THE SLAIN SCHOLAR



Case Alpha

18 MARCH, 1886

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(by Thane Mullen)

The first two weeks of March 1886 was a dreadfully dull period for Sherlock Holmes and myself. Intriguing cases seemed to be a thing of the past, and the tedium was beginning to take its toll on Holmes. Intellectual stimulation was the drug of choice for him, but in a pinch he was willing to settle for drugs of a less figurative nature.

I myself was also finding the lack of challenging work to be a bore, but I would have gladly accepted the boredom rather than the news that came my way with the morning paper on that fateful day. I detected only the faintest of sounds from outside our residence at 221B Baker Street when Holmes began to perk up.

"It seems our friend Wiggins is here, and he has a case for us," stated Holmes matter-of-factly.

I was about to enquire as to what made Holmes so certain of this, when the door to our apartment swung open and Wiggins emerged, newspaper in hand.

"I think I've found a case that will pique your interest," said Wiggins confidently. He threw the day's copy of the Times down on the end table. I recoiled in horror as I read the headline.This caught Holmes' attention.

"A friend of yours? No, a patient of yours, perhaps?" he asked, with a rather uncharacteristic uncertainty.

"Both," I replied, still trying to cope with the news. "Lord Firk Wolmer was stabbed to death at London University College."

"Firk Wolmer… Wolmer…." said Holmes, attempting to jog his memory, "Ah! I recall you mentioning that name on occasion this past winter. I believe you made some house calls to assess his recovery from some illness."

"That's true," said Watson. "He had been ill for several years and had been to see several doctors across the country. It reached the point that he found it difficult to leave home for treatment, so his wife begged me to visit him."

"As to what hisoriginal malady was, I couldn't tell. But he had seen so manydoctors over the years who had put him on so many potent medications that it took my breath away to see the contents of his medicine cabinet. I recommended that he discontinue their use immediately, and although he was very reluctant, he obliged. That was in early November, and by the end of February he had fully recovered. He was well enough by the end of last year to accept London University College's offer of a position as Chair of the Philosophy department."

Holmes was perusing the newspaper as Irecounted my recollections of Lord Wolmer.

"I feel so terrible for his family. I had gotten to know his wife Maud, and his daughters Madelyn andAnna during my visits to their beautiful home. They seemed like such a happy family."

"It seems that Lord Wolmer was stabbed to death as he was leaving the college yesterday. Can you think of anyone who might have wanted harm to befall Lord Wolmer?" inquired Holmes.

"No, although I do recall a conversation I had with Maud on one of my last visits about how his appointment as Philosophy Chair had awoken the philosopher in him. She said that he was never one to enter into ideological debates before that, but that since then he had been much more opinionated on a variety of matters. I recall her saying that he had angered

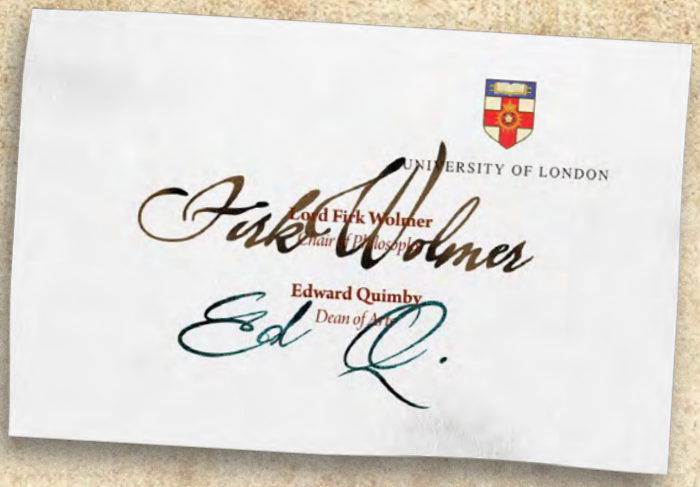
someone at Bible study in a theological dispute, and that he had been quite vocal on some university issues, but I cannot imagine anyone would feel driven to murder over such matters."

"Do you know who will inherit the Lord's title?" asked Holmes.

"I suppose it would be his brother Charles. I met him once briefly. He seemed like a nice enough fellow, and like his brother Firk, he seemed to be quite the pragmatist. Neither one seemed to put the slightest value on titles."

Holmes' interest was again drawn back to the newspaper.

"This certainly has the makings for an interesting diversion, Watson, but seeing as it strikes so close to home for you, I will leave you to take the lead on this one. I believe that between you and Wiggins, I will be leaving this case in good hands."



Central-East London

30 EC

At the main offices of the Times, we introduce ourselves as investigators with Scotland Yard and inquire as to who was in charge of selecting content for this morning's paper. The secretary directs our attention to a large office directly behind her desk.

"I think he's been expecting you," she calls out from behind us as we enter through the open door.

"Ah, Scotland Yard, I presume? The Wolmer murder?" says the sharply-dressed man behind the desk with a tone of satisfaction.

"Yes, we were hoping someone here at the Times could answer a couple questions for us," replies Wiggins.

"I knew it was only a matter of time. Frankly, I'm surprised you weren't here earlier. A murder at 7:00pm, and we already have two letters from the public about it in out morning paper! That's sure to get people talking."

"That is precisely what brings us here. We were hoping that someone could explain how that came about."

The man looks extremely pleased with his management of the situation. We learn from the nameplate on his desk that we are speaking to Walter Mathers, chief editor of the Times.

"The angry letter from the uptight Irishmen was delivered to this very office a little after 8:00pm last night. He told us that it regarded the murder of Lord Wolmer, who at the time we didn't even realize had been murdered. We assumed that he was drunk and crazy. As it turns out, he was only drunk. You can imagine our surprise when one of our reporters rushed into the office shortly thereafter with word that Lord Wolmer actually was murdered!

"The reporter returned with Reverend Norman Potter, the head of the parish that Lord Wolmer belonged to. He just happened by the scene of the crime, and offered to contribute his thoughts to this morning's paper as well. Made for some interesting reading, didn't it?"

"Yes, it certainly did," admits Watson.

38 EC

We find Sir Jasper Meeks sitting near the front entrance at Bart's.

"I was afraid you would pay me a visit today," he said as he beckoned us toward the filing room, "I only wish I had something of value to contribute to your investigation."

He hands us a copy of the brief autopsy report.

"I was told that Lord Wolmer had been ill in the recent past, but the body I examined gave every indication of being in the peak of health up until he was stabbed in the chest sometime between 6 and 8 o'clock last evening."

"We knew that much already," replied a disappointed Wiggins, "it was on the front page of the newspaper."

Sir Jasper shrugged his shoulders.

"There isn't much more that I can tell you. The victim was stabbed only once, piercing the heart and leaving a wound just over two inches wide. He couldn't have lived more than thirty seconds after a wound like that. Scotland Yard didn't order any toxicology tests, but I don't see any indications of anything out of the ordinary."

"Thank you for your time," said Wiggins, as he deposits the scant report in his briefcase.

39 EC

We are greeted at the door by Mrs. Mary Wolmer. She is a tall, slender woman, appearing to be in her late thirties. She would have been quite beautiful had it not been for her sad countenance.

"Come in; have a seat," she implored, pointing us towards the sitting room.

"I presume you are with Scotland Yard?" she called out from the kitchen.

"Not in an official capacity; we're consultants of theirs."

She soon returned from the kitchen with tea for us.

"I understand. How can I help you?"

"As you probably concluded," begins Wiggins with a nod of appreciation for the tea, "We are investigating your brother-in-law's death. Would your husband happen to be at home?"

"He left over an hour ago. Our oldest son Allan took the news of Firk's death very hard, so Charles has taken him and his brother to stay with my parents in Manchester so that they can avoid seeing their dead uncle on every newspaper in the city."

"I understand. Did you know Firk well?"

"I like to think so," she replied. "At least since he recovered from his illness. For a few years, we saw very little of him. But this winter he seemed to emerge a new man. I see him at church on Sunday, and he and Charles go out to dinner each Friday, which I sometimes join in.

"Friday you say? Were they scheduled to meet tomorrow?"

"I suppose so. They have met each Friday since Firk's appointment as Chair of Philosophy, usually at that new restaurant near the university."

"What sort of things did they talk about?"

"A variety of things. In a strange way, they were each jealous of each other. Charles often spoke about how frustrated he is with how much our rent has gone up in the past few years and how difficult it has become to find a decent house for a decent price. Firk spoke mostly about the university, but he also often spoke highly of Allan and Jake and would go on about how much he and his wife wished they had a son. They love their daughters dearly but they have wanted a son for years, since long before Charles ever became ill."

"Were you with them last Friday? Do you know what they spoke about that evening?"

"I wasn't with them, but I do recall Charles telling me about it that night. He said that Firk was beginning to regret how little control he had exerted over his mouth these past few weeks. He started a ridiculous argument at Bible study about dancing angels, and he found out that he made an enemy in the process. He had also become quite embroiled in the infighting at the university about whether the school should focus more on prestige or inclusivity. And he also mentioned that he had been approached by Clifford Roberts on the subject of selling a piece of land so that St. James Orphanage could expand, but he had turned him down.

"Actually, it just occurred to me that Charles might still be at the Livingstons'. Mrs. Livingston often tends our youngest son, and Charles was going to stop in to drop off her pay for the week before he left town."

"Thank you for your assistance, and for the tea," said Wiggins as he rose from the couch. "We might stop in and pay her a visit."

52 EC

Inside the Raven and Rat tavern, we find our old friend Porky Shinwell in the midst of a very slow day for business.

"What brings you folk in here? I don't imagine you're here for a drink?" asked Porky from behind the bar.

"I'm afraid not," replied Wiggins. "We're investigating the death of Lord Firk Wolmer."

"Figures," replies Porky bitterly.

"Do you know of him having any illegal dealings? Or any enemies in the criminal world?"

"Enemies? No, can't say I know of any. But he has had dealin's with at least one prominent criminal: Jack Marshall, a big-time loan shark."

"Was Lord Wolmer in debt to a loan shark?"

"Possibly. I can't say for certain, but each of the last few years Lord Wolmer has borrowed money from Jack through the spring and summer. Each year, though, he's paid him back in full in the fall."

"But you say that there wasn't any animosity between them?"

"Not that I know of. In fact, Jack used to refer to Firk as being his most stable source of income. He even charged him a lower rate than any of his other customers because he felt he was such a sure-thing. I haven't heard him mention Firk's name this year though, so there is a possibility that things have soured between them without my knowing."

"Interesting. Thanks, Porky."

67 EC

We receive a rather lukewarm greeting from Pamela Litchfield when we arrive at her home.

"Are you reporters?" she asks.

"No, we're consultants with Scotland Yard."

She deliberates for a moment before inviting us in.

"My sister took the news extremely hard. Please, be delicate, and be brief," she implored.

"Thank you. We will try our best to not upset her."

We are led into the parlor, where Lady Maud Wolmer sits on the end of the couch – one arm slung over the arm rest, the other draped across her stomach – with the tracks of partially-dried tears still shining on her face. She is rather plain in appearance, with long brown hair and a petite frame much like her sister. She is clearly much younger than Lord Wolmer, appearing to be perhaps in her late thirties.

"These men say they are with Scotland Yard," says Pamela, trying to justify our intrusion.

"I know," she says somberly, "Hello, Dr. Watson. I knew this would have to happen eventually."

"Thank you for being so understanding," says Watson. "I suppose our first question is, do you know of anyone who would want to harm your husband?"

Lady Maud shrugs helplessly in response to our inquiry.

"I've been asking myself that all day. No, I can't think of anyone who would want to kill Firk. I know he has been terribly outspoken lately, and he has said some things that angered people, but I cannot imagine that any of them would be angry enough to kill him."

"Tell us about these people that he's angered."

"Where should I start?" she asks rhetorically, rolling

her eyes. "Well, there's the Dean of Arts at the university. He handpicked Firk to be the new Chair of the Philosophy Department because he saw him as the epitome of the prestigious titled class: the perfect symbol for what he wanted the university to become. But then Firk became critical of the very policy that got him his position. He was vocal about how the school has to join the rest of the present and move away from putting value on family connections and titles.

"And there's Marlowe Enright, a gentleman who we know from church. Firk knew that Marlowe held some fervent, somewhat unorthodox views on theology, yet he deliberately started an argument about some trivial question that drove Marlowe up the wall. That was over a month ago, and every time we see Marlowe at church, he's dug up some new 'evidence' to help support his point.

"And we can't forget Clifford Roberts. He's a wealthy man who wanted to buy a piece of land from Firk to expand an orphanage that he supports. He expected Firk to sell the land to him at a big discount because it was for a good cause, but apparently Firk was not willing to go low enough for him. Firk was only asking for about seventy percent of the land's value in today's market, but considering how much property values have gone up lately, that would still be a hard price for some people to accept. And there are more than that…"

Wiggins took meticulous notes as she ran through Lord Wolmer's list of enemies.

"But you do not believe that any of them would go so far as to want your husband killed, correct?"

She nods in agreement as tears begin to well up again.

"Could you tell us what happened regarding your husband's illness since I last saw him?" asked Dr. Watson.

"He progressed wonderfully. We were both quite nervous about taking him off of his medication, but with each passing day, we saw more improvement. Firk felt like he was given a second chance at life, and he was living it to the fullest."

She looks away from us and stares blankly through the large picture window.

"He just went too far with it, and look at what that brought him," she says, her sadness audible in her voice.

North-West London

8 NW

The door opens to reveal a nervous-looking Bryan Jennings.

"Did Jack send you?"

"No, we're investing Firk Wolmer's death," replies Wiggins.

Mr. Jennings is visibly pleased by this revelation. He lets out a deep sigh of relief.

"I see. You're here because you think Jack might have done him in, aren't you? I don't know if Firk owed him money or not, but I am pretty sure that if he was in debt, he didn't owe as much as I do. If Jack had decided to start killing the people who were behind on their payments, I'm afraid I'd have been done in long before he got around to Firk."

18 NW

We wait until we see a moment when there are no customers around to approach Sam Parson at his toy shop.

"The Wolmer case, I presume?" asks Sam in a raised whisper as we approach.

"Correct," replies Wiggins.

"Fred Porlock hasn't dropped off anything lately, so I can't be of help in that regard. However, Lord Wolmer himself was here less than a week ago. I didn't realize it was him until I saw his picture in the newspaper. I watched as he browsed the aisles for a few minutes before leaving without a word. The whole time he was here he had a look of great satisfaction etched on his face."

"Interesting," said Watson. "Thanks for your time, Sam."

"Hope it helps," he replies.

42 NW

Upon returning to 221B Baker Street, we fully expected to find Holmes poring over documents pertaining to Lord Wolmer's murder. To our surprise, however, we find him reclining with a Jane Austen novel.

"I expected that you'd be hard at work on this case," said Wiggins.

"I was," replied Holmes, as he lay his copy of 'Pride and Prejudice' down on the end table next to the morning's newspaper. "Sometimes it takes a little diversion like this to get one's mind back on what is really important in a case."

"And what is that?" asks Wiggins.

"It's quite simple. As the Romans would say, 'Cui bono?'"

"'Who benefits?'" translated Watson in response to Wiggins confused appearance.

"Precisely. Who benefits enough from Lord Wolmer's untimely demise that they might have resorted to murder?"

Watson and Wiggins looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"I don't know. You don't mean his wife because he leaves his money to her, do you?"

"Would she really benefit from that? There was no indication of a separation pending, and they seem to be rather happy together. His death would not improve her financial status in any way."

"Then do you mean his brother because he would inherit his title?"

"Would that be a benefit in his eyes? Didn't you tell me yourself that he was a practical man who saw no value in an ornamental title?"

"Then who did have something to gain?" asked Watson, growing annoyed with the cat-and-mouse game that Holmes was playing with him.

"That, my dear friends, is exactly what you need to determine," he said, putting his feet up and returning to his book.

53 NW

Mr. Hubert Lewin answers our knock with a look of anxiousness: "Hugh? Who's at the door?" calls out a feminine voice from inside.

"Just two men collecting for charity," he calls in to her. He joins us on the outside of the door and closes it behind him.

"You're here for Jack, aren't you?" he says in a lower voice, reaching into his wallet. "I wish you could have picked a more discreet time; Dianne isn't supposed to know about this."

"You misunderstand," answers Wiggins. "We're here investigating Firk Wolmer's death."

"Oh! I hadn't heard," he replies. A look of realization passes across his face. "And you think it might have been Jack's doing? Well, it might have been. I didn't know Firk that well, but I do know that he has in the past borrowed a lot more from Jack Marshall than I ever have. In fact, I have the money now to repay Jack, and I thought you two were here to collect for him. I almost wish you were; it would lift a great burden off my shoulders."

South-East London

74 SE

The maid greets us at Clifford Roberts' estate. When we inquire as to his whereabouts, she indicates that he should still be at his office.

88 SE

Roberts & Parfitt's tailor shop is a much larger enterprise than we expected. Some of the biggest names in London society can be seen having their measurements taken, while the chatter of sewing machines drowns out all other sound.

Not long after arriving, we are greeted by a store clerk.

"Can I help you gentlemen?" he asks.

"We need to speak to Mr. Clifford Roberts. Is he in?" asks Wiggins.

"He is, but he is terribly busy at the moment. Perhaps I could set up an appointment for you to meet with him?"

"I'm afraid that we are quite pressed for time. We are investigating a murder, and we would like to speak with him presently if at all possible," says Watson with a tone of authority.

"Oh," replies the clerk in astonishment, "In that case, right this way."

The clerk leads us to the back of the studio and up a flight of stairs. He stops at the door with Mr. Roberts' name emblazoned on it.

"Mr. Roberts, these men say that they need to speak with you regarding a murder investigation," says the clerk.

"Really?" responds a surprised voice from inside. "Send them in."

Clifford Roberts appears to be in his early sixties, but he still has the youthful exuberance of a man half his age. He rises to greet us, and offers us each a seat.

"I presume this relates to Lord Wolmer?" he begins.

"Yes. Have you had any recent dealings with him?" asks Wiggins.

"No, but not for lack of effort on my part. As you can see from the scene below us, I've turned what was once a small tailor shop into the premier clothier in all of London. And I've made myself quite rich in the process. As my way of trying to help those less fortunate, I have contributed a considerable sum of money over the years to St. James Orphanage to support their continued operation. I approached Lord Wolmer about a month ago regarding a piece of land that he owned adjacent to the orphanage. My intent was to purchase it at a fair price to expand the

orphanage which is facing disastrously cramped conditions. Lord Wolmer, however, decided to demand an extravagant price for that property even though it hasn't been put to productive use in decades, and we quickly found ourselves at an impasse."

"How much did you offer him for the plot?" asks Wiggins.

"A considerable sum. Five years ago, any man in his right mind would have jumped at such an offer. However, Lord Wolmer decided to cite recent upward trends in real estate prices as justification for demanding a greatly inflated price. He must have felt that he could exploit me for any amount he wanted since it was the only vacant plot next to St. James."

"Disregarding your own feelings towards whether the increase in London property values is justified, would you say that he was asking for more or less than that plot's current market value?" asks Watson.

"The prices land sells for these days is unjustifiable. However, he was asking less than current market trends would suggest," admitted Mr. Roberts. "Any God-fearing man should have felt compelled to offer a considerable discount to a charity, though. Especially a charity that does such indispensable work as St. James."

"Have you spoken with Lord Wolmer since that first meeting?" asks Wiggins.

"No. Having been greatly irritated by his stubbornness, I thought it best to look over all my options carefully before approaching him again. To my great pleasure, I recently found an alternative that would allow me to avoid his price gouging."

"And what was that?" asks Wiggins.

"St. James Orphanage will be relocated this winter to this very spot, while Roberts & Profitt will move to where the orphanage currently is in the southwest."

"And what will that accomplish? This shop is far smaller than the orphanage."

"But I already own the adjacent property. And from a business perspective, we will expect higher customer traffic in southwest London than we get here. Truly, it was an idea that benefits all parties involved, with the exception of the late Lord Wolmer."

"So I presume that you have nothing else to tell us regarding our investigation?" asks a disappointed Wiggins.

"I'm afraid not. I know nothing else about the man other than what I read in today's paper. If you thought that I had a hand in his murder, you were sorely mistaken."

South-West London

1 SW

After explaining our business regarding Lord Wolmer to the lady at the front desk of St. James Orphanage, we are led to the office of Sir Henry Adam, headmaster.

Sir Henry towers over us as he rises from his seat to greet us. He stands well over six feet tall with broad shoulders. His perfectly-tailored suit and gleaming shoes are in striking contrast to the simple dress of the workers we passed as we entered.

"How can I be of service?" he asks.

"We were wondering if you could tell us about the plans for expanding the orphanage," says Wiggins.

"Ah! The late Lord Wolmer does figure into that tale. However, I wish I could say that he played a more positive role."

"What do you mean?" asks Wiggins.

"Hopefully I'm not boring you with details you already know, but Sir Clifford Roberts, one of our key benefactors, was keen on purchasing the neighbouring property – the one that you can see from that window – and he was offering a sum that was more than fair."

Our eyes follow his to the window. From our seats, we can see a rundown old warehouse. Based on its appearance, it seems to have been in disuse for some time.

"Sir Clifford wanted to turn that eyesore into an expansion of the orphanage. We are in dire need of more area, as we are getting to be overcrowded. However, for reasons that I cannot comprehend, Lord Wolmer refused his offer."

"How did Sir Clifford respond to his refusal?" asks Watson.

Sir Henry shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

"Sir Clifford is the very prototype of a gentleman. I have known him for years, and he is not a man who is quick to anger. However, I must admit, he was quite beside himself about this matter. After Lord Wolmer's initial refusal, he staunchly refused to consider negotiating with him. He still bristles at the mention of his name."

"Does he have an alternative plan?"

"If so, he has not told me about it yet. Lord Wolmer seemed like our best, and perhaps only chance." "Do you know who will inherit that land? Do you expect that they might be more willing to sell?"

"I presume his wife will inherit it, but I don't know for certain. I don't know any more on the matter."

"Have you been in contact with Sir Clifford in the past

few days? Do you know if he has an alibi for last evening?"

Sir Henry swallows hard.

"No, on both counts," he replies soberly.

2 SW

We find Langdale Pike in the middle of editing his most recent scathing article about London's rich and famous.

"Greetings, chaps," he calls out as he sees us approach his office. "How can I be of assistance today?"

"We were hoping that you might be able to provide us with some leads on the Firk Wolmer case," says Wiggins.

"Firk Wolmer! Now there is an interesting fellow. It's a shame that he was taken from us so soon after arriving on the scene."

"What do you mean by 'so soon after arriving on the scene'?"

"Oh, of course I've known of his existence for years, but until these last few months he hadn't really been living. He went from a boring old shut-in to one of the most interesting characters in London society in a few short months, and now he's been taken from us."

Pike begins to flip through some of his past articles.

"The majority of his headline-making has come as a result of his appointment as Chair of Philosophy at London University College. Ironic, isn't it, that a man appointed to a position in the philosophy department gets in hot water for freethinking?"

"I suppose so," replies Wiggins after a somewhat-awkward pause.

"It's chaps like Wolmer who can always be counted on to make for interesting stories. He was a wealthy man thinking his life was over, but was miraculously given a second chance. And he makes the most of it."

"How so?" asks Watson.

"Everyone responds to it differently. In his case, by entering into the philosophical debate over LUC's direction, by jumping into discussions on theology, by exploring his carnal side, by-"

"Wait, carnal side?" asks a surprised Wiggins.

"Oh, yes. It's quite common knowledge in fashionable circles that Lord Wolmer has been having an affair with his secretary, a married woman named Genevieve Merriman. Granted, she is presumed to be in the early stages of a divorce, but she is still married nonetheless."

"Does Lady Wolmer know about this?"

"She must. Someone as sociable as her would be up on all the latest gossip, especially the bits that hit that close to home."

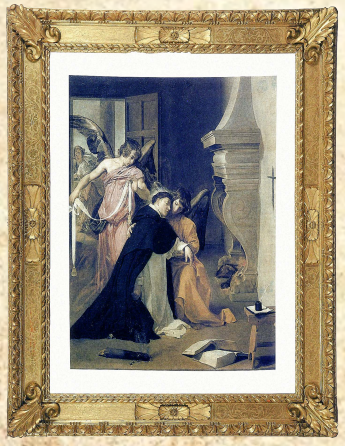
"And what does Mr. Merriman think about the matter?"

"How should I know? He's a middle-class accountant. Of course you understand that he's not the type of person that I would waste my time or print space on."

"Of course I understand. Thanks for your help," says Watson.

5 SW

Not being well versed in religious doctrine, we ask Lomax for some assistance regarding the theological debate that Lord Wolmer had found himself in. Despite his habit of avoiding societal gossip, thankfully Lomax is acquainted with their dispute.



"St. Thomas Aquinas, 13th century philosopher, wrote in his book 'Summa Theologica' about the question of whether angels have a definite position or if they occupy space." Lomax shows us a framed reproduction of a painting. "While most consider it to have been a thought experiment, some point to it as grounds to mock ancient theological thinkers for being occupied with pointless debate. In the case of Lord Wolmer's adversary, he held a strong opinion on the matter, and Lord Wolmer jokingly took the opposite side for sake of argument."

22 SW

H. R. Murray's laboratory – usually a hive of activity – we find to be surprisingly quiet. Murray himself we find sitting at a bench, perusing the day's Times.

"Excuse us," begins Wiggins.

"Gentlemen! How can I be of assistance?" he interjects, tossing the paper aside.

"We thought that some evidence from the Wolmer murder might have found its way into your hands."

"And you're not wrong. I'll bring it right out for you."

Murray disappears through the door at the back of the lab, returning shortly with a small storage box. He beckons us to join him at the table where he is laying the items out. He first directs our attention to a partially-burned match.

"This was found on the ground beside the body. Based

on the charring, it is clear that this match was put out just moments after being lit. There would not have been time to do so much as light a cigarette."

"Are you suggesting that Lord Wolmer lit it just moments before he was stabbed?" asked Wiggins.

"That is my assumption, yes. For that matter, Lord Wolmer wasn't a known smoker, nor was he in possession of any tobacco at the time of his death. The match seems to have come from here," he adds, pointing out a matchbook with three matches torn from it. The name 'Romano's' is printed on the front.

Next Murray shows us a leather wallet and an ornate gold watch. "The wallet appears to have been purchased recently, and I doubt it was cheap. It contained a few pounds in small notes, as well as a university identification card signed by the deceased and Edward Quimby, Dean of Arts. The watch appears to be between fifty and sixty years old, and with a little light detective work of my own, I was able to confirm that it belonged to the previous Lord Wolmer."

Finally, we move our attention to Lord Wolmer's briefcase.

"This contained letters addressed to Lord Wolmer, as well as a few rough drafts of his responses. Also, his day planner, which is open to his final entry.

"And do you have copies of those letters?" asks Watson.

"Right here," replies Murray. "It seems that Enright was a rival of his from church who he had been in a ridiculous argument with. Enright's letters appear to be sincere, while Wolmer's response looks to be a masked attempt at riling Enright up further. Mrs. Lappin seems to be Madelyn Wolmer's teacher, and she wrote to Lord Wolmer to inform him of his daughter's less-than-impressive progress. Lord Wolmer's letter to her shows that he was greatly concerned with his daughter's struggles. And the letter to the Times was intended to be an opinion piece about expanding the university. Each of these letters appears to have been a work-in-progress."

"And what of the 'big announcement?" asks Wiggins.

"Nothing. Nothing found in his possession indicated what the announcement pertained to."



89 SW

"I've noticed this place before!" says Wiggins as we approach the Wolmer home.

"It would be hard to miss," replies Watson.

The house is one of the largest in this part of London. In bygone years, it would have housed over a dozen servants. Presently, it houses just the immediate family and the girls' governess, Charlotte Simon.

Miss Simon greets us at the door, dressed all in black.

"Hello, sir, and hello Dr. Watson! Come in."

She attempts to sound upbeat, but the positivity quickly

fades from her voice.

At first, we hear no other signs of life coming from the cavernous mansion as she invites us in, but not long after we hear noise coming from the floor above.

"That's Anna upstairs," says Miss Simon. "Madelyn is away at the O'Briens' and Lady Maud is at her sister Pamela Litchfield's home."

"I see," replies Watson. "I realize that this must be a tough time for you all right now, but would you mind if I asked a few questions?"

"I'll do what I can," says Miss Simon.

"Do you know of anyone who might have wanted to kill Firk?"

"No. The only person that I would have feared might do something that drastic is Marlowe Enright, a religious fanatic that Lord Wolmer had gotten on the wrong side of, but even that seems terribly unlikely."

"I read a bit about that in the paper. What do you know about it?"

"Nothing first hand, because men and women have separate Bible studies at our church. I just know that Lord Wolmer had started an inconsequential argument with the man, and over the last couple weeks had begun to fear that it had gone too far. He never said anything specific, like that he feared for his life. I wish I could be of more help to you regarding Lord Wolmer, but my role here is focused so much on the girls that I know so very little about the older generation."

"I see. I'd like to speak to Anna, if you don't object. Nothing related to the case, just to see how she is. And perhaps Wiggins and my associates could have a look through some of Lord Wolmer's papers while I do that?"

"Lady Maud said that you have free reign of the house if you stopped by. Take whatever you need," replies Miss Simon.

Watson gives her a polite peck on the cheek.

"Thank you. We won't be long."

Watson goes off to speak to the distraught Anna, while we are led to Lord Wolmer's office. The papers from more than four months ago are carefully filed away, while anything from the period since Firk's recovery is much more disorganized.

After about ten minutes, Watson returns looking for a progress update.

"Most everything seems normal. The only things that caught my eye is that he has Jack Marshall in his address book…"

"The loanshark?"

"It seems. And I found some bank records. It seems that his only income received in the past six months has been his salary from the university, but he received a transfer of 1400 pounds in instalments from August to September at his account at Cox & Co. It has a note reading 'Continental Investments' attached." He also made much larger withdrawals during the past fall than any time since New Year's.

"I see. I was hoping for something clearer, but this could be important," said Watson.

Central-West London

7 WC

We arrive apprehensively at the meticulously-clean home of Marlowe Enright. Decorative crosses and other religious bric-a-brac adorn the walls as Mr. Enright leads us to his sitting room.

"What brings you gentlemen to my home?" he asks, gesturing towards his tea pot.

Mr. Enright appears to be nearing fifty years of age, with a stout frame and receded hairline. Nonetheless, he has a very chipper attitude, almost to the point of seeming disingenuous.

"We would like to speak to you about Lord Firk Wolmer," replied Wiggins with a dismissive wave.

His happy demeanour suddenly takes a sombre turn.

"I knew the man," he replies.

"We know that already. We also know that you and he were squarely at odds with each other at the time of his death."

"I was just defending the scripture. Nothing more," he replies stoically.

"Could you elaborate on that? We aren't all that familiar with theological topics," replies Wiggins.

A fire seems to light in Enright's eyes hearing these words. Watson grows fidgety, wishing that he had done the talking. Enright begins a long evangelical spiel that Watson and Wiggins quickly ascertain has no end in sight. We stay for the first minutes, taking mental notes on the few occasions that his ramblings relate to the case. He mentions the name 'Brady' on several occasions, and that he can usually be found at the church. We finally excuse ourselves, and not heeding his protestations, get out as fast as we can. We decide that if we need more information in this vein, we would be better off speaking to Brady.

8 WC

We arrive at Northwood College, one of the most prestigious girls schools in London. When we mention the name 'Wolmer' at the secretary's desk, she points us to a classroom belonging to a Mrs. Lappin down at the end of a long corridor on our left.

We find Regina Lappin trudging her way through a pile of papers.

"Mrs. Lappin?"

"Oh, yes?" she says upon noticing our presence. "Can I help you?" she asks. She forces a smile, but she seems to be almost too tired to sustain it.

"Perhaps," replies Wiggins. "Dr. Watson and I are investigating the death of Lord Firk Wolmer."

The mention of the victim's name puts an end to her smile.

"Madelyn's father. I read about it in the morning paper. It's utterly tragic."

"So you were Madelyn's teacher?"

"Yes I was, and I would like to believe that I still am. She has shown great potential as a student. She may have a bright future ahead of her if she can stay focused on her schoolwork."

"Did you know her well? Did she ever speak about her father?"

"Yes, she did speak about him on occasion. I believe their relationship was somewhat strained at times, but you could tell from the way she spoke about him that she thought the world of him and badly wanted his approval."

"Strained? In what way?"

"It was complicated. I am under the impression that he had always been very supportive of her ambitions, but it seems that ever since Lord Wolmer was selected for an important post at London University College, he has been pushing her harder. As you likely know, LUC currently accepts women on equal terms with men. However, this progressive step has not been without its critics. Lord Wolmer has been a stringent defender of maintaining the college's co-educational status, and he would have liked nothing more than to see his daughters attend. However, Madelyn's academic record suggests that she needs to improve in a few areas if she hopes to be accepted. I believe that led to Madelyn feeling a great deal of stress lately.

"Beyond that, I'm afraid I can't tell you anything about what their relationship was like. I suppose your best hope to find out more about it would be to go talk to Rachel O'Brien. She and Madelyn are thick as thieves; if she confides in anyone from the school, it would be her."

"Thank you for your time. This has been most enlightening," says Wiggins, tipping his hat as we depart.

11 WC

Having decided that Lord Wolmer's religious conflict may warrant further investigation, we stop in at London's Welsh Calvinist church hoping to find someone there that can shed some light on the situation.

We find the front door unlocked, and inside we find an older gentleman gingerly washing the windows.

"Excuse me," begins Wiggins, "but could we ask you a few questions?"

"Hmm?" replies the old man. "You chaps look like detectives. I imagine this has something to do with Marlowe and Firk's argument?"

"I suppose so," replies Wiggins, "And you are…"

"You can call me Brady. Retired serviceman. I spend most of my time these days puttering around the church, making sure everything is shipshape between services."

"I see. Could you fill us in this argument?"

"It's tragic, it is. Marlowe's head's not right. He's as devout as they come, but just not right in the head. And Firk was a good man, but he picked the wrong person to start a frivolous argument with."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Marlowe Enright's not one to let something go. Especially not if he thinks it means that a heresy is being preached in his midst. It was a foolish argument about how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. Marlowe insisted that angels were essentially omnipotent, and that they were not confined by space. Firk foolishly decided to claim the opposite, and Marlowe's been livid ever since. Almost all he talks about is his newest arguments for convincing Firk that he's in error. We've all tried to reason with them – mainly with Firk – but to no avail. Even Reverend Potter – the chap who wrote that letter – tried to step in and convince Marlowe that it wasn't a big deal, but he wasn't hearing any of it. Worst part is neither was Firk, because he still found it quite funny."

"Do you think that there is a chance that Marlowe killed Firk over this argument?" asks Watson.

"Not on your life. Even if he knew about Firk's rumoured affair with Mrs. Merriman he wouldn't resort to murder. I'm here most of the time since I retired from the service, and I see enough of Marlowe Enright to know that he is an Old Testament man if there ever was one. He would do anything to win this argument short of breaking

one of the Ten Commandments, and I do believe there is something in there about not killing folk."

"Yes, I believe it is in there somewhere towards the end," quips Watson.

"In fact, Marlowe is in here praying most days, and from the muttering I hear, the main thing he prayed for was for Firk to see the light. His weapon of choice was prayer, not knives."

17 WC

After a brief search through the archives, we find Lord Wolmer's will. All his assets have been left to his wife. In the event that she was also deceased, everything was to go to his daughters Madelyn and Anna, with the majority held in a trust fund at Cox & Co. until they came of age.

His house, however, had been entailed by his grandfather, Lord Walter Wolmer. As a result, the house, along with the lord's title, would be passed on to his closest male heir.

19 WC

The staff at Romano's is preparing for the 5 o'clock rush when we arrive, so we have a hard time getting all the information that we wanted. The maitre d' informs us that Lord Wolmer has had reservations for a table for three each Friday evening since they began taking reservations, and that it includes tomorrow. One waiter familiar with the university debate recognizes the name, and tells us that on most occasions he would eat with his brother Charles, and occasionally Charles' wife would also join them. He claims to have no recollection of overhearing any conversations between them, but does recall Lord Wolmer being in particularly good spirits the previous Friday. The same waiter also mentions that Edward Quimby, the Dean of Arts and face of the opposite side of the LUC issue, had dined here the night before. He and his wife arrived for their 6:30 reservation, and stayed until what he guessed to have been quarter to eight.

22 WC

We request to speak to the manager of Cox & Co. in hopes of finding some information about Lord Wolmer's financial situation. Upon explaining the nature of our visit, the manager decides to grant us access to Firk Wolmer's account files.

"Hmm… it seems Lord Wolmer has made a habit in recent years of receiving a large cash transfer in the late summer, making some substantial withdrawals immediately after that, and making only very minor transactions during the rest of the year," says Wiggins.

"And here is where his regular salary from his new post began," says Watson, pointing to the bank's copy of his most recent statement."

The bank manager, who has been watching us as we peruse his documents, speaks up.

"I don't know if this is of any interest to you, but I thought I should mention that Lord Wolmer had made arrangements in his will for a trust fund to be set up here in his daughters' names if something had happened to both he and Maud. Obviously, since Maud is still living, that will not apply at this time."

"Interesting. Do you have a copy of his will here?" asks Wiggins.

"No. I presume you would have to go to the archives at Somerset House for that."

29 WC

We decide to investigate the home of Jack Marshall, a reputed loan shark in west central London.

"It seems like he isn't home," infers Wiggins, after hearing no response to his knocks and shouts.

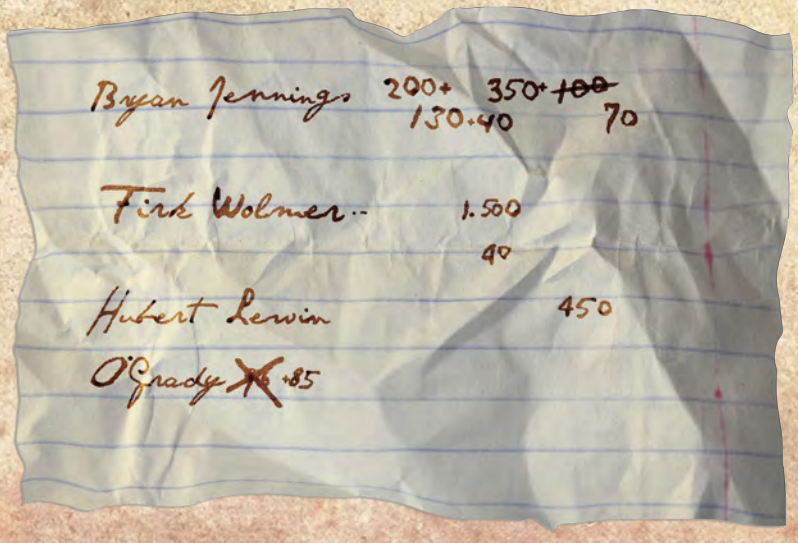
"Well, I suppose I know what Holmes would do in this situation," replies Watson, reaching into his bag for a small screwdriver and a hairpin.

Wiggins stands watch nervously, as Watson struggles with the lock. After two minutes of standing in the rain, we hear the click we've been waiting for.

"There we go," replies Watson.

A search of his small apartment initially provides nothing of value. Aside from the fact that he owns more guns than the average law-abiding citizen would ever find use for, we see nothing that ties him to his criminal business.

Just as we are about to leave, Watson notices an old, faded note folded up on a small table beside the door:



"What do you make of this?" asks Watson.

Wiggins pores it over for a moment. "What could it be other than a list of people who owe him money?"

"I don't know," replies Watson.

32 WC

The receptionist for Drs. Ainstree, Salieri, and Rumanoo greets us cordially as we arrive at their office. We inform her that we are investigating into the death of Lord Wolmer.

"Oh, you must want to speak to Dr. Ainstree then. He was at the scene when Lord Wolmer passed. Just a moment," she adds as she departs down the corridor.

Moments later, a tall man wearing a long, black, open waistcoat emerges, gesturing for us to follow him to his office.

"Come in, detectives. I will do what I can to be of assistance." He leads us to a simple doctor's office; the walls are barren, the large bookshelf boasts only a few titles, and a number of boxes sitting about indicate that the doctor is either in the process of moving in or moving out.

"What can I do to help?" he asks.

"For starters, could you describe what happened last night? From the time you were summoned until you left the scene, please," says Wiggins.

"I believe it was shortly after 7 o'clock, when one of my neighbours knocked frantically on my door. He said a policeman had sent him, and that a doctor was needed. I quickly grabbed a jacket and followed him until I found the officer leaning over Lord Wolmer's body just outside London University College while a lamplighter was working to illuminate the scene. The officer had already torn the clothes away from the wound – which was a questionable decision considering that they were outside in a rainstorm – but he was providing pressure on the wound and doing his best to keep him warm. As an obstetrician, I hadn't dealt with a stab wound before, but I don't think anyone could have helped him at this point. I informed the officer that the victim was dead within two minutes of arriving on the scene."

"Did you notice anything out of the ordinary? Aside from the puncture in his chest?" asks Wiggins.

"Not particularly. I did notice a faint scent of sulphur dioxide, but that is not at all unusual if he is a tobacco smoker."

"Had you known Lord Wolmer prior to this occasion? Were you familiar with his health issues?" asks Dr. Watson.

"No, but I did recall the name 'Wolmer', so I checked my records this morning. His wife's doctor sent some samples here to have tests run as part of a check-up recently. But at no point had I met either her or her husband. Unfortunately, I don't recall what the results of those tests were, and since she wasn't one of my patients, I didn't keep a record."

40 WC

We find Genevieve Merriman, Lord Wolmer's secretary, at home alone.

"You must be detectives," she says weakly, "do you know what happened to dear old Firk?"

"That's what we are trying to find out," says Wiggins, removing his cap.

"We understand that you have worked with him since he was first hired by the university?"

"That's correct. I'm not his secretary specifically, but the secretary for the entire Philosophy department. But Firk and I were especially close."

Mrs. Merriman's shoulder length blonde hair is stuck to her face in places along the tracks of her tears. She is dressed in fashionable business attire that accentuates her curvaceous figure.

"What do you mean when you say that you were 'especially close'?"

"We had been, well, physically involved over the past few weeks. But Firk told me on Monday that it had to end. I didn't even find out about his death until the paper came this morning as I was about to leave for work."

"I see. Did he elaborate about why he broke it off? Had his wife found out?"

"No, in fact I asked him just that, and he said that as far as he knew, she still didn't know. But he was ashamed of having betrayed her trust, and he said that he would explain more after his big announcement on Friday."

"Do you know anything about this big announcement? Did he give you any hints as to what it was about?"

"No, not other than it having something to do with why he didn't want to see me anymore."

"I understand. Does your husband know about your affair?"

Mrs. Merriman lets out a dismissive laugh.

"My husband? Our romance died a couple years ago. The only reason we haven't got a divorce is because of the legal costs and the fact that it would upset some people on religious grounds. We only still live together because the housing market has become so expensive that we could

scarcely afford our own places. I know he's had multiple affairs over the past two years, and he knows I've had some of my own. Whether he knew specifically about Firk and myself, I don't know, but I am certain that he wouldn't have cared. He should be at his office at 74 WC if you want to speak to him."

"I see. But back to the issue at hand: do you know anything about what he had planned for the evening after leaving his office last night? Or do you know of anyone who could have wanted him dead?"

"I'm afraid not. He didn't say a word about his plans for that evening. The only thing that I remember being out of the ordinary was that he seemed unusually chipper all week, but he never said why. Regarding who might want to kill him, I can't imagine who it would be. There was an ideological rift between Firk and the Dean, but Ed Quimby is too level-headed to do something that drastic. I cannot imagine that it had anything to do with his position at the school.

"I suspect that your best bet is Marlowe Enright, a kook from his church. Mr. Enright is one of those people that Ross and I would upset if we got divorced, and unfortunately he is also our landlord. I don't know all the details, but Firk said that he feared that he had started something that he couldn't control."

"Thank you for your time, Mrs. Merriman."

43 WC

Lestrade is making his final observations of the crime scene as we arrive. The rain of the previous night has tapered off, with only a fine mist lingering.

"I thought a case of this magnitude would manage to pry Holmes away from his opium," he quips.

"I had hoped for that as well, but you will have to make due with us. We are at your service," says Watson with a tip of his cap.

"And I certainly appreciate that," replies Lestrade. He leads us across the police barricade to the place on the curb where a faint bloodstain is still evident.

"One of my officers was flagged down just one block from here shortly after seven last night by a woman who he first thought to be mad. She was insisting that someone was hurt and needed help, so he followed after her. Turns out she undersold it; right here by the curb," he says, pointing to the bloodstain, "the officer found Lord Wolmer bleeding out in the darkness. Realizing the urgency of the situation, he flagged down the first two passers-by, sending one to fetch the lamplighter, a chap called Livingston, and the other to the nearest doctor, a Dr. Ainstree. He stayed with Lord Wolmer, and did his best to control the bleeding, but it was too late. Lord Wolmer's body has been taken to Bart's, and his effects were sent to H. R. Murray, the criminologist."

"Have you been in contact with his wife yet?" asks Watson.

"No, but I have received word that she is staying with her sister, Pamela Litchfield."

"What about his daughters?"

"I'm told that his elder daughter is staying at the home of Rachel O'Brien. They both attend Northwood College at 8 WC. The younger is staying at the family home with her governess."

"Any hints as to who might have been behind this?" asks Wiggins.

"Nothing solid. He was stabbed to death on a London sidewalk without catching the attention of anyone on the street, so that tells us something. If he feared for his life, he would have shouted. There is always someone within earshot in London, but no one reported witnessing the murder other than the woman across the street who saw it from her window. From what I can tell, he must not have known he was in danger until it was too late."

"Have you spoken to anyone from the university?" asks Watson.

"Yes, and while they gave us some interesting information, I'm not certain that there is anything substantial behind it. They told us about Lord Wolmer's strong stance in favour of making the school more inclusive, but they didn't tell us anything that the tabloids hadn't reported already. They spoke about the rift that was forming between him and his superior, Edward Quimby, the Dean of Arts. Quimby got Wolmer the post of Chair of Philosophy, and he was quite taken aback at Wolmer taking sides against him regarding the future of the school. However, none of the people we spoke to seemed to think that Quimby would have gone so far as to want him physically harmed.

"The most intriguing thing that we heard about was that Lord Wolmer had told a couple of his co-workers in private that he was going to have something big to announce on the 19th of this month."

"Tomorrow?"

"Correct. We still don't know what that could have been. If you decide that you want to follow up with his colleagues, we were told that Alan Shore was the one he spoke to most. He's not in his office today, so I haven't

had the chance to interview him yet. I believe he lives at 48 WC"

"We may look him up. Thank you for your time, Inspector," says Watson.

48 WC

We find Alan Shore – a tall, lanky fellow in his early forties – at home, still dressed for work. He seems to still be reeling from the news.

"I didn't find out until the cops turned me around this morning. How could something like this happen?"

"That is what we are trying to find out. Do you know of anyone who might have wanted him killed?"

"I've been asking myself that, and every time I come to a conclusion, it then seems ridiculous. It just couldn't have been over this university issue. There just isn't anyone with enough to gain to think that they might do something that drastic. And it shouldn't have been over his affair, but you never know…"

"About this affair?"

"Yes. He has been seeing our secretary, Mrs. Genevieve Merriman, for the last few weeks, but as far as I knew, her husband was completely indifferent."

"Interesting."

"Indeed. She said that they would have gotten divorced but something got in the way. I don't recall all the details; I don't tend to pay that much attention to office gossip."

"I understand. Did he ever talk to you about any worries of his? Anything that might be of value to us?"

"Not that I can think of. We spoke quite a bit, but he spoke mostly about how proud he was of his girls and about the whole exclusivity debate. Sometimes he would talk about how glad he was to have some regular income every week for a change, and about how absurd the whole heretical title system was in Britain and how he thought that it was too patriarchal.

"I was quite strongly on Firk's side about expanding the school, but I thought it was important that we win people over before making demands. I think we should be more inclusive, but we can't afford to lose our donors who are stuck in their ways."

"Did anything change just lately? In the past week or so?"

"Only that he started talking about his big announcement a lot. Whatever it was, it was certainly something that he was quite pleased about based on how happy he was talking about it."

53 WC

We arrive at the home of Edgar and Sarah Livingston just in time to see a carriage pulling away from the curb.

"I hope we haven't missed them," says Wiggins.

Fortune smiled on us, however, as we find that both Mr. and Mrs. Livingston are still home.

Mrs. Livingston answers the door, and we introduce ourselves.

"Oh, come in. I'm afraid my husband is still a little distraught from last night. He didn't expect to have to watch a man die last night, especially someone he knew."

"I understand. I know how I felt when I lost my first patient," replies Dr. Watson with a shiver.

"Could you tell us a little about how you knew the Wolmer family."

"Certainly. Lord Wolmer and his wife we have very little contact with. We might have seen them once a year back before Firk fell ill. We hadn't seen or heard from them aside from what Mary tells me since he recovered. I babysit for Charles and Mary's two boys; that is the main connection we have to their family. Edgar is a lamplighter, and that is stable work but it doesn't pay enough to support us. In fact, that carriage you saw as you drove in was Charles delivering my pay for the week plus a generous bonus for tending Allan during the days he was home sick from school last week. They pay rather well."

"I understand. Now, you say that Mr. Livingston does not want to speak to us about last night, but did he tell you what happened?"

"Just that he was doing his rounds when a drunken man flagged him down and said the police wanted him. It took him a while to determine what he meant, but once he followed him he found Lord Wolmer lying on the sidewalk with a stab wound in him. He went about his business lighting the lamps, but there was no amount of lamplight that was going to save poor Firk."

59 WC

At O'Shea's, a bar just one block south of the scene of the crime, we see a very thin crowd in very low spirits. One lone patron sits on the far right corner drinking alone, while three other middle-aged gentlemen sit at the bar around a copy of the Times. The bartender notices us almost immediately, and looks quite distressed.

The look of distress on his face increases as he watches us approach.

"Police?" he asks glumly.

"Not quite. We are working with the Yard, though."

The crowd at the bar is eyeing the situation cautiously, but none of them speak up.

"I suppose that's good enough. You have questions about last night?"

"Yes. We were investigating the Wolmer case, and Mr. O'Grady gave us a suspicious alibi that pointed us your way."

"'Suspicious' sounds like the right word to describe it, but it's true. He was here all night, cursing the nobility, before he finally left for home. He came back moments later, said a Lord had been murdered, and he and a few of his friends wrote the letter that the Times printed this morning."

"That all fits with Mr. O'Grady's story," says Wiggins. We direct our gaze towards the three men at the end of the bar. After an awkward moment, one of the men speaks up.

"Yeah, I know what you're thinking. It was us that wrote that letter. But none of us killed that man, and neither did Gary. Gary hated the concept of nobility, but he was a good man. He could hate a title without hating the man who bore it."

Neither of his friends speak up, but they do nod their agreement.

After a moment's consideration, we determine that there is nothing more to learn here and say our farewells.

62 WC

We find Maria Chaffe, the closest we have to an eye-witness, at her home across the street from where Lord Wolmer was murdered. She greets us at the door; she is a short, shabbily-dressed middle-aged woman with unkempt hair.

"Oh you must be detectives! Come in, come in," she implores. "Don't mind the cats," she adds.

On first glance, we can count five cats ambling about the hallway from where we stand in the doorway. She slows to greet them all by name as she leads us to her sitting room.

"This is where I was sitting when it happened," she recounts, pointing towards the window on the opposite wall. She sits down on the sofa, inviting us to do the same. A brownish checkered cat immediately leaps into her lap.

"I was settling down with Chester here to do some reading. It must have been a little after eight o'clock."

Wiggins steps in.

"According to the police report, you contacted an officer at seven."

"Really? I would have sworn it was later than that. It must have been unusually dark for seven."

Wiggins and Watson look at each other questioningly.

"It is the middle of March, Ma'am; the sun sets by quarter past six," explains Watson delicately.

"Oh, is that so? Well, maybe my mind isn't as sharp as it once was. Be that as it may, Chester and I were sitting right here with a book when it all happened. I saw a brief flash of light through the rain, then a startled voice. The light went out, and there was a sound like a grunt or a whimper. I didn't think much of it at first; I thought that someone might have just fallen down. But I did fetch a candle and get my raincoat on to go outside and check on him. There was the chap that papers call 'Lord Wolmer' lying on the ground. He was gasping, but I didn't see at the time that he'd been stabbed. I went to fetch help for the man, and by the time I returned with a policeman, he seemed deader than a doornail."

"Did you see another person through the window? Or only Lord Wolmer?" asks Watson.

"I wasn't able to make anything out clearly. It was quite dark when it happened; it must have been sometime after eight o'clock."

"I don't mean to be rude, ma'am, but we just established that what you saw happened before seven," adds Wiggins.

"Oh, right. I'm sorry, where is my mind today?" she asks rhetorically.

Chester rises from her lap, arching his back, his tail sticking high in the air. At this point, we conclude that we have as much chance of getting useful information from him, so we decide to take our leave.

63 WC

Edward Quimby greets us rather harshly on his doorstep when we arrive.

"Come in, officers. Let's get this over with," he says before we have a chance to introduce ourselves.

"Thank you, but we aren't policemen. We are consultants assisting Scotland Yard."

Quimby lets out an annoyed groan.

"So I guess I am expected to go through this rigmarole twice then? Well, get on with it."

Wiggins and Watson are temporarily dumbstruck by the curtness of his response.

"In that case, could you briefly tell us why Lord Wolmer was chosen for his position, and the nature of your working relationship with him?" says Wiggins once his words return to him.

"I chose him because I thought he embodied exactly what the university was in my eyes: a noble being that had gone through a trying time and come back to his former,

vibrant self. The tension between us was the result of him not doing what I asked of him in his position."

"And what was that?"

"Nothing. I asked him to do nothing, and somehow he couldn't manage that. And to save you the time of asking, yes, I do have an alibi for last night. I was at Romano's with my wife. The staff should be able to vouch for both my reserving a table and my appearance there yesterday evening. Now if there are no further questions, you can be on your way."

68 WC

Upon emerging through the lengthy queue at Continental Bank, we finally find an opportunity to speak to an employee. We request to see a transcript of Lord Wolmer's accounts. Thankfully, Lestrade thought to speak to them hours earlier to give us authorization to see them.

"Hmmm," says Wiggins as he scans the documents, "It seems that Lord Wolmer is heavily invested in agriculture projects in America. Combined, they pay a total dividend of approximately 1400 pounds each year after the harvest. That would be enough to support their lifestyle, and then some, you would think."

"At least since Firk got off of those dreadful expensive medications. I imagine they would leave quite a dent in one's chequebook," adds Watson.

69 WC

We finally find refuge from the drizzly London fog as we arrive at the O'Brien residence on Endell Street. Watson straightens his coat, then knocks on the front door.

"Did you see that?" asks Wiggins, pointing towards the picture window to our left. "What?"

"There was someone at that window. A girl, I think. She looked to be about Madelyn's age. She took one look at us and vanished."

Before we find any more time to speculate as to the identity of this disappearing figure, the door opens and we are greeted by a young lady, seemingly fifteen or sixteen years old, of short stature with long brown hair.

"What do you want?" she asks.

"We are very sorry to intrude at a time like this, but we are investigating Lord Firk Wolmer's death, and we were led to believe that his daughter Madelyn was staying at this address. Is that correct?"

"It might be," said the girl, visibly annoyed by our presence. "If she were here, I doubt she would want to answer a bunch of questions right now, seeing as she just lost her father," she replied bluntly.

"I understand. If that is the case, could we perhaps ask you a few questions?"

"Me? I… I suppose so. Come in, you look soaked," she adds. We follow her inside to a modest dining room table. "What do you want to know?" she asks.

"We were wondering what you knew about Madelyn's father, and about her relationship with him."

"I don't know what to tell you, but I'll do my best. I know Madelyn from school; we both go to Northwood College at 8 WC. I met her father a few times; he seems like a nice fellow. From the way she speaks of him, they get along well for the most part."

"Did anything change recently? Did their relationship change after he recovered from his illness or after he started his new job?"

"No. Er… not really. I think it did cause her to focus a lot more on her school work now that he's been fighting this battle at the university. I think she feels that he was partly doing it for her sake."

"How do you mean?" asks Wiggins. "She is the daughter of a lord; one would think that she would be the type of person that the school would have already wanted to attract."

"It's not the 'lord' part that they don't like; it's the 'daughter' part."

"But isn't London University College already co-educational? They are widely known as being the first school of higher learning in England to accept students of both sexes."

"You're right, but some people aren't happy about that. Those who want to be more 'selective' and go back to 'tradition' want to change that back too. And Madelyn feels like her father is fighting this battle for her and Anna, and at the moment she doesn't have the grades necessary to be seen as LUC-material."

"I see, so her father had been pressuring her to improve her grades to ensure that all of his efforts weren't for nought," suggests Wiggins.

"No!" insists a shout from the floor above us.

We listen as hurried footsteps descend the stairs. Moments later, Madelyn Wolmer emerges, a vicious scowl etched across her face.

"Father never put any sort of pressure on me or Anna! He just wanted us to be happy! I wanted to get my grades better because I want to go to college, I want to make my father proud, and I want to prove that I can do it. But it's because I want to, not because he told me I had to!"

Having said her piece, she sinks into a seat next to Dr. Watson and begins to cry.

"I apologize for my colleague's outburst, Madelyn," says an embarrassed Watson, shooting a reproachful glance towards Wiggins. "Sometimes he speaks before he thinks things through."

Wiggins lowers his gaze, speechless.

The anger in Madelyn's eyes quickly abates, and is replaced by sadness. Her dark teary eyes are mostly obscured by her long, dishevelled black hair.

"I guess I understand, Dr. Watson, but I've never had to go through something like this before, and . . . I . . ." "It's alright," he replies, moving his chair closer to her and taking her by the hand.

"I know that you are going through a hard time, but Mr. Wiggins and I are trying find the person who killed your father, and the faster we work, the better our chances are of catching the culprit."

Madelyn, straining to keep her tears to a minimum, nods her acknowledgement.

"All we need to know from you is if you know of anyone who might have wanted to kill your father?"

She shakes her head, and begins to sob again.

"I just want things to go back to the way they were! I just want to have Dad back! What is Mother going to do? Will we have to move away? Will I have to change schools?"

"There, there," replies Watson, "no one's going to have to move. In time, everything will be okay."

Madelyn wipes her eyes and straightens up.

"I hope so."

"Wiggins, we should be going," says Watson, "and try to use a little more tact next time."

74 WC

At the accounting firm where Ross Merriman works, the receptionist points us towards a desk towards the back of a long room where a short, clean-shaven man sits working.

"Mr. Merriman?"

"Yes?" replies the man as he scrambles for his spectacles.

"We are investigating a murder with Scotland Yard and we would like to ask you a few questions."

"Really? I doubt I will be of any assistance, but I will do what I can. Who was murdered?"

"Why, Lord Firk Wolmer. I assumed that you would have heard already."

"That's terrible," he replies. His voice sounds genuine, but he does not seem to be overly affected by the news, "Genevieve was quite fond of him. I apologize for my ignorance, but I have been working since early this morning. I left for work before the morning paper arrived."

"Did you know him at all? Do you know much about his relationship with your wife?"

"I met him only briefly, shortly after he got his new position, and I thought he seemed like a fine fellow. About his relationship with Genevieve, all I know is that she spoke quite highly of him, more so than any of her other co-workers. Beyond that, I don't know much. I don't question her much about her work."

"You don't sound like the very jealous type," quipped Wiggins. Merriman mustered a weak laugh.

"Genevieve and I are more cohabitants than spouses at this point in our relationship. We would have gotten a divorce and gone our separate ways, but neither of us could afford our own place in this part of town, and our landlord is a religious nut named Enright who would kick us out if he heard we weren't married anymore. We talk some, keep each other company most evenings, and often eat together. But the spark is gone, and neither of us is interested in trying to find it again."

79 WC

Reverend Norman Potter greets us from the porch of his modest dwelling.

"Greetings, chaps," he calls to us as soon as he sees that we are bound for his address, "What brings you this way?"

"We are investigating the Wolmer case. We read your letter in today's Times, and we thought it might have been referring to Lord Wolmer's murder."

"It did," the reverend replies somberly. He appears to be a middle-aged man, but in the peak of physical fitness.

"First of all, how did you know about the murder so quickly? It's amazing that you managed to find out about it, write a letter, and have it delivered to the Times all in time to make the morning paper."

"It was a strange fate that led to it happening that way. I was on an evening stroll by the university last night, when a policemen calls for me to fetch a doctor immediately. I don't know if he was the closest, but I knew that Dr. Ainstree lived nearby, so I ran as fast as my feet could carry me to his doorstep. When I returned to the scene with the doctor in tow nearly forty minutes later, a reporter from the Times had already arrived. He asked me who I

was, and when I said that I was the victim's pastor, he started asking me questions about him. Once he found out that he'd been at loggerheads with another parishioner in a heated dispute, he asked if I wanted to write a piece for the morning's paper.

"I considered for a moment, but I decided in the end to go along with it. I don't believe I was as specific or as antagonizing as he had hoped, but I said what I thought needed to be said."

"I see," replied Wiggins. "Can you tell us anything more about this dispute?"

"His adversary was a gentleman named Marlowe Enright. Mr. Enright is a very devout man, but his capacity for reasoning leaves something to be desired. During a Bible study recently, someone half-jokingly brought up the classic question, 'How many angels could dance on the head of a pin?' While everyone else present took it as the insignificant triviality that it is, Mr. Enright took the firm stance that angels were unbound by our rules of physics, and that therefore there was no maximum number. Lord Wolmer, having just recently been restored to health and been offered the position at the university, decided to play devil's advocate and claim the opposite stance. Enright, being by nature quite an excitable fellow, took objection to this. He considered it tantamount to heresy. Since then, he has gone to great lengths to prove to Lord Wolmer the error in his ways. If Firk had just had the common sense to back down from his position, perhaps all the arguing could have been avoided. But he stubbornly stood firm, and there's been no peace since whenever Marlowe Enright is around."

"Do you think it's possible that Mr. Enright might have killed him? Would he have thought it that important to keep him from spreading his 'heresy?'"

Reverend Potter opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. He seemed to reconsider for a moment.

"I would hope not."

82 WC

We are greeted at the door of Gary O'Grady's apartment by a very anxious-looking man in his early thirties. He is rather short, with red hair and a look of apprehension etched across his face.

"You're police?"

"No, we are investigators though. We are working on the Wolmer case. We were hoping to ask you a few questions."

"I can explain everything," he insists, before we can ask our first question, "I'd invite you in, but there aren't many places to sit." Upon a quick glance from the doorway, it appears that his story holds up. The apartment is very sparsely decorated, an indication that it has not been long occupied. "I just moved to London, and I've had to borrow money from Jack Marshall, one of the city's loan sharks, to pay for my travel. This was all I could afford for a flat, since the housing prices are ridiculous these days. I just finished paying him off, so soon I will be able to start furnishing this place."

"That's all well and good, but we weren't here to question you on your living arrangement or your finances," interjects Wiggins.

"I understand. I imagine you want an explanation for my letter, and you want to know how I knew about the murder so quickly."

"Well, yes," replies Wiggins.

"I was on my way home from O'Shea's at 59 WC last night where myself and a few likeminded folk were talking about how much we despise the fact that this great country is still ruled by a monarch. Just a couple blocks from the bar I was stopped by a policeman who asked me to fetch a lamplighter. I found one nearby – 'Livingston' I think was his name – and rushed back to the scene with him. When I overheard the policeman say that there had been a murder and that the victim was a 'Lord Wolmer', it struck me that I ought to write a letter to the Times to bring attention to our cause. I knew nothing about the man; just that he was a lord. Had I known that he himself was sympathetic to our cause, I would never have had a hand in writing something like that.

"I rushed back to the bar and my friends and I quickly cobbled that letter together, and when one of the boys said that he would be going by the Times' office on his way home and that he could deliver it himself, we thought it was a great idea. Now, because I was foolish enough to put my initials on that bloody letter, and because I saw the policeman near the scene, I look like some kind of murderer."

"You certainly do," says Wiggins as he jots down notes. "Can anyone at O'Shea's vouch for your story?"

"Most certainly. They can tell you that I was there all evening until seven o'clock, and that I was back not ten minutes later. That's not enough time to walk there, stab a man, and walk back in time for a police officer to see me heading that way, especially not after I'd had that much to drink. I know that is not a rock-solid alibi, but it's the best I can offer."

QUESTIONS

First Row

1. Who killed Lord Firk Wolmer?
2. Who was his/her accomplice?
3. Why was Lord Wolmer killed?
4. What caused the flash that Maria Chaffe saw?

Second Row

1. Who were the two passers-by that the police officer sent to get a doctor and a lamplighter?
2. What was Clifford Roberts' newest solution to the overcrowding at St. James?
3. What was Lord Wolmer's big announcement?
4. What was Lord Wolmer's primary source of income?
5. Who is Jack Marshall?
6. What was the subject of Lord Wolmer's argument with Marlowe Enright? Be specific.

Solution

We arrive at 221B Baker Street just as the rain begins in earnest again. As we approach the door, we see Lestrade arrive with a perplexed look on his face.

"No success?" asks Wiggins.

"None. It's about time that Holmes weighs in on this one.

We find Holmes absorbed in a novel by the fireside.

"What are you doing? Shouldn't you be working on the Wolmer case?" asks Lestrade.

"I believe I have that all wrapped up," says Holmes confidently as he closes his book.

"Then, please, enlighten us," entreats Lestrade.

"My methods are simple enough: in a case like this, one must begin by determining who would benefit substantially from the crime."

"But there wasn't any obvious answer to that question," says Wiggins.

"Correct. That meant I would have to do some sleuthing to find a worthwhile suspect. The newspaper raised one obvious question that I felt needed addressing anyway: how does the morning paper contain two letters regarding thoughts about a murder that occurred at 7 o'clock the previous evening?"

"I suppose that should have been a red flag," replies Lestrade, embarrassed.

"The letters were from Norman Potter, the reverend of a church that the deceased attended, and from a mysterious G. O'G., who seemed to have had no previous interaction with Lord Wolmer. Reverend Potter's letter, while suspicious in how fast it was published, made sense. A reverend has every right to be distressed about the death of a parishioner. But Mr. G. O'G.'s letter required some investigating."

"Upon searching the London directory, I determined that the man I was after was Gary O'Grady. A conversation with him gave me a rather unlikely, though possible, sequence of events that explained his knowing about the murder and his having the letter delivered so quickly. Before looking into whether I should believe his story or not, I realized that his reply, combined with Maria Chaffe's witness account in the Times, opened another question: why were the streets lights not on outside the university at the time of Lord Wolmer's murder?

"Mr. O'Grady's account included the name of a lamplighter that worked in that end of the city, one E. S. Livingston. I decided to pay him a visit. While there, despite not speaking to the man directly, I made the realization that Mrs. Livingston worked as a babysitter for Lord Wolmer's brother, Charles. Not only this, but she also mentioned that Charles had recently given them a significant sum as a 'bonus' for her services.

"At this point I have a working hypothesis: Charles Wolmer paid the lamplighter to not light the lamps outside the university at his normal time so as to give him the opportunity to strike under cover of darkness as Firk left. The lamplighter likely had no idea why Charles was asking him to do this, but he wouldn't have dared refuse him, considering his family got a significant portion of their income from Charles and his wife. Even after realizing that he had unknowingly played a role in a murder, he may have remained mute on the issue rather than risk losing his job for taking a bribe.

"Lord Wolmer likely saw a form in the darkness, lit a match so as to see better, and was immediately struck down by his brother. This would account for the flash that the witness saw. I just had to convince myself that Charles had something to gain from this move.

"My next stop was at Charles Wolmer's home. While not catching him at home on account of his transporting his children to Manchester until the media storm settled, I did have the opportunity to speak to his wife. She mentioned that Charles had been quite distressed about the recent increase in property values. This led me to wonder about Lord Wolmer's estate.

"I had naturally assumed that all of Lord Wolmer's possessions would have passed on to his wife and daughters. However, a check of his will at Somerset House told me otherwise. His money, possessions, and investments would pass

on to his family, but his lavish home had been entailed by his great-grandfather."

"So it could only pass to his closest male heir, and since he had only two daughters, that would mean Charles," adds Watson, showing off his knowledge of inheritance law.

"Exactly. Charles' wife even mentioned that Firk often spoke about how much he wanted a son. I initially thought nothing of it, but its significance was suddenly obvious. During Firk's prolonged illness, Charles patiently bided his time, paying increasingly high rent prices for a house that he perhaps couldn't afford. All this time he assumed that Firk was not long for the world, and that the house would be his any day. But then Firk recovered, and suddenly he found himself in a pickle. Would he move to a more affordable neighbourhood, or would he continue to pay huge rent prices? In the end, he found a third option."

"But what of his big announcement? I heard that he had a big announcement planned for tomorrow. Did it have nothing to do with the case?"

"Perhaps not," suggested Holmes. His slow, rhythmic rocking suddenly stopped, and he cocked his head to the side, "But perhaps it does. What if his big announcement was that his wife was pregnant again?"

"That would explain why Charles struck when he did!" exclaimed Watson. "Firk must have told him at dinner last Friday, and planned to announce it to the world tomorrow."

"Yes, that does seem probable. If Charles felt threatened by the possibility of a male heir within the year, that could have been enough to force his hand. Inspector, perhaps you should speak to Maud Wolmer and E. S. Livingston again, and I believe you should send a couple officers to Manchester to apprehend the newly-titled Lord Charles Wolmer."



HOLMES

Holmes used 4 leads: Gary O'Grady, E. S. Livingston, Charles Wolmer, Somerset House. He also used Gary O'Grady's letter to the newspaper, and the first two articles from the front page.

To determine your total score, add up the number of points you scored from the questions in Part 1 and Part 2, then, if you followed more leads than Holmes, subtract 5 points for each additional lead. Conversely, if you used fewer leads than Holmes, add 5 points for each lead you used less than him. The lead at 74 SE (Clifford Roberts) is free. It does not need to be included in your total.

SCORE

First Row

1. Who killed Lord Firk Wolmer? Charles Wolmer (35 points)

2. Who was his/her accomplice? E. S. Livingston (30 points)

3. Why was Lord Wolmer killed? To inherit his house. (25 points)

4. What caused the flash that Maria Chaffe saw? Lord Wolmer lighting a match moments before he was stabbed. (10 points)

Second Row

1. Who were the two passers-by that the police officer sent to get a doctor and a lamplighter?
   Gary O'Grady and Norman Potter. (5 points each)

2. What was Clifford Roberts' solution to the overcrowding at St. James?
   To swap locations with his clothing business. (5 points)

3. What was Lord Wolmer's big announcement?
   He and his wife were expecting a third child. (10 points)

4. What was Lord Wolmer's primary source of income?
   Agricultural stocks in America. (5 points)

5. Who is Jack Marshall?
   A loan shark, who loaned Firk Wolmer money to pay for his medications while he waited for his stocks to pay their dividends at harvest time. (5 points)

6. What was the subject of Lord Wolmer's argument with Marlowe Enright? Be specific.
   Whether angels occupy physical space or have definite positions. (5 points)

The Times.

N° 29 844 LONDON, Thursday MARCH 18th 1886 PRICE : 3 pence.

NEWS FROM CANTON

SATURDAY IT WAS RUMOURED that gang violence and disorder has greatly increased within Canton since Wang Chi's appointment as governor. It is widely believed that Wang Chi has been releasing prisoners to provide cheap labour for the Opiate Corporations 'municipal authority contracts'. What is known for certain is that this month a warehouse full of the Corporation's goods went up in smoke after catching fire. It was full of silk, and with its destruction the Opiate Corporations' silk trade is believed to have gone up in smoke with the bales.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY. Most papers continue to report on Gladstone and Lord Farnworth's campaign against Lord Derby government's contract with the HEIC to pay its Armstrong-Sidney division £50,000 a month for R&D and supply of artillery to the Britannic armed forces.

For the Times (owned by Lord Farnworth) this contract is evidence of corruption and Lord Derby plundering the tax payers to enrich his chums from Eton. Other papers have generally been fairer to Lord Derby with some editor's even saying £50,000 to make sure the Britannic Navy stays ahead of the French is cheap and that Lord Farnworth's old friend Bonaparte would pay a lot more than £50,000. Pictures in the Telegraph and other papers also showed what £50,000 a month buys you. Taking a whole railway at bed per barrel for the trip from Newcastle to Plymouth the mighty Armstrong-Sidney M1855 Naval Gun (12 inch rifled) has been handed over to the Britannic Navy for trials and testing.

According to Armstrong-Sidney this is the world's most powerful item of Naval Ordnance able to reduce a standard lineship to matchwood with only a couple of hits long before its even got its smooth bored cannon into range. Critics have pointed out that HE shells used by the M1855 cost about fifty times more than an old fashioned cannon ball and cannot be reused. Also that the M1855 is so massive that it will need a centreline mounting and the abandonment of sail power, sails being replaced with steam turbines deep below the waterline to stop the ship being top heavy. To carry the coal for the steam engines ships will either have to be much larger or sail in company of colliers. Some admirals are also saying that if guns like the M1855 come into common use ships will need to be much bigger to carry extra armour required to protect the crew and vital parts.

Financial pages have speculated that such developments in naval technology will lead to a massive increase in demand for coal, iron and steel as the navies of the world replace old timber-built sailing ships with massive new steam powered ones with up to a foot of iron or steel armour. The HEIC is believed to be the worlds largest private supplier of coal and steel.



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MOGADISHU

At Mogadishu, COUNT VON WARTHAUSEN has said that Osterreich is willing to negotiate with the Hiran rebels, and to offer them local selfgovernment as well as native private land ownership.

British Garnì, Bristol

TAMATAVE

Chattanooga GOVERNOR CHANA RATCHMON has announced that he shall pay £1 per family of original Skeleton Coast tribe members who return to repopulate the Skeleton Coast.

STABBED TO DEATH AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

LORD WOLMER MURDERED

RECENTLY APPOINTED CHAIR OF PHILOSOPHY

SirLord Firk Wolmer, eldest son of the esteemed Stanley Wolmer, was found dead Wednesday evening, after having fell victim to a vicious knife attack. Lord Wolmer's body was discovered on Gower Street, outside of his office at London University College, where he served a largely ceremonial role as Chair of the Philosophy Department. He is survived by his wife, Lady Maud Wolmer, his daughters Madelyn (16) and Anna (12), and his younger brother Charles of 39 EC.

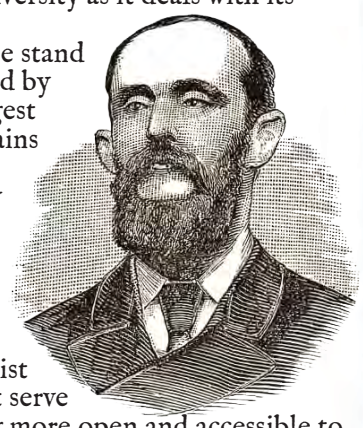
SCOTLAND YARD STUMPED DESPITE WITNESS ACCOUNT. The murder was reported to police by Miss Maria Chaffe, who claimed to hear a struggle in the street from her sitting room on Gower Street shortly after seven o'clock.

"I saw a flicker of light, then I heard what sounded like a brief struggle, followed by hurried footsteps," said Miss Chaffe. "Presently, I ventured outside, where I saw Lord Wolmer in his dying gasps. I didn't know what to do other than to alert the first officer I could find."

THE TIMES: FRESH NEWS DAILY

IMPORTANT DECISIONS LOOMING FOR LONDON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The death of Lord Wolmer will no doubt bring attention to the University as it deals with its current identity crisis.



On one side of the debate stand the traditionalists, backed by many of the school's largest donors. Their focus remains on restoring the prestige of the College, primarily through tightening admittance and strengthening ties to the titled classes.

On the other side stand the progressives, who insist that the College can best serve the country by becoming more open and accessible to more students, regardless of peerage.

LETTERS

REGARDING THE NEED FOR UNITY WITHIN OUR CHURCHES

As the shepherd responsible for the flock at Welsh Calvinist, it is with great sadness that I learned of the passing of one of our beloved parishioners, Lord Firk Wolmer. Compounding my morose is the sad fact that Lord Wolmer passed on to the other side before he was able to resolve his disputes with another member of our congregation.

Too often in today's world, we let ourselves become consumed by argumentation and the desire to be declared 'correct'. We should always be on the search for truth, ever-critical of our own position as much as that of our adversary.

Perhaps most importantly, we should be mindful that we do not allow ourselves to get carried away over trivialities. Some issues are worth arguing about, but many are not. We must be careful to discern which are subjects are the latter and which belong to the former.

REV. NORMAN POTTER
WHELSH CALVINIST (79CO)

ARE WE ASKING THE WRONG QUESTIONS?

Many of your readers will most certainly be asking themselves "Why? Why was one of London's lords murdered in the street?" However, when I heard about this story, my first reaction was, "Why? Why are there still lords in Great Britain?" How can it be that we have not progressed beyond the feudal system even as we near the dawn of the twentieth century? The American colonies realized the unjustness of this antiquated system and did away with it over a century ago. Never again will an American have to bend his knee to another based on his pedigree or title. The sun is setting on the age of hereditary nobility and empires. Nations should bow to their hereditary overlords no longer. Perhaps the tragic death of Mr. Wolmer should be seen as a symbol of that.

Sincerely,

G. O'G

PLANS FOR EXPANSION TO ORPHANAGE PUT ON HOLD

Senior Philanthropist Clifford Roberts, who announced last month plans to expand St. James Orphanage at 1 SW in order to alleviate its cramped conditions, said on Wednesday that expansion plans will have to be put on hold momentarily.

"Unfortunately, we have been unable as of yet to obtain either of the neighbouring properties," said Sir Henry Adam, headmaster of St. James. "However, I believe this will only be a temporary setback. Our benefactor, Mr. Roberts, remains committed to giving our staff all the resources we need to give these children the life that they deserve."

Mr. Roberts, cofounder of the lucrative Roberts & Parfitt clothing store, has been a major donor to children's charities across London for the past several years.

ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW RESTAURANT IN WEST CENTRAL LONDON
Romano's, located at 19 WC, having been overwhelmed by the number of patrons arriving in its first weeks in business, would like to announce that as of Saturday, March 20, diners will require a reservation in advance to prevent unpleasant delays in service.

INVEST OVERSEAS WITH CONTINENTAL BANK
Looking for ways to grow your savings outside of the British Isles? Come see us regarding stable, lucrative investment opportunities on the continent as well as in the Americas.

MANY NEW PHYSICIANS OPENING PRACTICE
Dr. Alexander Ainstree, obstetrician, Dr. Michael Salieri, dermatologist, and Dr. Pyotr Rumanov, general practice, would like to announce the opening of their new shared practice at 32 WC. Each is presently accepting new patients.

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PORT MITSIWA

GREAT NUMBER of Massawans have filtered into Port Mitsiwa. At first not much attention was paid to them, that is not until they started to prepare defensive positions in the port area overlooking the docks. That caught the interest of Italian soldiers who came over and called out that they intended to search these Massawans.

The cry went up, "The Sodomites are coming!" and the Massawans revealed from behind robes, and even out of Austrian instrument cases, an array of various sorts of rifles. The Italians opened fire first, despite Harold Chatsworth yelling at them to cease shooting! His words were drowned out by the cacophony of noise as the Massawans returned fire, indeed also on account of the bullet which then lodged in his head. As Chatsworth fell over, dead, the Italians were enjoying the benefit of reinforcements. Archbishop Manfred Schonmuller - for yes it was he and his congregation who had moved into Port Mitsiwaonly to be shot at - played with his singed left ear as he called on 'the Israelites' to see off the enemies of God! He had not wanted this fight, but now he had to lead his congregation.

Some of his people, armed with spears, ed at this point. The rest started to pull back as more Italians engaged them, heading back to the north, away from the port area. This granted them temporary cover by way of buildings being between them and the Italians as they fell back, and so the shooting slackened.