THE MYSTIFIED MURDERESS



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

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

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

No answer.

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

Silence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Frances and Loretta Nolan," says Holmes, suddenly stirring to life, "the surviving heirs of Sir Malcolm Nolan, founder of the Aberdeen Navigation Company. Sir Malcolm and Lady Nolan were killed when an avowed anarchist, one Zagreb Yoblinski, threw a bomb into their carriage, mistakenly thinking it carried the Duke of York. Loretta Nolan, aged 4 or 5 at the time, was also in the carriage. Miraculously, she was uninjured.

Yes, the gory details of the assassination as well as those of the disposition of a considerable estate were well documented in the tabloids. Mr. Locke, you are the suitor for Miss Nolan's hand, are you not?"

"Yes," he admits.

"Why was Miss Nolan charged with the murder?"

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

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

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

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



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.

24 SE

As we arrive at Mr Paige's, he opens the door wide open for us.

"Mr Smith, I presume? Come in. As agreed upon on the phone, I've prepared the rental contracts for the month of September, which is a wonderful month in Hertfordshire. I see you've come with friends"

"Errr..." begins to mumble Wiggins, attempting to stop the dizzying flow of words from Mr. Paige. "Actually..."

"You're hesitating? I understand. It's the reputation of the people in the north. Listen, since you're renting for the whole month, I'm ready to make an effort. The client who was supposed to take the house for the end of August never came to sign the lease, and I'm ready to add two weeks at the end of August for the same price. Is that agreeable?"

"But..."

"You're still hesitating? Let me tell you about St Alban, Mr Smith, and you'll be convinced that it's the perfect place to spend your vacation. The air is energizing, and..."

"I'm not Mr Smith." Wiggins finally manages to place between two breaths from his interlocutor, "We..."

"Ah, forgive my mistake, sirs. As you've surely understood, the house is booked until the end of September, but the off-season is simply sublime, and..."

"We're not here to rent anything. We..."

"Not here to rent? Not here to rent! Sorry, sirs, I don't have time to deal with you. I'm waiting for a client."

At that very moment, three knocks sound at the door, and Mr Paige rushes to open the door while pushing us out of it.

"Mr Smith, I presume? Come in. As agreed upon on the phone, I've prepared the rental contracts for the month of September."

As the door closes behind us, we hear Mr Paige continue his pitch

"September is a wonderful month in Hertfordshire..."

85 SE

When we enter the pharmacy, a small bell rings, making a man wearing a white blouse of questionable cleanliness behind the counter. Holding a vial of Dr Saari's elixir in each hand, he asks us what we want.

"We're looking for information about the various types of narcotics."

"We don't do that sort of product yet. We've only opened a short time ago, and we aren't known by many doctors in London yet. If you want information, go to Gould & Sons. They've been open for long enough, they're bound to be able to answer your queries better than us."



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 jewellery 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 jewellery 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

As is often the case, agitation reigns in the offices of Scotland Yard. While trying to avoid agent Pearse who was rushing down the corridor, we're literally pushed into the office of a certain inspector Herberts.

"... totally, M. Kilgore, you must... One moment... Excuse-me, sirs, what's going on? Come on, get out, don't you see that I'm on the phone?"

Confused, we apologize and exit the office. We quickly head to the office of inspector Lestrade.

"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, 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. Guys, 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."

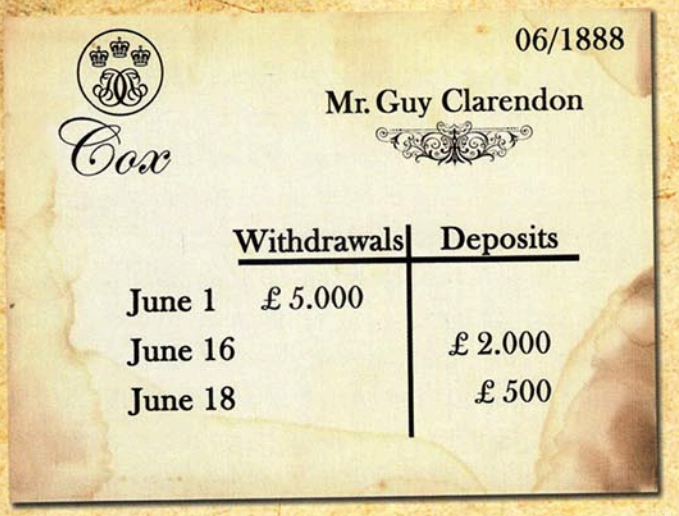
"Tell us about the morning of July 2nd."

"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 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 and said they heard a faint bang before the scream. 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 some blood on the carpet. A larger stain had apparently been made by the spilled contents of a shattered wine glass lying nearby. 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:



We wander in to 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 an athletic looking man, and everything about him, his movements and gestures, is very precise. His eyes are piercing and vivacious, and seem to read the depths of your soul. 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 servants, 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 parapher-

nalia, 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 buffet passed into the body...extensive blood 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 ours 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 masked charity ball at St. Mary's for the benefit of unwed 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 Unwed 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 past. 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 Rich-

mond'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 kilt 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 dock 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."

35 SW

A brief discussion with the master of ceremonies at Buckingham Palace allows us to learn that the reception in honour of Mr. Bailijun was a great success, and that no notable incidents came to pass to cast a pall over the evening.

A bit dismayed, we catch the chance to watch the show of the guard change, always impressive with martial rigor and precision.

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 jewellery 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

Roger Baker greets us in his residence's living room.

"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?"

57 SW

Lady Leeds's doctor tells us that his patient isn't in a state where she can speak to us. She is apparently very affected by the theft of her tiara, and needs to rest.

63 SW

The air at the Olympia could be qualified as electric. The director, Mr Casey, a small round man in a striped costume, can't stop waxing eloquent about Milo de Meyer.

"His show is truly remarkable. He manages to submit to his will the most sceptical of spectators."

We follow him through a maze of hallways where all of the theatre's staff seems to have given themselves an appointment, almost getting knocked out by an Oriental column being carried by two stagehands. Arriving in front of Milo's loge, he knocks on the door and doesn't wait for an answer before going in.

"Mr de Meyer, you have visitors."

When we enter, Milo de Meyer seems to be meditating on the floor. His legs are crossed in the lotus position, his eyes closed, his index and thumb on each hand forming a circle, he chants a soft melody.

"Ah, he's in a trance. Sorry, sirs, but when he's in that state, it's almost impossible to wake him. I'd suggest you wait, but he can remain like that for hours..."

As we hesitate to wait like this until he awakens, Milo de Meyer opens his eyes wide.

"Good day sirs. My astral body just happened to be floating over M. Casey when you approached him, and I've interrupted my meditative voyage to reembody myself. So, you're looking for information about hypnosis. Let me tell you, good sirs, that it's a very precise practice, which isn't linked to any science, but which nonetheless remains governed by precise rules."

Before we can even begin to ask questions, Milo de Meyer starts a very instructive speech about hypnosis.

"First off, hypnosis can be used on anyone. But a subject who is psychically weakened will of course be easier to manipulate. The first step consists of focusing the attention of the subject on a specific element, fixed and regular: it could be the flame of a candle, or the motion of a pendulum. Once the subject is hypnotized, you can make them do many things, but never something that their moral values reject or that their physical capabilities do not allow them. The subject would faint when faced with the contradiction between what you ask of them and what their subconscious imposes on them. In all cases, the subject will not remember what they might have done in their hypnotized state. Although I don't need to use such things in my shows, there are certain drugs which may help a subject to enter a state of hypnosis. These are mainly light sedatives, available with an prescription. There, I think I've given you the rough lines about the art of hypnosis. Since you have no further questions, I'll ask if you could kindly let me return to my meditation, as I have not yet finished my preparation for tonight's show."

We leave the hypnotist to his astral voyage and exit the theatre.

87 SW

Outwardly, the Keene & Ashwell pharmacy looks rather modest. A narrow door in a dirty coloured wall, between two imposing buildings. But once the door crossed, the establishment is of an exemplary cleanliness and is bigger than it looked on the outside.

We wait in line, behind an old man hunched over his cane rubbing his own back and an extremely pale young man. The young man is struck with a violent coughing spell as he presents his prescription to the pharmacist. After the old man gets his mustard poultice, we can finally ask our questions.

"Many of our customers ask for all sorts of products. We're only authorized to administer light narcotics and sleeping aids, not strong drugs. You should try to discreetly inquire at Squire & Sons, I've heard it said that they are much less strict about the laws regarding those."

We leave the establishment at the moment when a man limping strongly enters. We hold the door for him so that he can enter without problems.

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 nonstop 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.

32 NW

"Dr. Trevelyan, you say? I know him, but he pretty much never visits our establishment. With his clients, he probably goes to the pharmacies of the nicer neighbourhoods instead, like at that cad Taylor's store."

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, sacrebleu!"

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 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."

38 NW

Despite the strong Asian accent of the person who speaks to us, we manage to understand that Mr Bailijun is in a reunion for the day and that it will be impossible for us to meet him today.

42 NW

Nothing seems to be able to pull Holmes out of the melancholic mood in which he was when we left.

"I've much to do before nightfall, Wiggins. I won't be able to spare you much time. The first thing to do is verify Miss Frances Nolan's version of the facts. Mr Locke's attitude clearly involves jealousy towards Clarendon. If Miss Nolan is in love with Clarendon, it seems completely absurd for her to kill him. If she didn't pull the trigger, then who did? An examination of the crime scene could surely give you clues. Don't hesitate to make a sketch of the scene, it often helps in thinking."

"And of course there's the question of the motive. Who would want to eliminate Clarendon and Frances at the same time? As it's of course the death sentence that awaits Miss Nolan for her so-called crime. It's all I can give you for leads at the moment, gentlemen. Now, I'll have to let you go, as urgent business awaits me."

72 NW

The name John Taylor is written in large golden letters on the pharmacy's windows. The interior of the store is as gleaming clean as the exterior. John Taylor, busy in the middle of a pile of papers in his office at the back of the pharmacy, quickly answers our questions.

"Sorry sirs, our clientele doesn't have access to the use of psychotropes and other powerful narcotics, at most some light sedatives. My pharmacy has the best reputation of all of London. Not like those charlatans at Leath & Ross; if you want my opinion, with their clientele, they're probably specialized in drugs of all kinds instead of medicine."

95 NW

We enter Hyde Park through its north entrance, near Tyburn's tree. On this beautiful July day, the little tree-lined paths are travelled by a varied crowd of hurried men or mothers walking with their children. We drifted through the park looking for clues as to where Miss Frances could have woken up, and our feet lead us to the side of the lake, around which we go. Without more clarification, it's impossible to find the bench she spoke of.



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 cricketer, 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 Miss Frances last month. She was accompanied by Dr. Trevelyan, Miss Loretta's family doctor. Miss Frances wanted the doctor to become her sister's guardian ad litem just in case something would happen to her. Miss Frances had a slightly empty look in her eyes... I thought it odd at the time, but when I heard she had had a sudden weakness later that day, I thought she had been out in the sun too long

"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 with the doctor."

14 WC

"Both Loretta Nolan and Guy Clarendon have had complaints filed against them," says Disraeli O'Brian, alter 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.

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 jowly 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 lie 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 dock below struck the hall 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 might be able to see her? I'd like to take her spectacles and a book or two; she is so fond of reading, you know."

66 WC

"Hello sirs. What can I do for you?"

"We're looking for information about the various types of more commonly used narcotics."

"Narcotics you say? It's not a usual subject in my establishment. You should try to ask questions at the Keene and Ashwell pharmacy."

We thank him and hurry out.

AREA EC

14 EC

As we arrive near the Tower of London, we call a cab driver who stops in front of us.

"Come on, hop on good sirs. Where should I drop you off?"

"We simply wish to speak to you about Kenward Olick, did you know him?"

"No, I didn't know him much and didn't try to get closer to that guy. If you want my opinion, what happened to him wasn't happenstance considering the shady types he used to be around with."

After a brief discussion, we don't learn anything else.

19 EC

On the opposite side of the customs administration building proudly stands St Mary Church.

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 privileges. 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 carnage 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. 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.

"Anyway, 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 ant

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?"

68 EC

Standing in front of the Gould & Sons pharmacy, we find the door closed. A sign states that the nearest open pharmacy is Squire & Sons, at 66 High Street.



QUESTIONS

Part One

1. Who killed Guy Clarendon?

2. Why was he murdered?

3. Why did Frances Nolan go to the Halliday Hotel?

4. Who was the Society Burglar?

5. Who is Calvin Leach?

Part Two

1. Who killed Klaus Wallinden and how?

2. In which neighbourhood did Kenward Olick work in?

3. How did Kilgore manage to evade the police vigilance?

SOLUTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I have?"

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

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

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

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

"Loretta Nolan, a longtime accomplice of Clarendon in various nefarious misdeeds, was aware of the burglaries, and quite probably took part in them. Her recognizable laugh revealed her presence at the Halliday. A short time after the fifth burglary, two thefts were planned. One, thought up by Clarendon, concerned the theft of

Cleopatra's Tiara, the other was planned by Dr Trevelyan."

"Indeed, the good doctor who has been taking care of Loretta for years through hypnosis has also learned of the dark behaviour of Clarendon, during a seance with his patient. He saw there the chance to get rid of a bothersome rival who risks getting his hands on Frances' fortune, which he also wants for himself."

"On the night of July 1st, he entered Clarendon's bedroom by the trellis, armed with a derringer and awaited his return. Clarendon came back from his night work and while he was pouring himself a glass of wine to celebrate the event, Trevelyan killed him, and used the occasion to take the loot from the last theft, Cleopatra's Tiara. During that night, he then went to visit Frances. Knowing perfectly the technique, and thanks to the drugs he administered to her under the pretence of giving her a sedative, he hypnotized her. He ordered her to go into Clarendon's bedroom with the derringer and fire into the ceiling."

"With Clarendon removed and Frances getting a death sentence, the fortune of the latter was naturally destined to Loretta. It would've been child's play for Trevelyan to profit from the mental weakness of Loretta to bilk her out of her money, even more so since Clarendon was no longer there to push her into costly extravagances. If you would please let Lestrade know, I'm sure you'll find Dr Trevelyan still in possession of 'Cleopatra's Tiara'."

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

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



HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 5 leads: Halliday's Hotel (15 SW), Old Bailey Criminal Court (36 EC), Dr. Trevelyan (19 SW), Hiram Davenport's office (13 WC) and Porky Shinwell (52 EC).

He also used the following article from the newspaper: 'Society Burglar' take climbs to £14,000 (4 July, 1888).

His score is 100 points.

SCORE

Part One

1. Who killed Guy Clarendon? Dr. Trevelyan (20 points).

2. Why was he murdered? For the money of Frances and Loretta Nolan (20 points).

3. Why did Frances Nolan go to the Halliday Hotel? She was mesmerized (hypnotized) by Dr Trevelyan (20 points).

4. Who was the Society Burglar? Guy Clarendon (20 points).

5. Who is Calvin Leach? The fence who 'bought' Clarendon's stolen goods (20 points).

Part Two

1. Who killed Klaus Wallinden and how? Albrecht Hube substituted soap flakes for the rosin in the box (15 points).

2. In which neighbourhood did Kenward Olick work in? In the tower of London neighbourhood (5 points).

3. How did Kilgore manage to evade the police vigilance? Inspector Herberts from Scotland Yard warned him of police raids (10 points).

To tally your score, add the points obtained by answering the questions, then count the number of leads you've followed (don't count the "free" leads indicated above). Then compare the number of leads you've followed to that of Holmes (5 leads in this case).

If you've followed more leads than Holmes, subtract 5 points from your score for each extra lead. If you've followed fewer leads than Holmes, add 5 to your score for each lead fewer. You'll thus get your final score.



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