lopez opening and countered with—"

"Thank you. Was he here earlier in the evening?"

"No, he came in just before we played."

"Thank you, Alfie."

26 WC

Wiggins, with a dazzling glibness, is able to coax the

manager of Drummond's to give us a peek at Lord Ragland's banking record.

It clearly paints a sad financial picture previous to March 10th. Since that date, Lord Ragland has deposited a total of £30,000 in six £5,000 installments.

30 WC

An usher at the Covent Garden Theatre assures us that Alexi Meshkoff, whose tremendous size he recalls, was there on March 9th.

"What time did the performance end that evening?"

"11:15."

We ask the lad to show us the box that Meshkoff occupied and he leads us to the corridor behind the boxes.

"Where does this lead?" asks Wiggins, pointing to a door directly across from Meshkoff's box.

"To the alley behind the Theatre."

"Think hard. Do you specifically recall the gentleman leaving when it was over?"

"Now that you mention it, I can't say as I do."

35 WC

The clerk at Amber & Co. seems slightly put off by our question.

"'B & H' is the mark of Benson & Hedges. I'm sure that they would be able to help you."

36 WC

Our interview with Hector Del Guerra at his home is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of three small children into the parlour. They fairly fly into the room with a swoop upon their father, covering him with hugs and kisses. Close upon their heels, their governess issues a string of Spanish commands which once again restores order. After formal introductions are made, with awkward curtsies by the little ones, the governess hustles them away and Senor Del Guerra is able to continue.

"It was a formal dinner party, you see; March 9th is our wedding anniversary. There were thirty or so guests and they began arriving a little after 7 o'clock. As I recall, Count von Schulenberg and his wife were the last to arrive, at about 8:30."

41 WC

We find Emile Zobar at home, ill in bed. His housekeeper, who looks nothing like our image of a French maid, shows us the way.

"We are sorry to disturb you but—"

"Nonsense, it is a slight indisposition and your company is quite welcome. To be frank with you, I am bored to tears."

He snaps shut a copy of *Alice in Wonderland* and reaches into the drawer of the bedstand. He withdraws a cigarette case which he opens and offers to us. We decline, but we can't help but notice the gold leaf "B & H."

"Shut the door, if you please. My housekeeper will fuss to no end if she sees me smoking."

"Would you tell us where you were on the evening of March 9th?"

"Yes, the night of Monsieur Allen's death. I was at Simpson's playing chess all evening."

"Do you know Richard Camp?"

"But, of course. He is employed at the Grant Arms Company and is secretly engaged to my niece, Annette Zobar."

"Why 'secretly'?"

"Because my brother is a most narrow-minded individual. Odd for a Parisian, admittedly, but..." He shrugs. "He has a strong dislike for you English. Being a most diplomatic diplomat, he is able to keep it well-hidden. Such might not be the case should his only daughter marry an Englishman. I, on the other hand, like and admire the English very much, Richard in particular. And since I am also inordinately fond of my niece, I agreed to involve myself in their conspiracy."

"Has Mr. Camp ever talked to you about the special project on which he was working?"

"One of the qualities I admire most about the English is their profound sense of loyalty. Richard possesses that quality in the extreme. So, no. My association with him is purely social, within the situation I have already explained."

We thank Monsieur Zobar for his time and wish him a speedy recovery. At the bottom of the stairs on our way out we hear two female voices conversing in the kitchen. We catch a glimpse of a well-dressed woman, whose name, "Lady Hilda," stands out from the jumble of French spoken by the housekeeper. We are uncertain of the last name, but it is one syllable and begins with an "O" or possibly an "H," considering the French difficulty with the letter. Curiously, as she sees us, she quickly darts out of view.

45 WC

Mr. Gilbert Welch tells us that he has smoked Benson & Hedges for six months. He knows nothing about the Grant Arms Company, a Courtney Allen or murder.

"In fact," he adds, refilling his brandy snifter for the third time since our arrival, "in ten more minutes I will not know anything about anything."

95 WC

The sign on the window of Mortimer's reads "Closed due to illness."

AREA EC

2 EC

As soon as we are admitted to her presence, we recognize Lady Hilda Hope as the woman we glimpsed at Zobar's. She also recognizes us.

"Well, it seems you've found us out," she says.

"I'm not sure that we have," says Wiggins. "We thought it strange that you found it necessary to dodge out of our sight. We also caught your name spoken by the housekeeper. We decided to enquire. Exactly what *have* we found out about you and Monsieur Zobar?"

She pauses and then decides to tell all.

"My husband, Sir Lionel, is in the foreign service. Last October he was posted to Oman, in Arabia. Our marriage is such that I chose not to go and Lionel was delighted that I didn't. At a New Year's Ball at the French Embassy, I met Emile and, quite frankly, fell in love. Of course, any breath of a scandal would bring disaster to my husband's career. And that, I have no wish to do."

"Madam, you may rely on our discretion."

5 EC

By prearrangement we meet Constable Beadle behind the Grant Arms Company in the alley parallel to Leonard-street.

"I noticed a strange lump up the alley. I knew right off that something was amiss — my instinct for the out-of-place, you might say. Watch your step there! The cobbling hereabouts is in a bad way. Many a jagged edge just made for tripping a man."

We have strolled 30 feet or so from the base of a stairway that leads to the offices of Grant Arms to arrive at the juncture of a "T" formed with another alley that leads to Old-street.

"It was right here and, sad to say, it was not a lump at all. Now the victim was lying on his back, the force of the bullet having thrown him backwards. The briefcase was lying right beside the body, waist-high. The wallet was lying a few feet away. The victim's overcoat was thrown open and his pocket watch was missing, but part of the chain was still attached to the vest. He was quite dead but there was still some warmth in his bare hands, so I couldn't have missed the blighter by much.

"Now, I figure the perpetrator must have hid in that shed just up this second alley. When the victim approached, he jumped out and fired point-blank. As you can see, it's but five feet from the shed to where the body lay."

We thank Constable Beadle for his time and trouble. He goes back on patrol, but we linger a moment longer at the scene. From the shed Wiggins calls to us.

"Seems both Scotland Yard and our 'Perpetrator' have been quite careless."

His open palm reveals the remains of a cigarette. On it are the letters "B & H" in gold leaf. The tip end is pinched evenly all around.

Beaming, Wiggins suggests that we adjourn to the offices of the Grant Arms Company to interview Allen's private secretary.

Our unorthodox means of entry via the back stairway startles a young man we meet in the corridor. Fair-haired and pleasant-featured, he turns out to be William Linhart. After introductions are made and we are seated in Linhart's office, Wiggins asks him a question that has been nagging at all of us since the beginning.

"What was Mr. Allen doing in the alley?"

"Anytime he worked after hours, which was often, he would leave by the back way. It was a short walk to Old-street where the traffic was heavier and a cab more likely to be hailed."

"So anyone who had a passing knowledge of Mr. Allen's habits, company employees or even business acquaintances would certainly have been aware of that practice?"

"Yes, that's so."

"That evening Mr. Allen was scheduled to meet with a Captain Egan at 8:30. Can you tell us who Captain Egan is?"

"He is the ordnance officer in charge of purchasing for the Admiralty."

"Do you know what the meeting was about?"

"He and Mr. Allen met often to discuss the special project undertaken for the Admiralty some months ago, but I was unaware of that particular meeting. Mr. Allen regularly delivered progress reports, but always during the day, and I always made the appointments."

"Could you tell us about this special project?"

"It is very secret, but I suppose I can say that it involves the development of a new type of naval gun."

"Were there problems with the project?"

"None that I am aware of. Mr. Allen was very concerned about security, though. While we do sell arms to foreign powers, there are certain weapons that are reserved exclusively for our own Government. Special Project #10 was such a one ."

"Was Mr. Allen's concern over security based on a specific incident or centered on a specific person?"

"The existence of the project was common knowledge, so I'm sure he expected a certain amount of, well, spying. He called in Lord Ragland to discuss the matter after several strange people were seen hanging around the Deverell-street plant."

"Why would the plant be under surveillance?"

"All the technical data, blueprints, formulas, that type of thing are housed there. Our offices here are entirely administrative."

"Mr. Allen's brother believes that he was having an affair at the time of his death. Realizing that this is a delicate matter, would you know who the lady might have been?"

"No, I don't. Over the years I have always known about Mr. Allen's peccadillos but only in the most general way. We would be working and something would trigger a cryptic remark that obviously had to do with his personal life. for example, just after the International Arms Fair opened, he received a scented letter on pink stationery. Later that day he was dictating a memo to Lord Ragland when he stopped and picked it up. He took a full whiff of it and said aloud, 'Women often marry for a title but they won't necessarily fall in love for one.' Then he laughed and went on with the memo."

"You're now secretary to the new president Mr. Marlowe?"

"Yes. He was Mr. Allen's hand-picked successor which perfectly illustrates the kind of man Mr. Allen was. There was no love lost between them and yet, recognizing Marlowe's outstanding business acumen, he named him as his heir, so to speak."

"Thank you, Mr. Linhart. You've been very helpful."

18 EC

The proprietor of Bishop's Finger Inn is a nervous little man who wrings his delicate hands as we make our enquiries. He is very reluctant to give us information concerning Mr. Allen.

"My patrons have full confidence in my discretion and I cannot, will not, betray that trust."

"Even to the point of impeding an official Police investigation?" asks Wiggins, his tone striking the right note between righteous indignation and official threat. The little man capitulates.

"Uh, well, I always like to co-operate with the authorities."

"Good fellow! Believe me, I'll put in a good word for you. Now, on the evening of March 8th, Mr. Allen met someone here. Yes?"

Once the wall has been breached the city is taken. The little man gushes forth the information that Mr. Allen availed himself of the private dining room on ten occasions between January 15th and March 8th. "Each time a tall woman wearing a cloak and veil arrived first. I can't really tell you anything about her, but she seemed a lady of elegance and position. She spoke to me but once, on her first visit. I did detect a faint accent. Mid-European, I would say. Louis!"

He calls over the waiter who served Allen and guest. From him we learn that the lady was very striking with long blonde hair. He also reminds the proprietor of the earring that the lady left behind. It is a tear-drop emerald, circled by diamonds. The jeweler's mark "R & F" is inscribed on the metal clasp.

Wiggins thanks them. As we are leaving, Louis remembers something that he thinks we ought to know.

"There was this tall man with a thick moustache. He never smiled; he was absolutely stone-faced. The only time he appeared was on the evenings of Mr. Allen's rendezvous. He would arrive and leave just after the lady. Perhaps Bradford would know more."

The barman recalls the stone-faced man very well.

"He would sit here, hour after hour, ramrod straight, saying nothing. Downright unfriendly. Always ordered just one drink and never finished that. Never tipped. He was no gentleman!"

22 EC

From the gallery of the Stock Exchange, Wiggins is able to see the big chalk board only with the aid of binoculars.

"Rafferty Paper Mills, 8 shillings a share... There is no listing for the Stevenson Iron Works."

Just then a messenger arrives with an affirmative reply to our note to Richard Allen. We make our way down the stairs to an anteroom where Mr. Allen waits.

"How is the investigation progressing?"

"It is progressing. Mr. Allen, would you tell us a little bit about Rafferty Paper Mills and the Stevenson Iron Works, from an investment standpoint?"

"Until the day of his death, Josiah Rafferty's company was as solid as the Bank of England. But I would never have advised investment in it for two reasons. One, Josiah Rafferty was 94 on his last birthday. His passing could have

been at any time in the last 20 years. Two, his sons are as incompetent as their father was exceptional. They now control the company and, as a blind man could have foreseen, they are running it into the ground at breakneck speed.

"The Stevenson Iron Works is totally bankrupt and for good reason. Upwards of 85 per cent of their raw materials came from Central American countries. Between this revolution and that revolution, well... Lord Ragland invested heavily in both, now that I recall."

"We'll be on our way now. Thank you."

30 EC

We meet Henry Ellis at his office and explain we are looking into the murder of Courtney Allen. His face brightens. "Oh, the Grant Arms Company case. Yes, I've heard talk about that here in the News Room. Mighty suspicious, but if you ask me I've got a pretty good idea what this is all about." He stops and flashes us a knowing smile. He seems to have no intention of continuing.

After a few seconds, Wiggins impatiently leans forward and pleads, "Well, what is it? Out with it man!"

Ellis looks around to make sure no one is eavesdropping on the conversation. "As you might already know," Ellis explains, "the Grant Arms Company is working on a secret new naval gun — they say it will be superior to anything available today. I've heard from my contacts on the Continent that almost every naval power in Europe would like to get their hands on those plans. I sincerely doubt an Englishman pulled the trigger; more likely it was a Russian or a Frenchman. If superiority on the High Seas isn't motive enough for murder, I don't know what is."

"Thanks for the tip."

35 EC

"Well, Wiggins, what brings you here? Helping Holmes with a case?" asks Quintin Hogg from behind his cluttered desk.

"Yes, as a matter of fact. We were in the neighborhood and thought we would drop in on you."

"Good. What are you working on?"

"Courtney Allen's murder."

"That's interesting. I hear that there may be some tie-in with some project that Grant's was doing for the government. Any truth to that?"

"That's what we're trying to find out. What do you know?"

"Nothing concrete. At the Black Crown the other night a group of us reporters were sitting around talking shop and the subject of foreign involvement in crime came up. Espionage, kidnapping and even murder. I really don't know if Allen's murder falls into any of these categories or not, but it just struck me as a possibility when I heard of his death. So far, all I know is what the Yard has released. I'll start doing some digging around and let you know if I come up with anything."

"Thanks, we'll do the same."

36 EC

We find Mr. Hall in his office and he grants us a few minutes of his time. We outline the facts surrounding the murder of Courtney Allen. He leans back in his chair and thinks for a moment. "It seems to me that Scotland Yard is incorrect in their assessment of the motive for this crime. A common thief would not leave behind an unopened briefcase, nor would he take time to investigate its contents at the scene of the crime. Therefore the motive for the murder must be obscure. It seems that you have quite a puzzle on your hands; I would like to help you but at this time my case load is far too heavy and my time is precious."

38 EC

Sir Jasper Meeks explains that Allen was shot in the chest at close range.

"From a distance of two feet, no more — there were extensive powder burns on his overcoat."

"Do you have the bullet?"

"No, but it must have been of large calibre; the exit wound was massive."

39 EC

Wiggins rings the bell beside the name 'Anthony Mariano' and we wait. Soon we hear footfalls coming down the stairs. The door opens and a swarthy, thirtyish gentleman of medium height, with eyes not at all shifty, stands before us. He is wearing a pith helmet and a ballerina's tutu. A tasteful touch of rouge colours his cheeks.

"Yes?"

"Ah...ah...that is...is Sebastian Palmerston at home?"

"I think you have the wrong address."

"Isn't this Aldersgate High-street?"

"No, this is Aldersgate-street. Go south toward St. Paul's and take a left on Cheapside. Follow it right into Poultry, Cornhill, Leadenhall-street and that runs into Aldergate High-street."

"Oh, I say, that's very kind. Sorry to interrupt, that is, bother you."

"Not at all."

44 EC

At R.S. Garrard & Co. we speak to Virgil Leggins about the jewel robbery that took place on the 19th.

"It was in the middle of the afternoon and there were only a few customers present. Suddenly, smoke was pouring out of the stairwell that leads to the offices."

He points to the stairs. They are directly in line and about 5 feet away from an aisle between two showcases. They go up six steps to a landing, turn left and disappear above.

"In an instant the entire place was filled with smoke. Several people yelled 'Fire!' and everyone, including myself, went toward the front door. Very quickly the fire-fighters arrived, a bucket brigade was formed and the fire extinguished. As it turned out, of course, there was no fire at all. Someone, I believe it was a well-dressed gentleman in his mid-thirties who carried a carpetbag and was standing in the area of the stairs, tossed a smoke bomb up onto the landing. An entire showcase over there was looted."

"Quite audacious to strike in the middle of the afternoon."

"Yes, but when we're closed, our entire inventory is placed in a specially constructed vault. It would have been impossible to rob then."

51 EC

We arrive at Richard Mainhart's home, just as his solicitor, Henry Swathmore, is leaving.

"Thank you, Henry, for bringing by those papers to sign."

Unfortunately, Mr. Mainhart is very nearsighted and in the confusion the hand he shakes in good-bye is Wiggins'. It all gets sorted out and we soon find ourselves in a sitting room.

"You smoke Benson & Hedges Imperials?"

"Oh, do you? That's nice. I smoke them too." He is also hard of hearing.

We spend ten more confusing minutes with him before we take our leave.

52 EC

"Hm, a bad business, the Allen murder," says Porky.

"Have you heard any rumblings?"

"Nary a word. I know a couple of blokes who aren't above using a pig-sticker in a dark alley, but a pistol? Ain't hardly sportin'. Jasper! A round for me friends!"

We find the Linhart flat without any difficulty. We barely have a chance to explain our visit before Mrs. Mabel Linhart, William's mother, offers us all manner of food and refreshments. She is a sweet old lady who, when she recalls the birthday flowers that Mr. Allen sent her the day before his death, breaks into uncontrollable sobs.

We offer her our sympathies and our handkerchiefs and partake of her homemade fudge, all of which serves to console her. Finally we ask her where her son was on the evening of the 9th.

"At home with me all evening. Billy is such a good boy."

Case Two

4 July, 1888

The Case of the Mystified Murderess



PICCADILLY CIRCUS

AREA SE

15 SE

We find Kenward Olick's widow doing laundry. She is a hard-faced woman who looks older than her years. She refuses to talk to us.

Nor will her neighbours. In fact, we can find out nothing about Olick which might help us in tracking down his killer.

16 SE

Wiggins, disguised to the point of being almost unrecognizable, meets us by prearrangement at the corner of Penton-place and Kennington Park-road.

"Leach is what Porky said he was, a dealer in stolen goods. He looked at me funny when I mentioned Clarendon. Said he didn't know him."

21 SE

Claude Kilgore is a very smooth customer. He admits to knowing Clarendon but has no idea who Calvin Leach is, or so he says.

AREA SW

2 SW

Our hope to sidle into the Societies Club and corner Langdale Pike alone is a vain one. Luck is with us, however, for Pike is expounding upon the very subject in which we are interested. We take our place on the fringe of the group gathered about him and listen.

"Alas, dear friends, the 'Terrible Twins' are no more. Poor Guy Clarendon, cut off in his mischievous prime. Poor Loretta Nolan. She must be desolate. The loss of a kindred spirit who would willingly pour champagne down the front of Lady Leeds' new Paris gown solely for her amusement must be a burden more difficult to bear than the loss of a lover."

"I thought they were lovers," says someone in the crowd.

"Dear me, no. Outwardly, they did make an excellent couple. He, tall, handsome, from a monied family. She, beautiful, an heiress in her own right. It could have been a match made in heaven. It was, however, a match made in more infernal regions. They were the brothers Grimm, not Romeo and Juliet."

"Then could Frances Nolan's claim that she and Clarendon were lovers be true?"

"It is hard to credit, isn't it. But I believe she claimed that they were in love, not lovers. There is a vast difference and in that difference lies the rub.

"Guy Clarendon had been all but disowned by his father, a father who had grown tired of hushing the scandals and paying the gambling debts. Loretta Nolan had managed to fritter away a considerable fortune in three short years. How were the 'Terrible Twins' to proceed with extravagant merrymaking when they were so out-of-pocket?"

He suddenly breaks into peals of laughter. "You surely remember the 200 cabs filled with 200 beggars they sent to the Richmond May Day Soiree a year ago. Ha, ha. The congestion and confusion were so great that none of the real guests could gain entrance before midnight. Delicious!

"But such elaborate pranks cost a pretty penny and I'm afraid Guy and Loretta were fresh out of pennies, pretty or otherwise. Enter sister Frances. A sweet lady, by all accounts, but dull of feature, dull of form and, for Clarendon's and Loretta's purposes, dull of wit. However, her inheritance was still quite intact and that was the real target of Clarendon's affections."

As the conversation shifts to the "Society Burglar," centering more on the foibles of the victims than anything else, we leave.

5 SW

At the London Library our friend Lomax has a ready answer for our question.

"The Mesmer-Braid Institute was founded in 1874 as an asylum for the mentally disturbed. It was named after the 17th century Austrian physician, Anton Mesmer, who first discovered a technique whereby he could induce a quiet trancelike state in a patient. Because Mesmer ascribed certain mystic qualities to the process, which he called mesmerism, he was largely discredited during his lifetime. In the 1840's, Dr. James Braid, an Englishman, became interested in Mesmer's work, refined the process and renamed it hypnotism."

8 SW

We meet Mycroft in the Strangers' Room of the enigmatic Diogenes Club. "Mr. Holmes, we're helping your brother on the Guy Clarendon case."

"The Clarendon murder?" Mycroft Holmes seems baffled. "After reading of the case of the dead cab driver with the Roman coins around his neck, I thought 'surely, Sherlock is hot on the trail of this one.' The case reeks of Moriarty, and Sherlock never misses a chance to catch Moriarty with his guard down. I can't imagine that he would have time for the Clarendon case also."

Wiggins, blushing with shame, admits, "You're right; your brother is investigating the cabbie with the coins. We're doing this on our own. Do you have any information that might help us?"

"No, I can't say as I do. All I know is what I read in the *Times*, and there is not enough information presented there for me to formulate any theories."

We apologize for the intrusion and excuse ourselves.

12 SW

Mr. H.C. Hardinge is more than happy to talk to us about the theft of his wife's emerald bracelet.

"Although I do not know what information I can give you. We were guests at a small dinner party at the home of Otis Richmond. We arrived back home sometime after midnight. As my wife was putting away her finery, she noticed that the bracelet was gone from her jewelry box. Recalling the theft a few nights before at the Baker residence, we summoned the police."

"All the servants were questioned?"

"They have all been with us a number of years and I have not the slightest suspicion of any of them, but, yes, the police questioned them quite thoroughly. All were in bed asleep when we arrived home and none heard anything untoward."

"Nothing else was taken?"

"There are quite a number of valuable pieces in my wife's jewelry box and nothing else was taken. Nothing else in the room was even disturbed."

"Yet you are positive that it is not just misplaced?"

"My wife actually put it on as she dressed, but decided against wearing it. I saw her put it back in the box."

"Where does she keep the box?"

"Her dressing table has a special compartment in the side of it. The box fits it rather neatly."

We thank Mr. Hardinge for seeing us and we leave.

13 SW

"It is a useless enquiry," says a harried Inspector Lestrade. "Look, Frances Nolan claims not to have known that Clarendon was residing at Halliday's, yet she proceeded directly to his room. She fired a shot from a derringer, for which she had a receipt from S. Goff in her name, in the room where Clarendon was found dead, shot with a small calibre pistol. No, the lady is unquestionably guilty."

15 SW

We leave the manager's office at Halliday's Private Hotel knowing little more than we did when we entered. He is too upset over the police quarantine of Clarendon's room to be of much help. Fortunately, the day clerk is a much less excitable fellow.

"The gentleman registered under the name of Clarence Guy on the 29th of May. He was given a front room on the third floor. Two days later he asked to be moved to Suite 205. During his stay here he had only two visitors that I am aware of. One was a most disagreeable chap. He was very large, had a thick walrus moustache and a prominent scar down his cheek. He arrived on the 1st of June, the very day of Mr. Guy's, that is Mr. Clarendon's, move. He simply came in, sat down in the lobby and waited. I kept an eye on him but, I must admit, I was reluctant to ask him his business. Twenty minutes or so later, Mr. Clarendon came down from his room. As he passed, the big man yanked him aside. I'm sure I detected fear on Mr. Clarendon's face and was about to send one of the boys for a bobbie when Mr. Clarendon signed me that all was well. After a few minutes of conversation, they left together. I never saw the man again.

"His other visitor, who came by quite frequently, was a very striking woman. She was quite fashionably dressed and she had a most distinctive laugh, very full and deep. I have no idea who she was."

"Tell us about the morning of July 2nd."

"It was about 9 o'clock when a woman entered. She was rather plain-looking and I would not have noticed her but for the fact that she came in the front door, looking neither left nor right, and proceeded directly to the staircase. Normally non-residents are not allowed to pass without first stopping at the desk. I was on my way to intercept the woman, when I was buttonholed by Mr. Ramsey. He's a guest of long residence and a chronic complainer and he would not let me go. It couldn't have been 30 seconds later when there was a faint bang and then a woman's scream. I dashed up the stairs to the second floor where the hallway was full of inquisitive guests. They directed my attention to Room 205. There I found the body of Mr. Clarendon and the aforementioned woman. She was lying in a swoon in the centre of the room with a pistol in her hand. I revived her with some whiskey found in the room. When she came to, she was totally disoriented. She had no idea where she was or what she had done. When she saw Clarendon's body she gave out a small cry and let go of her pistol as if it were red hot. I took her to a nearby vacant room and had the police summoned."

At our request, the clerk calls a sleepy bellboy to show us the suite. On our way to the room we discover that the lad has just shifted to day duty after working nights. Enquiring further, we learn that the front doors are locked at 10 p.m., so that any guests or visitors must be let in by the night staff. Clarendon, leading a most exemplary life, was always in his rooms before 10.

The constable on guard lets us into the 2-room suite and oversees our tour. The sitting room walls are papered in a subdued floral pattern. The ceiling is covered with yellow plaster. The constable indicates the entryway to the bedroom as the place where the body was found. There is only a spot or two of blood on the carpet. A larger stain had apparently been made by the spilled contents of two wine glasses lying nearby, one shattered. In the centre of the sitting room, some 15 feet away are small flecks of yellow plaster.

A search of the sitting room yields nothing much in the way of personal items. In the top desk drawer, however, we find a folded bank statement from Cox's:

WITHDRAWALS	DEPOSITS
June 1 - £5,000	May 30 - £5,000
	June 12 - £ 500
	June 16 - £1,000
	June 18 - £ 500

We wander into the bedroom. In the closet there are but two shirts and three pairs of shoes, one of them a pair of canvas fencing shoes dyed black. In the dresser there is the usual assortment of underwear and shirts. Loosely tossed in the top drawer is a black wool sweater and a pair of black trousers.

"Not much of a view," comments Wiggins, looking out of the open bedroom window. The brick wall of the building across the alley is dreary indeed. Even the ivy vines which wind up the trellis and cover the back wall of Halliday's are dusty and cheerless.

19 SW

Dr. Trevelyan is a man of considerable size and everything about him, his movements and gestures, are quite ponderous. His eyes, however, are quick and lively and seem to penetrate into one's inner core. It is ever-so-slightly disturbing. He drops himself into the chair behind his desk, fiddles with his pocket watch and asks how he can help us.

"We understand that you dined with Frances Nolan on the evening of July 1st."

"Yes, that is correct. We dine every Sunday. Her sister Loretta has been under my care for some ten years, first at the Mesmer-Braid Institute and then in private practice. I meet with Miss Frances weekly to keep her informed of her sister's progress. What began as a purely clinical exercise has ripened into a pleasant evening between friends. Let me say that it is difficult to believe that Miss Frances committed this deed. She has a quiet, unassuming personality. One might describe her, albeit unkindly, as mousy. An act of such direct confrontation would not be at all in keeping with her character."

"Are she and her sister close?"

"They lead very different and separate lives. Miss Frances lives a quiet life, while Miss Loretta's is wild and flamboyant. Frances stays at home. Loretta never misses a party. Their individual laughs illustrate their differences. Frances' is timid, no more than a titter. Loretta's laugh is deep and resounding, totally uninhibited.

"For her part, Miss Frances loves and cares for her sister as a parent would a child. Miss Loretta, well, she often seeks refuge with her sister and loves her as much as she is capable of love."

"Thank you, doctor."

21 SW

A man, dressed as if he had stepped from the pages of *The Tales of Arabian Nights*, curved scimitar and all, bars our entrance to Loretta Nolan's home. Only when it is established that we are not tradesmen collecting for goods or services are we allowed to pass.

We enter the parlour to find Miss Loretta reclining on large silk pillows clad in a costume similar to her servant's, that is, a man's Arabian outfit. To add to the motif, long swatches of brightly coloured material are draped about the room on red cords. By appearances we might have entered a Pasha's tent.

"Enter and be recognized," she commands, lifting her head from the hookah on which she is puffing.

It must be our look of total disbelief which causes her to break out with peals of deep, unrestrained laughter. When we do not respond, except perhaps to shift from foot to foot to indicate our discomfort, her laugh abruptly dies and her mouth pauses in a pout.

"Ohhh. You do not wish to play. Very well." She is suddenly on her feet and flying around the room, whisking away the cloth. Plopping down in a chair that was hidden by the material, she tells us to state our business.

"You do not seem at all upset by Mr. Clarendon's death and your sister's arrest."

She takes a long moment to answer, staring off into nothingness.

"Guy was fun to be with... my sister, she is an innocent among the lions."

Before we can ask a question, she rises and calls her butler. "I believe I will be going out this evening, Randall." She sweeps out of the room, leaving us standing alone.

22 SW

Entering his laboratory, we are initially unable to locate H.R. Murray in his maze of chemical paraphernalia, file cabinets and boxes, until Wiggins notices a faint snore coming from the far corner. We walk over and find him hunched on his desk, asleep with a pile of criminal reports and chemistry notes as a pillow. Wiggins taps him on the shoulder; he jerks upright and his white hair and the white papers mingle in a temporary flurry around his head.

"Hello? What? Oh my... where... oh, yes. It's you, Higgins! I must have dozed off. What are you up to today?"

"It's Wiggins, sir, and we're looking into the Clarendon murder."

"Clarendon? I had just finished that report when I fell asleep. Let's see, number 301... 301..." He rummages through his pile of papers, although we wonder how a report he'd just written could be anywhere but on top. "Ah, here it is, 301, Clarendon, Guy. Not much, I'm afraid. A hole in the shirt where a small calibre bullet passed into the body... extensive blood stains... powder burns, indicating a close-range shot... ah, here is something interesting. On the lower part of the shirt I found traces of alcohol. Wine, to be exact. I have a good nose, and I believe it was an inferior quality Italian Red. I was in Italy in..."

We tip-toe off and miss his lecture on the chemical qualities of finer wines.

24 SW

Nancy Judd is an attractive widow in her mid-thirties.

"I was just starting to come out again into the world after my husband's death and now this happens."

She goes on to tell us that the pendant stolen from her is very old, a family heirloom.

"It belonged to my great-great-grandmother and has been passed down to me. I hoped to give it to my daughter."

We find out that Mrs. Judd was out on the evening of the theft, and that even though she keeps it in the toe of an old shoe, the burglar knew right where to look for it.

25 SW

Bessie Dearth wields her cane in mock illustration of what she will do to the thief if he ever comes within her range. She has a great deal of sauce for a woman of her years.

"My husband, God rest his soul, gave me that necklace on our 50th wedding anniversary and woe betide the blighter who took it, I say."

"Ma'am, you were out on the evening it was stolen?"

"Yes. I attended a masqued charity ball at St. Mary's for the benefit of un-wed mothers. Wouldn't be surprised if the scoundrel was responsible in that direction too! 'Society Burglar', indeed! The fellow's of the lower classes, take my word!"

"Do you keep your jewels locked up?"

"No, I don't, but I keep them well-hidden, or I thought I did. They were in a box made to look like a copy of Dickens' *Great Expectations* on a bookshelf amongst other books. Hiram, my late husband, thought of that. But the thief went right to it!"

"No thought that one of the servants might be responsible?"

"There's only Sybil, my housekeeper, and Sarah, my maid, and both accompanied me to the Ball."

We make a contribution to the Un-wed Mothers Fund and take our leave.

27 SW

On the evening of the theft, Bradford Lewin and his wife were at a reception at Buckingham Palace for the new head of the China Legation. They arrived home after midnight, hungry, and rang for the butler to serve up some cold cuts. While partaking of their midnight snack, Mrs. Lewin discovered that a pair of ruby earrings was missing. They noticed nothing else out-of-place — no sign of a search, that is — and none of the servants had heard anything suspicious.

30 SW

Sir Sanford Leeds expresses his hope that his wife's tiara will soon be recovered.

"It is a valuable piece, to be sure, but more than that, my wife has been under a doctor's care since its theft and just yesterday took up a room at St. George's Hospital. She is even more overwrought than when young Clarendon poured champagne down the, ahem, bodice of her Paris original at the Richmond's party on the 20th last. Which, come to think of it, was the last time she wore the tiara."

"Where was the tiara kept?"

"In the bottom drawer of the bureau, under some of my wife's, ahem, more frilly garments."

"Were there signs of extensive search, drawers left open, that sort of thing?"

"No, the burglar knew right where to look, it seems."

"You were not at home, correct?"

"That's correct. My first night out since the Richmond's party. Down with la grippe, what. Still not in top form but couldn't miss the old regiment's annual wing-ding."

"Thank you, Sir Sanford. We wish Lady Leeds a speedy recovery."

"Recover the tiara and she'll come right around!"

31 SW

Sir Francis Clarendon is a severe old man deeply disappointed in his only son.

"He was a wastrel and a ne'er-do-well! Only a month or so ago, I gave him 5,000 pounds and told him it was the last he'd see of my money. I hoped the shock would bring the boy around, make him realize that he had to settle down and carve out a life for himself. Enough of this shilly-shallying! The gambling, out to all hours of the night with that wild woman, he was breaking his poor mother's heart."

"Wild woman? Who do you mean?"

"That Nolan girl."

"Frances Nolan?"

"No, no, that sister of hers, that Loretta."

"You mentioned gambling. Do you know with whom your son gambled, or who might have wanted to kill him?"

"No, I'm sorry. He told us nothing. He only came around when he needed money, and since I'd told him there would be no more money, I'd hardly seen him. Just breaking his mother's heart, he was."

Gertrude Clarendon sits sobbing in the corner, her heart breaking indeed.

"Don't waste your tears on him, Gerty. He wasn't worth it!" So saying, his own eyes begin to mist over.

We quietly take our leave, and the butler follows us out the front door. "Maybe I can help. Master Guy was a wild

one, but he wasn't all bad."

"Please, we'd appreciate any help."

"About five weeks ago, I noticed a man hanging about, a very formidable-looking character. He had an ugly scar down the side of his face and was dressed rather carelessly, which is what attracted my attention. He just did not belong, if you know what I mean."

"Did he approach the door or did you see him with young Clarendon?"

"Neither. He just walked up and down the street for most of the evening. I was certain, however, that he had a special interest in the house. Late that night, or rather early the next morning, for I remember hearing the hall clock chime three times, I heard a clatter in the house and came to investigate. I'm a very light sleeper and I was on my guard anyway because of the man with the scar. In any case, it was Master Guy, and he was in a terrible state. He was all battered and bruised and there was a fresh cut on his forehead. I asked him point-blank who had done it to him. He didn't answer directly, just told me that I should forget about it and not to mention it to anyone."

"This may be a big help. Thanks."

39 SW

Otis Richmond is a round little man possessed of boundless energy and good will. He does not seem at all put out at being victimized by the "Society Burglar." His tremendous wealth may have something to do with that.

"A mere trinket, a bauble. I replaced it for my wife the next day. Now, I do feel for some of the others, however, the sentimental value and all."

In answer to our questions he tells us that he was out on the evening of the theft and nothing was disturbed but the jewelry box lying right on top of the dressing table.

48 SW

Cornelius Oldwine is tall and thin, about 30 years of age and thoroughly bored with everything around him, which at the present moment happens to be us.

"Poor old Guy. He could be such fun."

"Would you tell us about the incident at your country estate last March when Loretta Nolan jumped into a fountain?"

"It wasn't much, really. Someone, I don't recall who, dared Loretta to jump into the fountain, it being March and quite chilly. She did them one better. She dove in and swam to the centre column. Absolutely dreadful sculpture, by the way, swans and mermaids and whatnot. It rises some 20 or 30 feet in the air. She climbed it — the woman is part monkey, I do believe — and dove in. Then it seemed to be the thing to do, everybody took the plunge. Guy was the only one who actually climbed the fountain though. Half my guests came down with sneezes and Loretta caught pneumonia."

"Her sister came to fetch her?"

"Is that who that woman was? I'm sure I was introduced, but I don't recall."

50 SW

"At first I thought it must have been one of the servants. Questioned them thoroughly, believe me. After all, there was no sign of a search and nothing else was disturbed. It really wasn't until Hardinge and Richmond were robbed and the papers referred to us as the victims of the 'Society Burglar' that I was certain it wasn't... You wouldn't, by any chance be able to recommend a good housekeeper and valet, would you?"

AREA NW

1 NW

The housekeeper informs us that Mr. Davenport is at his office.

12 NW

At Dr. Mason's home we meet a rather garrulous landlady who seems to think that we are also of the medical profession. She begins a non-stop monologue about her trick back and how it pains her in the summertime. 'Course it also pains her in the fall, winter and spring. It takes no little time before we find out that Dr. Mason is not at home but at his office.

18 NW

Sam Parsons, at Parsons & Son Toy Shoppe shows us a miniature hansom without a driver and says, "It came from 'you know who.'"

29 NW

The trip to Wilfrid Robarts' home is not a total loss, for Wiggins anyway. Although Robarts is not home, the next-door neighbour, a lovely young lady, is. We tell Wiggins we will meet him at Trafalgar Square while he stays to make her acquaintance.

35 NW

At the Royal Italian Circus we spy Constable Shook scratching his head, pondering his notebook. When he sees us, his face brightens.

"So Mr. 'Olmes is interested in the case, is 'e?"

Without our reply, Shook launches into an explanation of the facts of the case, becoming, before very long, hopelessly entangled.

"'Ere now," he stops himself, "let's take you around to the various suspects and let's see what we see." So saying, he starts off toward a rotund man, telling us that he is the ringmaster, Gregory Shepard. "'E ain't a suspect, as such, but 'e seen it all 'appen."

At the Constable's behest, Shepard explains the "accident."

"It is all inconceivable! Klaus Wallinden was the best in the world on the tightrope. But last week, he was hesitant, tentative, his footing unsure. He went back to the rosin box several times. Then just as he was walking out for his finale — he balances a chair on two legs on the wire and performs a handstand on it — he slipped. The chair was in his hands and because of it he missed the wire. Everything should have been fine because of the net, but it gave way as soon as the chair and Klaus hit it."

"Thank you, Mr. Shepard," says Constable Shook. When we are out of earshot, he adds, "The net didn't just 'give way,' as Shepard says. It was rigged with a very tricky knot made to come loose when any weight 'it it.

"Now let's go talk to Guzzoni. 'E and Wallinden 'ad a row two days before."

We are not alarmed when we come upon Luigi Guzzoni throwing knives at his shapely wife, for that is his occupation with the circus. We do become slightly alarmed, however, by the look in his eyes when we mention Klaus Wallinden's name.

"I hated the man, I tell you. He's a snake! I didn't kill him but I wish I had!"

As we hurry away, Shook explains that Guzzoni had accused Wallinden of showing too much attention to his wife, Seraphina. Considering the look of sadness in Seraphina's eyes it may have been true, although Wallinden, we are told, denied it.

Another who seems to have believed the accusation is Wallinden's fiancée, Carmen Albuera. We meet her as she rehearses with her horse troupe. The four horses, abreast of each other, trot around the perimeter of a ring while Carmen, standing in the centre, controls them with a single lead attached to all four bridles. With a quick flip of the wrist, the lead detaches itself and the four horses split off into four directions, ending in front of her, rearing.

"There is no sadness in my heart. He treated me badly with that pig, that cow, that, that *puta*!"

She refuses to say anything more, in English anyway, and we proceed on.

We come across Hercule LeMouche, a trapeze artist. He is arguing with the boss roustabout over some fine point of rigging. Despite LeMouche's insistence of his expertise in rigging, the roustabout goes away unconvinced. Before we speak to him, Shook informs us that LeMouche, who had just joined the troupe, had an argument with Wallinden over billing, each disparaging the other's talents and resorting to a vile name-calling match.

"He was second rate. A *poseur*. Yet, I must stand behind him, *sacre bleu*!"

Shook tells us, as we walk away, that all three, Guzzoni, Albuera and LeMouche were seen watching Wallinden that fateful night.

"Expecting something, do you think?"

"What's that singing?" we ask as the sound of a drunken melody reaches us. The words are slurred and it is difficult to tell if the song is happy or sad, so often does the tempo shift. As we get closer to it, however, it is easy to tell that it is in German.

"Ah, that would be Albrecht 'Ube. A sad case, so I'm told. 'E used to be even greater than Wallinden, invented the chair balancing thing that Wallinden used in 'is act, but used to do it with just one leg on the wire. Somewhere along the line 'e began to 'it the bottle and you can't walk no wire all ginned up like. A few months back, Wallinden hired 'im as a go-'n-fetch-it, sort of. Did odd jobs and the like. Totally off the sauce, 'e was, 'til the other night."

As we peek into the dressing room, we see Hube, very unsteady on his feet, standing over a tub, washing what appears to be Wallinden's costumes. With one hand he pours in more soap flakes while with the other he hoists a bottle of whiskey to his mouth. Setting the bottle down on a nearby table, he again commences to sing.

Constable Shook goes back over the case once again in complete detail. When he is finished, he looks to us for our opinion.

"Constable," says Wiggins, "I think there is an arrest to be made."

AREA WC

4 WC

Dr. Trevelyan's manservant greets us at the door bedecked in apron and carrying a broom. As he tells us that Dr. Trevelyan is at his office, a street cat attempts to dodge into the house. With a swipe of the broom worthy of a professional cricketeer, he sends the cat flying back into the street and meowing away.

5 WC

At the Central Carriage Stables we enquire after the cabbie found stabbed to death a few nights before.

"I never seen the like," says an old duffer, shaking his head. "Kenny was a right 'nough fellow. But kept pretty much to 'isself, 'e did."

"What was his name?"

"Kenward Olick."

"What area did he work?"

"Oh, down around the Tower, mostly. George-street, Eastcheap, down in there."

13 WC

After waiting nearly two hours, we are finally shown into Hiram Davenport's office. He apologizes for the delay with a somewhat suspect sincerity and we take our seats and ask our questions.

"Yes, I am Frances' solicitor and Loretta's too, although I am less help in that direction since she came of age."

"You handled their father's estate?"

"That's correct. Their father left them equal shares in his one-third share of the Aberdeen Navigation Company. I administered that bequest in the form of a trust fund until each girl came of age. Since then I have tried to do my best to advise them."

"With one-sixth of a share of Aberdeen Navigation Company, they must be very wealthy."

"Frances is, to be sure, but Loretta saw fit, much against my advice, I might add, to liquidate her stock. I'm afraid her financial situation is not all it could be."

"Do you recall a meeting with Miss Frances last month when she blacked out?"

He looks puzzled a moment, then offers, "Well, I did meet with both Miss Frances and Miss Loretta last month and Miss Frances did leave unexpectedly. I thought it odd at the time, but she did not black out, as such."

"Would you describe the meeting."

"We were in the middle of our discussion when I was called away on other important business. I begged their indulgence and stepped out of the office. I was gone, oh, 20 minutes. When I got back, Miss Frances had a very strange look in her eyes, said thank you very much, nice to see you again, or something to that effect and left. Miss Loretta laughed that very disturbing laugh of hers and left also."

"Thank you."

14 WC

"Both Loretta Nolan and Guy Clarendon have had complaints filed against them," says Disraeli O'Brian, after digging up their files, "although neither of them has ever been arrested. Miss Nolan has been cited twice for public drunkenness; they both have been involved in some unusual pranks, but the victims have never pressed charges."

17 WC

At Somerset House we find that the will of Sir Malcolm Nolan left his entire estate to his widow Margret. If she should precede him in death, then the estate was to be equally divided between his two daughters, Frances and Loretta. The estate included a one-third share in the Aberdeen Navigation Company.

22 WC

At Cox's we find that Guy Clarendon's activity at the bank was sporadic, with deposits rather infrequent before June 12th.

28 WC

The salesman remembers the unescorted woman who came into the shop last week quite well.

"It's not very often that a woman comes in, much less alone. She was very attractive, her beauty marred only by spectacles. She picked out a derringer to purchase and insisted that I make out a receipt with her name on it. Ah, Frances Norless, Frances... well, Frances something."

29 WC

We ask Dr. Mason if he could determine the cause of Frances Nolan's strange blackouts.

"I examined her thoroughly and found nothing physically wrong with her. She could not recall receiving a bump on the head. She did not complain of dizziness. I told her that perhaps she was just overtired and prescribed rest. It remains a complete mystery to me."

34 WC

Gerald Locke is not very helpful to our investigation. Not because he does not wish to be, but simply because he has no information to impart.

37 WC

Physically, Wilfrid Robarts is anything but impressive. he has jowlly cheeks that give him a hangdog expression, a large bulbous nose and a thinning scalp. His looks far exceed his age, which we are surprised to learn is but 28. Yet he has a vigorous manner and a degree of intensity that is very compelling.

"I've met with Miss Frances and she wishes me to take the case. I, however, am reserving judgement until I can speak to her in a room with some sunlight." As he speaks this last, he taps the monocle in the palm of his hand. "Then we shall see."

"What would be your defence?"

"Oh, have no fear. If I take the case, I will think of something."

We have no doubt that he will!

38 WC

The numismatic expert at the British Museum informs us that Roman coins can be easily purchased from any number of coin shops or private collectors.

46 WC

We speak to Miss Frances' maid Grace, who tells us that on the evening of the 1st Dr. Trevelyan was at the Nolan home until 10 o'clock.

"After Dr. Trevelyan left, Miss Frances asked for a cup of cocoa and I brought it to her. As I came up the stairs to retire, the light in Miss Frances' room went out. The hall clock below struck the half hour, that would be 11:30. I did wake up in the middle of the night — actually it was almost morning — I thought I heard something. I listened for a time but heard nothing more and dozed off again. I arose at 7:30, completed my toilet by 8 and went downstairs to prepare Miss Frances' breakfast. No sooner was I in the kitchen, than I heard the front door open and close. I saw Miss Frances walking down the street.

"I didn't know what to think when I heard the news, except not to believe it. Miss Frances wouldn't harm anyone, especially Mr. Clarendon.

"Do you think I'll be able to see her? I'd like to take her her spectacles and a book or two; she is so fond of reading, you know."

AREA EC

26 EC

At the Aberdeen Navigation Company we enquire as to Frances and Loretta Nolan's connection to the firm.

"Their father, Sir Malcolm, left each of them a one-sixth share. But those shares carried with them no voting priveleges. In other words, the ladies were entitled to all profits and dividends but had no say in the running of the company. Several years ago, as soon as she came of age, Miss Loretta divested herself of her stock, sold it back, in fact, to the two original partners."

30 EC

Mr. Ellis' secretary informs us that he is on assignment in Europe and will be there for many weeks.

35 EC

Well, the Clarendon murder looks fairly open and shut," says Quintin Hogg. "Not your typical murderess, I admit, but there you have it."

36 EC

Our interview with Edward Hall is very short. He knows little of the Clarendon murder, but, with his connections, he is able to arrange an interview with Frances Nolan.

Confined in a drab holding cell at the Criminal Court, Old Bailey, she is the picture of misery. Her eyes, her most attractive feature in an otherwise plain face, hold a great deal of confusion and disbelief at her present situation.

"I don't remember anything except seeing Guy's body across the room and the pistol in my hand, I screamed and I must have fainted. I didn't even know that he was at Halliday's and I've never been there before. And why would I shoot him? We loved each other!"

Wiggins goes to her to calm her down.

"Now let's take it one step at a time. What is the last thing you remember before the room at Halliday's?"

"Going to bed the night before. On Sunday evenings Dr. Trevelyan dines with me at my home. My sister Loretta is under his care and these weekly meetings involve her progress. Well, the doctor and I have become friends over the years. Dr. Trevelyan left at 10 o'clock. At 11, my maid Grace prepared a cup of cocoa for me. I drank it and read in bed for a short time, then went to sleep."

"How long have you known Guy Clarendon?"

"I first met him at the country estate of Cornelius Oldwine in March. There was a party of some sort and my sister climbed a 20-foot fountain and dived in. She caught pneumonia, and I had to go fetch her home. Guy was at the estate."

"And he immediately began paying court to you?"

"No, in fact, he didn't seem to notice me. I was quite surprised some weeks later when he called. It was a lovely afternoon, May 10th. He apologized for his impertinence at calling without an appointment and asked permission to call again. We began seeing a good deal of each other, went for carriage rides, picnic lunches. He declared his love for me and asked my hand in marriage. I couldn't have killed him!"

"How do you explain your presence at Halliday's?"

"I...can't. It's just like the other two times."

"You've had memory loss before?"

"Yes, twice in the past month. The first time I found myself sitting on a bench in Hyde Park. It was late in the afternoon and the last thing I remember was having lunch with my sister. The second time occurred a few days later. That morning I had met with my solicitor, Hiram Davenport. That was the last thing I remember until I woke up again at the Liverpool Street Station. I consulted my doctor, Dr. Mason, and he was quite puzzled. He prescribed rest."

"Where did you acquire the pistol?"

"I've never seen it before, even though the police assured me that it was mine."

"One last question. What is Gerald Locke to you?"

"Gerry is an old, dear friend. I'm afraid we've had a falling out of late. He said some very unkind words about Guy."

Edward Hall catches up to us on our way out. He tells us that he has asked Wilfrid Robarts to take Miss Nolan's case.

"He's young but has already gained quite a reputation. Mark my words, he will be knighted some day."

38 EC

At Bart's Sir Jasper Meeks tells us that Clarendon was shot at very close range with a small calibre pistol.

"I received the body at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. I would judge that he had been dead anywhere from four to ten hours."

52 EC

"Oh, 'course I knew Clarendon. He and his lady friend stopped in from time to time. They were usually on their way to Kilgore's Gaming Parlour, or comin' back from it," says Porky Shinwell.

"What's Kilgore's Gaming Parlour?"

"Ha, ha, it's a nice little place down in the southeast, frequented by swells and toffs. The coppers been tryin' to close it down for years but Kilgore knows when they come within three blocks.

"Clarendon was into him for a sizeable sum, or so it was said — 7,000 pounds was the figure I heard. Got to the point

that Kilgore wouldn't allow him in his place. I understand Clarendon didn't take too kindly to that. Almost caused a row until Kilgore's right hand man, Gus Bullock, stepped in. Clarendon backed down. I don't blame him none. Gus is a mean character right enough. There's a joke about Gus. Somebody once said he'd like to see the customer who gave Gus that scar. He was told, so would the fellow's widow. Ha, ha.

"Anyways, Kilgore made it clear that he expected the money and there were bad feelings all around. Then maybe a month or so later, Clarendon shows up all smiles, and he and Kilgore gettin' on like brothers. Figure Clarendon must have paid him back. Then Calvin Leach steps into the picture."

"Who's Calvin Leach?"

"Well, rumour has it that Leach deals in what you might call 'stolen property.' Square dealer, too, give you one-half the value of the article. Now Calvin Leach don't usually associate with the likes of Claude Kilgore, but there it is. Leach, Kilgore and Clarendon meeting late at night just as thick as, uh, fog. Ha, ha. The meetings continued on and right up until, well, the night before Clarendon's death."

"Did these meetings take place at the Raven and Rat?"

"Well, won't say they did and won't say they didn't. Will say, though, everything I told you is as true as if it was written in the Good Book. Now we been standin' here jawin' and I don't hear nobody orderin' a pint or nothin'. What'll it be?"

Case Three

17 August, 1888

The Case of the Lionized Lions



TRAFALGAR SQUARE

AREA SE

2 SE

A neighbour of Collier Eddy's tells us a little bit about the man.

"Collie's a right 'nough fellow. 'E is fond of 'is gin, though, and not above sportin' with the ladies, if you know what I mean. Can be cantankerous, too. Seen 'im bust up a bloke or two with them big fists of 'is. Swears a might too much for me. No respect for other people's property, either. Don't care much for animals—"

We leave with the neighbour still listing Eddy's shortcomings.

8 SE

We arrive at the Irish Social Club just as the principal speaker, Mallory Keenan, comes to a rousing conclusion. He holds aloft the August 17th *Times* and proclaims:

"We will strike until the roar of the English Lion is silenced in our homeland, forever. Ireland for the Irish!"

A tremendous cheer goes up. It reverberates around the hall making the hundred or so people gathered there sound like twenty times that number. With a rush, the enthusiastic group makes for the podium to surround and congratulate the speaker. They are so carried away that Mr. Keenan is forced to make for the exit to save life and limb. He has worked them up to a feverish pitch and is in danger of being buried himself. He manages to escape the crowd — and our questions.

11 SE

We find Stephen Dirk's flat a shambles. Furniture is overturned, dresser drawers are emptied and Dirk's belongings are strewn all over the place. The landlady is appalled at the state of the room and hurries away to find a constable.

As we sort through the mess, Wiggins shows us a broken model of a sailing ship. "Now I see how they get them into the bottle. The masts are on hinges. They're laid back against the hull and a string is attached to the top of them. That way the ship fits easily through the neck. Once inside the string is pulled and the masts and sails are raised. What's this?"

From the "hold" of the model ship Wiggins draws forth a piece of paper.

"It's a bill of lading for a shipment of horse collars sent aboard the *S.S. True Heart*. It's signed 'Wallace Sharp, Captain.' Undersigned by 'Byers Eason.'"

"Nothing strange about that, excepting where you found it."

"I don't know. Look where those horse collars were shipped from and their destination."

He offers us the paper and we read, "Point of Origin: Shantung. Destination: Liverpool."

21 SE

Rudge & Singer Carriage and Harness Manufacturers is located in a large brick building. The door to the manager's office is open. Wiggins pokes his head in and asks the man inside if he could point out Carroll O'Neill.

"Yes, he's the small chap over there working on the growler. The one with the red hair. Any trouble?"

"No trouble. Has he worked here long?"

"Fifteen years. A good worker for a hot-headed Irishman. Hey, O'Neill, some blokes here to see you."

O'Neill puts his tool down, looks at us for a moment and slowly walks towards us.

"What ya need?"

"We want to ask you some questions about your son."

"I know'd he bring no good with him. That's why I told him to stay away from the house last night; his mom don't need all that heart-break again. You're police, I take it. Well, I don't know nothing about what he be up to."

"We're not from the police; we're just trying to find out about the murder of your son's lions."

"Oh, you're here about Barry; I thought it was Tommy that brung ya. Barry's a good boy, a little wild, but he'll settle down in time. Damnedest thing about them lions of his. Crazy kid, gettin' in a cage with them big cats; got to be an easier way to make a living. More excitin' than making these bloody buggies for the swells, though. Each to his own. Better than stealing, like his brother. 'Tween me and you, I'm glad those bloody cats are dead."

"Why's that?"

O'Neill lowers his voice and moves his head closer to us. "Maybe now he'll worry more about the bloody British lion keepin' the Irish under its paw. I know his ma ain't Irish but, my God, he's half-Irish, that's good enough. Here, read this. I gotta get back to work."

O'Neill shoves a folded sheet of paper into our hands and then hurries back to his work. Wiggins unfolds the paper and shows us a flyer announcing a meeting of the Irish Nationalist League on Irish Home Rule scheduled for that night at the Irish Social Club, 8 Lant-street. At the top of the flyer is a drawing showing the British Lion hanging from the gallows with a body in its bloody paws labeled "Irish Freedom."

26 SE

As we arrive at Marcy Edwards' home, her landlady is in the process of moving her belongings out into the street.

"I never liked 'er. I never liked the blokes she brung around."

The landlady gives a disgusted look at her small pile of odds and ends in the gutter. "Ain't nothin' even worth keeping among this junk."

27 SE

Sylvia Carpen'er's landlady is stone-faced and uncommunicative.

"I don't poke me nose into other people's business. She paid the rent an' that's all I cared about."

29 SE

We are walking down the long white-washed corridor of St. Thomas' looking for room 214. Our request for help from one of the white-clad nurses evokes an expression of disgust.

"You will find Mr. O'Neill in the first room around the corner. Him and that savage of his. It's a disgrace; some night he'll go on a rampage and kill us all." With that outburst over, she throws a quick glance over her shoulder and hurries down the hall.

The first door turns out to be 214 and our knock gains us entrance. In the bed lies a man with both legs in casts and hanging in traction. O'Neill pushes himself up so he can see us over his casts. His small eyes look us over for a moment. He then turns his head towards an alcove to his right and says something that sounds like: "Mabudo madowa ka saki don wa."

This incantation brings forth a small black man, barefooted and shirtless. His thick, black, curly hair is topped with a headdress of bones and feathers. He fixes his large eyes upon us as his hand reaches for a wooden tube tucked into his belt, his body ready to spring.

"Mr. O'Neill, uh, could we talk to you for a moment? About your lions? We are investigating their murder."

"Mabudo saka wa mo." This command relaxes the black man and he squats next to O'Neill's bed, but his eyes never leave us. "You're from the police?"

"No, but we would like to ask you a few questions. Those were your lions that were murdered, were they not?"

"So I have been told, but as you can see, I am in no shape to go look at them. I don't know anything about it. I don't even know where they are."

"Do you know why anyone would want to murder your lions?"

"Look, I've told you I don't know anything. Now if you're not from the police, get out and leave me alone. Mabudo sa nowa!"

"Well, if you don't wish our help, Mr. O'Neill, we'll just wish you a good day," says Wiggins as we back out the door.

32 SE

Captain Wallace Sharp's home is cluttered with objects indicative of his many South Sea voyages. Most disturbing of all is a shrunken head which dangles from a piece of carved and painted wood.

"Witch doctor gave me that," he states proudly.

"Captain Sharp, did you know Stephen Dirk well?"

"Hardly at all, really. Fact is, we didn't get on too well. He was caught dipping into the till, you might say, and Aberdeen's fired him. Haven't seen him at all since, that is, until I ran into him at the Red Boar."

"You had a drink with him then?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Did he say anything to you about getting a new ship?"

"Not a word. I wouldn't have believed him if he had. There was no possibility of Aberdeen's taking him on again. I thought he was down on his luck and I stood him a drink. Then I left."

34 SE

At the Red Boar Inn the barkeeep identifies Stephen Dirk as a former ship's captain with Aberdeen Navigation Company.

"'E was beached a few months back an' feelin' mean about it. But then last night 'e shows up 'ere all smiles. 'E said 'e was goin to get a new ship, the *Fairwind*. A friend of 'is, another cap'n, Wally Sharp, met 'im at the bar an' they takes a tot together. Sharp left an' Dirk sees Sylvia and Marcy sittin' with Collier Eddy. 'E went over to them, staggered over actually, although 'e 'ad 'ad only a couple o' drinks by then. I seen 'im put a good bit away at other times an' never show a sign. Anyways, 'e sits down an' they get all friendly like. Then they left."

"Are the ladies here often?"

"Ladies? Humph. Yes, they're 'ere quite a bit."

"And Collier Eddy, is he a regular?"

"Oh, 'e stops by now and again."

"In the company of Sylvia Carpenter and Marcy Edwards?"

"It's the first time I seen 'em together."

37 SE

As we walk along York-road beside Waterloo Station, a workman cautions us to mind our heads. Above, other workmen stand on scaffolding, painting the wall of the station building.

"Bit of mischief, you might say," explains the first workman. "Some Irish ruffians painted some disrespectful slogans, 'Ireland for the Irish,' 'Down with the Empire,' and the like. 'Er Majesty the Queen will be drivin' past 'ere in two 'ours. They was for 'er benefit, no doubt. We'll 'ave it all covered over by that time. If you ask me, we ought to cover over them bloody bastards what done it. Cover 'em over with six feet of earth after they 'ang 'em!"

0six feet of earth after they 'ang 'em!"

"When was it done?"

"Sometime in the middle of the night. Must 'ave took them the better part of it, too, an' no one saw it till morning."

AREA SW

5 SW

As usual, Lomax answers our question without referring to any books. "Lions are not only native to Africa, but also to parts of Persia, Mesopotamia and India. The image of the lion is used to symbolize the power of Britain."

8 SW

At the Diogenes Club we are informed that Mycroft Holmes is not there and is busy doing some work for the government.

13 SW

"Oh no. What do you people want?" shouts Lestrade as we enter his office. "I thought I was going to have a nice, quiet day. There's nothing of importance going on. What's Holmes having you work on now?"

"Well, we're not really sure. He wanted us to check out today's *Times* and see what we could find. We've picked out a few things we would like to check out with you. The first article is—"

"Wait, wait. God knows that Holmes has been of help to me in the past and I don't mind helping him on a case now and then, but I don't have time to play these games."

"Please, Inspector, you know that Holmes wouldn't waste our time. He does have his own way of doing things, but they pay off. You said yourself, you didn't have much to do today. So please, Inspector..."

"Okay, Wiggins, okay. What is it you want to know? But, remember, if you uncover anything you bring it to me."

"Of course, Inspector. First, there is the 'mysterious death' in the southeast."

"Nothing mysterious about it. We have the culprits in custody at Old Bailey. The victim's body was taken to Bart's."

"What about the murder of the lions?"

"Those damn lions. Got me up at five o'clock this morning. You'd think they were the Queen's bloody pets for all the commotion they caused. In any case, we found two lions shot a number of times, one lying on top of the other. There were wagon tracks leading away from the bodies. There were also footprints in the damp grass that indicate three people had been on the scene, two with boots and one barefooted. The two with boots entered and exited on the wagon, the barefooted man entered the Park on foot from the north and exited out the south side. The empty wagon was found abandoned in Archbishop's Park and was driven to the Central Carriage Stables, largely so that the horses could be cared for. That's all there is to tell."

"So you have no motive for the murders?"

"No."

"Where were the lions taken?"

"You've got to be kidding! I have no idea where those lions were sent. I have better things to do with my time. Good day."

22 SW

As we are making our way toward the Criminology Lab, we see H.R. Murray coming down the hall towards us. Wiggins is flabbergasted, this being the first time we have ever seen Murray outside his lab. "Sir," he cries out, "what are you doing? Aren't you supposed to be in the lab?"

Murray is amused by Wiggins' near-panic. With a condescending raise of his bushy eyebrows, he says, "Contrary to rumour, I have a residence other than this laboratory. Seeing as there's no work for me today, I was going there for a well-deserved rest."

Wiggins doesn't quite know what to say. "But... uh, what about... mysterious death... Stephen Dirk?" Wiggins tries to keep up with the spry Murray as he heads toward the exit. "896? — Dirk?" Murray pauses, "No real evidence for that one. Just some clothes. No personal effects. Clothing undamaged. Traces of sea-salt, indicating he may once have been a sailor. That's about it."

Wiggins stops and scratches his head while Murray waves

good-bye and heads out the door.

48 SW

We enter Bilbo Underhill's Taxidermy shop and duck under the stuffed pink flamingo which appears quite incongruous and awkward hanging from the rafters of this cluttered London shop. Wherever we turn, we run into life-like animals staring at us — cats, dogs, birds, an alligator, a duck-billed platypus.

"Yes, may I help you?"

We jump as a short, round-faced, balding man with spectacles suddenly comes to life. "Mr. Underhill?"

"Yes, I am Bilbo Underhill. Would you like to have something stuffed?"

"Well, actually, we're trying to find a couple of lions which were killed in Hyde Park last night. We thought they might be here."

"So they are, so they are. My good friend, Old Sherman told me about them, and I thought they were quite fine specimens. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, we would." We discover that the lions have been shot several times in the head and chest with medium calibre bullets. After looking them over for many minutes, we are amazed at how little we know about dead lions that might give us a clue about these.

"Thank you, Mr. Underhill. We'll be in touch, perhaps."

AREA NW

14 NW

Mary O'Neill sees us into the sitting room of her in-laws' home. It is easy to see that she would be an asset to her husband's act, even if she didn't enter the cage. She is a beautiful woman in her late twenties, full-figured, fair of skin with flowing auburn hair. Her mother-in-law is with her and her sixty-odd years have not faded her natural beauty.

"How can I help you?" asks Mary after we introduce ourselves.

"We were wondering if you could tell us anything about the death of your husband's lions."

"No, I can't. Isn't it the strangest thing? I've traveled all over the world with Barry in the two years since we've been married and to think that this would happen in London. It makes no sense to me."

"Well, all I can say is that I hope this will change Barry's plans and you will stay in London where you belong," says the older Mrs. O'Neill. "No life for a civilized man traipsing around all those heathen countries. Ten years is long enough; time he settled down like his father and raised a family. I'm sure Carroll could get him a job at Rudge's. I'd like to have one of my sons nearby."

"Oh, Mom, I can just see Barry in a regular job living in a flat with Mabudo as our butler. He wouldn't last a week."

"That savage, that Godless little man. What people must think!"

"Well, neither of your sons has ever cared much for what people think. Ever since Barry saved him from those lions and nursed him back to life, Mabudo's been at Barry's side. Face it, Mom, your sons were born with *wanderlust* in their blood, but you know they love you."

"Yes, I know. They're wild, but good at heart. Just a little of the Irish devil in them, that's all. Like their father when he was young."

"I'm sorry, what is it that you want to know?"

"Well, what are your plans now?"

"I'm not sure. We were to go on with Slade to Paris in three weeks, but with the lions dead and Barry laid up in the hospital, I don't know what we'll do. Barry was in no shape to talk about it yesterday. Now with the lions dead, I just don't know. I'll talk to Barry about it today when I see him. In fact, I should be going there now. If you will excuse me."

"Of course. We hope everything works out."

"Thank you. Are you coming, Mom?"

"Yes, dear."

18 NW

Sam Parsons tells us that there are no messages for us.

29 NW

Dirken Topper is a plump, little man who is entirely hidden behind his desk. As we enter the study he is writing furiously. A stack of envelopes, ready to be posted, sits on the front edge of the desk.

"Mr. Topper, we were curious about the coincidence of your letter to the editor and the murder of two lions in Hyde Park."

"I assure you," he says in a small squeak of a voice, "that while the symbology of the act does not escape me, I abhor any sort of violence and am quite capable of making my point by other means. I am a firm believer that the pen is mightier than the sword."

99 NW

The Director of the London Zoological Gardens tells us that all his animals, including the lions, are safe and accounted for.

AREA WC

5 WC

The despatcher at the Central Carriage Stables directs us to the wagon. It is in actuality a large cage on wheels. The wood facade that surrounds it is painted in shades of green to suggest jungle flora. The cage door is wide open, the large padlock sprung and dangling in the ring bolt.

We notice smears of dried blood on the stairs fastened to the bed under the back door. We climb into the cage and see more blood staining the floor. In one corner lay what appear to be two large leather collars. Attached to each end is a leather pouch. Both are ripped open and empty.

9 WC

"Oh, you have the wrong O'Neill. I'm related but I haven't seen any of that crazy family since Grandma O'Neill's wake back in '74."

14 WC

We are informed by Disraeli O'Brian that Thomas O'Neill was a suspect in several jewel robberies but had never been convicted of any of the crimes.

17 WC

"Sherlock Holmes?" says the clerk at the Somerset House. "Why, he just sent me a wire requesting that information. Thomas O'Neill and Barry O'Neill are brothers. Their parents are Carroll and Olivia O'Neill."

31 WC

Mr. Keenan's landlord is a bulldog of a man, feisty and irascible.

"He's out. Probably up to some skullduggery. But he pays the rent on time and after all," he says sagely, "a man's politics is a man's politics."

"Was he home last evening?"

"I don't pry into other people's business but Mr. Keenan was out. Probably at Sir Galahad on Change-street."

47 WC

Roy Slade removes his large Stetson hat from his head and wipes his sweaty brow with a red bandana from his hip pocket.

"What can I do for you, hombres?"

"We're investigating the murder last night of two lions in Hyde Park."

"That sure is something, I'll tell you. I've traveled the world over, from the Pecos to the Pampas, the Sierra to the Sahara, and never would I have thought that I'd have two of my lions murdered in the capital of the civilized world. Never can tell, can you, pilgrims."

"So they were your lions?"

"Well, they were with the show. A lot of the acts are independents. They join up with my show for awhile, then go their own way. Others have been with me for years. The lions were owned by Barry O'Neill. He joined up with me about six months ago in Marseilles — that's in France, you know."

"Is Mr. O'Neill around? We'd like to talk with him."

"He's in the hospital across the river, St. Thomas, I think. While we were unloading the ship yesterday, one of the crates broke loose and landed on Barry. Broke both his legs. He'll be laid up for a while. Poor Barry. Poor me! Barry's act was one of the main draws of the show; he could sure handle those cats. He caught them himself in Africa. He was bringing the lions to the Continent when we met him in Marseilles and I talked him into joining the show."

"So that was the first time you met O'Neill?"

"Oh, no. The first time we met was back in '84 on my first trip to Africa, in a bar in Zanzibar. Ah, Zanzibar, who was it who said 'Zanzibar is a cesspool of wickedness Oriental in its appearance, Mohammedan in its religion, Arabian in its morals'? Whoever said it was right, great place, loved it. Well, anyway, Barry was bringing ivory out of Ukonongo, trying to build up a nestegg to put together an expedition to capture live animals. That was why I was in Africa, to get animals. I had been running a Wild West Show, but there were too many other Wild West Shows in the States, so I came up with the idea of an African Show. So I saw Barry from time to time in my travels around Africa."

"Who else helps him with the lions?"

"No one is able to get near those lions except Barry. They'll take your head off. He has a boy, Mabudo, who helps him, but he's afraid of those lions. Barry's wife travels with him and is part of the act. She never gets in the cage, though, just walks around outside looking pretty, and that she does quite well."

"Where are they now?"

"Mary, his wife, is staying with Barry's parents here in London. I haven't seen Mabudo today, don't know where you can find that little devil. Well, I got to get back to work. Lots to be done before opening tonight. Let me know if you find out anything."

"Just one more question, Mr. Slade. Do you know where the lions are now?"

"No, I have no idea."

AREA EC

3 EC

"You're not from Captain Sharp, are you?" asks Mr. Eason's butler.

"No."

"Well, Mr. Eason is at Aberdeen's."

26 EC

There is a notice on the board at the Aberdeen Shipping Company:

Fairwind: Experienced Seaman needed.
Two year voyage. Apply within.

When we ask about Stephen Dirk we are told to see Mr. Byers Eason and are directed to his office.

Eason is a thin man in his middle forties. His manner is brisk and business-like. "Stephen Dirk was a thief. I detected irregularities in his paper work, investigated and found that he was carrying unassigned cargo for his own profit. He was promptly let go."

"Any chance that he would be rehired?"

"None whatsoever."

27 EC

"Keenan meets with his cronies here every Thursday night," says the barman at the Sir Galahad.

"So he was here last night?"

"Until about midnight. He left through the back way into the alley. Very peculiar. He and his friends got into the wagon and left in the direction of Cannon-street."

"What kind of wagon was it?"

"Oh, an ordinary wagon. The kind that carries gravel or grain or lumber or whatnot. In this case they were carrying paint."

"Paint?"

"Well, the driver warned Mr. Keenan and his friends to mind the cans of paint as they clambered up over the sides."

"Do you know where they were going?"

"Mr. Keenan made some joke about Waterloo Station and the Queen. I really don't know."

30 EC

Mr. Ellis' secretary tells us that he has not yet returned from his assignment in Europe.

35 EC

We wade through the sea of papers that surround Quintin Hogg's desk. Wiggins slips and falls into a stack of newspapers which fall on top of him and nearly bury him. Hogg stops laughing long enough to say, "I'd throw you a life preserver, except I feel like I'm drowning myself."

Wiggins, after resurfacing, dusts himself off in an effort to preserve some dignity. "What do you mean by that, sir?" Wiggins asks, settling into a chair.

"Well, I'm reviewing the facts surrounding several jewel robberies both here and on the Continent and, although the cases are similar in several aspects, I am unable to name even one suspect. I'm baffled as to how the thief or thieves have managed to escape detection. But what brings you here?"

Wiggins shifts uncomfortably in his seat. "We're not exactly sure. Holmes told us to check today's *Times* to find some item of interest, but we're not sure to what he was referring. My friend here thinks it was the murder of lions in Hyde Park, but I think it to be the mysterious death in Southwark."

"I wish I could help you, but I haven't kept up with the latest since I got mixed up in this jewelry business."

"Good luck, then," says Wiggins as we all daintily step out of the office.

36 EC

At the Criminal Court, Old Bailey, Edward Hall gives us the facts of the case of the "Mysterious Death." The victim, Stephen Dirk, was seen in the company of Sylvia Carpenter, Marcy Edwards and Collier Eddy at the Red Boar Inn. Dirk's body was found several blocks away only twenty minutes after the four of them left the Red Boar together. It was a simple matter for the police to identify the other three and apprehend them.

Hall arranges an interview with each.

Sylvia Carpenter is a petite woman, barely 20 years old, and very vibrant. The ravages of her illicit profession have not yet begun to take their toll.

"'E just dropped dead, 'e did. I done nothin' to 'im, I swear I never!"

"Did you know the man?"

"Never seen 'im before. Marcy and me was restin' like, when first the one fellow comes up to us an' offers to buy us a pint. Collie 'e says 'is name is. I seen 'im around but I don't know 'im. We was sittin' there discussin' this an' that and 'e

took a fancy to me, an' the other fellow, the sailor, comes up, says 'e'd like to join us, us being two women to one man and a man short like."

She goes on to tell us that the four of them decided they would make a party of it back at Marcy Edwards' place. They left the Red Boar and on the way Stephen Dirk, who seemed very drunk, suddenly had trouble catching his breath. He gasped and fell over.

"Collie leaned over and said 'e was dead. I didn't know what to do so's I run."

"You didn't notify the authorities?"

"No," she says, surprised that we should suggest it.

Our next visit is with Marcy Edwards. She is the total opposite of Sylvia. Cold and hard, she is a woman of the world who is more than a little weary of it.

"The coppers got the wrong person, but that ain't unusual, is it?"

Her description of the events is essentially the same as Sylvia's.

"Sylvie 'ad her man an' 'er fee. I didn't 'ave nothin'. So I bent down an' took what was mine, the exact amount, no more. Collie took the rest, the earring too."

Collier Eddy is, in fact, a short man but his broad shoulders and muscular arms give the impression that he is much larger.

"I was out for a little fun, is all. I never seen the bloke before an' I 'ad no cause to 'arm 'im."

"The police seem to think his money and gold earring were cause enough."

"I took the opportunity as it came, is all. But I didn't murder 'im for it."

38 EC

At Bart's, Sir Jasper Meeks receives us in his office. "Yes, I heard about the lions, of course, but they would hardly be sent here. Most likely they would be sent... where would they be sent? I have no idea."

"What about the man who was found dead near St. George's-road?"

"Oh, yes, he was brought here. Stephen Dirk was his name."

"The newspapers mentioned the cause of his death as drugs of some sort."

"Yes, that is correct, or at least that is what I believe."

"Do you know what drug?"

"No. It affected the respiratory system; his lips and fingernails were quite blue. But his eyes had a distinct yellow tint and I'm afraid I've never seen that before. Something rather exotic, I should imagine."

52 EC

"Lions? What kind of a daft bloke would kill two poor, innocent lions. No, I haven't heard a peep about it. Lions? Y' sure y' got the story right, mates? Perhaps a pint or two will straighten you out."

Case Four

5 March, 1889

The Case of the Cryptic Corpse



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, THE NAVE

AREA SE

3 SE

At the Bridge House Hotel we speak to the desk clerk. He remembers a man with red hair.

"He came in on the morning of the third to reserve a room. He said that he and his wife would be in town for the evening and wished to stay over one night."

He flips the pages of the register to the 3rd.

"He registered under the name of Mr. & Mrs. Donald."

"Who was the clerk on the desk when he registered?"

"I was, as it happens. The night clerk called in sick and I was forced to work a double shift."

"Can you describe Mrs. Donald?"

"She was young and quite lovely and, well, playful. She showed me a pendant she was wearing and asked if it wasn't the loveliest thing I had ever seen."

6 SE

The clerk at Cummins & Goins checks the log and tells us that four messages were delivered to C. Donald at Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse, the last on the 4th.

"Do you remember the man who sent the messages?"

"Yes, he was an older gentleman. He wore a long coat and a top hat. I remember specifically his eyes. They were dark and deep-set under bushy eyebrows. There was no kindness in them."

7 SE

After enquiring up and down Long-lane, we come across Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse. The proprietress puzzles over our admittedly scant description until the man's red hair is mentioned.

"Oh, that would be Mr. Charlie Donald. He didn't come home last night. Some sort of trouble, eh?"

When we inform her of the trouble she nods her head matter-of-factly as if tragedy were no stranger. As she shows us to his room, she tells us that Charlie Donald arrived about three weeks before. He seemed pleasant enough but evaded her questions as to his history. She did notice that he spoke with an odd accent.

"I don't mean to say he was a foreigner or nothin', but I ain't never heard the like in London. He was a quiet fellow, kept to himself pretty much. He did this thing with a coin, runnin' it back and forth over the tops of his fingers like it had a mind of its own. Amazing it was."

At the door to his room she stops and asks us what should be done with his things. We tell her that we will send the police along to collect them.

"He's paid up 'til the end of the week. Will I have to give that back?"

We assure her that she can keep the money and that satisfies her immensely. She unlocks the door and lets us enter but hesitates, herself, on the threshold. Making a sign that is something between the Catholic sign of the cross and a pagan signal against the Evil Eye, she leaves us to our own devices.

The room is small but comfortable. In one corner, next to an armchair, are two well-worn suitcases. Both have stickers on them from Jardine, Matheson & Co. They are empty. Not so the carpetbag underneath the chair. It contains a pair of new overalls and a cap with a brass plate which reads, "Supervisor, City of London." It also contains a leather satchel, which in turn contains a stethoscope.

On the dresser top there are several items of interest. First, a steamship ticket made out to an M.P. Charles and dated January 4th. It is for passage aboard the *S.S. Flying Cloud* in the amount of £160. Next a receipt from A. Marx & Co. in the amount of £200 and dated March 3rd. Then, a stack of unused tickets for the Elephant and Castle Theatre. There are three tickets for each of the nights, February 26th, 27th, 28th, March 1st, 2nd and 4th. They are Box M, seats 2, 3, and 4. Finally, there is a stack of playbills dated February 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, March 1st and 2nd. In the one from February 25th, the name of one of the performers, Minnie Cavill, is circled and the word "beautiful" is written beside it.

On a small table in another corner is a chessboard, the pieces set up for play. On the washstand nearby is a shaving mug inscribed with the name "Mac."

Having completed our search, we seek out Mrs. Jetley once again.

"Did Mr. Donald have any visitors?"

"No, none. Did have a couple of letters delivered, though. One just yesterday."

"Delivered by post?"

"By messenger. Cummins and Goins Messenger Service, they was."

11 SE

Minnie Cavill, a beautiful and charming young lady, is more than a bit of a coquette. In answer to our question about the red-headed man, she bats her long eyelashes and laughs coyly.

"I know a lot of men. And lots of men send flowers backstage. But no, I don't recall a red-haired gentleman." As she speaks she plays with a small diamond pendant at her throat.

She goes on to list the perils of a young "actress," as she calls herself, with regard to the opposite sex. During her monologue, Wiggins catches our attention and nods toward a framed photograph of a burly fellow in a bowler hat. The face is hardly a gentle one, the smile, barely visible underneath the thick moustache, is more menacing than friendly.

"Who's the man in the photograph?"

"That's Roger, my boyfriend. I'm afraid I must really be getting ready," she says, suddenly cutting short the interview. "I have a supper engagement at the Globe. Please come to hear me sing at the theatre, won't you?"

13 SE

The only bit of information to come from our interview with the manager of the Elephant and Castle Theatre and the usher who found the body is that, for five nights in a row, the red-headed man brought flowers with him to the theatre.

"I think we better question the backstage doorman," suggests Wiggins.

Ralph Parrish is more than anxious to help but can give us no real information.

"Lots o' gents bring flowers backstage but I don't recall no red-headed man. They don't tip their hats to me, you know."

30 SE

Roger Thornberry's landlady asks if we would do her a favour on our way up. "Would you be so kind as to tote a basket of laundry. I ain't so good as I used to be with the stairs. Oh, and tell him that I done the best I could with them overalls. That muddy clay just won't come out."

We cart the laundry up the stairs and deliver the message.

Roger Thornberry's gentle manner and soft voice are in striking contrast to his hulking frame and hard face.

"I can't think of a single soul I know with red hair, I'm afraid."

Seeing the framed photograph of a young woman in a theatrical costume, posed as if she is singing, and the theatre poster of the bill at the Elephant & Castle, it is unnecessary to ask if he is acquainted with Minnie Cavill. In fact, there seems nothing more to ask him and so we take our leave.

33 SE

"Red-headed you say? Dressy sort? Must be Mac," says the barman at the Bar of Gold. "New fellow in town. Did this

trick with a coin, shuffling it back and forth from finger to finger or over the tops of them really. Oh, anyways, it was a good trick. I never seen him drop it neither!"

He leans over and says in a low tone, "Been meetin' with Thornberry, that's who. Now, he's a fellow to stay clear of. Why, I seen him carve a fellow like he was a roast turkey with that Eye-talian knife of his. Called a sty-something or other. It's said that Thorberry is with..." he looks around in all directions, leans back over and whispers, "Moriarty! Shush, now. Anybody asks, I never told you nuthin'."

36 SE

The clerk at A. Marx & Co. tells us that on the morning of the 3rd a red-headed man bought a diamond pendant.

AREA SW

2 SW

By sheer luck, we find Langdale Pike alone at the Societies Club. He is writing in his notebook and taking suave puffs on his imported cigarette. He doesn't seem to mind when we interrupt him; in fact he is eager to exchange gossip. "What tid-bits do you young sleuths have for me to-day?"

"There was a murder at the Elephant & Castle Theatre last night."

"Is that so? Who was it? No — let me guess. Sir Clayton Partridge? Lord Rutland? No, hmmm? Perhaps —"

"That's the problem, Mr. Pike, we don't know. No one does yet. But whoever the victim was, he had some connection with Minnie Cavill. What could you tell us about her?"

"Ah! Minnie, Queen of the Nightingales. Her singing has captured the hearts of many respectable men. But I have heard that although she is wooed backstage almost every night of the week, she is still true to her one lover."

"And who is that?"

Langdale Pike strokes his chin a few times, sorting through his prodigious memory for the name he had filed away countless months ago. "Ah, yes. I remember now; Roger Thornberry. Quite a crude and uncouth fellow, I understand, although I have never had the displeasure of meeting him. Not the first time the fair maiden has been under the spell of the evil prince."

We express our gratitude for his help, and as we are leaving, he calls out, "And when you solve the case, don't forget to give me credit."

5 SW

We roam through the stacks at the London Library while waiting for Lomax to return from lunch. When he finally does return he answers our question promptly.

"A marshall of Napoleon who was of Scottish descent? That would be Alexandre MacDonald, duke of Taranto. Born at Sedan on November 17, 1765, of an old Jacobite family —"

"Thank you, Mr. Lomax."

8 SW

We explain to Mycroft the facts we have gathered so far, and we ask if he has any idea which might help us. "The only name associated with this case that strikes a note of recognition in me," says Mycroft, "is 'Poole & Son,' his coat maker. Years ago, I saw that name on a tax payment when I was doing an audit for the Government. But they weren't a British firm; I believe they were from one of the colonies, but I can't recall which. Not much else I can help you with."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade is bent over a stack of police circulars trying to link one with the dead red-haired man and barely looks up at us.

"Feeney!" he calls out.

When Feeney, a tall, thin policeman with sad eyes behind thick spectacles, enters from an adjacent room he asks him about his progress in the card file.

"I've got four possibilities so far, Inspector," he says handing him the four cards.

Lestrade reads through them. "Too tall...too short... mole on the right cheek, no...bald. Bald?"

"Well, sir, he once had red hair."

Lestrade puts his face in his hands and shakes his head.

"Keep looking, Feeney," he says. "We will keep searching but tell Mr. Holmes that it might be some time before we know anything."

AREA NW

18 NW

Sam Parsons hands us a miniature safe with a small operating tumbler lock and a note to go with it:

Have to get down under to crack it.

F.P.

19 NW

At the Globe Restaurant we learn that Minnie Cavill dined there frequently.

"But always in the company of Mr. Thornberry, who has dark hair and is much taller than 5 foot 7 inches."

AREA WC

14 WC

After a thorough search of the criminal and state record files, Disraeli O'Brian admits that he can find no record of a Charlie Donald, M.P. Charles, Donald P. Charles, or 'Mac' that fits the description we have given him.

17 WC

At Somerset House we can find no trace of a redhead named Charlie Donald, M.P. Charles, Donald P. Charles, or 'Mac' who would be anywhere near the age of the dead man we saw this morning.

20 WC

The description of our unidentified man rings a bell with an old duffer who overhears our conversation with the manager of Simpson's Cigar Divan.

"Yes, I believe I know the fellow. Came in every afternoon about 2 o'clock for the last several weeks. I played chess with him. Quite a good player."

"Can you tell us his name?"

"You know, I don't believe he ever gave it. I once asked him where he was from. His accent, although slight, was very strange. He said that his family was originally from Scotland. That led to something of a discussion about ancestry, famous relatives and such. He said that part of his family line had migrated to France and that his name was the same as one of Napoleon's marshals. I never thought to ask which marshal."

"Did he mention anything at all about himself, a friend's name, a place he was going or had been, anything?"

"Every afternoon at 4:45 almost on the dot he would end our game. Said he had a pressing appointment. But, I'm afraid, he never elaborated."

22 WC

"I certainly wish the city would finish its digging over there," says the manager of Cox's Bank, pointing to the excavation across the street under city supervision. "The muddy clay seems to get tracked all over the place.

"Now, you're looking for a redheaded man, mid-thirties, medium height, who might have been in here in the past few

weeks? Yes, I believe I know him. Let me just consult the file here... Donald P. Charles. He rented a safe-deposit box on the 20th of February. He comes in every banking day at precisely 4:45, fifteen minutes before closing. That's all I know about him."

44 WC

The doorman at the League of Red-Headed Men eyes us suspiciously as none of us has red hair. But Wiggins turns on his brunette charm and within minutes we have an audience with the Membership Coordinator.

"Sorry, gentlemen; I'm afraid he couldn't have been a member of our club. We had our yearly banquet and officer elections last night, and everyone was present and accounted for. The banquet and festivities lasted until well past midnight."

We thank him for his co-operation.

AREA EC

10 EC

When we describe the man and the suit he was wearing, mentioning that the label said "Poole & Son," the clerk's expression changes from one of puzzlement to a distinct frown.

"'Poole and Son,' you say?"

"That's correct, 'Poole and Son.'"

"You are positive it was 'Poole and *Son*?'"

"Yes, we are positive."

He signals us to follow him out the front door. Outside, he points to the sign above the shop.

"What does that say?"

"Poole and Company," we read.

"Yes, 'and Company' not 'and Son.' No wonder I did not recognize the man or the suit. You must read what's in front of your eyes, that way you will save everyone time and trouble."

With an "hrumph," or some such sound, he charges back inside. Wiggins, who does not take kindly to being made a fool of, looks around for a brick to throw through the window.

15 EC

The man at Jardine, Matheson and Co. tells us that £160 would pay for first class passage aboard the S.S. *Flying Cloud* on its Sydney, Australia to Southampton run.

30 EC

At the *Times* office we learn that Henry Ellis is in Paris at the moment.

35 EC

Quintin Hogg invites us into his chaotic office. We daintily make our way to the chairs by his desk. "We're looking into the case of the unidentified body found at the Elephant and Castle last night."

"Last night?" says Hogg. "You mates waste no time getting on a case, do you? I just arrived at the office and haven't had a chance to even look at the police reports yet. A murder, is it?"

Wiggins tells him the facts we have uncovered so far. Hogg seems interested. "This looks like a real mystery. I'll see what I can find out for you, and you tell me if you come across anything worth reporting. Deal?" We shake hands and leave as daintily as we came.

36 EC

At Old Bailey, Edward Hall strains his memory to recall any criminals he has had dealings with that would fit the description of the dead red-headed man. He says he can think of a few red-headed criminals, but they are all either in prison or much taller.

52 EC

"Well, there's rumbling about, nothin' definite mind, that Professor Moriarty is up to somethin'. Some big job is the word, but where or when, I can't guess. All I can promise is to keep an ear out."

"Thanks, Porky."

Case Five

12 April, 1889

The Mummy's Curse



VIEW TOWARD WATERLOO BRIDGE - SOMERSERT HOUSE
FROM CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

AREA SE

11 SE

Lieutenant Luther Tenney tosses his hands up in the air. "My god! What a voyage! High seas storms all the way, cargo to be selected, cargo to be secured and re-secured, a discontented crew and a strange collection of passengers, complaining and bickering all the way. I tell you, the murder, even by a 4,000-year-old mummy, was only one of a series of unfortunate events."

"We understand that you were the one to find Mr. Weatherby."

"Yes. There was a pause between the blows and Captain Ramsey ordered me down into the hold to check on the cargo again. I went right to the area of the Egyptian artifacts as Professor Windibank was particularly anxious about them."

"Could you describe the scene as you found it?"

"I found Weatherby next to the coffin-thing with part of the mummy's winding sheet around his neck. The top of the crate which contained the coffin was off to one side and the coffin lid itself was askew. Weatherby was lying right beside the crate next to a bowl of ashes. I reported immediately to the Captain and he put me in charge of the investigation."

"What did you find out?"

"Nothing much really, I'm afraid. You see it was eight bells, 8 in the morning of our third day out of Suez. A storm had been raging all night and so the crew had been at their posts and accounted for. The passengers, Weatherby among them, were all in their cabins as far as anyone knew or would say. So no one saw anything, heard anything or knew anything."

"What about the bowl? Where is it now?"

"I don't know what happened to it. Now that you mention it, I don't remember ever seeing it again."

"You found nothing suspicious or unusual?"

"Now I didn't say that. It all started with the crew. Seamen are a rather superstitious lot to begin with. Our crew, Indians and Egyptians to a man, were that much more so. The idea of carrying about a 4,000-year-old mummy spooked them completely. That reporter fellow, Travis, did us no service at all with all his mystic mumbo-jumbo about the sanctity of the dead and whatnot. He and Professor Windibank were constantly arguing the point and the crew picked it up. We almost faced a bloody mutiny! Pardon my language.

"Then there were the two Arabs. One, Fahmi, always had this box with him. A curious thing, obviously special-made. It was about 18 inches high and 6 or 8 inches square. Don't know what was in it but Fahmi never let it out of his sight. The other Arab, Al-Saud, was always lurking about watching Fahmi. My guess is that he wanted the box, or rather, what was in it. Then there was the fist fight between Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Uruburu."

"Over what?"

"Over Fenwick's wife, I believe, although they were very close-mouthed about it."

"Back to Weatherby. Did any of these people have contact with him?"

"Weatherby was very seasick right from the beginning. He stayed pretty much in his cabin."

"Thank you, Mr. Tenney."

19 SE

At the home of Abdullah Al-Saud, his Moslem Servant tells us that he is not at home.

"Can you tell us when he is expected?"

"Alas, my master does not confide in this poor and humble servant. It may be that he is out only for the evening or he may be gone for some time. It is as my master and Allah will it."

AREA SW

2 SW

"I know very little about the principals in the case," says Langdale Pike. "Turnbull was the third son of the Earl of Downey. As I understand it, at the age of 6 he began excavating a Roman ruin on the family's country estate. He'd been going at it ever since. An eccentric of some note, he neither married nor took his rightful place in London society.

"Windibank was nothing more nor less than a quiet academician who went about his studious business scarcely noticing, or being noticed by, the rest of the world. The only spot of controversy to touch his otherwise oblivious life was a run-in some years ago with the Anti-Vivisectionist League. In a series of lectures on the advancement of science, he anecdotally referred to the autopsy of his own pet, a recently deceased pedigree lhasa apso. Several strongly-worded letters-to-the-editor written by League members made their way into *The Times*. He is survived by his wife, Hildegard.

"Of Weatherby, I can tell you nothing."

5 SW

Under *Mummy* in the Encyclopaedia we find:

> Egyptian Mummies are embalmed bodies preserved to facilitate their resurrection. Many mummies have been found, and they are almost always the bodies of Pharoahs. The Pharoahs believed that one day their bodies would be brought back to life. See *History of Egyptian Mummies*, by Pettigrew (London, 1834).

8 SW

The doorman at the Diogenes Club tells us that Mycroft is ill and does not wish to be disturbed at home.

13 SW

"What's Holmes working on now? Suppose he needs the Yard's help again?" greets Lestrade as we enter his office.

"He's asked us to look into Windibank's death."

"Should've known. That murder has brought out every crank in the city. I think the professional police can wrap this one up."

"Could you tell us what you have?"

"At this moment, a dead archeologist, nothing more. No suspect, no motive. There is nothing I can really tell you."

"What about Weatherby's death? Have you looked into it?"

"I have talked to Captain Ramsey and his officers, but we have no leads. Look, I'm not even sure Weatherby's murder falls into our jurisdiction. If it doesn't, I'm not going to worry about it. I have enough murders to take care of as it is."

22 SW

We find Murray with his nose buried in a book, absorbed enough to keep our arrival unnoticed for several minutes. We read the title *History of Egyptian Mummies* as the Professor closes the tome, notices us and immediately launches into a lecture as if he had been expecting us.

"Pettigrew wrote this book over fifty years ago and there's still no better volume on the subject. Fascinating, fascinating. Yes, Wiggs, what can I do for you today?"

"It's Wiggins, sir. Actually we're interested in what you learned from that book and from your own examinations in this mummy case."

"Oh, so it's mummies you and Holmes are chasing these days, is it? Let me show you what I've found so far. Number 357, James Windibank."

So saying, Murray pulls out a piece of yellow linen. "This was found around the neck of the victim. I examined it thoroughly and am convinced that it is of great age. Indeed,

it could quite conceivably be thousands of years old. However, it was not the murder weapon."

The Professor takes one of his characteristic dramatic pauses before explaining further. "Linen is a strong material, but over time it does deteriorate somewhat. This bandage could never have withstood the force required to throttle a grown man."

"Did you learn anything else from your examination, sir?"

"Yes, I found something very interesting." He whips out a magnifying glass and examines the linen for a minute before drawing our attention to several short hairs embedded in the fabric. "I removed some of these hairs and examined them more closely. Have a look." With this last, he leads us over to a microscope and encourages us all to look.

"They look like hairs, sir."

"Of course they look like hairs, but what *kind* of hairs? They're not human hairs. They are cat hairs. Now look at this." He pulls out another linen bandage which looks quite similar in its yellowed, musty state. "This was found around the neck of the victim on board the ship, Leatherby or whatever his name was. It too is quite old and I found more hairs."

Murray looks at us, giving us an obvious cue to speak our lines, but only he knows the script. We blunder on, "More cat hairs?"

"No." He is obviously enjoying himself and can barely contain his excitement, although he just as obviously wants to prolong the suspense. "The hairs on this second wrapping are from a monkey, although I haven't been able to identify the species."

"What do you think it means, Professor Murray?"

"Well, I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but I can assure you that those bandages were not murder weapons."

"Thank you, sir."

AREA NW

7 NW

The landlady shows us into Ebenizer Turnbull's small flat.

"He was a strange one, always traipsing around to Lord knows where. Hardly ever at home."

As the landlady prattles on, we conduct a quick survey of the place. There are books everywhere but on the shelves where they belong. On a large oak desk are several opened volumes dealing with Egypt and several sketch maps of the area of Turnbull's last ill-fated expedition.

"Did you know that he was the son of an Earl? Never know it, would you? Do you really think that mummy thing done him in? Creepy, I says."

9 NW

"I don't know anything about the death of — whatever his name was," says Mr. Fenwick. "In fact, I saw him only once just as we were boarding. I resented the First Officer's questions on the matter and I resent yours. The whole voyage was a disaster from beginning to end. Our accomodations were abysmal. The crew was ill-mannered and surly. The—"

"I told you to book passage on a passenger ship, Merrill," pipes in Mrs. Fenwick, "but no, you had to—"

"Louise, don't start with me."

We leave the Fenwicks to their marathon quarreling.

12 NW

James Windibank's widow, Hildegard, shows us into the parlour.

"I told him it was a mistake to go on this expedition but he was determined. He said that he had spent his life studying and that this was a chance to actually get out into the field."

"Did he say anything about the death of his colleagues when he returned?"

"He was upset, needless to say, but I can tell you that he didn't believe the curse was the cause."

"He had no fear for his own life, then?"

"No, although I think he did have some suspicions about the murderer's identity. He wouldn't talk about it. He was really upset by the ridiculous newspaper stories. He said the charlatan who wrote them was an ex-student of his and should surely know better.

"I thought when I married a professor that our lives would be quiet and uneventful. The Lord moves in mysterious ways."

18 NW

There are no messages for us at Parsons & Son Toy Shoppe.

33 NW

Anthony Uruburu meets us at the door with a warm smile. One eye, bruised and battered and showing most of the colours of the rainbow, mars his otherwise dashing good looks.

"Come in, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

"We wonder if there is any information you can give us about the death of Andrew Weatherby."

"That was the chap aboard ship? Very unfortunate. Of course, I'd be glad to help, but I really don't know anything."

"Perhaps you saw something suspicious or out of the ordinary with regard to Mr. Weatherby?"

"I'm afraid I didn't *see* much of anything, as you might imagine."

"Was Mr. Fenwick responsible for your, shall we say, visual impairment?"

"Yes. A most narrow-minded fellow. Which is no doubt why Mrs. Fenwick smiled at me the way she did."

"Then the fight was simply over an exchange of smiles?"

Mr. Uruburu grins wryly. "There was a bit more to it than that."

AREA WC

5 WC

The Central Despatcher at the Carriage Stables tells us that hundreds of people take cabs to the Museum every day, and that it would be impossible to remember if any of them looked 'suspicious.'

14 WC

We wait patiently as Disraeli O'Brian disappears into the rows of files with the list of names we have given him. He reappears shortly, shaking his head, and says, "Not one of these people has ever been involved in a serious court case. Their slates are clean."

17 WC

At Somerset House we look up the wills of the victims. James Windibank left everything to his wife, Hildegard. Andrew Weatherby did not have a will because he was so young, but that also indicates that he had little or no valuable possessions to leave anyone. Ebenizer Turnbull left what little he had to the Egyptology Department at London University.

32 WC

"Captain Ramsey, can you tell us about the circumstances of the death of Andrew Weatherby aboard the *Eastern Empress*?"

"Well, we'd just come through a rather large storm and so I sent my first officer, Luther Tenney, down into the hold to check on the cargo. He reported back that Mr. Weatherby was dead among the Egyptian artifacts we were transport-

ing. I turned over the helm to Tenney and went down to look for myself. Weatherby was there lying next to a coffin, whatever it's called. He had a piece of old rag wrapped around his neck, strangled apparently. I went back to the bridge and put Tenney in charge of the investigation."

"What did Mr. Tenney find out?"

"You'd have to ask Tenney about the specifics. I was rather preoccupied with the ship through the entire voyage, one storm after another all the way to England. I countersigned Tenney's report, of course, but I can scarcely recall the details. My chief concern was that my crew was blameless and the report indicated as much. As far as the passengers were concerned, a strange lot all in all; Tenney can give you more details."

37 WC

We knock on Akram Fahmi's door and it swings open of its own volition. Wiggins calls Fahmi's name but receives no answer. After a moment we decide to enter.

In the middle of the study floor we find the body of a man we assume is Akram Fahmi. He is lying face down with a knife protruding from the middle of his back.

"Better call Scotland Yard," says Wiggins.

While waiting for the Yard we look around. The study looks as if a struggle had taken place. On the desk is an open copy of a book which traces the history of the Knights of Malta. In the margins are the initials, "W.E."

Before we can get much further, Constable Stillson arrives on the scene. He takes our statement and shoos us out.

38 WC

Leland Johnson, Curator of the Egyptian collection, shows us into the Second Egyptian Room, the scene of the murder. In the middle of the room is an ancient sarcophagus, its gold-covered surface reflecting the light that passes through the east windows.

"Windibank's body was found in the sarcophagus," states Johnson.

"Inside the sarcophagus?"

"Yes, inside. A rather appalling sight greeted one of the guards when he made his rounds. As he entered the room he noticed the top of the sarcophagus was askew. As he moved closer he saw a man's hand protruding from the sarcophagus. Thinking that the mummy was attempting to leave its resting place, he ran from the room to get me. Some of the guards have been a little on edge since the stories of Mr. Weatherby's death.

"I returned to the room, and with the guard's help we removed the top of the sarcophagus and found the body of James Windibank atop Katebet's mummy. Around his neck was a linen bandage, the type used to wrap mummies. A very eerie sight, I must say."

"Who else had access to the room?"

"The Museum was open to the public yesterday. This room was closed while the exhibition was being set up, but there were no extraordinary precautions to keep people out, just the rope across the entrance."

"Do you have any idea who might have wanted to kill Windibank?"

"No, none at all. I didn't know him very well. He didn't work for the Museum, you know. He was with London University. The University and the Museum were joint sponsors of the Katebet expedition."

"Can you think of anything that might shed some light on this affair?"

"No, I'm sorry, I can't think of anything."

43 WC

It takes a little bit of sleuthing just to locate the Egyptolgy Department, but when we arrive we find its chairman, Lawrence Feld, quite willing to talk with us.

"Mr. Feld, anything you can tell us about the expedition or the victims would be helpful."

"Such a tragedy. Fine men, fine scholars. I still can't get over the shock of it. When I heard of Turnbull's death in Egypt...well, what can I tell you? The expedition was sponsored jointly by the University and the British Museum. Ebenizer Turnbull has led several expeditions to the Luxor-Karnak area and has made some very significant discoveries. No sooner does he return to London from an expedition than he is busy planning his next.

"This was the second time he teamed up with James Windibank. Windibank has spent more time in the classroom than he has in the field, but perhaps that was why he and Turnbull seemed to work so well together, to complement each other so well. He was a very popular teacher and several of his students were eager to accompany him on this expedition. I know he had a difficult time choosing Weatherby as the lucky one. Doesn't seem so lucky now, does he? I guess Travis is the lucky one after all."

"Travis?"

"Yes, Phillip Travis. He was one of Windibank's students and he was very eager to accompany the Katebet expedition. He became quite upset when Andrew Weatherby, a graduate student in the department, was chosen instead. Took it rather personally, actually."

"You've been most helpful, Mr. Feld. Can you think of anything else?"

"No, but I certainly hope you're not taking seriously this rubbish about the murders being the work of a mummy. This kind of superstitious doggerel does a tremendous disservice to science and scholarship."

"Thank you again. Good day."

AREA EC

8 EC

Andrew Weatherby's landlord lets us into his apartment. It is a small place, comfortably appointed with a minimum of furniture. On a desk in one corner of the room we find several bound volumes comprising Weatherby's private journal. We pick up one and flip through the pages. An entry dated June 12, 1888 catches our eye. It reads:

I've been chosen for the Katebet Exhibition. Travis is upset but I won't let his bad temper and harsh words spoil my elation. Already the work of preparation must begin -- meeting with Windi tomorrow. What an opportunity for me! I must be the luckiest man alive!

15 EC

"Here is the passenger list of the *Eastern Empress*."

Abdullah Al-Saud
Akram Fahmi
Louise Fenwick
Merrill Fenwick
Phillip Travis
Anthony Uruburu
Andrew Weatherby
James Windibank

30 EC

Henry Ellis welcomes us to his office and asks how he might help us."

"We're investigating the so-called Mummy murders. Can you tell us anything about the newspaper articles?"

Ellis does not try to hide a rather smirky grin at the mention of mummies. "It's quite amusing, all this hoopla

over a mummy's curse, I must say. Not so amusing, of course, the murder of three Englishmen," he hastens to add, assuming a more serious demeanor for perhaps half a minute.

"Actually, I've been in Paris for several weeks and just returned to London on Tuesday. I've had no involvement with the writing of any of these articles. I believe they are all the work of Phillip Travis. He's a reporter for *The Times*, and until recently he was the Egyptian correspondent. He returned to London just a few days ago. I gather he was assigned to cover the case here because he had some familiarity with the murder in Egypt."

"Do you know Travis?"

"No, I've never actually met him, although I do hear he's a bit of a strange duck."

"Thanks for your help, Henry."

"Anytime. Let me know when you catch the Mummy."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg receives us in his cluttered office.

"I can't say that I have anything to offer in the case. One thing, however, that did strike me interesting was the passenger list of the *Eastern Empress*, not that I can say it has anything to do with the Mummy Murders.

"Akram Fahmi is a procurer of wide reputation. For a price, a considerable price by all accounts, he can acquire whatever one's heart desires, be it jewels, art objects, wild animals or anything else one can think of. My guess is that he was transporting something of value to London at the behest of one of our wealthier residents.

"The presence of Abdullah Al-Saud aboard ship was also interesting. He is a known agent for the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever it was that Fahmi was carrying must have been of concern to the Turks.

"As I said, though, I doubt that it has anything to do with your matter."

36 EC

We catch up with Edward Hall as he is scurrying down the halls of Old Bailey. Before Wiggins gets halfway through his first sentence, Hall interrupts him. "I don't mean to be brusque, Wiggins, but I have too many things on my mind to help you with these so-called Mummy Murders. Perhaps if the mummy's solicitor were to contact me, then I would consider defending him. At the moment, however, I have other, more pressing matters." With that he dashes down a flight of stairs.

38 EC

As we enter the autopsy laboratory, we see Sir Jasper pulling an almost white sheet over a cadaver.

"Could we have a word with you, Sir Jasper?" asks Wiggins.

"Ah, Wiggins, of course, just let me wash up." Sir Jasper walks over to the sink against the wall. "Are you investigating the death of Samuel Snead? I just finished with him."

"No, we're interested in James Windibank."

"Oh, of course, the mummy's latest victim. Who hired Holmes, Ramses II? Ha, ha, ha."

"No. In fact, we don't have a client."

"Just for fun, huh? Well, about the only thing I can tell you is that if it was the mummy it has powerful hands. The trachea was crushed along with one of the vertebrae of the neck. Death was instantaneous. That simple; snap."

"The papers report that mummy wrappings were found around his neck."

"Just window dressing. It was bare hands. The bruises and the way the vertebra was crushed leave no doubt about that. There's not much more that I can tell you."

"Thank you, Sir Jasper."

"Anytime, Wiggins. Let me know when you convict the mummy. I would like to perform an autopsy on him."

50 EC

Phillip Travis is a handsome young man with the enthusiasm of youth. He appears quite eager to talk to us, an audience.

"So, you have been reading my articles in *The Times*. What did you think of them?"

"They were interesting."

"Thank you. You know I am not really a reporter."

"Oh?"

"No. I was trained as an archeologist, an Egyptologist to be exact," he says, pointing to a framed London University degree which hangs on the wall. "That's why my articles carry the force of truth."

"And what is the truth, Mr. Travis?"

"The truth is that the ancient Egyptians discovered the secret of life. What we call science is child's play compared with the knowledge of the ancient Egyptians. Compare St. Paul's to the grandeur of the temples at Abu Simbel; of course, there is no comparison."

Travis walks over to a large table in his book-and-artifact cluttered rooms. Several small mummified objects lie on the table among scattered beakers and flasks. Travis picks up one of the mummies and says, "This is the mummified remains of a cat. It is true that the Egyptians discovered the secret of life. What we must do now, what we must dedicate our lives to, is the rediscovery of those secrets. We must reveal the key which will unlock that ancient mystery, which will bring back to life these souls from the past."

The young reporter produces a sheaf of papers covered with hieroglyphics. He begins to crumble tanna leaves in a small bowl and mix them in a solution which he heats. He seems a bit at a loss as how exactly to administer this life-restoring potion to the ancient feline mummy. We remain an attentive audience, but we wait in vain for the cat to "Meow." His failure does not daunt the enthusiastic Travis. "That's okay, I'll find the right formula. I know I'm on the right track. It's just a matter of time. After all, the secret has been buried for thousands of years. I have to expect to spend some time in unearthing it. But I know this is my mission."

"Thank you, Mr. Travis."

"Oh, don't leave yet. Let me show you more."

"Thanks, but we really must be going."

52 EC

Porky Shinwell shrugs his shoulders at our questions.

"The only thing I heard had to do with the ship itself, the...ah..."

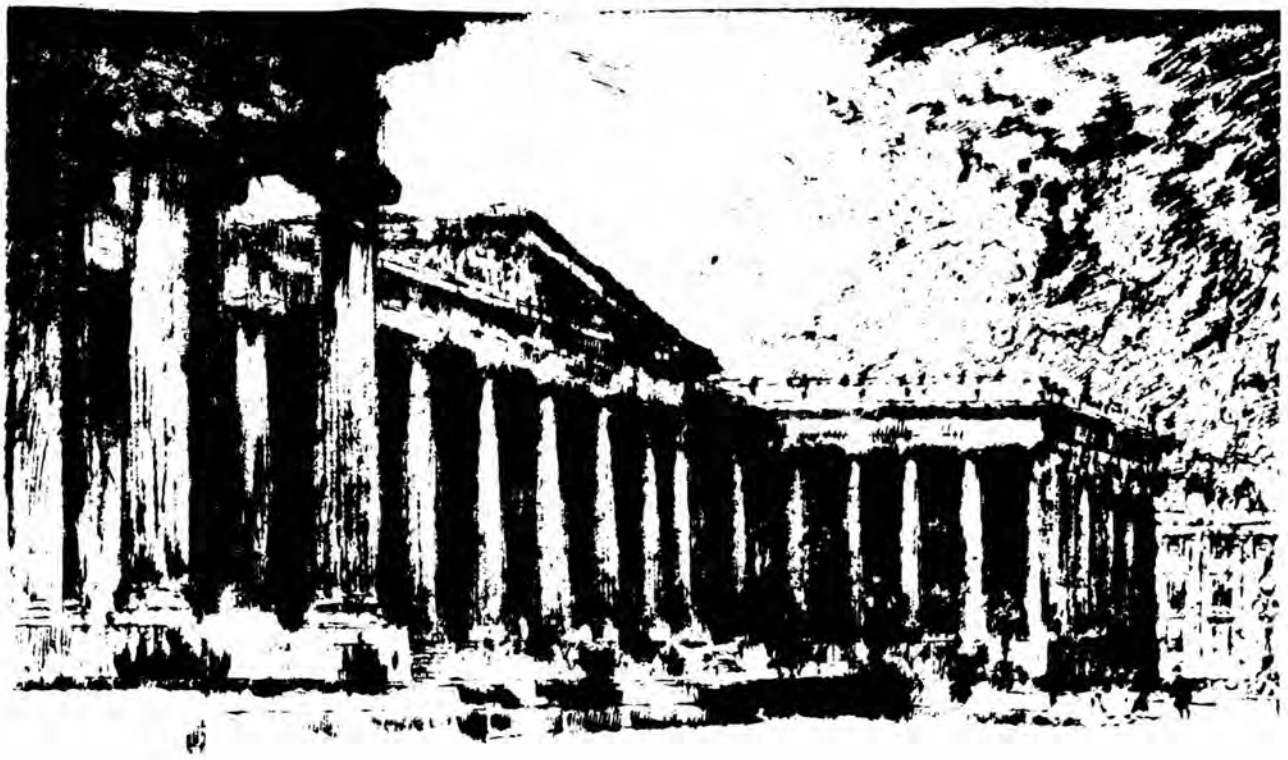
"*Eastern Empress*?"

"Yeah, that's it. There was a couple of blokes in here some weeks ago. Never saw them before and haven't seen 'em since. One was a swarthy fellow, A-rab unless I miss my guess. The other was an English gentleman, fifty or so. I overheard them say something about a bird and later caught the name of the ship. Don't know what it means or if it helps you."

Case Six

11 April, 1890

The Adventure of the Banker's Quietus



BRITISH MUSEUM

AREA SE

8 SE

"I can only spare you a few minutes and then I have to get to rehearsal." Sandra Gamble brushes the blonde locks covering her eyes and adjusts her robe before letting us enter her room. "What can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about Violette Blue?"

"Well, I've known her for about two years, ever since I arrived in London. We were roommates; that's how we met. She was looking for someone to share her lodgings. It was a rough time for her. Her fiance had just been arrested and she was taking it very hard. Then she started getting some good parts and her career took off. She has always been good to me, helping me get parts when she could. She got me the part as her understudy in this revue, so this has been a big break for me."

"I hope Miss Blue is not too ill."

"Ill? Oh, no. Her fiance got out of prison two days ago and she wanted to spend a few days with him. Oh, dear, I shouldn't have said that. She told the manager that she was ill. You won't repeat that, will you?"

"No, your confidence is safe with us. So you know the name of Miss Blue's fiance?"

"Yes, his name is Errol, Errol Hawk."

11 SE

Our knock is answered by a young man with pleasant, albeit unremarkable features.

"Mr. Hawkins?"

"Yes, can I help you?" Mr. Hawkins asks with a puzzled look on his face.

"Did you by any chance buy some statues at Evenson and Company Gift Store the day before yesterday?"

"No, I certainly did not. I never even *heard* of such a store. You must have the wrong person."

"Sorry to bother you."

15 SE

Minnie Race, the landlady, is busy sweeping the hallway dust through the front door where it momentarily rests upon the stoop before the April wind picks it up and redeposits it back in the hallway.

"Be careful, be careful, don't be trackin' dirt into me house. What's it you be wantin'?"

"We understand that Mrs. Small is one of your tenants."

"That she is, but she be at work now. Ev'r since her no-good husband died she's had to take care of the business, not that that crum was ev'r much help to her, always comin' home drunk and beatin' her. Aggie lost nothing when she lost him, I say, and we're all better off with the likes of him gone. He never did a day's work in his life; Aggie did it all while Johnny an' those bums of his be sittin' in the pub all day. Never did an honest day's work in his life."

20 SE

"Yeah, I knew John Small," answers Leroy Eakin to our question. Leroy is a small man with the muscular build of a labourer. "I don't see how that has anything to do with you."

"We would just like to ask you a few questions. We are trying to ascertain if there might be some connection between Mr. Small and a murder that took place last night."

"Boy, I'll tell you. Poor Johnny. Here he is dead a fortnight and being accused of a murder from the grave. When are you going to leave the poor man alone? You people hounded him all his life and now you won't let him rest in peace."

"You don't understand. We're not trying to implicate Mr. Small, it's just that our investigation has led us to J. Small and Company, and we are trying to gather information to see how it fits into our investigation."

"Then it may be Johnny's old lady that's involved. Gees, I'd do anything to get that bloody old bat. I still think she had something to do with Johnny's death."

"Oh, we were under the impression that Small died under natural circumstances."

"Yeah, well, that's what Aggie would like everyone to believe, but I don't. I went to St. Thomas Hospital and tried to talk to the doctors, but they wouldn't talk to me. Said there was no reason to suspect foul play. Well, I'll tell you what's foul, Aggie Small, that's what."

"Is that why she fired you? Because you accused her of having something to do with her husband's death?"

"That's one reason. Her and Johnny didn't get along too well. She blamed a lot of his troubles on his friends. She felt they had led Johnny astray."

"And had they?"

"Nobody led Johnny anywhere he didn't want to go. Sure, Johnny was wild, and I'm not saying he didn't break the law now and then, but growing up in the East End don't give you much respect for the law."

"Do you know of any crimes Mr. Small might have been involved in?"

"Hey, look, I told you I'm not interested in talking about the rumours in Johnny's past. I can see you're only interested in the lies about Johnny. I've said enough, now get out."

"Can you tell us how to find Nat Cook?"

"No!" The door slams in our face.

29 SE

"Small, Small, ah, here it is." Doctor Yates pulls the file from the cabinet and glances through it. "Ah, yes, I remember this case. Small was run over by a delivery wagon. He sustained a broken neck and was dead on arrival. That's about it."

"So there was nothing suspicious in Small's death?"

"Suspicious? Not about his broken neck, it was broken. But the next day this strange little man came in claiming that Small's wife was responsible for her husband's death. I didn't pay much attention to him; death does strange things to the living. Then I talked to Mrs. Small. Her husband's death didn't seem to affect her, but it had a powerful effect upon me."

"What do you mean?"

"It is standard procedure to have the next of kin identify the remains of the deceased. It's the procedure we followed in Small's case. After showing Small's remains to his wife, I sat down with her to fill out the standard forms. I don't know what it was that aroused my suspicion; many things, I guess. The first thing she asked me was 'Do you know what caused his death?,' not 'What caused his death?'"

"I don't understand," says Wiggins.

"As I said before, death affects the living in strange ways, and you get used to that, but you also get a feeling for it. When I first sat down with Mrs. Small she seemed nervous and, ah, ill at ease. All very normal under the circumstances, but when I told Mrs. Small that her husband's death was caused by a broken neck, she seemed relieved, almost lighthearted. She asked me to make the arrangements for the burial. That's the last I ever saw of her. She never picked up his belongings; they were sent over to our storerooms on Westminster.

"Something in the back of my mind made me uncomfortable. Possible chronic arsenical poisoning."

"Possible?"

"Yes, possible. Slow poisoning is hard to prove, but I found gastro-intestinal symptoms as well as skin rashes. I then tested the liver and found traces of arsenic. All consistent with being slowly poisoned."

"Did you inform the police?"

"No. His death wasn't caused by arsenic, but by a broken neck. I have no idea how he was being contaminated. It

could have been through his work, through medication, any number of ways. Mrs. Small may have been indifferent to her husband's death, but that's not hard evidence of murder. Well, I don't think I can tell you anything more and I must get back to work. Good day."

"Thanks for your time, Doctor."

30 SE

"Small, Jonathan. Personal effects. This must be what you're looking for." The clerk sets the box down in front of us. "Will you be taking them with you?"

"No, we just want to examine them."

"Sure would like to get rid of some of this junk. Don't know why we have to keep it around."

We find the following items among Small's personal effects:

1. One suit of men's clothing with the label *Roberts & Parfitt.*
2. A letter, which reads as follows:

Johnny,
I understand your problem. Try to hold on to them. If you can't, try to sell them to him. I trust you to do what's best.
Luck,
Nat

3. An old Roman coin.

31 SE

"St. Thomas Hospital's storage rooms are across the street."

32 SE

On arriving at J. Small & Co. ceramics factory one of the workers directs us to Aggie Small who, he informs us, runs the company. She is small and wiry, and moves and speaks with authority. After we introduce ourselves she invites us into a small office cluttered with statuary, miniature reproductions of the world's great art.

"We are interested in obtaining some information on the Venus de Milo statues that your company manufactures."

"I must say, there certainly has been a lot of interest in those statues."

"Could you fill us in?"

"Wednesday, a nice gentleman, he said his name was Mr. Hawkins and that he had a shop in Southampton, came to the shop and was so taken by them that he wanted to buy all that I had. Unfortunately, I only had five left in stock, all of which he purchased. He was so impressed by them that he wanted to know where he could find the rest and see if he could buy them back. I told him I was planning to make more and if he could wait a week or so he could have all he wanted. He insisted he could not wait, and I gave him the names of the other buyers."

"Could you give us that information?"

"Yes, there were only two. Five went to Evenson and Company and five more to the gift shop of the British Museum."

"Have these statues always been so popular?"

"No. My husband made up fifteen of them three years ago but refused to sell them."

"Could we speak to your husband?"

"No, he died a fortnight ago."

"We're sorry to hear that."

"Well, I must say you are probably the only ones. You and the barman at the Red Boar Inn."

34 SE

The barman greets us amiably and becomes appreciatively talkative after we buy him a pint of bitters.

"Ah, old Johnny. He was a wild one, he was. Always expected him to come to a violent end. What a bloke he was."

"What could you tell us about him?"

"I could tell you a lot of stories, mates. The time he got the two women from the circus and..."

"Those are not the stories we're interested in. What can you tell us about his business?"

"His business? Oh, you mean that cermanics, or whatever you call it, shop? I don't know much about that. He didn't seem to spend much time at it. I think he bought it to satisfy his old lady. Seems like she wanted something respectable. As if anything could've made Johnny respectable."

"What did he do before he acquired his ceramics shop?"

"Gees, mates, I don't know. I only met Johnny three years ago when he bought his shop. Now Ned, down at the end of the bar, he knew Johnny a long time. Used to work for him until the old lady fired him a few days ago. Want me to have him come down and join us?"

"Sure."

"Hey, Ned. Come on down here. These blokes want to buy you a pint."

Ned drains what is left of the drink in front of him and starts down to our end of the bar. He is a small man, dressed in well-worn work clothes, which are dirty and patched. By the time he reaches us a new pint is waiting, and the barman has taken his 4d. plus tip from the money we have left on the bar.

"Gentlemen, this is Ned Blake. Ned, they'd like to know something about Johnny Small."

"What do you want to know, mates?"

"We understand you knew Jonathan Small before he bought the ceramics works. Could you tell us anything about him?"

"I guess I ain't gonna do Johnny no harm now. Yeah, I known him a long time. We growed up together in the East End. He was older than me and I guess he got used to takin' care of me. I used to trail behind those 'Three Musketeers' as everybody used to call Johnny, Leroy Eakin and Nat Cook. I don't know how he made the money to buy the shop. There were tales about the Drummond's Bank robbery and other heists. I don't know for sure about any of this, but I know Johnny wasn't always on the right side of the law. But he was a good bloke, always took care of his mates. Gave me a job when he got the shop, and I held that up until last week when the missus fired me."

"Why did she do that?"

"She never did like me or any of Johnny's old friends that he hired to help out. So when he kicked off, she kicked us out. Me and old Leroy Eakin. He was Johnny's best friend. But she don't want no reminders of Johnny around."

37 SE

Constable Parks is standing at the entrance to the station. He recognizes us as we get out of our hansom.

"You're a little late, mates. Just missed all the excitement. Mr. Holmes and Inspector Lestrade just left with two reluctant companions. A young man and woman they were, and what a howl that woman put up. She was sure upset, she was. The young man tried to make a run for it but only got as far as the waiting arms of Dr. Watson."

AREA SW

2 SW

Langdale Pike seems surprised at our question. "Oswald and Rose Mason were, to state it simply, the most boring couple in London. Mrs. Mason was a thoroughly mediocre whist player, and Oswald rarely showed his face at social functions. In that regard we should figure ourselves lucky since, from what I understand, he was a dismal conversationalist and he laughed at all the wrong jokes. I can't imagine the man inspiring someone to murder."

5 SW

In *Great Art Works of the World* we find the listing:

> Venus de Milo; probably the most admired of all surviving sculptural works of antiquity. Experts generally agree it is a Greek marble from the 4th or 5th century B.C. Found on the island of Melos in 1820, it was taken by the French ambassador to Constantinople, and eventually presented to the Louvre by Louis XVIII. It remains there to this day.

8 SW

We enter the hall of the Diogenes Club and are met by a doorman. He shows us into the Strangers' Room where he bids us wait while he informs Mr. Mycroft Holmes of our presence.

"Wiggins, how are you?" says Mycroft as he manoeuvers his large frame through the door. "I see you have your friends with you. Please be seated, all of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes. We are assisting your brother in investigating..."

"The death of Oswald Mason. Since I audit the books for various government offices, I was sure Sherlock would want to talk to me about it."

"Did you know Mason?"

"We had worked together on a number of projects over the years. A good man with a good mind."

"Did you work with him on the Treasury project he was engaged in at the time of his death?"

"I had talks with him from time to time, but I had no official part in the investigation. Due to the political sensitivity of the situation, the Chancellor wanted an outside audit so there would be no question of 'withheld information.'"

"Do you think Mason's murder was connected with the audit?"

"No, I am sure there was no connection. In the first place, there are only a few people who knew what Mason was working on. In the second place, it would have accomplished nothing. We know who was responsible for the embezzlement. The only thing that had to be determined was how deep the damage went and what has to be done."

"Who is the embezzler?"

"Michael Essex and Mitchell Yourke, the Directors of Bacon and Company."

12 SW

Sir Adrian Malmquist, K.G., C.B., Under-Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, enters the conference room where we have been kept waiting for the last twenty minutes. He is as imposing in person as he is portrayed to be by the newspapers. At 39, he is one of the youngest members of the present government. He is tall, aristocratic in bearing and moves and talks with great energy.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but my meeting with the Chancellor ran longer than expected. Throws my whole day's schedule off. This won't take long, will it?"

"Well, we..."

"The Chancellor asked me to give you all the help I could," interrupts Sir Adrian as he paces up and down the room. "I only met the fellow four or five times. Capable fellow, very capable. Damned inconvenient this murder, damned inconvenient."

"What we..."

"Mason was to have a report for me dealing with some embarrassing irregularities. So far the loyal opposition hasn't got wind of the affair, and it is important that they don't until we have cleared it up and have apprehended the culprit. I assured the Chancellor that the matter would be concluded this week. Bloody inconvenient."

"Could we..."

"We have to get someone to replace Mason. Do you have any idea who murdered Mason? Has it anything to do with his work here?"

"That's what..."

"I must get..."

"Please, Sir Adrian. If you would just answer a few questions we may be able to throw some light on this matter. First, do you feel that Mason's death might have anything to do with his work at the Treasury?"

"I wish I could answer that. I never expected it. There is no question that the investigation dealt with large sums of money, but murder, it just doesn't fit. It won't stop the investigation, just delay it. The papers that Mason was working on are all accounted for, but again, we had copies of all the important papers in our files. So taking them would not have stopped the investigation or saved the culprit."

"That brings us to the next question. Do you have any suspicions as to who the guilty party might be?"

"No, I do not. You must understand the investigation has to come from the outside. The findings must be above reproach, with no question of political advantage. Therefore, I have stayed out of the investigation. All I can do is give you what facts I have."

"That would be a good start."

For the first time since he entered the room, Sir Adrian sits and faces us across the conference table. "Here are the facts. As you know, the Exchequer is responsible for all financial business, I should say the financial well-being, of the Empire. This year we were responsible for the distribution of some 600 million pounds. A large sum to keep check of, but we must.

"Six months ago it came to the government's attention that Bacon and Company, one of London's largest investment houses, was in financial straits. Their difficulties had arisen because of their extensive commitments in South America, where political unrest, commercial instability and the often irresponsible financial policies of various republics have made any form of investment highly speculative. The firm is solvent, but it is not in possession of sufficient liquid assets to meet its current liabilities. South American politics feature largely in the story. Bacon's dealings were with foreign governments, the National Bank of Uruguay, the Buenos Ayres Railways and several other such enterprises. Very early on, when the storm was brewing and it was known in the innermost City circles that Bacon's position was insecure, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lionel Foxcroft, had enquired of the Chancellor whether the Argentine Government might not be persuaded to deal in some way or other with the enormous bulk of discredited South American securities then weighing down the London stock market.

"The interest rates have been at five per cent since the first of the year. If the market had to assume Bacon's losses, the interest rate might rise to six percent or even higher. Well, you know what that means."

"Not really. Can you tell..."

"That's what I am trying to do," says Malmquist as he squirms impatiently in his chair. "To make a long story short, Her Majesty's Government and the Bank of England have guaranteed to cover the 'discredited securities' held by Bacon and Company and their investors. An audit of Bacon's books showed short term liabilities totaling 3,250,000 pounds. A reasonable price to pay for long term stabilization of the economy."

"Sounds good to us." We nod in agreement with Wiggins' concession.

"Yes, except for one problem. So far we have redeemed 4,570,000 pounds worth of securities. If the opposition finds out we could end up *being* the opposition next year. We'll save their Bacon, but damn if they'll profit by it!" Malmquist pushes back his chair, removes a gold watch from his pocket and opens it. "Well, that's all the time I have. Any

help you can give us will be greatly appreciated. Good day."

"What are we looking for?"

"1,320,000 pounds! What else? The difference between what the audit showed on Bacon's books and the securities that have been redeemed."

"Where did these securities come from?"

"Damn it, that's what Mason was to tell me!" Sir Adrian bolts out of his chair. "Bloody inconvenient. I certainly hope Holmes will apply his considerable talents to this matter."

"I am sure Mr. Holmes will be interested in this matter if it will throw some light on Mr. Mason's death."

"Yes, of course, we are all concerned with solving Mason's murder. If we can solve the murder and clear up this matter at the same time, so much the better. Good day."

13 SW

Inspector Tobias Gregson, a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, receives us in his office.

"I understand that you are helping Holmes in this matter. Well, I must say that Holmes has given me enough help in the past so I will try to answer your questions."

"Thank you. Would you please fill us in on what your investigation has turned up so far?"

"Gladly, although it isn't much. We have determined that entry was made through the upstairs bedroom window. We found footmarks in the flower bed by the back porch and paint scraped off the porch column indicating that the intruder climbed to the roof and the bedroom window. There are marks on the window where it was forced. We then assume that he made his way downstairs, thinking the house was empty. When he opened the study door he came face to face with Mr. Mason, and a fight ensued that ended in Mason's death. The murderer panicked and fled through the study window. That's how we see it."

"Was anything taken? Was there anything worth taking?"

"Well, according to Mrs. Mason, nothing was taken. It is true that she is still very upset, but we did an inventory of her jewelry, which was in their bedroom, and she said it was all accounted for. There were some very valuable pieces, family heirlooms. As far as we can tell, the room wasn't even searched."

"What about the rest of the house?"

"Nothing taken. Nothing of any great value. Some silver, a stamp collection, but all in order."

"What about the government papers that Mason was working on that night?"

"Yes, that was our first thought. As for the papers themselves, they seem to be all accounted for. They were found scattered around the room. We assume they were scattered during the fight. We sent the papers to the Treasury, and I have just heard from them that all the papers are in order. Of course, we have not eliminated the possibility that his work for the Treasury was the reason for the murder."

19 SW

Michael Essex is an obviously sick old man, probably closer to 70 than to 60.

"Mr. Essex, we are investigating the death of Oswald Mason. He was working on an audit of Bacon and Company at the time of his death, and we would like to ask you some questions about your company."

"I have nothing to say to you. You can take any questions to my barrister, Charles Attard."

22 SW

We find Dr. H.R. Murray in his laboratory as usual, his white hair wisping wildly about his face.

"What case are you young sleuths working on today?"

"The Oswald Mason murder. Do you have anything to help us?"

"Mason, Number 662. Looks like your Mr. Mason was killed by 'The Man with the Broken Nose.'"

"The man with the broken nose? You mean you know who the murderer is?"

"No, no, not the murderer, the murder weapon." With this, old Murray picks up a marble statue with a cracked head more obvious than a broken nose. "This is a copy of a very early Rodin, 'The Man with the Broken Nose,' sculpted in 1864. You can see the bloodstain here. I understand that this was one of two statues on the fireplace mantel. Apparently the intruder grabbed this one and killed Mason in the struggle. Not much else I can tell you."

"Well, thanks anyway."

23 SW

Andrew Devine, the warden of Millbank Prison, re-enters his office where he had asked us to wait. "I am sorry to keep you waiting. I notified Nat Cook that you wished to see him, but he informed me that he doesn't wish to see anyone. You understand that I cannot force him to see you. Is there anything else that I can help you with?"

"What can you tell us about him? What type of prisoner is he?"

"He hasn't given us any trouble, but he hasn't gone out of his way to be co-operative. As you may know, the diamonds from the De Vries robbery have never been recovered, and Cook shows no indication of telling us their whereabouts. I dare say, it must make prison life much easier knowing that there are 100,000 pounds worth of diamonds waiting for you when you get out. He keeps pretty much to himself. The only confidant he seems to have acquired was his cell mate, Errol Hawk. Hawk was released Monday, and we are now thinking of planting one of our men as Cook's new cell mate, hoping he will be able to gain his confidence and learn the whereabouts of the gems. But, to be perfectly frank with you, we are no closer to finding the diamonds, or Cook's accomplices. I am afraid, gentlemen, that's all I can tell you."

34 SW

Three years after the fact, Bernard Nims, general manager of De Vries, still gets a pained expression on his face when the robbery is mentioned.

"I will never forget that day. It only took 15 minutes and the Five Sisters were gone. We still haven't recovered from the loss."

"Surely they were insured?"

"Insured, of course, but no amount of money can replace the loss of the gems. Each gem has a soul of its own."

"Soul?"

"Yes. All gems have a soul. No two gems are exactly alike. The Five Sisters were a beautiful match, but part of the beauty was the small individual differences to be found in each gem of such a perfectly matched set. Each diamond was 20 carats, a masterpiece of nature."

"They have never been recovered?"

"No. Not a trace. We follow the black market as best we can, but no sign as yet. Lloyd's offered a reward for the return of the stones, and we even offered to go above the amount of the insurance settlement. But no one took up the offer. I did think we had a chance when, what was his name, oh, yes, Nat Cook. When he was arrested. We offered him a reward, even offered to try and get the charges dropped or reduced. He still wouldn't talk, denied he took part on the robbery."

"How can we be sure he was one of the robbers?"

"I am sure. I was the one who identified him. It was right before closing time when two men entered the shop. They had masks covering their faces. They told me to get the Five Sisters from the safe. Nothing else, just the Five Sisters. They had guns, and as much as I loved the gems, I love my life more. As I handed them over they made for the door.

Cook held the door open for his accomplice, who held the diamonds. As they were going into the street they removed their masks. Cook then looked back into the shop, and I got a good look at his face. There's no doubt that it was Cook."

"Then there were two involved in the robbery?"

"Three counting the hansom driver. As soon as they walked out of the shop they got into a waiting hansom which drove off at great speed. There were other suspects, friends of Cook, but no proof could be found, and as long as Cook didn't talk the others were free."

50 SW

"I would like nothing more than to be able to assist in the identification of my brother's assailant. However, I doubt that I know anything of importance in this case. We have always been very close and he did not indicate that he feared for his safety."

"Do you know anything about his work for the Treasury?"

"He has only spoken of the matter in very general terms. I know only that it involved some irregularities in certain government accounts."

Cecil Mason allows a faint smile to show itself for the first time during our interview. "What a cruel mistress is fate. Oswald had planned a trip for himself and Rose. He was to have surprised her with the tickets at a small family celebration this week-end. He had so enjoyed baffling Rose with no hint of a gift other than the Venus de Milo replica. I am glad he confided in me, so that no doubt could possibly remain on this subject."

AREA NW

8 NW

Constable Lane answers the door himself. "Hello, you and Holmes aren't leaving any stones unturned in the Mason case, I see. Come in."

"Can you tell us what happened last night in Tottenham Court-road?"

"I doubt I can add anything new, but I will be glad to tell you. I was having a quiet evening, just making my rounds, when I heard a woman's screams for help. I was just around the corner on Torrington so I was at her door in a flash. I think you already know what I found at the Mason home. The study was a shambles. Mason was dead, but the body was still quite warm."

"What about Mrs. Mason?"

"She was quite upset, of course, but I was able to get the basic facts of the evening from her. How is the investigation proceeding? I'll bet you Inspector Gregson is scratching his head over this one."

"We have a couple of leads. With Holmes on the case, the Yard has nothing to worry about. The culprit will certainly be apprehended. Thanks for your time."

"Not at all."

13 NW

"It sounds like you're looking for Violette Blue," responds the doorman. "That's her on the poster. Beautiful woman, isn't she? She's not on the stage to-night, wasn't yesterday either."

"Do you know why?"

"The manager said she's ill. Sandra Gamble is her stand-in. She's a real beauty herself. You should catch the act, you won't be disappointed."

18 NW

We ask Sam Parsons if there are any messages for us. "Odd it was," he says. "'You know who' came in yesterday, looked around for a while, and then left without leaving a message. He was acting nervous; I think he was being followed. So, nothing today."

22 NW

We browse around the shop for a few minutes as Mr. Rodney Dachauer, the shopkeeper, concludes a sale of a small blown-glass bird to a young bird-like woman. When she leaves we introduce ourselves to Mr. Dachauer. "We are looking into the murder of Mr. Oswald Mason. Among his papers was a receipt from this shop dated March 31. Can you tell us what he purchased?"

"Oh, yes, here it is," he says as he consults his sales records. "He bought two Venus de Milo statues. We delivered them for him."

"Where were they delivered?"

"They were shipped separately, on Mr. Mason's instructions, one to Mrs. Rose Mason on 42 Tottenham Court-road and the other to a Mrs. Mabel Brown of 40 Devonshire. Those statues have certainly proved to be good sellers. I sold the remaining three to another gentleman Wednesday. I surely hope that I will be able to get more from the manufacturer."

"And who might that be?"

"J. Small and Company."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Dachauer. You have been most helpful."

"Not at all."

36 NW

Marshall Guilfoyle, manager of the Langham, talks to us in the hotel lobby. "Yes, I knew Mr. Mason. He often used our conference rooms for his business meetings."

40 NW

We are met at the door of Mrs. Brown's lodgings by her landlady, Mrs. Quinn. After introducing ourselves we inquire if Mrs. Brown is in.

"Yes, she is. Poor dear. I've been so worried about her. She hasn't eaten in days, and she didn't go in to work today."

"Has she been with you long?"

"Close to three years, ever since she married Sam. It must be hard on her, Sam being gone so much. He's a merchant seaman with Jardine's, you know."

"No, we didn't know. Have you known him long?"

"Oh, my, yes. Ever since he was a baby. His mother, God rest her soul, was my dearest friend. Sam has been like a son to me ever since Martha passed away, almost ten years ago now. Oh, where does the time go. Here we are. This is the door to Mabel's rooms. Mabel, dear, there are some people here to see you about poor Mr. Mason's death."

"I'll be right there," comes a voice from behind the door. Seconds later the door is opened by a young woman in her early twenties. She has flowing black hair which emphasizes the delicate beauty of her ivory complexion. "Please come in."

"If you need anything, dear, just ring," says Mrs. Quinn who has already started back down the stairs.

"How can I help you?" asks Mabel Brown as we enter the room, and she closes the door behind us.

"We understand that you have heard of Mr. Mason's death."

"Yes, this morning. Joanna, Miss Baily, from the office stopped by and told me the bad news. Ned, Mr. Kimbel, gave her the day off and she stopped by to tell me."

"How long have you been Mr. Mason's secretary?"

"Three years, ever since my graduation from Bedford."

"Do you know of any reason why anyone would want to murder Mr. Mason?"

"Oh, no! He was such a nice man. He was so considerate. Always remembering everyone's birthday. Last week he gave me a lovely little statue." At this point the tears she has been trying to hold back begin to trickle down her cheeks. "And last night it fell off the table and broke as if it were an omen of his death. Joanna woke me this morning and told me of

Mr. Mason's death. As we were talking I turned and saw the broken Venus on the floor, and it struck me as so sad." With this last she breaks into loud sobs. "I am sorry."

"That's alright, we understand. We are sorry to have to intrude at this time, but we have to check with everyone who might shed some light on this tragedy."

"I want to help. Please go on."

"Do you know of anyone at the Bank who might have wished harm on Mr. Mason or anything involving his work that would lead to his murder?"

"No. As I said before he was very considerate of everyone. He was well liked. His work was mainly routine and concerned primarily with the operation of bank audits. He has been involved of late with some work for the Treasury, but I know little of that. Mr. Kates might know more. But he often did work for government agencies. No, there is nothing I can think of that would cause such a consequence."

"Well, thank you for your help. We hope you will soon be feeling better."

"Thank you. I will ring for Mrs. Quinn to show you out."

We meet Mrs. Quinn outside the door and she leads us down the stairs.

"I hope Mabel isn't in any trouble."

"No, not at all. Just routine," we assure her.

"She has had so many problems of late. She and Sam always fighting when he is home and then being gone for such long periods of time. A hard life for both of them. I heard her crying last night after she came in. I should have tried to comfort her, but I was already in bed. Life is hard. Well, have a good day."

44 NW

The Registrar finds the school records of Mabel Jenkins Brown. "Here it is. She graduated December, 1886, with quite a good record. She was 18th in her class. Our last entry shows that she was working for the Bank of England."

47 NW

The butler shows us into the library of the Smedley mansion. Dame Agnes Smedley proudly displays her unblemished Venus safely resting under a glass-domed case in the centre of a large table covered by miniature reproductions of the world's great art works.

AREA WC

5 WC

One cabbie remembers taking on a fare at around 9.50 last night near the corner of Tottenham Court-road and Torrington-place. "A right fancy-lookin' lady, it was. All decked out with white gloves an' high heels an' such. Not in a rush at all. Stopped an' chatted a bit. Said she was off to a party of some sort. Dropped 'er off at Charing Cross Station, I did. A dainty young thing — a fine tipper too."

10 WC

The barman at Henekey's Wine Lodge remembers that Rose Mason did stop in last evening for a pint of stout as was her wont on Thursdays, but he does not recall when she left.

12 WC

Mrs. Oswald Mason was a regular player in the weekly whist game and had left about 9 o'clock last night.

14 WC

Disraeli O'Brian shows us the files on the names we had requested:

Nat Cook — Convicted of stealing diamonds in 1887. Awaiting release from Millbank Prison.

Leroy Eakin — Convicted of pickpocketry in 1878. Served one year. Arrested in connection with armed robbery attempt in 1883. Tried and acquitted. Cited for public drunkenness and disturbing the peace, twice in 1882, once each in 1885 and 1886.

Jonathan Small — Convicted of selling stolen goods in 1880. Served six month prison term. Cited on public drunkenness and disturbing the peace in 1885 and 1886 and twice in 1882. Suspect in the Drummond's Bank robbery 1886. Never brought to trial.

17 WC

We finally find the door marked *Audit Office* and enter. Wiggins at last gains the attention of the harried clerk. "Excuse me, we're assisting Scotland Yard in a murder investigation and are interested in a government audit. Can you help us?"

"What year?"

"This year, now. The Bacon & Company audit."

"Oh, we can't discuss that particular audit, I'm afraid. You will have to talk to Sir Adrian Malmquist himself at the Treasury. But I don't know if he will talk to you or not."

20 WC

We are informed that due to the advice of their solicitor, the directors of Bacon & Company will not discuss the matter now under investigation.

33 WC

Mrs. Rose Mason, her face pale against the black of her mourning dress, joins us in the parlour. She is a handsome woman in her late thirties. We offer our condolences before asking the deceased accountant's wife to tell us just what she remembers of the previous evening's events.

"I went to the West End Social Club for my weekly whist game as I do every Thursday night. I left Oswald alone at home working on the papers he had brought there from the office. He's been so busy lately that he has had time for very little other than work. When I returned home about ten o'clock, I went immediately to the study." Mrs. Mason almost loses her composure but continues stoically, "The place was such a mess! Books were strewn about, furniture overturned, and there in the midst of the wreckage was poor Oswald! I can't think of who would want to hurt him. He was the dearest man on earth. Why only last week he gave me a Venus de Milo replica to commemorate our seventeenth wedding anniversary. We spent our honeymoon in Paris, and we often went to the Louvre to see the original. When I saw the statue broken into pieces...." The rest of her sentence is lost in her sobs.

"We're sorry to trouble you at this time. We know it's hard on you, but we only have one or two more questions."

"No, please, I want to help."

"Was your husband expecting any visitors last night?"

"No. In fact he was looking forward to being alone. He said he only had a few hours' work left and that he could do the report for the Treasury at the bank the next day. Cecil, his brother, was to give us an anniversary party on Friday, and he..." Mrs. Mason is unable to continue. Tearfully, she leaves the room on the arm of her sister.

38 WC

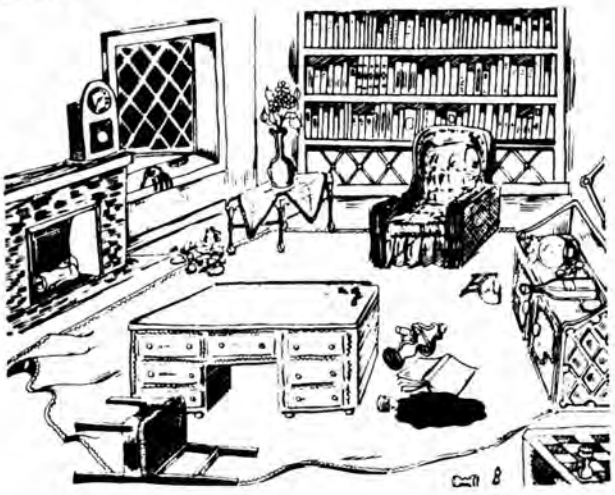
"Yes, we received a shipment of statues from J. Small and Company. I remember it well, five reproductions of the Venus de Milo. As a matter of fact, we sold the last four to-day. All to the same person, a beautiful young lady, with long red hair and fair skin, who gave her name as Mrs. Smith. I am sure I have seen her on the stage, though not under that name, but for the life of me, I can't remember what her name is."

"Do you know who purchased the other statue?"

"Yes, I do. Mrs. Smith asked the same question. It was purchased by Dame Smedley on April 3."

42 WC

Constable Parks, on duty at the Mason house, shows us the study, the scene of the crime. We find the study in shambles. As we look around, Wiggins makes a sketch of the room which, we agree, includes all the main points of interest.



As we look up from the sketch, we see Wiggins by the side window, magnifying glass in hand, examining the sill. "There's a palm print here on the window sill. It looks like it was left in a residue of plaster dust," says Wiggins as he replaces his magnifying glass in his coat pocket. "Where was the body found, Parks?"

"It was sprawled across the desk. You can see the blood stain on the top. The blighter put up quite a fight, I must say."

"How was he killed?"

"Head was bashed in by a statue. It was sent over to the lab for old Murray to look at."

"Is there any indication of how the murderer got into the house?"

"It looks as if he entered by the upstairs window. It was found open and it shows signs of forced entry."

"Who found the body?"

"His wife. She said she was at her weekly whist game at the West End Social Club. She arrived home around 10 o'clock and found her husband dead."

"Did she see anyone in or around the house?"

"She said she saw and heard nothing."

"Is the room as she found it?"

"Yes. She said that as soon as she saw her husband lying sprawled across the desk she ran outside for help. Constable Lane came at the sound of her cries and took charge. The only things removed were the body, which was taken to Bart's, and some of Mr. Mason's papers which were taken to Scotland Yard. Oh, yes, and the statue which was sent to the Criminology Lab."

"And where is Mrs. Mason?"

"She was in a state of shock and was taken to her sister, Mrs. Edward Farmer."

AREA EC

6 EC

A young well-groomed Richard Kates invites us in after we introduce ourselves.

"I really don't know what I can tell you. Mr. Mason was always a perfect gentleman and was truly well liked at the bank."

"Can you tell us anything about the work he had taken home with him yesterday?"

"No, I'm afraid not. I sometimes worked very closely with him on projects, but in this case he was handling it all himself. He had turned over much of the routine work to me, encouraging me to take responsibility and make decisions. But I know nothing more than that he was working directly for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this highly confidential project. Perhaps Mr. Kimbel could tell you more."

15 EC

A check of the personnel lists shows that Sam Brown left on the *Nanking* on 3 March. The ship is scheduled to arrive in Hong Kong on 28 April.

18 EC

"Please come in and have a seat." An energetic woman with extraordinary, big hazel eyes ushers us into a small parlour. She is in her mid-forties, but her greying hair is less noticeable than her spirit of youthfulness. "Isn't it terrible! 'The good die young,' they say. They certainly don't come any better than Mr. Mason."

"Miss Baily, is there anything you can tell us about Mr. Mason's work or his personal relationships which might aid us in our investigation?"

"No, I can't imagine anyone wanting to kill that nice man. I went into work early to-day and Mr. Kimbel told me the tragic news and gave us the day off. I was so upset when I heard the news that I went by to see Mabel, Mabel Brown. Poor Mabel seems to be having such a hard time. I know she has not been entirely happy with her husband Sam. It must be difficult with him at sea so much. When I told Mabel about poor Mr. Mason she was shocked."

"Thank you, Miss Baily. If you think of anything else which might help, please let us know."

"Yes, of course. I certainly hope you catch that killer. London's just not safe anymore."

22 EC

"Wiggins, how nice to see you. What can I do for you today?"

"Hello, Mr. Allen. We have some questions about the investment house, Bacon and Company, and their involvement in South American stock issues. What can you tell us about this situation?"

"The Government is making a mess of the affair, as usual. There certainly were 'irregularities', but it's common knowledge that the culprits are members of Bacon's own house, although I wouldn't want to name any names. The Government should have simply suspended trading in those stocks months ago. A few innocent investors might have lost a bit, quite a bit for some, but the Government wouldn't be courting the disaster they have been. Lord Salisbury's party almost caused a fiasco, but the marketplace is strong enough to handle this type of situation."

"Thank you for your time, Mr. Allen."

"You're welcome. And the offer for the tour of the Exchange is still good."

23 EC

Mr. Ned Kimbel, the Chief Cashier of the Bank, receives us in his office. We find him behind a massive desk which does his large frame justice, as we reckon his bulk to be well over 15 stones in weight. The silver-haired Kimbel greets us affably, although he speaks with gravity and a shake of his head at the tragedy of Mason's murder. "I just can't imagine why anyone would want to do such a thing. He was certainly well-liked by all of his fellow workers here at the bank."

"How long has he been with the Bank of England?"

"He started with us more than fifteen years ago. He has always been one of our most trusted and valued employees, and five years ago he was enthusiastically approved as a choice for Chief Accountant despite his relative youth. As you may know, the bank is controlled by its Directors. But

they have little to do with the day-to-day operation of business. That is my responsibility. Mason was my second in command."

"Was he ever involved in any controversy or quarrel over bank business of which you are aware?"

"Most certainly not. As I said, he was well-liked and did his job superbly."

"What do you know about his work with the Treasury?"

"Very little. One of our responsibilities is to oversee government audits. This was Oswald's area of responsibility. This work is highly confidential. You will have to talk to the Governor, Lionel Foxcroft, if you have questions about this. I'm sorry, that's all I know."

"Would you object to our checking out his office?"

"No, I suppose that would be acceptable. I thought that Mason's secretary, Mrs. Mabel Brown, would be the best person to sort through his papers, but as she reported in ill to-day, nothing has been done in that regard."

"Could you give us a list of the other members of Mason's staff?"

"Yes, I would be glad to. None of them are here right now as I gave them the day off." He takes the pen out of his inkwell and begins to write. "If I can give you any further assistance, please let me know." With these words he hands us the following list and shows us the door:

Richard Kates, Mason's Assistant
Miss Joanna Baily, Head Clerk
Mrs. Mabel Brown, Mason's Secretary

A check of Mason's desk reveals the following items:

a. A receipt for £50 from the Aberdeen Navigation Co. for passage for two to Greece, dated March 28.
b. A receipt for £2 5s. from the Evenson & Co. Gift Shoppe for two statues, dated March 31.
c. Oswald Mason's personal bank statement which shows that he had drawn a personal cheque in the amount of £240. This transaction is dated April 4.
d. A bill from the Langham Hotel for £3 6s. dated March 26.
e. A note on his desk calendar for the 10th: Michael Kempfield, 2:00 p.m., Romano's.

26 EC

Oswald Mason, purchased two tickets on the *Grecian Queen*, departing April 21st, bound for Athens.

30 EC

"The Mason Case? Oh, the accountant chap, right. Don't worry yourself over that one," grins Harry Ellis. "Some of the fellows here in the office were gabbing about some work he was doing for the Government, but that has nothing to do with it. From what I understand, nothing he was working on was worth killing him. It's only paperwork that some other accountant could do if Mason died. No, what you have is a simple case of breaking and entering. What the thief was trying to steal — now that's another question entirely."

34 EC

We enter the law offices of Charles Attard and are met by his assistant, Robert Truax.

"We understand that Mr. Attard has been retained in the case of Bacon and Company. We would like to ask him some questions about the matter."

"I'm sorry. We have nothing to say at this time. I'll have to ask you to leave. Good day."

35 EC

We find Quintin Hogg busily at work. His desk is covered with paper, folders and newspapers. His head is resting on his left hand, his right is beating out a steady cadence with the pencil it holds. He doesn't notice us standing at the door until Wiggins calls his name. Hogg's eyes, which had been fixed on the papers in front of him, now focus on us.

"Ah, Wiggins. Come in, if you can find space."

"Thanks." We all make our way into the cluttered office.

Hogg pushes his chair away from his desk and leans back in his chair, replacing his pencil with a cigarette.

"Keeping you busy, Quin?" asks Wiggins.

"To be sure, but it is because of Holmes that I'm in this mess." With a sweep of his hand over the cluttered desk he lets us know that this is the mess of which he speaks. "You know, Wiggins, how Holmes is always ranting and raving about Moriarty and 'how his organization covers the city of London like a spider's web.' Well, to be perfectly honest with you, I didn't take it very seriously, but now I'm convinced he is right. I've been going over a number of cases and a pattern is discernible in many of these crimes. What I am finding is that it extends into the Justice System itself, with some very well-known solicitors, barristers and maybe even a judge or two on the payroll of Moriarty. My God, I'm starting to sound like Holmes. I cannot trace anything on Moriarty, but I'm starting to believe in him."

"I am sure that Holmes will be interested in anything you uncover. Do you plan to do an article on Moriarty?"

"That's the frightening thing! I can't find any evidence that leads to Moriarty and if I said otherwise I would end up in court for slander, and *I* might be the one who ends up in Millbank."

"Who got you started on this?"

"Remember the murder a couple of years ago of the hansom driver? The one with the bag of Roman coins around his neck? Well, Holmes is still working on that one and we have had some talks about it. I couldn't understand why he was so interested in it and I sort of put it out of my mind. Then I started to notice these Roman coins appearing on the bodies of murder victims every now and then. Knowing how much Holmes likes these little problems, I mentioned it to him. Of course, he already knew about it and he felt they were used by Moriarty as a sign whenever he murdered someone who crossed his organization.

"It's like a jigsaw puzzle, Wiggins. I have a lot of the pieces and some of them are going together, but I can't tell what the final picture will look like."

"Maybe Holmes can put some of the pieces together for you."

"You know Holmes. He loves to see us lesser mortals sweat a little. He gives me enough help to keep me going, enough information to keep me on the track, hoping that we will turn up that one little piece of information that he doesn't have which will clear up the mystery. Oh well, that's what the game is about.

"Speaking of mysteries, what are you working on?"

"The murder of Oswald Mason."

"Yes, I read about that in *The Times*. Anything of interest there?"

"I was hoping you could tell us."

"Sorry, don't know anything about it. Let me know if it's anything I should look into."

"Will do. Thanks Quin."

"Hey, Wiggins," shouts Hogg as we are leaving. "Any Roman coins found on the body?"

"Not that I know of."

"Damn, don't know if it makes me happy or not."

36 EC

Edward Hall remembers Johnny Small, Leroy Eakin and Nat Cook. "They were petty criminals. Did it for fun more

than anything else. No one took them seriously until a few major robberies three or four years ago. They were among the prime suspects, but there was insufficient evidence for a conviction or even an arrest. Then Cook was caught in a jewel heist — that broke that gang up. I haven't seen any of them coming through here since then."

38 EC

Sir Jasper looks up from the report he is writing as we enter. "Hello, come in. If you keep company with Holmes much longer I think you'll soon know more of murder than I. What can I do for you?"

"We're investigating the death of Oswald Mason. Have you done the autopsy, Doctor?"

"Yes, I did it first thing this morning. I was just finishing the report. Let's see. The body of Oswald Mason arrived at the hospital at half-past midnight, 11 April. The deceased was in his early forties, in good health. Death was caused by a blow to the side of the head by a heavy blunt object. Death probably occurred in a matter of a very few minutes. Blood found on his knuckles and under his fingernails was of a different blood type than his own."

Sir Jasper lays the paper aside and looks up. "Nothing very exciting or informative, I'm afraid."

"Thanks anyway."

"Anytime, and good luck."

46 EC

Lionel Foxcroft, Governor of the Bank of England, stands in front of his window looking into the court yard. At our entrance he turns and addresses us. "Please sit down. I understand that you are looking into Oswald's death. I will give you all the help I can. What is it that you want to know?"

"Well, the obvious question is who killed Oswald Mason?"

"I wish I knew. He was a good man and I can't imagine anyone who would want to murder Oswald. We had great hope for him here at the Bank."

"We understand that Mr. Mason was working on a special assignment at the Treasury."

"Yes, he was."

"Could there be any connection between Mason's assignment at the Treasury and his murder?"

"Mmmm...I wouldn't think so. Great sums of money were involved, it's true, but I don't think there's any connection. Very few people knew of Mason's involvement in the investigation — no reason that they should."

"Who knew?"

"Well, to my knowledge, there were only three people who knew what he was working on for the Treasury. Sir Adrian Malmquist, at the Treasury, Richard Kates, Mason's assistant, and myself."

"Could you tell us what Mason was working on?"

"It is rather complicated, but if you think it will help, I'll try. To understand what is involved you must understand that the history of the Bank, financially, is to all intents and purposes nothing more than a history of the Bank Rate and that's what this whole investigation is concerned with. Since the Bank Act of 1844, the interrelationship between the Bank and the Government has become more intertwined. I am sure you understand the significance of the interest rate on the business of and thus, the well-being of the Empire. And the most important factor influencing that Bank Rate is stability—"

"Uh, Mr. Foxcroft, I think that's all we need to know at this time. You've been most, uh, informative. Good day."

48 EC

"Yes, I am Michael Kempfield. What can I do for you?"

"We are investigating the murder of Oswald Mason. Did you see him recently?"

"Isn't that terrible! I was so shocked by the news. Yes, I saw Ozzie just yesterday. We had a late lunch together. Why?"

"Did he say anything which might have indicated that he was worried or that he feared for his life?"

"No, nothing at all. I thought the police suspected a burglar. Why would anyone want to murder Oswald?"

"The police do suspect a burglar, but we have to check out every angle. Did you see each other often? Is there anything at all that you can tell us?"

"We got together much less often than either of us wished. We were friends at school and have maintained that friendship for over twenty years. Ozzie didn't seem worried at all yesterday. He was looking forward to finishing a project at work and taking Rose to Greece. It's always so hard to see someone one day, a vital, alive person, and to realize the next that they're gone. How is Rose taking all this? I really must call on her."

"She's staying with her sister. Thank you for your help, Mr. Kempfield. If you think of anything which might help, anything at all, please let us know."

49 EC

Alfie Kent, the doorman, informs us that Violette Blue does have rooms there, but is not in at present. A bob convinces Alfie to show us Violette's rooms.

As we enter Violette Blue's rooms we are immediately struck by their chaotic disarray. Near the fireplace grate lie the shattered remains of at least ten Venus de Milos. On a nearby table are two wrapped packages bearing the label of the British Museum which, when opened, reveal another pair of Venus statues.

A check of the bedroom shows dresser drawers open and empty. The wardrobe had been stripped of its contents. The remaining three odd shoes and faded house coat are the only indicators of the departed occupant's feminine gender.

"If it's Miss Violette you be wantin' I might be able to help you out, mates."

Another bob to Alfie and his tongue begins to wag. "Miss Violette left about twenty minutes ago in the company of a young gent. Quite a hurry they was in, I'd say, maybe trying to catch a train. I was putting their luggage in a four-wheeler, and I hears the young man tell the cabbie to take 'em to Waterloo Station."

"Thanks, Alfie, much obliged."

52 EC

"Wiggins, my boy, how are you? You look a mite thirsty."

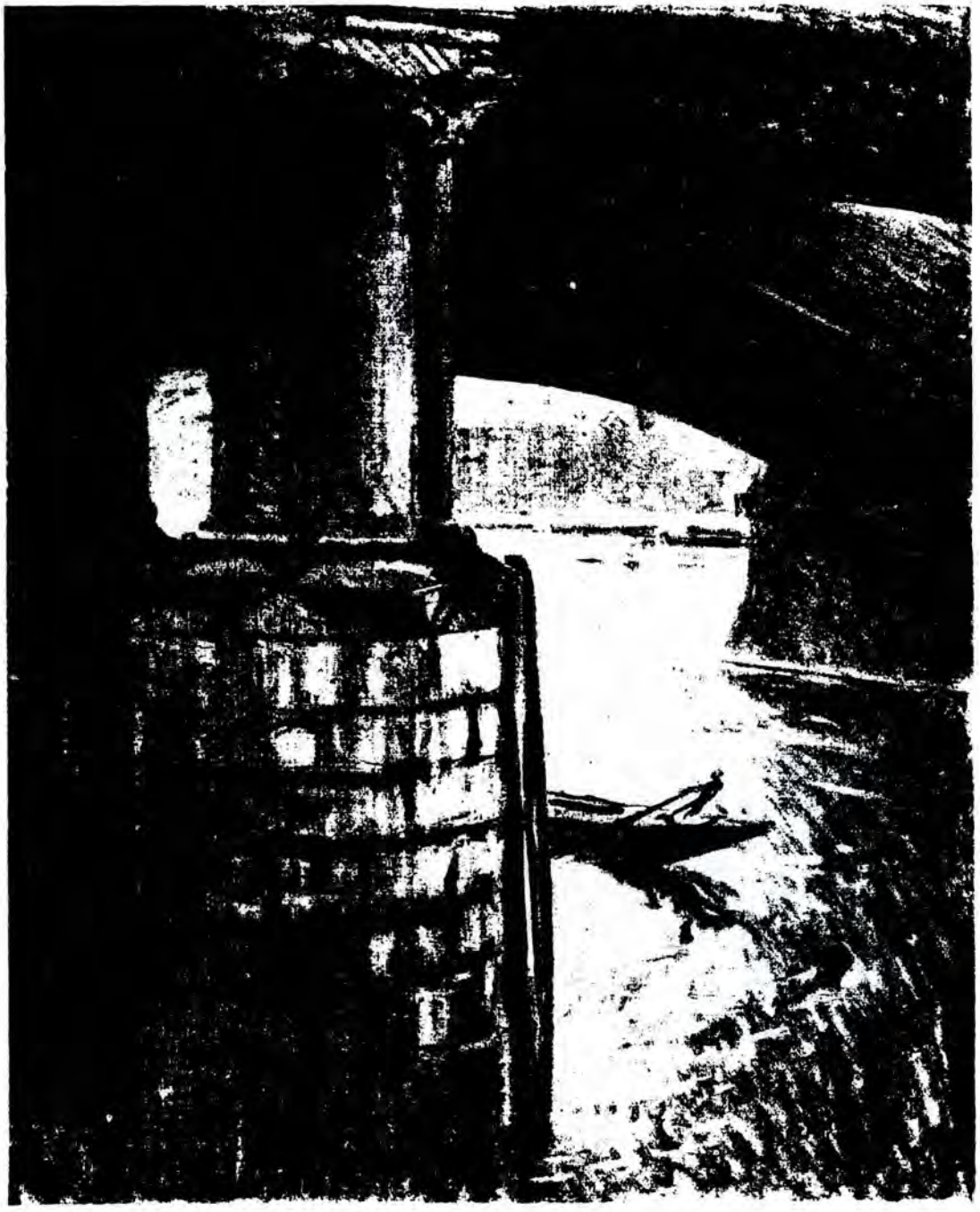
"Fine, Porky, thanks. But a fellow named Oswald Mason isn't doing quite so well. He was murdered last night. Have you heard anything about it?"

"Mason? No, can't say I've heard even a whisper of the affair. Watson was in earlier asking the same question. Must not've involved any of the chaps that hang about here."

Case Seven

4 June, 1890

The Thames Murders



UNDER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE

AREA SE

2 SE

Leticia Garcia has the dark sultry beauty of the Mediterranean race. She cannot be more than 20 years of age. Her youthful face is covered with tears which have been streaming from her big, brown, bloodshot eyes.

"Yes, I knew Roland Jaquard. We were good friends. We had a lot of fun together, but I don't know anything about his death."

"When was the last time you saw Jaquard?"

"Las...two days ago."

"Do you have any idea who killed him?"

"No! No! I have told you I don't know anything about it. Leave me alone. I have nothing more to say."

3 SE

"No, Jacob Epstein is not here. He was here earlier helping Michael Botkin and his wife Natalie check out. He left together with some friends in a dog-cart. They didn't say where they were going."

"How many were there?"

"Six. The cart was overflowing with Russians."

5 SE

Wai Fong Gong, landlord of the Celestial Garden Apartments, is a small, stout, round-faced man. His smiling face radiates the Oriental optimism that allows him to give his dirty, ramshackle dwelling such an ethereal name.

"He not here. He go way," is Gong's response to our question about Curtis Twiggs.

"Can we see his room?"

"You want room?"

"No! We want to see Twiggs' room."

"Him no have room. Him go way. Give up room. Four day ago."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No. He leave bag with me. Be back for bag. No know when."

"Can we see the bag?"

"You pay see bag?"

Wiggins takes a coin from his pocket and hands it to Gong. Gong waddles through the doorway and into his room. We follow. The room we enter looks like something out of the Emperor's Palace. It is immaculately clean. Silk paintings hang from the wall, beautifully carved ebony furniture is tastefully arranged on a large brown rug with a fire-breathing green dragon design.

"I get bag." Gong goes over to one of the cabinets which line the right wall. Opening one of the doors he removes a tattered black bag and brings it over to us.

"No take no thing. Twig kill me. Bad man."

"We no take..we won't take anything. We just want to look."

We open the bag and remove the following items: One gold watch with "C.A." engraved on the back; several pieces of jewelry and rings; four wallets with identification in the names of Charles Attard, Wilfrid Robarts, Nathan Revell and Rory Winslow; and lastly, a 7-inch stiletto with a pearl handle.

Wiggins replaces the items in the bag and hands it back to the landlord. "Thank you, Mr. Gong."

6 SE

Maude's room, if you can call a 6-by-8-foot space a room, contains only a bed and a sea chest. An inspection of the chest reveals some old clothes, a small metal box which contains £200 in cash, a box of Mauser 11 mm shells and a Webley revolver.

7 SE

The Russian Social Club is closed, but our knocks soon bring the janitor.

"What d'ya want?"

"We are interested in the meeting that took place here last night. What can you tell us about it?"

"You mean those crazy women? Demanding the same rights as a man, and that daffy Russian egging 'em on. 'Women only,' what nonsense. No wonder there was trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yeah, those crazy ladies got into a fight. They had to carry one of 'em out of here. And they think they can act like men, what a laugh. I gotta get back to work."

13 SE

"Yeah, mate, I knew Roland Jaquard. A real dandy he was, always after them women. He was here last night to pick up Leticia. She wasn't the first he's been here for. Last year he was courting Amelia Lorenzo, that year's star. He liked them dark beauties, he did."

"So, Miss Garcia and Jaquard were seeing a lot of each other?"

"Yes, sort of. Not as much as Jaquard would have liked, methinks. Leticia is a fun-loving girl. She has many admirers and she takes advantage of it. Mr. Jaquard wasn't the only man in her life, even though he wanted to be. Funny, isn't it? A man like Jaquard could have as many women as he wanted. I guess that's why he tried so hard to get the ones he couldn't have."

"You seem to know quite alot about the lives of these people."

"I've been a stage-hand for twenty-five years and have seen many dramas unfold on the stage, but I also watched them unfold backstage, and real-life drama is much more interesting. I study it."

"Have your studies revealed who the other men are in Miss Garcia's life?"

"As I said, she was a fun-loving girl and she had fun with a lot of men, but there were three that she saw more than the others. One was Roland Jaquard, who you know about. Of the others, Marco Escobedo, the pugilist, was a frequent caller as was Sir Lester Ogilvie. Of course, I only see the callers that come to the stage door."

"Do you have any idea who would have wanted to kill Jaquard?"

"No, I don't. I only watch the dramas, I don't write them."

"Thank you, Mr. Parrish."

15 SE

"Yes, I am the owner, Eric Niland. May I help you?"

We are standing in the storage yard of Landmark Ltd., the manufacturer of memorial monuments — tombstones. Eric Niland is putting the finishing touches on a terra-cotta copy of *Diana and the Stag*.

"Beautiful, isn't it? It's for Lady Diana Hinkley. She chose it for herself when she knew the end was near."

"Lovely. We are interested in one of your delivery wagons."

"Delivery wagons?"

"Yes, one was seen last night in Marylebone."

"Marylebone? Last night? What time?"

"About two this morning."

"Damn that Escobedo. That's the last straw. I've had it with him."

"Escobedo?"

"Juan Escobedo, one of my workmen. I've told him never to take that wagon without telling me. He's done it before and I told him then that I would fire him if he did it again."

"Are you sure it was him?"

"I only have one wagon and two employees. Billy, Billy, come over here."

A boy of about 16 comes over to where we are standing. "Yes, Mr. Niland?"

"Do you know anything about the wagon being used last night?"

"No, sir. But when I fed old Peaches this morning it looked like she had been out during the night. I thought you used it, boss. There's a rug in the wagon. I thought it was yours."

"I knew it. He's been using the wagon to make extra money by moving people at night. I've told him not to do that. Wait until I get my hands on him."

"Where is Juan Escobedo?"

"He reported in sick to-day."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"He lives in a boarding house at 30 Oakley-street. And if you see him tell him not to come in; he no longer has a job with me."

17 SE

"What do you want? What'd you wake me up for?"

"Mr. Escobedo? Could we talk to you for a few minutes?"

"What, oh, come on in."

Marco Escobedo lets us into his small, sparsely furnished room. Escobedo's large frame makes the room seem even smaller. He is 6-foot-3 and well over 16 stones in weight. One look at his face leaves no doubt of Escobedo's profession — broken nose, ears like cauliflower. Fresh bruises on his face tell us that he is still a practicing pugilist.

"What do you want?"

"What can you tell us about Roland Jaquard?"

"I? I know nothing about Jaquard's death. I didn't even know the man."

"But you knew who he was?"

"Yes, I know of him. A lady's man and he was interested in my lady."

"Leticia Garcia?"

"Yes. He was just using her. He didn't love her like I do. He...oh, what difference does it make now?"

"Where were you last night?"

"I was in the gym training until 8. I had dinner at Spaniard's Inn, and then I came home and went to bed. I have a big fight tomorrow and I have to be in shape."

"Was anyone with you?"

"No, I was alone."

"Do you have any idea who would want to kill Jaquard?"

"No, and I don't care. Would you please leave, I have to get down to the gym."

18 SE

"Jacob is not here, he left early this morning. I don't know what's happening to my boy, he doesn't tell me anything anymore. Ever since he got involved with those revolutionaries, I do nothing but worry. Does he care? No, all he cares about is Russia. Russia! His father, God rest his soul, and I left Russia when Jacob was 10! What does he know of Russia?"

"Do you know where he is now, Mrs. Epstein?"

"No. He borrowed his uncle's dog-cart and told me he would be back in four or five days. Will he tell me where he is going? No, I am only his mother. The only thing he said was that he was going to pick up Botkin, that troublemaker, and take him somewhere. He wouldn't tell me where. I am only his mother."

"Do you know where Botkin is staying?"

"Some hotel. I don't know which one. I am only his mother, he never tells me anything."

"Thank you, Mrs. Epstein."

"If you see Jacob, tell him to take care of himself."

"Yes, Mrs. Epstein."

21 SE

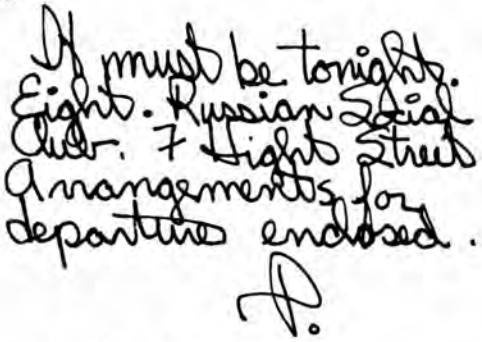
Sasha Dombrowski's landlady informs us that he is at work at the J. & E. Bumpus Book Shoppe.

23 SE

"This is the room that I rented to Reinhart Lutz," says Mrs. Pickens as she opens the door to room 3-C. "He paid by the week and kept to himself. He was a pleasant enough man; he had a heavy German accent, but his English was understandable. That's all I know."

The room is furnished with a bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs and a small desk. Lying on the bed are a suit of men's clothing and a large empty box with *H.J. Nicoll & Co, Fashions for Women* printed on the top.

An examination of the desk reveals only a large envelope containing the following: a one-way ticket on the *Western Star* leaving 1300, June 5 for Havana; a Bank Draft drawn on the Credit Lyonnais in the amount of £2,000; and the following note:



"How long did Lutz stay here?"

"About three weeks. His baggage was picked up yesterday. That's all I know."

25 SE

Faye Shephard greets us at the door. She is a big woman with a voice to match. "How many times do I have to tell you? Leo ain't dead! That little runt of a police inspector scared me to death coming here and telling me my son was dead. Drags me down to Bart's to look at this big ugly guy. Scared me to death, he did. My son's at sea, has been for four weeks." That outburst over, she slams the door in our faces.

30 SE

The landlady indicates the door of Juan Escobedo's rooms, and we knock several times with no response. We try the doorknob and find the door unlocked. Pushing it open, we enter the darkened room. The dim light entering through the room's only window reveals the form of a man slumped on a table. As we get closer we see that the table is covered with half a dozen gin bottles — one full, two partially full, the rest empty.

Wiggins shakes Escobedo's shoulder and the man lifts his head with a moan.

"What d'ya want? Leave me alone! Who are you?"

"What were you doing at Roland Jaquard's house this morning?"

"I didn't do nothing to nobody. Leave me alone."

His head falls back on the table. Wiggins again shakes Escobedo back into conciousness. "Wake up, Juan, wake up. You were seen. Did you murder Jaquard?"

"I didn't murder anybody. It was Marco. Marco, my brother."

"We had better get Holmes and Gregson," says Wiggins as he lets Juan's head fall back onto the table.

35 SE

As we walk down Surrey Row we come upon a dingy octagonal building with a small dome in the middle called the Ring. "You know," says Wiggins, "before the Ring became famous for boxing, wrestling and Sunday Shakespeare, it was a chapel, built in 1782, for Rowland Hill, who

preached here for fifty years. An ironical use for the site of London's first Sunday School, don't you think?"

Wiggins leads us into the main hall where workmen are busy putting up the ring for tomorrow's fight. A workman points out Oliver Perkins, the fight promoter.

"You can get more seats in that section over there," yells Perkins as we walk over to him. "Come on, get off your butts, what am I paying you for!"

"Mr. Perkins, can we speak to you for a moment?"

"Who are you? Not there, over there. Do I have to do everything myself? What do you want?"

"What can you tell us about Marco Escobedo?"

"I'll tell you that tub of lard better put on a good fight. Hey, you. You with the table. Where are you going? The table goes by the ring. I shouldn't use ex-boxers, they've had their brains knocked out. What about Escobedo?"

"Was he here last night working out?"

"Working out? You got to be kidding. He only works out in bars and bedrooms. He hasn't been in a ring for four months. NO, no, no, you can't run a 10-foot rope between two posts that are 15 feet apart. I'm sorry I can't talk anymore," says Perkins as he runs off toward the ring and the four workmen who are trying to bend one of the posts to make up for the missing 5 feet.

38 SE

Jim Hodges, the owner of the warehouse at 38 Upper Ground-street, tells us that the warehouse has been vacant since the end of May.

AREA SW

1 SW

"We don't stock the Mauser T11. Try Westley Richards on New Bond-street. I have read about the murders in the papers, but I don't know any of the victims."

2 SW

Langdale Pike is lounging on the mauve satin settee that serves as his office. Clustered around him are members of the Societies Club who are hoping to hear the latest gossip. Disappointment shows in the faces of those who have not yet been mentioned, for one has not yet reached the high ranks of London society unless one is talked about by Langdale Pike.

"I told Lady Lynch that she shouldn't take her jewels to the seaside with her but, of course, going to the seaside during the London season is so *declasse*, what do you expect? You know the jewels were rather *kitsch* anyway, and she is getting more attention out of them now that they have been stolen than she ever did by wearing them. And, of course, Lord Lynch is very happy about the insurance money. Lloyd's loss is Lynch's gain."

At this pause in Pike's performance we get his attention. "Gentlemen, what wind of scandal has blown you to my nest? Something interesting, I hope. Please leave us, I wish to speak to my friends alone," says Pike as he shoos his admirers away.

"Come, gentlemen, sit. I hope you have something juicy for me."

"We were hoping to get something from you."

"Of course, of course. But give and take, gentlemen, give and take. Now tell me who you are working for. Helping Holmes again? I always look forward to seeing my name in Watson's chronicles. He never gives me enough credit, but stuffy old Watson doesn't much like me."

"We would like to know what you could tell us of Roland Jaquard."

"Oh, Roland is it? I should have guessed Holmes would be involved in the investigation of Roland's death. What would you like to know?"

"Do you know anyone who would have reason to murder him?"

"Ha, ha, ha, oh my dear boy, the list would be endless. The problem is not who would want to kill him but which one got there first. Half the husbands in London will give a sigh of relief at his demise and all the women will cry. And that is just for starters. His skill at the card tables is legendary, but most of the men who lost to him could afford it, and Roland was such a charmer they did so gladly. It was an honour."

"Did he cheat?"

"Only if he had to. You see, a good gambler is a joy to behold. He will convince you that you are the better player and that it is just the luck of the cards that is against you. Roland could be the greatest entertainer; he would have you smiling as you handed over your money. A real charmer, he was."

"Can you give us a few names from this endless list that you might think are better leads than others?"

"Well, right at the moment Roland's love life was on the wane. Most of his energy was going into a young actress named Leticia Garcia. Roland always had a weakness for the young dark Latin types. Don't know why. There were always two types of women in Roland's life, those that loved him and those he loved; rarely were the two the same.

"He was still involved with Linda Randolph, wife of Vincent Randolph, the shipping tycoon. There have been some very unpleasant encounters between Vincent and Roland. He still sees Kathleen Lindsay, but I don't think there is anything but friendship between them. Oh, we can't forget Alexandra Pokrovsky. Last year, while her husband was in Russia, Roland and Alexandra were the talk of the town. There was even talk of her leaving her husband for Roland, but that may have been past history by now. May have been, and is now that Roland is dead. Poor Roland."

"Do you know a Leo Shephard?"

"No."

"Charles Attard?"

"That pettifogger? I have met him. A friend of Roland's. I don't know what Roland saw in him. I didn't like him, the legal mind lacks pulchritude, creativity, anything of interest to me. At least that was the case with Charles Attard. But I can't tell you anything about his murder. Don't worry about it; he was a bug, nothing more."

"We get the point. What about Cyril Maude or Nathan Revell?"

"Never heard of them."

"Their names were in the paper. They were also murder victims."

"You and Holmes read the vulgar crime news. I only read what I write."

5 SW

"Yes, I know Ashcroft. A very intelligent young man. Very much interested in socialism and history. I get the feeling he is part of a revolutionary group of Russian exiles. I haven't seen Ashcroft for the last few days. Why don't you try Simpson's. I know he plays chess there."

8 SW

His chair squeaks loudly as Mycroft Holmes gently eases his bulk into it. "I assume you are here to get help in your investigations of the Thames Murders. Correct?"

"Why yes. How..."

"I'm not sure. I must have made an educated guess that turned out to be correct. I can't imagine Sherlock missing out on a case like this. Has he called you into action because it was too much for him to handle?"

"He has other problems also occupying his attention," Wiggins answers. "Have you been following the Thames murders in the newspapers?"

"Yes, I have; eagerly, in fact."

"Do you know anything about the victims which might

shed some light on the mystery?"

"The only one I knew was Charles Attard. He had a checkered career; it is generally agreed upon in higher circles that he was not on the up and up. He was being paid off, and had little respect for the law."

"Who was paying him off?"

"In essence, Moriarty, although there may be some middlemen. But as know, I do not keep as close an eye on the criminal world as my brother, so I can not give you any hard facts.

9 SW

"Reinhart Lutz! Yes, we know that name. He is wanted in Germany for the assassination of a government official in Bavaria. The Abwehr, the Secret Service, has long suspected that Lutz is a professional assassin."

13 SW

We are shown into the office of Inspector Lestrade who seems to be in a state of great agitation. "Yes, Gregson informed me that he was going to bring in outside inter... help. I must say that the case is progressing adequately. I don't see what good it will do to bring in outside, uh, help."

"We'll try not to interfere with your investigation, Inspector. Could you tell us what you have learned so far?"

"Do you think that all I have to do... oh, alright. Here is what I have. The body of the first victim, Nathan Revell, was found floating in the Thames under London Bridge at about 10 p.m. Friday last. He had been shot twice in the back. Revell was 52 years old, a senior clerk at Lindsay and Co. He had never run afoul of the law. He was unmarried, lived alone and seems to have led a quiet life that revolved around his work and club. I haven't been able to find a motive yet. Right now I suspect robbery."

"Club? Which one?"

"The Bagatelle. Whist seems to have been his main passion."

"Why do you suspect robbery?"

"We know that he received his wages the day he was murdered. We found neither wallet nor money on his body. This indicates robbery to me."

"Anything else?"

"He did have a suicide note, but, as I pointed out to Murray, two bullets in the back is a difficult way to commit suicide. That's all I can tell you about Revell."

"Suicide note? Can we see it?"

"Ahem, I don't seem to have my copy. I must have left it at Lindsay and Company, but Murray has the original at the lab."

"What about the other victims?"

"The second body was that of Cyril Maude. It was found by Constable Rand a few hours later, about 2 a.m. The body was found near Blackfriars Bridge on the south bank. We have a very thick dossier on Mr. Maude. He was 26 years old and had been in trouble since the age of 13. His first offense was assaulting young school boys for their money. From that he graduated to pick-pocket and spent the next four years in and out of reform school. When he was 17 he was arrested for assaulting and robbing a shop-keeper. For that he spent two years at Millbank Prison. He was sentenced to a year, but he caused so much trouble while he was in, that another year was added to his term. He was out for six months and arrested for murder. He went to trial, but the only state witness vanished, never to be heard of again. The charges were dropped. Very convenient for Mr. Maude.

"In 1884, Maude was again arrested for assault and sent back to Millbank for a year. He was released in March, 1885. We don't hear much of him until March of 1886 when he was a suspect in the Mail Train robbery, but not enough evidence was ever found to bring any of the suspects to trial. During the last four years he has been linked with many crimes, but again there has been no evidence strong enough to try him. Either a witness would disappear, Maude had an unbreakable alibi or enough evidence couldn't be found. I must say that London will not be the worse for the loss."

Lestrade puts down Maude's file and picks up another from the stack on his desk. "Our next victim is a bird of a different colour, if not of different feathers. Charles Attard was a barrister and well-known around Old Bailey as the defender of London's criminal society. He was found shot to death behind the waterfront warehouse at 38 Upper Ground-street. We suspect robbery may have been the motive in this murder as well since there was no wallet found on the body. But with the number of cases that Attard handled it will take us quite awhile to check all the possible leads. I'm afraid that's all I can tell you about Attard at this time."

"What time was he murdered?"

"His body was found by Constable Lane at 9 p.m. I haven't received the pathologist's report from Bart's, but Lane thinks he had been dead only an hour or so."

After removing another file from the stack, Lestrade pauses to light his pipe. "You know, I don't think there is any conspiracy here. These murders are just coincidence and will be cleared up in the course of our normal investigations, but it's your time.

"The fourth victim was Leo Shephard. We have no information on him in our police records. He had been shot, and his body was found floating in the Thames, near the Southwark Bridge. So far we haven't been able to find out anything at all about Leo Shephard. We only know his name from the work papers that he was carrying.

"I believe that Gregson has told you all we know about Roland Jaquard."

"There is nothing that you have to add?"

"No, and I have no more time to spare. Good day."

22 SW

H.R. Murray bends over his cluttered desk moving papers from one pile to another.

"Let's see, I've got these reports somewhere. Here they are. Number 694."

"That would Nathan Revell."

"Who?"

"Number 694. Are those the personal effects of Nathan Revell?"

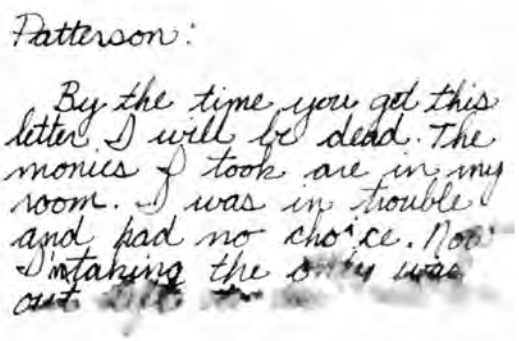
"I'll have to check the log." He walks over to a table and looks through a book lying there. "Here it is. Number 694, Revell, Nathan. Let me get the numbers of the other names on the list you gave me."

A minute later he is back with four more numbered boxes. "That's everybody," he says as he lays the boxes down and returns his attention to the box labeled 694. "Let's see what we have here." The first thing he removes from the box is a piece of paper and a small envelope. "Here's my report and the slug that was removed from 694's body. Yes, I remember. The slug is destroyed beyond recognition, but judging from its weight it would have come from a large calibre gun of German manufacture."

"How can you tell that from an unrecognizeable bullet?"

"You can't. But you can tell from the powder." He pulls out a man's overcoat and shows us two holes in the back. "I found traces of brown, or cocoa, powder. As you may know, gunpowder throughout the ages has consisted of 75% KNO-15%C-10%S. Well, cocoa powder is 80%KNO-17% C-3%S. The only manufacturer of brown powder for small arms is Krupp in Germany for use with the Mauser T11.

"The other thing of interest is a letter I found in 694's coat pocket." He shows us an envelope, the ink of which is now an illegible smear. "This was quite a challenge. It is stamped so he must have had it in mind to post. I can't make out the address, but here's what I got from the letter:"


Patterson:

By the time you get this letter I will be dead. The monies I took are in my room. I was in trouble and had no choice. Not [illegible] the only way out [illegible]

"Are you trying to tell us he committed suicide?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything. I am showing you what the letter said, nothing more. When Inspector Lestrade was here and saw the letter he said 'Ah, suicide.' I pointed out to him that it was a difficult feat for one to take one's own life by shooting oneself in the back. After pondering that fact for a moment he seemed to agree that suicide was unlikely."

"Yes, of course. Anything else?"

"Let me see what else we have. No wallet, no money, just some personal papers. A bank book from the Bank of England, a membership card for the Bagatelle Card Club. Here's something interesting, an old Roman coin. Mmm... just a second." Murray bends over another box that he had laid on the table earlier and briefly sifts through its contents. "Ah, here it is." He pulls a coin from the box and we see that it is identical with the one found on Revell. "A strange coincidence, don't you think?"

"And who had this coin?"

"Seven-oh-four. That would be Leo Shephard. Do you want to take him next?"

"Might as well."

"Not much here. His shirt." Murray holds in front of us a red plaid shirt that had seen better days. "One bullet hole in the back, no powder burns, looks like a small calibre gun. Meeks sent me three bullets he removed from the body during the autopsy. One entered the neck leaving no mark on the clothing. Judging by their weight I would think two are .30 calibre, and these copper jackets indicate a French make. The third, which I understand was removed from a wound received a day or two earlier, is not a type ordinarily used in a murder attempt. The rest of the effects consists of a wallet with ten pounds, Seaman's papers from Jardine's, a pair of brown pants and a pair of work shoes. That's about it."

"What about Cyril Maude?"

"Yes, 699. Real slim pickings here. Nothing but the clothes on his back. So many holes in his shirt that you wouldn't be able to tell which was made by the weapon if it weren't for the bloodstain. Looks like the hole was caused by a stiletto-type knife that went in under the armpit." Murray lays out the worn blue workshirt for inspection. An equally worn brown jacket and brown pants along with a pair of cheap black boots are the sole worldly remains of Cyril Maude.

"Not very interesting, is it? Well, let's look at 701, Charles Attard. I think you will find something interesting here. Our friend, the Mauser T11. There is no mistaking that 11mm hole and the cocoa powder. Two shots at very close range. One in the chest, the other in the abdomen. The second shot was unnecessary, to say the least."

"So you're saying that Revell and Attard were shot with the same gun?"

"Unfortunately, I can't say that. The bullets are in no shape to be matched. They are soft-nosed bullets and flatten on impact which makes comparison impossible. All I can say for sure is that they came from the same type of gun."

"Anything else of interest?"

"Yes, a pepperbox."

"A pepperbox?"

Murray pulls out a small hand-gun with six barrels. "Yes, a pepperbox. An interesting little gun, American-made, don't see them often. Not the most logical design and effective only at close range. It wasn't very effective for 701, was it? It has been fired three times, very small round shots. Not a weapon one would want to stake one's life on, 701, is it? Hello, what— The gun fires shots much like the one removed from Shephard's shoulder. I wonder if there might be a connection? Anyway, there's nothing else of much interest. No money or wallet, a broken gold watch chain, no watch. A well-made black suit and a very expensive pair of shoes.

"That brings us to our last subject, 706, the late Roland Jaquard, I believe. Not much I can tell you about this one. From Meeks' report it looks as if he were strangled and there is nothing in the physical evidence that would indicate otherwise. One spotless silk shirt, sans collar, very expensive, as are all the clothes in 706's box. A grey morning coat, black pants and a pair of socks, one brown, one blue. A pair of French-made shoes, very expensive. And that, gentlemen, is all there is of Mr. Jaquard in this box. No underwear, no wallet, no personal effects. Oh, wait, there is a ring, gold and inset with a large ruby, again, very expensive."

"So that covers all the boxes. Anything more you can tell us?"

"Not that I can think of unless you're interested in box 705." Murray reaches into box 705 which has been sitting to one side on the large table in front of us, and pulls out a blue house dress with a grotesque blood stain on its front. "The final dress of Reinhart Lutz. It's not expensive, but tasteful. He wore no jewelry and carried only his German passport. Are you interested?"

"No, thank you. I think we have enough murders to keep us busy for the moment."

23 SW

Andrew Devine, warden of Millbank Prison, talks to us as he makes his rounds.

"Yes, I remember Cyril Maude. A bad egg he was. Nothing but trouble the whole time he was here. As you may know, it is our philosophy to try to reform and rehabilitate the men put in our charge. We did not have much success with Maude."

"Did he have any friends who are still incarcerated here that we would talk with?"

"Friends? No, Maude wouldn't know what the word meant. The closest thing he had to a friend was his cell mate, Curtis Twiggs. I don't know which of them was worse. I guess that's what tied them together: everyone hated both of them."

"Could we see Twiggs?"

"I am not sorry to say that he is no longer a resident of our institution. He was released back into our unsuspecting society in 1886. Surprisingly, I have not heard of him since. I am sure my gain is society's loss."

"Do you have any idea who would want to murder Maude?"

"I am sure there were many, but I wash my hands of them once they leave here. The ones that remain keep my hands full."

25 SW

"Yes, I knew Marco Escobedo."

"Was he here for dinner last night?"

"Yes, if you can drink your dinner."

"Meaning?"

"He arrived here around 10 and went right to the bar and started drinking, or should I say continued drinking. He undoubtedly had a few drinks before he arrived here. He was

in a very mean mood. We tried to get him to leave but it is hard to force Mr. Escobedo to do anything he doesn't want to do."

"What time did he leave?"

"When we closed at midnight."

31 SW

The door that opens into the offices of Novak, Adams & Co. proclaims that we are entering, *"The World's Largest Manufacturer of Quality Artificial Glass Eyes."* Samples of the firm's products stare at us from the glass display cases that decorate the room.

"We would like to see Merlin Newbury."

"I am sorry, he is lunching at Keen's."

48 SW

Nathasha Gorski opens her door a crack and looks us over.

"We are investigating the murder of Nikolai Pokrovsky. Did you know the Count?"

"That Czarist pig! Is he dead? Good. Wonderful, tell me the details."

"He was killed earlier today. Someone took an ax to his head. Would you know anyone who would want to kill him?"

"Ha, ha, do I know anyone who would want to kill him? Everyone I know would like to kill him, including me. He was head of the Czar's secret police in Europe and responsible for the murder of many good men, including my brother. I only wish I could have had the honour of killing him. Thank you for the good news."

"Could—" before we can ask our next question the door slams shut.

54 SW

"Nikolai Pokrovsky was attached to the Embassy," says Yakov Sosnovsky, the Cultural Attache. "I can tell you nothing more. His orders came from St. Petersburg, not here."

60 SW

Hercule Faberge, assistant to the president, informs us:

"Yes, I do remember the Bank Draft. It was taken out by Count Nikolai Pokrovsky."

AREA NW

4 NW

"Yes, I played cards with Jaquard yesterday. I played all night. Once Merlin starts to lose he won't stop. We didn't get out of the club until 3 a.m."

12 NW

We are in the J. & E. Bumpus Book Shoppe. E. Bumpus talks to us as he tries to handle two sales. "Who? Look, I can't talk now. Sasha, my clerk, just ran out of here saying he wouldn't be back for four or five days. Jumps on a dog-cart full of his friends and leaves me alone. Young people, what's wrong with them today! No responsibility. If I didn't need him to handle the Russian books I would fire him."

14 NW

"I'm sorry, this is a private club and I can't let you enter unless you are a member or the guest of a member."

"We just want to talk to the manager about the death of one of your members."

"Wait here, please."As the doorman goes back inside he closes the heavy oak door barring our entrance to the Bagatelle Card Club. A few minutes later he returns and ushers us in.

"Mr. Chapman will see you. This way please."

We are led into the spacious playing room of the club. To the left side of the room stands a large, ornately-carved bar. The white-coated barman is busy serving drinks to half a dozen members who are standing by the bar's brass rail. The rest of the room is filled with card tables. Their green felt surfaces give a pastoral feeling to the room which is enhanced by the silence of the occupants. Ten of the thirty-some tables are in use and the room's silence is broken only by periodic bids from the players and the clicking of their whist markers.

"Mr. Chapman's office is on the far side of the room. He's waiting for you."

We walk across the playing room to the office door marked *Roger Chapman: Private.* We knock at the door and enter after an answering voice bids us to.

Roger Chapman is a large, affable man. His thinning, sandy brown hair is neatly trimmed and frames his ruddy face. "Come in, gentlemen. Take a seat. I understand you're investigating the death of one of our members. Which one? Roland Jaquard or Revell?"

"We'd be interested in anything you could tell us which might shed light on either of their deaths."

"Well, of course I have heard of their deaths, and they were both members of our club, but I know nothing of their murders. I don't know how I could help you."

"If you could answer a few questions, that may be of help to us. How long had they been members of the club?"

"Let's see. I have managed the club for ten years and both Roland and Revell were members when I started."

"Did they know each other? Were they friends?"

"Of course they knew each other. They often played together, but I wouldn't say they were friends. Revell was here almost every night, he loved a good game of whist. Jaquard was also here most evenings and most days, and they sometimes played together, but they were in different classes as players."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I don't think it's a secret that Jaquard made his living at the card table. Like many players in this club he was more interested in his winnings than in winning. Revell was a good player but not on the level of Jaquard, and Revell didn't have the money to make it worth Roland's time to play with him."

"So you see no connection between the two deaths?"

"No, of course not. Well, gentlemen, I would like to talk to you, but I have a lot of work to do on our new membership drive. By the way, do you play whist?"

"No, sorry."

Roger Chapman rises from his chair and shows us the door. As he opens it he hails the first white-coated man that passes. "Leo, would you take these gentlemen to the bar and see that they get anything they want and put it on my chit. If you change your minds about learning whist let me know. Good day."

Leo takes us over to the bar and informs the barman of Mr. Chapman's offer. The barman returns with our drinks and introduces himself. "The name's Edwin. Are you new members?"

"No, we're here looking into the deaths of two club members."

"You mean Revell and Jaquard?"

"Yes. Anything you can tell us?"

"No, I don't think so. You see and hear a lot standing on this side of the bar, but it's best not to talk about it."

We lay a couple of shillings on the bar which vanish as Edwin wipes the carved wood clean with his rag. "I can tell you that Mr. Revell had spent more time at the bar over the past month. Just about every night he had been playing with Mr. Jaquard and Moran."

"Moran?"

"Colonel Sebastian Moran. He and Jaquard were thick as thieves, they were. When they played together they had more than their share of luck. I remember when they started

to play with Revell. He would come over to the bar to celebrate by buying drinks for other members. As the weeks went by his drinking went from celebration to drowning his sorrows."

"You mean that Revell was losing a lot?"

"I didn't say that. I'm a bartender, not a card player. I can only tell how people drink. You might want to talk with Adair. He was Revell's partner from time to time."

"Where can we find Adair?"

"Ronald Adair. He is the chap down at the end of the bar. The one with the gold vest."

We pick up our drinks and move down to the end of the bar and ask Adair about his knowledge of Revell's card playing.

"Yes, I knew Revell. We were partners in a number of games over the last year or so. He was a good player, not as good as he thought he was, but that's not an uncommon misconception among whist players."

"We understand that you were partners with Revell against Jaquard and Moran."

"Yes, a number of times. Jaquard and Moran are two of the best players in the club. Together they are a formidable combination. A challenge to any player."

"And did you overcome this challenge?"

"At first, yes. Then our luck changed and it seemed like we could never win, no matter how good our cards were."

"Do you think you were cheated?"

"Cheated! Of course not. The club members are gentlemen. Cheated, out of the question!"

"Did you have a wager on the game?"

"Yes, a small one. A pound or two, nothing important."

"And Revell?"

"I don't know. A wager between gentlemen is not something you talk about. A gentleman should never wager more than he can afford. I don't."

"When was the last time you saw Revell?"

"Let me see, he died on the 30th, so it would have been the night before, the 29th. Revell and I were partners in a game with Moran and Jaquard. We played until midnight, didn't win a game all night. Revell seemed upset, isn't that right Edwin?"

"What's that, Mr. Adair?" responds Edwin, who had moved down the bar to refill Adair's brandy glass.

"Last Thursday. Around midnight, remember? Mr. Revell came into the bar, didn't he seem upset?"

"Right, I remember. He downed two gins as fast as I could pour them." Edwin glances up and down the bar before continuing in a low voice. "Then Colonel Moran joined him. They seemed to be having a disagreement. After Moran left, Revell really tied one on, if you know what I mean."

"The next night, the night Revell was murdered," continues Adair, "I had a drink here with Moran. He said he was waiting for Revell. Revell never showed which seemed to upset Moran. He waited until around 8 and then left. He told me to keep an eye out for Revell and if he came in to tell him that Moran would be at the Tankerville."

"The Tankerville? What's that?"

"It's a private club and dining room. The best prime rib in London, you should try it."

"And what's the address?"

"Thirty-four High Holborn."

"When was the last time you saw Jaquard?"

"Yesterday. I arrived here around four o'clock. Jaquard arrived shortly after, around 4:30. We had a couple of drinks together and then we got into a game with a couple of other members. At the start of the game Jaquard stated that he could only play for a couple of hours because he had theatre tickets for 8 o'clock. Luck was with us, Jaquard and I were winning big. Our opponents kept raising the stakes to make up for their losses. That's the type of player Jaquard loved, the more they lost the more they were willing to lose. Jaquard, always the gambler, decided not to go to the theatre. 'Seen the show six times. I can play until 10 and still make my dinner date,' he said.

"We continued to play and win. At 8:30 — I remember the time because I had just looked at my watch — Jaquard received a postal telegram. After reading it, he jumped from his chair saying 'Sorry gentlemen, I must go. Unexpected business.' This, of course, upset our opponents, who were down one-hundred-and-fifty pounds. Jaquard wouldn't be dissuaded, however, much to the anger of Newbury."

"Newbury?"

"Merlin Newbury. Half of our opposition. Not the best loser in the world."

"Who else was in the game?"

"Clifton Loveless, nice man. Always the gentleman. That's the last I saw of Jaquard. The place won't be the same without him."

"Have you seen Moran lately?"

"No, I haven't seen him for the last few days. I hear he's on the Continent."

"Thank you very much for your help, Mr. Adair."

"Don't mention it."

16 NW

Ashcroft Urns does not answer our knock at his door. His landlady says he can be found most days playing chess at Simpson's.

17 NW

Neil Patterson, head of the firm, consents to see us in his office. "Are you from the police?" he shouts before we are even through the door.

"Not directly. Inspector Gregson has asked our help and we—"

"At this point I will welcome anyone's help. I can't figure out how he did it. It might have been months or years before the loss would have been discovered. We're going to have to go through every account..."

"I'm sorry, you have us at a disadvantage."

"It's Revell. When Inspector Lestrade came to me with the note found on Revell's body, I was expecting to find the petty cash short, or maybe one or two of the Bank Notes taken from the safe, but this..."

"What exactly is missing?"

"I don't know what exactly is missing, and I won't know until I've gone through every one of our accounts. You see we are an international investment firm. Most of our clients' business is done through Negotiable Securities and Letters of Credit, and it is up to us to manage these funds. Trust and secrecy are the main components of our business. If word gets out of this...this...oh, damn." Patterson shoves himself away from his desk, walks to the sideboard and pours himself a drink. "My partner and I are the only ones who even know who our clients are. Revell would have had to request each security by number and from the right bank. So far, securities have been found missing from three banks, so he could not have had an accomplice inside the bank unless he had one in each of three."

"How much is missing?"

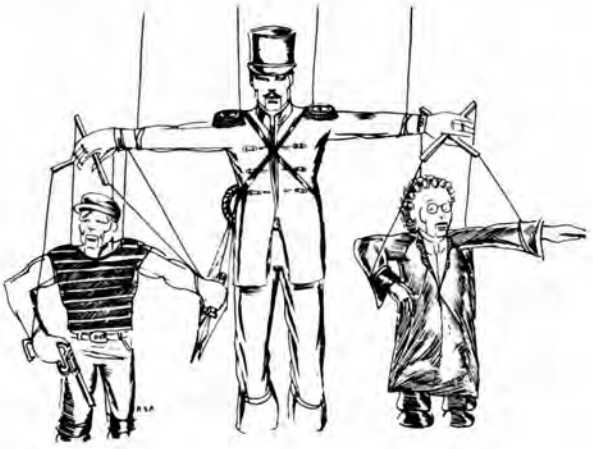
"A little over six-thousand pounds."

"Your partner is Lindsay?"

"Mr. Lindsay founded the firm but died over four years ago. His wife Kathleen owns his shares but does not actively participate in the business. My partner's name is Jeffery Farber. But what does that have to do with anything? I would certainly appreciate any light you can shed upon this crime, but I really must get back to work. Good day."

18 NW

Sam Parsons places a large box on the counter. "Here's your latest gift from Fred Porlock." He opens the box and pulls out a large marionette.



26 NW

"Mr. Newbury is at his office," informs the butler.

"And where may that be?"

"He is president of Novak, Adams and Company."

27 NW

We are shown into the library of the stately townhouse of Lord and Lady Denham. His Lordship is standing, as if posing for his official portrait, in front of the fireplace, his left hand in the pocket of his indigo silk smoking jacket, his right hand adjusting a monocle into his right eye. Lady Denham is seated on a settee to our left. From time to time she wipes her eyes with a large blue handkerchief. The only other chair is located behind a large marble desk. Lord Denham seems perfectly comfortable with us standing in front of him.

"I understand that you are here in regard to the death of Lady Denham's son, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Your Lordship' is the correct form of address; please use it."

"Yes, your Lordship."

"We have already talked to the professional police. A small rat-faced...a - a man. Lestrade, I believe. Unpleasant fellow, I must say. Always perspiring. Why are you now bothering us? This has been very distressing to Lady Denham."

"The police have asked for our help."

"Yes, it did seem that the rat-faced fellow needed some help. There is nothing that we can tell you. My step-son was not welcome in this house. He was a no-good mountebank. A no-good..."

"Astley, dear..."

"Quiet, my dear. I will handle this. He was no good. He spent all his time in card rooms and bedrooms. I threw him out six years ago and haven't seen him since. The only thing that surprises me that is someone hasn't killed him before this."

"Oh, Astley."

"I have to ask you people to leave, you are upsetting my wife."

"But, Astley..."

"I'll handle it, dear. I tried to make a man out of him but couldn't. If only he would have gone grouse-hunting with me in Scotland, maybe I could have. You must leave now. Good day."

28 NW

"Does Konstantine Jastrow live here?" inquires Wiggins of the doorman.

"Yep, but he's not in his room. He lighted out of here a few minutes ago. In a real hurry he was. Hansom pulled up, he jumped out, ran inside and a few minutes later ran out again. Got back in the hansom and took off."

"Damn."

"Want to know where?"

"Yes."

"Heard him tell the driver 12 Oxford-street."

"Thanks."

31 NW

Westley Richards stands behind the counter of his well-stocked shop where guns from all over the world cover the walls. "May I be of service?"

"We are interested in the Mauser T11."

"Yes, an interesting gun. I have one right here." He removes a black hand-gun from the glass case in front of him. "This is a new weapon and we are lucky to be the only shop in London to sell this beauty. Its 11mm cartridge is guaranteed to stop the largest animals. It was developed for use in Africa. Are you planning a safari?"

"No, we are investigating a murder. A murder that we believe was committed with a Mauser T11. How many have been sold?"

"Three, no two. I received a shipment of four, six weeks ago. I loaned one to old Murray to test out. He is always interested in my new weapons and the information that he gives in return is of value to me. This gun on display is the one he tested. I sold one to Ralph Chambers, the big game hunter, on the 10th of May and the other to Yves Mettier on the 19th of May."

"Do you know Roland Jaquard?"

"Yes, I've met him. He's a gun collector, but I haven't done much business with him. I haven't seen him in over a year. I would check with the Grant Arms Company. They handled most of his business."

"Thank you, Mr. Richards."

33 NW

"The Randolphs left two weeks ago on a round-the-world cruise."

40 NW

A neatly dressed, middle-aged man answers our ring, opening the mangled front door and ushering us into the lavishly appointed and immaculate apartment of the late Roland Jaquard. In response to our introduction and questions, we learn that Winston had served Jaquard for nearly six years and is willing to serve a little longer.

"Yes, of course. I'll be glad to help you in any way that I can. The police mentioned that you might be by. I tend to be quite fastidious, but I have complied with their wishes and left things as I found them this morning."

"Very good. Perhaps you could start by telling us about the front door. Did this happen last night?"

"Oh, most certainly. That sight was the first of several shocks I received here this morning."

"Did you see Mr. Jaquard last night?"

"No. I did see him earlier. He spent most of the afternoon here and left for the Bagatelle Club about 4 o'clock. He gave me instructions for the supper to be left for him and his guest."

"You weren't here when he returned?"

"No, I rarely remain when Mr. Jaquard is entertaining late. I left around 10:30."

We leave the dining room and the remains of Roland Jaquard's last earthly repast and enter the study to the right. The first thing we notice is the gun collection adorning the study wall. We cannot help being impressed by the beauty of the guns displayed there. The collection consists primarily of revolvers of European manufacture, each with its proper place marked by a card describing its nationality, history,

calibre and such characteristics. The space above the French .30 calibre La Faucheaux is the only vacancy. Besides the guns decorating the wall, there are two lying upon the desk. One of these is a large black gun with the famous Mauser logo followed by the designation 'T11.' The other is a chrome-plated, ivory handled pistol with *La Faucheaux* engraved in script across its gleaming barrel.

Wiggins picks up both pistols, sniffs their barrels and opens their cylinders. "The La Faucheaux has been recently fired. Three shots."

"And the Mauser?"

"No, not in the last day or so."

Wiggins sets the guns back on the desk and directs his attention to a stack of papers lying on the leather blotter. "Looks like Letters of Credit, they must total thousands of pounds."

A silk hat stands out among the writing instruments and papers which cover the desk. A cloak is flung over the desk chair.

Our next stop is Jaquard's bedroom — a room greatly in contrast to the rest of the apartment in its state of disarray. The bed is unmade; clothes are scattered everywhere; the vanity stand is broken. We notice a man's underwear, odd brown and blue socks, and a silk collar with a diamond stick pin, among other things.

An examination of the items atop the dresser reveals a wallet containing £140, a recent playbill from the Elephant & Castle Theatre as well as one unused ticket for the previous night's performance at that same theatre.

We turn to Winston who has been patiently following us in our investigation of the rooms. "Can you think of anything which might shed some light on this murder? Do you know who Mr. Jaquard was entertaining?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't. And the only thing I've noticed missing is a Persian rug from Mr. Jaquard's bedroom. I don't know why anyone would want to steal a rug."

"Thank you for your co-operation."

"You are quite welcome. I do hope you catch his murderer soon. And if you hear of anyone offering employment, please keep me in mind. Good day."

41 NW

"Mr. Ivory?"

"Yes."

"We are investigating the murder last night of your neighbour, Roland Jaquard."

"I am sorry, I didn't know the gentleman."

"Did you hear or see anything out of the ordinary last night between one and three in the morning?"

"Now that you mention it, I did. I got home last night around midnight. I couldn't sleep, so I decided to do some work. I was sitting in my study when, around 12:30, a woman came running out of Jaquard's house and got into a passing hansom. I didn't know Jaquard personally, but he had a well-known reputation as a lady's man, so I didn't think much of it.

"About an hour later a delivery wagon pulled up to Jaquard's house. A man went to the door and, a few minutes later, two men came out carrying a rug."

"A rug?"

"That's what it looked like to me. They put it in the wagon and drove away."

"Didn't you think that was strange?"

"Of course. When I read of Jaquard's death in the paper I was planning to go to the police, but I hadn't gotten around to it."

"Could you recognize the woman or the men?"

"No, it was too dark, but I did make out the name on the delivery wagon."

"What was it?"

"Landmark Limited."

"Thank you, Mr. Ivory. You have been a big help."

AREA WC

5 WC

Bobby Sands stands next to his hansom as he tells us: "Half past midnight last night I picked up a young woman at 40 High-street and took her to 30 Oakley-street. I waited for her while she went in. Ten minutes later she returned and I took her to 2 Southwark."

8 WC

We are informed that Ralph Chambers left for Africa three weeks ago.

12 WC

As our four-wheeler pulls to a stop in front of Charles Attard's townhouse we see a woman leaving by the front door. She is carrying a box which she sets down as she clears the doorway. She turns, pulls the door shut and locks it with a key from the pocket of her summer coat. After the door is secured to her satisfaction, she picks up the box and starts down the path towards us.

Wiggins, the first one out of our four-wheeler, approaches the woman. "Excuse me, ma'am. Could I have a word with you?"

"I'm sorry. I am in a hurry."

"It will only take a moment. We are investigating the murder of Charles Attard."

The woman stops and looks at Wiggins. She is fortyish, tall with raven black hair and pleasant features. "Charles was my brother. I am Jeanette Rooker. Can you tell me why Charles was murdered?"

"That's one of the things we are trying to find out. Do you have any idea?"

"No. Charles and I were not very close. After my marriage we saw very little of each other."

"Is there anyone in the house?"

"No, Charles was a bachelor and lived alone."

"May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I suppose so. About two years ago Charles gave me instructions that upon his death I was to collect this box and hold it until it was called for."

"By whom?"

"I don't know. Charles said they would have a letter from him. Whoever showed it to me was to receive the box. That's all I know."

"So you don't know what's in the box?"

"No."

"Could we give you a ride to your house?"

"That would be nice. I was going to call a hansom."

"Mrs. Rooker climbs into our carriage setting her brother's box on the floor.

"My colleagues," Wiggins introduces us. "Where to?"

"Forty-six Tavistock-place," she tells the driver.

"Would you mind if we looked into the box?" asks Wiggins once we are under way.

"I don't think Charles would..."

"It might help us find his murderer."

"I don't know. Oh, if it will help, go ahead."

Wiggins reaches down and opens the metal box and its contents to our inspection. The contents consist of of a stack of files which Wiggins removes and starts sifting through. "I can't make much out of these, they look like financial records. Bank deposits, stock records, money transfers; there are some notes but they seem to be written in some type of code. Here's a file labeled "Carrington & Co." with a stack of what look like import documents. One labeled "Lindsay & Co." has a list of negotiable securities and bonds. All the files seem similar in nature. It will take someone with more knowledge of finance than I have to make head or tails of these."

"Here's my house. I will take the box now," says Mrs. Rooker as we turn into Tavistock-place and come to a stop at

number 46. Wiggins puts the papers back in the box and hands it to Mrs. Rooker. As Wiggins helps her out of the carriage he says, "I wish you would take these papers to Scotland Yard and see what they can make of them."

"I'm sorry, I have to do what my brother requested. Thank you for the ride."

Wiggins watches Mrs. Rooker walk up the path leading to her house. He turns to Simpson and says, "Wait here awhile and see if anyone comes to pick up the box. If they do, follow them and let Holmes know where they go."

14 WC

"I could find a criminal record for only one of the names on the list of murder victims you gave me," says Disraeli O'Brian. "That was Cyril Maude. He had a long record, as you probably found out at the Yard. The only thing that looks strange is that within two years he was arrested three times for violent crimes, and each time the cases were dismissed for lack of evidence. In each case he had the same co-defendant, one Curtis Twiggs."

17 WC

Birthdates:

Charles Attard	December 29, 1837
Roger Chapman	May 11, 1851
Juan Escobedo	April 14, 1863
Marco Escobedo	March 26, 1861
Jeffery Farber	February 5, 1845
Leticia Garcia	July 6, 1869
Wai Fong Gong	October 13, 1828
Roland Jaquard	March 9, 1854
Cyril Maude	January 12, 1864
Neil Patterson	July 7, 1841
Nathan Revell	July 26, 1838
Leo Shephard	March 5, 1870
Curtis Twiggs	September 1, 1853

18 WC

Matthew Moser sets his large posterior down on the corner of his desk and removes the big black cigar from his mouth.

"Come on, you know I can't divulge information to you on an active case. Doesn't Holmes have enough cases of his own to keep him busy?"

"Look, Matt, Pokrovsky was just murdered. We know you were doing some work for him. Could it have anything to do with his death?"

"Damn, I sure hope the Russian Embassy will pay his bill. Look I'd like to help you, but I can't. You know that. I can tell you this much, he wanted me to follow some Russian exiles. You remember the Gorski murder a couple of months ago, don't you? It was in all the papers. Well, the Foreign Office got quite upset over that little affair and put a lot of pressure on the foreign embassies not to bypass British law. So, to keep the pressure off himself, Pokrovsky hired me."

"To keep track of Russian exiles?"

"Did I say that? Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. With Pokrovsky dead, I have no client, so I'll tell you who he wanted me to keep tabs on with the understanding that you don't tell where you got the information and that you inform me on what you find."

"Fair enough."

Moser reaches over to a stack of papers on his desk, removes one and hands it to us. "This is the list Pokrovsky gave me."

Ashcroft Ames
Sasha Sombrowski

Jacob Epstein
Natasha Gorski

"What can you—"

"Come on, I've told you all I'm going to. You and Holmes can do your own work. Good day."

"Thanks, Matt."

19 WC

Mrs. Lindsay's maid asks us to wait in the drawing room while she announces us. A few minutes later a comely woman in her late forties enters the room. She is dressed in a pale yellow summer dress and her light blonde hair hangs loosely down to her shoulders. "I am Mrs. Lindsay, please be seated. What can I do for you?"

We introduce ourselves and explain the reason for our visit.

"Yes, I have read of the murders in the newspapers, but I don't know how I can be of help to you."

"We believe you knew at least one of the victims. Is that right?"

"I knew three of them. Charles, Charles Attard was my solicitor. Roland Jaquard, a friend and Nathan Revell who worked for my late husband's firm. For the life of me, I can't think why anyone would kill them. Do you think there is any connection in their murders?"

"That's one of the things that we are trying to find out. What do you think?"

"As I just said, I can't think of any reason for the murders."

"Do you know if the victims knew each other?"

"Well, Roland and Charles were friends. It was Roland who introduced me to Charles. I suppose Charles must have met Revell when he went to the firm to handle my business, but I am not sure of that. Charles never mentioned Revell's name to me that I can remember. I don't think Roland knew Revell."

"How long had you known the victims?"

"Well, I really can't say that I *knew* Revell. He worked for my husband, but I never saw him socially, of course. I have known Roland for about ten years. Roland was a friend of my husband's. They played whist together and we saw Roland socially quite often."

"Do you play whist, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"No, I don't. I hate the game."

"How long have you known Mr. Attard?"

"About ten years. Roland introduced me to him when I mentioned that I needed a solicitor to handle my business affairs."

"Did he do a good job?"

"Yes, I was very pleased with him. I don't get along very well with Neil Patterson, my husband's partner, so it was much easier for me to have Mr. Attard deal with him."

"Do you mind if I ask you what the problem was with Mr. Patterson?"

"No, I guess not. John, my husband, was in ill health during the last few years of his life. He died four years ago. As his illness got progressively worse he needed more help with his business, and for that reason he brought Neil into the firm as a partner. Neil was a hardworking, ambitious young man who, at first, was very appreciative of the opportunity that John had given him. But as my husband's health worsened, and Neil took over more and more of the work load, he demanded a larger and larger share of the business. John had no choice but to give in. Then, when John was hospitalized six months before his death, Neil demanded control of the firm. He wanted to bring Farber in as a partner and take control.

"I begged Neil to wait until John was stronger before discussing business with him. He wouldn't wait. He told John that if he didn't get what he wanted he would leave the firm and start his own firm, taking most of John's clients with him. John gave in; he had no choice. John was left with only thirty per cent of the business. I think that it was that whole dishevelment that caused John's death. The worry, the uncertainty, he just wasn't strong enough to deal with it."

20 WC

"I haven't seen Ashcroft in the last week or so. Did you try the Staple Inn? That's where all the Russian anarchists hang out."

26 WC

James Long, President of Drummond's Bank, gives us the following information:

"On May 6, Mr. Revell opened an account with a five-hundred pound Bank Draft drawn on the Bank of England. Over the last month approximately six-thousand pounds in various Letters of Credit were deposited into that account. On May 30, Mr. Revell withdrew the Letters of Credit he had on deposit and closed his account."

33 WC

We knock on the locked door of Carrington & Co. and it is soon opened by a mountain of a man whose large frame blocks the doorway.

"Yea, whatcha want?"

"We were wondering if you could give us some information."

"Yes, I'll give you some information. Get outta here. We ain't open to the public. Understand?"

"We would like to speak to the person in charge."

"Hey, mates," yells the mountain into the dark room that he guards. "These guys want to talk to the person in charge."

In response to this information, three more men join him at the door. "We're in charge and we don't want to talk to nobody." With these words the door slams in our faces.

34 WC

Loren Jarett, maitre d' of the Tankerville Club condescends, after a not-so-small gratuity, to speak with us.

"What is it that you wish to know?"

"Do you recall if Roland Jaquard had dinner here on the 30th of May?"

Jarett's nose rises higher into the air, yet he manages to continue looking down it at us.

"Sir, Roland Jaquard had a reservation for 7:30 p.m. He arrived at 7:25 with Mrs. Kathleen Lindsay. I was able to seat them immediately at table six, Mr. Jaquard's favourite table. He ordered a bottle of Gruaud-Larose, 1876. A wine that shows the nonpareil beauty of the Bordeaux grape. For dinner—"

"Please, Mr. Jarett. We are only interested in the time he arrived and the time he left."

"He left at mid-night in the company of Mrs. Lindsay."

"So, Jaquard's party consisted of only Mrs. Lindsay and himself?"

"He was joined by another club member, Colonel Sebastian Moran, at 9:10. He joined them at Jaquard's table, had one drink with them, and left at 9:45."

"Was that the last time that you saw Jaquard?"

"No, the last time I saw Mr. Jaquard was June 1. He was in the game room most of the afternoon and came into the dining room around 8:30. He had dinner, alone, and left at 9:30."

"Have you seen Colonel Moran since the night of May 30?"

"No, he has not been in."

35 WC

"I don't know any Ashcroft Urns."

"We were told—"

"I don't care what you were told. I don't know any Ashcroft Urns. If you want a drink, I'll give you a drink. If not, get out."

36 WC

"I do remember selling a dress to a gentleman two days ago," the sales clerk tells us. "He told me it was for his sister, who was his size. He was a large man and the selection was small, but he didn't seem to care; he took the first thing I showed him."

37 WC

The maitre d' informs us that Mr. Newbury had lunch and left. He requested a hansom to take him to Bell's Baths.

44 WC

The landlady shows us into the rooms of the late Nathan Revell. "He was a quiet man, kept to himself. He lived here for ten years but I didn't know him well," she tells us. "He did drop down to play a hand of whist with me and some of the other boarders now and then. He loved the game."

Revell's rooms are neat and orderly. A check of his dresser and wardrobe show his clothes to be neatly hung and stored. The only other personal effects that are visible are a few books and some toilet articles.

"Have any of Revell's belongings been removed from these rooms?"

"No. He paid his rent through this month, and I haven't wanted to remove them. The authorities are looking for his relatives, but it looks as if he had none."

"Did he have any friends?"

"Not that I know of. He was out most evenings playing cards and, of course, he worked during the days. He always paid his rent on time and never caused any trouble. I still can't believe that he is gone. I don't know what the world is coming to when someone as unassuming as Mr. Revell can't walk the streets without being murdered."

As we look around the room Mrs. Erlanger makes her own inspection, dusting here, straightening there. As she is straightening the window curtain she says, more to herself than to us, "I have to get this fixed."

"Pardon me?"

"I was just talking to myself. I found this window broken and I have to get it fixed. I guess Mr. Revell must have broken it when he was trying to close the window — it would stick from time to time."

"When was it broken?"

"I don't know. I found it that way when I showed the room to the police the day after the murder. They wouldn't let me clean up the broken glass until after they'd inspected the room. I still don't believe I got it all up. Have you seen all you want to? I have some work to do."

"Yes, we're done. Thank you."

46 WC

We find Simpson sitting dejectedly in front of Mrs. Rooker's house.

"Has anything happened, Simpson?" asks Wiggins as we get out of our four-wheeler.

"Well, yes...I guess..."

"What happened?"

"I waited, like you said. About two hours after you left a man arrived. He went into Mrs. Rooker's house, was in there about fifteen minutes, and came out carrying the box. He got into a hansom."

"You followed him, I hope?"

"Well, I tried. He got into the hansom and as it started off I ran after it. I was able to catch up with it when it turned onto

Woburn-place. Traffic was heavy, and I was able to keep the hansom in sight until it reached its destination."

"Which was?"

"Thirty-three Great Wild-street."

"And that's where he got out?"

"No. A woman got out. As soon as she got out of the hansom it took off again and went to the Grand Hotel, but no one got out. I ran up to the carriage and looked in, empty. He could not have gotten out without my seeing him. I don't understand what happened."

"Are you sure you didn't get the hansom mixed up with another one along the way?"

"No, I'm sure it was the same one. I didn't know what to do, so I came back here to see if he might return."

"I think I'll have a talk with Mrs. Rooker. Wait here for me," says Wiggins as he starts up the path to Mrs. Rooker's house.

Ten minutes later Wiggins is back and tells us what he learned from Jeanette Rooker. "She said a man arrived with a letter written by her late brother, Charles Attard. The letter requested that she turn over Attard's strongbox to its bearer. She did. He gave his name as Sebastian Moran."

50 WC

We are shown into a large room of Sir Lester's spacious London townhouse. The room is filled with glass cases which are filled with eggs. At the far end of the room is a long workbench covered with eggs, some under bell jars, others in boxes or lying on the marble top of the workbench. In fact, Sir Lester could be called a true egghead, for it is not until he raises his shining bald head that we can differentiate it from the specimens that clutter the table top.

"I will be right with you," tweets Sir Lester. "I just received these specimens of *Uria aalge* that I must prepare. What can I do for you?"

"We understand that you are a friend of Leticia Garcia. Is that true?"

"Yes. Has anything happened to her?"

"No. We are investigating the death of Roland Jaquard. Did you know him?"

"No. Letie has mentioned Jaquard, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him." Sir Lester moves out from behind his worktable, his eyes fixed upon three small, pale blue eggs that nestle in his outstretched cupped hands. We now see that Ogilvie is as fragile as the eggs he collects. He is a little over 5 feet in height and his weight can not be over 8 stones. "Can you open this case for me? The one to your left." Wiggins opens the case which contains pale blue eggs like the ones Ogilvie cuddles in his hands. "Yes, Letie has mentioned that man a number of times. You see, Letie is a popular girl; many men are interested in her. At times she can't handle it — after all she is still only a child. That's where I fit into her life. I am her confidant, her father figure. Someone she can come to when she needs advice, and she often needs advice."

"What has she told you about Jaquard?"

"That he wanted to marry her. That he was demanding more and more of her time. She could not decide if she really loved him or was just infatuated with the idea that someone of Jaquard's family background could be interested in her." Sir Lester pauses as he adjusts his host of pale blue eggs. "She is really in love with someone else, a man from her home village. But, she did not want to give up her new-found freedom by marrying anyone at this time."

"And who is the man she is in love with?"

"Marco, Marco Escobedo."

AREA EC

4 EC

"Are you from the police? Please come. Come into the study, it is terrible." This is how the butler greets us as we try in vain to tell him that we are investigating a murder. "I just found the Count, he has been attacked. We must get a doctor."

He leads us down a hall to the study. The butler stands to one side and allows us to enter before him. Directly in front of us is a large desk with a body slumped upon it. It is a gruesome sight. Blood covers the top of the desk, flowing from a large gash in the back of a man's head. A glance tells us that a doctor will do no good. A bloody ax lies on the floor next to the desk.

"When did this happen?"

"I found the body only moments ago," replies the butler. "I sent Ivan out to get the police. Didn't he bring you?"

"No. I am sure that the police will be here soon. Can you tell us what happened?"

"I was working in the dining room when I heard Count Pokrovsky cry out. I ran into the study and found the Count as you see him. I saw no one else in the room, only the ax on the floor. I called for my son Ivan and sent him for help."

"Who else was in the house?"

"The Count, myself and my son, who was working in the kitchen. Konstantine Jastrow, the Count's private secretary, was with him earlier. I didn't hear him leave, so I don't know when he left. That's all. The Countess is in Germany and my wife accompanies her."

We walk over to the blood-covered desk. It is not a pretty sight. The right side of his head has been laid open. There is little doubt that the cause of death was a blow from the ax that lies on the floor.

"It looks as if someone struck him from behind while he was at work," says Wiggins as he walks over to the open French doors that look out over the garden. "Do you know if these doors were open earlier, uh... I am sorry, I did not get your name."

"Boris," supplies the butler. "Yes, the Count likes fresh air."

An examination of the Count's desk reveals that he was working on a report for the Russian Embassy. Unfortunately it is written in Russian. If the language problem did not prevent us from reading it, however, the blood would make it difficult in any event. In the Count's left hand is a torn sheet of paper with the letterhead of the Moser's Detective Agency, the letter portion having apparently been ripped away.

We bid the near-hysterical Boris farewell, assuring him that the police will be there soon. Our words prove true, for as we leave we see a young boy leading a constable toward the front door.

5 EC

Michael Harrison, manager of the Grant Arms Co., remembers Roland Jaquard well. "He was a good customer, a collector of hand-guns. He wasn't shot, was he?"

"No."

"Good. Bad for business, if you own a gun shop, to have you customers die from gun shots. What can I do for you?"

"Could you tell us what purchases Jaquard has made from you during, say, the last six months?"

"I guess it would do no harm now. Let me check my sales book. Here we are. On March 7, of this year, he purchased a .30 calibre La Faucheaux, nice little French beauty. It was a special order for Jaquard. Let's see, before that he bought an American-made pepperbox. He had us send it to Charles Attard, 12 Sandland-street, London, WC. Those were the only two sales to Jaquard in the past year."

"Have you ever sold Jaquard a Mauser T11?"

"No, we do not import them. The Mauser is a new gun and I think the only shop that carries them is Westley Richards."

"Thank you for your help."

6 EC

Old Sherman stands among the stuffed animals that populate his taxidermy shop. On the worktable in front of us are the remains of a duckbill platypus on the first stage of his journey to immortality.

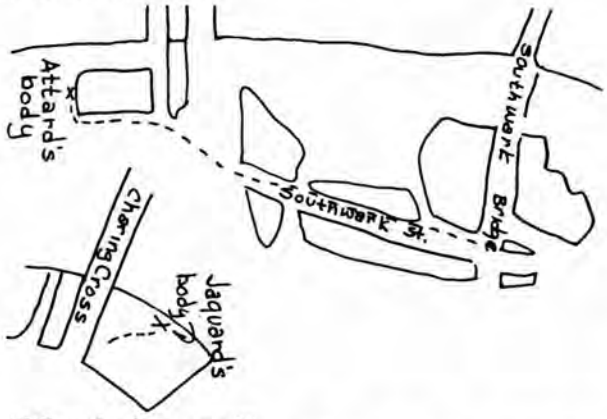
"So you are friends of Sherlock? He's a smart boy, he is. He knows the value of a good dog like Toby here." Toby pokes his head out from behind the worktable and looks us over with his sad but intelligent eyes. "I assume you are here regarding the Thames murders?"

"Yes that's right."

"Well, let me show you what I found. I took Toby to the sites of two of the murders. The first was that of Charles Attard's murder and the other was the site where Roland Jaquard's body was found."

"And what did you find?"

"Here, let me show you what Toby found." Sherman walks over to the roll-top desk, picks up two sheets of paper and hands them to us.



"What do they mean?"

"I don't know. Toby thinks with his nose. All I can tell you is that Toby picked up the victims' scents at the point where their bodies were found and traced their scents from that point. You can take these drawings if you want. Sherlock might be interested in them."

8 EC

Yves Mettier peers at us through the peep-hole in his formidable door. His nervous eyes look us over before he answers our enquiry, but the door remains closed.

"Yes, I am Yves Mettier. What do you want?"

"We understand you purchased a Mauser T11 from Westley Richards. Is that true?"

"Yes, but I no longer have it. When I left Paris, all my friends told me to get a gun to protect myself during my stay in London. They were right. On my way home from the gun shop where I purchased the Mauser, I was attacked! Brutally attacked by one of the English *canaille*, ah...what do you call it, rabble. He took the gun and my wallet and left me with a bump on my head."

"Can you describe the assailant?"

"He was a little man with a big gun. Dressed in blue workman's clothes that needed cleaning. That's all I remember. I must go now."

"We would like—" the slamming of the peep-hole door ends our interview.

11 EC

"Merlin Newbury was here, but left 20 minutes ago."

20 EC

"Yes, I remember selling this ticket two days ago to a gentleman with a heavy accent."

"German?"

"No, Russian. Said his name was Reinhart Lutz."

21 EC

"Sorry we do not sell hand-guns. Try Westley Richards, Gunsmith."

23 EC

Mr. Kimbel sits behind his large desk as we enter his office. He half raises his frame but the effort seems too great and he settles back down in his large leather chair. "Good to see you again," he says in greeting and directs us to take the empty chairs in front of his desk. "What can I do for you today?"

"We have a list of people we would like you to check out for us. We would appreciate any information you could give us on their financial background."

"You know that this is highly irregular. We cannot give out this information to just anyone. Mr. Holmes has been of great help to us in the past, and I will do everything I can do to help as long as it does not violate our clients' confidences. Does this investigation have anything to do with the Revell death and the possible problems in the Lindsay and Company accounts?"

"It may have."

"Then I would be glad to give you any assistance that I can. I have just had a long conversation with Mr. Jeffery Farber, of Lindsay and Company, and he intimated that there might be some irregularities on the Bank's part, so I will give you all the help I can to clear up this matter."

"Thank you. Here is our list. Of course we will keep you informed of anything we find out."

"Wait a moment and I will see what I can find." Kimbel forces his large body from his chair and leaves the office. After some ten or fifteen minutes he returns with a stack of folders and lowers himself back into the chair.

"Here is what I was able to find." He lays the folders down on the desk along with our list.

"First, Nathan Revell. He had an account with us. We handled the sale of his mother's property after she died three years ago. That left him a nice little sum which he added to from time to time. Then, starting about a month ago, his balance started to drop. Here, take a look at his ledger."

Date			Balance
March 31			3,467.00
April 2	Deposit	5.00	3,472.00
April 7	Deposit	20.00	3,492.00
April 12	Withdraw	50.00	3,442.00
April 13	Withdraw	55.00	3,387.00
April 17	Withdraw	115.00	3,272.00
April 19	Withdraw	300.00	2,972.00
April 20	Deposit	20.00	2,992.00
April 23	Withdraw	450.00	2,542.00
April 27	Withdraw	500.00	2,042.00
April 28	Withdraw	400.00	1,642.00
April 29	Withdraw	450.00	1,192.00
May 3	Withdraw	550.00	642.00
May 6	Withdraw	500.00	142.00
May 10	Withdraw	100.00	42.00

"Active month for Mr. Revell. Do you have any idea what he used his money for?"

"No, not yet."

"Nothing on Cyril Maude or Leo Shephard. Charles Attard has had an account with us for years. As you know, he was one of the top-paid barristers in London, and his bank account attested to that fact. Both he and Roland Jaquard tended to keep large balances in their accounts. I do hope you will solve this case quickly and clear the Bank of any hint of carelessness."

26 EC

"Miss Lorenzo left on her American tour three weeks ago. She won't be back until the fall."

30 EC

Ellis' secretary informs us that Ellis is in France and will return in five days.

"Wait," she calls as we are about to open the door. "Are you friends of Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes."

"I have a telegram for him from Mr. Ellis. I was just going to send it over by messenger. Would you take it to him?"

"Yes, of course." Wiggins takes the telegram from the secretary. After the door closes, he unfolds it and shows us the message.

PARIS, JUNE 4, 1890

HOLMES:
ARRIVED PARIS JUNE 1. MORAN ON SAME TRAIN. YESTERDAY, SAW MORAN AND MORIARTY WITH GIRAUD.

ELLIS

34 EC

As we enter the office of the late Charles Attard, we see Robert Truax, Attard's private secretary arranging some papers at his desk. He looks up as we enter.

"May I help you?"

"Yes. We are investigating Mr. Attard's death. Could you answer a few questions?"

"I am sorry. I know nothing about Attard's death and I have nothing to say. Good day."

35 EC

Hogg sits behind his cluttered desk in his equally cluttered office watching us climb over the stacks of newspapers that block the path leading to the empty chairs beside his desk.

"I'll have to clean up this office one of these days. Sit down my friends, sit down. What can I do for you?"

"We're investigating the Thames Murders. What have you heard, Quintin?"

"That's the funny thing, nothing! You know I have good contacts in the underworld, but no one is talking about these murders. As soon as I mention it, they clam up. I even offered Harry the Mole two bob. Harry would sell his mother for two bob. Nothing. Not a word."

"What do you make of it?"

"The only thing I can figure is that the word has come down from the top to keep the lid on. I have been able to pick up one interesting thing. The word has now been put out to find a man by the name of Curtis Twiggs."

"Who is Twiggs, and who is looking for him and why?"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. I don't know the answers yet. I'm hoping you will be able to help me. I'll tell you what I know and you keep me informed on what you find out. Alright?"

"Alright."

"Good. Here's what I've been able to put together. I think there is some relationship in the series of murders that has taken place over the past week. Someone high up in the Moriarty gang is controlling it. Who, or even why, I can't find out. Someone in the Moriarty organization wants Twiggs. I'm not sure why or if it has anything to do with the murders. But every low-life on the streets is looking for him. They won't talk, that's the strange part. There is usually a weak link that will give you information for a bottle of gin or a few coins. But not on this. That tells me that someone has put the word out to keep quiet. That's all I know. Not much, is it?"

"Well, we'll see what we can do with it. Thanks, Quintin."

"You're welcome. Let me know what you turn up."

36 EC

"Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall! May we speak with you?"

We see Edward Hall as he is leaving the courtroom. Upon hearing our call, he stops and turns towards us. "Hello, hello. Yes, I can talk if you want to walk along with me. I have to get back to my chambers to meet with a client. What can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about Mr. Charles Attard?"

"So Holmes is investigating Attard's murder. That doesn't surprise me."

"How so?"

"As I have told Holmes, I believe Attard was in the pay of Moriarty. If Moriarty is the force behind the criminal world of London, as Holmes believes, then Attard worked for that force. Privately, I think he was part of it. As barristers, it is our duty to defend any citizen, guilty as well as innocent, but we serve the law. The law is our master, but Attard's master was Moriarty. He sought not justice but the protection of the underworld from justice."

"Could you give us an example?"

"Yes, that's the hard part. With Attard's ability to pervert the law and Moriarty's control of the underworld, finding hard evidence has been impossible. The closest anyone can come to proving anything against Attard was during the Ratcliffe murder trial in 1884. A young man was accused of killing and robbing Stuart Ratcliffe, an open and shut case. There was an eye-witness and the money was found on the young man. The day before the trial, the eyewitness disappeared, never to be seen again. The witness was being kept undercover, his whereabout known only to the police and the Prosecutor. The Prosecutor shared chambers with Attard, and suspicion fell on the barrister, but nothing could be proved. The case was dismissed."

37 EC

A telegram was sent to Roland Jaquard at the Bagatelle Club at 8 p.m. on June 3. The clerk shows us a copy:

JUNE 3, 1890
JAQUARD:
TWIGGS AT WAREHOUSE
I BANKSIDE, SE
MOLE

38 EC

We enter the office of the Coroner of London and find an exhausted Dr. Meeks slumped behind his desk. "Well, I hope you will be able to do something about this series of murders. A murder a day is too much. If it keeps up I will be lying on the table instead of standing over it."

"Did you do the autopsy report on Roland Jaquard, Doctor?"

"Yes, I perform all the autopsies of murder victims. Only God knows why. Spend hours over the reports, and what happens to them? I send them down to the Yard and they don't even read them. Just file them away. Oh well, what can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about the so-called Thames murder victims?"

"Well, let's see." Sir Jasper starts to sift through what looks like disorganized piles of papers that completely cover his desk, but within seconds he comes up with what he is looking for. "Okay, here we go. The first victim, Nathan Revell, was brought in around mid-night of May 30. I often work a late shift and did the autopsy at that time. Revell was a white male; about fifty years of age, five feet six inches tall; 220 pounds. He was not in good health, bad lungs, bad heart. It was just a matter of time, six months to two years, and one of his diseased organs would have caused his death. His death on the 30th of May, however, was caused by two gunshot wounds in the back. It was a large calibre gun, fired

at close range. One bullet, which I believe was the first one, entered the mid-section of the back, severed the spinal cord and lodged in the heart. The other bullet entered the mid-back, angled down through the liver and exited from the lower abdomen. I sent the bullet, what was left of it, and his personal effects to the criminology lab. So much for Mr. Revell."

"Could you tell us the time of death?"

"I would say between 9 and 10 p.m. on the 30th. Any other questions?"

"No. Please continue."

"The next victim was Cyril Maude. Male; approximately twenty-five years of age, five feet, three inches; 135 pounds. His body came in only a few hours after that of Mr. Revell's, and I performed his autopsy after I had finished with Revell's. Mr. Maude was a strong young man, no organic diseases. He was killed by a long, sharp object that entered below the left armpit and went through his lung and into his heart. A very neat, professional job. Death was instantaneous."

"And how long had he been dead?"

"No more that a few hours. I would place the time of death at around mid-night, no later than 1 a.m."

"You had a busy day."

"All my days have been busy of late."

"What of Charles Attard?"

"Charles Attard's body arrived at 10 p.m., June 1. Since I had just finished another autopsy, I decided to go ahead and do his. I thought I'd get it out of the way and sleep in the next day. Charles Attard; aged fifty-two, height five feet, eleven inches; 180 pounds. Good health for a man his age. Strong, good muscle tone. Death was caused by two large calibre bullets, one in the chest and the other in the abdomen. Not a pretty sight, but death never is. He was shot at close range. No other marks on his body.

"Leo Shephard was the next fatality. Age mid-thirties; height six feet, two inches; 210 pounds. A very strong man, and one used to violence."

"How could you tell that?"

"His body is covered with scars with a long one across his forehead. He had been shot twice before, stabbed a number of times. His body told a story of a violent life, and violently it ended. He had apparently received a flesh wound a day or two before his death. I removed a small calibre shot from his left shoulder which I sent to Murray along with the bullets that hit him the night he died."

"From a large calibre gun?"

"No, I removed two other small calibre bullets from his body. One from his neck, which did not cut any of his main arteries. The other I removed from his back where it had lodged in his spinal cord. But it wasn't the shots that killed him. He drowned."

"So he was alive when he went into the water?"

"Yes. The bullet that hit his spinal cord cut some of his nerves, so there is little doubt that he was paralyzed when he hit the water."

"The time of death?"

"Between 8 and 10 last evening."

"Please continue."

"That brings us to the most recent casualty, Roland Jaquard. His body arrived a little after 3 o'clock this morning; I just finished the autopsy before you arrived. Jaquard was in his mid-thirties, six feet in height, 170 pounds, good physical shape. He put up quite a fight. He was badly beaten, but from the bruises on his hands and knuckles I would say he left some marks on the murderer. Death was caused by strangulation."

"Can you pin-point the time of death?"

"I would say between 1 and 2 a.m., not long after he had supped on pheasant and pate-de-foie-gras pie, judging from the contents of his stomach."

"Thanks, Doc. We'll let you get some rest."

50 EC

We find Jeffery Farber in his study resting in his chair, his long legs stretched out in front of him, head resting in his hands. Our entrance rouses Farber out of his lassitude.

"Come in. Take a seat. How can I help you?"

"We are investigating a series of murders that have taken place over the last week. One of the victims, Nathan Revell, was an employee of yours, I believe."

"Yes, unfortunately. He managed to embezzle over six-thousand pounds of the firm's securities before his death. I have just spent the day at the Bank of England and Drummond's trying to determine the extent of our loss. It was so simple. Once he knew the accounts and their account numbers, it was only a matter of tranferring the money into letters of credit or into any account he chose."

"How did he find out the account numbers?"

"Well, that's the question. Neil Patterson and myself are the only ones who have access to that information."

"The only ones?"

"Yes. Of course, Mrs. Lindsay, as part-owner of the firm had access to the files, but she had all dealings with the firm handled by her solicitor, a Mr. Abared. I only met him once."

"Abared? Charles Attard?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"He was murdered three days ago. He was a barrister. He handled Mrs. Lindsay's business affairs?"

"Yes. I missed the news of his death. I have been so concerned with this Revell affair that I have blocked out everything else. Do you see a connection?"

"That's what we are trying to find out. Thank you, Mr. Farber."

52 EC

Porky Shinwell is standing behind the bar as we enter the Raven and Rat. We take up the empty end of the bar and wait for Porky to get down to us. He is soon placing a pint of bitters in front of each of us.

"What can I do for you, mates?"

"Heard anything about the so-called Thames Murders?"

"A little. Two of the victims were regulars here. Cyril Maude and Curtis Twiggs. Two birds of a feather, they were."

"Twiggs?"

"Yeah, Twiggs. The one the police identified as Leo Shephard. Twiggs and Maude were partners, part of the Moriarty gang. Talk was, they were Moran's strongarm boys, enforcers. Twiggs was a shiv man; Maude, a barkers."

"Shiv? Barkers?"

"Shiv is a knife. Barker, a pistol. They were a mean pair."

"Any word on why they were murdered?"

"No, nothing. After Maude was murdered the word went out that Moran wanted to find Twiggs. No reason was given. Moran doesn't have to give one."

"When was the last time you saw them?"

"The night Maude was murdered. He and Twiggs were at their usual table in the corner drinking their dinner. Around 8, Moran came in, talked to them for a few minutes and left. They quickly drained their pints and left as well."

"Thanks, Porky."

"Anytime."

Case Eight

10 June, 1890

The Case of the Tin Soldier



DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HOME
APSLEY HOUSE - PICCADILLY

AREA SE

2 SE

Peter Dudley's trade, which he still practices at age 77, is apparent at first sight. The telltale line of grime across his forehead, the black under his fingernails and his costume — long leather apron and leggings — tells us that he is a chimneysweep.

"Now what can I be doin' for ya, Guv?"

We state our business and Dudley invites us into his home.

"I've just come off a job so's I'm a bit mussed. Take a seat. Martha!"

Mrs. Dudley, as frail as her husband is robust, comes in from the other room. On his orders, she goes about serving up refreshments.

"I 'eard about the General. Didn't know 'im o' course. 'Ad no cause to wish 'im 'arm, Tontine or no. But I got to look at it philosophical like. I'm the youngest now, so's I got the best chance o' lastin' the longest."

3 SE

There is quite a hubbub in progress as we enter the Bridge House Hotel. From the murmurings of the crowd in the lobby we quickly gather that a murder has been committed. We recognize Constable Shook at the foot of the main staircase and advance towards him.

"'Ow in the world did you 'ear about it? The body was found only ten minutes ago."

We explain that we just happened to be at the hotel on another errand, to see a Pierre Matin.

"Why, that's the very fellow what was done in!"

We ask him to let us pass and he does so, albeit reluctantly.

"Second floor," he calls after us. "'Ey you! 'Oo said anythin' 'bout you? Back you, an' none o' your lip!"

We make our way through another crowd gathered on the second floor to talk to the policeman at the doorway of room 226. Our luck holds for Wiggins is acquainted with the officer and he lets us enter. We arrive in time to overhear a third officer interrogating the desk clerk.

"He checked into the hotel on the 8th. Uh, he was French. This morning, uh, he brought down two letters to be posted." The proximity of the body is clearly making him nervous.

"Letters to 'oo?"

"I don't know, but he pointed to them and asked where Brick-street and Pont-street were in relation to the hotel."

"'Oo found the body?"

"Uh, I did. I came to deliver a wire."

The constable picks up a telegram lying on the desk. "Is this the wire?"

At the clerk's nod in the affirmative, the constable scowls at the message. "Umm. It says 'ere, 'Information still valuable. See me. Wells Osborn, Norgate & Co., Publishers.' What information would that be?"

"I have no idea."

"Did you see anyone suspicious 'anging about?"

"Yes, sir, well, no. I mean, uh, a very large man with a foreign accent, Russian, I think, asked for Mr. Matin several hours ago. I told him he was in and to go right up—"

"Oh, did you now?"

"Well, yes, sir. He was very well-dressed and, uh, well-mannered and I didn't think anything of it at the time. It wasn't long before the man came down. He was almost running. I saw him go out the front door and hail a cab."

"A large man, 'uh. Well, from the looks of it this one was strangled and with bare 'ands."

The constable dismisses the clerk and takes a long look at the body of Pierre Matin.

"Too bad the murderer didn't get more of his foot in it," he says, pointing to the overturned inkwell on the floor.

The culprit had evidently stepped in the ink but only with the toe of one foot. The tracks, such as they are, grow fainter as the murderer neared the door and disappear altogether at the threshold.

"'Ere, what's this?" says the constable rummaging through the dead man's belongings.

He shows a passport in the name of "Andre Matin."

4 SE

We catch up with Booth Lacey doing his one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed old tar act at London Bridge Station. Just as we did in front of the Red Boar, people approach him, shudder slightly and drop a coin in his pail. So piteous is his look and voice, they almost queue up to pass his way.

Wiggins sidles over to him and whispers something in his ear. Lacey's one uncovered eye widens in fear. As Wiggins takes him by the arm to lead him away, Lacey quickly ad-libs for the benefit of the crowd of donors.

"Take me 'ome to supper, sir! Why it's a saint you are. Oh, I don't know as 'ow I can repay you, truly I don't."

They vanish behind a pillar and we follow.

"You wouldn't a' done that to me, would you, mate? Tell on me in front of these folks?"

"All it would take would be to spin you around and show them the straps that tie up your leg and arm."

"They'd a killed me for sure."

"Very likely. Now I suppose you know that General Armstead is dead."

"Who's he?"

"Lacey," says Wiggins with the hint of a threat in his voice.

"Alright, alright. Yes, I heard."

"Where were you at 10 o'clock this morning?"

"I, uh...I was at St. Mary's."

"You! At church!"

"I swear it. They hand out soup and bread every morning at 9:30. I'm always there. The father'll vouch for me."

"We'll ask."

"You do that."

"Oh, and Lacey," says Wiggins, retrieving the coins that we put in at the Red Boar, "you better take up a new line of work, if you know what's good for you."

23 SE

Booth Lacey's landlady strongly suspects that we are creditors.

"'E ain't 'ere. And you'll 'ave to wait your turn anyways." When we make it clear that we want Lacey for something other than bill collecting, she tells us readily enough that we can probably find him at the Red Boar Inn.

"'E'll be 'atchin' up some scheme or other, that's for sure. I only put up with 'im for one reason. 'Is uncle. Don't you know who 'is uncle is? Why it's Cap'n Juergens, one of the ones whose got 'im a ticket in the Tontine. Booth is always playin' up to 'im. That's 'is biggest scheme, right 'nough."

31 SE

Lloyd Shoemaker shows us his humble flat. It is evident that it has been a long time since he enjoyed an audience of any sort and so he is quite pleased with our company.

"Langdale Pike told us you might be able to help us."

At the mention of Pike's name, Shoemaker's thin lips tighten and his eyes take on a hard and hostile look. It is a minute reaction but it is enough for us to infer that the transition from Shoemaker to Pike as gossip-monger extraordinaire was not a pleasant one, at least so far as Shoemaker was concerned.

"And how is Langdale these days?" he asks, his tone of voice clearly indicating a hope that our answer will contain some news of a terminal disease.

"Oh, he's fine," says Wiggins, to Shoemaker's profound disappointment.

"We wondered if you might search your memory and tell us a little bit about General Farnsworth Armstead and the circumstances of his marriage to Mary Fitch."

"I can do better than that." So saying, he opens a curtain to reveal a small cubicle. In it are stacked wooden boxes which contain papers, memorabilia, letters and newspaper clippings. He rummages about a moment or two and comes out with a thick file. As he looks through it, scattering dust hither and yon, he speaks.

"As I remember it, Lord Fitch was in a dither to marry off his daughter, 'auction off' might be more appropriate phrasing. I don't really know how Captain Armstead entered the picture. Suffice it to say that despite a reputation as a profligate of profound proportions, Armstead's career prospects were bright and that seemed to be enough of a recommendation for Lord Fitch. The girl's brother was very much opposed to the match and did everything he could to break it up.

"Soon after the engagement was announced, Armstead went on a tour of duty in France. It was then that the brother came to me with some information of an affair with a young French girl, as reported to him by friends on the Continent...ah! Here it is."

He shows us an old letter addressed to Malcolm Fitch.

"As you can see, the letter contains nothing beyond the hints and rumours of scandal, no names. I made my own enquiries and found out that the French girl's family name was Arneau and, further, that the girl was pregnant. When I took this information to the papers, they refused to publish it. Evidently, Lord Fitch had been there before me."

"Thank you, Mr. Shoemaker."

34 SE

In front of the Red Boar Inn we pass a wretched creature with but one arm, one leg and one eye.

"'Elp an ol' salt spend 'is remainin' days ashore in some comfort... I thankee, sirs, I thankee very much. The clink o' coins in me pail does me 'eart a world o' good."

Inside, we ask the barman if he's seen Booth Lacey around.

"Not today."

"Well, in any case, here's a couple of shillings, why don't you stand the old sailor out front a pint and some food," says Wiggins.

"Old sailor? One-eyed, one-legged, one-armed?" he asks warily.

When Wiggins nods yes, the barman races from behind the bar and heads for the door, cursing.

"Gone, an 'e better be," says the barman, returning.

We don't know what to make of such callous behavior and Wiggins is about to say something when the barman speaks first.

"One-eyed, one-legged, one-armed, my arse! Why that was Lacey and 'e 'as all 'is parts, same as you or me!"

"You mean it was an act, a disguise?"

"'Course it was. 'E's probably down to the London Bridge Station tryin' it out on more unsuspectin' folks."

AREA SW

2 SW

We catch Langdale Pike in a quiet moment at the Societies Club. That is to say, there are no hangers-on when we enter. That being the case, Pike is more than happy to expound to us.

"The good General married into a considerable fortune when he took Lord Fitch's spinster daughter Mary off his hands. Mary's brother, the present Lord Fitch, was against the marriage from the beginning and there is still considerable friction between him and the General. It's amusing to think that they are in business together. You see, Mary possessed many stocks in common with her brother. When she died they all went to the General. Armstead and Lord Fitch were locked in each others' embrace, in a business sense. Ah, the vagaries of life.

"The General's claims to fame are his own art collection, made possible by Mary's money, and his book which exposed to the public's eye various other art collectors, most of whom would rather not have been so exposed.

"His book caused quite a stir, let me tell you. Not all the collectors mentioned came by their booty by fair means. Carson Cabot, a gem collector of some note, once accosted Armstead because the book called into question the means that Cabot used to acquire a ruby that was once owned by Catherine the Great. I wouldn't at all be surprised if Cabot had in his possession the Polar Star, the centerpiece of the General's 'revised edition.'"

"Getting back to the General's marriage, do you know why Malcolm Fitch was against it?"

"I believe it had something to do with the General's reputation with the ladies. My understanding is that he was a bit wild in his younger days. Of course, that was many years ago and I know none of the details. If you're interested, you might check with my illustrious predecessor, Lloyd Shoemaker."

We thank Pike and take our leave.

5 SW

Lomax answers our questions effortlessly. "Tontine comes from the name of Lorenzo Tonti, the Neopolitan banker who introduced the system into France in the seventeenth century. The battle of Waterloo took place on June 18th, 1815. It is so named because it took place near the town of Waterloo, in Belgium. The combined British and Prussian forces routed Napoleon's army. It proved to be his final and worst defeat."

8 SW

We wait patiently in the Strangers' Room for Mycroft Holmes to make his appearance. He arrives, squeezes through the door, and takes his seat across from us. We explain our reason for being there. "Ah yes — a fascinating little case. It contains a twist on the old theme of killing someone for his money, because in this case the victim would only become wealthy by surviving. If the killer killed him for his money, then he was defeating his own purpose. No, the motive undoubtedly lies outside the realm of financial matters. I am sure of it."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade gives us a cold stare. "Do you people have nothing better to do with your time than to interfere in police matters? Well, don't waste your time with this one, because we have the matter under control. We have compiled a list of suspects. We will ask them one by one for alibis, and the one unable to supply one is our killer. Quite scientific if you ask me." There is an uncomfortable pause. Lestrade answers our question before we can embarrass ourselves by asking it. "And no, you cannot see the list of suspects. Now, off with you."

After we have left, Wiggins asks us, "Why is he so uncooperative after he has asked Holmes for help?"

"Lestrade is a very moody man. And besides, we are not Holmes. To Lestrade, we are still street urchins."

22 SW

As we quietly slip into H.R. Murray's laboratory, we are surprised to see him in imaginary swordplay with a file cabinet. Rapier in hand, he is parrying and thrusting with amazing deftness; the file cabinet seems indifferent. Only after he has managed to knock a small vial to the floor and overturn a chair does he notice us. He blushes. "I was quite a swordsman in my day," he says, trying to regain his air of authority. "And, you see, being so out of practice and, uh,

having such a fine rapier in my hands, the old feeling, well, you must understand."

Wiggins laughs. "We won't report you — don't worry. I must say though — you are quite agile for someone your age."

Murray sticks out his chin and tries to slick back his uncontrollable white hair. "I'm not *that* old," he says defensively.

Wiggins again has a hearty laugh and finally comes to the point. "We're here regarding the Armstead case. I take it this is the rapier he had in his hand at the time of his death?"

"Yes, indeed it is," Murray says, holding it up for our inspection. "A fine French rapier, at least 70 years old. Unfortunately it yielded very little evidence. The top half had traces of dust all along it, indicating that it had been unused for quite some time. The grip was still moist with sweat. I noticed something on the tip here," he says, accidentally pricking his finger on the sharp point, "that, under closer inspection turned out to be fresh blood. It was only a tiny amount — he must have merely scratched his opponent. And that, Waggins, is the only information to be garnered from this...beautiful...piece...," he again starts into mock swordplay, "of...craftsmanship. *Guarde!*"

Wiggins, dodging the thrusts on his way to the door cries out, "That's Wiggins, sir. *Wiggins.*"

39 SW

"I admit to having had a strong dislike for Armstead," says Lord Fitch. "He was a cad and a bounder who made my sister's life miserable. I argued at length with my father against the marriage but to no avail. Unfortunately, Mary was not the attractive sort who had beaux by the score; far from it. She was in real danger, as my father put it, of advancing rapidly into spinsterhood, unless he did something about it. And so their engagement was arranged just before Armstead was sent on a military mission to France. During that year, I continued to argue against the marriage. I had made several friends on my tour of the Continent and I asked them to forward any information they might have on Armstead's unsavoury activities. They regularly sent back word of his riotous living, his drinking and womanizing and such. Finally, there was some scandal or other involving a young French girl of good family. But even with this documentation, my father would not dissolve the betrothal. I even went so far as to give the story to the newspapers, hoping to create an untenable situation for everyone involved, but my father got wind of it and used his influence to stop publication.

"You must understand, I considered that whatever hurt I was doing my sister in the publishing of such a scandal was the lesser of evils in the long run. At the time I was sure the marriage was a mistake and so it proved to be."

"May we ask why you did not keep your appointment with the General this morning?"

"My wife took suddenly ill. I summoned Dr. Ainstree and waited until his arrival at around 10 o'clock."

"Thank you, Lord Fitch, for your time."

53 SW

We are greeted at the door of Mr. Cabot's home by his butler, Harrison, a thin wisp of a man with frightened eyes. He holds in his hand a boot and a cleaning rag.

Carson Cabot receives us in his study. He is dressed in a well-cut, expensive suit. In fact, everything about him and his home is expensive. A large man, he sits behind his desk, leaning with his elbows upon it, giving us a hard stare over the tops of two meaty hands clasped under his chin. As we approach, he suddenly breaks his pose and takes an envelope from the top of his desk and stuffs it away in a drawer.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?"

We explain the nature of our enquiry and ask where he has been all morning.

"Harrison, tell these people that I've been home all morning."

"Yes, sir...Mr. Cabot has been home all morning."

"There, you see," Cabot says, rising and starting to come from behind the desk. His eyes suddenly flick toward his feet and he stops his forward motion. He retreats back behind the desk and says, "Harrison, show them out."

Once outside Wiggins asks if we noticed Cabot's abrupt turnabout as he started to come from behind the desk.

"I think I know why he stopped," says Wiggins. "The man was fully dressed and yet he was wearing bedroom slippers."

54 SW

Hoping that someone at the Russian Embassy can help us, we ask if any Russian Nationals have come to London in the past few days.

We are told that Count Rostov arrived on the 8th and that he is staying at De Keyser's Royal Hotel.

59 SW

A spritely, silver-haired gentleman meets us in the Embassy waiting room and introduces himself as Jean Paul Gerade. He leads us to a small office where we can have our conversation in privacy.

"M'sieur," we begin, "you knew General Armstead from his tour of duty at the Ecole Militaire, did you not?"

"Yes, the General, he was but a captain at the time, was one of a group of English officers sent to our war college. We, in turn, sent a number of French officers to your war college at Sandhurst. I was assigned to be the General's guide, as it were, during his stay. We were quartered together and were constantly in each other's company for an entire year. In such a situation, people emerge as either the worst of enemies or the best of friends. Happily, the latter was true in our case."

"Would you describe the General as he was at that time?"

"The General was quite a dashing fellow. I would say that, when on duty, there was no more dedicated officer in the English Army — his knowledge of military history was astounding. But off duty, well, that was another matter entirely." He breaks into a broad grin. "I'm afraid the General was quite a devotee of 'Wine, Women and Song,' although not by any means in that order. I was quite amazed at, shall we say, his stamina. I, a Frenchman, could not keep up with him. When I complained that he was putting me and my countrymen to shame in matters of love, he laughed and said that it was because we did not have a 'Horseface' to spur us on. You see, just before the General left England, he had become engaged to a Mary Fitch, later Mrs. Armstead. On her he had conferred the unfortunate sobriquet 'Horseface.' It was a marriage of convenience only. It would provide the General with social position and a significant increase in wealth. He looked on his stay in France as a last fling before the marriage knot was tied, 'around his neck' was the way he phrased it."

"So there was no *particular* woman in the General's life at that time?"

"Curiously, there was someone, although I never learned her name. 'My little flower,' he called her. I remember one morning, actually it was the middle of the night, near the end of his tour of duty, when the General awakened me. It was obvious that he had not been to bed and he was slightly inebriated. He wanted me to rise and sortie with him out into the country. I told him to get some sleep, morning call was only an hour or so away. With my rebuff, he settled down on his bed and rambled on somewhat cryptically about promises that must be kept and promises that couldn't be. Finally he slumped back on the bed and sighed, 'My little flower.' I shall never forget the depth of that sigh — 'Ma fleurette,' he said."

"Have you seen the General often over the years?"

"No, not at all, in fact. Our friendship has been entirely maintained by correspondence. Last week, when I arrived in London, we had supper at Rule's and then went to see the French actor Phillip Arneau perform. The General commented that my presence next to him while French was being spoken from the stage reminded him of the old days. It was, in fact, the first time in forty-one years that we had actually been in each other's presence."

"Your visit went well?"

"Oh, exceedingly. The General was in excellent spirits."

"Was there anything in particular on his mind? Did he seem worried?"

"No, not at all. He joked at length about the upcoming Tontine celebration at the Langham. Alas, he even predicted that he would certainly outlast the other ticket-holders and win. He was also very enthusiastic about the new information concerning the Polar Star. He was to meet someone this week, a countryman of mine, if I'm not mistaken, who was to give him that information. If anything, he was looking forward to that meeting."

"What business did his appointment with you this afternoon involve?"

"The business of two old friends simply getting together to dine and chat. It is hard for me to believe that my good friend is gone."

AREA NW

4 NW

The Thomas sisters, Anita and Claire, greet us at their home with warm smiles. They are sweet and bright and as alike as two peas in a pod.

"Oh, please, please come—"

"In and take a chair. We get visitors so—"

"Seldom."

We feel like we are watching a tennis match. We take the offered seats, chit-chat for a few minutes more and then finally explain the reason for our visit and ask our questions.

"Did you know General Farnsworth Armstead?"

"We suppose that he was at the last anniversary—"

"Banquet, but we don't believe we ever—"

"Met him. We're so sorry to hear of—"

"His death. It is such a pity."

"What would you do with the Tontine money?"

"We have no living relatives so there is no one—"

"To share it with should we win. We need very little to—"

"Get by on. Undoubtedly we would give it—"

"To the Audubon Society."

We pass a few more pleasant moments with them, declining their kind offer of elderberry wine, and leave.

7 NW

We arrive at the Cobbett home and are shown into a sitting room to await Jenny Cobbett.

"How can I be of help to you?" she says as she sweeps into the room.

She is a charming lady in her late forties, dressed in a very simple but elegant taffeta dress. Even before we answer her question with questions of our own, she has the servants offering us refreshments.

Trying to balance a piece of cake in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, Wiggins comments on the beauty of the porcelain collection in a glass cabinet.

"My husband is a man of very refined tastes. He insists on surrounding himself with beautiful, delicate things. As soon as he finishes his morning's work, he will join us."

"Work?"

"Wentworth is a poet, quite literally. He works at his art every day from 10 until 1 in the afternoon. He *never* misses a day. If the world came to an end at noon, Wentworth would not know about it until 1."

As she speaks, a magnificent grandfather clock strikes. It is less than half a minute before Wentworth Cobbett exits his study and joins us. He attends to his wife with a kiss on the cheek and then puts himself at our service.

"Did you know General Armstead?"

"Isn't he one of the Tontine ticket-holders?"

"Yes, he was. He was murdered this morning."

"That's terrible."

"It does put your father-in-law that much closer to winning."

"A ghastly thought, wouldn't you say. To rejoice in the untimely death of another for one's gain? 'Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.'"

11 NW

We arrive at the Princess Theatre where *Vive L'Empereur*, a biographical play on the life of Napoleon, is being performed by the French Company Arneau. The play has been a great success during its limited engagement in London and there is a long line of people trying to obtain tickets for the last two performances before the company returns to France.

We make our way backstage to meet the company manager, Gervais Arneau, the uncle of the leading actor and founder of the troupe, Phillip Arneau. He is a short, stout man in his mid-fifties, given to extravagant gestures to express a passionate personality. He is very proud of his nephew and fairly bubbles over in praise of his ability.

"Ah, but you must see Phillip perform! He is a magician, a wonder! The breadth of his talent is truly *magnifique*! He manages to portray the Emperor Napoleon from the age of 26 to his last days on the island of St. Helene! You would swear five different actors play the part, but no, it is only Phillip, aging before your eyes!"

As he speaks, he leads us down the corridor to Phillip's dressing room.

"Of course, years of training and practice go into the making of such an artist. But at age 48, Phillip is the toast of the Continent!"

"M'sieur Arneau is 48 and you are his uncle?"

"Ha, ha. I am but eight years older than Phillip but I assure you that I am his uncle. It seems that the Arneau family has a history of late arrivals. Phillip's father was twenty-three years older than myself and Phillip's poor sister," he points to the daguerrotype of a young woman, "was eleven years older than he."

Next to the portrait of the sister is another of an older woman. Each has a black ribbon draped diagonally across its top righthand corner.

"Yes, they are both dead. The sister, many, many years ago under very tragic circumstances. Phillip's mother had to be put into an asylum — she just couldn't accept her daughter's death. We received word from the asylum only last week that she too had passed away. It upset Phillip very much, resurrected old ghosts, you might say. And his performance suffered. But he has recovered completely. I have never seen him more brilliant than he was last night. You must see him perform, you must! In fact, if you will wait here, I will arrange for tickets."

"Can you tell us where Phillip Arneau was this morning?"

Monsieur Arneau gives us a puzzled look but answers, "He was at the National Gallery. But why do you ask?"

Just then two workmen carry a trunk into the dressing room. Monsieur Arneau throws his hands in the air and exclaims, "No, no, *mes amis*! That trunk should go to the company lodgings at the Grand Hotel!"

He turns back to us and shrugs as if to say, 'What is one to do?' Then he says, "Wait and I will get the tickets."

During the entire interview we have never stated our purpose. Feeling somewhat guilty that we have obtained information under false pretenses, we decide that the better

part of valour would be to leave before Monsieur Arneau returns.

18 NW

Sam Parsons whispers that he has not heard from "You know who," in a week.

26 NW

"Do you think he will like it?" asks Mrs. Guilfoyle.

Wiggins handles the meerschaum pipe gingerly and answers in the affirmative.

"I do hope so. Marshall is so particular about his pipes, but it is our tenth anniversary and I wanted to get him something special."

27 NW

At the Armstead home we find that the police have cordoned off the premises and it is only after mentioning Inspector Lestrade's name in a loud and indignant tone that we are able to gain admittance.

We pass into a large foyer which houses some of the General's art collection. On one pedestal is an alabaster vase. A card states that it once belonged to Alexander the Great, given to him in tribute by an Egyptian prince. In a glass-enclosed niche is a jade necklace once owned by Augustus Caesar's wife Livia. In all there are some fifteen objects in the foyer, none of which appears to have been disturbed.

At the study door we are met by the General's valet and former batman, David Sennett. We judge him to be the General's contemporary, that is, in his seventies, more by his white hair and weathered face than by any deterioration of his physique. He is, in fact, slim and athletically built — one has no problem imagining that his uniform of forty years ago still fits him perfectly. Ramrod stiff, only his eyes betray any emotion and they are quite red as if from weeping. He readily agrees to conduct us on a tour of the premises.

The study is a very large room devoid of furniture save for the desk at the opposite end of the room. To our right, between two bookcases, is a glass-enclosed display, the top of which has been shattered. In the glass case is a diorama of some two hundred military figurines. Hanging on the wall above are flags, sabres, a hussar's pelisse and other military equippage.

"The General called this his 'Waterloo Wall,'" explains Sennett. "These are mementos of that great battle. And, of course, the Tontine ticket."

The ticket, a large certificate really, is framed and hanging at about eye level among the other paraphernalia.

"This is where I found the General," says Sennett. "Leaning over the diorama. He must have smashed the glass with the pommel of his rapier."

"What does the diorama represent?"

"It is a depiction of the last great British charge which swept the French from the field at Waterloo. The 'Iron Duke,' for so the Duke of Wellington was called, is waving his hat to signal the advance. Here now!"

Sennett points to the figure representing Wellington. While all the other figures are advancing towards the viewer, the figure of Wellington is turned around in the opposite direction, that is to say, facing the wall.

"How strange!" says Sennett. He is about to set it right when we caution him that nothing in the room should be touched until the police investigation is completed.

On the wall opposite the 'Waterloo Wall' are hung two crossed cavalry pennants. Above them, some ten feet up the wall, is a single rapier. There is a dust pattern on the wall which crosses it, indicating a missing twin.

"It was the rapier that the General had," explains Sennett.

A chair, normally placed by the desk for the use of visitors, has been moved against the wall under the rapier.Faint footprints soil the fabric of the seat.

Several handwritten pages, which represented the revisions of his book *Treasures of the Conquerors*, are strewn on the top of the General's desk. Sennett tells us that the General was working on it when the visitor arrived. These particular pages deal with the history of the gem the Polar Star. It traces its ownership from Napoleon's brother up to a Russian, Count Rostov, who acquired it in the year 1872 and from whom it was stolen in 1887. Next to the manuscript is a letter from Pierre Matin. It simply states that he is prepared to divulge the name of the present owner of the gem for the agreed-upon fee. Information and money are to be traded at the Bridge House Hotel at 10 a.m. on the 11th.

Also of interest is a notation in the General's appointment Book for the day of the murder — '1 pm, French Embassy.'

"The General was to meet with an old friend, Jean Paul Gerade," says Sennett. "M'sieur Gerade was an instructor at the Ecole Militaire when the General was sent to France in '48."

"Were you with the General in France?"

"Oh, yes. I've been with the General almost 45 years."

Finally, there is a small, framed photograph of a stern-looking woman.

"That's the late Mrs. Armstead," says Sennett.

We detect a note of hostility in Sennett's tone and enquire about it.

"Well, sir, you might say that Mrs. Armstead and I never quite got on. You might say that Mrs. Armstead did not get on with anyone, including the General."

"Theirs was not a love match?"

"No, sir. Lord Fitch was in danger of having a spinster daughter on his hands and the General, well sir, he saw it as a way of social and career advancement. It was an arrangement, nothing more."

"But surely something between them must have developed? Why else would the General keep her picture on his desk?"

"Actually, it was placed there to tweak Mrs. Armstead's brother, the present Lord Fitch. You see, a good deal of Mrs. Armstead's wealth, and so the General's, was in stock in various companies. Her brother also holds stock in those companies. Whether they liked it or not, and believe me they did not, Lord Fitch and the General were in business together. Lord Fitch was to see the General this morning, but he never arrived. Normally the picture resides in the lower left hand drawer."

"Going back to this morning — would you describe the caller for us?"

"He was a short, old man. He wore a black cape and carried a carpetbag. Oh, and he walked with a cane."

"He didn't give a name?"

"No, he simply asked to see the General and presented a letter which he intimated that the General would want to see."

"You didn't see the contents of the letter?"

"No, but the envelope was yellowed with age and it was addressed in a very graceful hand to 'Captain Armstead - 12th Hussars,' the General's old regiment. When he read it, he went very pale. Then in a subdued voice, he asked me to admit the gentleman."

"When you finally got into the room, through these garden doors, the study door was still locked, correct?"

"Yes, that's right."

"The garden is surrounded by an 8-foot wall and the only way into or out of the garden is through the house, correct?"

"Yes, either through the kitchen door or through these doors."

We thank him and leave.

33 NW

Wells Osborn's landlady tells us that he is not at home. "You'll find him at Norgate & Company."

36 NW

As we enter the office of Marshall Guilfoyle, manager of the Langham Hotel, he is busy gift-wrapping a tiny package. He asks us to take a seat and wait for him to finish.

"Now gentlemen, how can I help you?"

"Will you tell us a little bit about the banquet planned for the 15th for the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Well, it's more for the Tontine than for the Battle, but preparations are proceeding."

"Surely this is a big event for the hotel. You don't sound terribly enthusiastic about it."

"I am not, terribly. It may be good for the hotel, but I look at it simply as a lot of work for the staff and myself. Speaking of which, excuse me a moment."

He grabs a cane hooked onto the back of his chair and limps to the door. He barks at an assistant, asks about something or other, shakes his head over the reply and comes back to us.

"Frankly, I will be quite glad when it is all over. A lot of nonsense and silliness."

We ask for some details of the ceremonies, agenda, et cetera, for the banquet. He answers in a tone that is bored but with a disturbing edge to it.

We leave Guilfoyle and split up to talk to some of the hotel employees. When we meet at the front entrance, Wiggins has some interesting news. It seems that Guilfoyle's father was a Tontine ticket-holder who died in a freak accident on the golf course.

"An errant ball hit Guilfoyle senior in the back of the head. Also, our Mr. Guilfoyle, who arrives promptly at 10 o'clock every morning, arrived at 10:45 this morning. In addition, his cab approached the Hotel from the west up Wigmore-street instead of its more usual route, north from Oxford-circus."

40 NW

The clerk at Rowlands & Frazier, Jewelers, is more than disappointed that we have not come to purchase his wares. In fact, he scowls at us a full thirty seconds before he answers our question.

"Marshall Guilfoyle purchased a small sapphire ring for his wife this morning. He mentioned that it was an anniversary present."

46 NW

At 82, Robert Juergens is all but chair-bound. He is able to hobble about with the aid of a cane, but only for short distances. A crusty and outspoken individualist, we find him alert and quick of wit if not of limb.

A former sea captain, he shows us several intricately carved model ships that he has constructed.

"This here is *Belinda*," he says, pointing to a model of a four-masted schooner, completely rigged, with starched sails flying. "My first command back in '32. A fine and weather-worthy ship she was.... This here is the *Raven*. Lordy but she was fast!"

"Captain, did you know General Armstead?"

"As it happens, we sat beside one another at the last shindig back in '65. Fiftieth anniversary and all that rot. We got to talking and we found we had our hobbies in common — he with his tin soldiers and me with my ships. Both of us having traveled some, we swapped lies about our adventures on foreign shores, with special emphasis on our romantic conquests. He spoke up for French damsels. I argued for the China ladies. I liked him and I hope they catch the deck rat who killed him and hang him proper."

"Have you seen the General since the 1865 banquet?"

"Nope."

"May we ask what your plans are for the Tontine money should you win it?"

"I'll spend all I can and give the rest to the Seamen's Fund."

Something strikes him funny and he explains.

"Got a nephew. Sister's boy, name of Lacey. He's very, very concerned about my health, a real boot-licker. He's my only living relative and he fancies himself my heir. Ha, ha. I haven't done a thing to make him think otherwise. He's a laggard who's never done an honest day's work in his life. If I do last out the others and am found next morning with my skull bashed in, look to Lacey. He's sure to have the club in his hand."

AREA WC

5 WC

At the Central Carriage Stables we spread out to see if we can find a cabbie who was working the Hyde Park, Brick-street, Green Park area this morning at approximately 10:15 and who remembers an elderly man very much in a hurry.

When we gather together again to compare notes, no one has turned up our man, even though several cabbies were in the right area at the right time.

"When I mentioned our problem to a group of fellows," says Wiggins, "one spoke up to say that if we were looking for a man in a hurry on the other side of town, he could help us. He said he picked up one such this morning outside the Bridge House Hotel and took him to De Keyser's."

14 WC

Disraeli O'Brian can uncover no information about any of the surviving Tontine ticket holders. "The ones that have had eventful lives perished as a result. The survivors have lived long because they have, in general, led secluded lives."

17 WC

At Somerset House we dig up the following information: Robert Juergens, born 1808. Entire estate willed to the Seaman's Fund. Anita and Claire Thomas, both born 1810. Entire estate willed to the Audubon Society. William Rowland born 1811. No will. Peter Dudley, born 1813. Entire estate willed to wife Martha. Farnsworth Armstead, born 1815. Entire estate willed to form The Armstead Foundation, an organization to be dedicated to the study of military history.

22 WC

Only after a phone call to Inspector Lestrade does the manager of the Grand Hotel allow us to search Phillip Arneau's room.

Once there, we readily find the cane. Cunningly wrought into the handle is a button, which when released separates the handle from the cane. A sword, attached to the handle, slips neatly into the cane-sheath.

After a few moments more, we discover a yellowed envelope addresssed to 'Captain Armstead - 12th Hussars.' The letter inside reads:

Dearest,

I cannot bear the pain any longer. I hated you when you left me, but the child - our child - eased the hurt and softened the hate. Now my baby is dead - the innocent sufferer for our sin. I have nothing. I am nothing. I cannot bear the pain. I love you.

I love you still,

Fleurette

32 WC

Dr. Ainstree tells us that he was indeed summoned to Lord Fitch's residence this morning.

"I received the message at around 9 o'clock in my office. I arrived at 10 or so. Lord Fitch met me at the door."

36 WC

While a severe attack of the gout dims William Rowland's jolly spirits, it does not dispel them entirely.

"I've been laid up for two weeks now with it but I've only myself to blame, according to my doctor anyway. It's the rich food, he says. I'm afraid I have a liking for very rich food." He pats his corpulent middle by way of illustration.

"You haven't been able to get about then?"

"Can't move at all, much to my valet's displeasure. He's had to cart me from room to room, poor fellow."

"If you win the Tontine, what would you do with all the money?"

"Ha, ha. Now there's a question I've asked myself daily over the last twenty years. So far I haven't been able to answer it."

"We read in the paper last week that you have two sons in America and a daughter in London."

"Yes, that's right. The boys are in business together in New York. My daughter's married to a fine lad, Wentworth Cobbett."

"Did you know General Armstead?"

"Well, not personally. I knew of him, of course. Terrible about his death. Me, I hope to die in bed."

41 WC

Wells Osborn at Norgate & Co. tells us about General Armstead's revision of *Treasures of the Conquerors.*

"In March, we received a letter from a Pierre Matin from Paris addressed to the General. We forwarded it to him. Two days later the General came to see us with the news that the author of the letter knew of the whereabouts of a fabulous diamond called the Polar Star, that once belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. He believed that the information was genuine because the letter contained a detailed description of how the gem was stolen from its last known owner, Count Rostov, a Russian. It also contained details of the time and place of the sale to its present owner who actually commissioned the theft, an Englishman.

"The General was very anxious to include the chapter on the diamond in a revised edition of his book. The only reason that such a chapter had been omitted from the first edition was for want of that final bit of information.

"For our part, we were very anxious to publish such a revised edition. The original publication caused quite a stir among the public. You see, many of the treasures were in effect re-conquered by their present owners, by whatever means available, fair or foul. Many of them had secrets to hide. The revelation of those secrets created quite a sensation. The more libel suits that were pressed against us, the more the book sold. Envisioning another such scandal with regard to the Polar Star, we immediately made the announcement in *The Times.*

"As soon as we did, letters began pouring in. Some simply rejoicing in the news, some reserving copies and some, anonymous of course, forecasting doom for the General should the book be re-released."

"Was there any pattern to those letters? Did they appear to have come from any one person?"

"No, although we never saved any to compare them, we simply burned them as they came in."

"Have you had any contact with Pierre Matin?"

"I knew that he was in town to meet with the General. I have a draft for the £5,000 ready. When I learned of the General's death, I wired M'sieur Matin that his information is still valuable to us."

AREA EC

19 EC

The rector of St. Mary's, a timid little man with a radiant smile, assures us that he knows Booth Lacey quite well.

"We can pray for the unfortunates of this world, certainly, but we can also offer them a little sustenance of a more temporal kind. St. Mary's Soup Kitchen was founded on that principle. Every morning at 9:30 our doors are thrown open to those less priveleged than ourselves. A bowl of broth, a crust of bread, it is not much, I know, but we do the best we can."

"And you say that Booth Lacey is here every morning?"

"Without fail. You see, with only one arm he needs someone to carry his bowl to the table. Invariably, I am that someone."

23 EC

At the Bank of England we are introduced to Mr. Robert Laine who is in charge of the Tontine account.

"Just over one million pounds was collected in the original subscription. Something like 600,000 pounds went out immediately for the veterans of the Battle of Waterloo and, of course, fees to agents, the bank and so forth. With seventy-five years' interest, the original 300,000 pounds left in the fund has grown to an amount just shy of three million pounds."

30 EC

At the *Times* office, Henry Ellis introduces us to Edward Quimby who has been covering the Tontine story.

"In 1865 *The Times* sponsored a 50th Anniversary Banquet. There were then 204 survivors, of which 78 were in London to attend. Now there are only six survivors, pardon me, five, now that General Armstead is dead?"

He shows a list of survivors and their relatives:

Robert Juergens - nephew, Booth Lacey
Claire and Anita Thomas - no relatives
Peter Dudley - wife
William Rowland - wife; two sons residing in New York, U.S.A; daughter, Jenny, married to Wentworth Cobbett.

31 EC

At De Keyser's Royal Hotel we learn that a Russian gentleman, Count Rostov, and his man are staying in suite 408. A quick trip in the lift sets us down on the 4th floor and a short walk puts us at the Count's door. Our knock is answered by a tall, powerfully built man who shows us into the sitting room.

There the Count sits sipping tea. He is a frail, old man who seems even more so as the giant takes his place by his side.

"Are you from the police?" asks the Count in a surpisingly hardy voice.

"Were you expecting the police?"

"Yes, we were. Vladimir reported to me that his interview with Andre Matin, who is traveling under the name of his dead brother Pierre, was singularly unproductive as he was dead when Vladimir arrived."

"And Vladimir had nothing to do with his death?"

"He assures me that he did not."

"Why did he go to see Andre Matin?"

"It was in reference to a certain valuable possession of mine that was stolen some years ago by the brother Pierre. I was in Paris when I heard that General Armstead was to revise his very interesting book to include a chapter concerning that possession. I came to London to see him. In the course of events, I became aware that Andre Matin was also in London and realized that he was the General's source of knowledge. When the General was reported dead, I had no alternative but to see Matin. I sent Vladimir, an old man's

legs, to speak with him."

"Thank you, Count, you have been most kind."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg sits with his feet up on the desk, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm afraid I never heard of General Armstead until April of this year. And the only reason I remarked the name was the mention of it in connection with the Polar Star. You see, it was an incredibly valuable diamond which was once in the possession of a Russian Count, Rostov, if I recall the name correctly. In the latter part of 1887, it was stolen from the Count. The suspected thief was a Frenchman by the name of Pierre Matin. He had an international reputation as a jewel thief, although that reputation was based solely on rumour. He was never caught with the goods, so to speak, although he did have a knack for being seen in the vicinity of some of the most spectacular robberies. Just before the Polar Star was filched, he was seen in St. Petersburg.

"The next interesting thing about Pierre Matin is that a few months later, his body was found in the Thames. He had been strangled to death. The crime was never solved and the diamond never found."

36 EC

We are informed that Edward Hall is in court and will be there all day.

38 EC

Sir Jasper Meeks informs us that the General was killed with a sword thrust through the heart.

"It was an upward thrust."

39 EC

We are informed that Robert Laine is not at home but at the Bank of England.

52 EC

At the Raven & Rat, Porky Shinwell shows us a large chalk board with the names of the Tontine ticket-holders listed on it. Beside each are odds and another list of names. General Armstead's name is crossed out.

"I was very sorry to hear of General Armstead's death, believe me. I had my money on him."

He points to the board where we see his name listed after Armstead's.

"I should have trusted my instincts and gone with one of the ladies."

"Captain Juergens doesn't seem to have much of a following, even at 25 to 1."

"Naw, only Booth Lacey and his cronies and that's really a sentimental bet. You see, Juergens is Lacey's uncle."

Case Nine

26 June, 1890

The Case of the Solicitous Solicitor



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE OLD FACADE

AREA SE

15 SE

The desk clerk at the Knight's Arms Hotel smiles a leering smile when we ask him about Melvin Tuttle. However, it takes a bob or two before he becomes talkative.

"Yes, he kept a room here. Gave it up two, three weeks ago. He was certainly one for the ladies, that's for sure. All pretty ones too."

AREA SW

2 SW

"Of course, I can talk about the social doings of Messrs. Sloane, Swathmore and Cartwright, but who would want to listen? They are a dull crowd all around."

Langdale Pike takes a delicate sip of his sherry, leans back and sighs.

"Well, if you insist. Sir Sidney is invited to and attends all the best social functions. I use the term 'best' in its proper sense, although some would claim it is used with irony. Henry Swathmore, a very attractive and much sought after bachelor — I might also add the word 'confirmed' — attends only those galas which are obligatory to the prestige of the firm. Whitney Cartwright is the forgotten man. He habitually sends his wife, a very charming woman, in his stead. She is usually accompanied by one of the lesser members of the firm."

"Do you know a Mr. Tuttle in that connection?"

"Oh, yes. You see, Mrs. Cartwright's partners, young men all, were rotated quite frequently. In fact, I cannot recall one who ever appeared with her twice in a row. That is, until Mr. Tuttle took over the escort duty. Oh, they were very proper, to be sure, but people did begin to talk. In whispers, of course."

"Were Mrs. Cartwright and Tuttle having an affair?"

"Alas, I can only speculate. If they did, they broke it off some three months ago. Since that time Mrs. C. has gone back to the quiet rotation of office personnel. Actually, Tuttle always struck me as a bit of a social climber, which gives their liaison even more sinister connotations."

3 SW

By somewhat overstating the case, namely, that we are part of an official Scotland Yard investigation, we are able to wheedle our way past the doorman of the Criterion Club. Wiggins repeats the exaggeration to the club manager, Mr. Neville Gibson, and it seems to thaw his rather frosty exterior.

"Mr. Cartwright has indeed been with us since yesterday," says Mr. Gibson. He bends his 6-foot-5 frame over conspiratorially. "He has remained in his room the entire time. Meals have been sent up sporadically and decanters of scotch whiskey have been sent up quite regularly."

We impress upon Mr. Gibson the necessity of talking to Mr. Cartwright and he directs us to his room.

Our knock on the door is answered after a few moments by a very disheveled man in his late fifties. Small and portly, his silver-grey hair is uncombed and his eyes are quite bloodshot.

"Mr. Cartwright, we have come to ask you some questions concerning the murder of Melvin Tuttle."

He looks at us for a moment, blinking, then gestures for us to enter. As we walk past him, he grabs Wiggins' arm to stop him. His eyes are wide with disbelief as the fog momentarily lifts.

"Whhaat did you say?! The murder of Melvin Tuttle?!"

When we nod in the affirmative, he stumbles away to sink in a chair, grasping for it like a man drowning for a piece of floating debris.

"Would you tell us why you left the office so suddenly yesterday?"

"Personal," he mumbles. "I received a note...very distressing."

He waves toward the dresser. On it are an almost empty decanter of whiskey, a revolver and a note. He makes no objection when Wiggins picks up the typed note and reads:

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Everything she needs has Mrs. C
Furs & jewels & ever M.T.
While the husband works
The wife will play
& Thus runs the world away
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Without our prompting, Mr. Cartwright begins to speak. "I was completely blind to it, of course.... But the note brought it all into focus. All the hints and half-hints that I saw but did not recognize became clear and real...I was so wrapped up in my work...I went home to speak to my wife but she was out. The longer I waited the less courage I had to face her. I was angry and sad and guilty all at once. I took the gun out of my study desk and somehow ended up here... Couldn't use it though... Does my wife know of Tuttle's death?"

"Yes."

"She must be very alone now."

"She told us to tell you that she loves you and that she will make it up to you."

"Perhaps," says Cartwright, rising, "we can make it up to each other."

5 SW

The only book we can find that even mentions chinaberry is *Compendium of My Favourite Poisons*, by H.R. Murray and, of course, it contains no information that he has not already given to us personally.

8 SW

The doorman at the Diogenes Club tells us that Mycroft Holmes left with his brother quite some time ago and did not say when he would return. "They seemed to be in a hurry."

13 SW

Constable Lane is a polite young man who has already laid out the contents of Tuttle's desk in anticipation of our arrival.

There is a sheaf of papers in a folder which, after a cursory inspection, appears to contain information on textile contracts. It consists of correspondence between various companies and the legal firm, as well as voluminous notes on the more arcane passages of contract law.

There is a key stamped with the name 'Bell's Baths' — evidently a locker key.

There are six tickets to a performance at the Drury Lane Theatre, dated April 9. Two of the tickets are torn, the other four intact.

There are two almost identical lockets. One, inscribed 'To A.S. with love - M.T.,' is of inferior quality. The other, inscribed 'To V.M. with love - M.T.,' is solid gold rather than plate and has a sprinkling of diamond chips in the shape of a heart. Constable Lane informs us that the second locket was still gift-wrapped when it was removed from Tuttle's desk. A sticker on the bottom of its box says, 'J.W. Benson, Ltd.'

There are two trust files, one for the British Museum and the other for a Richard Mainhart. Each lists properties.

stocks, bonds, &c. owned by the client, as well as a running record of all sales and acquisitions. As we move them aside, a slip of paper falls out. On it is written a series of numbers, '42, 87, 112' and the words, 'Chancery-lane - 2nd Floor - Disraeli O'Brian.' Upon closer examination of the files, we discover that the numbers represent the lot numbers of various properties owned at one time or another by both clients.

Finally, there is a bill for a room at the Knight's Arms Hotel, 15 Hampton-street. From the size of it, it appears to be a monthly rate.

22 SW

We descend the increasingly familiar musty staircase and enter the Professor's laboratory. "We've come about the items left off by Scotland Yard for analysis. Tobacco, pipe, toffee, tea, biscuit."

"Tea and biscuit? I was hoping for something more substantial, fish and chips at the least! Well, in any case, put it over there."

It takes a moment of further explanation before the Professor grasps that we are not here to deliver his dinner.

"Oh, Inspector Lestrade! Why didn't you say so? I have the report right here, Woggins. Come in, come in."

The Professor leads the way to an alcove which serves as his office and begins sifting through stacks of papers, charts, graphs, notes, all jumbled together on a huge roll-top desk. What appears to us as chaos is to the Professor a precise filing system for in a matter of seconds he draws forth the desired document.

He hands it to us with a self-satisfied smile. Unfortunately, it is unintelligable to us — just a series of chemical formulae and percentages, for example, "Toffee - C12 H22 Oil - 93%."

"Professor, could you translate this into layman's terms? Did you find poison in any of these samples?"

Somewhat irritated, Dr. Murray snatches back the report. Like most experts, it would seem he becomes exasperated with those who find his specialty incomprehensible and are thus improperly appreciative.

"The toffee and the tobacco are exactly what they purport themselves to be, toffee and tobacco. Now the tea does contain the barest trace of poison, .004 grams to be exact, but more significantly a very high concentration was found on the lip of the cup. Also, this same lethal rime was detected along the bite taken out of the biscuit and on the pipe stem. The biscuit itself was not contaminated."

"What is the poison, Professor?"

Without replying, he reaches above the desk and pulls a tome down from the shelf. It turns out to be his own work, *Compendium of My Favourite Poisons*, London, 1848. He flips through the pages, then hands it to us.

It says:" "Chinaberry (*melia azedarach*) is a tree of warm temperate regions producing panicles of fragrant purple flowers followed by pale yellow berry-like drupes about half an inch across; the fleshy pulp of the fruit contains a paralyzing nerve poison. When distilled into its crystalline pure state and ingested, only .05 grams is enough to prove fatal to the most hearty of men. Heart action stops immediately and permanently. No known antidote exists. The presence of the poison can be detected by its faint smell reminiscent of lilac."

"Professor, where would one obtain this poison?"

"Well, I should think one of the only ways to obtain 'chinaberry' would be to strike up a friendship with a South Sea Aborigine."

"It is not then readily available in London?"

"No."

"Thank you, Professor, for your time."

"Four-forty-three," he says, consulting his pocket watch. "Ah...yes, thank you," and we make our exit.

24 SW

Banks Featherstone, a gentleman of some girth, sits back in a chair and answers us in a bored tone of voice.

"Swathmore handles all my property transactions. He lays papers in front of me and I sign them."

25 SW

At 25 Chichester-street, Charles Goode comes to the door at his butler's request.

"Melvin Tuttle?" asks Goode. "Never heard the name. Are you sure you have the correct address?"

"Is there a person living here by the name of Ginny?"

"There is no one here by that name. You definitely do have the wrong address."

The door is shut and we are about to leave in defeat when a young woman leans out of the first floor window and calls for our attention. Wiggins detaches himself from the group and, sweeping off his derby hat, approaches her. The interview is short. She retreats back inside and Wiggins rejoins us.

"That was Emily Goode, the daughter of the house. She wouldn't tell me the circumstances but it seems that this address was but a way-station for the letters from Tuttle to Emily's dear friend, Virginia Monroe."

43 SW

We arrive at the Monroe Mansion and are told by the butler that Miss Virginia Monroe is indisposed and cannot see anyone. When we explain that we are on a murder investigation and that we have reason to believe that Miss Monroe may have some valuable information, the butler asks us to wait. It is only a moment or two before John Monroe appears at the door.

He is a tall, thin man in his late forties, immensely dignified in form and manner. He invites us in immediately, more from a desire to get us off his doorstep and out of sight of prying neighbors than from any real concession to hospitality.

"What's this about a murder? And how can my daughter possibly be involved?" he asks in an imperious tone.

We barely begin to explain before he interrupts. "Tuttle! That popinjay! I knew he would come to no good. He met my daughter quite by accident some months ago and had the effrontery to introduce himself! He further had the unmitigated gall to come to me and ask for my daughter's hand in marriage. I threw the blighter out and there's an end to it. My daughter has had no contact with him since, I can assure you!"

"That's not true, Father."

Miss Virginia Monroe stands at the top of the stairs. Her long blonde hair is disheveled and her eyes show the evidence of prolonged weeping. She is doubtless aware of Tuttle's death, and that knowledge enables her to confess to her father.

"Mel and I met almost every Sunday in St. James Park and corresponded frequently. As soon as he could attain the position you required, we would have married. He was made a junior partner only last week."

Her lower lip begins to tremble but she is able to master her grief. Advancing towards us, she holds out a small black notebook.

"I think that this might be important to you," she says, handing it to us.

While we glance at it, Miss Monroe and her father converse in whispered tones. Whatever Mr. Monroe's feelings towards Tuttle, his sympathy for his daughter is profound. His only thought is to comfort her.

The notebook contains a detailed list of property transactions. A sample page reads:

Lot 42:

Metcalf to G. Hamilton	*2000*
G. Hamilton to Livingston	*1500*
Livingston to British Museum	*2500*
British Museum to Metcalf	*2000*

Lot 48:

British Museum to Livingston	*800*
Livingston to Featherstone	*1200*

Lot 54:

Mainhart to British Museum	*2000*
British Museum to Livingston	*1200*

Lot 55: .

Bank of England to Metcalf	*3000*
Metcalf to Livingston	*1600*
Livingston to Mainhart	*3000*

We mumble an apology for our intrusion and leave quietly.

44 SW

"Mr. Swathmore takes care of all my business transactions. I pay Sloane, Swathmore and Cartwright a large fee to worry about it all for me."

"Thank you, Mr. Metcalf."

50 SW

Cedrick Livingston dismisses his butler with a curt nod and waves for us to take a seat. He locks his steel-grey eyes on us and, in a tone that is more a command than a request, asks our business.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Melvin Tuttle?"

"Tuttle? No. Oh, wait a moment. Isn't he Swathmore's associate? Yes, I believe I did meet him once."

"Are you a friend of Mr. Swathmore's?"

"Hardly. I've done a bit of business with Sloane, Swathmore and Cartwright and Swathmore represented the firm. Our entire association consists of several formal meetings and two or three business lunches."

53 SW

We are greeted at the door of Mr. Heathcliff's pillared town house by the butler. Looking at us from under drooping eyelids and down a long nose, he enquires as to our business. It seems that our reply is barely adequate, for it is only with a great deal of reluctance that we are shown into the foyer.

"I will tell Mr. Heathcliff of your arrival. If you would care to wait in the library." At the foot of the marble staircase, he turns back to us and says, ominously, "Please do not touch anything."

Properly chastened, we enter the library. It is a vast room, lined with books from the floor to its 12-foot ceiling. In the centre is a long mahogany table, polished to a mirror-like sheen. The room is, as it is intended to be, most impressive, made all the more so by the fact that not a single spine of any volume has ever been 'cracked.'

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

We turn to see a smallish man in his mid-fifties. His head is much too small for his body and his hands and feet are quite tiny. He presents a rather odd picture, all in all.

"Mr. Heathcliff, could you give us some information on the contracts being prepared for you and your associates by the firm of Sloan, Swathmore and Cartwright?"

Turning on the butler, Mr. Heathcliff explodes, "What's going on here! Those contracts were to be kept highly confidential and now it seems that everyone and his brother knows about them!" He tosses his dainty hands up in exasperation and turns back to us. "Oh well... I suppose there is no harm at this stage.

"As I told the other fellow, some eight months ago Sir Sidney Sloane undertook the very delicate negotiations for a merger between several English and German textile companies. Once all the principals had made known their wants and needs and a common ground was agreed upon, Mr. Whitney Cartwright drew up the contracts to effect the merger. In anticipation of your questions; yes, a considerable sum of money was involved; no, the firm never directly handled any part of the money, excepting of course their fee, which was considerable enough, let me tell you; and finally, I dealt exclusively with Mr. Cartwright throughout the contract stage and, while I was surprised to hear of Mr. Swathmore's involvement, it has had no material effect on the final form of the contracts. I do wish you fellows could get together; I'm sure a lot of time could have been saved!"

"This 'other fellow,' sir? Who was he?"

"Ah... Maitland, what was his name?"

"A Mr. Shylock Holmes, I believe, sir," replies the butler.

"*Sher*-lock!" we correct. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the consulting detective."

"Whoever," says Heathcliff. "Tall man, funny cap and coat. He seemed more interested in the envelope than the contract. Sniffed it, seemed satisfied with its odour and asked to keep it. Most peculiar. Now if that's all, Maitland will show you to the door." Mr. Heathcliff turns on his heel and exits the library.

On our way out we are tempted to overturn a vase or some such, just to confirm Maitland's worst thoughts. However, we restrain ourselves.

"Do come again," says Maitland, with all the sincerity of Henry VIII speaking the marriage vows.

56 SW

In his mid-sixties, Sir Sidney Sloane appears to be every inch the successful and wealthy man he is. Dressed in an exquisitely tailored broadcloth suit, he exudes an elegance and charm that is impressive in the extreme. Coupled with an almost fatherly warmth, it is easy to see why he, personally, is so trusted as a solicitor and why his firm has so outdistanced many other firms of longer pedigree. As we are shown into his study, Sir Sidney rises from behind a massive mahogany desk and offers us a seat.

"Come in, come in. It is terrible, simply terrible. Such a fine young man. Only tell me how I can be of help to you. I am completely at your disposal."

"Thank you, Sir Sidney. Could you tell us a bit about Mr. Tuttle's promotions? First, his elevation to the executive level. And then his rise to a junior partnership."

"I am afraid I can shed little light on that subject and after promising to offer you my assistance."

He tugs on his huge mutton-chop sideburns.

"You see, some three years ago, I relinquished day-to-day operation of the firm to Swathmore and Cartwright. In anticipation of my retirement, I decided to enjoy the fruits of my long labours. Since that time my sole function with the firm has been one of 'Ambassador of Good Will,' you might say. I entertain our more important clients. I am afraid that I have become a bit of a social gadfly in my old age."

"Then you did not know Tuttle very well? Or his qualifications?"

"No, I knew Tuttle only slightly. Found him pleasant and well-mannered. As to his qualifications, I took Swathmore's and Cartwright's word for that. I trust their judgement implicitly."

"Would you tell us about your interview with Mr. Diggs on the day of his resignation?"

"Certainly. Essentially, Diggs felt that he had given long and worthy service to the firm and Tuttle's promotion represented a great insult to him. I was very high on Diggs and knew his work to be of high calibre. But as I explained, it was Swathmore's and Cartwright's decision."

"Did Diggs threaten you or Mr. Tuttle in any way?"

"Oh, no, no, no. Diggs was quite angry and voiced his arguments quite loudly, to be sure, but he was not abusive in any way."

"Can you tell us a little bit about the contracts that Mr. Tuttle was working on?"

"Well, eight or so months ago, I was contacted by August Heathcliff, a prominent textile manufacturer. He asked me to personally conduct negotiations for an international merger. His own, four other English companies and five German companies were involved. After the preliminary work had been accomplished, I turned things over to Mr. Cartwright, who is a recognized expert in contract law. Tuttle assisted him."

"Could you tell us about Mr. Cartwright's sudden departure?"

"Not that much, I'm afraid. I received a note late yesterday afternoon which simply stated that Whitney requested a leave of absence for personal reasons. I was aware that the contracts were due to leave by the morning post and I called Tuttle in to confirm that that was the case. He told me that there were some minor changes to be made but that Mr. Cartwright had outlined their content. He said that if Miss Walker could stay with him to complete some typing, the deadline would be met. Swathmore appeared shortly after and volunteered to work late with Tuttle. Everything seemed to be in hand."

"Thank you, Sir Sidney."

87 SW

The clerk at Keene & Ashwell says he's never even heard of chinaberry.

AREA NW

8 NW

Mrs. Porter is a tall, imposing woman in her mid-fifties; her silver hair neatly tied in a bun; her dress severe and unfashionable; her manner and posture somewhat stiff. Our first impression is one of sternness, unmixed with anything of a more gentle nature.

After enquiring as to our business, she nods curtly and ushers us into her small apartment, where after a few moments of conversation, we discover that our impression of her is completely in error. She is, in fact, quite friendly, warm even, and quite willing to talk about the subject she knows best in the world — the inner workings of Swathmore and Cartwright.

"You see, my husband passed away fifteen years ago and so the firm has become my life.... Frank was a dear man, a bit of a dreamer. He made children's toys."

She gestures toward a large breakfront which dominates one wall of the apartment. In it are housed samples of her husband's craft.

"He never made much money and so it was always necessary for me to bring in an extra income. I was Sir Sidney Sloane's secretary at Brace and Kenton and when he decided to set up for himself, he asked me along. That was twenty-two years ago."

She glances over toward the breakfront with a wistful smile on her lips, no doubt remembering some private and special moment.

"But you have no desire to hear me prattle on about myself. You have come here for quite a different purpose."

"Mrs. Porter," we ask, "what sort of man was Melvin Tuttle?"

"Well, I am sure that everyone would say that he was immensely charming. Perfect manners, a careful and stylish dresser. He was very eager to please, although not in an unmanly way. My young charges, Miss Walker and Miss Spring, were quite taken with him — as were many of our clients, especially those of the fairer sex."

"You sound as if you did not share the accepted view."

"Well, I must admit a certain reticence of enthusiasm for Mr. Tuttle. He struck me as, well, calculating. Behind the well-mannered, smiling facade one could feel a certain coldness. You see, he *always* said and did exactly the right thing. A bit *too* perfect, I always felt."

So saying, she casts another quick look at the breakfront, then turns back to us.

"But perhaps," she continues, in a lighter vein, "I am just being an old woman offended by the fact that Mr. Tuttle never used that exquisite charm on me."

"Will you describe the circumstances under which Mr. Tuttle was raised to the executive level?"

"Three months ago, Sir Sidney called me into his office and simply told me of the change. He asked me to work closely with both Mr. Diggs and Mr. Tuttle, 'to help make their transition to new responsibility a smooth one,' was the way he put it."

"What exactly was this new responsibility?"

"Well, the firm had long needed some of its junior members to make decisions on specific trusts or contracts without the need of referring them to the senior partners. Mr. Diggs and Mr. Tuttle were brought up to the executive floor to symbolize this new power."

"Do you know how the choice of these two men, out of twenty-three candidates, was arrived at?"

"No, I am afraid not, although both Mr. Swathmore and Mr. Cartwright would jointly have made the decision. You see, Sir Sidney is very close to retirement. The day-to-day running of the firm has long since devolved upon the other two senior partners."

"Were you surprised at the choices?"

"In Mr. Diggs' case, not at all. He was a bright, considerate man and an excellent solicitor. He had been with the firm eleven years and had consistently produced outstanding work. Mr. Tuttle's work, on the other hand, I thought unexceptional. I will say, however, that he was an industrious and thorough worker. Nevertheless, I was surprised at his promotion."

"In view of your assessment of the two men, how can you explain Mr. Tuttle's additional promotion to junior partner?"

"I cannot."

"How did Diggs and Tuttle get along?"

"Their relationship was quite strained to be sure. While he never said anything, I am certain that Mr. Diggs felt Mr. Tuttle's initial appointment should have gone to someone else with more experience and better qualifications. Then there was the added pressure put on him by Mr. Swathmore. All at once he began to find fault with Mr. Diggs' work, even to the point or berating him in front of the staff while holding up Mr. Tuttle as a model to be followed. And then there was Miss Spring. I don't want to appear a gossip, but Mr. Diggs did nothing to conceal his feelings for her, feelings, I might add, which Miss Spring did not seem to reciprocate. Rightly or wrongly, I could not say, but Mr. Diggs saw Mr. Tuttle as the obstacle between himself and Miss Spring's affections. However, there was never any overt trouble between them."

"Did Diggs have any parting words with Tuttle on the day of his resignation?"

"No, Mr. Diggs' parting words were all with Sir Sidney. In fact, Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Swathmore had already left to lunch at Romano's."

"Did you overhear any of Diggs' interview with Sir Sidney?"

"No, it took place entirely in Sir Sidney's office and, although it was certainly loud, no distinguishable words could be heard."

"Mrs. Porter, there are a few things we need to clarify about the morning of Mr. Tuttle's death. There would be no

way for anyone to enter Mr. Tuttle's office without your seeing them, is that correct?"

"Quite correct. None of the offices have adjoining doors and so anyone wishing to see Mr. Tuttle would have had to pass through the centre work area."

"There were eleven contracts to be posted, correct?"

"Ten contracts, actually, addresses typed on company envelopes. Five were sent to textile firms in Germany. Four were sent to textile firms in Manchester. The last was addressed to August Heathcliff in London. The eleventh letter was personal, hand addressed, from Mr. Tuttle to Mrs. Cartwright."

"Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Yes, I suppose it had to do with some social function or other. You see, Mr. Cartwright is absolutely dedicated to the firm. He also fairly dotes on his wife. These two 'passions,' as he describes them, sometime conflict in that he often has important work to complete just when Opera Season opens or a dress ball is scheduled. In order not to disappoint his wife, he will request one of the junior clerks to escort her. Mr. Tuttle escorted her to many such functions and I assume the letter had something to do with one."

"In view of Mr. Cartwright's attitude towards the firm, isn't his sudden leave of absence rather strange, especially at a time when these important contracts were in the works?"

"I am afraid I have no light to shed on that. Only to agree that it is most unlike Mr. Cartwright."

"Thank you, Mrs. Porter."

"You're most welcome."

17 NW

"Yes, Mr. Tuttle was a very good customer," says the clerk at J.W. Benson, Ltd. with an unsuppressed smirk. "He bought several gold-plated lockets, the inscribed initial varied, of course. He was in only last week to pick up another one, only it was solid gold, not plate, with inlaid diamond chips. I believe I detected a change in attitude with this purchase. He seemed, how should I say, more serious."

18 NW

Sam Parsons gives us a wink. "Got something for you today." He takes out and sets on the counter a small copy of a Roman treasury house. Wiggins looks it over carefully, and then says to us, "Moriarty must be up to something that has nothing to do with our case."

30 NW

Miss Brenda Walker, a small, plain woman in her late twenties, with dull brown hair and large eyeglasses, is a bundle of energy. From the speed with which she moves about her flat, one can readily infer that her speed at the typewriter must be prodigious indeed. Accompanying this flurry of activity — plumping pillows, re-setting furniture, clearing away knitting — is a steady stream of patter consisting of sympathetic remarks concerning Mr. Tuttle, questions about the progress of our investigation and speculations as to the identity of the culprit, during which we find it difficult to get a word in edgewise.

Then, as abruptly as this veritable pyrotechnic display of sight and sound had begun, it ceases. Miss Walker comes to rest on a small settee, her eyes wide open in expectation, her attention to us complete. It leaves us at as much of a loss as her former frenetic activity.

"Ah...yes... Miss Walker...ah...would you.... You worked late with Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Swthmore last evening, is that correct?"

"Certainly. Well, the firm was drawing up some important contracts, very confidential. Of course, I never read what I type, at least I don't remember it, I just type. Mr. Swathmore asked me to stay late last evening as Mr. Tuttle — perhaps I should say poor Mr. Tuttle now — had some last minute revisions and the contracts had to be sent out in the morning — 'posthaste' I believe the expression is. Well, Mr. Swathmore is a very imposing individual — I must admit to being slightly afraid of him at times — so when Mr. Swathmore makes a request it is really a command in disguise — a very thin disguise to be sure—"

"Miss Walker!"

It is a great mistake to pose such a broad question to her. If the interview is to continue at anything less than a mad gallop, it is evident that we must frame specific questions and hope against hope that she will confine her answers to a few well-chosen words.

"Miss Walker, you were there alone with Mr. Swathmore and Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes. Imagine me alone with two gorgeous men. Of course, Mr. Swathmore is quite a bit older and a bit intimidating, but he is a very attractive man and a bachelor, and Mr. Tuttle, one cannot say enough about Mr. Tuttle's charms.... Tut, tut, poor Mr. Tuttle—"

"Miss Walker, no one else was in the office aside from the three of you? No one else entered while you were there?"

"No. No one. Now nothing happened between us, I assure you. We worked is all. You mustn't think—"

"No, no, of course not. Do you know what time it was when you left?"

"It was exactly 11:15. As Mr. Tuttle handed me up into a cab, Mr. Swathmore commented on the time and made a joke about my being home before mid-night so as not to turn into a pumpkin or something. I suppose when one considers it, Mr. Swathmore is very, well, dashing. He is—"

"The three of you left together, then?"

"Yes..."

"Ah...yes...yes. About the contracts. Where were they being sent?"

"I really don't know, I'm afraid."

"Oh, that's right, you did mention that you don't retain what you type."

"That *is* curious, isn't it? But in this case I didn't type the envelopes. Mr. Swathmore got them from his office and gave them directly to Mr. Tuttle. I believe they were going to various foreign textile firms, although just where I could not say. There was a great deal of secrecy about them, but within the office it is difficult to keep anything too secret. It's amazing—"

"Contracts were in Mr. Cartwright's sphere, were they not? Why was Mr. Swathmore, the head of the trust division, involved?"

"Well, Mr. Cartwright left the office very suddenly yesterday morning and the contracts had to be gotten right out and I suppose Mr. Swathmore just took it upon himself to see that they were completed."

"Do you know anything about Mr. Cartwright's sudden leave of absence?"

"No, not really. I had just been in his office with the morning mail and he looked fine. Then he came out all pale and sick-looking and left. You know a person's health is so important—"

"And that was the last you saw of Mr. Cartwright?"

"Yes. A messenger arrived later in the afternoon with a note saying that Mr. Cartwright would be taking a leave of absence at which time Mr. Swathmore volunteered to assist Mr. Tuttle with the contracts and asked me to stay and do some last minute typing."

"Thank you, Miss Walker, you've been most helpful."

"You're welcome. Silly me! All this time I've forgotten to offer you some refreshment. I could brew up some tea and I've a fresh-baked pie. I'm really a good cook, even if I do say so myself. My mother always said—"

"No, no. That's very kind of you. Thank you again, Miss Walker. Goodbye."

32 NW

At the door to the Cartwright home the maid informs us that Mr. Cartwright is not at home. Our request to see Mrs. Cartwright instead is met with some resistance and it is only after our business is explained and that explanation carried inside that we are admitted.

Mrs. Fay Cartwright is waiting for us in the sitting room. With a few soft-spoken words she dismisses the maid, who hovers over her protectively, and offers us a seat. In her late forties, she is an attractive woman once possessed of great beauty now waning. She appears very pale, the more so due to the contrast of her very dark hair and eyes.

"Can you tell us anything about Mr. Cartwright's whereabouts?"

"No, I sent our butler James to enquire at the Criterion Club, but I was hoping you could tell me something. He came home early yesterday and left this."

She hands us a note which reads:

I received a note at the office. I know everything. I did not know I could have been so blind. If you love him, I will not stand in your way.
Whitney

In answer to our questioning look, she explains.

"My husband must have found out about Mr. Tuttle and me. The irony of it is that Mr. Tuttle broke off the affair several months ago."

She is silent a moment, then goes on to tell us the whole story.

"Whitney is quite dedicated to the firm, so much so that he is often unable to attend various social functions. So as not to disappoint me, Whitney will have one of the junior clerks escort me while he attends to the firm's business. Melvin, Mr. Tuttle, received that assignment for the first time last June. He was very different from the others. They looked upon it as a duty, but Mr. Tuttle seemed to genuinely enjoy my company. He made me feel young and beautiful and desirable. Finally, he declared his love for me. Then, two and a half months ago Melvin seemed to change. When I questioned him he admitted that he was in love with another woman. He wanted to break off with me. I had not seen or talked to him since that time. Three days ago I sent him a message that I wanted to see him. His reply, which I've only just read, was quite firm. He said that it was out of the question."

"Do you know anything about the note that your husband alluded to?"

"No, I can't imagine who knew about the affair or why they would wait until after it was over to expose it... If you find my husband, please tell him that I love him and that I will make it up to him."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cartwright. Sorry to have troubled you."

As we leave we notice the sign on Ambrecht & Co., Chemists next door which reads "Closed for vacation."

39 NW

Henry Swathmore is a tall, thin man whose manner, cool and distant, is both irritating and intimidating.

"Can you give us an explanation of Mr. Tuttle's rapid rise in the firm?"

"It is quite simple really. He was qualified to do the job. A bright lad, we shall all miss him."

"May we take it that you sponsored Mr. Tuttle?"

"In point of fact, Mr. Cartwright sponsored Tuttle, if 'sponsored' is the right word."

"You said that he was qualified to do the job. What exactly was the job, at least as far as the first promotion to the executive level?"

"To take some of the burdens off of the senior partners by dealing with the lesser matters that normally came to our attention."

"Why was Mr. Tuttle given a junior partnership and Mr. Diggs not?"

"Diggs proved unsatisfactory, I'm afraid. He was supposed to solve little problems not create more. Tuttle, on the other hand, showed initiative, spirit and a good sense of judgement. Mr. Cartwright was very high on him and I agreed and went along."

"You worked late with Mr. Tuttle on the evening before his death, is that correct?"

"Yes. Sir Sidney asked me to lend a hand when Mr. Cartwright quite inexplicably left the office. There were some very important contracts to be finished and mailed by the next post."

"We thought that they were Mr. Tuttle's responsibility."

"Yes, but under the supervision of Mr. Cartwright. Sir Sidney evidently felt the contracts were too important to be solely Tuttle's responsibility."

"Do you have any idea of why Mr. Cartwright quit his post at such a crucial juncture?"

"I have no idea."

"You worked with Mr. Tuttle and Miss Walker that evening. Did anyone join you, did anything strange happen?"

"No, we worked until 11 or so; Tuttle and I put Miss Walker in a cab; he took the next cab to his home and I took a third one to mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Swathmore."

42 NW

We arrive at 221B Baker Street and find that Holmes is out. Watson is there and he explains that Holmes left not ten minutes before.

"He came in fairly bubbling with excitement, humming no less. When I asked him about it, he pulled an envelope from his pocket and said, 'spring is in the air.' Then he went over to his laboratory table and conducted a few tests. I think the envelope is still there."

We walk over to the table and, indeed, the envelope is on the table.

Confidential

Mr. August Heathcliff
53 Port Street
London, SW

"Then he left without another word," continues Watson. "Holmes is capable of the most erratic behavior, I'm afraid."

72 NW

John Taylor, to all appearances, must be the oldest chemist in the world. Sitting motionless at his dining table, he seems at least 100 years old. Mercifully, his mental faculties are still intact. "Sorry lads, but I haven't had an active practice in 35 years. I never get around to telling them to change the listing in the directory. I hope you find what you are looking for elsewhere."

AREA WC

5 WC

After a thorough search, we find the cabbies that took away Brenda Walker and Melvin Tuttle from the Sloane Building the night before the murder. Miss Walker's cabbie says he took her directly to her home at 30 Brook-street.

Tuttle's cabbie says that he also took Mr. Tuttle directly home. We are unable to find the cabbie that carried away Mr. Swathmore — or at least any cabbie that will admit to doing so.

7 WC

Tuttle's landlady kindly lets us into his flat which we find in a shambles. It is evident that not a nook or cranny had been left untouched by the intruders. As we pick among the rubble, we find several things of interest.

First, there is Tuttle's bank book from the Bank of England. The last three months showed a marked increase in deposits. Next there is an earring — inexpensive costume jewelry such as one might purchase in any department store. Finally there are two letters.

One has no return address and is dated 23 June. It reads:

Darling -- I cannot accept that it is over. Please, please come to see me. I love you beyond all caring!

Fay

The other is actually one of a series of letters with the same return address: "V.M. 25 Chichester-street, SW." We find twenty-four such letters dating as far back as December 17, 1889. The one we choose at random is dated March 10, 1890 and reads, in part:

Your high spirits on Sunday gave me great hope. I believe in you and know that you will one day overcome Father's objections. But know that if it takes longer than you would wish, I will wait. I will wait forever if need be.

Ginny

8 WC

During the short trip from the front door to the back of the house, we learn more than we need to know about Bertha Puddle's personal life. Weighing in at something close to 15 stone, Diggs' landlady flounces and bounces, flashes a teasing smile and bats her eyelashes, all in a coquettish display that borders on the grotesque. It seems that she has lately buried her fourth husband and is, "unused to the absence of intimate male companionship," in her words. She quotes her age at 25, a considerable understatement, and proudly displays her perfect white teeth by way of proof. Fortunately, we are saved from viewing other parts of her anatomy by our arrival at a small flower garden at the back of the house.

Harold Diggs, who is puttering about, visibly cringes when Mrs. Puddle calls his name. No doubt he fears that he is targeted as husband number five. It is not until Mrs. Puddle is well away that the colour returns to his cheeks.

Diggs is a tall man in his mid-thirties. Decked out in the apparel of an amateur horticulturist, he still retains a serious look about him, a look that most would find comforting, even prerequisite, in a solicitor. We quickly explain our business and ask about his relationship with Tuttle.

"We got on well enough, I suppose. I will admit, I did not like the man and I thought that others were more qualified for his position, but I bore him no malice."

"You resigned because of his promotion to junior partner, is that correct?"

"Yes, I felt that it was the final insult to me. I had been with the firm for eleven years, Tuttle but two. My work, I say quite immodestly, was superior. When he was promoted and I was not, I felt my prospects with the firm were limited. So I resigned."

"Your dislike was based solely on professional rivalry then?"

"No, it was much more personal. I hold Miss Spring in high regard. I tried to warn her against involvement with the man — he was a cad — but to no avail. I was sorry to see her taken in by his glibness."

Mrs. Puddle reappears at the back door with a delivery man in tow. Curiously, he looks as uncomfortable as all men are who come under her sway. As quickly as he can, he deposits his load and flees. We can't help but notice that the delivery comes from Grayson's Nursery, and that the two bags of weed killer are clearly marked with a skull and crossbones.

We finish our interview but are reluctant to run the gauntlet back through the house. Sensing our predicament, Diggs informs us that there is an exit into the alley behind.

14 WC

At the Office of Records we speak with Disraeli O'Brian about Tuttle.

"Oh, yes. For a stretch of months he came in almost every day on what I took to be his lunch hour. Haven't seen him in two months, though."

"Can you tell us what records he sought?"

"He concerned himself with property transaction files, which consist of the names of owners of a given property lot and the dates when that lot were transferred to another owner. They also listed sale prices."

"Did he ever mention why the interest?"

"He never said and I never asked."

17 WC

There is no record of a will for Melvin Tuttle at Somerset House.

19 WC

The head waiter at Romano's tells us that during the last two months Mr. Swathmore and Mr. Tuttle dined together quite frequently.

29 WC

Although built by Sir Sidney some ten years ago as a monument to his firm's reputation, the Sloane Building houses more than just the offices of Sloane, Swathmore & Cartwright. The ground floor is occupied by several commercial shops that include a shoe repair shop and a glass-eye maker. The second floor is occupied by various professional people, including Brickbat and Buttress, Architects, and Dr. Jerrold Mason, the physician called to the scene. Only the third and domed fourth floor, sitting atop the building like the final tier of a wedding cake, are occupied by the firm.

In the lobby we question Emmett Price, the operator of the executive lift. He is a young, well-favoured lad, neatly decked out in a blue, quasi-military uniform. Although the executive offices are closed, Price is on duty to shuttle up and down the several officers of the law who are roaming about the place. It seems that the police are still investigating "the scene of the crime." Price restates the time of arrivals that morning as given to us by Inspector Lestrade.

"Did you speak to Mr. Tuttle at all?"

"Just to say 'hello,' which ain't anymore than usual. He was in good spirits, whistling, he was."

"Mrs. Porter and Miss Spring arrived about an hour later, shortly before nine?"

"That's right. Mrs. Porter was the first. She gave me a fresh biscuit like she always does and said good morning. Miss Spring arrived just as I was about to shut the door. She seemed, I don't know, nervous or something. Didn't say a word. She's quite a looker, ain't she?"

"Were you on duty last night?"

"'Course. I stay until everybody's gone, no matter how late. I'm the only way up or down, you see."

"Do you recall when everyone left last night?"

"Times, you mean? Sure. Mr. Cartwright left, oh, a little before noon. Usually he's the one who keeps me late. One for working late, he is. Anyways, yesterday he seemed awful upset. Now he's the one to pass the time of day with me. Asks about me Mum or me girl friend or whatnot. Didn't say a word, that's how I known he was upset. Ah, Sir Sidney left at four, his usual time. Miss Spring and Mrs. Porter left just after five. It was then that Mrs. Porter told me that Mr. Swathmore, Miss Walker and Mr. Tuttle were working late."

"At what time did they leave?"

"It was exactly 11:15. Got to mark down me time, you know."

"Did they leave together or separately?"

"Well, they all come down together but they left in separate cabs. Miss Walker's hansom went down Piccadilly, Mr. Tuttle's went north up Little St. Andrew's and Mr. Swathmore's went west out Castle and turned South on Endell."

At our request, Price takes us to the fourth floor where we find Constables Barnwell and Throgmorton, out of uniform and playing gin rummy. They are momentarily embarrassed by our entrance and sheepishly ask us not to report their conduct to Lestrade. By way of explanation they assure us that everything that was needed to be done had been done, that is, the entire premises had been searched and nothing suspicious had been found. We promise that Lestrade will hear nothing from us and ask if we can tour the premises. They give us the complete freedom of the floor and access to Tuttle's office. We find nothing of interest either.

31 WC

The Manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Phineas Fast, is a man of great charm. A former actor who gave up performing to go into the business end, he still retains a sonorous voice and expansive manner.

"Ah yes, I remember the night of April 9th quite well. It was the closing night of Mr. Henrik Ibsen's new play *A Doll's House*. In many ways it was a sad night. One hates to see the curtain rung down on such a startling new talent as Mr. Ibsen. And Mrs. Achurch's performance in the lead role was, as usual, brilliant. But we had extended the run for a year and we did have previous commitments to other productions. Hopefully, Mr. Ibsen will allow us to house his next work. In any case we were sold out that night and unfortunately tickets had been double printed and sold for Box #1. I was called on to resolve an essentially unresolvable situation. It seemed that a young man, such as you described — I don't recall if he gave his name as Tuttle or if he gave some other name — had purchased all six seats in the box, although he and his companion were occupying only two. Shortly before curtain time another party appeared with, regrettably, six properly printed tickets for the night for that box. I'm afraid no inducement would convince the young man to give up the four empty seats and allow two more to be squeezed in. He simply would not hear of it. Much against fire regulations, I was forced to seat the party of six in the orchestra aisle. Of course, I refunded their admission price. No one was happy with the arrangement. The young man was incensed at being disturbed and the other party was just as put out, a free performance of a work destined to become a classic notwithstanding."

"Do you recall anything about the young man's companion?"

"Yes, of course. Before an actor can perform life with any skill, he must observe it. Although I no longer tread the boards, I retain the habits of my early training. The young man's companion was a very attractive woman in her late forties. Dark hair and eyes. Stylishly dressed and aglitter with jewelry — very expensive jewelry. She seemed embarrassed by the intrusion. Also, from looks passed back and forth from the young man to her, I detected a bit of tension between them, altogether independent of the situation."

"Thank you, Mr. Fast, for your time and your remarkable memory."

33 WC

Mr. Huggins of Mullet, Flout & Smerth, Solicitors, tells us that Mr. Diggs has only been with the firm two days but that they are already impressed with him.

34 WC

From the size of the proprietor of Lydell's Bakery, we judge that he is very fond of his pastry products.

"Of course, I know Mrs. Porter. She comes into the shop every morning on her way to pick up fresh biscuits. Has been for over fifteen years."

38 WC

At the British Museum we are directed to the office of Michael Kempfield, financial administrator.

"Mr. Kempfield, we meet again."

"Hello, Mr. Wiggins. I must tell you again that the friends and family of Oswald Mason are very appreciative of all your help in the murder investigation. What brings you here today?"

"Another murder, I'm afraid. Melvin Tuttle of the firm of Sloane, Swathmore and Cartwright. We understand that they handle much of the Museum's property holdings. What can you tell us?"

"Henry Swathmore has complete charge of the Museum's Investment Trust. It is a relief to me not to be burdened with the details of the trust's management. That fund has grown under Mr. Swathmore's stewardship and I have complete confidence in him."

"Thank you."

"Good luck."

39 WC

The bookeeper at the Pharmaceutical Society is willing to cooperate with us. We ask him if he knows where and if it would be possible to obtain chinaberry or extract of chinaberry.

"Chinaberry? Well, let me see...." He flips through a huge musty ledger. "Chinaberry...oh, it is extremely rare. Practically unavailable outside its native habitat. We here at the society had brought some over more than forty years ago for study purposes, but it was disposed of shortly thereafter. We have no records of any chinaberry being brought into England since that time. If you know anyone who has got some, they must have brought it into the country illicitly."

66 WC

The clerk at Squire & Sons is bewildered when we ask him if they sell chinaberry. "We don't sell anything, sir. We merely do analyses for people, professors and the like. We're more of a consulting firm."

AREA EC

5 EC

"Mr. Swathmore takes care of everything for me," says George Hamilton. "I'm afraid I have no business sense at all."

11 EC

We enter Bell's Baths and are approached by a seedy looking ancient, broom in hand, whose generously tattooed forearms tell a tale of life on the salt sea. Shipwrecked now, he seems to us out of place in the opulent surroundings of

this leisure-class haunt. But since no one else seems to question his presence and his directions to the manager's office prove accurate, we do not dwell on it overmuch.

Our knock on the manager's door is answered by a booming, "Come in." Once inside we find Mr. Filbert Raike, a giant of a man both in height and breadth. He is dressed in a broad-striped suit which, given his tremendous bulk, borders on the ridiculous. A diamond stickpin, of considerable size and doubtful value, gleams from the folds of his black cravat. His hair is slicked down with enough of a sweet-smelling pomade to cause tearing at close range. In all respects of sound, sight and smell, Mr. Raike is a formidable personage indeed.

With the aid of what must be very powerful legs, he rises from behind his desk to greet us. At first his manner is extremely affable. No doubt he initially thinks of us as prospective customers and so exudes an appropriate oily charm. But once we make known our business, his manner abruptly changes. He plops down into his chair and eyes us with a mixture of caution and malevolence.

"Mr. Henry Swathmore is a member of the club, is he not? I believe he was here this morning. Did he meet anyone?"

"I do not pry into my customers' private affairs. Whether he met anyone or not, I would not know."

"Was Mr. Melvin Tuttle a member?"

"Ah...yes. Until last week. He resigned."

"Did he give any reason for his resignation?"

"Not that I recall."

"Did Mr. Swathmore bring Mr. Tuttle into the club?"

"No. I mean, I have no idea. I'm afraid I have no more time for your questions. I'm a very busy man. Good day."

As we are about to leave, the old salt first encountered approaches us again.

"Now if ya's come to ol' Jack Jensen in the first place, it'd saved ya the royal runaround," he whispers, stabbing his thumb to emphasize his point. We understand and pass him a few coins.

"Thankee. This'll go down well tonight at the Bar of Gold. Now, down to cases. Mr. Swathmore met Mr. Livingston this morning."

"Mr. Livingston, the builder?"

"That's 'im. 'E owns the place. Used to be first mate aboard the *Glenda*, sailin' the China trade. Back in '58, the Cap'n met with an unfortuante accident, or so it was said. Mr. Livingston brought the *Glenda* through. The owners was so pleased they up an' gives 'im the Cap'n's share an' a fat bonus to boot. That's when he quits the sailor's life and set up for 'isself ashore. We was shipmates on that voyage. So was Mr. Raike, 'course 'e was a might less plump in them days. Anyways, this morning Mr. Raike cleaned out Mr. Tuttle's locker and brought the stuff to his office. Mr. Swathmore and Mr. Livingston were there waiting for a look-see."

"So Mr. Swathmore and Mr. Livingston are fast friends?"

"Been thick as thieves for a long time. Mr. Tuttle joined in, oh, three, four months back."

"What were they looking for in the locker?"

"Don't know. Didn't find it though. Swathmore was in a dither, let me tell ya'!"

We thank him for his help and he jingles the coins as if to say, "You're welcome."

38 EC

At Bart's we find Sir Jasper Meeks in his office huddled over a mass of papers.

"Sorry to intrude, Sir Jasper—"

"No, no, come in," he says with genuine relief. "Can't say if the pen is mightier than the sword but it most definitely is mightier than the scalpel. What can I do for you?"

"Can you tell us about the autopsy performed on Melvin Tuttle?"

"Ah, let's see," he says, rubbing his forehead as if turning the pages of a report. "Died of heart and respiratory failure. No disease present. An examination of the contents of his stomach indicate that he had not eaten since the previous evening. I tested for several common poisons, but I could find no foreign substances. Of course, you must realize that many poisons are virtually undetectable unless you know what you are looking for. Anything else?"

"No, that's all we wanted to know. Thank you."

"Don't run off. Have some tea, chat awhile. Did you by chance catch the cricket finals in the Gold Cup this year?"

46 EC

Miss Alice Spring has evidently done a great deal of weeping, as her red eyes and puffy face testify. Notwithstanding, she is still a very attractive lady. Seated in her small but comfortable flat, she composes herself to answer our questions.

"This morning? I arrived at the building a little before 9 o'clock, I suppose. I'm not sure of the exact time. Mrs. Porter and I rode the lift to the fourth floor together. Mr. Tuttle—"

She threatens to dissolve in a flood of tears but a few quick dabs with a soggy handkerchief save the situation.

"Mr. Tuttle," she begins again, bravely, "was in his office. While Mrs. Porter went around to the executive offices, I went in to see Melvin, Mr. Tuttle."

"Your relationship with Mr. Tuttle was more than professional?"

"We...had been seeing each other for some seven or eight months, yes. But Mr. Tuttle ended it last week."

"Then your business with him that morning was not personal?"

"No. I mean, yes it was. He had given me a gift, a parting gift if you will, and I had decided to return it."

"When he ended your relationship, it must have been quite a shock to you."

"I was deeply hurt. But on reflection, Melvin had never made any promises. We had never talked of...a more permanent situation."

"Did he give you a reason for ending it?"

"He said that he had met another woman, that he was serious about her and didn't think it fair to me to carry on."

"After you saw him that morning, you came back to your desk and remained there?"

"Yes, right up until—"

On the edge throughout, she plunges into the abyss. We do what we can to comfort her but, finding the task impossible, we apologize for our intrusion and leave.

50 EC

We enquire at Grayson's Nursery about the poison content of a specific weed killer.

"Oh, it contains trace elements of strychnine."

"Could one extract the strychnine from it?"

"Possibly. But it would take a very great deal of the powder to yield even a little strychnine."

51 EC

Richard Mainhart is nearsighted and more than slightly hard of hearing, and our interview with him is a series of stops, starts and backtracks. From it we do glean that Sloane, Swathmore and Cartwright have handled his business affairs for some time. They have a completely free hand.

"Mr. Swathmore himself usually delivers whatever papers I need to sign," he says to a bust of Julius Caesar, mistaking it for Wiggins.

52 EC

Porky Shinwell at the Raven & Rat has very little to offer us in the way of information. He knows nothing about the principals in the case. By way of apology, he stands us a pint, or two, or three.

Case Ten

22 January, 1891

The Case of the Pilfered Paintings



REGENT STREET

AREA SE

6 SE

At the office of Cummins and Goins we ask the despatcher about the delivery to the National Gallery.

"Okay, sure, let me just find the delivery order. Here it is, from Brady Norris, 'January 21, 5:30 p.m., pick up 3 crates at 38 Blackfriar's Bridge-road and deliver to the National Gallery!"

11 SE

Constable Lane is standing outside the blackened door to Matthew Cole's room at the Dover Rooms and informs us that the Yard suspects foul play. "At about 2 o'clock this morning a fire started in Mr. Cole's room. Fortunately, it was put out before it spread to any other part of the building. Mr. Cole's body has been sent to St. Bartholemew's Hospital; some of the charred debris from the room was sent to Murray at the Criminology Laboratory for examination."

The doorman informs us, "Mr. Cole has lived here for the past two months. He kept pretty much to himself, and he did not seem to be employed, for he spent a great deal of time in the pubs in the area. I have seen him myself at the Red Boar Inn."

23 SE

"At the time the alarum sounded, I was on patrol outside the Gallery. At the moment, I was talking to Constable Parks at the Northeast corner of the Gallery. At the sound of the alarum I went immediately to the east door to stand guard. Constable Parks ran behind the Gallery toward Whitcomb-street blowing his whistle to summon aid."

34 SE

The bartender says that the last time he saw Matthew Cole was two days ago. "Matt has become one of our regular customers over the last few months. Why, just the other day he was here with a heavy-set gentleman who walked with a limp and carried a cane. They spent over an hour here in deep conversation. I didn't recognize the gent, but since he was buying all of the drinks, Matt consumed more than was his wont."

38 SE

We find the owner of the warehouse, Jim Hodges, who tells us, "The warehouse was rented until yesterday by a Mr. Matthew Cole, who had rented it for the week previous. It doesn't look like he did much work in here — it looks like it did before I gave it to him."

AREA SW

2 SW

Langdale Pike has secreted himself away in a corner of the Societies Club in order to avoid his admirers. He does not look well. "Oooh, my poor head. I believe I had too much to drink at Dame Agnes' bash last night."

"What did you hear there that might be of interest to us?" says Wiggins, apparently too loudly for Pike's liking, as he clutches the sides of his head and rocks back and forth at the sound of Wiggins' voice.

"I heard many things, but nothing quite as loud as that." He pauses for a moment to let the pain in his head subside. "Pierre Donet dominated the festivities, I must say. I could hardly get a word in edgewise. The man certainly has placed himself in the position of art expert. I bet he knows more about those paintings than de Kuyper did himself. Oh, and that Mr. Hypsilanti and his barbaric Greek drinking customs. I don't blame the man, though; he surely was drowning his sorrows."

"His sorrows?"

"He rushed all the way from Greece to bid on the de Kuypers and missed the bidding just by a minute. He traveled three thousand miles and was a minute late. A tragedy, for him at least. I left early because I had other engagements," he closes his eyes in pain, "but I did not leave early enough. Ooooh." We take our leave as quickly as possible.

5 SW

We find listed in the *Encyclopaedia of Famous Artists*:

> De Kuyper, Jan (1580-1612). A student of Rubens and a painter in Rubens' studio until his death in 1612. Little is known of his life and none of his work was known until recently. In 1872 the painting *Lady in a Rosegarden* was discovered in a Brussels church attic by art expert Pierre Donet who attributed it to de Kuyper. This painting now hangs in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. Since then five other paintings, *The Unicorn and the Princess*, two untitled still-lifes, and his masterpiece, the large *Sunset in the Ardennes*, all in the collection of the Louvre, and *Apple Orchard*, in the private collection of Lord Winslow Smedley of London, have been discovered. His paintings indicate an understanding of colour that was to be seen in our time by the impressionist painters, but painted in the bold strokes becoming a student of Rubens. For a thorough study of de Kuyper's style, see *Style and Colour of de Kuyper* by Jean-Paul Beauclair (Paris, 1878).

7 SW

The bar-man at the Carleton points his thumb toward a lone figure at the end of the bar. "That's him, that's Sir Herbert," he says.

We move down to the end of the bar and join the tall, thin, bearded man.

"Sir Herbert?"

"Yes."

"Could we speak with you for a moment?"

"About what?" Sir Herbert pours himself another brandy from the bottle in front of him.

"About the de Kuyper paintings that were stolen last night from the National Gallery."

"What do I look like, an art lover? I don't know anything about the de Kuypers. Who says I do?"

"Were you not one of the bidders at the Armitage auction?"

He pours himself another drink and downs it before answering. "I was acting for someone else."

"For whom?"

"I can't tell you that. If they wanted to be known they wouldn't have hired me, now would they?"

"Do you know Brady Norris?"

"Yes, we were at Oxford together."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"I don't remember. We bump into each other from time to time, but we're not close friends."

"Where were you last night around 11?"

"Look, I spend a lot of money on drinks so that I won't remember where I am. Hey, Billy! Bring me another bottle, this one's dead," yells Sir Herbert to the bar-man as he drains the bottle. Billy brings a new one. "Was I here last night, Billy?"

"For a little while, Sir Herbert."

"Well, I guess you'll have to check the other bars if you want to find out where I was. Hey, who the hell are you guys anyway?"

"We're helping Sir Simpson investigate the theft."

"Well, I don't know anything about it, so why don't you let a man drink in peace."

8 SW

We are informed at the Diogenes Club that Mycroft Holmes is at work where he does not entertain visitors.

13 SW

"I'm convinced this theft was an inside job," says Gregson, when we ask him about the National Gallery investigation. "All the evidence indicates the thief had a key. He appears to have exited through an open window in one of the offices. We're checking out all the guards and the Gallery's staff, and we'll find our man, I have no doubt. But I'm not prepared to name any suspects at this time."

22 SW

Murray is at work at one of the tables littered with chemical paraphernalia. He is in the process of pouring a light brown liquid from a flask into a beaker. He looks at it for a moment and then reaches for another beaker containing a white liquid which he pours into the first beaker. With a glass rod he stirs the mixture into a light tan liquid.

"Mr. Murray, can we talk to you for a moment?"

Murray looks up, lifting his head so that he can see through the glasses that rest precariously on the end of his nose.

"Ah, Waggins, how are you?"

"It's Wiggins, sir. Do you have time to give us some information?"

"Yes, it's tea time. Would you care for some?" He reaches for the beaker on the table in front of him and takes a sip.

"No, thank you."

"Suit yourself. Let's see, I bet I know what Holmes would be interested in — 914, the debris from the fire at Matthew Cole's room. The debris consisted of wood, probably the broken remains of a chair, and a piece of a canvas oil painting. They were saturated with kerosene, so I think there is little doubt that this fire was arson. Some of the wood has smears of Prussian blue paint and there was a segment of canvas about 30x50 cm. which I sent over to my brother Mortimer to examine. He's an expert on paint pigment and teaches chemistry at London University.

"Now that I look at it, that's the only case I have received today. If you are looking for anything else, I can't help you."

"Thank you, sir. Enjoy your tea."

56 SW

The butler admits us to the stately mansion of Lord Winslow Smedley and ushers us into a sunny sitting room. We glimpse numerous paintings adorning the walls of the rooms we pass as well as the room where we wait for Lord Smedley. He does not keep us waiting long.

"I understand that you are assisting the authorities. I am not sure how I might help, but I am anxious to co-operate in any way. What can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about your de Kuyper, sir?"

"I thought myself quite lucky several years ago when M. Donet put me in touch with a Dutch gentleman who had a de Kuyper for sale. It has been the pride of my collection ever since. I shared Sir Simpson's excitement at the prospect of bringing together all the de Kuypers. I can even admit to a bit of pride in being able to supply another 'English' de Kuyper. I certainly hope the paintings are recovered soon."

"May we ask where your painting is now?"

"Yes, I deposited it in the vault of Cox and Company until this matter is cleared up."

AREA NW

18 NW

"Nothing for you today," says Parsons.

19 NW

The maitre d' of Haxell's answers our question:

"Yes, I know Angelo Hypsilanti and Clifton Maddox. They were here last night. Arrived around 10:30 and went straight to the bar. At 11 they were joined by two, uh... er... ladies. They were a rather loud party and went through quite a few bottles of the bubbly."

"What time did they leave?"

"About 2, as I recall."

"Did you happen to overhear where they were going?"

"No. I do know they didn't take a cab, though. They were walking down Whitcomb-street when I last saw them, singing at the tops of their voices. Not very good voices, I might add."

21 NW

We are shown into the well-appointed office of Joseph Armitage. He greets us from behind his desk and motions us to take the empty chairs arranged before him. He is a small man and his slight frame is almost lost in his large leather chair. His thinning hair and pale delicate features make him appear as fragile as the porcelain that decorates his office. "I understand you are here in conjunction with the de Kuyper theft. How may I help you?" asks Armitage.

"Could you give us details leading up to and including the sale of the de Kuyper paintings?"

"I suppose so. For the most part it is public knowledge. It was early June, let me see if I can find the exact date." Armitage opens a leather book that is lying on the desk. Yes, here it is, June 10. On that date I received a visit from Hiram Davenport, a solicitor here in London, who informed me that his client had two paintings by de Kuyper that he wished to auction. This, of course, sparked my interest. It is not every day that such extraordinary paintings are offered for sale. I told him that it would be an honour to handle the sale. My euphoria abated as I learned of the conditions of the sale."

"And what were those conditions?"

"That the auction had to be held on July 1st and that a public announcement was not to be made until June 23rd! Only one week advance notice! I was flabbergasted. The auction of two de Kuypers would be the art event of the year and two *months'* notice would not be unreasonable. Unreasonable? It was the *only* reasonable thing to do. And, as if that were not enough, Mr. Davenport informed me that they had to be sold as a pair. A pair! Well, I informed Mr. Davenport that his client would stand to lose a great deal of potential profit through these restrictions. Davenport said his instructions were clear and immutable. If I could not meet the conditions, then he would have to find an auction house that could. Of course, I accepted."

"Weren't you suspicious? It seems that these are very unusual conditions, or am I wrong?"

Armitage rises from his chair and walks over to the ornate sideboard decorating the left wall of his office. He pauses, his eyes transfixed by the delicate porcelain displayed there. After a moment he turns to us and says, "You must understand, Armitage's is not your local shoe emporium. For three generations we have been the most prestigious auction gallery in London, no, in the world. You get that reputation by putting before the public the best and rarest of objects, not by turning them away. What could be rarer than paintings by de Kuyper? The papers were in order. A *Certificate of Authenticity* signed by Pierre Donet, the well-known de Kuyper expert. Export papers approved by the Belgian government. Everything was in order. I have been head of Armitage's for twenty years and have dealt with some very eccentric clients. It is our duty to serve the client, to advise him on how he can get the best return on his sale, but in the end it is his decision on how the sale will be handled."

"So you do not know who the seller was?"

"No, I dealt only with Mr. Davenport. I am not sure that he was himself aware of the client's identity. This is not as unusual as it may seem. Many times a seller may wish to keep secret his sale. Most people sell when they are in need of money and for personal and business reasons don't want

that fact made public."

"What can you tell us about the auction itself?"

"Not much more than what was in the papers at the time. Unfortunately, it went as I had expected. Due to the short public notice many of the big bidders did not show. Sir Simpson Whitcomb was the successful bidder, as you know. I must admit the paintings brought more than I had expected. I had told Mr. Davenport at the time that the bidding might be as low as 80,000 pounds, which is what I had expected. So, when the paintings went for 125,000 pounds, I was pleased."

"Why did they go for more than you had expected?"

"There was some very energetic bidding from Sir Herbert Cofman and Dame Agnes Smedley."

"What can you tell us about them?"

"Not much. Dame Agnes is a frequent participant at art auctions. She bids early but usually drops out once the bidding gets serious. She has gotten some bargains this way. But she is not what I would call a serious bidder. Sir Herbert Cofman comes from a well-known family. His father was a railway magnate and was serving in the Cabinet when he died. My dealings with Sir Herbert have been on the other end. I don't think it is any secret that he has been selling off his family heirlooms over the past year. I assume he was looking to pick up the de Kuypers cheap and resell them for a profit."

"And those were the only bidders?"

"Yes, for all practical purposes. Of course there were other bids but nothing serious. Unfortunately, Angelo Hypsilanti arrived after the bidding had closed."

"The Greek shipping tycoon?"

"Oh, you haven't heard about this?" Armitage returns to his seat behind the desk. Placing his elbows upon the desk and bending his head in our direction, he continues, "Moments after I had closed the bidding Angelo Hypsilanti dashed into the hall. When I told him that he had missed the de Kuypers by minutes, he demanded that the bidding be reopened. I informed him, of course, that once the gavel had fallen the bidding is closed. He was furious. It seems that when he heard of the sale he had rushed here from Greece to participate."

"What can you tell us about him?"

"He is an enigma in the art world. A man of great wealth with a passion for art. You can find him at most art auctions. It is rumoured that his private collection is one of the best in the world. Last year he bought at auction Rubens' *The Kings* for 150,000 pounds. I don't know much more than that. That's all I can recall."

30 NW

"Mid-night? Yes, I was on duty, I get off at 12:30. I do remember a man, quite heavy, walked with a limp and used a cane. He requested that I send a bellboy to Sir Herbert's room and ask him to come to the lobby. About five minutes later Sir Herbert came down, talked to the gentleman for a few minutes, and then asked me to have his carriage brought around. Both men left together in Sir Herbert's carriage. They were driving away as I was leaving."

"Is Sir Herbert in his room now?"

"No, he left about an hour ago."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, but I do know that he spends a lot of time at the Carleton and at Bell's Baths. But I'm not sure that's where he went."

"Thanks for your help."

36 NW

Pierre Donet receives us in the bar at the Langham Hotel. He is a tall, thin man in his late fifties with salt and pepper hair and a Vandyke beard. He is nattily dressed in the latest Continental style. Donet waves us into the vacant chairs at his table.

"What can you tell us about the theft of the de Kuypers?"

"Nothing, I am afraid. I only arrived in London yesterday afternoon. I had only enough time to settle into the hotel and prepare myself for Dame Agnes' dinner party. I learned of the theft at the party. Such a great tragedy,the loss of two priceless masterpieces after being so recently found."

"What can you tell us about the paintings themselves?"

"Oh, such a beautiful pair of paintings. *Summer Solstice* has such vibrancy, such brilliant colour. It has that sense of colour which has become the hallmark of de Kuyper. And *The Blue Unicorn*, it has such soul, the eyes were..."

"We are more interested in where the paintings came from, actually. Could you tell us who the seller was?"

"No, I can't be of much help there. I don't know who the seller was."

"You signed the *Certificate of Authenticity*, did you not?"

"Yes, I did. I was approached by Mr. Rudolf Steiner, a Berlin lawyer. He was representing a client who owned the two de Kuyper paintings which he wished to have authenticated. This was the first I had heard of these de Kuypers. I tried to find out more about their origins, but Mr. Steiner could not, or would not, tell me any more than that his client wished to remain anonymous and that he was only authorized to show me the paintings. Of course I had to see the paintings, if nothing else. The next day I went to his hotel room and saw them."

"And when was this?"

"Let me see, it would have been the first week of June. June 5th of last year, I believe."

"There was no doubt they were de Kuypers?"

Donet retrieves the bottle of Montrachet from the cooler and refills his wine glass. After he replaces the bottle he continues, "You must understand that authenticating a work of art is not an exact science. I must admit that I had my doubts, but they all vanished once I entered that hotel room. Even from the doorway there was little doubt that what I saw were de Kuypers. Upon close examination I was convinced that they were indeed painted by de Kuyper. For five hours I went over those paintings and could find no fault. The signatures matched, the use of colour, the brush strokes, the type of canvas, everything was in order. What we look for is something out of order. We know nothing of de Kuyper's life. No diaries, no letters, no bills of sale, only his name mentioned by Rubens in two of his letters. We only know the dates of his birth and death from a letter which Rubens wrote in July of 1612 in which he states, 'I am saddened by the death, at age 32, of one of my students, Jan de Kuyper, who held great promise.' That is about all we know of him."

"So you saw the paintings only that one time?"

"No, I saw them a week or so later. On the 15th, I think it was. I was asked by Mr. Steiner to verify that the paintings he was turning over to a man from Lloyd's were the same as those I had authenticated. They were. That was the last I saw of them."

"So you have no knowledge pertaining to the theft?"

"No, I am an artist not a policeman. More Montrachet?"

41 NW

"I started my rounds at approximately 11:25. I reached Gallery XII at approximately 11:35 and noted the empty frames where the de Kuyper paintings should have been and sounded the alarum. When Mike arrived he sent me to check the loading entry. I unlocked the office wing door and ran to the loading dock door. It was still locked and barred from the inside. I unlocked the storeroom door and found the art objects there undisturbed. I then checked each of the offices. In Mr. Norris' office I noticed the window unlatched, but everything else in the office seemed in order. A check of Sir Simpson's office, the secretarial office and the library showed everything to be in order. I then stood guard in the

office wing until the arrival of the police."

42 NW

Watson shows us a telegram which has just arrived for Holmes:

BERLIN, 22 JAN, 1891
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES:
IN RESPONSE TO YOUR ENQUIRY, I
WAS RETAINED BY PIERRE DONET.
RUDOLPH STEINER

47 NW

We await Dame Agnes in her library where we notice several familiar miniature statues including a Venus de Milo. When she joins us we find her to be quite loquacious. "The party that I gave last evening was in honour of the exhibition of the de Kuyper paintings. I invited as my special guest of honour M. Pierre Donet, the discoverer of *Lady in Rosegarden*, the first known de Kuyper painting. His presence caused quite a stir of excitement among the guests. M. Beauclair, an old friend of M. Donet's, was very happy to see him. My brother Lord Smedley and Sir Simpson congratulated me for thinking of bringing M. Donet over from Belgium for the opening. Mr. Norris, usually such an outgoing young man, seemed a little taken aback by M. Donet's presence and did not contribute to the evening's conversation as I had hoped. Mr. Hypsilanti and his friend Clifton Maddox added just the right dash of excitement to the affair. M. Donet was the toast of the party, entertaining us all with his jovial anecdotes. His enlightened discussions with M. Beauclair enhanced the appreciation of us all for de Kuyper. Mr. Hypsilanti and Mr. Maddox left early, around 10 o'clock, if I remember correctly, so they were not here when the constable arrived at nearly mid-night with word of the theft. Mr. Norris left immediately, and,after getting the full story from the constable, Sir Simpson asked Lord Smedley if he would be kind enough to drop his wife off at their home so that he could attend matters at the Gallery. Messrs. Beauclair and Donet left together intending, I believe, to have a drink at the Langham Hotel, where M. Donet is staying."

AREA WC

5 WC

"Blimey, Wiggins, don't ya know how much trouble you be putting me to with all these questions you be asking?"

"Come on, Jimmy," says Wiggins, in the humble tone he reserves for his favourite carriage despatcher, "you know how I appreciate your help. Us blokes got to help each other."

"You be a sweet talker, Wiggins, what time did you say, lad?"

"We'd like to know about two cabs which picked up fares at 47 Upper Gloucester-place. One at 10 o'clock and the other at mid-night. Where did they take their passengers?"

"Okay, let me see what I can find." He picks up the previous night's driver logs and starts going through them. "Ah, here we are. At 10, two people were picked up and taken to Haxell's. At midnight, one passenger was picked up and taken to the Claridge Hotel. So, what else do you need?"

"That's all we need, Jimmy. Thanks."

13 WC

"I suppose it will do no harm to tell you that I arranged the auction of the paintings with Armitage's according to the instructions of a Berlin lawyer, Mr. Rudolf Steiner."

14 WC

Disraeli O'Brian greets us as we enter the Hall of Records.

"Hello, Wiggins. You're usually here ahead of Scotland Yard, but Gregson beat you this time."

"What was he looking for Mr. O'Brian?"

"Well, he had me pull a few police records on suspected and convicted art thieves. Here they are:

Errol Hawk - Convicted of stealing jewels and a small painting in 1887. Released from Millbank in 1890. Convicted of murder in the case of Oswald Mason in 1890. Now awaiting execution at Millbank Prison.

Clifton Maddox - Arrested in 1889 on suspicion of involvement in the theft of a Turner painting from the London home of Sir Charles Chandos. Tried and acquitted.

Jimmy Macheath - Suspected in several art thefts in London and environs in 1890. Never apprehended or tried. Whereabouts unknown.

17 WC

At Somerset House we are unable to find any information of note on any of the names we have encountered so far in the case.

20 WC

Brady Norris rests his massive weight on his thick oak cane. His left leg is visibly shorter than the right. This is compensated for by a specially built shoe.

"Yes, Sir Simpson did mention that you might be by to talk with me," responds Norris to Wiggins' introduction. "He said to co-operate with you, so I guess you can come in."

We follow the slow-moving figure down the hall and around the corner into Norris' study. Norris slowly lowers his sizable physique into a large chair. He continues to hold his cane between his legs, resting his right hand on its heavy silver handle. Norris is in his mid-thirties with thick, black, curly hair and long side-burns framing his round face. He looks at us with large brown eyes.

"I don't see how I can be of much help to you. I was at Dame Agnes' dinner party when the robbery took place. I don't know any more than what I read in the paper."

"Right now we're just trying to piece together what happened. If you could just answer a few questions it might clear up some points for us."

"What is it that you want to know?" sighs Norris.

"Do you have any idea who might be responsible for the theft of the paintings?"

"No, no idea at all."

"Do you have any idea how the thieves might have gotten into the museum?"

"No."

"We understand that you were one of the last people to leave the museum on the night of the theft. Is it normal for the museum to receive shipments after the museum is closed?"

"Normal? No, but I have no control over when the shipments arrive. I was simply informed by the shipping company that it would arrive at that time."

"What was in the shipment?"

"Some sculpture that the museum had purchased."

"Were the de Kuypers the most valuable paintings in the museum or in gallery XII?"

"No, of course not."

"Then why do you think that only the de Kuypers were stolen?"

"I have no idea. I'm a curator not a policeman. I really don't see what good these questions are doing; I've told you I don't know anything."

"Just a couple more questions, Mr. Norris. After you left Dame Agnes' house last night, where did you go?"

"I came directly home and went to bed, and that is what I'm going to do now. I've told you all I know. I'm not feeling well, so if you will show yourselves out, I will bid you a good day."

22 WC

"Yes, we have the dubious pleasure of having Angelo Hypsilanti as a guest. Last night, I hear, the manager was not too happy with him. I understand that he came in with some friends and they created quite a ruckus — singing and dancing in the lobby. They really tied one on. I guess Mr. Hypsilanti is paying the price for it this morning; he left word not to be disturbed under any circumstances."

24 WC

Michael Balfe, the head guard, is waiting for us when we arrive at the National Gallery.

"Were you on duty last night?"

"Yes, I was. There were four guards on duty when the thefts occured: myself, Gordon Dickey, Warren Early and Charlie Pickens. Our shift starts at 4 p.m. each day and the routine never varies. Upon our arrival at 4 o'clock we prepare the Gallery for its closing at 5, and the day of the robbery was no exception. By quarter past 5, all of the employees of the Gallery had left with the exception of Sir Simpson and Mr. Norris. It is their custom to remain until the Gallery is secured. At half past 5, Sir Simpson informed me that he was going to his home and I personally let him out through the main entrance. Mr. Norris informed us that he was staying on because he was expecting a delivery. At approximately a quarter to 6, a Cummins and Goins delivery wagon arrived. Charlie and I helped Mr. Norris and the delivery men to unload one large crate and two smaller crates bearing the stencil of Jardine's into the storeroom through the loading dock door. After the delivery men had left, Charlie locked and barred the loading dock door. I left Mr. Norris in the storeroom to check his shipment and returned to the guard room. At half past 6, Mr. Norris informed me that he had locked the storeroom and that he would be leaving for the evening. I let him out through the main entrance. I then made my rounds, checking all of the doors in the office wing to make sure they were secured, and I locked the door to the office wing.

"At 7 the bell rang at the main entrance and there was Sir Simpson in the company of a French gentleman, whom Sir Simpson introduced as the curator of the Louvre. He informed me that he wished to show Mr. Beauclair the gallery in which the de Kuypers were hanging. I accompanied them to gallery XII and waited there while they admired the two paintings and discussed the placement of the other de Kuypers for the show. At half past 7, I showed them out through the main entrance and locked the door when they left. As he was leaving, Sir Simpson informed me that he would be at Dame Agnes Smedley's for the evening should he be needed.

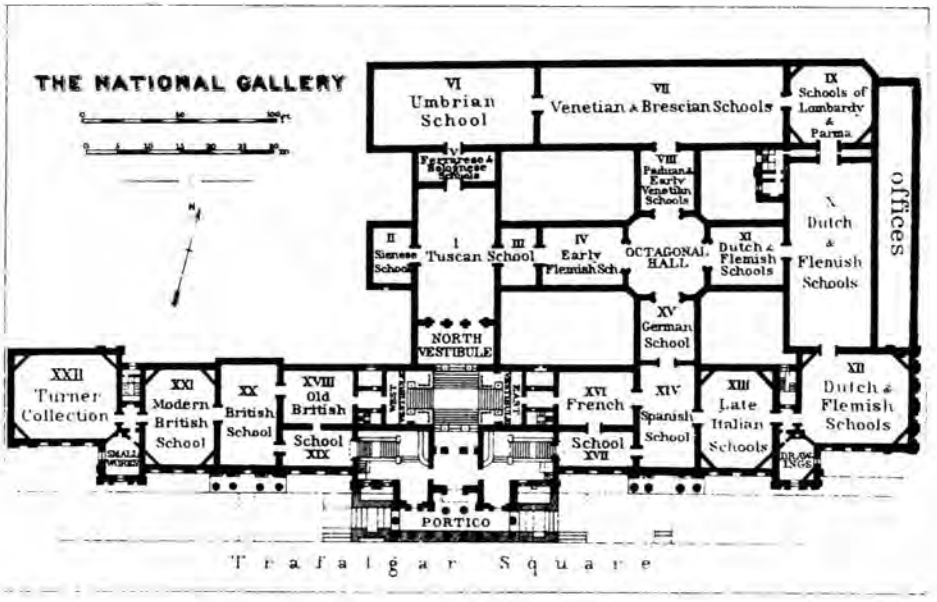
"Our routine consists of having one guard on patrol outside the Gallery and two patrolling inside, with the fourth remaining in the guard room by the main entrance. One of the inside patrols covers the British west wing coming back through the north vestibule, octagonal hall and back around to the entrance. The other follows a counterclockwise route through the east wing, checking the office wing as he passes the Dutch and Flemish rooms before passing through the northern galleries and the vestibules.

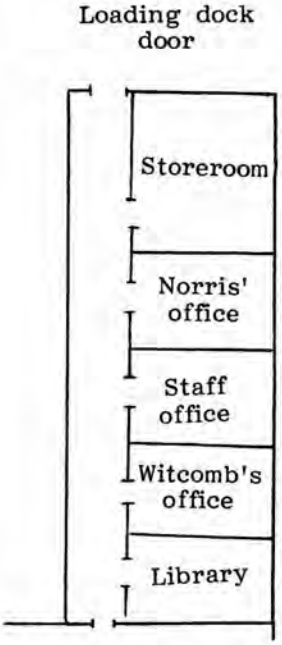
"I took the 11 o'clock rounds through the east wing. At that time, which would have been around 11:10, the paintings were in their proper place and in good order in Gallery XII. I checked the door that leads to the office wing, then continued on around to the guard room. Then Charlie made his rounds following the same path I had just made, except when he arrived at Gallery XII, he found that the two de Kuyper paintings had been cut from their frames. I answered his alarum — that was about 11:35 — and sent him to check the loading entry and the office wing.

"The only keys to the outside doors are kept in the guard room or in the custody of the patrolling guards. Sir Simpson and Mr. Norris, the only members of the staff to have keys, have keys only to the office wing door and the offices and storeroom in the office wing. Those are the events of that dreadful evening as I remember them. The other guards have given their statements to Scotland Yard and have returned to their homes."

27 WC

We find Jean-Paul Beauclair sitting down to his morning meal at the Metropole Hotel. "I am greatly distressed by the





Detail of offices

loss of the paintings. Fortunately, this thievery did not occur during the presence of the Louvre's de Kuyper collection. I regret not being able to examine the two paintings in detail. I think that the circumstances of the auction under which they were acquired by the National Gallery might raise some question as to their authenticity. Since the auction was held on such short notice, most of the major art buyers of the world, like myself, were not able to attend. There are many unscrupulous people in the art world and I am sure that there are buyers available for the stolen de Kuypers, buyers who would be so glad to add the paintings to their collections they would not be concerned with the circumstances under which they acquired them. Mon dieu, at the party last night at the home of Dame Agnes there were collectors such as M. Hypsilanti and perhaps even her brother Lord Smedley who would have no scruples when it came to enhancing their private collections."

43 WC

We find Mortimer Murray in his office in the midst of a heated debate with Jean-Paul Beauclair. Inspector Lestrade stands to one side watching Beauclair and Murray who are seated at a table. On the table between them is a charred section of a predominantly blue painting, its subject matter no longer recognizable. No one seems to notice us as we enter and stand just inside the door.

"Mr. Beauclair, I am not an art expert, but I am an expert on paint pigments and their chemistry. I am telling you that any art work which contains Prussian blue is not from the seventeenth century; the process to create Prussian blue had not yet been discovered!"

"Monsieur Murray, I have devoted my life to the study of art. I am the world's expert on de Kuyper and I tell you this painting was painted by de Kuyper. I have seen every de Kuyper painting and I will stake my reputation that this painting is done by the same hand — the hand of de Kuyper."

Murray reaches for the magnifying glass that lies on the table. He removes a long thin needle from a case and pushes it through the painting. He then looks at the spot with the magnifying glass.

"Look at the smoothness of that hole! Surely you are familiar with the needle test. This paint can't be more than 30 years old at most."

We exit as quietly as we entered, leaving the two men locked in their stubborn argument, neither willing to yield in this battle of science and ego.

AREA EC

4 EC

"When the alarum sounded, I went immediately to the main door and stood guard until Scotland Yard arrived."

11 EC

"Sir Herbert Cofman has not been in today."

15 EC

Jardine's informs us that the shipment of Nubian art consigned to the National Gallery was delivered to a warehouse at 38 Blackfriar's Bridge-road on the instructions of Mr. Brady Norris five days ago.

17 EC

We are shown into the office of Frank Peters, underwriter for Lloyd's. "Good afternoon, gentlemen. How may I help you?"

"We understand that you are the insurer of the de Kuypers. What can you tell us?"

"Yes, I am the underwriter for both the National Gallery and for Armitage's Gallery so I have been involved with the de Kuypers from the beginning. On June 12, Joseph Armitage met with me to take out an insurance policy on the two de Kuypers. This is a standard procedure for Armitage's as they are responsible for the articles in their keeping until they are sold. I issued a policy of 100,000 pounds on each painting. I went with Charles Armitage, Joseph's son, to pick up the paintings in Brussels. There we met Pierre Donet and he verified that the paintings we were picking up were the same as those he had authenticated as de Kuypers. When we had done so, we returned to London and turned the paintings over to Armitage's Gallery. As I said, we also handle the insurance for the National Gallery, so when they acquired the paintings they continued the same policy. I hope the paintings will be recovered. We are offering a 10,000 pound reward."

"Do you have the *Certificate of Authenticity* in your files?"

"Yes, we keep all of the papers in our vault. I have them here if you would like to see them."

Certificate of Authenticity

This Certificate certifies that I, Pierre Donet, have examined the two paintings, known as *Summer Solstice*, and *The Blue Unicorn*, and testify that to the best of my knowledge and ability, I ascertain these paintings to be the work of Jan de Kuyper.

23 EC

"You know, Wiggins, I feel very uncomfortable when you come in here with a list of names and want information on them. We do have an obligation to respect the privacy of our customers."

"I understand, Mr. Kimbel, and I'm not asking you to break any confidences you have with your customers," pleads Wiggins. "I just want an idea of their general financial situation — the same information you would give a merchant checking credit."

"Look, Wiggins, I'll help you because Holmes has helped us in the past. But you keep this information to yourself. I don't want to read about it in the papers! Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Kimbel calls to one of his assistants and hands him a list of the people for whom he wants financial records.

"Alright. Sir Simpson Witcomb — I don't need to check our records on him. He is one of the wealthiest men in England. The National Gallery has been one of the pet projects of the Witcomb family for three generations. It was Sir Simpson's grandfather, Sir Basil Witcomb, who introduced the Act of Parliament that established the National Gallery."

Kimbel's assistant returns and lays the requested files on the desk.

"Sir Herbert Cofman — I knew his father, Robert Cofman, the railway magnate. Sir Herbert started out brilliantly, took charge of the railway upon his father's death, and greatly expanded it. He was knighted at 28; a great future lay ahead of him. Then he got involved in South American ventures, Bolivian railroads. The whole project fell through and Sir Herbert lost his whole fortune, as well as those of many of his friends and associates. It seemed to break him. He turned to drink and seems to have become a different man. A tragedy. I don't know how he makes his money now. He did have a deposit of three thousand pounds last July, but nothing but withdrawals since.

"Angelo Hypsilanti, an enigma in the financial world. There is no lack of money behind him, but I can't tell you more than that.

"Brady Norris, opened an account here in July with a deposit of 50,000 pounds. Sorry, I don't even know who he is.

"That's all I can tell you, Wiggins."

"Thank you sir. It's been a help."

30 EC

Henry Ellis is eager to talk about the theft of the de Kuypers. "I half expected it," he says, "because something seemed fishy about this whole de Kuyper affair from the beginning. Not that I know a thing about art, but my European contacts told me of substantial consternation among elite art collectors over there when they heard that the two paintings were being auctioned on such short notice. It's unprecedented. They're sure there's a reason — perhaps a behind-the-scenes agreement to exclude certain people from bidding. Who knows? Let me tell you, though, that quite a few people are angry at not getting a chance to bid. And when Europeans get angry..." Henry gives us a wink. We thank him for the tip.

34 EC

Clifton Maddox' landlady tells us that he is not home. "I haven't seen him since yesterday."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg is familiar with the theft and the facts. "A real puzzler. Leaving motive aside, think on the mechanics of the crime. I know the museum guards personally, and can truthfully call them the best guards in London. Alert, punctual, honest and swift when need be. Michael, the head guard, is as honest a man as there is. So — how did the thief get inside? I'm sure the guards carefully locked all the doors and windows. They comb the museum at closings to ensure no one remains inside. And we have no evidence of forced entry. How was it done? Answer that, my friends, and you've solved 90% of the case. The who and why will come easily after that." He wishes us luck.

36 EC

"I know of many criminals who are capable of stealing paintings. Most of them are in jail. You can probably obtain information on them at the Office of Records., However, if it was an inside job, any common thief could have taken part in spiriting away the goods. Once inside the protective wall of the museum, it doesn't take an expert to steal paintings. For all we know, it's a pick-pocket, moving up in class, that you're tracking down. That would be a kick, eh?" Edward Hall kicks his leg once and heads quickly off in the direction of the criminal court.

37 EC

BERLIN, 22 JAN, 1891
MR SHERLOCK HOLMES:

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR ENQUIRY, I WAS RETAINED BY PIERRE DONET.

RUDOLPH STEINER

38 EC

"Sir Jasper, have you done an autopsy on the body of Matthew Cole?"

"Indeed, I have. I can tell you that Mr. Cole died from a blow to the head. Absence of smoke in the lungs indicates that he was dead before the fire started."

52 EC

"Hey, mates, what brings you to this neighbourhood?"

"Hello, Porky. We're working on the National Gallery theft. Can you help us out?"

"Gees, picture pinchin' is out o' my league. I don't know anything about that. I hear that Greek bloke is talkin' to Maddox and you know what they say about him."

"What do they say?"

"Well, they say that Greek bloke will do anything for a picture he wants. And Maddox is rumoured to have obliged some folks in that area. But they're just rumours, mind you."