



THE BIMETALLIC QUESTION

Box 883 Stock Exchange Tower
Montreal, Canada H4Z 1K2

MINUTES of the meeting of the BIMETALLIC QUESTION February 7, 2008

Date of next meeting

The next meeting will take place on
Thursday, April 3, at 6:30 p.m. at:
The Westmount Public Library
(Westmount Room)
4574 Sherbrooke Street West
Westmount, Quebec

The Quiz at the next meeting

**"The Adventure of the Beryl
Coronet"**

prepared by Carol Abramson.
This meeting's quiz: "The
Adventure of the Dancing Men"
prepared by Marie Burrows.

Minutes of the MEETING of the BIMETALLIC QUESTION held on Thursday, February 7th, 2008 at the Westmount Library (Westmount Room), 4574 Sherbrooke Street West, Westmount, Quebec.

Present: Carol Abramson, Rachel Alkallay, Jack Anderson, Stanley Baker, Mac Belfer, Paul Billette, Marie Burrows, Roger Burrows, Anna Chubchenko, David Dowse, Ann Elbourne, David Kellett, Irene Lande, Elliott Newman, Joan O'Malley, Maureen Peters, Bernard Robaire, Arlene Scher, Cheryl Surkes, Wendy Whaling, Ronnie Zilman.

Regrets: Wilfrid de Freitas.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

The Bimetallic Question is pleased to announce the publication of the world's most recent – and most perplexing ever – Sherlock Holmes mystery! We have appended it to these minutes for your pleasure. We dare you to respond accurately to the two challenges following its conclusion.

CALL TO ORDER:

The meeting was called promptly to order at 6:35 by our co-sovereign Jack Anderson.

ITEMS OF BUSINESS AND GENTLE TRANSACTION

(Incorporating Show and Tell, Left and Right, AC-DC, Burns and Allen)

1. A Midsummer Night's Scream

Stanley Baker introduced Wendy Whaling from the Westmount Children's Library. Ms Whaling announced that the library will be hosting a mystery program for children in the summer of 2008, and she requested our input. David Dowse said that we have Shelockian detective games. Jack Anderson offered that we will circulate information about the program to our members, cogitate on it, and present our ideas to the library. Ms Whaling asked about a "Sherlock in the Park" play and/or reading. David Dowse responded that the young participants might have a lot of fun coming up with Baker Street Irregulars costumes.

GAMES
PUZZLES
NIC-NACS

2. Hot News Flash: The WGCD Is 58% Real!

Jack Anderson read us a Gazette story based on a poll in England that indicated while approximately 25% of Brits think Churchill was a myth, 58% of that audience believes that Sherlock Holmes actually lived. Well Virginia, ...

3. Most Irregular

Patrick Campbell shared memorabilia from this year's Baker Street Irregulars annual banquet in New York City. Big. They do everything big, but we got the deal.

4. Sherlock at the Plaza

Jack Anderson brought in a ritzy brochure on the Park Plaza, containing a Sherlock Holmes pub and restaurant on its Central Park South premises. Bangers and Mash for a small fortune, anyone?

5. Epicurean Victorian Fare: Pressed Kit

Paul Billette recently visited the Mysterious Bookshop on Warren Street in New York City, a block away from The Fountain Pen Hospital, the spiritual home of David Dowse and Your Lowly Scribe. Owned by Otto Penzler, publisher of The Mysterious Press, mystery editor, and co-recipient not long ago of the Edgar award for mystery non-fiction (an encyclopedia of mystery writers), this bookshop is a shadow of its former self when until about two years ago it occupied two levels of a brownstone across from Carnegie Hall. Looks like everything's going electronic, wot? For a token \$5, Paul bought a 1976 press kit for the launch of a book entitled: *Dining with Sherlock Holmes*.

6. Up in Smoke

Marie Burrows passed around a review of a biography of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle entitled *A Three-Pipe Life*.

7. The National Inquirer Wants to Know

David Kellett, often party to a vision that escapes us mere mortals, claims to have discovered that Irene Adler is grandmother to Ralph Cramden and Ed

Norton (not the motorcycle, not the publisher of literary texts). Since David and Your Lowly Scribe have done some research into the origin of Irene/Irena Adler (Eagle), we find that David's latest epiphany is not entirely unreasonable. We have evidence to suggest, as we have shared at a previous meeting, that SACD's inspiration for Irene Adler may have been none other than the real-life Lola Montez, one-time mistress of Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria (we kid you not). Ms Montez got trounced out of Bavaria, made it to America, made America, and it appears even forayed to the gold fields in Australia. Multi-talented although probably not ambidextrous, Ms Montez was a survivor right up 'til the moment she died. However, due to her prodigiously communicative nature, and because she did visit those United States, David has hit precisely upon a one-in-two-hundred-million-or-so long shot that would connect her with Cramden and Norton, a.k.a. Jackie Gleason and Art Carney. Whatever the Irish is for *eureka!* We think David has hit upon something, don't you?

8. Of These Semantics Shall We Make a Stew

David Kellett claimed that Sherlock Holmes had an idetic (photographic throughout all the senses; capable of complete recall) memory. Patrick Campbell declared that Holmes had a selective memory. There you have it, ladies and gentlemen.

9. The Exquisite Oracle

Ann Elbourne showed a tiny book, old, slightly dog-eared, and beautiful, entitled *The Birthday Oracle, or Whom Shall I Marry*. Published in Edinburgh by W.P. Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell in 1887, it is bound in red leather, gilt-edged, gold-stamped, and an absolute gem. It is a birthday book, so that its owner may write the names of whomever on the appropriate date pages. Quotations reflecting romantic and character concerns of the epoch were everywhere. The book is exquisite precisely because it is not pristine. Majestically-scrawled names of birthday people do not overwhelm the book. Rather, they are sparsely entered with a paucity that seems sad. Also, they are written in a variety of handwriting – long and flowing, crisp, painstakingly neat, some a bit rushed. They were written also with a variety of nibs and in different shades of the grey-black ink of the day. Here a spreading of tines allowed a broad application of ink, threatening to soak through the paper. There, a very fine nib applied slowly, at just the right angle, so as not to scratch the paper. Who were the writers? Who were the birthday people? Was the book passed from one to another as a keepsake, to keep alive some kind of torch of remembrance? What did they want for their birthday? Was anyone anticipating a wedding diamond? Were there agonies? What were the stories of the writers and the birthday people? Your Lowly Scribe felt a pathos in the dearth of names, an absence of gaiety in this sparse community of forgotten shades with a *legerdemain* of caring that stands as gravestones from a bygone time.

10. Monkey See, Monkey Do

David Dowse referred to a recent article in the *Montreal Gazette* by Dr. Joe Schwarcz, McGill professor, media personality, author (his recent non-fiction book was Number One on the *Globe and Mail's* list), and more importantly, attendee and guest presenter at our salubrious annual dinners. The article described how men in certain parts of the world have been injecting themselves with sera from monkeys and other animals, in an attempt to keep young. This is

reminiscent of "The Adventure of the Creeping Man" as well as men who generally monkey around. According to David, Dr. Joe's opinion on this activity is that it offers mainly a placebo effect.

11. First Toast – To the Master

By Carol Abramson

He is a wizard of detection, the king of clues, the emperor of analysis. On the one hand a slovely, languid, drug-taking, anti-social human being; on the other, an expert in solving major crimes from the tiniest of hints. Sherlock Holmes the man, provides us an intensely interesting subject for scrutiny. His housekeeping is horrendous, yet his mind is razor-edged sharp. From the tread mark of a tire, he can tell from which bicycle it came. A slight cut on a boot leads him to deduce a careless maid. The type of knot on the twine of a package guides him to look for a suspect among the seafaring classes. Three day's growth of hair on a visitor's chin leads him to assess correctly the date of a crime. Red herrings do not sway him; false trails do not lead him awry. An expert at disguise with connections in all walks of society, he can uncover information that others do not. The police may have their opinions, but it is always Holmes and his trusty companion Watson who ferret out the truth. For he is Sherlock Holmes, master detective. To the Master!!

12. Perlustration is not from Oysters

Patrick Campbell gave us a 10-minute seminar on how he and some others cracked a postal code after six months. According to Patrick, the secret to this code eluded the CIA. Since all your Lowly Scribe can do is write (and not follow simple directions), even the obviously clear points of Patrick's explanation proved elusive. However, your L.S. is in possession of the cover page of a manuscript entitled "A Child's Guide to Perlustration*" ("with overtones of steganography"), graciously proffered by Patrick. On the page is a neat and indecipherable sequential list describing the method by which the code was cracked. Your L.S. is currently negotiating with world powers on the highest price of this one-pager. For those of us with enquiring minds, steganography, according to Wikipedia, "is the art and science of writing hidden messages in such a way that no one apart from the sender and intended recipient even realizes" there is a message.

13. Second Toast – To Dr. Watson

By Rogers Burrows

Watson is usually regarded as someone through whom the reader can relate to Holmes. Few, perhaps, can (or would wish) to identify with Holmes, but Watson is the "ordinary man" par excellence, with ordinary failings. He is easily distracted by good-looking women. He sometimes spends half his pension on racing. He sees but he does not observe. If Watson can share adventures with Holmes, why not us?

But Watson is only ordinary by comparison with Holmes. He has experience of women that extends over many nations and three separate continents. He's a doctor of medicine, a military surgeon who fought in Afghanistan and kept his nerve when he saw his colleagues hacked to pieces.

And he has those character traits that we can all admire: he is loyal, tenacious, and long-suffering. He's chivalrous, unwilling to force a confidence, and a trusty comrade. Holmes himself says, "There is no man who is better worth having at your side when you are in a tight place."

So please raise your glasses to that most extraordinary of ordinary men, Dr. John Watson!

14. Do I hear seconds?

Jack Anderson asked for our opinions on the venue of the annual dinner, in order to plan for next year. Some of the comments included:

- Can wine be included in the price of the meal? (No, we need to keep opening prices down.)
- People generally appreciated the speaker, William Weintraub.
- The toasts were excellent.
- Rachel Alkallay suggested we write a letter to the Montefiore to thank them for their excellent service, food, and ambiance. (Jack responded that it is being taken care of.)
- Rachel suggested we have a summer night at the Montefiore.

15. You can never have too much Holmes

David Kellett has invested in the 43-DVD collection of the Granada Sherlock Holmes starring Jeremy Brett. He is offering to loan these gems to society members.

16. The virtues of watercress sandwiches

Patrick Campbell said that some of our most wonderful events were our Victorian garden parties.

Joan O'Malley responded that we can rent the Greenwood Center in Hudson for that purpose.

17. Third Toast – To The Woman

By Marie Burrows

In many ways, The Woman is the most mysterious person that Sherlockian Societies toast.

Like her figure, she has a rather slim role to play; much less substantial than many other female characters found in the Canon. This particular female "interest" is only referenced in a few other adventures.

The Woman's reputation seems to be largely based upon what others have to say about her. The King of Bohemia, Dr. Watson, and even Sherlock Holmes himself all sing her praises.

A reading of "A Scandal in Bohemia" reveals that she spoke only 26 words in the presence of Doctor Watson and Sherlock Holmes. For Holmes, she has only five words to say to him personally: "Good night Mr. Sherlock Holmes." Nevertheless, he is hooked.

But her real skills lie in her acting ability – who else would dare to address Holmes incognito – and in writing! The Woman writes Holmes a letter accompanied by a photograph only of herself. In many ways, Holmes still thinks that he has “the photograph.” But in reality, Irene Norton (née Adler) keeps that really important photograph, even to this day.

Please raise your glasses now to The Woman. A toast!

18. Quiz – Results

“The Adventure of the Dancing Men” prepared by Marie Burrows.

Possible total: 63

Winners were:

Rank	Name	Score	Prize
1.	Carol Abramson	48.5	<i>Some Danger Involved</i> by Will Thomas, set in the gritty streets of Victorian London.
2.	Rachel Alkallay	45	A Victorian spring clip.
3.	Anna Chubchenko	41.5	A Rubik’s Cube from Mr. Cubbitt

The next quiz will be based on “The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet,” prepared by Carol Abramson.

19. Be my Valentine

Jack Anderson recalled that last February Cheryl Surkes gave us a display of Valentine cards. Now, he added, the Westmount Library has followed suit with its own display.

20. Fourth Toast – To Mrs. Hudson

By Joan O’Malley

While tradition has it that Mrs. Hudson is our fourth honoree of the evening, Joan cut with convention and dedicated her toast to Martha, which is Mrs. Hudson’s first name. Our own Mrs. Hudson is not to be confused with the namesake of the opera by Friedrich von Flotow, to the libretto by Friedrich Wilhelm Riese. Seriously, people, how about a Sherlockian opera entitled *Mrs. Hudson*? We could whip up the libretto and get Andrew Lloyd Webber to dash off a few tunes. Or Tim Rice. Or Sting. Or ... or ...

21. More Sherlock in the Park?

Paul Billette asked how we would think about responding to the library’s request for “mystery” paraphernalia. This will be covered at our next meeting.

22. Future Toasts

To The Master	-	Maureen Peters
To Dr. Watson	-	Rachel Alkallay
To The Woman	-	Ron Zilman
To Mrs. Hudson	-	Paul Billette
To The Society	-	David Dowse

23. **Fifth Toast – To the Society**
By David Kellett

David recalled that the last time he had made this toast, it was at our 25th anniversary dinner.

Tonight, he said preliminarily, "Thank you all for putting up with me" and proceeded to launch into a recapitulation of seldom heard, rarely comprehended, and easily mystifying words, at one point informing us that the title of his address could be "From Egregious to Idetic." To refresh our memories, "egregious" in current parlance means "very bad." It used to mean something good, but someone left it in the sun too long, and now it means something very bad. "Idetic" means sensory recall, such as a sound, a vision, a feeling, a taste. It's not *déjà vue* at all, refers to a sensation that may or may not have occurred. "Idetic" requires that sensory memory – not imagination – come into play. (Please note the proper use of the subjunctive mood in the previous sentence. It's not a typo.) Writing furiously to keep up with the recombining cirrus and cumulus formations of David's wonderful imagery, your Lowly Scribe was falling farther and farther behind until David produced mortar and trowel and suddenly presented the wall of the "Eisenberg Indeterminacy" at which point your L.S.'s brain hit it, flattened, and slid into Google where in the interest of elucidation said brain discovered that there is Eisenberg, and there is Heisenberg. Both of these names seem to have something to do with the theory of deciding what is real and rational, and what isn't, hence "Eisenberg Indeterminacy." This theory is bound up in some glorious lexicon of syntactico-philologico-philosophico-psychological *tractatus* whose connection with "egregious" or "idetic" would be quite a cerebral stretch indeed. However, still in the realm of David Kellett's kinetic flow, appears through the mist the recalled vision of David Dowse in the dolor of his ailing hips, marching bravely with canes into one of our meetings. This moment of sensory recall is valuable and monumental, and lends credence to the marvelous mind and spirit of David Kellett, for here, as he suggested to us in the toast, various forces and individuals were coming together in his life. Priceless moments. Memories. They have come, and are coming together, and are keeping on going.

It is a prayer and a paean on all our behalf when David Kellett concluded with, "As long as there is one person alive and thinking of the society, the game is still afoot."

Thank you for this gift, David.

Our dear friends, you would confer a great favour upon us by joining us at the next meeting of "THE BIMETALLIC QUESTION" which is being held on Thursday, April 3rd, 2008, at 6:30 p.m.

For the latest society news or updates on our history, please go to www.bimetallicquestion.org

**Sherlock Holmes
and
The Adventure of the Polysyllablebabble**

for Patrick Campbell

"Egad, Holmes," Watson exfoliated. "This is curiouser and curiouser to the point that it is making my hair fall out. Where are we? Oh, yes."

The incomparable Holmes and the redoubtable Watson were in the clouded drawing room of Sir Bentley Koeppen-Thornthwaite, with nary a sketch pad nor charcoal stick in sight. A thin mist drifted in through the newly-unlocked and opened French doors and twirled its thin streams of midnight air around the various furniture pieces. At first glance, everything was neat and dusted. There was nary a rumple nor a crease in the delicate silk rug from China, and all the furniture looked as if it had been recently and thoughtfully arranged in intimate groupings. Sir Bentley's fine library of leather-bound novels, treatises, and legal reference tomes were tastefully arranged on the shelves that commanded the room along the long wall, opposite the balcony doors. Clusters of books were interspersed with cheerful mementos and family *bric-à-brac* creating a balance of warmth, affability, and the love of learning for which Sir Bentley was highly renowned. The topmost shelf, so remote from the floor, had the fewest books and looked as if it were expecting the same balanced treatment that had already been visited upon its lower neighbours. A sturdy wooden ladder of about nine feet in height rested on its casters at the far end of the bookcase, in the shadows, inclined slightly against the secure railing that ran the entire length of the bookcases and the room. The ladder was retained by hooks that allowed it to be slid along the face of the shelves so that the eager reader might ascend safely into the stratosphere of learning, retrieve the object of his intellectual passion, and just as safely descend. The speckled reptile descending the bell-pull quickly skidded down and slid out onto the stone balcony and thence across the moor. A copy of *Othello* lay open on the side-table.

On the floor in front of the bookcase, at the far end of the wall from the ladder, dwarfed by the magnificent dark-stained shelves, and crumpled in a most complicated pattern into a loose decomposition of splayed limbs, and oozing red from a dented head was the body of what until hours ago had been Nosmo King the notorious comedian, misogynist, anti-epicure, copious perspirant, and *habitué* of the Roman baths of Caracalla and New Grub Street. A mounted red fish, mouth agape as if in imitation of King's own mouth, hung inside a gilded picture frame and seemed to infest the scene

with its bizarre mockery. An eerie silence pervaded the room of sudden and violent death.

Holmes glanced up from his kneeling position beside the body and with his ferret-quick reflexes fairly bade his heart leap up when he beheld Watson tottering on the brink of unconsciousness. In a deft stroke of bold decisiveness, Holmes also bade his body to follow his heart so that further violence be avoided as he grabbed – nay, supported – Watson, saying, “There, there, good fellow. You’ve had a tough time of it appreciating the gentler gender far more than I do. Why not take a seat and recover from your travails over here?”

So saying, he helped a shaken (not stirred) Watson over to a brocaded wing chair in the corner. The horsehair stuffing made Watson want to ride.

“My crop! My crop!” he blurted in his usual fashion and instantly fell into a Watsonian stupor, eyes wide open, mouth agape, so that Holmes thought he was still awake.

“Mycroft? Mycroft? Where? Where?” Holmes shook the good doctor by the lapels, but to no avail. Watson slumped back in the chair, his right leg folded behind his extended left, the toe of his left boot in the direction of the bookcase in the corner, with the foot’s twitching every now and then.

The vacuity in Watson’s face reflected against the decisiveness of Holmes’s own.

“Sleep well, my good friend and stupid lout. We’ll soon sort this mess out,” he muttered resolutely, and rather pleased with his little rhyme.

“Now, Watson,” Holmes said, turning toward the body, his back to his dormant companion, “Here are the facts as we know them. Nosmo King, who has made more enemies in London than a Highland Collie has fleas, has sealed himself in the drawing room of Deep Piles Castle, the ancestral abode of the Koeppen-Thornthwaites. All accesses and egresses are locked shut from the inside. Sliding, revolving, and raising wall panels are rusted shut, have been for generations. The chimney flue wouldn’t admit a fly. And,” he added with significance and deep understanding, “the French doors from Lourdes which I have just opened onto the balcony are surprisingly light, although that has no bearing on the matter. It is easy to see that the bargeman who floated these doors down the Seine eventually went mad, although that is fodder for another mare, so to speak.

“More appropriate, my dear fellow,” Holmes continued, circumscribing the indecorously-arrayed corpse with his keen gaze, “would be a brief history of our victim,

the comedian of the singular stiletto, the surgeon of the cardiac kris whose stream of words draws a noose from which no one escapes. Along this avenue of investigation we may perhaps find some of the tell-tale signs that led up to his recent activity and perforce, the activities of one or more others who would visit harm upon this most loathsome individual. It is common knowledge that his invective has known neither limit nor couth. The cemeteries of England, the continent, and America abound with the remains of the victims high and low he has destroyed with his barbed and poisoned wit. He has been known to closet himself for hours on end in rooms such as this one in utter and total solitude, refining and honing his black art. With what virulent passion and unconscionable abandon would he throw himself into his work, forgetting all else, straining the body English to its limits as he rose to the heights of the dramatic caesura, holding his audience with bated breath in the palm of his outstretched hand, then dashing his captives violently to the profound depths of ruin on the shoals of tragedy and gloom with the effect of Mr. Nobel's black powder invention. Yet he excelled not in voice alone. He used his limbs like a gymnast, a pugilist, a violent athlete as he would dance about the stage like a garden fairy at twilight in *pirouette* after *jetté*, coiling his asphyxiating humour around his latest victim, crushing and strangling him like the snake he was. Even in silence, he reverberated. But as his delivery escalated, he would inevitably explode and the theatre walls would shake. He was near-perfect in his craft, a veritable genius of wit, presaging doom to those who fell within his eye. He is – rather was, Watson – a necromancer of the worst ilk, a killer undeniably, whose ominous, grinning death's head of humour would come knocking from great distances and whose gentlest of rapping forebode terror and destruction.”

Holmes thought he detected a sign of consciousness or intelligence from Watson, but decided it must have been his friend's entering the penultimate stage of digesting dinner.

“He had in his little finger, Watson, the power of Napoleon, launching armies of calumny, lancers of invective, dragoons of innuendo against the most unassailable fortresses of power and complacency, making them crumble and fall. He was not a figure one loved, but rather, the damnable force of darkness one feared. He had accumulated vast sums of money, deposited in many different banks. Imagine if you will, the market-price of an agent such as King who for the price of a king's ransom – if you'll forgive the *ennui* of my poor *double-entendre* – would single out yet another victim with suggestion, humour, and allegation, and bring that poor merchant, lord, or perhaps

society lady to absolute ruin. Is there not a heinous value to that service? And would not certain individuals, fearful of being one day frozen in the spotlight of notoriety, just as eagerly escalate the stakes of this deadly game by paying the purchase of his demise? Only the other month I read that he had survived an assassin's attempt on the streets of New York. They have employed bombs, bullets, knives, and poison against him. He has proven himself impervious to all attempts at his obliteration. It is as if the devil itself were in his corner, protecting him with its sulfurous, omnipotent medicine. Impervious until now, that is. What brought audiences to him like moths to a flame? Fear. Curiosity. The blood lust that draws individuals to their doom even though they see the dire result all too clearly, and reason untrammelled by fear might illuminate the clear path to safety. I have, by the way, eclipsed the work of Dr. Mesmer in this field. You will find my monograph on the subject quite fascinating. But I digress. Who would be the nefarious King's next victim? Whose life and fortune would be next to fall under the trampling hooves of his flashing wit? Ah, Watson, this is indeed a situation in which suspects abound like waves upon the restless sea.

"As we return to the facts of the case, here we have the shattered shards of a rather heavy porcelain figurine from Austria lying on the well-oiled floor of Deep Piles in fragments about his head, an obvious result of its being crashed with great force into his skull. Indeed, my glass shows me that several slivers and chunks are embedded deep in the comic's now-still'd brain, in some too-late and unskill'd attempt to sharpen his wit, as it were. We have further testimony from Mrs. Wetsnhmnm who aside from the victim, was the only other inhabitant of the castle at the time, that there was some kind of heated argument going on in the drawing room, with extreme contrasts and modulations in voice. Indeed, Mrs. Wetsnhmnm has attested that she had heard several voices in rapid succession and often raised in anger, punctuated by the occasional evil (as she described it) and diabolical laughter of defiance in King's own fearsome voice, then tears, ah, copious tears! followed by plaintive, angry remonstrances the substance of which she was unable to ascertain due to the thickness of the doors against which she had pressed her rather curiously-shaped ear the lobe of which I infer had been the subject of a fungal irritation when she was eight years and three months of age. She was positive about the loud banging sounds every few moments or so, as if violence were being perpetrated upon one or more individuals, and foot-stamping, always accompanied by shrieks, outright yelling, more explosions of violent sound, then the awful crashing of porcelain against bone, and finally, silence. Curiously, she was

positive on all of her points. Of course, the good Mrs. Wetsnhmnm was beside herself with consternation and was quite disconcerted to see herself there. So, she repaired to the stable to summon Dick Smith to run for help."

Holmes leaned over the corpse's mouth and breathed deeply, thought twice about gagging, and continued.

"Of course, the fact that Dick did not reach our lodgings at the Strumpet and Crumpet until nearly two hours later does throw some suspicion his way, particularly since I noticed an undeniable resemblance between his person and the portrait of Sir Launcelot Koeppen-Thornthwaite, an eighteenth-century ancestor of Sir Bentley's, hanging in the giant salon we just passed through. Even more interestingly, I have ascertained a secret blood-connection between the deceased and the present titleholder of this estate, being the last of his line. So, in light of this unexpected but evident triangulation of circumstance, I began to take an interest in our young Dick. However, at this juncture, I naturally pose to myself one or two points of consideration, namely, why are you unconscious, and where is Mrs. Hudson when I need her? In any case, having used that sliding ladder, I solved this no-pipe problem some time ago. In so doing, I paid heed to my admonition that we hear but we do not discern. Ah, Watson! I see you are awake. How is it with you, dear fellow?"

"Ah, Holmes is it? Was there actually the aroma of almonds on the victim's breath? I doubt it. I did read your monograph, dear fellow, and it is back to the drawing board for you, I'm afraid. Would you like me to edit, as usual?"

***To learn (1) how Holmes solved the case, and
(2) how Watson directed him to do so,
please attend our next meeting
where all will be revealed.***