THE LIONIZED LIONS



Case Four
17 August, 1888



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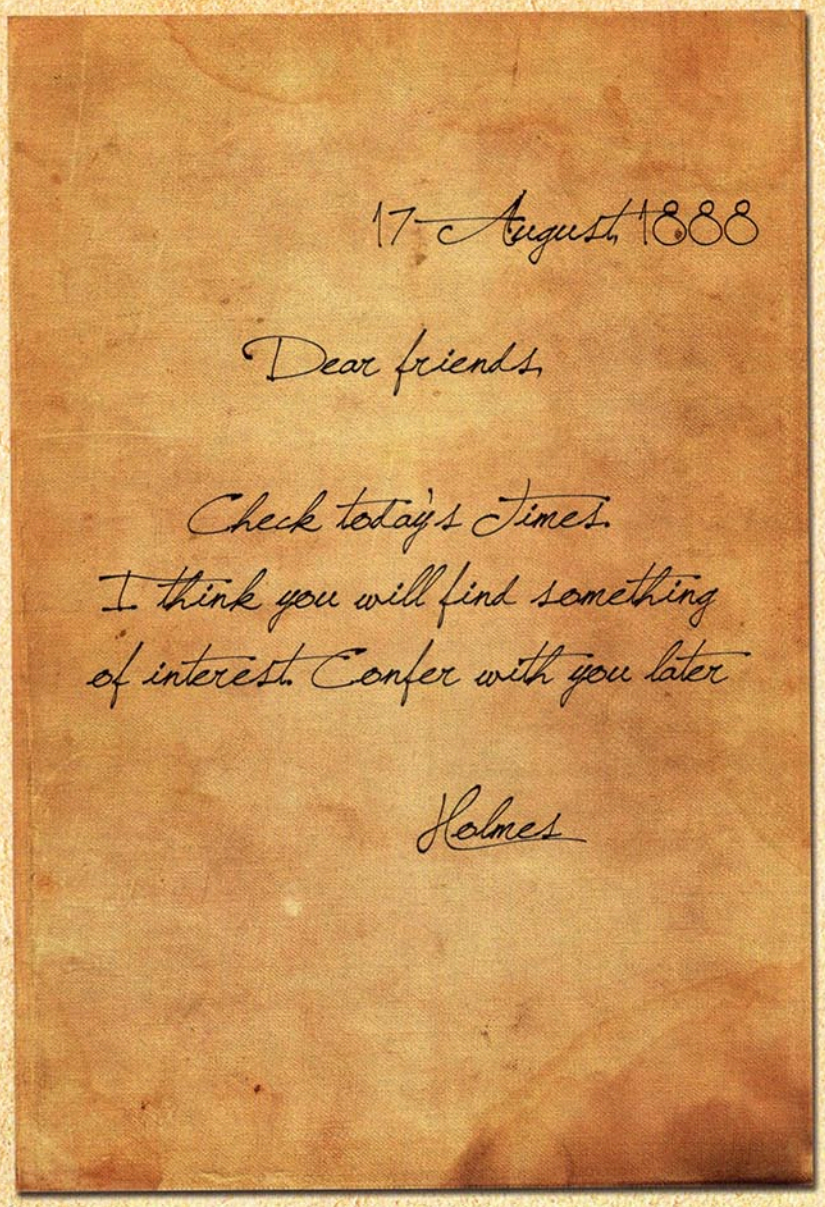
The first morning post brings us the following note:


17 August 1888

Dear friends,

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

Holmes

"Well then," says Wiggins, "let's head right away to the nearest newspaper stand. I'm anxious to find out what Mr. Holmes finds so odd in today's edition."

We leave all together in the heat of the British summer.

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 in shambles. Furniture is over-turned, 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 So-

cial 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 labelled "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 Carpenter'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 kilt 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, bare-footed 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 barkeep 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 lot 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 work-man. "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!"

"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 always, Lomax answers our question without having to check his books.

"The Home Rule is a law project which would give a degree of autonomy to Ireland, all while keeping it under British guardianship. In 1875, during his election to the House of Commons, Charles Stewart Parnell made it a priority project, supported by the liberal British government, against the conservative English parties and the unionists of Ulster."

"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 a wagon with two lions shot a number of times, one lying on top of the other. There were also footprints in the damp grass that indicate two people had been on the scene, one with boots and one barefooted. The one with boots entered on the wagon, the barefooted man entered the Park on foot from the north and exited out the south ride. The empty wagon 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 travelled 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."

42 NW

As we arrive at the residence of Mr Holmes and of Dr. Watson, we're greeted by Mrs Hudson who seems very relaxed.

"Good day Mrs Hudson. Is Mr Holmes here today?"

"Good day young folks. Dr. Watson and he left early this morning. For the moment it's one of the quietest days I've had since last month. I'd rather them be out than having to suffer through Mr Holmes' mood swings."

"Did he tell you where he was going, or did he leave you a message before he left?"

"He simply told me to give you today's Times. Apparently, there's something important inside."

We quickly leaf through the copy given to us by Mrs Hudson. One of the articles has been circled with a red pencil: "Lions killed at Hyde Park". The name of "O'Neill" in the article on page three is also circled in red.

95 NW

We come in through the south entrance of Hyde Park, near the lake. We ask for directions from a gardener busy mowing a patch of grass.

"The park's warden's shed? You'll find it on the other side of the lake. At this time, he should still be there, but hurry, he'll no doubt start his round around

the park soon."

We hurriedly head to the place indicated, and find the warden as he is closing his shed.

"Gentlemen, I can tell you that it shocked me, those two dead lions, early this morning. I've immediately alerted Scotland Yard. Five or six agents came, witnessed the facts and took the bodies of the two beasts, as well as the cart and the horses."

"Can you lead us to the exact spot where you found them?"

"Of course, follow me. I'll lead you there, but will have to leave you alone to finish my rounds."

We walk around at the warden's side, accompanying him in his round. After a dozen minutes of walking, he leaves us on the spot of his macabre discovery.

"There, it's about a hundred yards from the path. Follow the tracks of the cart in the grass; you'll find it easily."

The cart tracks, clearly visible in the middle of the otherwise spotless grass, aren't the only tracks we notice. In the moist earth, we clearly distinguish among the wheel tracks the traces of bare feet. As we come closer to what we guess to be the crime scene, the grass is trampled all over and in places, we can see small dark brown spots that leave nothing to the imagination on both sides of the wheel tracks.

Wiggins can't help but quip "The gardener has his work cut out to give this place its typical English charm again."

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 dispatcher at the Central Carriage Stables directs us to the wagon. It is in actuality a large container on wheels. The wood facade that surrounds it is painted in shades of green to suggest jungle flora. The wagon 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 wagon 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 skulduggery. 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 Changestreet."

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 tell you. I've travelled 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."

"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 cases 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 nest egg 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:



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 jewellery 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.

"Sylvia 'ad her man and '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."

44 EC

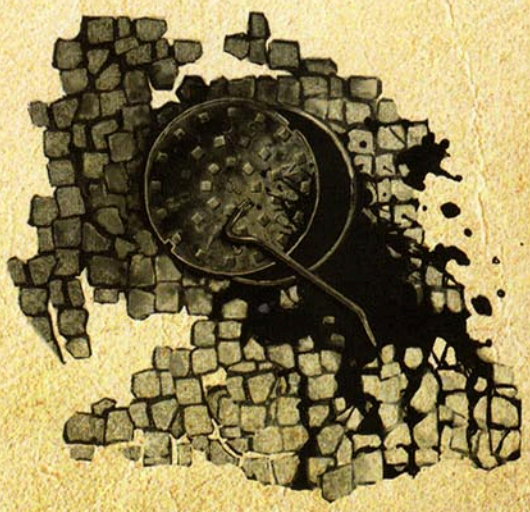
At R.S. Garrard & Co, Virgil Leggins tells us what he remembers about the jewellery theft from last March. He seems used to telling his story.

"It happened in the middle of the afternoon. The day was quiet when, suddenly, smoke came out of the stairway leading to the office." he says as he points at a stairway between two glass cases.

"The smoke quickly filled the whole store. The fire alarm was given and everyone, including myself, left quickly. Of course, in this case there was absolutely no fire. Someone who was well-dressed and wearing a travel bag had thrown a smoke bomb onto the steps. The entire contents of a glass case was stolen."

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."



QUESTIONS

Part One

1. Who murdered the lions?

2. Why?

3. How was Barry O'Neill involved in the case?

4. How was Thomas O'Neill involved in the case?

Part Two

1. Where were the bodies of the dead lions taken?

2. Who observed the murder of the lions?

3. What was the identity of the mysterious body?

4. Who is responsible for the slogans painted on Waterloo Station?

SOLUTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fact: six months ago Thomas O'Neill, a jewel thief, escaped a London police search and was reported on the Continent. Fact: six weeks ago, the jewels of the Duchess of Oldenburg were stolen. Fact: the police of Oldenburg and its neighbouring states closed their borders and began an intensive search for the jewels. Fact: Thomas O'Neill was detained by the Oldenburg authorities but no evidence could be found to hold him. Fact: Roy Slade's Wild African Extravaganza just finished a six-week run in Wilhemshaven. Fact: Barry O'Neill, brother of Thomas, is the lion tamer for the troupe. Fact: Barry O'Neill was injured while unloading the show at the London docks and is currently hospitalized. Fact: two lions from the circus were stolen and killed. Those are the facts; what is the hypothesis? Wiggins?"

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

"Excellent, Wiggins, excellent!"

"Elementary, Mr. Holmes, elementary."

HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 2 leads: Scotland Yard (13 SW) and Somerset House (17 WC). He also used the following article from the newspaper: Daring Daylight Robbery (12 March, 1888), Oldenburg Jewels Stolen (4 July, 1888), Entertainments, Lions murdered in Hyde Park and Accident on Docks (17 August, 1888).

His score is 100 points.

SCORE

Part One

1. Who murdered the lions? Thomas O'Neill (25 points).

2. Why? To retrieve the Oldenburg jewels that were hidden around their necks (25 points).

3. How was Barry O'Neill involved in the case? He placed the jewels around his lions' necks to get them out of Oldenburg (25 points).

4. How was Thomas O'Neill involved in the case? Thomas O'Neill stole the Oldenburg jewels and passed them on to Barry (25 points).

Part Two

1. Where were the bodies of the dead lions taken? Bilbo Underhill, Taxidermist (10 points).

2. Who observed the murder of the lions? Mabudo (5 points).

3. What was the identity of the mysterious body? Stephen Dirk (10 points).

4. Who is responsible for the slogans painted on Waterloo Station? Mallory Keenan (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 (2 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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