Presented by
Watson's Tin Box

Irene's Cabinet

Results of the
Literary and Artistic
Aspirations
of the membership

In the form of essays, poetry, and art
with particular regard for the Victorian era
in honor of all things

Sherlockian

editor: Beth Austin

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"And Mademoiselle's address?" he asked.
"Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John's Wood."
Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he.
"Was the photograph a cabinet?"
"It was."
"Then, good-night , your Majesty."
– A Scandal in Bohemia

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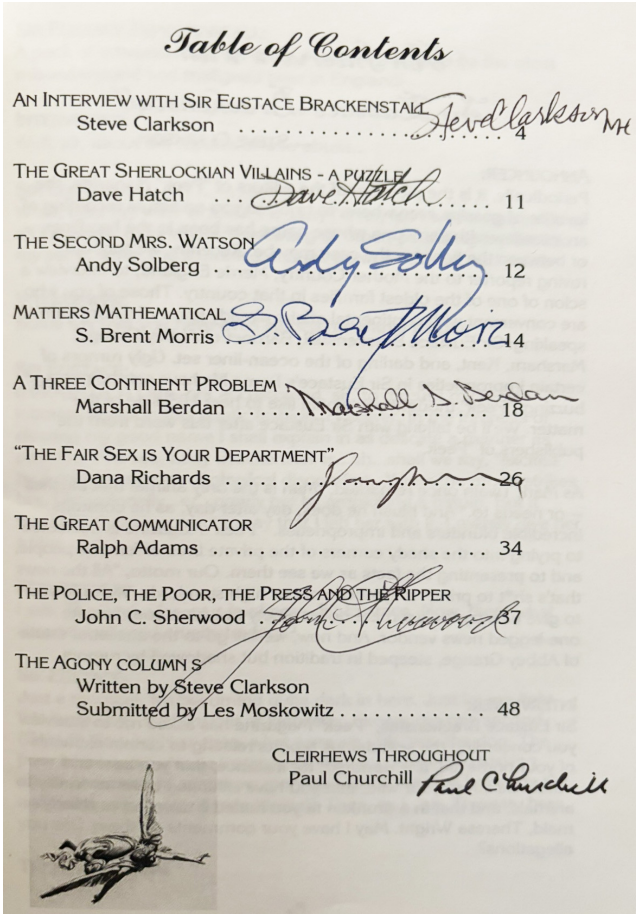

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An Interview with Sir Eustace Brackenstall

– Steve Clarkson

ANNOUNCER: Periodically, it is the pleasure of the editors of "Peek" Magazine, the favorite of gossips everywhere, to bring to you an actual recording of an interview with someone whose name has been in the headlines – or between the lines, as the case may be. Recently, we sent our roving reporter to the Mother Country, Merrie England, to interview a scion of one of the oldest families in that country. Those of you who are conversant with continental affairs already know of whom I am speaking: Sir Eustace Brackenstall; Baronet of Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent, and darling of the ocean-liner set. Ugly rumors of certain improprieties in Sir Eustace's home life have set the peerage buzzing. "Peek" thought you would like to hear HIS side of the matter. We'll be talking with Sir Eustace after this word from the publishers of "Peek."

As Mark Twain once remarked, "Man is the only animal that blushes – or needs to." And blush he does, day after day, as he commits incredible blunders and improprieties. "Peek" Magazine is dedicated to prying into the shady corners of the private lives of famous people, and to presenting the facts as we see them. Our motto, "All the news that's sh*t to print," is symbolic of our high standards. We urge you to give us a try; only a mere dollar ninety-five from your favorite one-legged news vendor. And now, we will go to the ancestral estate of Abbey Grange, steeped in tradition but shadowed by rumors.

INTERVIEWER: Sir Eustace Brackenstall, "Peek" Magazine has asked me to interview you concerning the scandalous reports relating to certain elements of your home life. It is rumored, for instance, that you beat and otherwise abuse your wife, that you have exhibited extreme cruelty to animals, and that in a drunken fit you hurled a decanter at milady's maid, Theresa Wright. May I have your comments on these allegations?

SIR EUSTACE BRACKENSTALL: A pack of infamous lies, sir! Why, I believe myself to be the most misunderstood and maligned peer in England!

INTERVIEWER: Well, sir, about the reports of wife-abuse...

SIR EUSTACE: What, beat my wife? (INDIGNANTLY) Never, sir! I was simply making an emphatic point about something or other, pounding my fist into my palm, when she stumbled and fell between the fist and palm.

INTERVIEWER: Some say that you have even jabbed her with a hatpin.

SIR EUSTACE: (HAUGHTILY) I am not accustomed, sir, to discuss my most intimate affairs in this public fashion. However, in the interests of clearing my good name I shall explain in as delicate a manner as possible. You see, Lady Brackenstall is...ah...shall we say, "excited" by a certain amount of physical discomfort. When the mood strikes her, I occasionally...er...gratify her by employing a hatpin. But it would be most incorrect to say that I jab her with it. I merely give her a little prick.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Thank you for your frankness, Sir Eustace. Now, then, what about the alleged cruelty to dogs?

SIR EUSTACE: Just a moment. It's becoming quite dark in here. Just let me light this lamp...oh, drat! I'm out of kerosene. Excuse me one second. (CALLS) Coo-ee! Now then, what were we...oh, yes, the dog. The poor beast was a classic instance of self-immolation. In frisking about, the creature somehow managed to tip over the kerosene jug and get the contents all over himself. Then, as!...ah, Theresa, here you are!

THERESA WRIGHT: You called, Sir Eustace?

SIR EUSTACE: Be a good lass and run out for some kerosene, will you? Here's the jug ...catch!

THERESA WRIGHT: Oh, do be careful, sir! Remember, just last week you tossed that decanter to me, and I dropped the bonny thing.

SIR EUSTACE: (KINDLY) Never mind, Theresa, it wasn't of any value. Here you are, then. Run along, now!

ANNOUNCER: We'll get back to this fascinating interview with Sir Eustace Brackenstall in just one minute. Right now, here's a word from Westhouse and Marbank, claret importers for Her Majesty, the Queen.

Are you tired of beeswing in your wine? Our bottles have cobwebs on the outside, not on the inside. For nearly two centuries, Westhouse and Marbanks have been importing the finest in claret and Tokay for all occasions, from affairs of state to gasfitters' balls. We engage only the most expert travelers in wines to select the choice vintages which have made our name a household word since 1708. Our specialty is to provide that little "something extra" for weddings. So, the next time you have a thirst like a camel, apply to Westhouse and Marbanks, centrally located on Fenchurch Street. Like many others before you, you'll say, "It IS a good wine."

And now, back to our interview.

INTERVIEWER: We were discussing the dog, Sir Eustace...

SIR EUSTACE: Ah, yes, well, in my anxiety to clean the kerosene off the animal – it was Lady B.'s favorite, y'know – I reached down to pick the creature up, and wouldn't you know, a spark fell from my cigar just at that moment and ignited the poor thing. Well, I couldn't have a flaming dog running about the house – never cared for hot dogs, y'know. Haw, haw! So, in any case, I reacted quickly and hurled the dog through the window over there. (THOUGHTFULLY) Rather scorched the bell-rope, didn't it?

INTERVIEWER: It certainly appears that way. Rather unfortunate incident, wasn't it? No, thank you, Sir Eustace, I don't drink.

SIR EUSTACE: Really? This is Imperial Tokay, from the Schoenbrunn Palace cellars. You're sure you wouldn't care for something a little choice in wines?

INTERVIEWER: No, thanks just the same. Well, about the... (IS INTERRUPTED BY SIR E.B., ALLOWS VOICE TO TRAIL OFF.)

SIR EUSTACE: (MUSING) Pity about that wretched dog. I told you it was my wife's favorite? Yes. She got it in the Far East, y'know. Purchased it from some Buddhist monks, I believe. Strange creature – the dog, I mean. Well, you were about to say...?

INTERVIEWER: There have been rumors that – forgive me, Sir Eustace, if I give offense – that Lady Brackenstall has been displaying some interest in a seafaring man by the name of Croker.

SIR EUSTACE: Preposterous! My wife is a decent, law-abiding person who would no more look at another man than she would look at a – at a rotten pumpkin!

INTERVIEWER: Then you have never heard of Captain Jack Croker?

SIR EUSTACE: Croker...Croker...I recall a first officer by that name, I believe. Yes, by George! It was on that same voyage that I wooed and won Lady Brackenstall!

INTERVIEWER: That's the man. Have you seen him since that voyage?

SIR EUSTACE: No, can't say that I have. Curious fellow, that. Always running about the ship with his lips full of splinters.

INTERVIEWER: (INCREDULOUS) Splinters!

SIR EUSTACE: Either that or he had a severely ingrown moustache. Haw, haw! Oh, hello, m'dear. This gentleman and I were just discussing an old acquaintance of yours. Oh, beg your pardon, I'm sure...allow me to present my wife, Lady Mary Fraser Brackenstall.

INTERVIEWER: Charmed, I'm sure, Lady Mary.

LADY MARY BRACKENSTALL: (ABSENTLY) Likewise, I'm sure. Eustace, have you seen my hatpin?

SIR EUSTACE: No, m'dear. Perhaps in the bedroom?

LADY MARY: Ah! I didn't think to look there! How silly of me! Well, if you gentlemen will excuse me...oh, and Eustace, do you happen to know the length of the bell-rope by the window?

SIR EUSTACE: Oh, I daresay it's about eight feet to the bracket. Are you going to have it replaced?

LADY MARY: Yes, I thought I'd get the new handyman to cut it down for me and put up a new one. Well, good day, sir. Will you be long, Eustace?

INTERVIEWER: Good day, Lady Mary.

SIR EUSTACE: No, dear, I shan't be long. Well, sir, do you have any more questions?

INTERVIEWER: No, sir. If I may say so, Sir Eustace, you appear to have been much maligned. Never fear, though – "Peek" Magazine will set things right.

SIR EUSTACE: I knew that someday the true story would be told. Well, if you'll excuse me, I believe I shall just nip up and see whether Lady Mary has found her, ah, hatpin, y'know. Oh, I say, on your way out, would you mind awfully to hand me that blackthorn cudgel there by the door? ...Ah, thanks. Well, good day. I shall look forward to seeing your report of this interview.

INTERVIEWER: Thank you very much, Sir Eustace Brackenstall. It has been a pleasure talking with you.

ANNOUNCER:

This concludes the fifth in our series of interviews with scandalous – and scandalized – people. The publishers of "Peek" Magazine regret to report that, shortly after this interview was conducted, Sir Eustace Brackenstall suddenly passed to his reward. Although rumor had it that he met his end by foul play, "Peek" has learned from reliable sources at Scotland Yard that his death was in fact deemed accidental, inasmuch as he was found immersed in a butt of Malmsey wine supplied by that great import firm, Westhouse and Marbank, of Fenchurch Street.

Yes, folks, for those who have a discerning taste in wines, Westhouse and Marbank is the place to go. For wakes, weddings, or just for drowning your sorrows, try our wines.

And now, on to our regularly-scheduled program, I Love Loosely, starring Miss Kitty Winters and Shinwell Johnson.

The Great Sherlockian Villains

– David Hatch

In what school did Holmes learn to deal with villains like these? Identify the ten perps, fill in the blanks, and the answer will be yours.

1 Most dangerous crook in Chicago: _ _ ___ _ ___ _ _ _ ___

2 King of the blackmailers: ___ _ _ _ ___ _ _ _ ___ (5)

3 He made India too hot to hold him: _ _ _ _ _ ___ _ ___ _ _ _ ___ _ _

4 Mathematics Professor _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ (10)

5 Master of Stoke Moran: _ _ _ ___ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ___ _ _ _ _

6 What #5 was: ___ _ _ _ _ _

7 Murdered his nephew: _ _ _ _ ___ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

8 Killed by a harpoon: _ ___ (15) _ _ _ _ ___ ___ _ _

9 Overpaid a governess: _ _ _ _ ___ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ___

10 Austrian art collector: ___ (20) ___ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ___

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (5) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (10) ,

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (15) ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (20)

Answer on page 36

The Second Mrs. Watson

– Andrew L. Solberg

The second Mrs. Watson, the second Mrs. Watson
We often wonder about the second Mrs. Watson.
In Blanched Soldier, Holmes says that Watson deserted him for a wife.
But, except for that, we really don't know anything else about her life.

I wonder if she was understanding when Holmes lured Watson away for the night? Or did she give Watson hell and cause a horrible fight?
Did she help him with his practice, perhaps welcome his patients in?
Or did she make fun of his medical abilities with a sardonic grin?

Was she noble like Mary Morstan and show grace in a dangerous spot?
Or was she more like Isadora Klein and cause John to be overwrought?
Like so many who graced the Canon, was she a real beauty?
Or was she a mistake Watson made and married out of duty?

I wonder what her name was. Was it Violet or Beryl?
Or did Watson feel that he called it at his peril?
Did she support him in his writings, did she think that he was funny?
Or did she belittle him and only like the money?

Did she have some real talents, was she smart and could she sing?
Or was she just a moocher who didn't give a damn about anything?
Did she maintain Watson's household? Did she budget, could she cook?
Or could she ruin anything with a simple look?

Did she calm him down, was she healthy emotionally?
Or was she Watson's nightmare, causing years of therapy?
Was she a social butterfly with lots of admiring friends?
Or did she demand a privacy that no-one could transcend?

Did they grow old together, did she help him as he aged
Or was the only thing she nurtured – Watson's constant rage?
Was she there to wish him luck when he drove his Ford in The Last Bow?
Or did her lack of loyalty raise everyone's eyebrow?

Well, we may not know much about her
And that's how Watson wanted it to be.
But for one reason or another he married her,
And that's good enough for me.

Matters Mathematical

– S . Brent Morris

I'm Very Well Acquainted Too
With Matters Mathematical,
I Understand Equations,
Both the Simple and the Quadratical,
About Binomial Theorem
I'm Teeming with a Lot of News.
With Many Cheerful Facts
About the Square of the Hypotenuse.

Major General Stanley
Pirates of Penzance (1879)
W. S. Gilbert & A. Sullivan

Mathematics, to me, has always represented the pinnacle of the human mind, the achievements of pure, raw intellect. It is a form of expression that knows no bounds of time or culture. A mathematician today can communicate as well with a colleague on the other side of the world as with, if time travel were possible, a student from Aristotle's Lyceum. It is my opinion that God must be a mathematician. For if He said, "Fiat Lux!" on the first day, then surely He must have said "Quod Erat Demonstrandum" on the seventh. It is thus a source of professional embarrassment to me to see a mathematician leading the list of the foes of Sherlock Holmes.

Among the various nemeses faced by the great detective, only one has received from him the sobriquet of "the Napoleon of crime," and that was Professor James Moriarty. Holmes said further of him, "He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order." (FINA) Little is known about Professor Moriarty, because "He [sat] motionless, like a spider in the center of its web." (FINA) He did have a Brother, Colonel Moriarty, curiously named James also.

And, to the point of this essay, he was a mathematical genius. We know that, "At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the binomial theorem, which had a European vogue. On the strength of it he won the mathematical chair at one of [the] smaller universities." (FINA) This was not a major chair, like the Lucasian Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge, held by Isaac Newton yearly 400 years ago and by Stephen Hawking today, but it was recognition of significant achievement nonetheless. He was also "the celebrated author of *The Dynamics of an Asteroid*, a book which [ascended] to such rarefied heights of pure mathematics that it [was] said that there was no man in the scientific press capable of criticizing it." (VALL)

A search of any standard history of mathematics does not yield the name James Moriarty, and *The Dynamics of an Asteroid* is conspicuous by its absence from the shelves of any libraries. It is indeed curious that a volume of this magnificent genius cannot be found. This absence of any record is perhaps testimony to Professor Moriarty's skill in staying behind the scenes. It could be, however, that his volume on *The Dynamics of an Asteroid* did not in fact ascend to rarefied heights of pure mathematics as Sherlock Holmes thought. If this is true, then we may have an explanation of why this exceptional mind abandoned the delights of mathematics.

Sir Isaac Newton solved what is known as the "Two Body Problem," that of calculating the orbit of one planet circling the sun. (In typical mathematician fashion, for his solution Newton assumed nothing else exists in the universe except these two bodies.) The "Three-Body Problem," that of two planets orbiting the sun, is now known to have no exact solution. That is, try as you might, be as complicated as you dare, you cannot express the answer with a single equation; any answer must involve numerical approximations – as accurate as you like, but approximations nonetheless.

Mathematicians today are well-versed in the existence of unsolvable problems, but not too long ago, it was thought that just a little more hard work would lead to success. The Greeks struggled with the problem of trisecting an angle with unmarked straightedge and compasses, but it was 2,000 years later that Erniste Galois showed that it simply cannot be done. Kurt Godel rocked mathematics when he showed that every mathematical system complicated enough to be "interesting" must of necessity contain true theorems that cannot be proved within the system itself. But for mathematicians of the Victorian era, even for a genius like Isaac Newton from a far earlier era, the concept of an unsolvable problem didn't exist.

The dynamics of an asteroid of necessity involves the solution of the multi-body problem, more difficult even than the three-body problem. The location and velocity of the asteroid must be calculated with respect to the sun, planets, and other asteroids, and no closed form solution can exist.

Consider this scenario. Following on the success of his work on the binomial theorem, an overly confident Professor Moriarty publishes a treatise on this classic motion problem, that falsely yielded a "closed form" or exact solution. Being a new professor at a small university, he would have raised funds for publication from friends and fellow faculty. And in the exuberance of youth he may have bragged more than a seasoned scientist would consider prudent. He may have had his eyes on a more prestigious chair, dare we even suggest the Lucasian Chair of Mathematics?

Moriarty's book would have been brilliantly written with but one small, fatal flaw that rendered the results useless. And we know now there must have been a flaw, because it is impossible to solve the three-body problem. This fatal flaw would have been overlooked by the initial reviewers who lavished the book with praise. Moriarty's reputation from his paper on the binomial theorem could have blinded these first reviewers into thinking he had bested Isaac Newton. Then after careful and tedious review by more senior mathematicians the subtle flaw was found. An embarrassed Professor Moriarty would have had no choice but to purchase and burn all copies of the text (thus accounting for its absence from library shelves.) He would have faced the considerable financial burden in repaying the publication advances of his friends. And if his braggadocio had gone too far for his Victorian academy, then he would have had no choice but to quietly resign his professorship and to retire to contemplate his vengeance on an unjust world. (Who among us hasn't felt the same rage after laboring all night over a math assignment, then to discover the solution is wrong?) The shock and humiliation of publishing a wrong result coupled with the financial burden of repaying advances must have pushed poor James over the edge and led to his descent into a life crime.

Sic transit gloria mathematical

To Mrs. Hudson

by Paul Churchill

Here's to the landlady of 221 B
Who turned Holmes's bust while down on her knee;
She got princely rents, so how could she mind
The hole that now graced her poor window blind?

A Three-Continent Problem

– Marshall S. Berdan

In the reams of Higher – and in some decidedly scurrilous cases, definitely lower – Criticism, much has been proffered about Dr. Watson's childhood, his early medical career, and especially his romantic coming of age. Now considering how much we have all come to know and love the good Doctor and how little he actually tells us about himself, such attempts to flesh out the man as it were, are to be both expected and welcome. Regrettably, however, these biographical forays invariably have to rely upon esoteric, *recherche,* and some-times just plain ambiguous snippets of information, such as the time his wife (number unspecified) calls him "James" or what can divine about his old schoolboy acquaintance, "Tadpole" Phelps.

One of the few solid Watsonian biographical touchstones is the painful family information deduced by Sherlock Holmes during the course of his brief investigation of the recently cleaned pocket watch that his colleague, chronicler, and roommate hands him as a test in the opening chapter of *The Sign of Four*. But considerably less is made of Watson's own statement, made just five paragraphs later that "in an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined an sensitive nature." He is, of course, referring to Miss Mary Morstan, who has just entered the sitting room of their Baker Street suite and is about to lay before them her remarkable tale of pearl-laden letters and her most recent communication identifying her as "a wronged woman."

Now in light of all the wonderful – and wondrous – things that have been adduced about Watson's vague antecedents, it seems passingly strange that more of an effort hasn't been made to set the parameters of those flights of fancy by identifying those three continents. For it stands to reason, does it not, that if Watson had a first wife in North America, he couldn't also have spent his childhood in Australia, assuming that Asia and Europe are accepted as two of the three continents in question. But rather than leap-frogging ahead to the practical implications of Watson's statement, let's take a more leisurely look at just what he said and what he probably meant.

First of all, it bears noting that the statement is made only in Dr. Watson's written, public recitation of the adventure, and not out loud while Miss Morstan is actually making her presence known. And though it is certainly possible that he actually made this mental observation at the moment, it is more likely that he added it after the fact: he is after all, attempting to portray his emotions on the occasion of his first seeing the woman who is to

become his wife, and he would have every incentive – both rhetorically and domestically – to make her as singular as possible.

In either case, the intent of the superlative is clear: to show how unique Mary Morstan was in these two particulars. And as that was his intent, he would naturally say – and especially write – as much as he possibly could. It seems untenable, therefore, that Watson would have written "three separate continents" if in fact he could have said "four" or even "five." Conversely, as an eminent man of Victorian rectitude and probity, he would not have written "three" if in fact there were only two. So three and only three it must be.

But which three? To answer that, we must first consider just what Watson meant when he wrote "an experience." Though such phrasing today might well sound today like a boast of sexual conquests, such a lascivious interpretation must be summarily rejected. Not only was Watson a creature of his prudish times (the adventure was first published in 1890), but it is absolutely unfathomable that he would be so crass as to make such a vainglorious statement at the very moment that he is effectively introducing his future wife to the reading population of the entire British Empire.

And even though he uses the words "never looked upon," he must mean more than just a visual acquaintance as such superficiality would not allow him to know whether the face "which gave a clearer promise" did in fact overlay "a refined and sensitive nature." By "experience," therefore, Watson must mean a considerable degree of social interaction, and one where the extent and duration of those interactions would have been sufficient enough to allow him to pass judgment as to the quality and character of their natures. And though it certainly would have helped Watson in his assessment of these women's character had the interactions been conducted in a language that Watson spoke, that is not a prerequisite for a man possessing what Holmes would later refer to as his "natural advantages."

So just what were Watson's "three continents?" That, of course, is a matter of ongoing scholarly dispute, tinged with plain old differences of opinion. And though the tripartite answer to that will probably never be known with any degree of certainty, that shouldn't prevent us from assaying this all-important biographical trifecta.

So let's start with the most obvious and move backwards. The one continent that we know for sure that Watson has been to is Asia, for he gives us considerable details about his near fatal adventures there in the first three paragraphs of *A Study in Scarlet*. To wit, he tells us that he landed in Bombay; proceeded on to Candahar; was wounded by a Jezail bullet at the Battle of Maiwand; rallied, was smitten with enteric fever, and then convalesced at the base hospital at Peshawur; and then returned to England on the troopship Orontes. And even though he was on active military duty all the while, he could not have failed to have had considerable interactions with the native female populations, especially during

months that "[his] life was despaired of." So Asia is clearly one of his three continents, and India and Afghanistan two of his "many nations." (Until the Great Partition of 1947, there was no Pakistan.)

Nowhere near as well documented is continental contender number two: Europe. Now first of all, let us stipulate that Watson wouldn't have included Europe among his continents if he had only been referring to England as that would have been obvious to the point of absurdity. (In addition, we know that the British are still fond of referring to Europe as "the Continent," probably because it vaguely implies that they are not really of it.) And though we know that Watson would visit the Continent in the course of at least two Canonical adventures, "The Final Problem" and "The Adventure of Lady Frances Carfax," both of these occurred well after *The Sign of Four* by anyone's chronology.

So what evidence do we have of Watson's having traveled in Europe prior to his fateful encounter with Mary Morstan? Only circumstantial. His knowledge of colloquial French (especially if he had read Gaboriau in the original) might suggest that he had spent some time there, but it is just as likely that he studied the language at the school he attended with Tadpole Phelps. (He is also conversant with German and Latin.)

But his acquaintance with Tadpole Phelps works an even better way. Whichever school it was that they attended, it was certainly one of the better public ones in light of young Phelps's aristocratic family connections. The fact that young Watson could afford the same school – and then went on to attend medical college at the University of London – suggests that he, too, was of the social class that would have allowed him, if not to take "the Grand Tour," than a reasonable facsimile thereof at the appropriate youthful juncture. That this was indeed the case is also suggested by the lack of wide-eyed wonder with which he describes his subsequent European travels with Holmes.

But the best argument for including Europe is Watson's frequently overlooked reference to "many nations." Now we know that Asia is one of the three, but we also know that it only accounts for two individual countries. And if Australia and North American are accepted as numbers two and three, that only adds one nation in the case of the former, and only one for sure (America) and possibly a second (Canada) in the case of the latter. So without Europe, the tally of individual nations is no higher than five, which hardly constitutes "many." In Europe, by contrast, Watson could have indeed acquired experiences in a half dozen separate nations in a relatively short period of time, and many more during the course of a more leisurely Grand Tour. So as Holmes would say, "the balance of probability" is in favor of Europe as being continent number two.

From there, however, the trail grows considerably fainter. Australia has been suggested by many (including William S. Baring-Gould) primarily on the basis of the statement that

Watson makes to Mary Morstan as they stand, hand-in-hand, peering at "the great rubbish-heaps which cumbered the grounds" of Pondicherry Lodge.

> It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work.

Countering this straight-forward statement is the curious absence of any other such statements of personal experience when Australia or Australians appear subsequently in the Canon, especially in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" when the very same mining town of Ballarat makes such a significant second appearance. The conclusion reached by Australoskeptics, therefore, is that Watson was either just referring to a picture that he had seen, or that caught up in the emotions of the very moment that he and Mary make their initial romantic connection, he allowed himself to exaggerate his worldliness. It also bears pointing out that an ex-Indian Army veteran would not have referred to Australia as a nation but as a colony.

North America has been advocated by many, including William S. Baring-Gould again (thus bringing his continental total up to at least four), primarily because of the conspicuous presence of a character named Dr. Watson, a resident of 1860s San Francisco in "Angels of Darkness," a never-finished dramatic play penned by the literary agent.

Watson's subsequent complete silence about his American experiences is explained away – at least according to Baring-Gould – by the fact that he actually takes a bride while he is over here, a matrimonial antecedent that he doesn't wish to allude to (or perhaps even admit) out of consideration for the current Mrs. Watson.

And what about Africa? Surprisingly, the Dark Continent is not such a dark horse. This is because – unlike many of the phantom ships which would sail through the pages of the Canon – the troopship *Orontes* was a very real ship and one whose movements can – and have been – traced by Mr. Noel Percy Metcalfe. And like most of the India-servicing British transport and cargo ships of the 1880s, she transited the Suez Canal, which was then – and still is now – contained completely in the nominally African country of Egypt.

Now insofar as it was deemed that "not a day should be lost in sending [him] back to England," Watson almost assuredly remained on board the *Orontes* as it steamed through the canal. But it must be remembered that Watson made the outbound journey on his own as his regiment, the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, was already in India. Now the fact that he doesn't mention the name of the ship that carried him to Bombay might just mean that Watson was compelled to take two separate ships, one that took him across the Mediterranean to Egypt (and quite possibly from the French port of Marseilles}, and a

second that then took him across the Arabian Sea to India. Under such circumstances, he might well have been forced to spend a few connecting days in Egypt, days which he might have employed in visiting either Alexandria or Cairo.

To the best of my knowledge, no one has ever suggested that Dr. Watson was ever in South America, and Antarctica must remain an extremely cold and remote prospect.

And with that extended thumbnail sketch of the pre-1888 world of Dr. John H. Watson, I cordially invite all would-be Watsonian biographers to approach the Criterion Bar and play "Name the Continents." Just pay your money and take your choices. But remember, three's the limit.

Who Fiddled with Whom?

By Paul Churchill

Holmes thought he had purchased a *real* Stradivarius,
But the broker who sold it was a man quite nefarious!
The strains of music from those ancient strings
Weren't worth the cost of even *six* shillings.

The Colour Sergeant's Daughter

by Paul Churchill

"Henry, or Charles?" asked Miss Nancy Devoy,
As she pondered the charms of each soldier boy;
Years later Mrs. Barclay would sadly discover
What evils had happened to her missing lover.

"The Fair Sex is Your Department"

– Dana Richards

> "What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed ....
> "Is she?" [Holmes] said languidly; "I did not observe."
> "You really are an automaton – a calculating machine," I cried.
> "There is something positively inhuman in you at times." [SIGN]

Watson has had a reputation as lady's man ever since Holmes said "Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department" (SECO). With each of Holmes's own claims of misogyny, it seems Watson's own reputation grows in response. Watson himself claims an experience with women of intercontinental scope. Once Holmes chided the doctor for not flexing his talents: "With your natural advantages, Watson, every lady is your helper and accomplice. What about the girl at the post-office, or the wife of the greengrocer? I can picture you whispering soft nothings with the young lady at the Blue Anchor, and receiving hard somethings in exchange." (RETI)

Now Watson may not have been Holmes's equal as an observer, but he did have an eye for women, especially tall women with remarkable figures:

- Violet Smith was a "young and beautiful woman, tall, graceful, and queenly." (SOLI)

- Beryl Stapleton was "slim, elegant and tall. She had a proud, finely cut face, so regular that it might have seemed impassive were it not for the sensitive mouth and the beautiful dark, eager eyes. [She had a] perfect figure and elegant dress." (HOUN)

- Laura Lyons was an "extreme beauty. Her eyes and hair were of the same rich hazel colour, and her cheeks, though considerably freckled, were flushed with the exquisite bloom of the brunette, the dainty pink which lurks at the heart of the sulphur rose." (HOUN)

- "Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary person. Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, [and] blue-eyed." (ABBE)

- Alice Turner was "the most lovely young women that I have ever seen in my life. Her violet eyes shining, her lips parted, a pink flush upon her cheeks." (BOSC)

- Isadora Klein was "tall, queenly, a perfect figure, a lovely mask-like face, with two wonderful Spanish eyes." (3GAB)

– Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope's reputation had not prepared Watson "for the subtle, delicate charm and the beautiful colouring of that exquisite head ... the cheek was lovely ... the eyes were bright." (SECO)

– Grace Dunbar produced a powerful effect upon Watson. She had a "strong, clear-cut, and yet sensitive face. She was a brunette, tall, with a noble figure and commanding presence." (THOR)

– Mrs. St. Clair was "a little blonde woman [who] stood in the [door], clad in some sort of light mousseline de soie, with a touch of fluffy pink chiffon at her neck and wrists. She stood with her figure outlined against the flood of light, one hand upon the door, one half-raised in her eagerness, her body slightly bent, her head and face protruded, with eager eyes and parted lips." (TWIS)

Clearly Watson appreciated the distaff clients, to the point of letting it cloud his judgement. But when did Watson's thoughts turn from a Victorian suppressed lust to love? While Holmes is famously unemotional, there are still many insights into his thoughts on life and love (I have never loved, Watson, but ..." (DEVI)). While the doctor, standing aside like a good narrator, tells us almost nothing about himself. It is clear that true love to him is a chivalrous affair. Even when he had just met Mary Morstan he felt the need to protect her from some small affront; "I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and offhand reference to so delicate a matter." (SIGN) Later she described Watson as her knight-errant coming to her rescue. There are two other expressions of his gallant approach to love. When Holmes pretends to love a woman, Watson is indignant; "Surely you have gone too far?" (MILV) And when Carruthers presses his affections on Violet Smith, Watson lectures him; "[Y]ou call that love, Mr. Carruthers, but I should call it selfishness." (SOLI)

The primary insight we have into Watson's love life is his married life. Unfortunately, in all of our Sherlockian scholarship there is nothing so contentious as Watson's married life. This is because we cannot even agree on whom he married, how often he married, or when he married. There is general agreement that he courted Mary Morstan, in *The Sign of Four*, and married her soon thereafter in 1888 (or was it 1887 or later). Watson appears to be married in 15 of the 60 stories and a bachelor in most of the rest. Unfortunately these 15 stories do not seem to occur contiguously in most chronologies. Creating chronologies is a basic exercise in Sherlockian scholarship so it is not surprising, even from the beginning, that Watson's marriages have commanded close scrutiny.

The very first contribution to Sherlockian scholarship, by Frank Sidgwick in "Cambridge Review" (Jan. 23, 1901), addressed these problem of the dates. Ronald Knox addressed chronologies in his seminal paper in 1911. And the first two general publications, by Roberts and Bell emphasized Watson's marriages. Dorothy L. Sayers had this to say:

> When, in 1931, S.C. Roberts first promulgated the theory of Dr. Watson's second marriage he created a literary sensation...The first reaction was one of shocked incredulity. But the human mind is elastic.... Within a year, the critics had accepted the second marriage, and one of them ... had come forward with the hypothesis of yet a third. ... Are a fourth and a fifth Mrs. Watson to be disinterred from nameless graves in obscure paragraphs in order that each fresh commentator may show himself a more avid ghoul than his predecessors? ("Dr. Watson Widower" 1946)

We cannot begin to survey this topic but we can highlight a few theories. First we have the apocryphal marriage to Lucy Ferrier, probably before 1881. This is told in the Doylean manuscript of the long suppressed play "Angels of Darkness" (first published in 2001.) With a plot that overlaps the Mormon episode of *A Study in Scarlet*, we learn that Lucy escapes from the Avenging Angels, goes to San Francisco and ends with her pledged to a Dr. John Watson. While the manuscript is fascinating this marriage is easily dismissed.

We are told that Mary Morstan's mother was dead and she has no relatives in England (SIGN). However in the year 1887, in "The Five Orange Pips," Watson says "My wife was on a visit to her mother's." This has led to the idea that Watson had another wife that died soon before Mary came into his life.

In 1894 Watson reports his "own sad bereavement." (EMPT) Most commentators have gladly concluded that Mary has died at this point, since it permits a return to the bachelor stories. (Others have posited a dead child, or even a trial separation!) In any event, a few commentators have Watson married of again in 1896 on the flimsy evidence that in "The Veiled Lodger" Holmes had to summon Watson with a note. There is general agreement that Watson was again a husband when Holmes entered retirement. Holmes wrote;

> "I find from my notebook that it was in January, 1903 [and] the good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife, the only selfish action which I can recall in our association." (BLAN)

From these observations we can argue that Watson had 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or more wives. We could also speculate on whether Watson favored rich but sickly wives, or even that he was an impatient heir. However, let's just simplify matters by assuming he married twice, in 1887 and 1903, and that all references to his wife were to Mary.

Why did Watson love Mary Morstan? What was she like? She had . . .

> a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume. ... Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature." (SIGN)

Later Watson describes her, seated by a window, "dressed in some sort of white diaphanous material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet grave face, and tinting with a dull, metallic sparkle the rich coils of her luxuriant hair." Watson clearly is smitten as much by her spirituality as her good looks; while beautiful she is not statuesque.

The courtship was short and exceedingly well-mannered, almost innocent. "Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love. ... I have marveled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so. ... [W]e stood hand in hand like two children, and there was peace in our hearts." (SIGN)

However the romance was initially shaky. "She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. ... Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. ... Was it fair, was it honourable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker?" (SIGN) But the treasure came up empty.

> "Thank God!" I ejaculated from my very heart.
> "Why do you say that?" she asked.
> "Because you are within my reach again," I said, taking her hand.
> She did not withdraw it. "Because I love you, Mary, as truly as ever a man loved a woman. Because this treasure, these riches, sealed my lips. Now that they are gone I can tell you how I love you. That is why I said, 'Thank God.'"
> "Then I say 'Thank God,' too," she whispered as I drew her to my side.
> Whoever had lost a treasure, I knew that night that I had gained one.

When Watson announced his engagement he said he would give up the excitement of Baker Street for domesticity; “I fear that it may be the last investigation in which I shall have the chance of studying your methods. Miss Morstan has done me the honour to accept me as a husband in prospective.” (SIGN) Shortly after his marriage he had bought a practice in the Paddington district; “I had returned to civil practice and had finally abandoned Holmes in his Baker Street rooms.” (ENGR) Even though there are only three cases in all of 1890 where Watson joined Holmes, commentators often accuse Watson of deserting Mary for adventure. (After all, after meeting Victor Hatherly he “rushed upstairs, explained the matter shortly to [his] wife, and in five minutes was inside a hansom.” (ENGR))

However the evidence clearly shows that Mary encouraged these adventures. In “The Naval Treaty” he says “My wife agreed with me that not a moment should be lost in laying the matter before him, and so within an hour of breakfast-time I found myself back once more in the old rooms in Baker Street.” And in “The Boscombe Valley Mystery” she admonishes him; “You have been looking a little pale lately. I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes’s cases.” (Watson then reminds her that Holmes’s adventures brought them together.)

Was their domestic life a happy one? What was Holmes hinting at when he said, quite hypothetically, “When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week’s accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife’s affection?” (BLUE) And much has been read into this quote; “One summer night, a few months after my marriage, I was seated by my own hearth smoking a last pipe and nodding over a novel. ... My wife had already gone upstairs” (CROO). However the next summer, when the bell rings late at night, we find the Watsons together and Mary is no mood to be interrupted; we are told she “laid her needlework down in her lap and made a little face of disappointment.” (TWIS) There is, we believe, every indication that John and Mary Watson were the very picture of Victorian domestic bliss.

The Great Communicator

– Ralph Adams

It's a fact that when Sherlock needed info fast (or was summoned in an emergency) the preferred method of communication was the telegram, transmitted by telegraph. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* telegrams are sent and received with amazing rapidity. Mail service in London was excellent (some areas had 7 deliveries a day, 6 days a week) but as is still true, the telegraph elegantly conveyed the urgency of the moment. Communication by electric telegraph was commonplace by Holmes's time. Doyle's audience would fully accept the ease with which Holmes was able to send and receive wires. Telegrams are mentioned in the canon over 100 times in 35 of the stories. The earliest mention is in "Gloria Scott" imploring Homes to return to Donithorp.

Rapid development of the telegraph systems came with the discovery that electric impulses could be transmitted along a wire. The final "Whom" responsible for the original idea of organizing the impulses into signals and then language is lost. There are many who claim the honor thought. Among the first electric telegraph machines systems devised was the needle telegraph. This was based on Hans Christian Osersted's discovery in 1819 that an electric current in a wire would cause a magnetized needle next to the wire to deflect. The five-needle telegraph – patented by William Fothergill Cooke and Charles Wheatsone in London in 1837 – utilized this principle with a panel imprinted with letters and numerals to which the five needles pointed singly or in pairs. It was widely used in Great Britain, especially for railroad signaling. Later a better two needle device was developed.

In 1811, when he was 20, Samuel F. B. Morse had written his mother from London, England where he had gone to study art, "I wish that in one instant I could tell you of my safe arrival, but we are 3,000 miles apart and must wait four long weeks to hear from each other." She was in Charlestown, Mass. From this Morse's commitment to the idea of the telegraph was born. After he returned home he became aware of the telegraph developments in England.

After years of work and study he completed work in 1836 on his first telegraph machine. The first message with the machine traveled 1,700 feet. He then developed a relay device and the dot-dash code that bears his name. In 1938 the "key" device was developed and patented. He was unable to interest investors in Europe but he persevered in the United States and in 1843 Congress appropriated $30,000 to built a test line from Washington DC to Baltimore.

Morse went to the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Baltimore and asked permission to lay the cable alongside their Metropolitan Line tracks from Baltimore to DC. The directors immediately recognized the potential of the system and agreed. The need for instant communications was obvious. When a train left a station it could not receive instructions or warnings. With the telegraph, stations along the train's route could be contacted and the trains stopped or warned.

In the summer of 1843 a specially designed plow, drawn by oxen, started making a furrow from Mt. Clair Station along the B&O right of way on Pratt Street so that a lead covered cable could be buried. It took two summers of work but on May 24, 1844, a message in morse code was sent from the Supreme Court chamber in DC to the Mt. Clair Station in Baltimore. The message was the biblical phrase "what hath God wrought" (Numbers 23:23). It did not take long before all of the US and the UK was wired and, finally, joined by the transatlantic telegraph cable in 1866.

Holmes used the telegraph as casually as we in the 21st century would use a telephone. Some of his messages were quite long as in *Boscombe Valley* when he sends "Have you a couple of days to spare? Have just been wired for the West of England in connection with the Boscombe Valley Tragedy. Shall be glad if you will come with me. Air and scenery perfect. Leave Paddington by the 11:15" to Watson. Quite chatty. But he was capable of being succinct and direct as well, witness, "The old man is dead" from *The Solitary Cyclist.*[1] Holmes often received wires and in *The Copper Beeches* Violet Hunter sent, " Please be at the Black Swan Hotel at Winchester at Midday tomorrow Do come! I am at my wit's end!" while in *Wisteria Lodge* he received, "Have just had most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you? Scott Eccles, Post Office Charing Cross."

But Holmes does have a – well, if not a sense of humor, then a sense of irony, evidenced in perhaps his most famous and oft quoted telegram:

"Come at once if convenient – if inconvenient come all the same."

[1] Yes, that is a succinct message. Only it wasn't sent by Holmes. – Les

The Police, the Peer, the Press and the Ripper
Or, Jack the Ripper Considered as a Media Event

– John C. Sherwood

LET'S PUT JACK THE RIPPER IN HIS PROPER PLACE.

Europe has known mass-murderers outside of war. The slayings by the family of 15th century Scotland's Sawney Bean and the 17th century murders by Elizabeth Bathory; mass killings such as those by Marie de Brinvilliers, Andreas Bichel and others; and the acts of various cults, including the Thuggee, are well known. But Jack the Ripper is the first memorable killer of modern urban British history. He is part of Western folklore. We'll leave to others the endless argument about the Ripper's identity. Here, we'll explore another aspect of the Whitechapel prostitute slayings of 1888: As far as the evidence indicates, the Ripper was the first serial killer to help the press advertise his episodic exploits, even as the press aided him to remind the police of their continual failures.

The result was overwhelming social change. Here, the term "Ripper" represents the unknown individual or individuals who, for reasons unknown, killed five – and possibly as many as eight or even more – poor women chiefly in London's East End. We won't focus on the crimes but on the response by the police and the press, dealing primarily with the five officially recognized Ripper murders. These crimes were covered in many publications. However, the Times exemplified the middle-class viewpoint. Its treatment of the news reflected the views and conditions of affected groups and institutions, as well as the structures pervasive in Victorian England. The reporting of those crimes became an agent of changing attitudes toward the police and the poor – and revealed the middle class's deeply rooted fears.

CRIME BECOMES THEATER

Horrific multiple murders struck the East End in 1811 and 1828 (Rumbelow, 14), but the 1888 Ripper case's continuing episodic nature and consequent press treatment made it distinctive. Because of what McLuhan calls "the inveterate concern of the press with cleansing by publicity" (193), the coverage demanded general concern. It was an inherently sensational event providing all the suspense of a novel, with each new slaying comprising a chapter. This was crime transformed into theater, with the reading public its audience.

The Times held first rights to the readership of the city's middle class, which demanded accountability. London had seen years of press vilification of the Metropolitan Police, largely over claims of incompetence, inefficiency and insolence, but by the mid-1870s a new respect had emerged (Browne, 175-177). This critical silence coincided with the recognition of a potential threat in the East End – the untamed, crime-ridden lower classes. This threat might prove more powerful if the masses thought themselves unprotected. By tempering criticism, the threat of the angry poor possibly could be reduced, and the middle-class press aided that effort.

The East End and its rampant crime presented the police with disheartening odds. Whitechapel had 80,000 residents and the entire East End harbored some 900,000. About 8 percent of that figure – 75,000 persons were classified poor (Rumbelow, 34).

> Discussions of the condition of the London poor which in the 1870s had been confined to experts within the pages of specialized journals, now became the subject of urgent general debate. From 1883 onwards the quarterly journals and the press were full of warnings of the necessity of immediate reform to ward off the impending revolutionary threat. (Jones, 290-291)

Despite the presence of four police stations and continual patrols – "on account of the character of many of its inhabitants" (Times, 9/11/88, p.6, c.5) – Whitechapel carried the stigma of being home to "the very scum of Europe. ... Murder was probably more common than the official statistic shows" (Wensley, 7-8, 13-14). In fact, murder was so routine in this melting-pot that only the relative novelty of the Ripper's sadistic method initially brought it to newspaper readers' attention. And what kept that attention riveted was the sensation the murders caused, bordering on a mass panic (Browne, 206). Otherwise, why would London's middle class take interest in the deaths of some East End whores? If the problem were so obviously confined to the East End, why should West End nobs care? As we've anticipated, the answer lies in middle-class fears of popular revolt and social disorder.

ANGER AND FEAR

Bad times were within recent memory. The agitation of the Irish Fenians had reached a fever pitch only a generation before, and the Metropolitan Police had been unsuccessful in ferreting them out (Smith, 195, 203). During riots in February 1886, dock laborers and others from the East End had attacked West End property, producing what the Times had called "a state of excitement and alarm [that] has rarely been experienced in the Metropolis" (Jones, 292). For William Morris, this had been "the first skirmish of the Revolution" (Jones, 294). Further anger against perceived governmental subjugation erupted in the infamous late-1887 "Bloody Sunday" riot at Trafalgar Square. Sir Charles Warren, commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was held personally responsible by the mob, and received death threats (Rumbelow, 50).

> For weeks afterwards, the West End remained in a state of crisis. Mounted police patrolled the Square, the military as kept in a state of readiness and special constables were enrolled. (Jones, 296)

Then madness struck. The first "official" Ripper victim, Mary Ann Nicholls, was slain on Friday, Aug. 31, 1888, but at the time the police and public considered it the third in a series because of the similar means used in dispatching the victims. The other murders –

since then declared the work of another hand or hands – had occurred within the prior year, the second on Aug. 7. A little more than a week after the Nicholls slaying, Annie Chapman was found murdered on Saturday, Sept. 8. The Times' coverage was circumspect, calm and pro-police:

> There is, it must be acknowledged, after their exhaustive investigation of the facts, no ground for blaming the officers in charge should they fail in unraveling the mystery surrounding the crime. (9/3/88, p.12, c.2) [Chapman's] throat was severed in a terrible manner, and she had other wounds of a nature too shocking to be described. (9/10/88, p.6, c.5)

A physician's full report of the Nicholls murder was published only in The Lancet (Rumbelow, 65). An illustration for the Illustrated Police News of Nov. 17 bowdlerized the mutilations, suggesting the artist never saw the corpse (Rumbelow, 110). Withholding such details in traditional self-censorship would continue until the far more shocking later murder of Mary Kelley.

> An unknown moralist in a letter to The Times laid the blame for the killings squarely on society and not on the half-crazed monsters. ... They had sown the seed and must reap the harvest. The Rev Samuel Barnett, Vicar of St Jude's, Whitechapel, more pragmatically thought that the Whitechapel horrors would not have been in vain if 'at last' the public conscience was awakened to the life that these horrors revealed. (Rumbelow, 66)

The police, limited by a lack of informers and the inability to move freely through the dense urban area, were tormented by "a feeling almost of despair" (Rumbelow, 68):

> The police express a strong opinion that more murders of the kind will be committed before the miscreant is apprehended. (Times 9/10, p. 6, c.6)

Such reports prompted public claims that the police were treating the matter casually. Thus the long period of satisfaction ended before the third and fourth officially recognized Ripper murders. On Sunday, Sept. 30, the body of Elizabeth Stride was found, followed almost immediately by the discovery of the corpse of Catherine Eddowes. This so-called "double event" fueled the sense that crime prevention in Whitechapel was fruitless. This time, the Times wrote of the case, only thinly disguising a mild criticism of the police:

> ... the assassin, if not suffering from insanity, appears to be free from any fear of interruption while at his dreadful work. (10/1, p.6, c.3)

After all, the murders had occurred in the open streets. Civilized Londoners were accustomed to a constable at virtually every corner. Where had the patrols been? Near the

site of the Eddowes murder, a policeman spotted a chalked message which seemed to implicate Jews. It was ordered destroyed by Warren, who feared the possibility of anti-Semitic riots (Rumbelow, 80-81). The expression of middle-class fear toward the East End's potential violence never was more acutely demonstrated. Warren soon was rebuked for having destroyed potential evidence.

> Instead of getting the newspapers to help them, Scotland Yard's policy was to keep the newsmen at arm's length. Inevitably, the press, with so few facts to work on, turned their attention to the police and individuals such as the commissioner [Warren]. ... As one policeman later wrote: 'I have always thought that the higher police authorities in ignoring the power of the Press deliberately flouted a great potential ally, and indeed might have turned that ally into an enemy.' (Rumbelow, 84-85)

The press had been content to report news and suggest methods of police operation (Times, 9/11, p.6,c.4). Now it got involved more creatively. Initially, the press alerted the public to the British government's policy of refusing to subsidize a reward for information on the murders. Many letter-writers offered suggestions about police procedure and offered various rewards. Still others found the subject an excuse to comment on the social "problem of clearing the East-end of its vicious inhabitants" (Times, 10/1, p.6, c.6, and 10/2, p.6,c.4).

THE PRESS JOINS THE FRAY

Newspapers also joined the reward-offering act, perhaps motivated by public concern and hopes for positive publicity. The Illustrated Police News offered 100 pounds for the capture of the killer (Rumbelow, 110, 118). Then the Central News Agency struck gold when it received a letter signed "Jack the Ripper" – the nickname that would stick.

The letter's authenticity appeared strong because it revealed unpublished details of the "double event" (Times, 10/2, p.6, c.3; Rumbelow, 129). But virtually all of the alleged "Ripper letters" now are regarded as hoaxes launched by "the journalist" (Rumbelow, 131). If that view is true, then newspapers had joined the fray not as observers but as reader-pleasing sensationalists. The Times could ignore the mounting criticism no longer, and published an account of widespread public dissatisfaction over the investigation (10/1, p.6,c.4).

> Within twenty-four hours of the 'double event' the public were clamouring for the resignation of Sir Charles Warren and the Home Secretary [Matthews]. At a meeting of nearly a thousand people in Victoria Park, the crowd passed a resolution calling on them to resign. ... At four other meetings on Mile End waste there were similar resolutions passed . ... A petition was presented to the Queen ... on behalf of the inhabitants of Whitechapel, asking for Her Government to offer a reward for the capture of the murderer. (Rumbelow, 93)

The Whitechapel Board of Public Works demanded better protection, citing decreased market traffic in the region (Times, 10/2, p.6, c.4). Trying to put his best face forward, Warren wrote in the Times that he was crippled by policies established by the Home Office. In private, he continued his contentious relationship with Matthews by issuing a new plea:

> I am quite prepared to take the responsibility of adopting the most drastic or arbitrary measures that the Secretary of State can name which would further the securing of the murderer, however illegal they may be, provided Her Majesty's Government will support me." (Browne, 208)

This went nowhere. Warren's first offer to resign was rejected. On Nov. 8 he renewed the offer, and was accepted (Rumbelow, 103). This wasn't immediately publicized, but when it reached the press it was eclipsed by the Ripper. On Friday, Nov. 9, prostitute Mary Kelley was killed inside her home in the most grotesque crime in the series. The press felt compelled to relate the grisly discovery in shuddering detail. The Times' own inflammatory account (11/10, p.7, c.4) helped to inflame public fear, so that the fifth and final "official" murder – then considered the seventh in the series yielded expressions of fretfulness at all social levels, including the throne (Rumbelow, 107). The Times acknowledged the dissent within police ranks and found itself used by Criminal Investigations Division officers to criticize their superiors:

> The detective officers, who are now subjected to a great amount of harassing work, complain that the authorities do not allow them sufficient means with which to carry on their investigations. (11/12, p.6, c.3)

The Times even supported Warren's call for police reform and backed the use of rewards, in contradiction of Home Office policy (11/13, p.9, c.2-3). The policy debate raging within the House of Commons was duly reported, centering on whether Warren's resignation had resulted from the friction between him and Matthews, or from the failure to locate the killer. The latter was fervently denied but the topic continued to fret the Commons and newspaper readers (Times, 11/13, p.10, c.3; 11/14, p.6, c.4). Obviously, the media had identified a crisis. When that occurs, "The inevitable societal reaction is to demand greater control through greater policing and more retributive law" (Walsh, 144). The institutions of social control had been attacked and laws challenged. An extensive urban neighborhood had been identified as unsafe and the community faced the collective problem of maintaining stability.

A GATHERING SENSE OF DUTY

To quell the possibility of open rebellion or upheaval, the middle class had to show concern for the lower classes and help – without seizing absolute control.

> The creation of a neighborhood or community free from fear and uncontrolled delinquency and crime would be its [the community's] primary aim. In respecting the dignity of the individual nobody should be regarded as unworthy of its concern. (Walsh, 38-39)

Increased police presence did the job. East End residents were reassured that their middle-class overseers were neither omnipotent nor omnipresent. The poor needn't submit entirely to the rich. Even if they couldn't be entirely safeguarded, they wouldn't become slaves. When months passed after the Kelley slaying, the Ripper murders appeared over. No one had been brought to justice but an ephemeral success had been achieved. Panic and fear subsided. The police could maintain order in Whitechapel with a renewed sense of justification and expectation of compliance.

> The Victorian bobby may have been portrayed frequently as a figure for ridicule but almost never as a figure of terror. One might even be tempted to hazard the perverse observation that the police enjoyed an extra measure of support because they were not always very good at what they did. A certain inefficiency could be reassuring that the police were not a threat to liberty. (Smith, 202)

This delicately balanced public attitude apparently assisted the police to focus new attention on the East End. The resulting crackdown on crime was to continue until Whitechapel was pacified. The relative stability that followed the Ripper slayings could be described as a collective sigh of relief.

> The reasons [for the decline in violence] probably lie in the growing acceptance of the rule of law and in material improvements. To an extraordinary degree even the working classes by the middle of the century accepted the legitimacy of the legal system and were willing participants in it in defense of their own property. (Smith, 206)

RIPPLES REACHING ACROSS THE POOL

The East End's low reputation lingered a decade and a half after the Ripper scare, but the unpleasantness was limited. Machray describes a night-time visit to the north side of the Whitechapel Road, where

> ... a brawl may take place at any moment – it depends on circumstances, amongst them being the presence or the absence of the police. ... Nor is there any doubt that the police have the whole of London much more efficiently protected at night at the present time [1902] than was the case only a few years ago. ... Nowhere is this more marked perhaps than in the East End, as, for example, in Ratcliff Highway,

> where, at least on the surface, the scenes which used to make that street a byword and a terror may no longer be observed. (Machray, 39-42)

The Ripper had thrown rocks into the social pool, stirring ripples that produced changes in the manner of press coverage, raising questions about proper community policing and forcing the otherwise contented middle class to recognize a vested interest in the improvement of social conditions in the East End and throughout London. The Ripper had shocked Victorian complacency, awakening it to the needs of the lower classes, to middle-class responsibilities and to the societal function of the police and of the press. The middle class came to demand full accountability, full disclosure of information, democratization of police policy and social stability. Thus 1888 marks the end of Victorian serenity and the start of modern social vigilance and guardianship. In that year, the author of a letter to *The Times* (11/13, p. 10, c.3) stated the matter succinctly:

> It is not so much the murders, ghastly as they are, that sadden and appall us, but it is the awful state of things which those murders reveal – the disorderly and depraved lives which these poor people lead. What is to be done to remedy this state of things? That is the problem to be solved.

The Ripper was the catalyst that brought that problem to light. It's impossible to be grateful to an homicidal maniac, but it's possible to say this: When late Victorian and early Edwardian society found evil spurting into life in a long-ignored seedbed, it found the motivation – and the tools – to weed it out.

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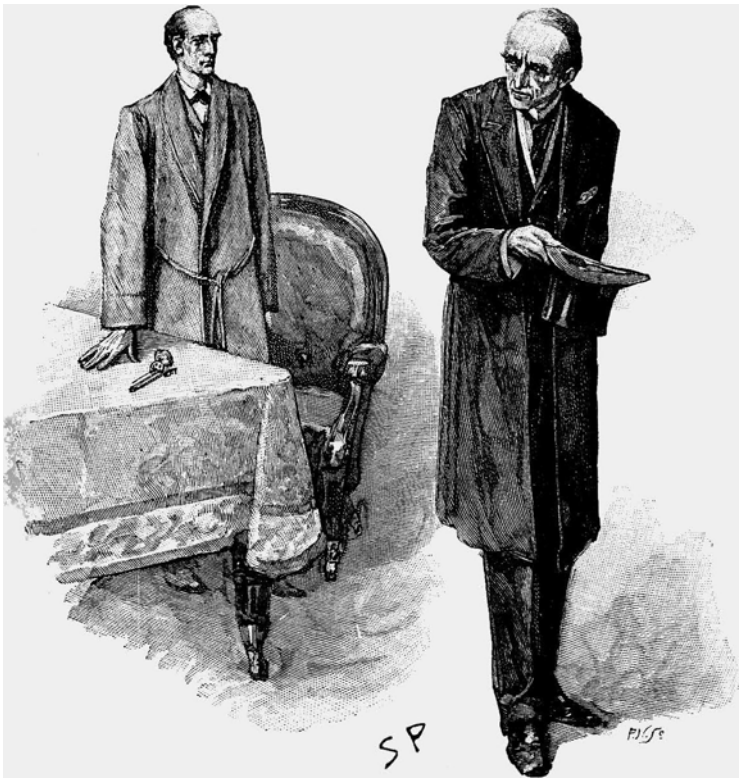
Solution to The Great Sherlockian Villains

1. Abe Slaney
2. Milverton
3. Sebastian Moran
4. James Moriarty
5. Grimesby Roylott
6. Doctor
7. Culverton Smith
8. Peter Carey
9. Jethro Rucastle
10. Adelbert Gruner

Acrostic solution:

Elementary, My dear reader



The Agony Column

Courtesy of the punnish humor of Steve Clarkson[1]

*J. McCarthy, C.A Milverton & F. Millar: You people don't know how much fun you're missing. Smack! Smack! Smack! – E.R.

Public Notice: We enjoyed the stark villains in Hatherley's tale. We give it one thumb up. – Siskel & Ebert

Wanted: Information leading to the arrest and conviction of the scoundrel who squirted aniseed all over my brougham. I can't ride anywhere without a pack of draghounds.
– L. Armstrong

To the two London gentlemen who stayed in our cottage last March: Could either of you explain the lamp in the brambles? This is a quiet seaside town and we don't approve of irresponsible social gatherings! – Landlords, Poldhu Bay

*W.M.: My purchase order to you at 17 King Edward Street was returned by the post office. However, I still need your product. I can't let the team down. Help me stand for God's sake!
– G.S.

*Miss Stapleton: Have bought a beautiful coronet for your jewelry collection. All that remains is to decide on a name for it.
– Henry

*Master Reginald: Your problem for today is as follows: A person walking along a straight road observes that at two points one unit apart, the angles of elevation of a tree in front of him are 2 and 4 degrees. Find the height of the tree.
– Tutors-R-Us

Miss V.H, late of the Copper Beeches: Nowadays, when you find yourself lying on your bed trembling all over, do you still think of me? – Mr. S.H., London

*Master Reginald: Ignore previous notice. That exercise was meant for Master Sholto.
– Tutors-R-Us

*Wiggins: Please ask your friends to refrain from playing in the chimney. The sobs of your comrade who got stuck recently were as melancholy as an autumn storm. – JHW

Josiah Amberley: Sorry, once the date of a performance has passed, we do not give refunds for unused tickets.
– Management, Haymarket Theatre

*Elias Openshaw: I don't understand why my recent letter upset you.
– Kenneth Karl Keating

Lost: My best hunting dog and the rabbits he was chasing. Near the Oldacre place. Reply here to NORWOOD HUNTER. Reward

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[1] Not quite accurate. Steve requested items from the Tin Box membership for "The Agony Column" which he included in his meeting notices during his tenure as Gasogene. I've indicated my submissions with an asterisk. Since there was no attribution given in Steve's notices, I have no idea who submitted the other items – Les

Lost: Englishman in prime of life. Rather over six feet, though so lean he seems taller. Gray eyes, dark hair; superior attitude. Last seen in Switzerland. Will answer to "Sherlock", "Captain Basil", "Escot", ''Sigerson", et al Reply here to BOSWELL

Barrister Wanted: By gentleman who was injured while watching a football game at the old Deer Park. Injured by player hurled over the ropes. Seeking medical expense plus damages. Call XX 31, ask for "Porky".

Mr. Douglas: Enjoy your cruise, but don't go overboard. – Porlock

Graffiti removed. Purple pencil a speciality. – Amberley, Lewisham

REMARKABLE adjustable caskets: One size fits all. Contact H. Peters, Australia

YOUR HOLINESS: All major parts in the play are filled, but we can give you a cameo role, if you like – W. Gillette

Mrs. Ronder: Cat got your tongue?
– Mrs. Merrilow

A Garcia: Oops. Make that the seventh corridor, first right. Sorry. – D., Hysteria Lodge.

Irene: Will you sing at my wedding?
– C.L. von S.-M.

Spelling lessons given: Contact D. Llama, Tibet.

JHW: To whom are you married: me or him?
– MMW

Beddoes; Message unclear. I have no hen-pheasants. Please write, with clarification. – J.T., J.P.

Dr. LS.: Radix pedis diabolis has no sedative value. Try large doses of strychnine instead. – JHW

For Sale: Large green safe, one owner, like new. Apply to: Milverton Estate, Appledore

G.R.: Your pet is ready for pickup. Herpetology, Inc.

*Agatha: Sorry to hear the cad skipped out on you. Suggest you use the consulting detective that I hired when my Hosmer disappeared – M.S.

Footsore? Can't Hack it? call J. Hope, Central Cab Yard

Contributors

Steve Clarkson lives in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, is a 33-year member of the Baker Street Irregulars ('Morse Hudson') and is the son of a Two-Shilling BSI. He helped to found Watson's Tin Box in Ellicott City, Maryland and also belongs to The Six Napoleons of Baltimore. He is Listowner/Member of The Hounds of the Internet and the author of two Sherlockian books: *The Sherlockian Star Chamber* (1996) and *The Canonical Compendium* (1999). He is currently compiling and editing the 2003 edition of *The Baker Street Journal's Christmas Annual*. He collects first editions and magazine first appearances of Doyle's works and wonders where to display them all.

Andy Solberg, BSI, Gasogene VIII, enjoys writing Sherlockian analysis and verse. He is a frequent contributor to the *Baker Street Journal* After attending many Sherlockian societies' dinners, he considers the monthly Tin Box dinners his home.

Marshall S. "Mike" Berdan is a freelance travel writer based in Alexandria, VA and longstanding contributor to both the Higher and Lower Criticisms via a series of scholarly submissions that itself extends over three separate continents. Despite that, however, he is still a member in reasonably good standing of Watson's Tin Box, The Six Napoleons of Baltimore, and the Red Circle of Washington.

Dana Richards is a professor of computer science at George Mason University, is a member of many Sherlockian societies beyond the Baltimore area and has published on many aspects of the Canon (in the *Baker Street Journal*, *Sherlock Holmes Review*, *Baker Street Miscellanea*, *Canadian Holmes*, among several others). He currently writes a puzzle column for *The Holmes and Watson Report*.

John C. Sherwood of Pennsylvania is an editor for *The News Journal Co.* in Delaware and runs MysteryVisits.com. He is a professional Sherlock Holmes impersonator, has written for the *Baker Street Journal* and is a member of the Hounds of the Internet and Watson's Tin Box. He can be reached at **jcsherwood@kennett.net.**

Les Moskowitz is a transplanted New Yorker now living in Florida, who spent his best Sherlockian days living in Maryland and remembers Watson's Tin Box with great affection.

Ralph Adams is a retired NASA Engineer and worked out of the Goddard Space Flight Center. He has been happily married these past 50 years, has 2 children and 2 grandchildren. Ralph met Sherlock as a teen and his favorite story was then is still is The Red-headed League. Ralph served as Gasogene XIII of Watson's Tin Box and was glad to get back to reading and travel in his retirement.

Paul Churchill is a semi-retired Latin teacher in Howard County. He is one of the three original co-founders of Watson's Tin Box. He has illustrated many Sherlockian books and prides himself on his forgery skills in collecting relics from the Holmes saga. He likes long walks on the beach, quiet drives through the slums, and gentle breezes through his diminishing hair.

S. Brent Morris is a mathematician and computer scientist by training, though he is now working at the Director of Membership development for the Scottish Rite Masons in Washington, D.C. He has written or edited eight books, scores of articles, and has spoken on the mathematics of card shuffling at over 100 universities and to the Lord Mayor of London.

Dr. Deborah Clark, native of Maryland's Beautiful Eastern Shore, works at the Maryland School for the Deaf in Frederick, MD as Director of Pupil Personnel Services (which is about as glamourous as it sounds). She is a past Gasogene of Watson's Tin Box of Ellicott City, and regularly attends the Denizen's of the Bar of Gold. She is a member but a Very Irregular attendee of The Red Circle of Washington, the Carlton Club of Baltimore, and the White Rose Irregulars and the Brooks of Carlisle (PA.) She also periodically lurks on the Hounds, and presents at "A Day with Sherlock Holmes" at the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore.

Dave Hatch in real life has reached the summit of his aspirations by becoming and remaining a government bureaucrat. He has maintained a lifelong interest in Sherlockian matters. The first "grown-up" book he bought, while in sixth grade, was the complete SH. He was Gasogene X of Watson's Tin Box.