"Nothing else was taken?"

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

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

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

"Where does she keep the box?"

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

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

13 SW

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

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

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

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

15 SW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AREA WC

4 WC

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

5 WC

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

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

"What was his name?"

"Kenward Olick."

"What area did he work?"

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

13 WC

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

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

"You handled their father's estate?"

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

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

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

"When was the last time you saw Miss Nolan?"

He seems lost in his thoughts for a moment, then he says "Well, I met Miss Frances last month. She was in the company of Dr Trevelyan, the doctor of Miss Loretta. Miss Frances wanted him to become her sister's guardian, if anything were to happened to her. Miss Frances seemed absent-minded, her eyes were staring off in the distance… I thought it odd at the time, but when I learned that she blacked out later that the day, I assumed she had a sunstroke."

"How did the meeting go?"

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

"Thank yo u."

14 WC

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

"And what can you tell us about the deaths of Frances and Loretta Nolan's parents?"

Opening a dusty binder with the date 1861, he flips a few pages and tell us about the results of the investigation: "Zagreb Yoblinski was obviously punished for his crime. The conclusion at that time was that he was mentally unstable. He acted on his own and the investigation stopped there."

17 WC

At Somerset House we find that the will of Sir Malcolm Nolan left his entire estate to his widow Margret. If she should precede him in death, then the estate was to be equally divided between his two daughters, Frances and Loretta. The estate included a one-third share in the Aberdeen Navigation Company. The will of Frances Nolan says that, in the case of her incapacitation, her sister's legal guardian will become someone named Dr Trevelyan. This will was updated in June.

22 WC

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

29 WC

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

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

34 WC

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

37 WC

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

face, hold a great deal of confusion and disbelief at her present situation.

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

Wiggins goes to her to calm her down.

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

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

"How long have you known Guy Clarendon?"

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

"And he immediately began paying court to you?"

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

"How were your provisions concerning your and your sister's inheritance in case of… let's say in case of incapacitation?"

"I am the legal guardian of Loretta. In case of my incapacitation, our solicitor, Hiram Davenport, will manage our affairs, as it was when we were children."

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

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

"You've had memory loss before?"

"Yes, twice in the past two weeks. The first time I found myself sitting on a bench in Hyde Park. The second time occurred a few days later. I was going to Lambeth Walk, to get some information concerning a house where my sister and I were planning to stay for two weeks on a vacation away from the city. That was the last thing I remember until I woke up at the Waterloo Station. I consulted my doctor, Dr. Mason, and he was quite puzzled. He prescribed rest."

"Where did you acquire a pistol?"

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

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

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

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

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

38 EC

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

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

52 EC

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

"What's Kilgore's Gaming Parlour?"

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

"Clarendon was into him for a sizeable sum, or so it was said -- 7,000 pounds was the figure I heard. Got to the point that Kilgore wouldn't allow him in his place. I understand Clarendon didn't take too kindly to that. Almost caused a row until Kilgore's right hand man, Gus Bullock, stepped in. Clarendon backed down. I don't blame him none. Gus is a mean character right enough. There's a joke about Gus. Somebody once said he'd like to see the customer who gave Gus that scar. He was told, so would the fellow's widow. Ha, ha."

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

"Who's Calvin Leach?"

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