The Baker Street Journal

An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

Edgar W. Smith ~ Editor

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 4

Ben Abramson, Publisher ~ New York ~ 1947

The Baker Street Journal

An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

Edgar W. Smith ~ Editor

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 4

Ben Abramson, Publisher ~ New York ~ 1947

THE EDITOR'S GAS-LAMP

THE GREAT HATBOX MYSTERY

As THIS IS WRITTEN—on a blazing hot day in the canonically canicular month of August—the world is still without precise knowledge concerning the Crowborough Revelations.

It was on the 12th of July, as we have good reason to remember, that a news dispatch from London announced the discovery of "important new Sherlock Holmes material" in the vaults of a bank in the little Sussex village where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle spent his declining years. The papers comprising this material were found in an old cardboard hatbox which was not, sad to relate, reported to have the name *JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.* painted upon its lid. The announcement, rather breathless in its promise of apocalyptic things to come, revealed no information of categoric value beyond the fact that the trove included "a hitherto unpublished and unknown play in one act entitled 'The Crown and Diamond'" and "a manuscript entitled 'Some Personalia About Mr. Sherlock Holmes.'" That was meagre enough, in all conscience —and it seems more meagre still today because, in the interval that has elapsed, there has been only silence.

One is led, naturally, to wonder how earth-shaking the revelations really are. It is unlikely that Dr. Watson, who placed his trust with Cox & Co. at Charing Cross, left overflow material in the hands of his agent: these new documents are written, we must reluctantly

presume, in the *langue d'oyle* and not in the *langue d'oc*, and by this fact alone their value is infinitely diminished. But even admitting that they exist as apocrypha, what can we say of them pending a frank exposition of their nature and scope? Take the "Personalia," for instance. It is significant that the announcement does not refer to these, as it does to the playlet, as "hitherto unpublished." Many of us will remember, as no doubt the Doyle estate has remembered, that the *Strand Magazine* for December, 1917, carried an article by Dr. Doyle entitled identically "Some Personalia About Mr. Sherlock Holmes," and that these interesting notes were later adapted for inclusion in the agent's autobiography, *Memories and Adventures*, published in 1924. The personalia that have come to light today may be new and original, but somehow we doubt it.

And then let us speculate, if we may, upon the "unpublished and unknown" one-act play. We know that Dr. Doyle wrote several plays and pastiches in his time, and it is quite possible that "The Crown and Diamond" is another of these imitative efforts. It is provoking to ponder, however, that William Gillette made an appearance in 1905 in a one-act sketch entitled "The Painful Predicament of Sherlock Holmes," which is attributed traditionally to himself, and not to Doyle. We might venture, as a very long shot indeed, that a predicament *could* concern crowns and diamonds, and that the playlet *could* have been written by Sir Arthur. Or, if we might make so bold, it might even have got into the hatbox by mistake.

But speculation in any of these areas is admittedly fruitless and unsatisfying. What we need, if the bricks of our understanding are to be made of strong and solid clay, is data, and more data, and more data still. And what we would like to have above all else, while the revelations are awaited, is further knowledge of just what the agent's son meant when he said, as quoted in the London dispatch, that these documents from the hatbox would "explode the old myths about Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes."

We thought the JOURNAL had done that long since.

THE BALLISTICS OF THE EMPTY HOUSE

by ROBERT S. SCHULTZ

The Adventure of the Empty House is perhaps the most joyous of the many stories of Sherlock Holmes, for it was in this tale that we found again him who was lost. One is especially pained, therefore, in reading the iniquitous Chapter Four of *Design for Murder,* a mystery novel by Percival Wilde, to discover that Wilde—through the medium of his characters—seeks to prove that the attempted shooting of Sherlock Holmes by Sebastian Moran could not have taken place. And the pain is deepened when the author goes on—again hiding behind the skirts of his characters, as though fearful of expressing his own opinions openly—to maintain the unutterable heresy that the Sacred Writings derived not from the records of John H. Watson, M.D. but rather from the imagination of one honored by us all as Dr. Watson's literary agent.

Before such blasphemy one recoils in horror. But the situation is one which should obviously be met, not by ethical remonstrances which can have no appeal to the sacrilegious, but rather by a detailed and precise analysis of the facts of the case as the Writings reveal them.

There is, of course, no need to prove that the Sherlock Holmes stories—with certain interesting exceptions—came from the pen of Dr. Watson.

But one may with profit examine the actual details of the attempted murder of the Master by Sebastian Moran. Such examination reveals the fallaciousness of Wilde's contentions, and demonstrates anew the accuracy of Dr. Watson's observations.

The burden of Wilde's calumny may be summarized briefly.

Sebastian Moran fired from the ground floor of one house on Baker Street at the wax bust of Sherlock Holmes on the first floor

of the house on the other side of the street. (In this study, although the practice was not followed by Wilde, the Sherlockian—or British—system of floor numbering is employed.) A lamp was behind the bust, throwing the shadow of the bust on the window shade. The bust must have been at some distance from the window since no man sits far from a lamp to read. Moran must have fired at an angle of "say thirty degrees."

Now, according to what we may refer to as this Wilde hypothesis, the Colonel must have aimed at the shadow, not at the bust; and the bullet, traveling at an angle of "say thirty degrees" when it went through the shadow on the screen, must therefore have gone over the head of the bust, which was supposedly at some distance from the window. Had it been possible for the Colonel to have allowed for the distance from the window to the bust, and to have aimed lower than if he were shooting at the shadow, the bullet would have gone through the bust but, continuing upon its upward flight at thirty degrees, would have hit the ceiling of the room instead of flattening itself against the wall. But in any case, such allowance was impossible; the Colonel could not have aimed low enough because, with the bust at some distance from the window, the bullet would have had to go through the wall beneath the window-sill to hit the bust. Furthermore, since the lamp, the bust, and the shadow were in a straight line, and the rifle, the shadow, and the bust were in another straight line, the bullet should have smashed the lamp, which was apparently burning brightly when Holmes and Watson returned to their old lodgings, with Moran safely in the custody of Lestrade. The only way the shooting could have occurred as described, therefore, would have been for Moran to fire from a window on the first floor. But "Moran—and [a certain literary agent]—didn't think of it."

Thus there are three crucial points in Wilde's attempt to prove that the events as described by Dr. Watson could not have happened. These points are: the angle of fire; the distance of the bust from the window; and the idea that lamp, bust, shadow, and gun were all in one straight line.

The fallacy of the third point is most obvious. The four objects could have been in a straight line relationship to each other only if Moran had fired from the first floor instead of from the ground

floor. In this event, the lamp would obviously have been smashed. This point is, of course, inconsistent with Wilde's other two points, in which he claims that gun, shadow, and bust were *not* in a straight line, and that therefore the bullet must have passed through the shadow and over the head of the bust. Needless to say, all this talk about straight lines is highly misleading; one would think it well known that the path of a bullet is a parabola, not a straight line.

Refutation of the second point, the distance of the bust from the shadow, is easily obtained from canonical and optical considerations. Wilde's contention is that "when a man reads he sits nearer the lamp, where the light comes from, and not nearer the dark window." Thus the bust must have been at some distance from the window. The logic of all this is not clear, but its fallacy is obvious. The distance of the bust from the window cannot have been great: in Watson's words, the shadow "was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window." Consideration of the most elementary laws of optics shows that, had the bust been at any distance from the window, and particularly, had it been closer to the lamp than to the window, the shadow would have been large and fuzzy, with features indistinct. Watson would never have "[thrown] out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me." Sebastian Moran would not have known whether his target was Sherlock Holmes or Dr. Watson, or even Mrs. Hudson. On the basis of admittedly fragmentary experiments, the present writer concludes that the bust could not have been much more than one foot from the window.

Thus it is demonstrable that the distance of the bust from the window was negligible. The question is, however, of far less importance than Wilde attributes to it. The windows in the sitting room of 221B had low sills, so that it was perfectly possible for the bullet to reach the bust, after being fired from the street floor of Camden House, without going through a brick wall.

Confirmation of this point is obtained both from a study of the photograph of the beloved building and from the Canon. More than just a head could be seen from Camden House. Watson speaks of "the shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within. . . . There was no mistaking . . . the squareness of the shoulders. . . ." Had

the window been so high that only the head showed—so high that the bullet had to go through brick to hit its target—the wax head alone would have provided the lure. There would have been no necessity for the bust to be "draped with an old dressing gown of Holmes's."

In short, the distance of the bust from the window was not great, so that it was easy to allow for this distance in aiming, and the window-sill was low, so that there was no need for the bullet to go through the wall to reach the bust. Further, as will be discussed below, the angle of fire was not great, so that relatively little allowance had to be made for the distance of the bust from the window.

This question of the angle of fire constitutes the major point in Wilde's thesis, and one whose refutation requires a certain amount of research. Wilde says, "Baker Street is fairly wide, and we might call it an avenue here; but even so a man firing such a shot would be pointing his rifle upward at an angle of say thirty degrees."

Let us attempt to set the scene with somewhat more care for detail than our critic has thought worth while or necessary.

It is known that there were seventeen steps leading from the ground floor to the first floor at 221B. Assuming each step to be eight inches high (which appears to be an outside estimate), that would give us a little better than eleven feet as the height of the first floor from the ground floor. Inspection of the photographs of 221B indicates that the ground floor was actually on the street level. Thus no allowance is necessary for any height between street level and the start of the seventeen steps. Holmes's height, seated, may be estimated as in the neighborhood of four and one half feet. The bust would certainly have been at about the same height. Thus, the top of the bust was approximately fifteen and one half feet above the street level.

On the opposite side of Baker Street, at a window on the ground floor of Camden House, stood Sebastian Moran. "He rested the edge of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window." This window ledge must have been some three feet above street level. Thus, the bullet from the air gun had to rise to the height of the bust, roughly, fifteen and one half feet, starting from a height of about

three feet; in other words, the bullet had to rise twelve and one half feet.

The width of Baker Street is the next datum needed for this study. On this subject, irrefutable evidence has been obtained through the kindness of the Reverend Leslie Marshall, Chaplain of the Baker Street Irregulars.

"Following the principles of the Benefactor of the Race and then construing deductions into terms of rods and further taking into account that such bulky conveyances as the 'Four Wheeler' could easily travel side by side, up and down Baker Street, and then further realizing that the side-walk flagstones were double width with a set-back for eight steps—one may with some certainty say that from the front of Camden House, meaning of course the wall line, to the front of 221B would be precisely 65'2"."

The height of the bust from the gun muzzle was twelve and one half feet. The width of Baker Street at that point was (and presumably still is) about 65 feet. The distance of the bust from the window was about one foot. Thus the bullet had to rise twelve and one half feet while traveling a horizontal distance of 66 feet.

The tangent of the angle whose opposite side is twelve and one half feet and whose adjacent side is 66 feet is found (opposite divided by adjacent) to equal .18939; from a table of natural trigonometric functions the angle associated with this tangent may be determined.

So Percival Wilde's angle of "say thirty degrees" vanishes into thin air, and there emerges, by accurate study, an angle of approximately 10 degrees, 43 minutes.

Needless to say, the actual angle of fire was somewhat greater than 10 degrees, 43 minutes, because, as mentioned above, the path of a projectile is a parabola, not a straight line. The difference between the two angles depends upon the initial velocity of the bullet. Mr. Robert Keith Leavitt, B. S. I. authority upon air guns and ballistics, is currently conducting researches into this problem. When his studies are concluded it will be possible to determine the initial angle of fire with considerable precision. In the meantime it is sufficient to point out that the velocity of the bullet must have been considerable, since at the end of its course it flattened itself against the wall. Wilde's suppositious angle of "say thirty

degrees" is certainly more than twice as great as the actual angle of fire.

It is now possible to state, in detail the unsuspecting Watson would never have thought necessary, exactly what happened to this controversial bullet.

Moran sighted at the shadow thrown upon the screen, allowing for the fact that there was a distance of about one foot or so from the shadow to the actual target. The necessary allowance—which as has been shown was slight in any case—was of course instinctive to "the best heavy-game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced." The angle of fire was somewhat over eleven degrees. The bullet rose, following a parabola. By the time it had passed through the wax bust its initial velocity was somewhat retarded, both because of the pull of gravity and because of the resistance of the wax. Nevertheless, the remaining velocity was adequate to carry the bullet above the lamp, which was not smashed, and on across the room.

The question now arises as to the ultimate end of this bullet. Did it hit the wall, or the ceiling? We have only Mrs. Hudson's word that the bullet "flattened itself against the wall," and in the midst of the excitement she might not have observed correctly.

The answer to this question cannot be stated definitely, but an approximation may be determined from mathematics. Upon leaving the bust, the bullet must have been traveling at a lower angle than the original 10 degrees, 43 minutes. Let us assume that the angle at that point was an even 10 degrees, and that the bullet was following a straight line, not a parabola. Let us further assume that the ceiling of the sitting room was 10 feet high. Neglecting the point that the bullet would have hit somewhere lower than the top of the bust (four and one half feet off the floor), the bullet would then have to rise five and one half feet, while traveling 10 degrees to the horizontal, to hit the ceiling. To rise this high on such a path the bullet would have to travel a horizontal distance of about 31 feet, two inches. If the bust was about seven inches thick, and one foot away from the window, this would require a sitting room at least 32 feet, 9 inches deep. If any of these highly conservative assumptions are altered to more realistic values, the horizontal distance traveled by the bullet—and thus the depth of

the sitting room—become greater yet. One concludes that only in a room of most palatial dimensions could this ungracious bullet have hit the ceiling; one decides that Martha Hudson's observations were also accurate.

Thus, by detailed study of the relevant facts, the calumnies of the casual critic are exposed as vapid vagaries—if not worse—and the accuracy of the chronicler of the Canon is demonstrated anew. Percival Wilde may have aimed to shoot down the reputation of Sherlock Holmes, but he has only succeeded in firing a double-barrelled bust at an air gun which looked out on Baker Street.

IN MEMORIAM

HAROLD W. BELL August 29, 1947

. Stand with me here upon the terrace, for it may be the last quiet talk that we shall ever have."

After George Hutchinso in *A Study in Scarlet*, Wa Lock & Bowden, Ltd., Lo don, 1891 (third Engli edition).

From the device of The Scandalous Bohemians of Akron, Ohio.

THE DENTAL HOLMES

by CHARLES GOODMAN, D.D.S.

Being a letter written to Dr. Goodman by Charles S. Wilson, D.D.S., of 23 Wimpole Street, London, England, under date of May 21, 1947. An earlier letter of Dr. Wilson's, written on November 5, 1942, was published in Profile by Gaslight, *Simon & Schuster, New York, 1944.*

My dear Doctor Goodman:

I was sorry to learn from your cablegram that a letter I sent you from London via air mail about November 25 last has not reached you as yet. I am afraid we must give it up for lost. But fortunately I still have my original notes. I am therefore hastening to rewrite the letter, because I am particularly anxious that you should have the additional revelations it contains pertaining to the private life of Sherlock Holmes. I am certain that both you and the other members of the Baker Street Irregulars will enjoy the further intimate details I can give you of the emotional side of Holmes's life. Since your visit last summer, I have caught the true spirit of the Baker Street Irregulars, and I no longer regard their activities as being prompted by morbid curiosity, but rather by a deep interest and love for the great master.

For a long time, as you know, I harbored serious compunctions about revealing certain facts which might be interpreted as a breach of professional and social etiquette. But, as you so wisely pointed out, Holmes belongs to the world at large, and to the Baker Street Irregulars in particular. As I told you during your visit, you have my permission to publish any of my letters or other data concerning my professional or personal relations with Sherlock Holmes. In fact, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see these items appear in the pages of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL.

By this time, you should have the life mask I made of my famous patient. I hope it arrived in one piece. Please present it to the club with my compliments. I agree with your suggestion that it belongs in the Haverford collection. I am rather thrilled by the thought that the plaster mask will go to Haverford College, where my former patient Dr. Frank Morley first taught mathematics after he left England. I shall tell you later why he left.

I accept with alacrity the kind offer extended to me by the secretary of your society, Mr. Edgar Smith, to become a member of the Irregulars—of course it will have to be an honorary membership—*honoris causa,* as your late President Franklin D. Roosevelt expressed it in his first letter to the society.[1] I fervently pray that we shall soon see a realization of that great man's efforts toward one united world come true, and that Holmes's prophetic dream of a quartering of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes will make us one day citizens of the same world-wide country.[2]

Getting down to my immediate subject, I am sure you will agree with me that the theory that Holmes was a misogynist is one which must definitely be discarded. I shall describe several incidents that took place which will dispel any doubts that might remain on the question. One morning, by a stroke of good fortune, I arrived at my office an hour earlier than usual in order to finish a bridge for Dr. Morley before he left England. One did not have to have Holmes's acute powers of observation to see that the detective had again been using my laboratory and rest room as his refuge. I was greatly astounded, however, to find a few hairpins on the floor and a woman's purse on the laboratory bench. It was an exquisite thing, and contained some very expensive jewelry. Before my nurse arrived, Holmes dashed into the office, using the pass-key he always carried with him. When I heard him entering, I discreetly retired to my X-ray room. When I came out to greet him, the purse was gone and so were the hairpins. Holmes very nonchalantly remarked that he had used my laboratory as he had on many previous occasions to change into one of his famous disguises. He mumbled something about what a nuisance it was to have to resort to "female impersonating." I discreetly refrained

[1] *A Baker Street Folio.* The Pamphlet House, Summit, N. J., 1945.

[2] *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.*

from discussing the subject, and turned the conversation to the hydrocarbons and the improvement of the Sherlock Holmes's test for human blood which he had recently developed.

In the matter of his personal and emotional life, Holmes intentionally kept Watson in the dark. No doubt he was mortally afraid that Watson's literary tendency to stress the sensational aspect of his life in his adventures would get the better of his discretion. I am of the opinion that he was sensitive to a marked degree in all matters concerning the emotions, especially the softer ones. My wife very tactlessly asked him once why he didn't find himself a helpmeet, to which he answered, "Mrs. Wilson, as I have often told my good friend, Doctor Watson, I am not a marrying man." [3] I am sure he had twinkle in his eye at the time. Did it never occur to any of the astute students of the Sacred Writings, that for a self-confessed novice, the master showed an unusually skilled and quick hand at the art of courtship with Milverton's maid? True, Holmes was quite the actor. But even a great actor must feel his part to be convincing, especially when dealing with the intuitive fair sex. Did not Watson tell us that he had a remarkable gentleness and courtesy in dealing with women? [4] That he remained a bachelor, or at least was never to our knowledge married, does not brand him as a misogamist or even a misogynist. Many bachelors are such by choice, as it gives them a freer and more unhampered social existence. Although I am reluctant to speak of this matter or to give you any further information, let it suffice to say Holmes's cynical attitude toward women was the result of a disappointment, so delicate and personal in nature that I cannot just yet bring myself to speak about it even to you.

At the invitation of Dr. Frank Morley, I attended many open meetings of the London Mathematics Society. It was at one of these meetings that I first met Professor James Moriarty, who contributed many original scientific papers. Holmes never told me of the struggle between him and his mortal enemy. So ignorant was I of the dual life the Professor was leading that I treated him as a patient for many years without the slightest suspicion of his true character. He was referred to me by one of the richest art dealers

[3] *The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton.*

[4] *The Adventure of the Dying Detective.*

in England. As a patient, he was punctual and very pleasant. He insisted on the very best type of dentistry and cheerfully paid any fee I asked. He insisted on indulging one of his whims—blue penciling my bills in his neat handwriting, usually doubling or tripling the amounts they showed. On one occasion when I objected to accepting his generous estimate of what my services were worth, he replied, "Wilson, you are one professional man who always cheats himself in estimating his fees." I do not wish to belittle his motives, but from the vague idea I have of his illegitimate income it was a mere pittance to him. I am certain he never suspected the fact that his greatest antagonist sat in the same dental chair, or that Holmes often used my laboratory with its convenient rear entrance as one of his refuges and places of experiment. Had Holmes, for his part, known that one of my patients was none other than the archcriminal Moriarty, the history of crime in England might have been changed. I later told him that he cut off one of my most lucrative sources of income by pushing Moriarty over the cliff at the Reichenbach Fall.

One incident occurred, the full significance of which I only understood many years later, thanks to Frank V. Morley the publisher. His father, the genial professor, whom we all loved and respected, came to me one day and said, "Would you be kind enough to give me a copy of my dental record, as I must leave my beloved England. I hope you will refer me to an American colleague to whom I can transfer the deep confidence I have in your skill. One of the ties which I must sever with great reluctance is our professional relations."

Little then did I realize that my former professor at Bath College was forced to leave his birthplace to save his honor. For it was many years later that his son, Frank, told me the true story. It seems that the archcriminal conceived the fiendish plan of forcing Dr. Morley to lend his brains to aid in his nefarious schemes. What an ideal combination it would have been, two professors of mathematics, and one of them a Quaker with a spotless reputation! But Moriarty didn't reckon on the obstinate adherence of a Quaker to his code of honesty. I referred him to my good friend, Dr. Richmond, the inventor of the Richmond crown, who practiced in Philadelphia not far from Haverford College.

Your fellow member, Mr. Manly Wade Wellman, must have a very vivid imagination to have spun such a fanciful yarn about the Holmes-Hudson relationship. Please be assured there isn't a word of truth in it, as you will learn from my letter. She was his housekeeper and nothing more. Mrs. Hudson was a faithful, matronly woman, whose admiration for a brilliant but somewhat eccentric genius compelled her to indulge all his whims. It was more of a motherly devotion than an amorous one. The fact that Holmes insisted on paying his landlady's dental bill has no significance. It was just one of his many generous acts. In this case, it was slight compensation for the tumult and disturbance his strange clients and friends caused at ungodly hours. She served him faithfully for the best years of her life—even risking her own safety in order to further his plans.[5]

Yes, I must reject that fanciful and romantic theory of Mr. Wellman's. Holmes had a keen eye for beauty.[6] He knew the romantic road to a woman's heart, for you all know how he wooed Milverton's maid. But he cautiously held himself in check—once burnt, twice shy! Sometime I may have more to say relative to Holmes's romantic nature.

I must say that Edgar Smith is a very keen chap to have deduced the fact that Holmes spent the years of what he calls "the great Hiatus" in America.[7] Very few of his friends then or now ever suspected that fact. Consider his temperament and it will seem the only logical country for him to select as a hideout. I could never conceive of the impetuous Holmes spending three years exploring the wilds of Tibet. After the Reichenbach incident, he passed through that wild country to throw his pursuers off the track. Of the latter fact I am certain, for he later presented me with a rare and exquisite carving which a collector informed me could only be obtained in that country. No doubt he went to America via the Pacific. When I visited him in Sussex after his return he showed me some souvenirs from Salt Lake City. He was always interested in the Mormon experiment—"It takes so much tact and diplomacy," he said, "to handle one spouse, I was curious

[5] *The Adventure of the Empty House.*

[6] *The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist*; *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches*, etc.

[7] *The Baker Street Journal*, Vol. I, p. 277.

to hear from their descendants at first hand how those old Mormons had managed a dozen wives." His many and varied cases brought him such world-wide fame that he had many friends in America who no doubt were honored and pleased to hide out the famous detective. Senator Neil Gibson was more than anxious to show his gratitude to Holmes for his help in the Thor Bridge case [8] by giving him access to all his ranches in the West. Then too, he knew more about America than he ever let Watson suspect. Many little incidents took place which convince me that your late President displayed his brilliant and keen intuitive powers when he agreed with Mr. Christopher Morley's theory that Holmes was an American.[9]

My discovery of the true whereabouts of Holmes after the Reichenbach Fall incident came about in a curious manner. After Colonel Sebastian Moran's capture [10] he visited me professionally. I complimented the dentist who had made a beautiful bridge in his mouth, a type not generally made in England. He casually remarked that an American dentist in Constantinople had constructed it. Although I didn't let on at the time, most of the dentists in England could have recognized the work immediately as that of Dr. Richmond, the Philadelphia dentist who devised that unique piece of artistry. Some time later, when I had occasion to repair that bridge, I thought I would pull Holmes's leg a bit. I told him it would be impossible to repair it without obtaining certain parts from the inventor, Dr. Richmond. I asked him whether he was still in Constantinople or practicing in Philadelphia where he had held the chair as Professor of Prosthetics for the past twenty years without interruption? Holmes laughed and confessed that the best way to keep a secret from a dentist is to keep your mouth shut.

He sauntered into the office one morning and very confidentially said to me, "Wilson, although you are reputed to be one of the cleverest men at cards in London, I'll wager I can beat you to a standstill." My pride and vanity were hurt. Holmes knew I had won most of the amateur honors in that field for years. In fact I wrote a number of papers on the subject which were received very well.

[8] *The Problem of Thor Bridge.*

[9] *A Baker Street Folio.*

[10] *The Adventure of the Empty House.*

True to his boast, he gave me the toughest time I ever had at the card table. I was chagrined and nonplussed. Seeing that I was downcast about the matter, he patted me on the back and said, "Wilson, you're an honorable man and a brilliant card player, but you haven't learned that the hand is quicker than the eye. I've used every card trick in the bag. I could earn a handsome but dishonest livelihood as a card sharp. To win in my profession one must beat a man at his own game. In two cases my success depended on my deftness and skill at the card table—I had to win and win fast. I couldn't waste time and wait, for the cards never have cleared poor Major Prendergast of the Tankerville Club,[11] nor could I have exposed that scoundrel Colonel Upwood[12] in the famous scandal at the Nonpareil Club. Some day I shall write a monograph on the subject of card sharps."

Holmes liked companionship. When he realized that Watson's health and other obligations would not permit his living at Sussex Downs, he was despondent. He told me his house was lonely, with only his old housekeeper and his bees.[13] He asked me to move to his place and help him in his chemical researches. He generously offered to foot all the moving and living expenses. "I have more than I can spend on myself or friends, thanks to the generous appreciation of the governments of France and Scandinavia."[14] I accepted the invitation conditionally, promising to spend one fortnight every other month at his country place. He tried to persuade me to record some of his adventures. "As a scientist, I know I can rely on you to omit stressing the sensational phases of the case as Watson always did." He complained that "he [Watson] degraded what should have been a course of lectures into a series of tales,"[15] and also that "Watson slurred over the work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite but cannot possibly instruct the reader."[16]

Watson and I occasionally spent the night together at the

[11] *The Five Orange Pips.*
[12] *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*
[13] *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.*
[14] *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches.*
[15] *The Adventure of the Abbey Grange.*
[16] *The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax.*

Turkish baths[17] in Northumberland Avenue, which were quite handy to his Queen Anne Street office. The relaxation of the baths seemed to loosen up the doctor's tongue. On one of those occasions he once complained about Holmes's criticism of his so-called sensational recording of the adventures. He pointed out that it was impossible to separate the sensational from the criminal. He said he was often in a dilemma in relating some of the strange tales of adventure. If he followed Holmes's desires in the matter, he would have had to sacrifice many interesting details and thus present a dull and dry account of the problems.[18]

I once told Holmes—"You ought to thank God for Watson's tendency to stress the human interest side of your cases, or else the records of your adventures might be covered with dust in the British Museum; and your fame would be limited to the niggardly credit given out by Scotland Yard." That remark of mine put an end to his grumbling about "Watson's sensationalism" for quite a while.

Although he took great delight in poking fun at Watson for his gullibility and faulty reasoning, he found his friend to be a boon companion and a helpful accomplice upon whom he knew he could rely in any emergency. In speaking of his friend he once said, "There is no one better to have at your side when you are in a tight place. No one can say so with more confidence than I."[19]

"Sometimes I fear I am exposing Watson to greater risks than I have a right to. In one of my recent cases he almost lost his life at the hands of a filthy counterfeiter and gangster. I would never have forgiven myself if he had come to harm."[20]

Holmes had a warm affection for Watson which he did not hesitate to express to me on several occasions. When he grumbled about missing his companion, who had returned to medical practice, I suggested that he purchase Watson's practice for his cousin Dr. Verner, who needed help so badly. Holmes must have acted very promptly in the matter, for I soon received a notice that Dr. Verner had succeeded Dr. Watson[21] in his practice of medicine.

[17] *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client.*
[18] *The Cardboard Box.*
[19] *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*
[20] *The Adventure of the Three Garridebs.*
[21] *The Adventure of the Norwood Builder.*

The first Mrs. Watson was fortunately very fond of Holmes. She had very good reasons to feel that way, as we all know. She might never have known her husband had she not consulted the detective.[22] When Holmes had need of Watson, she always encouraged her husband to leave his busy medical practice to his associate, Dr. Anstruther. Knowing Watson's devotion to his patients I am sure he would never have left them in care of another colleague were it not for Mrs. Watson's having urged him to do so. Mary—I knew her well enough to call her that, although Watson himself called her Martha, just as she called him James—once remarked to me that she knew of no better vacation or recreation the doctor could have than to dash off with his friend when "the game was afoot"; and that he always returned thoroughly refreshed and seemed to take renewed interest in the dull details of a general practitioner's routine. Watson was very proud of the fact that his wife never raised the slightest objection when he stayed out all night with Holmes,[23] or when Holmes would sleep over in the guest room of his home so that they could get an early start the next morning.[24]

I was often called upon to assist Holmes with the practical phases of the many strange monographs he wrote. One, in particular, taxed my ingenuity. That was when he asked me to develop a method of making casts of human ears.[25] It was very difficult to devise a method of obtaining an impression of the human ear with its many convolutions. Holmes was fussy with the material he used in his papers and he was not satisfied with photographs. I had to make accurate reproductions in plaster. I finally solved the problem by using a gelatine-like substance used by sculptors. Holmes was very grateful for my help, for he detested all the mechanical details of a research problem. His two papers on the subject finally appeared in the *Anthropological Journal*.[26] He always insisted on giving me credit for my work in these papers.

Holmes wrote extensively on a great variety of subjects. His monograph on the subject of malingering created considerable com-

[22] *The Sign of the Four.*
[23] *The Boscombe Valley Mystery.*
[24] *A Scandal in Bohemia.*
[25] *The Crooked Man.*
[26] *The Cardboard Box.*

ment. I suggested that he consult my friend, Dr. Moore Agar, the noted diagnostician, for any help he might need for data on the effects of drugs to simulate fever, hypertension, tachycardia, and other functional and organic diseases.[27] This work was accepted by the War Ministry almost as a text to detect malingerers in both World Wars. He also wrote a short monograph on the use of dogs in crime detection.[28] Scotland Yard used it as a guidebook for training younger men—especially those who were sent to the outlying districts. For his paper on cigar and cigarette ashes [29] I kept a collection of all the ashes left in my reception room trays by the patients for many months. We were able to check up on the accuracy of his tests by recording on the patients' cards what type of tobacco they smoked.

Speaking of Dr. Agar, later Sir Moore Agar, I can't help recalling the time Holmes's iron constitution broke down under the terrific strain of overwork and irregular hours and meals. Watson and I induced Holmes to take a short rest at my cousin's place on Poldhu Bay in Cornish Peninsula.[30] He rested best when confronted with a baffling crime to solve. As you know, he found plenty to occupy his spare time in Cornwall.

The last dental service I rendered Holmes was in 1912. I was reluctant to get back into harness again even for my old friend. Holmes sensed my resistance in the matter. As usual, he was very frank with me. "Wilson," he said, "I am no more anxious than you are to come back from the comfortable life of retirement. But my country needs me very badly. I just cannot fail her in the hour of need. I am leaving for America and, God knows, I may be away for several years. I simply must have a spare set of 'store teeth.' I cannot get myself to entrust my mouth to anyone else but you. After more than 25 years of friendship you surely won't desert me now?" I simply couldn't refuse him. But I accepted on condition that he permit my successor and former associate, Dr. Charles Mangood, in whose ability I had implicit faith, to assist me and take care of all minor adjustments. Holmes was terribly anxious to get away. "The very safety of our dear England depends on this

[27] *The Adventure of the Dying Detective.*
[28] *The Adventure of the Creeping Man.*
[29] *A Study in Scarlet, The Sign of the Four, The Boscombe Valley Mystery.*
[30] *The Adventure of the Devil's Foot.*

mission of mine. I simply dare not fail. I must and will succeed," he said.

After his new denture was finally completed, he bade me farewell, exacting a promise of absolute secrecy as to his whereabouts. I received a number of picture postal cards from all parts of the United States during the next two years—all of them without a signature. But I recognized his handwriting. He must have spent a great deal of time in Chicago and Buffalo, as many of the cards came from those cities. It was a happy day when I received a note in that familiar handwriting from the Sussex Downs. I could hardly wait to visit him. When I did, he seemed tired but quite happy to be back at the old bee farm.

No doubt it must have occurred to you to wonder what disposition will be made of my many valuable papers and relics pertaining to Holmes, after I leave this vale of tears and pass over to the Great Beyond. Before I had the pleasure of knowing you, I planned to will most of my Holmesian objects to the British Museum, and the records of his unpublished cases to the British Literary Society. But now I feel it is incumbent upon me to place them all in the hands of those who can truly appreciate and evaluate them for posterity. I know of no one in whose care I would rather place them than yours. I feel certain that you will accept them in the same loving spirit that I have cherished them all these years, and that you will use your judgment in presenting or publishing those that you feel would be of interest to your worthy and distinguished society, the Baker Street Irregulars.

The hitherto unpublished case records are still in the large box [81] into which Holmes was in the habit of tossing them for many years. He did not part with them until after he had retired to the Sussex Downs. It was then, at my suggestion, that he took the trouble to carefully edit these papers. It was a long and tedious job. I finally induced him to allow me to assist in that laborious task. Had I not urged him to take up that work most of the records would be valueless. The notes were hurriedly written—many uncompleted—in others, the names of the characters were only initials. With the assistance of Holmes and his prodigious memory, which never was

[81] *The Musgrave Ritual*—"If you only knew what this box contains."

dimmed with the years, they finally were shaped into some readable form. Believe me, I am very sentimental about their final disposition, and judging from the attitude of a certain estate, one has to be very careful to avoid legal entanglements.

I have often had my qualms about ever allowing them to see the light of publication. Shortly after the publicity you gave me with my first letter which you read at one of the annual meetings, and which later saw publication in a distinguished book, I have been besieged by scheming literary agents and greedy publishers whose only interest in Holmes is the financial harvest they hope to reap. Were I to entrust these precious papers to them I am sure I would be haunted by the Master's ghost. He abhorred nothing more than cheap publicity.

While on this subject, may I venture to express my complete scorn for the attempts of various detective-story writers who have of late years allowed their feeble imaginations to run wild in an attempt to give their versions of some of the untold adventures which Watson mentioned? However, may I take this opportunity also to express my profound admiration of Miss Edith Meiser for the delightful manner in which she wrote the original Sherlock Holmes adventures for the radio? They adhered very closely to the *original stories* and caught the true spirit of the Great Master. During the weary and dreadful winter months of the war we looked forward with great eagerness to those broadcasts. I am happy to know that she is so charming and beautiful, and resembles Irene Adler, for whom Holmes had such great admiration and affection.

To refute the ridiculous stories of these other imitators, may I suggest that you first publish these true cases? I feel as though it would be quite difficult to copy the inimitable style Watson had of spinning a yarn, in spite of Holmes's cynical remarks about their sensational nature. Perhaps you could use your influence to interest one of your friends, say Christopher Morley or Vincent Starrett, to edit or rewrite these cases "à la Watson."

In that book of essays on Holmes, *221B*, which you were kind enough to send me, Vincent Starrett's so-called pastiche, "The Adventure of the Unique Hamlet" has the true ring of good old Watson. I am certain he could make excellent use of the case histories and turn out some thrilling adventures. There have been two or

three other good ones in THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL, too, but most of them I do not like.

Holmes was quick to volunteer his services when World War I broke out. He rendered a great service to Britain by slowly but surely ferreting out many of the rats who attempted to sabotage the country. His experience as a member of an Irish Secret Society,[32] and his skill at disguising himself, gave him entrée into certain undercover groups whose members hoped to disrupt the unity of the country by terrorist acts. Through Holmes's efforts most of them were apprehended. Scotland Yard and the British Secret Service were indebted to him for his brilliant work both in deciphering codes and in devising new ones.[33] He trained a group of mathematicians, actually, in the science of deciphering codes.

There is much more I could tell you about Holmes, but I am afraid that I have already gone into too great length for one letter. I promise to write you more often.

And now for the great news! I am free at last to disclose a secret, by permission of the British Government, which I have guarded zealously for many years. My dear friend, the master detective, Sherlock Holmes, is still alive! He is living in retirement in a hideaway near his bee farm. Although he is quite feeble physically, he is mentally sound and very alert. The reason I could not take you to visit his bee farm when you were here is because he lives in absolute seclusion from the world.

Incidentally, I trust the duplicate copies of those six episodes which Holmes himself rewrote at Sussex Downs will reach you in time for the meeting. In case they are lost in transit, I have the copies placed in your name for safekeeping in Cox's Bank.

Again, may I extend to all the members of the Baker Street Irregulars, and to the friends of Sherlock Holmes everywhere, my very best wishes.

With kindest regards, believe me, I am,

Fraternally yours,

(Signed) CHARLES WILSON

CHARLES A. WILSON, D.D.S.

[32] *His Last Bow.*

[33] *Cf. The Adventure of the Dancing Men.*

QUICK, WATSON, A RYMBEL![1]

by G. C. CASSARD

The case is elementary, my
    Dear Watson, though some points
It might be better to review.
(Just fill my pipe, old chap, will you?
    And please don't crack your joints!)

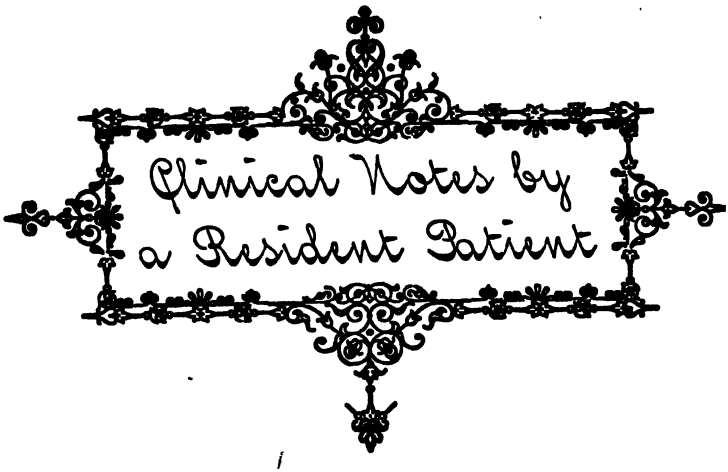
We had to visit many joints,
    As you are well aware;
Until, along the riverside,
A shanty we identified
    By ashes on the stair.

And you could only stand and stare;
    To me 'twas plain as day:
A man with plaster on his knees—
(Don't interrupt me, Watson, please!)
    Ran down an alleyway.

The way he looked at once betrayed
    The cook who drugged the beer
Intended for the girl who thought
She knew the man the porter caught;
    So, everything was clear.

But all this may not clear the son
    Who found Sir Francis dead;
For, why was he—or when—or how—?
(Quick, Watson, quick—the needle, *now*,
    Before I lose the thread!)

[1] From *Promenade*, for March, 1947.



by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I HAVE A FEELING that something might be done in looking up the reason for calling Miss Adler's house Briony Lodge. It was not the Bastard Bryony, I hope; but the regular bryony which Webster says has "powerful cathartic roots." Then there was "a sprig of wild bigamy," if you remember your Chesterton. Could it have been Bigamy Lodge?

* * *

Miss Jane Nightwork has written me a letter which I am happy, with her permission, to pass along to the readers of the JOURNAL:

Lake Halibut, Ontario,
c/o Villa Satyre Sejour (F.S.S.V.P.)

My dear M. Morley:

In her delightfully confused and perverse homily on "Dr. Watson's Third Marriage" Miss Dorothy Sayers quotes Mr. Holmes: "Matilda Briggs was not the name of a young woman, Watson. It was a ship." She then proceeds to speak of "the solecism (common today among journalists) of writing the name of the ship without the definite article." Holmes, you notice, did. Hurray for him!

As a seawoman (Canadian Wren 1940–45) and great-granddaughter of Sir Belcher Nightwork, G.C.B. (Belcher was not a nickname; it was a family name: he was of the family of Lady

Belcher who wrote the classic *Mutineers of H.M.S. Bounty and Their Descendants*; reticent as I am it is pleasing to me that I am of the breadfruit blood of Pitcairn Island)—

As a seawoman (C.P.O., mentioned in despatches), I resume: the naming of ships *tout court* is no journalist solecism, but universal mariners' usage. No sailor would dream of saying or writing "The" *Mauretania,* "The" *Abigail Gibbons,* "The" *Aluminium Trader.* "The" *Gripsholm.* That is travel bureau and tourist talk, just as they speak of sailing "on" S.S. *Soandso.* You don't live *on* a house, you don't sail *on* a ship. Miss Sayers, definitely an Inland Girl (from Oxford, I think; as far from salt water as you can get in England) and busy to assume that everything unfamiliar to herself must be a mannerism, chooses to believe that the journalist's humble attempt to copy maritime lingo must be a "solecism." Not at all, my sweet virago! The name of the famous captivated ship was not *The* Bounty, but *Bounty*; just as Dana's brig was not *The* Pilgrim, but *Pilgrim,* and the Night Boat to Albany (what a night!) was not *The* Charles W. Morse. (When we used to take a return trip—few did—we called her *Remorse.* But that was before Miss Sayers' time? I doubt if she, or any other well-bred Englishwoman, ever travelled in a river steamer? Or am I thinking of *Chester W. Chapin,* that used to churn from N. Y. to New London? Did Miss Sayers ever patronize *Clacton Belle,* or those seasick little beauties from Southampton to Jersey? Or S. S. *May Day,* sidewheeler I hope, from Liverpool to Albert Dock, as in *Cardboard Box*?)

Dana's brig was not *The* Pilgrim, she was *Pilgrim,* like Cunard's *Queen Mary* and U. S. Lines' *America* and D. L. & W.'s *Hopatcong.* It is no "solecism" as per *The* Lord Peter Wimsey, but just sailors' way of mentioning a ship.

I wouldn't bother you with this, but dear old senile Stanley Hopkins, O. B. E., saw Sayers' book (just published in England) and was so upset. Naturally, because he was the one who married Lady Frances Carfax, so illicitly mentioned as Watson's third. Watson really had no third: he remarried (as the B. S. J. has shewn) Mary Morstan, *en secondes noces.* Sayers is fond of Dr. Watson's illegible handwriting: has she never realized that it was not Thurston he played billiards with, but *Morstan*? His bro-in-law, who brought them together again.

Roger!

Yrs, dear sir,

JANE NIGHTWORK, ex-CWRNS

And speaking of Stanley Hopkins, as Jane does, I have two letters from that good O. B. E., which are also worth sharing with our readers:

THE BILBOES,
Yoxley, Kent

My dear Mr. Christopher Morley:

One of your members, perhaps Mr. Peter Greig, very kindly remembered my birthday by sending me a flask of the Oyster Sauce. Our socialist dietary only allows me an egg to my breakfast three times a week, but a poached egg well drenched with Mr. Greig's elixir gives me as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotswoman. How outraged I was, by the way, by Mr. Hesketh Pearson's remark (chapter XI of his Biography) that only people without sensitive palates love curry. An infamy!! I hope to hear if you and your colleagues picked up some amusing odds-and-sods at the auction of the poor old Murray Hill's effects. The newspapers here, to distract us from our political woes, mentioned the matter. . . . By the way, I always thought Holmes was unusually smart to be able to send off a Personal to the evening papers at noon (*A Study in Scarlet,* chapter 5) and get it into that afternoon's edition.

I am up to chapter 20 of my memoirs, which deals with Holmes and Watson as psychiatrists, but still I haven't heard from any of your American publishers. I wrote to Messrs. Schuster & Doubleday; I heard they are one of the most enterprising of your firms, but got no answer.

During the horrible winter we had here I reread the best of all spuriosa, Rev. Knox's *Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes*; I have a horrid notion that very few of your members ever saw it, and think they are having fresh new fun when they are only saying (less wittily?) what Rev. Knox wrote 35 years ago. I have a sad feeling that many of your members only read their own stuff? Tell me I am wrong? For instance Knox's classical analysis of every Holmes-Watson story into its eleven canonical points: pro-oimion, exegesis , ichneusis, etc. I was brutally drilled in all those severities at Bedford Grammar School, but I have a feeling they mean less to your vigorous young men. I was thinking when Mr. Wallace was here how wonderfully young your American men are. I am sure that is their good fortune, but don't your American women, who age rapidly (I remember Miss Nightwork!) get impatient? But this is (alas) none of my business.

I remember Mr. Holmes telling me that of course his interest in warships of the future was started by that brilliant but annoying fellow Cullingworth (in the Stark Munro Letters) whom Hesketh Pearson identifies with one Budd. I was treated by Dr. Stark Munro when I was a child; my parents took me on holiday to the seaside and I bruised my toes on the shingle of Southsea. They saw Dr. Munro's brass plate (it was so dazzlingly polished) and he bound up my foot with a detergent. He also treated Mr. Raffles Haw. As I grow older I get confused, but so did Watson. You remember, of course, that Dr. Stark Munro treated Lord Saltire long before Watson heard of him. Chapter 4 of *Stark Munro Letters*. I shall deal with all this in a later chapter. Send me the names of some publishers.

STANLEY HOPKINS, O. B. E.

And here is the other:

THE BILBOES,
Yoxley, Kent

My dear Mr. Christopher Morley:

I write you again because I have just read my Yorkshire *Post* and heard of the death of my old friend Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of R. L. Stevenson. I tell in my 24th chapter (I am still waiting for the names of some U. S. A. publishers? Schuster & Doubleday refused my offer of £100 advance!) how Lloyd Osbourne, "an American Gentleman," if you remember the immortal dedication of *Treasure Island*, told me how Watson admitted to him that his first real impulse to tell the Holmes episodes was started by Stevenson's *Dynamiter*. That was published in 1885, and one autumn night when the wind was sobbing like a child in the chimney, J. H. W. read it, at Bush Villa. You yourself have already pointed out some of its prenatal quality, but I fear you are no economist, for you did not notice its sinister forecast of fiscal horrors. I quote:

> ". . . sat down to compute in English money the value of the figure named. The result of this investigation filled him with amazement and disgust; but it was now too late; nothing remained but to endure . . . still trying, by various arithmetical expedients, to obtain a more favourable quotation for the dollar."
>
> (*The Dynamiter*, Scribner edition, p. 148.)

As you said in a letter you wrote recently to the Manchester *Guardian*, and as the good Watson had admitted to me privily, it was Stevenson's *Dynamiter* that first actually pushed poor J. H. W. into narration about Holmes.

I am a very old man, and must be brief (as you know, today, The Queen's Birthday, is also mine; age 81. And you haven't forgotten that this year is the 110th anniversary of the Victorian age.)

I was very pleased by your letter describing how you went to the Murray Hill Hotel before the sale started, and got away with those items you have told us about. I was equally, and even more than equally, pleased by Miss Nightwork's account of her bidding for the furniture of room 534. I thought it was so characteristic of you to want the copy of the Bible, and of Miss N. to want the rosewood escritoire. What sentimentalists both!

I just wanted to say that if you and Mr. Edgar Smith are coming to England this summer (don't come before September, when Mrs. Hopkins goes to visit her mother, or her aunt, and elemental forces shriek at the bars?) be sure to stop in Southsea and get a copy of the Municipal Guide, which says nice things about Bush Villa. Your most difficult struggle will be, landing at Southampton, not to be sent on automatically to the Great Cesspool. I will meet you at Waterloo (I repeat, Waterloo?) and accompany you to Baker Street to help you put up the tablet the Irregulars have so kindly devised.

Speaking of railways, the April issue of the JOURNAL was superb, but of course the locomotive (p. 174) was one of the Underground (Metropolitan) engines, and not an L. B. and S. C. machine. It plainly has the bogies, too. I never love Edgar Smith so much as in his obvious errors. It is the only way that editors get to be loved, as Watson used to say to poor bedevilled Greenhough Smith.

I have just looked up some old letters from Lloyd Osbourne, 25 years ago, from Vanumanutangi Ranch, Gilroy, California I would like to offer a prize to any publisher (including Scribner's) who could shew proof of having read *The Wrong Box*, in which L. O. was collaborator. As Kipling said, and George Saintsbury too (both cautious friends of J. H. W.) that is one of the Test Books.

Send me the names of some publishers?

STANLEY HOPKINS, O.B.E.

"Elementary, my dear Watson! The footprints are on the floor and we're on the ceiling!"

COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY OF BAKER STREET

by ERNEST F. ROBINSON

THAT BAKER STREET has its authentic zoölogy there can be no doubt. What Sherlockian, however obscure, cannot readily bring to mind the Hound, the Giant Rat or the Remarkable Worm? Following, in lesser degree of prominence, are countless other creatures of the animal kingdom, each playing its part, great or small, on the Holmesian stage.

But Baker Street has its other zoölogy—a zoölogy of comparisons and similes, conjured up largely in the mind of Dr. Watson, but in no small measure by Holmes himself, and by others whose paths crossed those of the two friends. Lest we become so curious as to the reason for this peculiar state of mind that we find ourselves enmeshed in a skein of technicalities, let it be said that the cause is far less interesting than the result. Having so decided, let us consider our zoölogy.

The *Rodentia* first draw our attention. The ill-fated Achmet, standing in the glare of Jonathan Small's lantern, "seemed to be all in a quiver with fear, for his hands twitched as if he had the ague, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole." Some moments later, Achmet was fleeing for his life, and although Small's heart softened to him, the thought of the treasure turned him hard and bitter. "I cast my firelock between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over, like a shot rabbit."[1] Mr. James M. Dodd, late of the Imperial Yeomanry, attempting to solve the disappearance of his best friend, found himself drawn to Godfrey's old nurse. The mother he liked also—"a gentle little

[1] *The Sign of the Four.*

white mouse of a woman."[2] Among the nondescript individuals who appeared at Baker Street during the first weeks of their association "was one little sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow, who was introduced to Watson as Mr. Lestrade."[3] The husband of Lady Beatrice Falder's confidential maid was "a small rat-faced man with a disagreeably furtive manner."[4] James Ryder, alias John Robinson, in an altercation with the stall-keeper at the Covent Garden Market, drew the attention of Holmes and Watson. "Turning round, we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light."[5]

Let us now consider the quadrumanous mammal, especially the monkey. The sight of the murdered Enoch J. Drebber had a pronounced effect upon Watson. Describing the scene, he says "On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose, and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance." Apparently Watson was not quite certain as to the species, for, attempting to get a couple of hours' sleep after this shocking experience, he says "It was a useless attempt. Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like countenance of the murdered man."[6] The photograph of Beppo, found in the pocket of the defunct Pietro Venucci "represented an alert, sharp-featured simian man, with thick eyebrows and a very peculiar projection of the lower part of the face, like the muzzle of a baboon."[7] Later, as Holmes, Watson and Lestrade crouched in the shadow of the fence at Laburnum Villa "the garden gate swung open, and a lithe dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path."[8]

Two other types of mammal are worthy of our consideration. It was in the Strangers' Room at the Diogenes Club that Mycroft first greeted Watson. "I am glad to meet you, sir," said he, putting

[2] *The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier.*
[3] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[4] *The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place.*
[5] *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.*
[6] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[7] *The Adventure of the Six Napoleons.*
[8] *Ibid.*

out a broad, fat hand like the flipper of a seal.[9] And the serum-addicted Professor Presbury, on a nocturnal wall-scaling expedition, provided further stimulation for Watson's imagination. "With his dressing-gown flapping on each side of him, he looked like some huge bat glued against the side of his own house." [10]

The Baker Street kennels provide ample opportunity for the study of the canine. At 16, Godolphin Street, "Lestrade's bull-dog features gazed at us from the front window." [11] Holmes's message to Sumner, Shipping Agent, Ratcliff Highway, brought three applicants. The third was a man of remarkable appearance. "A fierce bull-dog face was framed in a tangle of hair and beard. . . ." [12] Then there was Peter Jones—an absolute imbecile, but "brave as a bull-dog." [13] And the diminutive Tonga, blower of lethal darts, crouching beside his master on the stern of the launch *Aurora*, appeared to Watson as "a dark mass, which looked like a Newfoundland dog." [14]

Going on with the canines, the jangled-nerved Blessington, whose strange behavior prompted Dr. Percy Trevelyan to seek the aid of Holmes "was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a bloodhound." [15] We read of Jefferson Hope on a man-hunt which extended from Utah to London, via Cleveland, Ohio, St. Petersburg, Paris and Copenhagen. "Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human bloodhound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object to which he had devoted his life." [16] His vengeful mission accomplished, the hunter became the hunted. In the final scene at Baker Street he wrenched himself free from Holmes's grasp and leaped toward the window. "Woodwork and glass gave way before him, but before he had got quite through, Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many staghounds." [17]

[9] *The Greek Interpreter.*
[10] *The Adventure of the Creeping Man.*
[11] *The Adventure of the Second Stain.*
[12] *The Adventure of Black Peter.*
[13] *The Red-Headed League.*
[14] *The Sign of the Four.*
[15] *The Resident Patient.*
[16] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[17] *Ibid.*

The affair at Number 3, Lauriston Garden, gave Watson his first opportunity for observing his friend's methods. "As I watched him," said he, "I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained foxhound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent." [18] John Rance, the constable, whose head, Holmes said, should be for use as well as ornament, was irritated more than a little, when awakened from his slumber by Holmes and Watson. Moreover, Holmes so aroused the constable's suspicions that the latter was on the point of taking him into custody. "Don't get arresting me for the murder," said Holmes. "I am one of the hounds, and not the wolf." [19]

Definitely in the lupine category, however, is the truculent Beppo, previously characterized as an ape and a baboon. When, in the cab, enroute to police headquarters, Watson's hand seemed within his reach, "he snapped at it like a hungry wolf." [20]

Holmes makes three appearances in the family *Felidae*. Mr. Josiah Amberley's attempt at self-destruction was nipped in the bud: "Holmes sprang at his throat like a tiger and twisted his face towards the ground." "No short cuts, Josiah Amberley. Things must be done decently and in order." [21]

Colonel Sebastian Moran, "once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy-game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced" was stalking the biggest game of his career, from the empty house. "There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back." [22] And the throat-slitting Beppo, whose sanguinary tendencies were inspired by the famous black pearl of the Borgias, was surprised in the act of shattering one of the Napoleonic busts. "With the bound of a tiger Holmes was on his back. . . ." [23]

First in the class *Aves* is the Master himself, for at the very beginning of their association Watson observed that "his thin

[18] *Ibid.*
[19] *Ibid.*
[20] *The Adventure of the Six Napoleons.*
[21] *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman.*
[22] *The Adventure of the Empty House.*
[23] *The Adventure of the Six Napoleons.*

hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision."[24] On another occasion, while engrossed in a three-pipe problem "he curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird."[25]

Among the clients, Lady Brackenstall takes her place in this class through the words of the adoring Theresa Wright. "Yes, sir, it is true that he threw the decanter at me. . . . He might have thrown a dozen if he had but left my bonny bird alone."[26] The pseudo John Garrideb insisted that he had employed every possible means in his quest for the third person bearing that surname—not even having overlooked the agony columns. "What on earth," said Holmes, "could be the object of this man telling us such a rigmarole of lies? . . . There have been no advertisements in the agony columns. You know that I miss nothing there. They are my favorite covert for putting up a bird, and I would never have overlooked such a cock pheasant as that."[27]

"It was nine o'clock at night on the second of August—the most terrible August in the history of the world." Two famous Germans "looked down upon the broad sweep of the beach at the foot of the great, chalk cliff on which Von Bork, like some wandering eagle, had perched himself four years before."[28] To James M. Dodd, the elder Emsworth presented a sharp contrast to the other members of the household. "A red-veined nose jutted out like a vulture's beak, and two fierce gray eyes glared at me from under tufted brows."[29] Of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, Watson says ". . . a large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set bile-shot eyes, and his high, thin, fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey."[30] The scheming Josiah Amberley, chess player ex-

[24] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[25] *The Red-Headed League.*
[26] *The Adventure of the Abbey Grange.*
[27] *The Adventure of the Three Garridebs.*
[28] *The Final Problem.*
[29] *The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier.*
[30] *The Adventure of the Speckled Band.*

traordinary, was galvanized into action at the question "What did you do with the bodies?" His mouth was open, and for the instant he looked like "some horrible bird of prey." [31]

Of the common or barnyard variety we have two specimens. Blessington reappears, dangling at the end of a rope. "The neck was drawn out like a plucked chicken's, making the rest of him seem the more obese and unnatural by the contrast." [32] The wheezy Susan Stockdale, surprised in the act of eavesdropping, "entered with ungainly struggle like some huge awkward chicken, torn, squawking, out of its coop." [33]

And while still in the barnyard, let us look around a bit. The blustering Breckinridge, vendor of geese, and who could always be drawn by a bet, was "a horsy-looking man." [34] While investigating the affair involving the death-dealing *Cyanea capillata*, Holmes had a call from Inspector Bardle of the Sussex Constabulary—"a steady, solid, bovine man." [35] The boisterous entry of the dusky-hued Steve Dixie is tersely described by Watson— "If I had said that a mad bull had arrived it would give a clearer impression of what had occurred." [36]

Theresa Wright speaks once more. "It was more than an hour after that I heard my mistress scream, and down I ran to find her, poor lamb, just as she said, and him on the floor, with his blood and brains over the room." [37] The photograph of the bestial Ronder filled Watson with disgust. "It was a dreadful face—a human pig, or rather a human wild boar." [38]

Lestrade now reappears in a new category. Holmes and Watson, upon first entering No. 3, Lauriston Garden, found him, "lean and ferret-like as ever, standing by the doorway." [39] As they alighted from the train at the pretty little country town of Ross, a lean, ferret-like man, furtive and sly looking, was waiting for them upon

[31] *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman.*
[32] *The Resident Patient.*
[33] *The Adventure of the Three Gables.*
[34] *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.*
[35] *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.*
[36] *The Adventure of the Three Gables.*
[37] *The Adventure of the Abbey Grange.*
[38] *The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger.*
[39] *A Study in Scarlet.*

the platform. Says Watson "In spite of the light brown dustcoat and leather leggings which he wore in deference to his rustic surroundings, I had no difficulty in recognizing Lestrade, of Scotland Yard." [40] Without intending to heap further indignity upon the well-meaning Lestrade, already classed as a bulldog and rat, and purely for the enlightenment of the uninformed, a ferret is defined as "a domesticated variety of polecat."

Holmes furnishes our herpetological entry, as he characterizes "the worst man in London." "Do you feel a creeping, shrinking sensation, Watson, when you stand before the serpents in the Zoo, and see the slithery, gliding, venomous creatures, with their deadly eyes and wicked flattened faces? Well, that's how Milverton impresses me." [41]

Let us turn our attention, now, to the *Insecta*. The interior of Black Peter's hut at Woodman's Lee gave Inspector Stanley Hopkins quite a shake, despite his fairly steady nerves. "It was droning like a harmonium with the flies and bluebottles, and the floor and walls were like a slaughter-house. . . . He was pinned like a beetle on a card." [42] Holmes atop Pondicherry Lodge, the police sergeant's bull's-eye suspended from his neck, presented a strange sight to Watson. "I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge." [43]

Three statements by Holmes need no interpretation:

"He sits, motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them." [44]

"Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the centre." [45]

"Of course I have other reasons for thinking so—dozens of exiguous threads which lead vaguely up towards the centre of the

[40] *The Boscombe Valley Mystery.*
[41] *The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton.*
[42] *The Adventure of Black Peter.*
[43] *The Sign of the Four.*
[44] *The Final Problem.*
[45] *The Adventure of the Norwood Builder.*

web where the poisonous, motionless creature is lurking." [46]

Our zoölogy is not without its ichthyological department. Watson tells us that the peg-legged Jonathan Small, whose dash for freedom ended ignominiously on the Plumstead Marshes, was dragged over the side of the police launch "like some evil fish." [47] And there was another chase, with its tragic ending in the Grimpen Mire. At one stage of the hunt, Holmes rubbed his hands gleefully as he remarked "The nets are all in place, and the drag is about to begin. We'll know before the day is out whether we have caught our big, lean-jawed pike, or whether he has got through the meshes." [48]

Next, the *Crustacea*, and three well known specimens. Peter Jones impressed Holmes as being "brave as a bulldog and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone." [49] Stoke Moran Manor House was of "gray, lichen-blotched stone, with a high central portion and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, thrown out on each side." [50] And James Ryder, previously noted in the rodent class, again enters the picture. He has nearly fallen into the fire with fright at the sight of "the bonniest, brightest little blue egg that was ever seen." Holmes speaks. "Give him a dash of brandy. So! Now he looks a little more human. What a shrimp it is, to be sure!" [51]

Our zoölogy reaches its finale at the Hereford Arms in the little country town of Ross. The door had closed behind John Turner—Black Jack of Ballarat, victim of a chronic and deadly disease, which was to cheat the gallows of its prey.

"God help us!" said Holmes after a long silence. "Why does fate play such tricks with poor, helpless worms? I never hear of such a case as this that I do not think of Baxter's words, and say, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Sherlock Holmes.'" [52]

[46] *The Valley of Fear.*
[47] *The Sign of the Four.*
[48] *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*
[49] *The Red-Headed League.*
[50] *The Adventure of the Speckled Band.*
[51] *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.*
[52] *The Boscombe Valley Mystery.*

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN HOLLAND

by CORNELIS HELLING

AT THE REQUEST of the editor, I'll tell something about the relations between the Dutch people and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Now, first of all, it is my personal belief that of all the countries of the European Continent, it was and is still in Holland that the popularity of the Master Sleuth is most tremendous, and Holmes's name has got into the language in a permanent way. Hardly a somewhat complicated crime is committed here that the papers do not comment in this way: "Where is our Sherlock Holmes?" or "Let us summon Sherlock Holmes from his retirement!" Many of my countrymen read English and American fiction and also many detective novels. So everybody has at least heard of Monsieur Poirot or Charley Chan, but nobody thinks of mentioning these clever fictional detectives in their conversation. There is one standard type of the model detective, and this is Sherlock Holmes; he and nobody else!

We had, till for short, in Amsterdam a famous police-expert, who was always called in by the official police whenever a case was particularly puzzling, called Mr. van Ledden Hulsebosch. Well, always the papers called him "our Sherlock Holmes"—and he merited this surname!

The translations of Holmes's exploits have been numerous; some bad (very bad indeed!) others much better; many illustrated with the original immortal Sidney Paget drawings. Even an omnibus-edition appeared not so long ago, printed on excellent paper. Many parodies and burlesques have been edited, some by Mr. F. de Sinclair, with very amusing drawings, the best of all by Mr. Cornelis Veth, entitled "De Allerlaatste Avonturen van Sir Sher-

lock Holmes" (The Very Last Adventures of Sir Sherlock Holmes) with indeed splendid pen drawings by the author.

Many Dutch authors have followed in the footsteps of Dr. Watson, with more or less success: the most notorious among them are the late Mr. Ivans and the living Mr. Havank, who published a long row of sometimes good, sometimes rather sensational detective yarns. On the whole, one must say that detective fiction is widely read in the Low Countries. A new Holmes collection has just come out.

As to the theatre and the movies, many Holmes-plays and films were shown here and many I've personally attended to.

As to the plays, I saw in 1930 in Amsterdam a new version of Mr. William Gillette's famous play, with an excellent Holmes: Mr. Eduard Verkade, and a very convincing Professor Moriarty: Mr. Albert van Dalsum. The play concluded on the dummy-shooting scene of the Empty House (as in the French version by Pierre Decourcelle) and the marriage of Dr. Watson with Miss Alice Faulkner, a much more acceptable conclusion than the marriage of Holmes himself, to which I always objected in the original play as violating a trifle Holmes's rather misogynic character. Another very good stage-Holmes was Mr. Henri de Vries, who had acted many years on the English stage, so his speech had rather a British flavour, which was so much the better in the play: "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Messrs. J. E. Harold Terry and Arthur Rose, mainly founded on *The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax.* But most famous of all the Dutch stage-Holmeses was certainly, in the beginning of this century, the late Mr. Marcel Myin, whom I never saw but who, according to older people who did actually see his performance, must have been indeed marvelous and his success was very near like that of Mr. Gillette in the same play.

Of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" I saw no less than four versions; a very early one was German with Alwin Neuss as Holmes. The gruesome hydraulic press which figured in *The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb* played its part in this film. Another German film, many years later, was much better, but Dr. Watson was positively ridiculous. The Stoll picture in which Mr. Eille Norwood played the Holmes role was fine as to atmosphere,

but Mr. Norwood did not entirely satisfy me; he did not bring back to one's mind the lean, sinewy Holmes of the saga. The late John Barrymore in the Gillette-play (1925) was much more realistic, but the Holmes who nearly satisfied me was Mr. Basil Rathbone, whom I saw in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"; an entirely new plot in which neither William Gillette nor Conan Doyle had no hand whatsoever. At the end (a rather sensational one) Professor Moriarty was thrown by Holmes from the roof of the Tower of London, a dénouement which reminded one rather of the scene at the Reichenbach Fall. Dr. Watson was again a preposterous personage in these films. Another "good" Holmes, who resembled much the drawings by Sidney Paget, was Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, whom I saw (about 1918) in "The Valley of Fear," with Mr. Booth Conway as Professor Moriarty. I hear the same Mr. Saintsbury was much applauded, about the same time in London, in the play "The Speckled Band," by Conan Doyle.

The quasi-perfect Holmes (in likeness at least), Mr. Arthur Wontner, was seen in Holland only in a private film meeting for newspaper-men in the film "The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes," but was never released in the public cinema. The reason remains a mystery to this day!

Finally, Holmes and Dr. Watson were, just as in the United States, on the air in several broadcast plays, notably in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and in "The Sign of the Four." But I think these productions less convincing than the plays and the films. One does not see the gestures, the expressions of the faces, in short the outward side of the action and, in my opinion, this can never be to the advantage of the ultimate impression of the whole. Television would bring the ideal solution!

THE SOLITARY CYCLIST RIDES AGAIN

by HELENE YUHASOVA

In Charlington, Miss Violet Smith had had a warm encounter with
A certain Mr. Woodley, who was known as Roaring Jack:
A lewd, licentious, brawling churl, he coveted this lovely girl,
And only Bob Carruthers' wiles had turned his passes back.

Carruthers was the lady's boss. In Africa, he'd come across
Her dying father, and, when he and Roaring Jack returned,
He'd hired her upon the spot to teach his darling little tot
Piano, for emolument she'd never really earned.

This fact she'd taken in her stride, and several other things beside;
But when she found, to her dismay, that she was being tailed
On all her lonely cycling trips, a pallor drained her ruby lips,
And off she rushed to importune The Man Who Never Failed.

The year was 1895, and Sherlock Holmes could scarce contrive
To wrestle with the many cases that had come his way;
Yet he was courteous and kind, and listened with an open mind
To what the blushing Violet found it pertinent to say.

When she was done, he closed his eyes, and, looking very, very wise,
Observed that these were busy days—in fact, he said it twice;
And, though he then bespoke her pluck, and held her hand and wished her luck,
It can't be said he gave her any really sage advice.

Yet, clearly, one of his renown could never let a lady down,
And so, with Watson, Holmes began to formulate his plan:
A first and most important point would be, of course, to case the joint—
"And for that job," he said to Watson, "you're the very man."

So down to Farnham Watson went—his eyes alert, his ears intent—
To scout the heath near Charlington, where all the fun took place:
He saw Miss Smith go cycling past, a bearded stranger following fast—
And then he saw the stranger disappear, without a trace.

Back once again in Baker Street, and proud of his detective feat,
He found that Holmes was not impressed, and not at all amused:
For word from Violet now disclosed that old Carruthers had proposed,
And she, affianced as she was, had loyally refused.

This gave the case a different hue, so Holmes went out detecting too,
And in a pub in Chiltern Grange, while practicing the art,
Jack Woodley overheard his screed, and punched his mouth and made it bleed—
But Jack himself, praise be, was trundled homeward in a cart.

Then things began to happen fast: Miss Smith, bewildered and harassed,
Announced her high resolve to seek a safer board and bed;
At which the Master's face grew grim: it signified—at least to him—
That any evil schemes afoot would quickly come to head.

And he was right. Down Farnham way, where he and Watson went next day,
They came upon an empty rig while traversing the heath.
"Alas!" Holmes cried aloud, "Too late! It's murder, or some horrid fate
That stands, in scale with murder, only slightly underneath!"

He turned—and Watson turned alike—to see a man upon a bike
Careering madly up the road, his whiskers all askew.
It was the stranger, gun in hand, and shouting out the loud command
To stop, and give account of where the girl had vanished to.

Holmes quieted this silly stir by simply stating who they were.
"And you," he hazarded, "are Bob Carruthers, I presoom."
The cyclist nodded his assent, then begged them both to implement
His urgent aim to save the girl he loved from threatened doom.

Their forces duly joined, the three set out to see what they could see;
And as they went, Carruthers undertook to put them wise:
Himself and Woodley, it would seem, had engineered a crafty scheme
To grab Miss Smith's inheritance upon her dad's demise.

They'd gambled, on their ocean ride, to see who'd claim her as his bride;
Then Roaring Jack, the winner, found he didn't have a chance:
So Bob, bemused by Violet's charm, and bent on shielding her from harm.
Had tried to double-cross the game with out-and-out romance.

But now the pretty bird had flown, and Woodley, acting on his own,
Was out to use coercion to ensure his cashing in.
He had, as partner in his shame, a parson, Williamson by name—
Unfrocked, of course, but still on most familiar terms with sin. . . .

Thus briefed on their amazing case, our trio, quickening their pace,
Debouched into the forest, where they thought they saw a track:
And, sure enough, in one fell swoop they came upon a little group
Composed, of course, of Williamson, Miss Smith and Roaring Jack.

The scene was painful to behold: young Woodley, swaggering and bold,
Said gloatingly, while Violet drooped against a handy tree:
"You've come too late, upon my life! This lovely girl is now my wife!"
"No, she's your widow!" Bob Carruthers cried, sententiously.

A shot rang out, and Woodley fell; at which the parson shouted "Hell!"
And high confusion then ensued—but order was restored
When Holmes the Master showed his hand, to dominate the little band:
"Who are you then?" "My name is Sherlock Holmes." "Good Lord!
Good Lord!"

There's very little more to say. Jack Woodley lived, to rue the day,
And Bob Carruthers did a modest hitch in some retreat;
Miss Smith endured her lover's wooing, as ladies have a way of doing,
And Holmes and Watson, be it known, returned to Baker Street.

The moral? Well, it's hard to find; perhaps it's something of this kind:
When eager males are on the make, it's often necessary,
For girls who'd brave their wolfish wrath, inviting to the primrose path,
To take the cycle path instead—and cycle solitary.

"GOOD NIGHT, MISTER SHERLOCK HOLMES"

by EDGAR W. SMITH

THE DARK WAS COMING DOWN—the dark of the night without that would be gone again with the rising sun; and the dark of the sempiternal night within, here in the quiet room alone, for which there could be no morrow save in the thoughts and memories of others, if any such there were.

It was comfortable in the great bed; comfortable, but lonely, too. Death was not a terrible thing, after all: it was not something to be loathed and feared, even when it was inevitable. Inevitable? No, incredible—that was it. It was coming, of course, and it was coming soon—but even now it wasn't something to be believed, and therefore it wasn't something to be loathed and feared. It *couldn't* be; the subconscious denied it fiercely, for all that the conscious acknowledged its imminent invasion. How soon and untimely it was coming, though. . . . What did the calendar say? It was 1891, and three-and-thirty years in which to live a life were so few, so very few. But they had been full years—oh, how full they had been! They had held all the things that any years could ask: fortune, and fame; and more than fame and fortune put together—love. Does a full and urgent life like that mean that death is more welcome when it comes, or less? If it had been instead a life of misery and frustration, would that make the going easier now, or would the passionate, unbelieving resentment be just as strong? Oh, well, why try to understand such things? It still isn't true, anyway. It's going to happen, of course, but it *can't* happen—it *can't!*

. . . There had been all the world to live and play in, and the chords that had come forth in the playing were warm and sonorous.

But of all that whole wide world, what a place to have picked to be born in—and to die in! Hoboken, New Jersey! It was a place you could learn to love, perhaps, when you came to know it; especially if you had been born there. But it sounded even worse, somehow, than Brooklyn, New York; or Peoria, Illinois; or Neshaminy, Pennsylvania. Why couldn't it have been Paris, or London, or some other romantic spot which could be acknowledged proudly and without that alert watchfulness for the latent smile that made acknowledgment always just a little challenging? London would have been best of all, perhaps; or any place in England: although probably there were places there that had faintly shameful connotations, too, when their names were mentioned—Dorking, say, or maybe Wapping. But St. John's Wood was wonderful, and Serpentine Avenue was certainly better and more romantic in every way than Huffstader Street in Hoboken.

Yes—anywhere in England would have done. It was a lovely land, even though it was full of strange people and stranger ways. Take the matter of names, for instance, and the way they had of pronouncing them. Usually they dropped a syllable or two, like calling Sevenoaks Snooks, or Talliaferro Tolliver—what had that American said once about getting back at them by calling Niagara Falls Niffles? But to abuse a simple, peaceful, two-syllable word by stretching it out to three syllables—well, that wasn't necessary at all. It was wrong, of course—and the old song proved it:

"My Irene is the village queen . . ."

You couldn't say "queenie"—that would be ridiculous. No, "queen" must be right. Queen! What a wonderful word that was! A queen was someone who lived with a king—well, a queen was maybe something a little more than that. But a queen *did* live with a king, anyway, and living with a king was fun—it was exciting; perhaps occasionally a little too exciting. It was more fun, anyway, than singing at La Scala—that had been fun too, though, especially being billed as the "New Jersey *prima donna*," when back at the Met in New York you had to be an Italian to even get in the chorus. What was it somebody had once said—a combination of the Swedish Nightingale and the Jersey Lily? That was good!

And then the Imperial Opera at Warsaw, where the *coup de foudre* had come down. It wasn't often that a contralto rated being

prima donna—that was a high throne indeed to climb down from when the occupant of the other throne came along to demand it. It had happened right there in Warsaw, and he had been sitting in the box at the opera, almost within reach. He was *always* almost within reach. And never quite attainable. But what a man he was! Six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules! Not a dresser, really, by English standards; he would even stand out rather obtrusively in the somewhat exotic town of Hoboken. Too flashy, and too many furs and jewels. Especially that brooch with a beryl in it that he wore at his neck, just at the height of a woman's coiffure when she laid her head on his manly bosom at his bidding. It had got entangled once, and he had been very contrite and considerate, in his bear-like way. Poor Gottsreich! There had never been any chance of marriage, of course, but even so . . . that silly little Princess Clotilde didn't deserve him, either. A mouse of a woman, if ever there was one; a nasty little Scandinavian bitch! "The very soul of delicacy," he had said; and then the photograph—oh, that photograph! . . . how fortunate that the whim had possessed him to have it taken! It was an ace that could have trumped any trick her delicate little soul might ever have wanted to play. It wasn't too bad, as a photograph, really; not if you were at all broad-minded. A woman can sit on a man's knee without its meaning *everything* . . . well, it didn't *prove* everything, anyway. But Gottsreich nearly went crazy from the threat it held over his royally vulnerable head. Five times he had tried to get it back—two burglaries, one diversion of luggage, and two "waylayings." And then finally his calling in the great detective—the greatest detective in all the world; the wisest, the most brilliant man who ever lived; a man who was the soul of honor; a knight out of the romantic past: tall, sternly handsome, eagle-eyed . . . a man beside whom Gottsreich himself . . . oh, how foolish that little six-and-a-half-foot king had been to think he could redeem the photograph by force or by the use of wits—even such wits as *those!* Why didn't he just *ask* for it?

And it was then, too, of all times, that that good-looking young barrister had come along. The guarding of the photograph had come to be a habit, almost a matter of principle; although of course by then it didn't mean what it used to mean any more. It

wasn't Clotilde, now, from whose eyes it had to be kept. And it wasn't Godfrey Norton's eyes either. What a wedding-on-the-rebound that had been! There was some informality about the licence, thank goodness, and maybe the ceremony at St. Monica's wasn't binding, after all, although the presence of the saintly witness who had been so shamefully dragged in had made it a nightmare never to be forgotten. But informality or not, it wasn't a marriage as really and truly as the years spent with Gottsreich had been a marriage—and in that case there had been informality with a vengeance. No, there had never been *any* marriage, with *any*one, except in those secret chambers of the mind upon which the darkness was now so fast descending . . .

Poor Godfrey! He was a better man than Gottsreich—well, in a sort of dull, respectable way he was. No herculean chest or limbs, of course, and no flaming beryl. No flaming anything. But a solid citizen. Solid and respectable. And *legal*, too—except for the informality. It had all become so clear on that trip to the Continent: the 5.15 from Charing Cross had made transit from one world to another more finally and more fatally than any train had ever done before or since. And what a solid, stolid, dull, respectable, legal world had lain at the other end of its traject!

. . . And who was that other man who had played the squire to the shining knight that day when so much had happened? Watson, his name was—John, or James—nobody ever seemed quite sure just which it was. His attitude toward women, they said—what was the word they used?—Yes, that was it: his attitude toward women was *orectic*. A beautiful word, but there are shorter and plainer ones that would do just as well. He had played around the edges of the game, throwing smoke-bombs and shouting "Fire!" and making off down the street like a scared rabbit; while the hero of the piece—for he *was* a hero, for all that the business was a very silly one indeed—lay stretched out on the couch in simulated agony, begging in his eyes to be ministered to—and, oh, how delicious it had been to treat him tenderly and lovingly as if he really needed a woman's care! He *did* need a woman's care, even though it wasn't in the way he pretended at the moment, the poor dear!

Yes, there had been that awful journey to the Continent. . . . But first there had been the stolen farewell whispered from out the

fog . . . and the letter that had to be left at Briony Lodge for him to pick up—the letter that had been so hard to compose without letting certain things show through. . . . And then after the Continent there had been America, and back at last to New Jersey, and specifically—oh, so specifically!—to Hoboken. It hadn't been much of a place to live in, but it wasn't such a bad place to die in. All places were the same for that, except as it would show in the history books later. Nobody would call it dying of a broken heart, of course—it would be a coronary thrombosis, or a mitric embolism, or an aortic aneurism, or something fancy like that. But there *was* such a thing as a broken heart—it came from mourning for things that had been lost, or that had never been possessed—and that was really at the bottom of it, whatever the doctors said. Why do women always have losses to mourn? Gottsreich—yes, the loss of Gottsreich was something to be mourned, in a way; although the affair with him had really been given up in stride just as blithely as it had been taken in stride. But Godfrey—no! Not Godfrey. It was *Gottfried* in German, wasn't it—almost like Gottsreich? But there the similarity ceased. *He* was nothing to mourn. Where was he now? Back in the Inner Temple somewhere, probably. Well, let him stay there. Dark, handsome and dashing. All right, let him dash. . . . And Gottsreich could have his Clotilde, and his throne, too, for all that either of them was worth. That was all past and forgotten; and with Godfrey there wasn't even anything to forget.

And why do people—or anyway women—mourn most what they have never had at all? Or never even known? That was another mystery, like the mystery of life and death. It was all sort of mixed up. Everything was sort of mixed up. Why bother about it? . . . How dark it had become! . . . and getting darker. . . .

The sun would come in the morning, when the night without had been dispelled. And its rays, slanting across the room, would strike upon a portrait on the stand beside the bed where the night within had come to stay. And the figure it would illumine was not the figure of a barrister, nor yet the figure of a king. . . .

My First Meeting with Sherlock Holmes

by James Keddie, Jr.

My first meeting with the Greatest Detective of All Time was most uncanonical.

Many years ago when I was sick and lay abed, my father showed me a bound volume of *The Play-Pictorial* (London, 1902) to take my mind off myself. It was a grand "book," full of many fascinating pictures; names of actors unfamiliar to me at that: Seymour Hicks (*Quality Street*); Lewis Waller (*Monsieur Beaucaire*); Forbes-Robertson as Dick Heldar and C. Aubrey Smith as Torpenhow in *The Light That Failed* playing at The New Theatre; Irene Vanbrugh and H. B. Irving in *The Admirable Crichton*; Holbrook Blinn as Lieutenant Buonaparte in *Duchess of Dantzic* . . . what names to conjure with!

But what have we here? Who is this gaunt, intelligent looking, slightly stoop-shouldered man with the sharp features? Sherlock Holmes as portrayed by William Gillette? Who is Sherlock Holmes? This looks interesting, father, tell me more about him—and then and there I learned about Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

* * *

To me William Gillette and Sherlock Holmes have always been synonymous. And how about that other "creator" of Sherlock Holmes—Frederic Dorr Steele? To him, Holmes and Gillette were

always one and the same. "Mr. Gillette was blessed by nature," wrote Mr. Steele, "with the lean, sinewy figure and keen visage required, and his quiet but incisive histrionic method exactly fitted such a part as Sherlock. . . . I did not need to be told to make my Holmes look like Gillette. The thing was inevitable." [1]

* * *

I should like to be able to say truthfully that my first meeting with Sherlock Holmes in the Chronicles of Dr. Watson was in *The Speckled Band*. It should be *The Speckled Band*, of course, because of my close association with the Boston Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars, of that name. Life just isn't like that. It was in the pages of that most delightful of all Scandals—the one that took place in Bohemia—that Sherlock Holmes first stalked for me. And after that it was *A Study in Scarlet*.

There never was a council in those spacious chambers at 221B at which I was not present: all ears—as only a youngster can lend his ears—for the Adventure of the moment. This eager youth never forewent a railway journey with Holmes and Watson; never a visit to Brother Mycroft or Scotland Yard was missed; never a meal at Simpson's nor a visit to hear Neruda. Holmes and Watson just had no privacy! When Billy opened the door to a visitor there was ever a shadow behind the young "Buttons of Baker Street"; when Mrs. Hudson brought in the things for tea, the kippers were always sampled by this "shadow" before the tray had touched the table. On the dark and stormy nights when there were no cases calling "our" attention, Holmes and I worked over our scrapbooks while the good Doctor caught up on back numbers of *The British Medical Journal*. Yes, I practically lived at 221B Baker Street in those days!

Sherlock Holmes really lives, and I am happy to have had the opportunity of meeting him; for without his friendship I would feel lost today. As Irene Adler was always *the* woman to Sherlock Holmes; so to me Sherlock Holmes will always be *the* man.

[1] "Sherlock Holmes in Pictures," in *221B: Studies in Sherlock Holmes*.

TWO SOUTHERN EXPOSURES
of
SHERLOCK HOLMES

Compiled from Researches of the Wisteria Lodge Confederates by
MANLY WADE HAMPTON WELLMAN,
Commanding Colonel (Temp.), WLC, and Dying Detective, BSI

NOBODY WILL EVER know just how much Sherlock Holmes saw of America. He must have traveled widely before he met Watson in 1881, and again from 1891 to 1894, to say nothing of his later sojourn in the States to prepare for his last bow. Yet his interests, at least, suggest special attention to our South, the old realm of the Confederacy. Like Watson, he admired both Yankee and rebel, and deplored the settlement of their dispute by the shedding of so much brave blood. Twice, at least, problems extremely and particularly Southern American came to his professional notice, and have in the recording posed riddles. Let us seek here for answers.

A. *The Hebron Marriage.*

The question of whether Effie Munro could and did contract an earlier marriage with John Hebron, a Georgian of colored descent, has occasioned recent lively dispute, both verbally among Sherlockians and in the letter department of a Massachusetts periodical called, if memory serves me correctly in these latitudes, the *Atlantic Monthly*. Laws against such mixed marriages, both in ante-bellum Georgia and in more modern times, have been cited with an air of settling the matter as mere romance. But other laws, that obtained there during the Reconstruction years when carpetbagger and scalawag leaders marshalled numerous Negro legislators and set up behaviors that have not obtained before or since, may not only explain the seeming impossibility but also give a clue as to the

approximate time when Sherlock Holmes considered the problem of the Yellow Face.

This adventure seems to have occurred early in Holmes's association with Dr. Watson. We know the two were living together in Baker Street, and that Holmes used, or seemed to use, the narcotics which saddened Watson during their first acquaintanceship; and Watson's remark on Holmes's splendid boxing skill suggests that the Great Man was young enough to be a potential professional champion of the ring—under thirty, anyway. It was spring, and it may have been the spring of 1882—not later than the spring of 1883, let us decide—when Grant Munro appeared to lay bare his vexed heart.

He did not then know the full former life of the young widow he had married three years earlier, in 1879 or 1880. She hid from him the fact that her first husband was of Negro blood and that her beloved little daughter was still alive. All she had told her new love was that she had been married to an Atlanta attorney by the name of Hebron, that he had died when "yellow fever broke out badly in the place," leaving her a modest fortune of some twenty thousand dollars American. Lack of family papers she explained by "a great fire in Atlanta shortly after his [Hebron's] death." These matters of the epidemic and the fire are strongly urged by those who look upon the story of the Yellow Face as pure fiction. To be sure, Atlanta history shows no yellow fever scourge of any magnitude during the last four decades of the nineteenth century, and no "great fire" since the one kindled by that most unwelcome Northern tourist, William Tecumseh Sherman; but it must not be forgotten for an instant that neither Watson nor Holmes offers these statements as cold fact. Munro told them, undoubtedly in all sincerity, as he had heard them from his wife. She also told him—and it was a lie—that the daughter of John Hebron had died with her father. When the truth came out, and Munro acted with such admirable and affectionate understanding, his wife did not explain the whole truth in public; but some effort can be made to fill in the gaps.

The lady, as we know, went to America "when she was young," probably in her teens. *Circa* 1872, when she was seventeen or eighteen, Atlanta was under Reconstruction rule. Colored persons, once

the servitors, were now given equal and even preferential treatment. Young John Hebron, "a man strikingly handsome and intelligent," was one of those who had opportunity to develop their natural gifts. Since liberation from slavery in 1865, he had studied law and made a professional success; he may even have been a political leader. Young Miss Effie, an immigrant, did not feel the native Southern distaste for mixed marriage. She accepted his proposal, and was on her own statement happy, though cut off from her own race.

But how about Hebron's death? It might still have been yellow fever, though not in an epidemic. Or it might have been something more deadly still: a bullet.

They married some time before 1874, when Georgia's carpetbagger regime was in full control, but with the days of its existence numbered. In that year the native whites won political victory under the able leadership of John B. Gordon, and with it a return to laws operative for white supremacy. The Hebrons would be well advised to move a hundred miles or so into South Carolina, a state still snugly carpetbagged. It was two years more before history repeated itself there. In 1876 Wade Hampton, a distinguished cavalry officer under Robert E. Lee, and a notable Southern moderate in politics, headed a campaign for restoration of South Carolina home rule that, before it finally succeeded, was characterized by fierce riots and considerable bloodshed. Hebron, with his gifts and reputation, was undoubtedly prominent on the side of the forces then in power; and perhaps at Cainhoy, Hamburg or some other scene of argument even to exchange of shots, he was killed.

After the establishment of Hampton's government in 1877, Mrs. Hebron and her little girl would depart again. From up North, perhaps, she conducted a campaign to secure her husband's property. Very likely Hampton himself, kind and wise conciliator that he was, helped to do her justice in the matter. And afterward, back to her native England and a new love—together with a new anxiety, that seemed to threaten a new tragedy.

The rest of it we know. And Sherlock Holmes, still young and a learner in those early eighties, had the professional humility to recognize that he was not always right. It did him no end of good in his later career.

B. *A Ku Klux Report*

One may search in vain the Official Records of the Confederate Armies for any data on Colonel Elias Openshaw, British-born Floridan who served with Stonewall Jackson and later with the valiant but blundering John B. Hood. Yet here, as elsewhere, Dr. Watson undoubtedly disguised an actual name for sake of courtesy or to avoid libel suits. One is tempted to identify the *ci-devant* Openshaw with Captain F. M. Woodward, who commanded a scratch regiment of two Mississippi battalions under Hood at Nashville; Woodward means a defended wood, and Openshaw an undefended one—wouldn't Watson handle the name problem just like that? Or Openshaw may be a sound-alike for the artillerist Bouanchaud, or for J/ T. Holtzclaw, the infantry brigadier who was as savage as his surname. We cannot say for certain without more material, and let us continue arbitrarily to call him Openshaw, as did Watson.

He was killed, anyway; who killed him?

He left the ex-Confederacy, apparently in the winter of 1869–70, and in 1883 perished mysteriously after receiving an envelope containing five orange pips. His brother Joseph, who inherited his property, died from an apparently accidental fall in 1885, after receiving a similar package of pips. His final close relative, his nephew John, was murdered in London in the fall of 1887, despite Sherlock Holmes's effort to intervene. Then it was revealed that the three tragedies were the work of sinister visitors from America, led by a Georgia sea-captain named James Calhoun.

The word of the *American Encyclopedia* was good enough for Holmes, who pronounced these killers members of the Ku Klux Klan, trying to recover important papers of their order from their former Klan brother Openshaw, and then from his heirs. The Encyclopedia spoke of the "collapse" of the Invisible Empire's activity in 1869, and this date Holmes matched with that of March, 1869, appearing on the ragged edge of a leaf from the colonel's partially destroyed diary. But the date is significant in an importantly different way when one considers actual Ku Klux history.

Beginning informally a few months after the fall of the Confederacy, the masked order grew and flourished as a sort of desperate

rebellion against Reconstruction abuses. In April of 1867 a secret convention at Nashville led to complex organization, with Bedford Forrest, the brilliant cavalry general, as Grand Wizard. It operated for a year, with such success as to call for Congressional investigation and the threat of military law throughout the South. Forrest himself later testified that the Ku Klux was "broken up and disbanded" by the end of 1868.

When Forrest spoke, the better element of the South that had ridden in the sheeted ranks obeyed. They left the Ku Klux and addressed themselves to legal and political activity that was crowned with restoration of home rule to the old rebel states. An "order of dissolution," dated in the Ku Klux cipher in January of 1869, specifically prohibits masking and going in disguise, as a final move to dissolve the brotherhood.

But the more disreputable element kept its masks, and even as in more recent years pirated the Ku Klux label for the perpetration of outrages. Undoubtedly to such an unsavory later order did Colonel Elias Openshaw belong. Whatever violence his diary recorded in March of 1869 happened whole months after the real Ku Klux had gone out of existence.

And preservation of the mere secrets of the Ku Klux Klan were no matter for killing men in far countries. John C. Lester, one of the Klan's original six founders, published a revealing history of the order in 1884, and he was neither ambushed, threatened or even blamed by his former fellows. No, plainly here was something more—a history of theft or extortion or robbery. The whole account can never be pieced together, since Openshaw's papers were burned; but the adventure unquestionably revolved around his membership in a post-Klan mob of Southern hoodlums.

No doubt he richly deserved his fate, as the killers also deserved drowning at sea during the equinoctial gales of 1887, at just about the time that Dr. John Watson was meeting Mary Morstan and pronouncing her a very attractive woman.

The Story I like Best

by Jay Finley Christ

May I raise my voice to praise my choice
Of Holmes Adventures rare:
The tale of the bank, its dungeon rank,
And the mug from Coburg Square?

The red-haired man who fell for a plan
Was an easy-going feller:
He scribbled at work while a villainous clerk
Was tunnelling in his cellar.

Four hours each day they dug away
Beneath the banker's gold,
'Til a Saturday night when all seemed right
For the stroke of the robbers bold.

But Sherlock waited with breathing bated
In darkness black as ink,
And the bandits 'cute took out no loot—
He clapped them in the clink.

Four men sat round and made no sound
To trap the smart John Clay,
While the banker boiled (for his fun was spoiled
When he missed his Saturday play).

Too bad he missed his regular whist
For the very first time in years;
But it saved the cash and settled the hash
Of the wicked scion of peers.

The sinful heir should have had more care
And to this fact been wise:
By trick or jape he couldn't escape
From Sherlock's keen gray eyes.

Good Sherlock took full many a crook
In Adventures beyond compare;
And the best of the lot is the crafty plot
Of the man with the flaming hair.

THE MUSIC OF BAKER STREET[1]

by S. C. ROBERTS

MR. WARRACK makes his entry into the field of Holmesian scholarship with disarming modesty. But let it be said at once that he fully justifies his admission to the company of serious investigators of the problems of 221B Baker Street. A careful examination of Holmes's musical tastes and accomplishments has long been a desideratum amongst students of the Watson Saga, and Mr. Warrack's well-documented monograph, save for a few regrettable lapses, preserves the true spirit of patient scholarship. His investigation, for instance, of the circumstances under which Sherlock Holmes bought his Stradivari from a Jew broker in the Tottenham Court Road for fifty-five shillings is a masterly piece of reconstruction. Mr. Warrack is able to show that in 1872, just at the time when Holmes might be spending part of his vacation in London, there was a Special Loan exhibition of musical instruments at South Kensington, and that at the same time a series of letters on Cremona Violins and Varnish was appearing in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. In the same year, too, Lombardini's *Antonio Stradivari e la celebre scuola cremonese* was published, and Mr. Warrack's researches throw a bright and convincing light on what was undoubtedly Holmes's favourite recreation.

Mr. Warrack's survey includes a similarly learned commentary upon Holmes's study of "The Polyphonic Motets of Lassus." All readers of *The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans* will remember that it was in 1895 that Holmes undertook the writing of a monograph on this subject; that it was afterwards printed for

[1] A review, first printed in The Oxford Magazine for May 1, 1947, of *Sherlock Holmes and Music*, by Guy Warrack; Faber & Faber, Ltd., London, 1947.

private circulation, and that, according to Watson, it was "said by experts to be the last word on the subject." Mr. Warrack approaches this topic in a highly sceptical spirit: he is doubtful whether Holmes ever heard much of Lassus' music sung, and is probably right in inferring that his study of it must have been from the printed page. But with Mr. Warrack's conclusion that the monograph was "at best only projected, at the worst a complete myth," we find ourselves unable to agree. Certainly Watson's remark about its being "the last word" is merely a hearsay quotation, but such slight evidence as we have of the nature of Holmes's work by no means rules out the possibility of its having dealt minutely with some aspect—possibly the bibliographical aspect—of Lassus' work. With his French connections and with his well-known interest in typographical technique, Holmes may well have developed an enthusiasm for the study of the early editions published in Paris by Le Roy side by side with the later Ballard editions, and so have thrown fresh light on certain points of musical typography. Here, admittedly, we are in the realm of musicological conjecture, but we feel bound to prefer conjecture, however tentative, to the sweeping nature of Mr. Warrack's *non est inventus* conclusion.

Again, we cannot wholly accept Mr. Warrack's destructive analysis of the gramophone incident in *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone*. Holmes, it will be remembered, utilises the newly-invented gramophone to play the Barcarolle from Offenbach's Contes d'Hoffmann, and Mr. Warrack seeks to cast doubt upon the whole episode, suggesting that the gramophone is, in fact, an editorial invention. Now it may be conceded at once that the text of *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone* presents many difficulties. It does not form part of the Watson canon, and Holmes is made to split an infinitive at the climax of the adventure; in an earlier communication we have ventured to make a conjecture as to the probable editorship of the story, and we cannot but be gratified that Mr. Warrack has thought fit to adopt this conjecture. But in his discussion of the problem from the angle of the Barcarolle itself we are compelled to doubt whether he has preserved a proper objectivity of approach. Mr. Warrack, as he informs us in a modest footnote, was an Examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music for many years, and it is with real diffidence that

we would venture any criticism of his purely musical exegesis. But when he writes of the Barcarolle that "Many musicians consider it to be a particularly feeble and dreary tune justified only by its operatic setting," it is only fair to reply that there are musicians of distinction who would resent with some warmth this attribution of dreary feebleness. Further, when Mr. Warrack goes on: "Played on a solo violin it is intolerable, as indeed Count Negretto Silvius found," we become less and less confident of his critical impartiality. For, in supporting his argument, he quotes the Count (whose name, incidentally, is mis-spelt) as saying: "Confound that whining noise; it gets on my nerves." What the Count actually said was: "Confound that whining music . . ." No less an authority than Grove is quoted for the view that the popularity of the Barcarolle dates from Sir Thomas Beecham's English production of the opera in 1910, and *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone* must certainly be dated 1903, or 1904 at the latest. But what Mr. Warrack would seem to have overlooked is that the Barcarolle was largely popularised in this country as a dance-tune. In the early 1900's it was well established as a favourite waltz, especially as played by the first violin of a small dance-orchestra; and, while Mr. Warrack's doubt about the existence of a gramophone record in 1903 is fully justified, it may be noted that, in the early days of gramophone development, "vocal and violin solos made the most successful records" (*Oxford Companion to Music*, p. 378). In short, the proper approach to a history of the Barcarolle is to be sought not in the annals of the Opéra Comique, but on the Edwardian dancing-floor.

Finally, a word must be said upon Mr. Warrack's attitude towards Holmes himself. It savours, we regret to say, both of patronage and of denigration. We may pass by the suggestion that a fondness for Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Offenbach indicates that Holmes had Jewish blood in his veins as a piece of ill-judged pleasantry. But Holmes's "propensity for ostentation" and his "love of a good curtain" seem to rouse in Mr. Warrack a disproportionate degree of critical irritation. The opening pages of *Silver Blaze* are well known:

"We are going well," said he, looking out of the window, and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

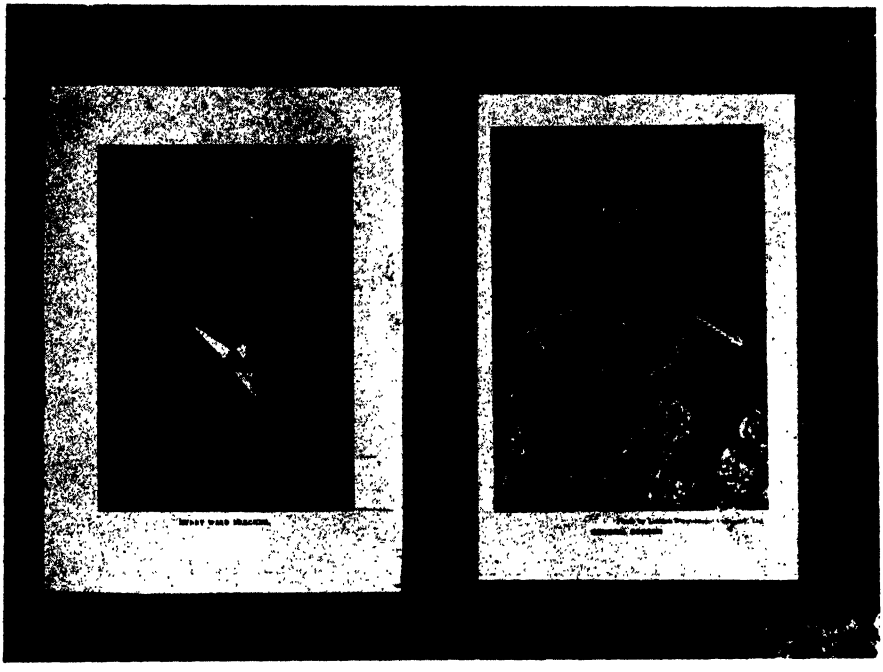
"I have not observed the quarter-mile posts," said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one."

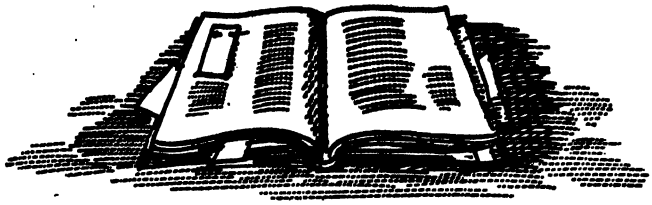
Commenting on this, Mr. Warrack maintains that to arrive at his result Holmes would have been obliged to work out in his head an arithmetical sum of overwhelming complexity, and that it would have been impossible with a pocket watch to time the passage of telegraph poles to the necessary tenth of a second. Mr. Warrack, if we may so express it, is making telegraph-poles out of fountain-pens. What happened, surely, was something like this: About half a minute before he addressed Watson, Holmes had looked at the second hand of his watch and had then counted fifteen telegraph poles (he had, of course, *seen* the quarter-mile posts, but had not *observed* them, since they were not to be the basis of his calculation). This would give him a distance of nine hundred yards, a fraction over half-a-mile. If a second glance at his watch had shown him that thirty seconds had passed, he would have known at once that the train was travelling at a good sixty miles an hour. Actually he noted that the train had taken approximately thirty-four seconds to cover the nine hundred yards; or, in other words, it was rather more than ten per cent. slower than a train travelling at sixty miles an hour, and Holmes accordingly deducted rather more than ten per cent. (i.e. 6½) from sixty. The calculation, as he said, was a simple one; what made it simple for him was his knowledge, which of course Watson did not share, that the telegraph poles were sixty yards apart. Mr. Warrack's talk of "sheer bluff" is manifestly irrelevant.

While we have felt it desirable, in the interests of Holmesian scholarship, to animadvert upon certain weaknesses in Mr. Warrack's line of argument, we must, nevertheless, conclude by repeating our welcome for his book. The production and proof-reading (save for an inaccuracy in the spelling of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's name) are good, and the work is printed on paper of exceptional quality. We trust that Mr. Warrack will pursue his researches and reconsider some of his judgments.

The Veritable "Gladstone"



"Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. . . . Your eyes flashed across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. Then you glanced up at the wall, and of course your meaning was obvious."



From the Editor's Commonplace Book

I HAVE RECEIVED numerous letters chiding me for the carelessness which led to the publication in the April JOURNAL, over the caption "'The Gladstone,'" of a picture showing Locomotive No. 48 of the Metropolitan Railway. It was all ex-Professor Moriarty's fault, really—by some diabolic means he procured the substitution of the spurious cut in the hands of the printer, and it is only now, with the display of the veritable "Gladstone" on the accompanying page, that truth can triumph and the wrong be righted.

The most completely documented letter which reached me—and the most gently chiding one—came from Dr. William Braid White of Chicago, and I am happy to spread it on the record:

> Page 174 of the JOURNAL for April, 1947, presents to the Holmesian scholar a simple, but pretty, problem in identification. An editorial error has been committed. The method of discovering the error, of tracing its origin and of correcting it has been conducted on principles that Sherlock Holmes, I venture to believe, would not wholly have despised.
>
> 1. The upper part of the page is given over to an illustration of a small English tank locomotive, having a wheel base of type 4-4-0. That is to say, it shows four leading wheels arranged in a "pony truck," four driving wheels two-coupled, and no wheels in the rear of the drivers.
>
> 2. Beneath this illustration stands a short description, in which the locomotive is identified as "'The Gladstone,' famous yellow-and-green locomotive of the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway. . . . Note the coupled driving wheels, without the leading bogies familiar to Americans."
>
> 3. The description does not fit the illustration, but refers to another type of locomotive entirely, used on another railway for

an entirely different kind of service. The evidence may be stated as follows:—

4. The Locomotive illustrated was one of a group built during the late 90's for the famous Metropolitan Railway of London, known in those days as "The Underground," which served the ancient "City" of London and certain districts contiguous thereto. The central part of the system was known as the "Inner Circle," of which the principal station was at Aldgate in the heart of the ancient "City." The Metropolitan also ran out into certain suburban areas, while certain parts of what might be called outer London were served by the Metropolitan District Railway, which ran mainly in deep cuttings, but not actually underground. The District Railway, as it was usually called, ran out likewise into outer suburban areas. Both of these systems were operated until 1903 by steam locomotives, fitted with smoke-arresting devices and steam-condensing arrangements, signs of which can be seen in the illustration. Despite these precautions, however, the atmosphere of the Underground was always a fearsome mixture of coal smoke, sulphur, carbon dioxide and carbonic acid. Londoners were undoubtedly hardy folk in those days.

The London, Brighton & South Coast Railway, serving part of the southeastern and south central parts of England, especially between London and certain south coast seaside towns, such as Brighton, did run London suburban services from Victoria and London Bridge stations, but the locomotives used in these services were neither what was illustrated nor what was described, in the April JOURNAL. In the 90's they were all small 0–6–0 tank engines.

5. "Gladstone" was the name of a locomotive of the L B & S C R, which gave its own name to the type of which it was a member. It was designed on a wheel base of 0–4–2, as implied in the description under discussion, and was designed and used solely for fast express passenger service. These, like all L B & S C R engines, were painted bright yellow, with black funnels (smokestacks) carrying polished brass crowns.

It follows from these observations that the illustration is of a Metropolitan (Underground) 4–4–0 tank locomotive, while the description printed below this is of a "Gladstone"-class passenger express locomotive built for the L B & S C R. Both belong to the Banker Street Era, 1887–1903. The problem is thus solved.

To complete the record it may be added that I myself can testify to having seen specimens of both engines during boyhood days,

many times over. All English boys were train-struck in those days, and could identify by its style, colour, wheel-design and type, the railway to which the locomotive belonged, as well as its class and the kind of service for which it was designed. Those were the days!

P. S. One hopes that readers of the B.S.J. who may not have been to England will clearly understand that the wooden railway carriage shown below the illustration which has been discussed, passed out of existence many years ago. It was contemporary with the American wooden coach with oil lamps that flourished in the 90's.

It is Dr. Julian Wolff, I think, who has made the most pertinent comment on the story from London appearing in the American press under date of July 11th which told of the discovery of certain "unpublished writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, including an important new Sherlock Holmes manuscript" in an old cardboard hatbox in the vaults of an English country bank.

"Apparently," he says, "there is more here than meets the eye at first glance. Why it should be stated that the papers were found in an old cardboard hatbox, when all amateur investigators, and even Scotland Yarders, know that they were in an old tin dispatch-box, is a question that demands a satisfactory answer. It will be quite difficult to conceal permanently the name on that dispatch-box. Also, why say that the bank vault is in Crowborough, Sussex? Is one to believe that in some English circles Crowborough is pronounced Cox and Co., and not Chumley—as would appear from the spelling?

"There is great significance in Adrian Conan Doyle's statement that his family 'is tired of misrepresentations and mis-statements about our father.' Taken in connection with the knowledge that included in this discovery is a 'unique document' which is expected to 'explode the old myths about Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes,' it may even indicate that the world is now believed to be prepared for a complete exposure of the entire hoax, and

that the Doyle estate has rightfully decided to turn over all the copyrights and royalties to Dr. John H. Watson."

There is so much in the way of "Letters to Baker Street" material on hand for this issue that the Commonplace Book must serve as a sort of adjunct to accommodate the overflow. Morris Rosenblum, for example, in addition to his defense of Dr. Huxtable, in the "Letters" column, has submitted this solution of a problem which may have bothered many readers since last January:

> In her article "Living on Baker Street" (B.S.J. Vol. II, p. 35), Marie F. Rodell asks the readers to solve the mystery of *pâté de foie gras* pie. She reports that she was unable to find any mention of this delicacy in the works of culinary experts of Queen Victoria's reign. The reader will remember that in *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor* a *pâté de foie gras* pie was one of the luxuries included in the "quite epicurean little cold supper" delivered at Sherlock Holmes's behest by a confectioner's man.
>
> Miss Rodell conjectures that Watson either used the words carelessly, or that the pie was a secret concoction of the trade, or finally that Watson himself was the inventor of the pie.
>
> It is time to call a halt to the constant practise of imputing a faulty memory to Watson, especially when a little additional research can clear his memory!
>
> The standard dictionaries reveal that the term *"pâté de foie gras* pie" was used before Watson's time. Since *pâté de foie gras* was the leading product of Strasburg in Alsace, the confection was also called a Strasburg pie. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has the following entries and illustrative quotations:
>
> *"Pâté de foie gras,* pie or pasty of fatted goose, Strasburg pie."
>
> "Strasburg: . . . S. pie, a pie made of fatted goose liver."
>
> From Thackeray's *Yellowplush Papers* comes the quotation: "He sent me out . . . for wot's called a Strasburg-pie—in French, a *'patty defau graw.'* "
>
> From H. S. Leigh's *Carols of Cockayne* (1869): "Turtle and salmon and Strasbourg pie."
>
> Culinary details about this pie can be found in Cassell's *Dictionary of Cookery* published in London and New York. No date

of publication is given, but the copy which I consulted in the New York Public Library is stamped, "Astor Library, September 30, 1884." Copies were therefore available in the days of Holmes and Watson!

On pages 517 and 518 of this lexicon of esculents is a delightful receipt for *Pâté de Foie Gras*. The anonymous compiler writes, "These pasties, so highly esteemed of epicures, are made at Strasbourg, and then exported to various parts." However, the author, a humanitarian, does not like the treatment given by the Strasburgers to their geese, and suggests his own more kindly method of preparing domestic goose livers. The directions are too long to be reproduced here but the list of ingredients proves that Watson was eminently correct in calling the meal epicurean! Here they are: goose livers, truffles, pepper, salt, spices, shallots, mushrooms, powdered marjoram, nutmeg, beaten eggs, fresh bacon, and ham. The dish turns into pie when it is enclosed in a pasty preparation, for which please consult the recipe for "paste for raised pie." The recipe is called sufficient for twelve persons, and the cost is reckoned "uncertain"—but when did Holmes ever cavil at cost?

And Colonel Ralph M. Magoffin, a Wisteria Lodge Confederate of Columbia, S. C., gives me these incisive thoughts to lay before our readers:

I enclose three little thoughts which have been rattling around in my skull for some time ("It's a question of cubic capacity"—vacuum-packed). First, however, please let me send my continued congratulations on the JOURNAL. "Excellent!"

1. Much has been written about the Reichenbach Incident, as well you know, and some doubt has been cast on the tale, even so far as to say that Holmes was never there. I submit, however, as evidence that more went on than was disclosed, a quotation from Baedeker's *Switzerland* (Leipzig, 1907): "Meiringen . . . is the chief village of the *Halsli-Tal* . . . The village, almost entirely burned down in 1891, but since rebuilt in an improved style. . . ." ALMOST ENTIRELY BURNED DOWN IN 1891! Surely the work of Moran or his confederates. The exact date is not given. It is possible that Holmes could have returned from Florence at a later date. Did he leave some papers with Peter Steiler, the

elder? After all, they had set fire to the rooms at 221B. Were they after more than Holmes himself? And what of the Englischer Hof? Baedeker makes no mention of it. Burned? Probably. Possibly rebuilt as the Meiringer Hof, Kirchstrasse. Peter Steiler, perhaps, had seen enough of the Englischer.

2. Some of the soldiers have blanched at the idea of Mr. Holmes's habit of playing the violin *trans genu* instead of in the conventional position. If this horrifies them, I refer them to Dr. Watson's contemporary, A. Conan Doyle, *The White Company*, Chapter 4. Here we find Alleyne Edricson encountering two men, one of whom was playing the viol, *while bounding about on his head!*

3. There is one small point that has often had me guessing. In *The Final Problem*, Sherlock presents himself to Friend Watson and asks:

"Is Mrs. Watson in?"

"She is away upon a visit."

"Indeed! You are alone?"

"Quite."

My question is: Who else? With no one else in England for the Doctor to have at his house, except Mrs. Watson, whom does Holmes suspect? He doesn't deduce that since Mrs. Watson is away the Doctor is alone. He doesn't say: "Ah! Then you are alone!" It is that one question mark which makes the difference. A very small point, but one to think about. Of course, on the other hand, it is also one to forget about.

Mr. Jay Finley Christ has called my attention to the curious incident of the servants, but I'm sure that Holmes wasn't considering the lack of servants when he asked, "You are alone?"

And so much for my three thoughts.

I have a fourth. I would like to add to the public clamor for the reproduction of Dr. Wolff's maps for framing, particularly his latest in Volume 2, Number 1 of the JOURNAL. I have already committed the crime of removing them from *Baker Street and Beyond*, and my conscience weighs heavily.

The suggestion has been made in several quarters that a "Notes and Queries" department be inaugurated in the JOURNAL. Notes there always are a-plenty, and queries there should be; so if the

occasion proves propititious this feature will see its start in the issue for January, 1948.

The Wall Street Journal of July 22nd gave note to a development which must, from his undoubted familiarity with it, be giving Sherlock Holmes profound concern. The item is stark and despairing in its brevity:

> A bee ban may soon bar imports of bees. European queen bees are being stricken by a fatal malady called "Isle of Wight disease." Caused by a parasitic mite, it has spread through the continent. It threatens to wipe out bee-keeping in England. But it's never been found in this country. Result: The government ponders an embargo on foreign queen bees.

No explanation of the phenomenon of the "flying saucers" that has yet been offered seems to me to be quite so plausible as the one suggested by Professor James Moriarty in his epochal *Dynamics of an Asteroid*, published in London in 1885. This remarkable work, anticipating by twenty years Professor Albert Einstein's *On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies*, contains the following passage, which may well prove to have been prophetic:

> It is entirely conceivable, under my calculations, that one or more of the Perseids, which, attracted by gravitational pull, ordinarily enter the earth's atmosphere in great numbers each August at a directional angle assuring their consumption through frictionally generated heat, might, some six weeks before this fact, effect an approach to the gravitational field so gradually and at so flat a trajectoral range as to result in their establishing themselves in an orbit within our atmosphere at a speed far greater than any we know in our mundane life, yet not so great as to induce combustion. If this should occur—and I marvel that through all the ages it has not, knowing as I do how sympathetic my system of the celestial mechanics is to the prospect—these bodies, assuming an ovoid shape from the pressures to which they were subjected, would circle in plain sight about our terrestrial globe forever.

"DAYDREAM"

by BASIL RATHBONE

I HAD ALWAYS loved the county of Sussex. It held for me some of the happiest memories of my life—my early childhood. Early in June I had slipped down, for a few days' much-needed rest to the little village of Heathfield, to dream again of the past and to try and shut out, for a brief period at least, both the present and the future.

A soft spring had ushered in a temperate summer. I walked a great deal, reread Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, and slept with merciful regularity and contentment.

The last afternoon of my holiday I was walking back across the gentle countryside to my lodgings in Heathfield, when I was rudely stung by a bee. Startled, I grabbed a handful of soft earth and applied it to the sting; an old fashioned remedy I had learned as a child. Suddenly I became aware that the air about me was swarming with bees. I stood motionless and waited.

It was then that I noticed the small house with a thatched roof and a well-kept garden, with beehives at one end, that Mrs. Messenger, my landlady, had so often mentioned. Mrs. Messenger was large, comfortable and ageless. She rented me a room "with board." She also loved to chat, which she did with a ceaseless rhythm reminiscent of a light sea breaking on a sandy beach. It was not unpleasant so long as one made no effort to retaliate.

Apparently "he" had come to live in the thatched cottage many years ago. At first his visits were infrequent. But, as time passed, he came more often and stayed longer. He called the place his bee farm. As he bothered no one, no one bothered him, which is both an old English custom and a good one. Now, in 1946, he had be-

come almost a legend. He had been "someone" once, and Mrs. Messenger's father was sure he came from London and was either a doctor or a lawyer or both.

I saw him now, on this late Summer afternoon, seated in his garden, a rug over his knees; reading a book. In spite of his great age he wore no reading glasses; and though he made no movement there was a curious sense of animation in his apparently inanimate body. He had the majestic beauty of a very old tree: his features were sharp, emphasizing a particularly prominent nose. The veins in his hands ran clear blue, like swollen mountain streams, and the transparency of his skin had a shell-like quality.

He was smoking a meerschaum pipe with obvious relish. Suddenly he looked up and our eyes met. It embarrassed me to have been caught staring at him.

"Won't you come in?" he called in a surprisingly firm voice.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "but I have no right to impose on your privacy."

"If it were an imposition I should not have invited you," he replied.

As I opened the little white wicker gate and went in I felt his eyes searching me.

"Pull up a chair and sit down."

He gave me another quick glance of penetrating comprehension. As I reached for the chair and sat down I had an odd feeling that I was dreaming.

"I'm sorry to see that you have been stung by one of my bees."

Self-consciously I wiped the patch of dirt from my face and smiled: the smile was intended to say that it didn't matter.

"You must forgive the little fellow," he continued; "he's paid for it with his life."

"It seems unfair that he should have had to," I said, hearing my own voice as if it had been some one else's.

"No," mused the old man, "it's a law of nature. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' "

A thrush began to sing in a hedge near by. The incident—for an incident it had become—was strangely tempered with magic. I felt excited.

"May I order you some tea?"

"Thank you, no," I declined.

"I used to be a prolific coffee drinker myself. I have always found tea an insipid substitute by comparison."

A faint smile hovered about the corners of his mouth.

"Do you live here?" he continued.

"No, sir, I'm on a short holiday."

"Do you come here often?"

"As often as I can. I love Sussex. I was born near here."

"Really!" This time the smile reached up and touched his eyes. "It's a comforting little corner of the earth, isn't it, especially in times like these?"

"Have you lived here all through the war, sir?" I asked.

"Yes." The smile disappeared. Slowly he pulled an old Webley revolver from under the rug which covered his knees. "If 'they' had come, six of them would not have lived to tell the story. . . . I learned to use this thing many years ago. I have never missed my man."

He cradled the gun in his hand, and left me momentarily for that world which to each of us is his own; that little world in which we are born and in which we die, alone. He replaced the gun on his knees and looked at me. There was quite a pause before I had the courage to ask, "Were you in the first World War, sir?"

"Indirectly—and you?"

"I'm an Inspector at Scotland Yard."

"I thought so!" Once again he looked at me with penetrating comprehension and smiled.

At that moment the book in his lap fell to the ground. I reached down, picked it up, and handed it back to him.

"Thank you." He made a sound that closely resembled a chuckle. "And how are things at the Yard these days?"

"Modern science and equipment have done much to help us," I said.

"Yessss." His hand went to a pocket and brought forth an old magnifying glass. "When I was a young man they used things like this. Modern inventions have proved to be great time savers, but they have dulled our natural instincts and made us lazy, most of us at least—press a button here, or pull a lever there, and it all happens, hey presto!" He looked annoyed and a little tired.

"You may be right, sir. But there's no middle course; we either go forward or back."

He put the magnifying glass and revolver back into two voluminous pockets of an old sports jacket, with leather patches at the elbows. Then he took a deep breath and released it in a long-drawn-out sigh.

"I've followed your career very closely, Inspector. The Yard is fortunate in your services."

"That's kind of you, sir."

"Not at all . . . you see, I knew your father quite well at one time."

"You knew my father!" The words stumbled out.

"Yesss. He was a brilliant man, your father. He interested me deeply. His mind was balanced precariously on that thin line between sanity and insanity. Is he still living?"

"No, sir; he died in 1936."

The old man nodded his head reflectively. "These fellows with their newfangled ideas would have found him intensely interesting subject matter. What do you call them? psycho . . . psychoanalysts!"

"Psychoanalysis can be very helpful if used intelligently, don't you think, sir?"

"No, I don't," he snapped back. "It's a lot of rubbish—PSYCHOANALYSIS!" He spat out the word contemptuously. "It's nothing more than a simple process of deduction by elimination."

We talked of crime and its different ways of detection, both past and present; its motives, and society's responsibility for conditions that foster the criminal, until a cool breeze crossed the garden with its silent warning of the day's departure.

He rose slowly to a full six feet and held out his hand. "I must go in now. It's been pleasant talking with you."

"I am deeply indebted to you, sir." I wanted to say so much more, but felt oddly constrained. He held out the book in his hand.

"Do you know these stories?"

I glanced at the title: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

"They are often overdramatized; but they make good reading." Once again the smile crept up from the corners of his mouth, and this time danced in his eyes.

I acknowledged an intimate acquaintance with all the works to which he referred, and he seemed greatly pleased by my references to "The Master." He accompanied me slowly to the little white wicker gate and, on the way, we spoke briefly of S. C. Roberts, and Christopher Morley, and Vincent Starrett.

"The adventures as written by our dear friend Dr. Watson mean a great deal to me at my time of life," he reflected, retaining my hand and shaking it slowly like a pump handle. "As some one once said, 'Remembrance is the only sure immortality we can know.'"

On my return, Mrs. Messenger greeted me with a cup of tea and an urgent telegram from Scotland Yard, requesting my immediate return. I didn't speak to her of my visit to "him." I was afraid she might consider me as childish as the youngsters in Heathfield who still believed "he" was the great Sherlock Holmes.

Which they did, until they reached an age when he was dismissed, together with Santa Claus, Tinkerbell, and all those other worthwhile people who, for a brief and beautiful period, are more real than reality itself.

HOLMES AND HISTORY

by WHITFIELD J. BELL, JR.

WHEN, AFTER A FEW WEEKS' acquaintance with his roommate, Dr. Watson attempted to analyze Mr. Holmes's accomplishments and limitations, he produced a document which must ever delight the biographers of the great detective and drive them to despair. For Dr. Watson set down Holmes's knowledge of literature and philosophy as "nil," his knowledge of politics as "feeble." The truth of the matter of course is that Holmes was irritated by Watson's ill-concealed curiosity and took the occasion to cut him short, or that Holmes was guying his roommate with the preposterously innocent query about Thomas Carlyle and the feigned unconcern with the Copernican theory. It might be possible for some apologist for Watson to argue that Holmes's knowledge of literature in 1881 was in fact "nil"; that if he was reading Petrarch and quoting Goethe shortly afterwards, it was Watson's influence and example that effected the change. But this is taking too seriously Holmes's jocular reference to Watson as a man of letters;[1] it is ascribing too much influence to a man whose preference ran to yellow-backed novels and the sea stories of Clark Russell.[2] In short, Mr. Holmes needed no instruction from Watson in literary matters.

[1] *The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge.*

[2] Although William Clark Russell (1844–1911) was hailed by Sir Edwin Arnold as "the prose Homer of the great ocean," and Algernon Charles Swinburne called him "the greatest master of the sea, living or dead," one wonders whether this is not putting it rather too strongly for a man whose bibliography from 1867 to 1905 alone runs to 65 titles of fiction, most of them three-volume affairs, and 15 other titles as well. *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature,* III, 558–559; *Dictionary of National Biography, Supplement,* 1901–1911, I, 239–241; *North American Review,* CLIV (1892) 138–149.

Holmes, as all men know, had a genuine love of books, not simply for what they contained and the uses which they might serve, but for their intrinsic worth, because they were old and curious.[3] Early in their acquaintance Holmes was showing Watson "a queer old book" he had "picked up at a stall" the day before.[4] Those are the words of a bibliophile. It was as a bibliophile, in fact, a collector of obscure volumes, that Holmes disguised himself on his return from France in 1894; he carried an armful of curious and well-chosen volumes, including *British Birds, The Holy War, Catullus,* and *The Origin of Tree Worship,* a dozen in all, and all bargains.[5] In Baker Street Holmes spent many happy hours "buried among his old books"; [6] and the great garret of the house to which he retired on the Sussex Downs was "stuffed with books." If Holmes possessed there such a volume as *Out of Doors* by the famous observer J. G. Wood,[7] surely more classic fare was to be found in the library as well.

Holmes did not simply collect books; he read them. Despite Watson's first impression and Holmes's pleasant occasional efforts to maintain the illusion that he had no interest in belletristic writing, Holmes was an omnivorous reader,[8] with an extensive knowledge of literature. He carried a pocket Petrarch; he discussed George Meredith; he quoted Thoreau and cited the Bible with an accuracy remarkable even in that Victorian age of diligent Bible-reading.[9] Darwin induced his speculations; he had made Shake-

[3] Howard Collins' "Ex Libris Sherlock Holmes," in *Profile by Gaslight,* is the indispensable guide to all who would understand the breadth and depth of Holmes's knowledge of literature.

[4] *A Study in Scarlet.*

[5] *The Adventure of the Empty House*

[6] *A Scandal in Bohemia.*

[7] *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.* John George Wood (1827–1889) was the author of nearly 60 books and of many popular articles, many of them for children. His great service was that he popularized the study of natural history. *Out of Doors* was published in London in 1874 and appeared in new editions in 1882 and 1890. See in this connection Joel W. Hedgpeth's scholarly "Re-examination of the Adventure of the Lion's Mane," *Scientific Monthly,* LX (1945) 227–232.

[8] *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.*

[9] *The Adventure of the Crooked Man.*

speare his own;[10] he talked as brilliantly about miracle plays as if he had made them a special study. He had read Flaubert; he must have read Washington Irving, too, for he spoke of several Cambridgeshire towns as so many "Sleepy Hollows." Isadora Klein he compared to "the *'belle dame sans merci'* of fiction,"[11] and the mind of Josiah Amberley he associated with the medieval Italian nature,[12] testifying by his comparisons to his acquaintance with those literary types. And so much reading ended by giving Holmes an air of scholarly distinction and learning that others instantly recognized. Dr. Huxtable of the Priory School identified himself to Holmes as the author of Huxtable's *Sidelights on Horace* precisely because a glance at Holmes and at Holmes's well-stocked and well-chosen library assured him the identification would be appreciated.

On such a solid background of reading as this Holmes built a sound knowledge of history. Why Watson in his list of Holmes's limitations did not add "Knowledge of history—nil," does not appear. Perhaps it was because like so many of his generation he thought of history as a department of literature. More than likely he was warned by something in Holmes's remark that a sheet called "The Police News of the Past" could be made "very interesting reading."[13] Certainly to have judged Holmes's knowledge of history as "nil" would have been as undiscerning as Watson's estimation of Holmes's literary attainments. The fact simply is that in history Holmes was a student and a scholar who might have honored the faculty of arts of any university. He had a competent working knowledge of history, was profoundly learned in certain of the auxiliary sciences, and had the sure instincts of a student of the historical sciences. He was no Gibbon or Macaulay; but it seems reasonable to believe that had his lines been cast otherwise, he might have made a regius professor and been one of that great company with Bishop Stubbs, Frederic William Maitland, and

[10] In *The Adventure of the Empty House* Holmes quoted from *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 2, sc. ii, and in *The Adventure of Lady Frances Carfax* from *King Henry VI, Part II*, Act 3, sc. ii.

[11] *The Adventure of the Three Gables.*

[12] *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman.*

[13] *A Study in Scarlet.*

Charles Gross who gave us so much of our knowledge of early English history.

It is to be expected that Holmes was well informed in the history of crime. Watson, who sometimes let himself believe that Holmes read almost nothing,[14] always testified to his companion's tireless conning and studying of criminal news. Holmes's knowledge of sensational literature, past and present, was prodigious. Indeed no specialist is worthy of his name who does not know something of the history of his profession. Each of us is at least the historian of his own activities. But more than this, Holmes appreciated historical knowledge and the uses of history in the art and science of detection. He did not wait for his retirement to dabble in the history of crime. On the contrary, he may almost be said to have begun with the study of the criminal records of the past. The history of crime was for Holmes no mere collection of stories, more or less frightful, bizarre, puzzling, or instructive. History was a tool. Holmes made it work for him.

Holmes's specialty, that of consulting detective, was possible precisely because he was historical-minded. When his assistance was sought in difficult cases by the English or Continental police, he drew upon his vast knowledge of the crimes of two centuries and a dozen countries to suggest a solution. When one has the details of a thousand cases at one's finger tips, he explained to Watson, the thousand and first offers few problems. Whenever he was consulted in this way, or when he himself engaged in a case actively, his mind was constantly running out to the dark pages of the history of crime from which he might draw suggestions to apply. When François Le Villard, who had lately come rather to the fore in the French service, consulted Holmes on a will case, the English expert recalled parallel cases at Riga in 1857 and St. Louis in 1871 which suggested a solution. As he bent over the body of Enoch Drebber in the house in Lauriston Gardens, he recalled the circumstances of the death of Van Jansen in Utrecht in 1834. He was indeed, as young Stamford had laughingly said, "a walking calendar of crime."[15]

[14] *The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans; The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.*

[15] *A Study in Scarlet.*

The principle on which Holmes's application of history to new problems of crime rested, was the conviction that all crimes have "a strong family resemblance." [16] This conclusion, reached only after the careful examination of countless records, had been of such practical worth to him that Holmes often urged his more pedestrian associates of the official force to do a bit of historical reading. Gregson had not heard of the Van Jansen case. "Read it up," Holmes urged, "you really should. There is nothing new under the sun; it has all been done before." [17] When Inspector MacDonald revealed that he had never heard of Jonathan Wild and the London underworld of the eighteenth century, Holmes suggested as the most practical thing he could do, that he shut himself up for three months and "read twelve hours a day in the annals of crime." [18] That is exactly what Holmes himself had done when he first came up to London and got himself lodgings in Montague Street, "just round the corner from the Brtish Museum." A quarter of a century later he was still at it; only "Nature . . . newly washed and fresh," could keep him from work on his *Science of Deduction,* in which historical illustrations and examples must surely abound.[19]

Holmes's knowledge of the history of England was great; in some fields and periods he displayed a very deep comprehension indeed. He had a thorough knowledge of ancient Britain. He had, as a matter of fact, once had a case involving the singular contents of an ancient British barrow.[20] While no hint is vouchsafed us of its contents and circumstances, it is unlikely that anyone could open one of the ancient burial places of the original inhabitants of Britain without acquiring or having acquired a first-hand knowledge of Britain's pre-history. He knew a good deal about the Celtic inhabitants of Cornwall. The vacation which was interrupted by the strangest case he ever handled, the Cornish Horror, began and ended with a study of the language and customs of that people. The strange monuments of stone, the burial mounds, and curious

[16] *Ibid.*

[17] *The Sign of the Four.*

[18] *The Valley of Fear.* Wild had an incredible career, which ended on the gallows and with Fielding writing the *History of the Late Jonathan Wild the Great.*

[19] *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.*

[20] *The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez.*

earthworks all hinted at prehistoric life. Holmes's mind was attracted by the problem they posed; at intervals in the case he talked to Watson on Celts, arrowheads, and shards, studied philological works ordered from London, and conversed with the local rector, whom he sought out, an amateur archaeologist with a considerable fund of local lore.[21]

In medieval history Holmes was indubitably a specialist. His contribution to knowledge of the music of the period, *The Polyphonic Motets of Lassus,* was declared by critics to be the final word on that subject. He understood medieval pottery, medieval domestic architecture, medieval miracle plays. He was especially attracted by the bewildering complexities of medieval paleography. An accomplished Latinist, he used to spend whole afternoons deciphering a palimpsest, happy in the problem as a problem, for often the old parchment yielded nothing more exciting than the accounts of some abbey of the fifteenth century.[22] Holmes was the author of a monograph *On the Dating of Old Documents,* which dealt in the main with problems of handwriting from the sixteenth century onward; and he did some really serious work on medieval English charters, a whole subject in itself, and may actually have prepared a small study on the subject. It is significant of the man and the quality of his historical knowledge and interest that Holmes chose for his most original and serious work this very field of history which Charles Gross said was at that time so "sadly neglected in England." [23]

Of the turbulent seventeenth century and the unfortunate history of Charles I Holmes showed an understanding and appreciation which are striking and may in fact be significant. When Reginald Musgrave identified the coins in the chest as those of Charles I, Holmes's mind leaped ahead to the solution of the mystery of the ritual—that the ancient crown of the kings of England was buried there; and he explained briefly what transpired in England after the death of that monarch. It is at least noteworthy that the butler Brunton, who also discovered the secret, was a schoolmaster

[21] *The Adventure of the Devil's Foot.*

[22] *The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez.*

[23] Charles Gross, *Sources and Literature of English History, from the earliest times to about 1485* (London, 1900) 28.

out of place, possibly with some professional historical training behind him. On another occasion, when he was prowling among the London book-stalls, Holmes picked up an old copy of *De Jure inter Gentes* owned by one William Whyte, who Holmes surmised was "some pragmatical seventeenth century lawyer." [24] How apt a description for Coke and the lawyers in Parliament who argued it out with James and Charles!

Indeed this rather genuine interest in and knowledge of Jacobean history leave one wondering whether there may not have been some personal reason behind it. Others may determine the question finally, but can it really be that Holmes's Vernet grandmother belonged to an exiled Cavalier family, descended from Sir Edmund Verney (1590–1642), knight marshal and standard-bearer to Charles I, who was killed at Edgehill, and from Sir Edmund his son (1616–1649), who went to France where his portrait was painted in 1648 and who died at Drogheda the next year? It was because they could count on the aid and hospitality of old supporters like the Verneys (or Vernet, as the French branch came to be known) that Charles II, James II, and the later Stuarts found France more friendly to their persons than England was to their pretensions of prerogative. And of this service to their king they and their descendants, including Holmes, were proud.[25]

Holmes was equally at home in modern history. It was a brilliant stroke to compare his handling of the Abbey Grange case with Marengo, for it began in defeat and ended in victory. The history of the United States, with its tradition and its slang, was a chapter he was well up on. There was as much sound history as sound sense in his naming himself as "one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall

[24] *A Study in Scarlet.*

[25] Why was it Holmes declined a knighthood or even mention in the honors list, though he accepted the Legion of Honor from France and a remarkably fine emerald tie-pin from a certain gracious lady? Was it because he might accept a token of appreciation for services rendered to a client, yet not, in good conscience, an order from a monarch who derived her claim to the throne from revolution and the expulsion of the lawful Stuart monarchs Holmes's ancestors had served devotedly?

be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes."[26] The affair of the Five Orange Pips acquainted Holmes more fully (for he searched the *American Cyclopedia* only for confirmation) with the Ku Klux Klan and that singularly ugly episode of our history. On at least two occasions Dr. Watson's unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher induced Holmes's reflections on the American Civil War ("the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle") and on Mr. Beecher's mission to England in the summer of 1863, where, supporting the Northern cause and never hesitating to twist the British Lion's tail, even in its own lair, he had a boisterously unfriendly reception.[27]

It was a dictum of Holmes's generation that history is past politics and politics present history. Nothing could be more obtuse than Watson's judgment that his friend's knowledge of politics—of present history, that is—was "feeble." Nothing was farther from the truth. Holmes's knowledge of politics was anything but weak or partial. Of the hurly-burly of the machines, the petty trading for office and advantage, it is perhaps true that Holmes knew little. But of politics on the highest level, in the grand manner, particularly international politics, no one was better informed than Holmes, unless it was his brother Mycroft. From Mycroft and his own reading and study Holmes acquired much of his background; from men like Lord Bellinger, twice prime minister of England, and Mr. Trelawney Hope, the brilliant and promising secretary for European affairs, he received a deep insight into the muddied waters and intricate ravellings of contemporary history. How thoroughly Holmes was acquainted with the realities of politics is attested by his accurate identification of the foreign potentate who wrote the missing letter, when the barest outline of the case had been given him.[28] Such cases as this and as *A Scandal in Bohemia*, which involved not simply the happiness of a monarch but the stability of a throne, demanded an appreciation of political and social forces and factors which only history—which is experience extended—can give.

[26] *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.*

[27] *The Resident Patient; The Adventure of the Cardboard Box. Punch's* reactions to the Beecher visit are worth looking at; a brief account will be found in Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*, II, 515–517.

[28] *A Scandal in Bohemia; The Adventure of the Second Stain.*

Holmes not only knew what had happened in the past; he had the trained instincts of a historian. He thought, if the term may be used, three-dimensionally—in the past as well as in the present and in anticipation. History was a part of those carefully disciplined talents he brought to the detection of crime and the enjoyment of life. It was a part of his thought. Note how he relates events to the great national dates: one case occurred the year after the Franco-Prussian war,[29] another "in January, 1903, just after the conclusion of the Boer War";[30] a little Latin treatise on law was printed at Liége in 1642, when "Charles' head was still firm on his shoulders."[31] It was Holmes's unvarying procedure to make his clients in Baker Street recount in chronological order the events leading up to the mystery or tragedy for which his aid was sought. Holmes in all these instances was thinking historically. Time is of the essence of history; and dates, which a sophomore may think designed to plague him, Holmes knew are the pegs to hang the facts on, as basic to history as the multiplication table to arithmetic.

He knew how to get historical facts out of the books. Within reach of his chair in the Baker Street lodgings was a shelf-full of the most essential reference tools; not far away were his other books of the working library, and the documents of his cases, which he had a horror of destroying. "Have they a history?" Watson wanted to know of the relics Holmes showed him of the Musgrave Ritual case. "So much so that they *are* history," Holmes replied, and specifically invited Watson to add this case to his annals. When he first came to London Holmes spent his leisure studying at the British Museum; he never lost the habit, but always consulted that great library whenever his own resources were inadequate, as in the case of voodooism at Wisteria Lodge. And it was in the library of one of the great universities that Holmes conducted laborious researches into early English charters with such striking results that Watson thought they deserved a separate narrative.[32] And, like a true scholar, many of these data he noted

[29] *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.*
[30] *The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier.*
[31] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[32] *The Adventure of the Three Students.*

or clipped and filed away, using a system which seems to us not too satisfactory, but was not strikingly worse than that of some of his contemporaries.[33]

And yet Holmes appreciated, as genuine historians must do, that not all the history is in the books. Facts may be immaterial too. It added to the zest of an investigation, he explained once, "when one is in conscious sympathy with the historical atmosphere of one's surroundings." And, he might have added, when one is in such sympathy, he may sense and see things the stranger is unaware of. And so at Birlstone Holmes purchased in a tobacconist's shop a small brochure containing a history of the Manor that he might get something of the atmosphere of the place.[34] Reginald Musgrave had a third dimension in Holmes's mind, for he could never look at him, scion of one of the very oldest families in the kingdom, "without associating him with gray archways and mullioned windows and all the venerable wreckage of a feudal keep."

Finally and most importantly, from his knowledge of history Holmes derived something of a philosophy. He believed in a cyclical theory, that history does, within limits, repeat itself. "There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before." But this generalization was not the glib and shallow schoolboy's "History repeats itself"; nor was it dogma that nothing might contravene. Holmes had a feeling for the rhythms of human life, and he was always ready to admit the unusual and the unique. But history was serviceable to Holmes and had meaning to him because he saw that the wheel comes round, that power corrupts and tyranny must fail, and Professor Moriarty does in London of 1890 what Jonathan Wild had done there in the days of George II.

[33] Armine D. Mackenzie in "The Case of the Illustrious Predecessor," *Wilson Library Bulletin*, XIX (1944) 278–279, has held that Sherlock Holmes "was perhaps the first special librarian of which there is record."

[34] *The Valley of Fear*.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CANONICAL COUPLETS

by RUSSELL MCLAUCHLIN

(Here are 50 of the Canonical Tales, each identified by a couplet. The Saga is complete, save for the Case-Book, from which only two have been deemed worthy of inclusion. Scoring two for each identification, 90 is excellent, 80 is tolerable, 70 is barely literate and anything below that is virtually Outer Darkness).

1. You wouldn't think a prosperous old hellion
   Could fool a clever doctor like Trevelyan.

2. We gaily watch a wicked man's decease,
   While Holmes and faithful Watson break the peace.

3. Actors and journalists, this story states,
   Can bring to begging certain basic traits.

4. By this we're taught the all-important truth
   That brothers seldom share a single tooth.

5. Pig-sticking in the nearest butcher-shop
   Was in this case a serviceable prop.

6. Poor lady, victim of a pious knave,
   Was almost buried in a double grave.

7. On this occasion Holmes put in his oar,
   At a young man's insistence, pour le sport.

8. Here Greek meets Greek—one might append, and how!
   And here Big Brother Mycroft makes his bow.

9. As plots go, this is nothing less than gorgeous,
   Involving sliced Napoleons and the Borgias!

10. It's hard to find a workable deterrent
For Kluxers, both historical and current.

11. Some strange proceedings occupied the night;
The colors were distinctly Green and White.

12. When noble Dukes such doubtful aims pursue
They cause a mercenary point of view.

13. This secret rigmarole directly beckoned
To legal assets of King Charles the Second.

14. A Christmas tale, one of the best produced,
Left the sad culprit permanently goosed.

15. From this important record it appears
That Holmes was pretty good at sixty years.

16. The fundamental tale wins hearty praise
From all who overlook its Mormon phase.

17. The best three-quarter Richmond ever had
No laurels gained as husband or as dad.

18. To trust a man inclined to laugh and fidget
May mean the loss of an important digit.

19. In this, alas, the great wrong-doer-snatcher
Quite failed to add a Cubitt to this stature.

20. More than the Yard, plus Pinkerton's, could handle
Was solved by Sherlock with a lighted candle.

21. No need of all that bother with the Kaiser,
Had Lady Hilda been a trifle wiser.

22. We learn, amid romantic revelations,
What Holmes would think of the United Nations.

23. The Doctor's skill left much to be desired,
And nobody was dying, only tired.

24. Expensive ladies strain the longest purse,
And silent watch-dogs make things rather worse.

25. A curse-encumbered household in the West
Inspired of all detective tales the best.

26. When lovely woman to adventure stoops
She turns the wisest of us into dupes.

27. It's better, lads, to stay at home and cram
Than pilfer questions of the Greek exam.

28. "Cooee!"—a most extraordinary noise—
Seems to identify Australian boys.

29. The death of an adventuresome young rake
Established Watson's paramount mistake.

30. Those county magnates caused a lot of worry
When Holmes went down to holiday in Surrey.

31. The killer was a big, good-hearted dunce
As beeswing in the bottle showed at once.

32. To see a genius in his tracks arrested,
Just whisper "Norbury," as he requested.

33. Of all the ills with which our race is cursed,
A poker-bending doctor is the worst.

34. "The best and wisest man I ever knew"
Still had, apparently, a trick or two.

35. Peculiar troubles rock the Empire's seat
When Mycroft condescends to Baker Street.

36. To shear one's locks and wear that shade of blue
Turned out to be a risky thing to do.

37. This lengthy narrative of labor ructions
Includes our Sherlock's very best deductions.

38. The way a cow-like girl was taken in
Bids us be wary of our kith and kin.

39. Of a great evil, Holmes unearthed the root.
The game was undeniably a Foot.

40. The words were said and help came rather late
And listen to that preacher's Billingsgate!

41. To send such relics to a nice old lady
Implies behaviour something worse than shady.

42. Enough for him to kiss her garment's hems,
And cheer while millions tumbled in the Thames.

43. There isn't anybody of that name,
But "David" told the story, just the same.

44. Do you ken John Clay, in his darkroom safely hid?
That's a lot more than Jabez Wilson did.

45. A jealous wife, whose charms were on the wane,
Endowed her rival with the brand of Cain.

46. A curious message smote an old man's heart
And on it Sherlock tried his 'prentice art.

47. The cigarettes were by Ionides.
Holmes settled this one with the utmost ease.

48. When days grew dark for luckless Hector John
The woodpile shed its lurid light thereon.

49. The most flint-hearted reader utters yelps
When told of what afflicted Tadpole Phelps.

50. A horrid scandal's very apt to dawn
With Public Property at Private Pawn.

FROM THE DIARY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES[1]

by MAURICE BARING

Baker Street, January 1.—Starting a diary in order to jot down a few useful incidents which will be of no use to Watson. Watson very often fails to see that an unsuccessful case is more interesting from a professional point of view than a successful case. He means well.

January 6.—Watson has gone to Brighton for a few days, for change of air. This morning quite an interesting little incident happened which I note as a useful example of how sometimes people who have no powers of deduction nevertheless stumble on the truth for the wrong reason. (This never happens to Watson, *fortunately.*) Lestrade called from Scotland Yard with reference to the theft of a diamond and ruby ring from Lady Dorothy Smith's wedding presents. The facts of the case were briefly these: On Thursday evening such of the presents as were jewels had been brought down from Lady Dorothy's bedroom to the drawing-room to be shown to an admiring group of friends. The ring was amongst them. After they had been shown, the jewels were taken upstairs once more and locked in the safe. The next morning the ring was missing. Lestrade, after investigating the matter, came to the con-

[1] From *Lost Diaries*, by Maurice Baring; Duckworth & Co., London, 1913. First published in *Eye-Witness*, London, Nov. 23, 1911; reprinted in *The Living Age*, Boston, June 20, 1912.

clusion that the ring had not been stolen, but had either been dropped in the drawing-room, or replaced in one of the other cases; but since he had searched the room and the remaining cases, his theory so far received no support. I accompanied him to Eaton Square to the residence of Lady Middlesex, Lady Dorothy's mother.

While we were engaged in searching the drawing-room, Lestrade uttered a cry of triumph and produced the ring from the lining of the arm-chair. I told him he might enjoy the triumph, but that the matter was not quite so simple as he seemed to think. A glance at the ring had shown me not only that the stones were false, but that the false ring had been made in a hurry. To deduce the name of its maker was of course child's play. Lestrade or any pupil of Scotland Yard would have taken for granted it was the same jeweller who had made the real ring. I asked for the bridegroom's present, and in a short time I was interviewing the jeweller who had provided it. As I thought, he had made a ring, with imitation stones (made of the dust of real stones), a week ago, for a young lady. She had given no name and had fetched and paid for it herself. I deduced the obvious fact that Lady Dorothy had lost the real ring, her uncle's gift, and, not daring to say so, had had an imitation ring made. I returned to the house, where I found Lestrade, who had called to make arrangements for watching the presents during their exhibition.

I asked for Lady Dorothy, who at once said to me:

"The ring was found yesterday by Mr. Lestrade."

"I know," I answered, "but which ring?"

She could not repress a slight twitch of the eyelids as she said: "There was only one ring."

I told her of my discovery and of my investigations.

"This is a very odd coincidence, Mr. Holmes," she said. "Some one else must have ordered an imitation. But you shall examine my ring for yourself." Whereupon she fetched the ring, and I saw it was no imitation. She had of course in the meantime found the real ring.

But to my intense annoyance she took it to Lestrade and said to him:

"Isn't this the ring you found yesterday, Mr. Lestrade?"

Lestrade examined it and said, "Of course it is absolutely identical in every respect."

"And do you think it is an imitation?" asked this most provoking young lady.

"Certainly not," said Lestrade, and turning to me he added: "Ah! Holmes, that is where theory leads one. At the Yard we go in for facts."

I could say nothing; but as I said good-bye to Lady Dorothy, I congratulated her on having found the real ring. The incident, although it proved the correctness of my reasoning, was vexing as it gave that ignorant blunderer an opportunity of crowing over me.

January 10.—A man called just as Watson and I were having breakfast. He didn't give his name. He asked me if I knew who he was. I said, "Beyond seeing that you are unmarried, that you have travelled up this morning from Sussex, that you have served in the French Army, that you write for reviews, and are especially interested in the battles of the Middle Ages, that you give lectures, that you are a Roman Catholic, and that you have once been to Japan, I don't know who you are."

The man replied that he *was* unmarried, but that he lived in Manchester, that he had never been to Sussex or Japan, that he had never written a line in his life, that he had never served in any army save the English Territorial force, that so far from being a Roman Catholic he was a Freemason, and that he was by trade an electrical engineer—I suspected him of lying; and I asked him why his boots were covered with the clayey and chalk mixture peculiar to Horsham; why his boots were French Army service boots, elastic-sided, and bought probably at Valmy; why the second half of a return ticket from Southwater was emerging from his ticket-pocket; why he wore the medal of St. Anthony on his watch-chain; why he smoked Caporal cigarettes; why the proofs of an article on the Battle of Eylau were protruding from his breast-pocket, together with a copy of the *Tablet*; why he carried in his hand a parcel which, owing to the untidy way in which it had been made (an untidiness which, in harmony with the rest of his clothes, showed that he could not be married) revealed the fact that it contained photographic magic lantern slides; and why he was tattooed on the left wrist with a Japanese fish.

"The reason I have come to consult you will explain some of these things," he answered.

"I was staying last night at the Windsor Hotel, and this morning when I woke up I found an entirely different set of clothes from my own. I called the waiter and pointed this out, but neither the waiter nor any of the other servants, after making full enquiries, were able to account for the change. None of the other occupants of the hotel had complained of anything being wrong with their own clothes.

"Two gentlemen had gone out early from the hotel at 7:30. One of them had left for good, the other was expected to return.

"All the belongings I am wearing, including this parcel, which contains slides, belong to someone else.

"My own things contained nothing valuable, and consisted of clothes and boots very similar to these; my coat was also stuffed with papers. As to the tattoo, it was done at a Turkish bath by a shampooer, who learnt the trick in the Navy."

The case did not present any features of the slightest interest. I merely advised the man to return to the hotel and await the real owner of the clothes, who was evidently the man who had gone out at 7:30.

This is a case of my reasoning being, with one partial exception, perfectly correct. Everything I had deduced would no doubt have fitted the real owner of the clothes.

Watson asked rather irrelevantly why I had not noticed that the clothes were not the man's own clothes.

A stupid question, as the clothes were reach-me-downs which fitted him as well as such clothes ever do fit, and he was prabably of the same build as their rightful owner.

January 12.—Found a carbuncle of unusual size in the plum-pudding. Suspected the makings of an interesting case. But luckily, before I had stated any hypothesis to Watson—who was greatly excited—Mrs. Turner came in and noticed it and said her naughty nephew Bill had been at his tricks again, and that the red stone had come from a Christmas tree. Of course, I had not examined the stone with my lens.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

by DOUGLAS GUTHRIE, M.A., F.R.C.S.

WHEN THOMAS SYDENHAM, the English Hippocrates of the Seventeenth Century, recommended *Don Quixote* as the best text-book of medicine he was merely expressing in another form his opinion that "the art of medicine is to be properly learned only from its practice and exercise." He might have chosen just as aptly any one of a dozen or more classic works which impress upon the reader the importance of the human touch, so essential in every walk of life but of superlative value to the medical practitioner. It is no reflection upon the genius of Sydenham to say that, were he alive today, he would approve cordially of the current interest shown by many professional persons, and especially by doctors, in what is known as the detective story.

The medical man, searching for the origin of an illness, closely resembles the detective in quest of a criminal. In the greatest detective of all time, Sherlock Holmes, the subject of the writings of a medical author, we may find a pattern worth following in our quest of a diagnosis, using that word in the sense of understanding, and not merely naming, the malady which leads the patient to invoke our assistance. The detective matches his wits against those of the criminal. In medical practice the situation is more complicated: it is a three-cornered contest involving doctor, patient and disease. But in order to obtain the best result, the doctor's first duty is to secure his patient's cooperation. He will then have an ally, making the odds two against one.

Accordingly, the preliminary contest is doctor versus patient, and only after the first round does the fight proceed, doctor and patient now united against the disease. Nevertheless, the doctor

is always a sort of detective, and he can find no better model for the art of detection than Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Dr. Watson, of course, was no Cervantes. As literature, *Don Quixote* is incomparable; but we are not discussing literary merit alone; we are seeking a useful and pleasant introduction to the human aspect of the practice of medicine. So by all means follow Sydenham's advice: "Read *Don Quixote*"—but if you want some advice more modern, if less erudite: *"Read Sherlock Holmes."*

The reader of the Sherlock Holmes tales encounters many members of the medical profession. There are at least twenty of them scattered throughout the saga, and they represent very well the doctors of the period. Only a few are criminals; let us be thankful for that. Of course the most notorious was Dr. Grimesby Roylott, the villain in *The Speckled Band*, which is almost universally acclaimed as the best of the short stories, and which has been dramatised with considerable success. Dr. Roylott was "a huge man of immense strength," whose costume was "a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural." His deep-set, bile-shot eyes and high, thin nose gave him the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey. This "last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England" had found himself, after the estate had been ruined by four successive dissolute heirs, obliged to earn a livelihood. After taking a medical degree, he established a large practice in Calcutta where he married the widow of Major General Stoner, whose twin daughters were then two years old. He returned to the ancestral property in England, his wife was killed in a railway accident, one of the daughters died under suspicious circumstances, and the other, Holmes's client, narrowly escaped a death which recoiled upon the murderer. Holmes and Watson were just in time to prevent a subtle and horrible crime. "When a doctor goes wrong," says Holmes, "he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge."

Another medical criminal, though scarcely such a sinister figure as Roylott, was "the great lion-hunter and explorer, Dr. Leon Sterndale," who figures in the Cornish adventure of *The Devil's Foot*. Sterndale was "a tremendous personality," a tall, rugged man with strong features and a red beard, stained with nicotine

from his perpetual cigar. His method of dealing with his victim was quite as ingenious as that of Dr. Roylott, although the strain upon the reader's credulity is greater. He used a West African ordeal poison, named, from its appearance, *Radix pedis diaboli*, of which, "save for one sample in a laboratory at Buda," he possessed the only specimen in Europe. The powdered root, as Holmes and Watson proved by a foolhardy experiment, produced deadly fumes when heated, and Sterndale had attained his object by sprinkling it on the talc shield above the lampshade after explaining to Mortimer Tregennis that he had come both as judge and executioner. Holmes, in his turn, took the law into his own hands and allowed Sterndale to go free.

A criminal "doctor" who appears in the stories was not an M.D., but probably a D.D., and by no means a credit to the Faculty of Divinity. The Rev. Dr. Shlessinger, posing as a missionary from South America, was responsible for the disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax. Once again a gaseous poison was employed, on this occasion chloroform; but Holmes and Watson were in time, happily, to save Lady Frances from the toils of "one of the most unscrupulous rascals that Australia ever evolved."

The client who staggered into the Baker Street room and collapsed insensible on the hearthrug was Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable of The Priory School, whose doctorate, again, was not medical, but Ph.D., etc.

In *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman*, the murdered man was a doctor. The murderer is the client, whose wife had eloped with young Dr. Ray Ernest of Lewisham, who "played chess with Josiah Amberley and played the fool with his wife." Amberley got rid of them both, using a strong-room which was really a gas chamber. Holmes found a message written on the wall, followed the clue, and turned the tables on this client who had played the injured party.

Dr. Lowenstein of Prague, who attempted to rejuvenate a professor at "Camford" but who, having used the wrong type of animal, merely succeeded in producing a Creeping Man, was no doubt "a danger to humanity," but surely Holmes went too far when he wrote to tell him that he was "criminally responsible." Another doctor, Dr. Leslie Armstrong of Cambridge, at first mis-

judged by Holmes, was eventually found to be acting in the interest of his patient, *The Missing Three-Quarter*, and trying to shield him from disgrace.

Two doctors who came to Holmes as clients were Dr. Percy Trevelyan and Dr. James Mortimer. Trevelyan, who had won the Bruce Pinkerton prize at King's College Hospital for his monograph on nervous lesions, was surprised to find himself launched into a Brook Street practice by *The Resident Patient*. The patient was Mr. Blessington, alias Sutton, member of a gang of bank thieves whom he had betrayed and who now retaliated by murdering him in the Brook Street house.

The name of Dr. Mortimer is familiar to everyone who has read that thrilling tale *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. He was a tall, thin man, not unlike Holmes himself, and the first interview was a battle of wits, a sort of jockeying for position. "You interest me very much, Mr. Holmes. I had hardly expected as dolichocephalic a skull. . . . A cast of your skull, Sir, until the original is available, would be an ornament to any anthropological museum."

It is as a collector of Napoleonic relics that Dr. Barnicot, a well-known medical practitioner of South London, is brought to our notice in *The Adventure of the Six Napoleons*. This reminds one that in dealing with *The Illustrious Client*, Holmes persuaded Watson to pose as a collector of Chinese porcelain, and even handed him a visiting card on which was printed "Dr. Hill Barton." Watson was to pose as an authority on ceramics, and after three days of intensive study in the London Library, was to interview the wicked Baron Gruner, the "aristocrat of crime," who was responsible for the murderous attack upon Sherlock Holmes in Regent Street outside the Café Royal.

Another doctor now appears on the scene, this time a surgeon. Watson finds Sir Leslie Oakshott, the famous specialist, in the hall at Baker Street. His brougham waits at the kerb. "No immediate danger," he reports, "two scalp wounds and considerable bruises." How Holmes took advantage of his injuries to further his end is part of a lively tale. He was not the only medical man who attended Holmes. "In March 1897, Dr. Moore Agar, whose dramatic introduction to Holmes I may one day recount" (alas, he never did!) "gave positive injunctions that the great detective would

. . . surrender himself to complete rest if he wished to arrest a breakdown." It was then that the two friends went to Cornwall, as we are told in *The Adventure of the Devil's Foot.*

No doubt Dr. Watson placed his medical knowledge at Holmes's disposal, but sometimes, as in *The Adventure of the Dying Detective,* it was necessary that he should be kept in the dark. On this occasion Holmes was obliged to remind his friend that he was "only a general practitioner of limited experience." What did he know of Tapanuli fever and the black Formosa corruption? Watson offers to bring in Sir Jasper Meek or Penrose Fisher, and he happened to know that Dr. Ainstree, the greatest authority on tropical diseases, was then in London.

Of other doctors known to Watson, those concerned in the sale and purchase of his practices have been noted. Two of his "accommodating neighbours," Jackson and Anstruther, make their brief appearances. One would like to have known more about them.

The list of doctors who were in some way associated with Holmes includes also Sir James Saunders, "the austere figure of a great dermatologist" who decided that *The Blanched Soldier* was suffering, not from leprosy, but from a benign ichthyosis. Dr. Wood was "the brisk and capable" village practitioner of Birlstone in *The Valley of Fear*; Dr. Horsom attended the old nurse whose grave was so nearly shared by Lady Frances Carfax; Dr. Ferrier of Woking took charge of the distracted Percy Phelps in the train just after the loss of *The Naval Treaty*; Dr. Fordham came to see old Mr. Trevor when he was struck with paralysis in Holmes's earliest adventure, *The "Gloria Scott"*; Dr. Richards was the practitioner who answered the urgent call in *The Adventure of the Devil's Foot,* and Dr. Lysander Starr of Topeka was an American correspondent invented by Holmes in order to draw information from the first of *The Three Garridebs.*

The mention of these medical men who play such fleeting and minor parts in the Holmesian scene seems to be thrown in to sharpen the reader's appetite, but no account of the association of Sherlock Holmes with the medical profession is complete without a reference to Dr. Watson himself.

John H. Watson, being the narrator of the tales, and anxious that Sherlock Holmes should have all possible limelight, remains

modestly in the background and gives very little information regarding himself. He was the Boswell, the Greek Chorus, or, in his own words, "the whetstone" for the mind of Holmes. We know that Watson was wounded in Afghanistan, retired from the Army about 1881, and then shared rooms at 221B Baker Street with Holmes until 1887, when he settled down to practice in the Paddington district. Old Mr. Farquhar, from whom he purchased the practice, suffered from "an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus' dance," and, as we are also told in *The Stockbroker's Clerk*, "the public . . . looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his own drugs." *The Sign of the Four* gives details of his courtship of Miss Mary Morstan, whom he married about the same date. This lady, the first Mrs. Watson, died about 1893, and the doctor appears to have lost interest in practice, which was at that time "quiet" or "never very absorbing," to quote his own words. Whatever the reason, he removed to Kensington and made a fresh start. Not for very long, however, because, when Holmes reappeared, the temptation to rejoin him at Baker Street proved too strong, and he sold the Kensington practice to a young doctor named Verner, "who gave, with astonishingly little demur, the highest price that I ventured to ask." The reason only became clear some years later when Watson learned that Verner was related to Holmes, and that it was Holmes who had produced the money.

The next clue to Watson's movements is given by Holmes himself in his first attempt at authorship, *The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier*. "It was in January, 1903," he writes. "The good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife. . . . I was alone." In *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client* Watson tells us "I was living in my own rooms in Queen Anne Street at this time." (September, 1902). It is uncertain whether Watson had not turned to consulting practice, as the address suggests. The progressive rise from Paddington to Kensington and thence to Queen Anne Street, which is in the Harley Street district, is at all events quite natural.

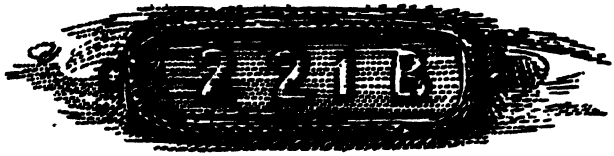
As Watson cannot have devoted more than a year to the practice in Kensington, it is surprising to learn that it fetched a good price. Had Watson's gambling propensities, on which, from his own account, he spent at least half his pension, involved him in financial

embarrassment? Or had the long illness and death of his wife caused him to lose heart? We cannot tell. The reconstruction of this part of Watson's life is a most puzzling problem and makes one wonder whether there is any justification for attempting to convert fiction into fact. The historian who attempts the converse operation of making fact into fiction is rightly censured for his pains. There is much more to be said for the writer who seeks to extract reality from what many think to be fantasy. It is an interesting and absorbing game, leading nowhere, accomplishing nothing, and therefore in every sense the purest form of literary research.

As for the many medical references in the saga, such as Watson's diagnosis of Jefferson Hope's aortic aneurism in *A Study in Scarlet*, that is another subject which it might be interesting to investigate. For example, the case relating to human ears shows the importance of medical knowledge to the detective writer. It will be recalled that *The Cardboard Box*, which was posted to Miss Cushing of Croydon, contained "two human ears, apparently quite freshly severed." "There is no part of the human body," comments Holmes, "which varies so much as the human ear. In last year's *Anthropological Journal* you will find two short monographs from my pen on the subject." In the earliest adventure of all, *The "Gloria Scott,"* Victor Trevor's ears had "the peculiar flattening and thickening which marks the boxing man," and it is noteworthy that while Watson was endeavouring to trace Lady Frances Carfax on the Continent, he received a telegram from Holmes asking for a description of Dr. Shlessinger's left ear. Later Holmes explained that "he was badly bitten in a saloon fight at Adelaide in '89."

Enough, and probably more than enough has been said, but I trust I have convinced my readers that the Sherlock Holmes stories may be placed alongside *Don Quixote* as an accessory text book of Medicine, and that the practitioner of medicine may find much to interest and to assist him in the exploits of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

Letters



To Baker Street

Lady Frances Carfax Reappears

SIRS:

Since Dr. William Braid White in his admirable article "Dr. Watson and the Peerage" challenges other scholars "just for fun" on the subtle distinction between The Lady Frances Carfax and Lady Frances Carfax, I must accept it.

The lady in question was the sole survivor of the late Earl of Rufton, "the last derelict of what only twenty years ago was a goodly fleet." As the daughter of an earl she ranked with her father, and since the prefix "The" is the equivalent of "Right Honourable" she was entitled to be called "The Lady Frances Carfax," as Holmes correctly calls her when first speaking of her to Watson. In all, the right appellation is used nine times during the story and the incorrect "Lady Frances Carfax" twelve times.

HUMFREY MICHELL

Hamilton, Ont.

Haw-Holmes

SIRS:

Mr. Morley's clinical observations on Raffles Haw are worthy of unusual remark. I was an ardent reader of that fantastic tale in the long ago, and have frequently mused on the mysterious significance of its title. With unerring intuition, Morley calls Haw a "code synonym" for Holmes. It is, actually, much more than that.

Both words are of Germanic origin and have crept into many place-names, in both England and Scotland. One of the definitions of Haw is "a piece of ground, enclosed or fenced in." There is also the word *Haugh*, which might be defined as "a piece of flat, alluvial land by the side of a river"—in fact, it *is* defined that way by the Oxford Dictionary.

So each word might possibly be a synonym of *Holm*, which usually means a small island, but may be stretched, according to the same authority, to signify "a meadow on the shore."

Thus, in both words and with all spellings, we find identical suggestions of restricted areas of rich soil. That would seem to take the matter quite outside the limits of the arbitrary, and prompts me to resist the Morleian word "code" with considerable vigor.

It is also possible to move one step farther and enter the regions of the metaphysical. What of Mycroft? A *Croft*, in both Northern England and Scotland, is a piece of enclosed ground, used for tillage and pasture; giving us *Croft*, *Haw* and *Holm* as practical synonyms. Surely there is more in all this than leaps to the eye.

RUSSELL MCLAUCHLIN

Detroit, Mich.

The London Society Again

SIRS:

After the death of the late lamented A. G. Macdonell, the office of Secretary of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London was taken over by Mr. E. L. Sterling. As recently as 1944 Mr. Sterling held this office, although, because of the war, the Society was inactive. As far as I know (and my source of information is Freeman Wills Crofts) there is still no activity in that quarter.

Mr. Sterling's address in 1944 (March 16th) was 116A, Beaufort Street, London, S. W. 3. If that doesn't work, it might be possible to reach him through Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W. C. 2.

JAMES KEDDIE, JR.

Boston, Mass.

The Mystery of the One-Way Dunlops

SIRS:

Numerous as have been the comments upon the methods of Sherlock Holmes in tracking a certain bicycle in *The Adventure of the Priory School*, I should like to pose a query which some reader may be able to answer.

It will be recalled that when the tire tracks were under discussion (as to direction), it was the *Dunlop* tires which had made the marks. It afterward turned out that these tires were on a bicycle which had belonged to the real plotter in the case, and that this same bicycle had been ridden over to the ragged shaw on the same evening when the abduction took place at midnight. This bicycle *could not* have come by road, since one end of the stretch before the School was guarded by a constable, and since at the other end there had been an all-night lookout for the coming of a doctor. Thus, James Wilder must have ridden the bicycle from Holdernesse to the shaw by way of the moor, and it must have returned the same way to the Fighting Cock Inn, where it was found the next day.

Now, the question is, *why was there only one track of the bicycle with the Dunlop tires, and that one going away from the School?* Will someone please explain?

JAY FINLEY CHRIST

Chicago, Ill.

The Atomic Holmeses

SIRS:

Judging from personal comments, as well as from published writings, a number of aficionados share the prevailing apprehension over the appalling possibilities latent in the atomic bomb, which the world must now face though it is no better prepared than it was for the Giant Rat of Sumatra. I therefore offer a suggestion which, if adopted, should deliver us from the Valley of Fear into which we have been thrust by this fantastic Oppenheimer creation. I propose that control of the bomb be entrusted to the Brothers Holmes: Myeroft to be responsible for the complex and delicate questions of policy and diplomacy, and Sherlock for all investiga-

tions into illicit production and for the removal of any would-be Moriarty who may seek to reduce our planet to the size of an asteroid in order to study its dynamics.

All agree, I am sure, that this is a work worthy of the talents of these two men, which otherwise may some day have to be devoted to preparing a monograph upon "The Distinction Between the Ashes of One Hundred and Forty Cities." It is my earnest hope that this proposal will win the approval of, and be supported by, every true believer and true man.

BLISS AUSTIN

Westfield, N. J.

Bravo, Dr. Huxtable!

SIRS:

I forwarded Mr. Stephen Saxe's complaint about Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable's scholarship which appeared in the January JOURNAL to the learned doctor, who is, like Holmes, in retirement. He is older than Bernard Shaw, and attributes his longevity not to vegetables or honey but to a diet of ablative absolutes on toast and ground gerunds. Here is his reply, somewhat more mellow in tone than his earlier strictures:

> "Thank you for the literature on Mr. Holmes. I am engaged in a study of the Horatian influence on Mr. Holmes, especially a comparison between Horace's craving for a Sabine farm and Mr. Holmes's desire for the little farm of his dreams. I regret that Mr. Stephen Saxe has found fault with my translation of part of the lines from Horace quoted by Dr. Watson at the end of *A Study in Scarlet*. Mr. Saxe's contention shows how dangerous it is to argue from insufficient data. It is true that *populus sibilat* is (or does Mr. Saxe insist on 'are'?) singular grammatically, but *populus* is a collective noun. It is a well-established principle of both Latin and English grammar that a collective noun may be construed in the plural when the individuals are thought of. Although Horace used the singular, the translator need not be deterred from using the plural in his own language. In translating *populus sibilat* by 'the people hiss,' I have the authority of that great scholar, the late John Conington, who translated the words by 'Folks hiss.' In English usage, 'people' can govern the plural. See the many examples in the

that is precisely what I intend to continue to do until the end of my days and nights. I never read any other detective fiction, and I consider it sacrilegious even to mention other so-called detective fiction in the same breath with the Sacred Writings. Indeed, there is ample proof, and to spare, that never in history has any fiction been written that could even begin to compare with these Stories.

EDWARD HOLLAND

Newton, Iowa

The Scion Societies

THE PONDICHERRY LODGE OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

OFFICER: Stuart Brown, *The Noble Bachelor*; others as occasion may require, by appointment. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Brown at the First National Bank Building, Springfield, Ill.

THE PONDICHERRY LODGE of Springfield was organized at a luncheon held on January 11, 1947, at the Leland Hotel. Charter members include Stuart Brown (Dost Akbar), Scott Hoover (Jonathan Small), James B. Martin (Mahomet Singh), and Charles B. Stephens (Abdullah Khan). A constitution was adopted, toasts were drunk, and plans discussed for a meeting to mark the deplorable affair at the Reichenbach Falls. By that time, each member is to be prepared to present a paper of canonical interest, or to display an authenticated item for the Lodge museum.

As a direct descendant, thrice removed, of Silas Brown, manager of Lord Backwater's establishment at Mapleton, "in whose ear Holmes whispered a pregnant word," Stuart Brown was unanimously declared to be the happy choice for the only office provided by the constitution, that of The Noble Bachelor.

Although the meeting was primarily occupied with details of organization, there ensued considerable discussion of points raised in recent issues of the JOURNAL, and the course of the pursuit of the steam launch *Aurora* from Jacobson's yard to the Plumstead Marshes was traced on detailed (but unfortunately not Ordnance) maps of London and its environs.

Anticipating any hue and cry that may arise from their selection of The Pondicherry Lodge as a name for this Scion, the members feel that the establishment of an American counterpart to any organisation of that name existing in England or elsewhere may open the means for an exchange of greetings and information in the best interests of international relations.

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

OFFICER: Ewington Holliday, *Jabez Wilson*; 30 Sudbury Street, Belmore, Sydney, N. S. W.

GREETINGS FROM the Red-Headed League of Sydney, Australia! We have just held our first real meeting, and have chosen the above name in the hope that no one has got in before us. Our group consists of five men so far. We are hoping to increase the membership soon.

If you could mention our club in the Scion Societies columns, we would be greatly indebted to you, for we are anxious to hear from friends everywhere. I am the founder and secretary, so any communications can be addressed to me.

We have enjoyed greatly the copies we have received of the JOURNAL. The meeting deferred the question of subscriptions in bulk, exchange restrictions being what they are, until the next meeting, when everyone will have had a chance to read the copies that have come to hand. I will do any necessary persuading, so as soon as the subscriptions are sanctioned they will be posted to you.

I am engaged in an essay on Holmes at present, and I hope we in The Red-Headed League will have the honor of seeing it published in the JOURNAL.

OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

OFFICERS: Roland Hammond, M.D., *Dancing Master*; Roger T. Clapp, Esq., *Cypher*. Communications should be addressed to Dr. Hammond at 219 Waterman Street, Providence 6, R. I.

A RONDEAU TO THE DANCING MEN ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR FIRST COTILLION

In Providence The Dancing Men
With *cotillon Holmèsienne*
And lively *pas seuls* raise the dust
That gathers like a powd'ry crust
Upon the Canon's face again.

Elsewhere the echoes answer:
"When?"
But no, we do not falter then,
For eagerly we place our trust
In Providence

Matters recondite from the pen
Of Dancing Master, Cypher, (men
Of high Holmesian learning) just
Now wait beyond to be discussed:
A new world moves into our ken
In Providence.

—Belden Wigglesworth, in tribute from The Speckled Band of Boston.

THE SCANDALOUS BOHEMIANS OF AKRON, OHIO

OFFICERS: Clifton R. Andrew, *Gasogene*; James C. Hallett, *Tantalus*; Paul L. Hutchins, *Commissionaire*; Kathleen Morrison, *The Woman*. Address all communications to C. R. Andrew, "The Poplars," 400 Water Street, Akron 7, Ohio.

GASOGENE ANDREW attended the annual meeting of The Amateur Mendicant Society of Detroit and presented his paper on The Terrible Death of Crosby the Banker. Through the kind offices of the son of Dr. Watson, Mr. Andrew was permitted to reveal the details of this horrible affair.

* * *

Kenneth Nichols, columnist of the Akron *Beacon Journal*, and an honorary Bohemian, devoted a considerable portion of a weekly broadcast over WAKR to comment on the singular aspects of three of the names of members on the roster of the Society: John F. HOLMES, DOYLE W. Beckemeyer and Peter WATSON, who reside, respectively, in Edmonton, Alta., Centralia, Ill., and Surrey, England.

* * *

Warren Skidmore, of The Old Book Store of Akron, has been appearing in the stage production of *Hamlet* by The Weathervane Players. He reports that he has just about convinced the Players that they should present the play *Sherlock Holmes* at some early date. Progress in this regard will be reported in a subsequent issue of the JOURNAL.

A chance meeting at a local "pub" between Gasogene Andrew and brother Geo. Holderbaum ("The Duke") developed the news of the possibility of his moving to Noblesville, Ind., for business reasons. An extra toast or two of Sauterne and Ale was, of course, in order to his success in this new venture . . . provided it should come about. There was no certainty in the matter at the time.

* * *

A recent addition to the roster of "The Scandalous Bohemians" is the youthful Ray Williamson of Columbus, Ohio. Ray has contributed a thesis for possible publication, concerning an aspect of Holmes's and Watson's very early association that little, if any, past notice has been taken of.

THE AMATEUR MENDICANT SOCIETY OF DETROIT

OFFICERS: Russell McLauchlin, *Gasogene*; Harry Bannister, *Tantalus;* Harry V. Wade, *Tide-Waiter*; Nevin C. Fisk, *Lascar*. Communications should be addressed to Mr. McLauchlin in care of the Detroit *News*.

THE AMATEUR MENDICANT SOCIETY held its first Rump Session, on the evening of May 22, under the chairmanship of Mendicant Ronald R. (Buck) Weaver.

It had been suggested, at the Canonical Dinner in March, that, fellowship being a major aim of the Society, periodic assemblies might be undertaken, with primary emphasis on the Society's convivial phase. Your Gasogene therefore negotiated with Mendicant Weaver, a man known to harbor unusual stores of nervous energy, and appointed him to organize the first of such assemblies.

The evening proved to possess two phases; dinner at the Barlum Hotel, attended by a dozen Mendicants, and an adjournment to the office of Mendicant Weaver. In that retired situation, matters of such admirable interest were projected by the host that regrets were widely voiced that they were not preserved and even expanded for the Canonical Dinner, far in the future though that may be. Mendicant Weaver is thanked for his enterprise and for his hospitality.

Following the Rump Session, the officers met in a caucus devoted to policy and adopted the following resolutions, subject to any formidable correction which may arise in the membership at large:

That Rump Sessions shall be held, at bi-monthly intervals, throughout the year; but that none shall be held between May and September.

That responsibility for each Rump Session shall devolve on a single Mendicant, to be appointed by the Gasogene on a basis of rotation.

That the forgoing resolution is reflective of the celebrated truth that distribution of responsibility is the sole means of ensuring permanent enthusiasm; besides being, like the judgments of the Lord, just and righteous altogether.

That such appointed Mendicant shall, during the period of his responsibility, give especial heed to the gastronomic requirements of the Society as a whole, the same being extraordinarily high.

That all Rump sessions shall be prized for their privacy and their informality; and that each shall be considered as ancillary to the Canonical Dinner in March which shall remain, as always, the crown of the Mendicant year.

That these resolutions shall be made part of the Gasogene's Second Encyclical Letter and, as such, conveyed to the Tantalus for dissemination.

One of the important works accomplished during the evening of May 22 was the collection of a fund, to be disbursed in three subscriptions to the BAKER STREET JOURNAL, benefitting the libraries of the University of Michigan, Michigan State College and The Detroit *News*.

THE SPECKLED BAND OF BOSTON

OFFICERS: H. W. Bell, *Honorable Chairman*; James Keddie, Jr., *Cheetah*; Belden Wigglesworth, *Archivist*; Ernest F. Robinson, *Recording Secretary*. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Keddie at 6 Beacon Street, Boston. THE CIGARS were in the Coal Box, the Shag was in the Slipper and the Tantalus was on the table as the largest gathering so far of SPECKLED BAND members and friends sat down to steak pies and ale. There were 28 present, including Mr. Edgar W. Smith of New York, and Dr. Roland Hammond and Mr. Roger T. Clapp of Providence, at the Spring Dinner-Meeting of the BAND, which was held in the Dickens Room of the Parker House on the night of April twenty-sixth.

After the toasts to The Founder of The BAND, to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, to Helen Stoner and Dr. Grimesby Roylott, the Cheetah made his report and conducted a very brief business meeting. It was unanimously voted to keep the present officers, the only changes being in the Executive Committee. The new Committee will comprise F. Murray Forbes, Jr., Richard Wait, Douglas Lawson and Stuart C. Rand.

The serious part of the meeting began with the reading of a paper by Ernest F. Robinson—"Comparative Zoölogy of Baker Street." Mr. Robinson was called on first because he had to catch an *early* train to Rockport. At eleven-thirty he was asked why he hadn't caught his train. "Hell," he said, "this meeting's too good. I can't afford to miss anything."

Other papers in close succession were: "Dr. Watson, Master Escapist" by Douglas Lawson; "Dictated . . . But Not Red" by Dr. Mandel E. Cohen; "Holmes and Thorndyke: A Real Frendship" by Professor Francis M. Currier; and "The Case of The Disappearing Pinkerton" by Professor Dirk J. Struik, who was followed by his colleague Professor Norbert Wiener, with pertinent remarks which held the attention of the BAND.

The Presiding Chairman, Stuart C. Rand, called for the remaining papers as follows: "The Campbell Trilogy" by Dr. A. Price Heusner; "Good Night, Mister Sherlock Holmes" by Edgar W. Smith, and "Collecting in Baker Street" by P. M. Stone.

The reading of the papers was appropriately punctuated by the singing of The Baker Street Anthem, with Laurence P. Dodge at the piano; a short quiz was won by Professor Dirk J. Struik who was awarded an autographed copy of Helene Yuhasova's *A Lauriston Garden of Verses*; and the playing of a recording made by ZaSu Pitts "Mrs. Hudson Makes a Platter," which was kindly lent for the occasion by Russell McLauchlin of the Detroit MENDICANTS.

At the witching hour of 12:45 A.M. nineteen of the twenty-eight "faithfuls" were still on Baker Street to see the recoiling of the Russell's Viper which always winds up a meeting of the SPECKLED BAND!

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENTS OF INDIANAPOLIS

OFFICERS: J. N. Williamson, *Northumberland*; H. B. "Pete" Williams, *Sub-Librarian*; Christopher Hamilton, *Baron*; Jane Throckmorton, *Kitty*; Helen Howard, *Violet*. Communications should be addressed to Mr. Williamson at 2923 Washington Boulevard, Indianapolis 5, Indiana.

PLANS ARE QUITE definitely in the making for a large booklet of Sherlockiana to be published by *The Clients*. It will consist of various verses, pastiches, essays, and illustrations by the aforementioned members, an introduction by the good Vincent Starrett and an article by Honorary Member Jay F. Christ. It will be quite a gala affair for all those associated with this rapidly-growing Scion, and could easily be also for any others wishing to subscribe ahead of time. Could the *Northumberland* please hear in advance from any interested? The price will likely be $2.50, and the volume will be out by March 1st of 1948. The publisher of the BSJ has promised an essay, too—Ben Abramson, that is.

THE NORWEGIAN EXPLORERS OF MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

OFFICER: E. W. McDiarmid, *Gasogene*, University of Minnesota Library.

AT AN INFORMAL meeting to commemorate the exploits of one Sigerson, it was decided to organize the Twin-City Scion Society of the B.S.I. Five loyal Sherlockians foregathered and discussed appropriate topics from the canon: Wallace Armstrong, Bryce L. Crawford, E. W. Ziebarth, T. C. Blegen, and E. W. McDiarmid.

The Norwegian Explorers appropriately enough decided to give their major attention to the "great

hiatus," and various research projects were discussed and approved, many of them dealing with this period. The Explorers confidently expect to announce discoveries which will shed great light on a certain undocumented period of the master's life.

The Twin-City group expects soon to hold a full meeting at which other devotees will be welcomed and appropriately examined.

THE SEVENTEEN STEPS OF LOS ANGELES

FOUNDERS: C. Sharpless Hickman and Marguerite Donovan; care of California Intelligence Bureau, 124 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles 13.

A COMMUNICATION FROM MRS. CRIGHTON SELLARS

LAST WEEK THE SEVENTEEN STEPS were kind enough to invite me to a dinner they were holding to get organized, and of course I enjoyed it very much, for as a Scowrer I am very far from home. Mr. Hickman, who is the moving spirit, is the music critic on *The Times* here, and in my opinion, does his job superbly; so I was glad to find that he was *that* Hickman, and not only the Better Business detective man. I really like all of them very much, and I was so much interested to find that Mrs. White, who is *most* enthusiastic, had gone dashing over to the Museum to see the Greuze that I reported was there, and had the incredible luck to get there just when Marion Davies was having the Girl and Lamb photographed. She will probably write you about how she begged to have a print and how the photographer actually sent her one, which she is sending to you—and now you will see how far off my dreadful memory-sketch was. Not satisfied with that, she has begun to look up other Girl and Lambs, and phoned me this afternoon that she had found a print of another called *Innocence,* which is listed in the Wallace collection. I told her that that was probably the one referred to by Sherlock Holmes as it was near Baker Street—and the Agent must have mentioned it to Watson as being in the same building with the Vernets that I wrote you about. Mrs. White is all excited and is going to write an article about it, so I hope she goes to it.

In connection with the SEVENTEEN STEPS, I have discovered something that may interest you. They asked me to design a letterhead for them with the historic hallway and steps and in connection with that I looked up both the pictures of the front of the house and the inner plan that Doctor Julian Wolfe drew. Behold! They don't agree at all! The pictures show a house with a four window front, with the doorway and hall second from the left, and Doctor Wolfe's

shows a three bay-windowed house with the hall and stairway at the right. If the Doctor's is derived absolutely from the written word, then the present number 111 is not the old 221B; but if it *is* the old 221B then the plan doesn't fit at all. Do you know which is right?

It also occurred to me, looking at the picture of the lamentable wreck of the historic house after it was bombed, that not only should the British Government put a marker on it as you so aptly suggested, but don't you think that it might be a gracious gesture if the B.S.I. in all its numerous branches should try to rebuild it and use it as a sort of headquarters for the large international society that we are getting to be? The English Speaking Union has long had Dorchester House as a place of entertainment for visiting members and it does seem to me that we might take over the rebuilding of our shrine in the same spirit that various patriotic societies here have redone historic houses. Surely such an effort might fittingly be initiated in the United States, for was it not Sherlock Holmes who first had the idea for an English Speaking Union when he said, "I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag that shall be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes"? I should be only too glad to do my part in this effort if such a thing were considered feasible. Of course, English ownership and leases being so different from ours, the whole idea may be moonshine, but if it could be done it might be a very good thing in many ways.

THE STUDENTS IN SCARLET OF NEW YORK

FOUNDERS: Paul McPharlin and Ralph Myers. Address all communications to Mr. McPharlin at 67 West 44th Street, New York 18. Is THERE a scion society which calls itself Students in Scarlet? If the name be not already preempted, Ralph Myers and I wish to adopt it and continue our researches properly captioned.

You see, we have been scions right along without knowing it. Our article on "The Physical Aspects" is a collaboration growing out of our meetings, generally pleasant evenings with beefsteak, port, a crackling fire, and much discussion in my chambers on Murray Hill. Ralph and I have known each other for thirty-five years; we know our London and our England; we are both, in fact, bilingual in English and American.

He is an architect. As boys we used to spend rainy Saturdays

building cardboard villages and making books (we wrote and illustrated them, of course). We have not changed too much. We still like to do this sort of thing. As Students in Scarlet we wish to turn our speculative energies into more generally useful channels.

We spent a good while thinking over what we should call ourselves. Murray Hill suggested Murray's Dancing Men. But that is infringing upon the name of the Providence scions. Architecture and the arts made us consider the Norwood Builders and the Retired Colourmen; we rejected these possibilities as smacking a bit too much of trade. We lacked a quorum to be the Three Gables or the Three Garridebs. We are both, for the moment, still bachelors; but there are already Noble Bachelors, I believe. Though we may have a green thumb we are not qualified for an Engineer's Thumb. We should not like to be thought of, despite our model villages, as Cardboard Boxers. One of us saw the war from a desk, but that does not make us the Blanched Soldiers. One of us is indeed red-headed, but not the other; so we could not be the Red-Headed League; and, not being of that sex, we could not even be the Copper Beeches.

All in all, we thought we'd be best as the Students in Scarlet. The lamp from our article will become our symbol. One of us will be the lamp-lighter, the other the lamp-trimmer; or maybe we'll change off every so often.

An alphabetical listing, by authors, of books, essays, commentaries and verses about the writings; extending the listing set forth in *Baker Street Inventory* (The Pamphlet House, Summit, N. J., 1945), and in previous issues of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL.

Supplement No. 6

ANON
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Physician, Historical Novelist, Creator of Sherlock Holmes
Clinical Excerpts, Winthrop Chemical Co., New York, Vol. 19, No. 8, 1945.
Mostly about the literary agent, but with good *obiter dicta* on the Master and his works.

BOOTH, JOHN E.
Annals of a Sleuth
New York Times Magazine, New York, May 11, 1947.
A sound and sympathetic account of the launching, and the first anniversary, of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL.

CASSARD, G. C.
Quick, Watson, a Rymbel!
Promenade, New York, March, 1947.
"Quick, Watson, quick—the needle, *now*, before I lose the thread!"

CHRIST, JAY FINLEY
The Sage of Baker Street
Sherlockian Studies, The Three Students, New York, 1947.

"In a gaslight age there lived a sage in foggy London Town."

Sherlock Backs a Turkey
Sherlockian Studies, The Three Students, New York, 1947.
"There was something askew with the carbuncle blue . . ."

CROCKER, STEPHEN F., A.M.
The Barometric Dr. Watson: A Study of "The Sign of the Four"
The Quarterly of the Phi Beta Pi Medical Fraternity, Menasha, Wis., November, 1946.
How the weather was made to order for every phase and circumstance of the tales.

CUTTER, ROBERT A. (editor)
Sherlockian Studies
Privately printed, New York, 1947.
A collection of essays and verses in the field of Sherlockiana sponsored by the Three Students of Long Island.

CUTTER, ROBERT A.
A Tall Adventure of Sherlock Holmes
Sherlockian Studies, The Three Students, New York, 1947.
The undeveloped plot from the Pearson biography (*v.* also *A Baker Street Four-Wheeler*) now polished and ready to read.

FINCH, J. A.
Gleanings by Gaslight
The Fanlight House, Chicago, 1947.
Fourteen brief Sherlockian essays, supervised and edited by Jay Finley Christ.

FISHER, CHARLES
Baker Street Banned!
Forum, Philadelphia, November, 1946.
Holmes discourses pleasantly with Watson on the significance of Moscow's denunciation of his accomplishments.

GROSS, E. TUDOR
The Mystery of the Ten-Twent-Thirt
Sherlockian Studies, The Three Students, New York, 1947.
A philatelic parody, as by Dr. Warsaw, reprinted from Stamps magazine of July 22, 1944.

HAYCRAFT, HOWARD
A Pair of Mystery Reviews
Sherlockian Studies, The Three Students, New York, 1947.
Two old and undiscerning appraisals of future masterpieces as discovered by the author of *The Art of the Mystery Story*.

KNOX, RONALD A.
The Adventure of the First Class Carriage
The Strand Magazine, London, February, 1947.
A pastiche, under the heading "The Apocryphal Sherlock Holmes," written and published with the kind permission of the Doyle estate.

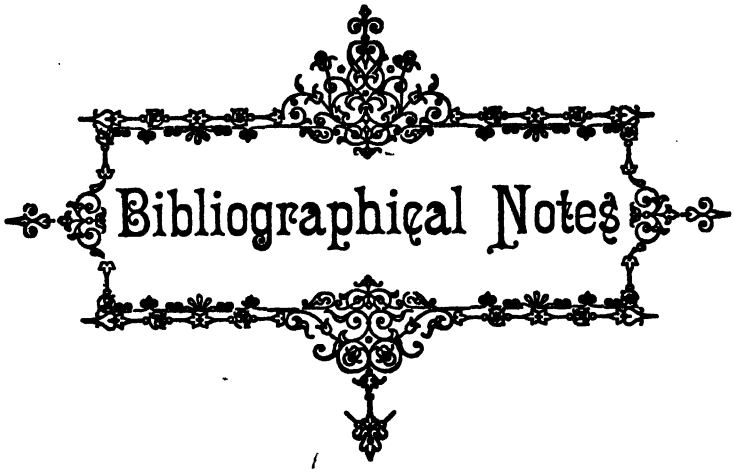
MAHONEY, TOM
Baker Street Irregulars
'47, New York, August, 1947.
An intelligent and illuminating account of the origin and doings of the parent society and its scions.

MOORE, JOHN ROBERT

Sherlock Holmes Borrows a Plot
Modern Language Quarterly, New York, March, 1947.
Commentary on the interesting parallel between *The Man with the Twisted Lip* and Thackeray's "Miss Shum's Husband," in *The Yellowplush Papers*.

SMITH, ARTHUR C.

In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes
Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Cambridge, Mass., April 12, 1940.
The story of the beginnings of legal medicine, against the background of the same in Baker Street.



A TENTATIVE ENQUIRY INTO THE EARLIEST PRINTINGS, IN BOOK FORM, OF THE FIRST FOUR SHERLOCK HOLMES SHORT STORIES: A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA, THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE, A CASE OF IDENTITY AND THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY; WITH A CONCLUSION TENDING TO PROVE THAT IN THE CASE OF TWO OF THEM CERTAINLY, AND TWO OF THEM POSSIBLY—AMERICA FIRST!

by David A. Randall

"By George! How ever did you see that?"

"Because I looked for it." *The Adventure of the Dancing Men.*

"How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else." *The Adventure of the Second Stain.*

"When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, *however improbable,* must be the truth." *The Sign of the Four.*

Perhaps the wisest bibliographical remark Sherlock ever uttered was in *A Scandal in Bohemia.* "It is a capital mistake," he said, "to theorize before one has data." That's just what we are about to do, and as surely as we pen these lines we are going to regret it. Because we haven't enough information to arrive at anything much but tentative conclusions. The only good this article can do, we hope, is to smoke out additional information. The sub-

ject—American piracies—is so complex (bibliographically speaking), and the sound information available, or books obtainable to base it on, so scarce, that out goes our neck. As the Master pleaded in *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches:* "Data! data! data! I can't make bricks without clay!"

So much for my Apologia. The twelve stories which form the immortal *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* first appeared in *The Strand Magazine,* beginning with *A Scandal in Bohemia,* July, 1891, and ending with *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches,* June, 1892. They were issued as *The Adventures,* by Newnes, some time during the month of October, 1892.

My guess (even though Sherlock "never guesses. It is a shocking habit!") is that the publisher waited until well into the fall season, logically enough, to launch his book.

This is proper publishing practice. But, recently, I had occasion to look over a copy of *The Doings of Raffles Haw,* published in America by Lovell, Coryell and Co., undated, but copyrighted 1891, bound at the end of which was *The Boscombe Valley Mystery* and *The Red-Headed League.* Furthermore, a colleague, Howard Mott, came into possession of a letter from one Doyle to one Harper, dated Aug. 28, '93, which reads in part: "Sherlock Holmes. I observe that Lovell, Coryell & Co., had *stolen* [italics ours] two of the Holmes stories. I presume that those two must have come out before the Act passed. I don't think they will make any serious difference to our collection of 24 Sherlock Holmes Adventures, but it is annoying none the less."

That letter launched the present investigation. First gold was struck in *The Publishers' Weekly,* where we found listed, under date of *August 6, 1892:*

Doings of Raffles Haw (the). Doyle, A. C. 50c Lovell, C.

and on September 3d we found the listing repeated.

In addition, it was listed as "Number Five of the Belmore Series" of Lovell, Coryell. And when we got several copies together it became obvious that what had happened was this:

Lovell somehow got the American rights to publish *Raffles Haw.* They did sometimes do this, with established English authors.

Their agent in England was (between 1889–1891) the brilliant Wolcott Balestier. It is probable that he signed Doyle up for *Raffles Haw*. This seems unlikely, it is true; but how else did they get *Raffles*? They couldn't have swiped it from a magazine, for, as far as I know, it wasn't serialized.

But when they got it, or proofs of it, they found it to be merely a long-short-story, and not a full-length novel; so to pad it out they swiped two Doyle stories from *The Strand*, viz., *The League* and *Boscombe*. These are not mentioned on the title-page of *Raffles*, but they are there, none the less, and by design—as the pagination, etc., is continuous.

And, remark, that Doyle in the letter quoted accused Lovell of stealing "two of the Holmes stories"—admitting, by implication, their right to *Raffles*.

We have, thus far, established that the Lovell, Coryell edition of *Raffles* was issued in America, with *The League* and *Boscombe* added, in August, 1892. *The Adventures*, with these two stories, was not issued until October. Hence, on these two, America First!

But what edition of Lovell Coryell's is the "right" issue? The one issued with the imprint "43, 45 and 47 East Tenth Street" or the one with the address "310–318 Sixth Avenue"? Of this more later. Herewith a collation:

A. The Doings Of/Raffles Haw/By/A. Conan Doyle/Author Of/"Micah Clarke," "The White Company," Etc./New York/ Lovell, Coryell & Company/43, 45 and 47 East Tenth Street.

Collation: half-title, inserted; (1) title-page, as above; (2) copyright, 1891,/By/United States Book Company./(All rights reserved.); (3)—134, text of The Doings of Raffles Haw; (135) half-title to The Red Headed League; (136) blank; 137–166, text; (167) half-title to The Boscombe Valley Mystery; (168) blank; (169)–199, text; (200) blank; (201–206) advertisements of Lovell, Coryell *mentioning no book of Doyle's except The White Company.*

BINDING: Probably both cloth and wrappers, but we have seen no copy except a rebound one.

B. As above except with publisher's address: 310–318 Sixth Avenue and with advertisements at end *listing six volumes of The Works of Dr. A. Conan Doyle,* the present title #4.

BINDING: Cloth or yellow wrappers. In the latter binding it is listed as "Number 5. The Belmore Series."

So far, so good. It seems as though the earliest address was 10th Street, later Sixth Avenue. But Mr. Coryell is on record as stating that the business *never moved*, although they did take over the United States Book Co. when the latter went bankrupt. We are, therefore, faced with the theory that the first copies could have borne the Sixth Avenue address, the reason for changing to 10th Street being that it was more convenient to receive orders at the actual place of publication.

You pays your money and you takes your choice. Personally we prefer a copy with the 10th Street address and no mention of the book in the ads; but if a copy with the other address and no mention in the ads turned up, we would be stumped to choose between them. In any case, the book is so extremely scarce, and so important, that one should be happy with either.

Now we have established that Lovell, Coryell did publish *The Red-Headed League* and *The Boscombe Valley Mystery* in book form, before they appeared in England, though we remain uncertain at which of two addresses.

But where in the chronology do we fit a copy with the address and ads as *B*, but containing *in addition, A Scandal in Bohemia* and *A Case of Identity*? Was *Raffles* so popular that this edition could have been issued before October, 1892, thus preceding the English *Adventures* and adding two more titles to the list of Sherlock's tales "first published in book form in America"? It must be remembered that these two tales came out in *The Strand* in July and September, 1891, and were thus "available" for a pirate.

And just when was *The Doings of Raffles Haw*, together with *The Red-Headed League, The Boscombe Valley Mystery* and *A Study in Scarlet* issued over the imprint:

New York/United States Book Company/5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street/(rule)/Chicago: 266 & 268 Wabash Ave.?

These problems demand much more extended research than we have been able to give them—a thorough investigation into the whole complex structure of "cheap fiction" publishing in America during the decade 1885-1905—together with the hectic story of the first copyright bill, etc.

Vincent Starrett showed us recently one of the crown jewels of his collection. It was a copy of *The Sign of the Four*, a United States Book Company piracy presented to Eugene Field by Doyle, who over the imprint on the title-page had drawn a pirate flag and facing the title-page had written:

> This bloody pirate stole my sloop
> And holds her in his wicked ward.
> Lord send that walking on my poop,
> I see him kick at my main-yard.

The full story of this fascinating volume is told (page 220, *et seq.*) in Charles H. Dunnes's *Eugene Field's Creative Years*, New York, 1924.

The pirates had a field-day with Sherlock. We have seen, at one time or another, the following imprints on *The Sign of the Four*, generally undated.

Rahway, N. J.	The Mershon Company
New York	A. L. Burt
New York	F. M. Lupton
New York	Lovell, Coryell; at various addresses
New York	United States Book Co.; at various addresses
New York	F. M. Buckles
New York	International Book Company
New York	George Munroe
New York	Orange Judd (dated 1907)
Philadelphia	Henry Altemus
Chicago	E. A. Weeks
Chicago	Rand McNally

There are doubtless others. F. M. Lupton's "The Arm Chair Library—Each Number Contains a Complete Novel by a Popular Author," reprints both *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of the Four*. It may have reprinted others, though we have not seen them.

Incidentally, The International Book Company (310-318 Sixth Avenue) issued, along with a group of Doyle's Australian stories—*Raffles Haw, The League* and *Boscombe*—with the title *My Friend the Murderer and Other Mysteries and Adventures*. This is demonstrably late.

It should be noted that all of the various editions of *Raffles Haw* noted above were printed from the same plates, acquired or stolen or lent or rented, or something, from the original publisher. We will go into this problem again when additional data become available.

ROBERT S. SCHULTZ, Williams '39 and B. S. I. '46, is the executive in charge of the wood, pulp and paper division of the Econometric Institute of New York City.

CHARLES GOODMAN, well-known dental surgeon of New York and confidant of Dr. Wilson of London, is an adherent of long and faithful standing to the Baker Street Irregulars.

ERNEST F. ROBINSON, member of The Speckled Band of Boston and compiler of *The Case Reference Book of Sherlock Holmes*, is, in secular life, chief of the tariff bureau of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

CORNELIS HELLING, Netherlands scholar and litterateur, is a member of the International Jules Verne Society and a life-long Sherlock Holmes enthusiast.

MAURICE BARING, noted English journalist and editor, lives in Rottingdean, in Sussex, which is surely not far from a certain bee-farm.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN, winner of the Ellery Queen short-story contest in 1946, is a member of the B. S. I. and founder of The Wisteria Lodge Confederates of the Eastern Deep South, with headquarters at Pinehurst, N. C.

JAMES KEDDIE, JR., executive of the Bellows-Reeve Company of Boston, and son of the revered founder of The Speckled Band, is the Cheetah of that lively Scion.

WHITFIELD J. BELL, JR., is dean of the Sophomore Class at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa., and a devoted Sherlockian of many years' standing.

RICHARD W. CLARKE, New York broker and clubman, is a member of the Baker Street Irregulars and founder of its arcane local Scion, The Five Orange Pips.

BASIL RATHBONE, eminent actor, has portrayed the role of Sherlock Holmes on the screen and radio to the delight of uncounted thousands everywhere.

EDMUND PEARSON, librarian and bibliophile, who died in 1937, was the outstanding American authority of his day on criminological literature. His *Studies in Murder* is a classic in the field.

EDWARD H. BARTLETT, of New York, is an executive with the firm of Richard E. Thibaut, Inc., and one of the original Baker Street Irregulars.

PHILIP H. RHINELANDER, pianist and teacher of philosophy, is the author and composer of three Holmesian operettas, "The Giant Rat of Sumatra," "Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer," and "Huret, the Boulevard Assassin."

C. W. OSTERMEYER is a barrister-at-law of Melbourne, Australia, and a leading antipodean advocate of the cause of Sherlockiana.

ELLERY QUEEN is Fred Dannay and Manfred Lee, authors, editors and publishers extraordinary, and, in their other person, a detective almost as famous as Sherlock Holmes himself.

RICHARD ARMOUR, college professor and author of Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y., is a regular contributor of articles and poems to the Saturday Evening Post, the Saturday Review of Literature, the New Yorker, and syndicated columns.

ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT, public relations counsel and amateur ballistician of Scarsdale, N. Y., is one of the founding members of the Baker Street Irregulars.

ZASU PITTS, sympathetic actress and motion-picture star, is now, to crown her career, a vicarious Sherlockian.

JULIAN WOLFF is a practicing physician of New York City, an amateur cartographer, and one of the associate editors of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL.

HARVEY OFFICER, deceased last May, was once a monk in the Order of the Holy Cross and later an executive with Benton & Bowles. He was composer of the Baker Street Suite for Violin and Piano, composer-author of *A Baker Street Song Book*, and author of the Baker Street Anthem.

W. S. HALL, formerly a partner of Henry M. Snyder Co., book exporters and now proprietor of his own business in this field, is one of the solid inner core of the Baker Street Irregulars.

LENORE GLEN OFFORD, novelist and mystery writer, is a member of the Molly Maguires, distaff adjunct of The Scowrers of San Francisco.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, of Philadelphia, is a noted concert tenor and a member ex-officio of the Baker Street Irregulars pending the formation of a Brotherly Love Scion.

AUGUST DERLETH, author and publisher of Sauk City, Wis., is a specialist in the field of the supernatural and horrible, and, by way of compensation, in the field of the Sherlockian.

I OFFER my new, unique, and revolutionary pamphlet, *Part One.* It is vitally related to all Sherlockiana; past, present and future. Send $3.00 money order to Pope R. Hill, Sr., 190 Morton Ave., Athens, Ga., or Box 105.

I OFFER 1000-item supplement to my *Irregular Guide.* Six 3-cent stamps. J. F. Christ, 9551 Longwood Dr., Chicago 43, Ill.

I OFFER *Sherlockian Studies,* an anthology of Sherlockiana compiled and published by the Three Students of Long Island. $2.50. Robert S. Cutter, Box 107.

I OFFER Jay Finley Christ's prodigious piece of scholarship *An Irregular Guide to Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street,* now ready—$4.50. Also a few copies left of *The Second Cab.* The Speckled Band's anthology — $3.00. Argus Books, Inc., 3 W. 46th St., New York, or Box 108.

I WANT to hear from Sherlockians in Washington, D. C. (ladies only) who will relieve the monotony of my solitary cycling. Violet, Box 109.

I WANT to hear from anyone having information about William Gillette and his relations with Sherlock Holmes. F. B. L., Box 110.

I OFFER *Letters From Baker Street, A Baker Street Four-Wheeler* and *A Lauriston Garden of Verses,* all as advertised. The Pamphlet House, Summit, N. J., or Box 111.

I WANT to form a distaff auxiliary to the B.S.I. in New York and environs. Are there no Mary Morstans and Grace Dunbars and Lady Trelawney Hopes to join me? Our name suggests itself: *The Disappearing Ladies.* Frances Carfax, Box 112.

I WANT a set of Dr. Wolff's maps, suitable for framing, as published in *Baker Street and Beyond.* C. T., Box 113.

I OFFER Volume I of THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL beautifully bound in blue cloth, $7.50. Volume II to match will be ready in time for Christmas. Ben Abramson, publisher, Box 114.

Edgar W. Smith - Editor
Ben Abramson, Publisher

The Baker Street Journal

An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

October, 1947

3 West 46 Street, New York 19
Telephone: BRyant 9-6561

1775 Broadway, Room 1703
New York 19, New York

* By Subscription only. Four Numbers $5.00

Volume II, 1947

Index by Authors' Names

Index by Departments