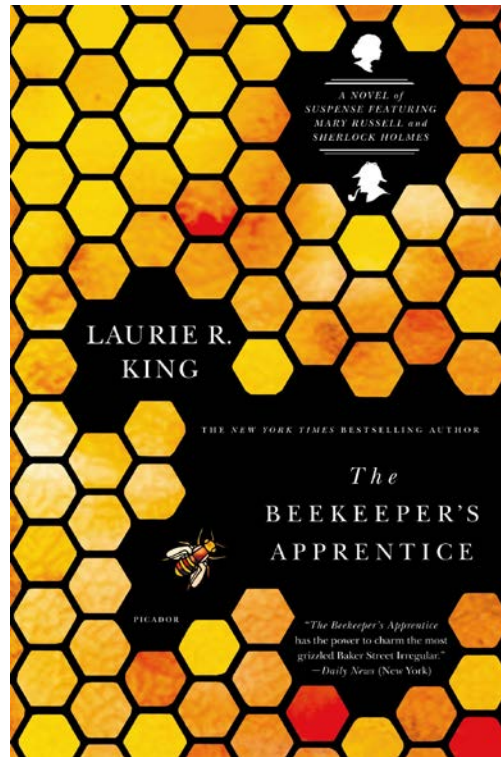


# *The Beekeeper's Apprentice:*

*Or, On the Segregation of the Queen*

By Laurie R. King



A Unit

in Six Sections

*student edition*



Green Ink Collaborations

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## A Note on the Text

As you read *The Beekeeper's Apprentice*, you'll probably notice that the novel is written with British spelling, punctuation, and grammar. In contrast, we've chosen to use American conventions for these curricular materials. That choice was based on the idea that as American students move forward, the American spelling and grammar will likely be more useful (and perhaps less confusing) from an assessment standpoint.

There are a number of English terms and concepts in the novel, some of which may require a bit more explanation than others. We hope you'll enjoy the process of sorting those out.

Pages and Kindle locations are based on Picador's 2014 twentieth anniversary edition of the novel.

# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section One

Word		Definition/Example/Notes
1.	affection	
2.	alienate	
3.	apparently	
4.	apprehension	
5.	bleak	
6.	casual	
7.	considerable	
8.	contemplate	
9.	eccentric	
10.	entrance (verb)	
11.	incidentally	
12.	intrude	
13.	obscure (verb)	
14.	precisely	
15.	propose	
16.	rational	
17.	reassurance	
18.	recitation	
19.	sardonic	
20.	trace (verb)	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [through Chapter One]

affection	...it occurred to me that he might have found this yapping dog an appealing companion. It could even be the beginnings of <b>affection</b> I saw in his face...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
alienate	We made an odd pair, a gangling, bespectacled girl and a tall, sardonic recluse, blessed or cursed with minds of hard brilliance that <b>alienated</b> all but the most tenacious.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
apparently	I watched closely, trying to make sense of their <b>apparently</b> aimless motion.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
apprehension	My voice trailed off as I realized that he was eyeing me with the <b>apprehension</b> normally reserved for mumbling strangers in one's railway compartment or acquaintances with incomprehensible and tiresome passions.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [through Chapter One]

bleak	There it sat, month in and month out, for some years, until one <b>bleak</b> day after a too-long series of <b>bleak</b> days when nothing would grow under my pen and money pressures loomed, I remembered with a stir of envy the easy assurance of the voice from the manuscripts in the back of my closet.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
casual	My anger had abated somewhat while watching the bees, but at this <b>casual</b> insult it erupted.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
considerable	I freely used my loan privileges with Mrs. Hudson and had run up a considerable debt by the time I came into my majority.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
contemplate	"I am watching bees," he said flatly, and turned back to his <b>contemplation</b> of the hillside.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [through Chapter One]

eccentric	<p>...a gaunt, greying man in his fifties wearing a cloth cap, ancient tweed greatcoat, and decent shoes, with a threadbare army rucksack on the ground beside him. A tramp perhaps, who had left the rest of his possessions stashed beneath a bush. Or an <b>Eccentric</b>. Certainly no shepherd.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
entrance	<p>Instead of answering, he reached past me and slid back one of the side panels, and revealed there a perfect, thin, glass-fronted beehive. I squatted before it, <b>entranced</b>.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
incidentally	<p>"<b>Incidentally</b>, I hope you do not make a habit of guessing. Guessing is a weakness brought on by indolence and should never be confused with intuition."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
intrude	<p>"However, as I said, I don't mean to <b>intrude</b> on your privacy. It was necessary to have the past, as it contributes to the present."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>



The Beekeeper's Apprentice [through Chapter One]

<b>obscure</b>	And now, men and women are writing actual novels about Holmes, plucking him up and setting him down in bizarre situations, putting impossible words into his mouth, and <b>obscuring</b> the legend still further.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>precisely</b>	My own eyes and mind functioned in <b>precisely</b> the same way. It was familiar territory.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>propose</b>	"When, that is, I am not having to fend off those who <b>propose</b> to crush me underfoot."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>rational</b>	"Oh, no. I am a feminist, but no man hater...However, unlike you, I find women to be the marginally more <b>rational</b> half of the race."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [through Chapter One]

<b>reassurance</b>	I smiled a weak <b>reassurance</b> . He cleared his throat. "Er, shall I finish?" he asked. "As you wish," I said, with trepidation.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>recitation</b>	I sat frozen, my heart ceasing to beat while I listened to the cool, dry <b>recitation</b> of his voice.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>sardonic</b>	A <b>sardonic</b> voice from the next room made us both start guiltily. "Oh come now, Watson, don't frighten the child with your exaggerated worries."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>trace</b>	His face went blank, and he studied me without any <b>trace</b> of expression for a long minute.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

# Beekeeper's Questions Section One

---

1. The "editor" is initially afraid that the trunk may contain a bomb. What makes her decide it's safe to explore the trunk's contents?

---

2. Name three of the more interesting items found immediately inside the mysterious trunk.

---

3. What was hidden beneath this "collection"?

---

4. What finally pushed the "editor" to print this story?

---

5. How old is the "author" of the manuscript at the time of writing?

---

6. At the time of their first meeting, how many years had Holmes been "retired"?

---

7. Name three differences between the "author" of the manuscript and Watson.

---

8. How did the "author" first meet Holmes?

---

9. Why was the "author" reading outside, instead of in the house?

---

10. How long has Mary lived with her aunt?

---

11. What was Holmes doing before Mary interrupted him? For what purpose?

---

12. How did Mary first impress Holmes?

---

13. How does Mary describe Dr. Watson's 'biographies' of Holmes?

---

14. Mary describes herself as a "yapping" dog in comparison to Holmes. Why does she make this comparison?

---

15. Is Mary speaking literally when she says they "had known each other forever"? Why or why not?

---

16. Why does Mary seem to admire Mrs. Hudson?

---

17. What does Mary describe as "the living painting"?

---

18. Give three details about "Miss Russell" that Holmes was able to surmise given evidence.

---

19. How was Holmes wrong?

---

20. Why does Holmes ask Mary about her will?

---

21. According to this story, how old (exactly) is Holmes now? How old was he when he took on his first case? Why did Conan Doyle describe him as older?

---

22. Give three details about Holmes that Mary was able to surmise.

---

23. What has Holmes been doing since he "retired"?

---

24. How does Mary plan to take revenge on her aunt? Why?

---

25. What discovery allows Mary to prevent her aunt's interference in her life?

# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section Two

Word		Definition/Example/Notes
1.	anticipation	
2.	conceal	
3.	consult	
4.	convenience	
5.	discreet	
6.	dismissive	
7.	inevitable	
8.	invariably	
9.	mad	
10.	peripheral	
11.	persistent	
12.	relish	
13.	remnant	
14.	remote	
15.	restore	
16.	sodden	
17.	speculation	
18.	upright	
19.	vague	
20.	wariness	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Two through Four]

<b>anticipation</b>	He nearly fell once, and I held my breath in <b>anticipation</b> of broken bones and scattered money...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>conceal</b>	Even without my spectacles I knew instantly who it was and <b>concealed</b> my wariness.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>consult</b>	"You're wondering why I'm asking you about a medical problem. Mr. Holmes, I have come to believe it is not a medical problem. We have <b>consulted</b> specialists here and on the Continent."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>convenience</b>	...he kept odd hours—sleep was a concern of the body and of <b>convenience</b> , he declared, not of the clock.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>



The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Two through Four]

<b>discreet</b>	If he leaves, then follow, at a very <b>discreet</b> distance.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>dismissively</b>	"I thought you were busy." "By the time you let me go, the blood had clotted beyond all recognition," he said <b>dismissively</b> . He ignored the expressions on the faces around us that his statement had brought...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>inevitable</b>	It was, I suppose, <b>inevitable</b> that Holmes and I would collaborate eventually on one of his cases.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>invariably</b>	She <b>invariably</b> made me feel clumsy, uncouth, and unreasonably touchy about my height and the corresponding size of my feet.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Two through Four]

<b>mad</b>	<p>It was a <b>mad</b> time and, looked at objectively, was probably the worst possible situation for me, but somehow the <b>madness</b> around me and the turmoil I carried within myself acted as counterweights, and I survived in the center.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>peripheral</b>	<p>That awareness was at the time <b>peripheral</b>, however. Bitterness is an aftertaste that comes when the sweetness has had time to fade, and there was much that was sweet about that summer.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>persistent</b>	<p>One morning my aunt had become too <b>persistent</b> in her questions about my "nightmares," and I had hit her in the face...</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>relish</b>	<p>I had grown to <b>relish</b> the quick, proud smile that very occasionally followed a noteworthy success, and I knew that these examinations I was passing with flying colors.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Two through Four]

<b>remnant</b>	I woke once during the night, disorientated by the strange room and the <b>remnants</b> of alcohol in my bloodstream.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>remote</b>	"It is a very <b>remote</b> area, no one heard an automobile after dark, and the police had every road blocked by six o'clock in the morning.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>restore</b>	On the first night he cannot bear to have me with him, but a few days later he is <b>restored</b> to himself, until the next time.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>sodden</b>	The sun came out as I walked the <b>sodden</b> hills, and the heat soared. As a result, I left my muddy boots outside the door and let myself in through the kitchen, spattered with mud and dripping with sweat from the humidity and the wrong clothing.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Two through Four]

<b>speculation</b>	"Nothing, Russell. Merely <b>speculation</b> without data, a fruitless exercise at the best of times."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>upright</b>	Mrs. Barker's face went dead white and she swayed in her chair. I leapt to my feet and held her <b>upright</b> while Holmes went for the brandy.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>vague</b>	I sat down beside Holmes, feeling a <b>vague</b> need to apologize to somebody.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>wariness</b>	I looked up and saw a portly, mustachioed figure in the doorway, smiling radiantly. Even without my spectacles I knew instantly who it was and concealed my <b>wariness</b> .
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

## Beekeeper's Questions Section Two

---

1. What does Mary think would have happened to her without Holmes's friendship and instruction?

---

2. What does Mary learn from Mrs. Hudson?

---

3. How does Mary's opinion of Watson change?

---

4. By the time she leaves for Oxford, Russell has mastered a number of detecting skills. List three of them.

---

5. How does Holmes reassure Russell when she says they should be more involved in the war effort?

---

6. What two subjects will Russell specialize in at Oxford?

---

7. Why does Russell feel “less infuriated” by the strict rules - curfew, chaperones, etc. - than many other girls?

---

8. Russell talks frequently about “the war.” What is she talking about, and what are two ways that she describes the way it changed the world around her?

---

9. What does Veronica Beaconsfield want Russell to help her with, and why does she choose Russell for this purpose? How does her role change?

---

10. Who is Ratnakar Sanji and why does he matter?  
(You may have to come back to this one.)

11. What day is Russell's birthday, how old did she turn, and why was the event itself important?

---

12. Russell asks her farm manager, Patrick, to give her something to do in order to help her physically recover from the long months of studying. Patrick is reluctant to do so for several reasons. Name two of them.

---

13. Holmes's neighbor Mrs. Barker comes to ask him for help. What does she suspect, and why?

---

14. Russell hides herself behind the staircase during the end of the investigation. Why does she make this choice and how does it end?

15. Why does Mrs. Barker need to guard the bottle with her life?

---

16. How does Russell calm the pack of dogs?

---

17. Why is Russell so eager to discover who has been robbing inns and public houses? Why is Holmes NOT interested?

---

18. How does Russell get access to the crime scene?

---

19. What is the importance of Holmes telling Russell that "cornered rats bite"?

---

20. How did Russell stop the culprit, and who taught her the skill?

---



# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section Three

Word		Definition/Example/Notes
1.	agony	
2.	competent	
3.	gleam	
4.	indication	
5.	laboriously	
6.	merely	
7.	overlook	
8.	precariously	
9.	resume	
10.	retrieve	
11.	reveal	
12.	sheer	
13.	significance	
14.	singular	
15.	start (verb)	
16.	still (adjective)	
17.	summon	
18.	utterly	
19.	vital	
20.	weary	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Five through Seven]

agony	<p>"Take Mozart—frenzied gaiety and weeping put to music. The <b>agony</b> of the man is at times unbearable. Let us go."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
competent	<p>"To my considerable surprise, Russell, you have proven a <b>competent</b> assistant and, furthermore, hold some promise for becoming an invaluable one."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
gleam	<p>The briefest flash of apprehension passed across the familiar face, followed rapidly by a <b>gleam</b> of gold from his left incisor as this exotic ruffian gave me a rakish grin.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
indication	<p>The first <b>indication</b> was a scabble and thump from within the house. The kitchen door crashed open and a young thief with black hair and a frightened face exploded out, trailing currency notes like autumn leaves.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Five through Seven]

<b>laboriously</b>	<p>"Just a minute, Mr. Todd, you're a shilling short here."                  "Ah, terrible sorry, I must a dropped it." He <b>laboriously</b> counted out three pennies, a ha'penny, and six farthings.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>merely</b>	<p>At first it seemed nothing serious, <b>merely</b> an upset stomach, but it progressed until he was curled up in his bed, bathed in sweat, and groaning horribly.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>overlook</b>	<p>"I can't. There's always a chance they <b>overlooked</b> something, that these suspicious old eyes might see something." He gave a sharp bark of cynical laughter.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>precariously</b>	<p>I closed the door, shot out the window, and had a bad moment when I stood balanced <b>precariously</b> between sill and limb and tried to close the window.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Five through Seven]

<b>resume</b>	When the supplies ran low, he <b>resumed</b> the habit of cigarettes, which he had left some years before.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>retrieve</b>	"My dear Russell, I am retired. I am no longer required to <b>retrieve</b> missing pencil boxes or track down errant husbands."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>reveal</b>	A fug of sweat and illness met us at his door, and the light <b>revealed</b> the pale, wet skin and unfocussed eyes of high fever.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>sheer</b>	I was vaguely aware of Mycroft Holmes sending for some food and pressing hot drinks into our hands, but the warmth and the lack of movement were such <b>sheer</b> bliss that I was not interested in anything else.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Five through Seven]

<b>significance</b>	Of course, even then I realised that had the case been of any earthly <b>significance</b> whatsoever, I should have been kept firmly in my auxiliary role.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>singular</b>	"I was indeed filled with a <b>singular</b> lack of enthusiasm at the prospect. I admit that. However, I hope you understand that this was not due to any doubts concerning your abilities."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>start</b>	...a silent, rigid, shell-shocked young man—a boy, really, but for the trenches—who did no great work himself and who <b>started</b> at every sudden noise, but who served to keep us at our work by his mere distressing presence.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>still</b>	One warm, <b>still</b> evening just after dusk we walked back from an outing on the other side of Eastbourne.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Five through Seven]

<b>summon</b>	I rubbed my tired eyes and propped up my sore foot and thought vaguely of a bath but found I could not <b>summon</b> the energy to do anything except sit on the wagon's back step and watch the horse graze.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>utterly</b>	Music, but no music I had before heard, emanating from Holmes's house, a gay, dancing tune, instantly invigorating and <b>utterly</b> unexpected.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>vital</b>	At this point in an investigation one never knows which small detail will be of <b>vital</b> importance.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>weary</b>	He disappeared occasionally for one or two days, returning travel-stained and <b>weary</b> but oddly excited.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

## Beekeeper's Questions Section Three

---

1. Why does the Monk's Tun case feel so important to Russell?

---

2. Russell says her "spine crawls cold at the thought of December without the mutual knowledge of the preceding August." What happens in August that she's referring to? What literary device is the author using?

---

3. As Russell approaches his house unannounced, what's significant about the music Holmes is playing?

---

4. Russell suspects that Holmes was planning to sneak off and not include her in the case. She asks about this, why does his answer make her angry?

---

5. Why is Holmes reluctant to take this case? Is it the same reason he didn't want to take on the Monk's Tun case? Why does he end up taking it anyway?

---

6. How long do Holmes and Russell have to find the missing girl?  
(This is a trick question, so look carefully for your answer.)

7. Why does Holmes tell Russell that the misspelled words are just "window dressing"?

---

8. When will Holmes and Russell assume their disguises and why?

---

9. What does Russell tell her aunt to explain that she'll be away from home?

---

10. How are Holmes and Russell treated at the train station and why?

---

11. How does Holmes plan to meet with Chief Inspector Connor without arousing suspicion? Does his plan work?

---

12. How does Holmes reassure Mrs. Simpson that the kidnapping was not her fault?



13. After Holmes has questioned Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Russell has just one thing more to ask of Jessica's parents. What is her question?
- 
14. What, briefly, is Russell's nightmare about? Why does she call it the Dream (in capital letters)?
- 
15. What does Russell take from the Simpson family's tent?
- 
16. What do Holmes and Russell find that makes her worry about Jessica being hurt by the kidnappers?
- 
17. What does Russell tell the village child who asks why she wants a telephone? Why is she really asking about telephones?
- 
18. When she goes to spy on the house Russell takes a small torch (flashlight), binoculars, some rope and what else?
- 
19. What sort of diversion does Holmes make?
-

20. When Russell gets into the room with Jessie, she discovers that the child has been chained to the bed. How does she free Jessica?

---

21. Why is Russell glad they have to move slowly and return the caravan?

---

22. What was Jessica's doll named? What is her name now?

---

23. Where did Jessica get the idea to drop her handkerchief and hair ribbon?

---

24. Russell shares two truths about tragedy with Jessica. What were they?

---

25. Russell asks Holmes if he regrets bringing her along. In his answer, Holmes explains why he was hesitant at first. What does he say to her?

# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section Four

Word	Definition/Example/Notes
1. acquaintance	
2. cast (verb)	
3. circumstance	
4. confirm	
5. customary	
6. dingy	
7. distinct	
8. habitual	
9. hasten	
10. hesitant	
11. hoarse	
12. intact	
13. intention	
14. methodically	
15. neglect	
16. obedience	
17. reluctant	
18. remarkably	
19. shed (verb)	
20. subtlety	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Eight through Eleven]

<b>acquaintance</b>	<p>"My maths tutor and I were working with some problems in theory, involving base eight, when we came across some mathematical exercises developed by an old <b>acquaintance</b> of yours."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>cast</b>	<p>The examinations would be a problem if I continued this way, though, and I <b>cast</b> about for someone to fill in the large gaps in my education.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>circumstance</b>	<p>Connor hesitated, then forced a laugh. Perhaps only the <b>circumstances</b> had rendered him humorless.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>confirm</b>	<p>Fowler was consulted and <b>confirmed</b> that the building had been cleaned about eight o'clock on what was now the previous night.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Eight through Eleven]

<b>customary</b>	I emerged from the feast some time later to find Holmes watching me with a curious expression on his face, which disappeared instantly, replaced by his <b>customary</b> slightly superior gaze.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>dingy</b>	He stood there in his <b>dingy</b> old lady's dress, that horrid mole on his face, looking not in the least apologetic for the trouble he had put me to.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>distinct</b>	Three terms go to make up the Oxford calendar, each with its own very <b>distinct</b> flavor.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>habitual</b>	"Interesting article of his, comparing whorls with the personality traits of <b>habitual</b> criminals, didn't you think?"
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Eight through Eleven]

<b>hasten</b>	<p>"You won't overlook the significance of the agony column?"</p> <p>"Of course not," I <b>hastened</b> to reassure him.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>hesitant</b>	<p>And how could Holmes hope to reach her but across these narrow branches? Holmes, approaching sixty and becoming just the least bit <b>hesitant</b> about risking his bones, would have to balance his greater weight and height on the same branch...</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>hoarse</b>	<p>Silence radiated off the man like heat waves, and the low, <b>hoarse</b> voice that came from him was a thing I had never heard before.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>intact</b>	<p>When his wife died and left him to finish raising their six children, only his salary as manager made it possible to keep the family <b>intact</b>.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

<b>intention</b>	I assured him that I had no <b>intention</b> of taking on the man single-handed, and we separated.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>methodically</b>	The tufted leather seat had been deeply and methodically slashed from one end to another...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>neglect</b>	"Do not <b>neglect</b> to bring your revolver, Russell. It may be needed, and it does us no good in your drawer with that disgusting cheese."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>obedience</b>	"Finish your drink." Watson, through long habit of <b>obedience</b> to the voice of his friend, tipped the liquor down his throat and stood looking dazed.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Eight through Eleven]

reluctant	The man at the entrance to the Club was indeed <b>reluctant</b> about taking my disreputable-looking message to a member, but I persisted and within a minute found myself being escorted into the warm air inside.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
remarkably	"You took a <b>remarkably</b> early retirement twelve years ago, apparently in order to study the perfection and unity of bees and to work on your magnum opus on detection."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
shed	As I nosed about, I began to <b>shed</b> my numerous layers of disguise. The outer clothing I folded neatly to return to Watson, the mummy layers I shoved, plaster and all, into a bin of what I took to be rags behind the sofa, and the make-up joined the stains in the hand-basin.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
subtlety	(How many young women had been taught the <b>subtleties</b> of make-up by a man? I reflected idly.)
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>



## Beekeeper's Questions Section Four

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1. When Russell talks about the moment when "the guns of Europe stopped," what does she mean?

---
2. All of the other students have already left for the Christmas holidays. Why is Russell still at Oxford?

---
3. Why might a stranger leave a "letter" for Russell -- in other words, what's significant about the way the pigeonholes (or letter boxes) are arranged?

---
4. What small clues alarm Russell as she is about to put her key in the lock?

---
5. Why doesn't she want to have Mr. Thomas call the police?

---
6. How does Russell know the vines outside her window will support her weight?

---
7. What were Russell and her maths tutor working on earlier that afternoon?

---
8. Where did the culprits place the first bomb and what does Holmes think about their choice?

---

9. Why will Holmes and Russell go to London?

---

10. What has Holmes brought for Russell as an early birthday gift, and how is the present packaged?

---

11. How does Russell distract Holmes from the pain while removing and changing his bandages?

---

12. How will Holmes and Russell leave her lodging house, and why will they take this particular route? What is one trick they use to fool any potential trackers?

---

13. How (by what route and what modes of transportation) do Holmes and Russell eventually arrive in London?

14. What danger does Russell think of before either Sherlock or Mycroft? What do they do about this potential problem?

---

15. Who has come to breakfast, and why is this a disaster?

---

16. Who was the bomber? What possibilities has his death revealed?

---

17. When he went in to disconnect the bomb, how did Holmes enter Russell's rooms at the lodging house in Oxford?

---

18. Why does Holmes insist that Russell stay behind when he goes to "renew [his] contacts with the criminal world"? Why is she okay with this reason?

19. What's the plan to get Russell and Holmes out of Mycroft's house undetected? Where does Russell go?

---

20. Why does Russell decide to leave this space instead of just lying low?

---

21. Because she's cold, Russell almost ignores Holmes's instructions about how to get to the Opera. Why would that have been a problem?

---

22. Describe the scene that Holmes and Russell find when they leave the Opera.

---

23. What does Russell deduce about the older constable who recognized Billy and called Lestrade?

---

24. What evidence does Russell find in the cab?

---

25. Why is it lucky that Holmes has taken on a female assistant?

---

# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section Five

Word		Definition/Example/Notes
1.	adversary	
2.	appalled	
3.	bewilderment	
4.	consternation	
5.	deduction	
6.	desolate	
7.	distill	
8.	emaciation	
9.	erratic	
10.	exhilaration	
11.	expenditure	
12.	fervently	
13.	gambit	
14.	meditate	
15.	pawn	
16.	revelation	
17.	scathing	
18.	scorn	
19.	subject (verb)	
20.	wince	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Twelve through Fourteen]

<b>adversary</b>	<p>"It offers a most instructive means of judging your <b>adversary</b>. You see, Russell, I have a feel for my opponent now..."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>appalled</b>	<p>"Holmes, no!" I cried, <b>appalled</b>.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>bewilderment</b>	<p>"Mr. Holmes, how could you have known that?"                  "My good lady, you told me yourself." Seeing her <b>bewilderment</b>, he said with exaggerated patience, "You told me..."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>consternation</b>	<p>I wanted to whoop and leap into the air and kiss Captain Jones on his bristly cheek for the sheer joy of seeing Holmes's <b>consternation</b> and amazement, but instead I just sat and grinned at him like a dog.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Twelve through Fourteen]

<b>deduction</b>	"You have not given me any cause to believe that you were dissatisfied with my ability at <b>deduction</b> and reasoning."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>desolate</b>	The faint path went through another fence and dwindled away at a small stone farmhouse that had a faintly <b>desolate</b> air. There was no sign of life, no answers to our calls.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>distill</b>	...I chanted to the stars the hymns of Exile, the songs <b>distilled</b> from the longings of a people torn from their land, taken from the home of their God, and left to weep within the boundaries of the conqueror, Babylon, a hundred generations ago.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>emaciation</b>	He looked ghastly, with a strange yellow tinge beneath his tan, his eyes bloodshot and rimmed in red, his normally thin frame on the edge of <b>emaciation</b> .
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Twelve through Fourteen]

erratic	<p>He was a good player, ruthless and imaginative, but an <b>erratic</b> one, for he tended to glory in bizarre gambits and impossible saves rather than the methodical building of defense and thoroughly supported offence.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
exhilaration	<p>...a case abruptly appeared to immerse us and shore up our sagging self-confidence with the sharp exhilaration of danger and the demands of an uncomfortable way of life.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
expenditure	<p>"However, I can no longer borrow money from Mrs. Hudson, and I doubt that my aunt would approve the <b>expenditure</b>."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
fervently	<p>...I often found myself hoping <b>fervently</b> that our attempted murderer was caught in the worst of it, with bronchitis. And chilblains.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>



The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Twelve through Fourteen]

<b>gambit</b>	We played three half-games, scrapped each time when he was satisfied with the direction each opening <b>gambit</b> had established.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>meditate</b>	"RUSSELL, YOU HAVE struck the very question upon which I proposed to <b>meditate</b> with my pipe."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>pawn</b>	...I overlooked the board in front of me, and the <b>pawn</b> that had been weak man in the first, long-forgotten pincers movement was in my second rank, and then it was before me, newly born a queen.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>revelation</b>	The chemistry laboratories were a <b>revelation</b> in modernity, compared to Holmes'ss equipment, at any rate.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Twelve through Fourteen]

<b>scathing</b>	Oh, yes, I was ready to hate him, to destroy him with my <b>scathing</b> tongue.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>scorn</b>	I grew into the rôle of the young student who had come to view her old teacher with withering <b>scorn</b> .
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>subject</b>	...an entire generation of men <b>subjected</b> to the grinding, body-rotting, mind-shattering impossibility of battle in thigh-deep mud and drifts of searing gas, under machine-gun fire and through tangles of wire.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>wince</b>	His face was red and sweating as he scrambled up the rocks, and I <b>winc</b> ed as he slid hard and bashed his shin.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

## Beekeeper's Questions Section Five

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1. What does Holmes say is "the worst sin a detective can commit"?

---

2. In the morning, after Russell has discovered the mud in the women's restroom, Holmes wants to return to the park immediately. Why does Russell object?

---

3. How has their adversary anticipated (and potentially solved) Russell's problem?

---

4. As he rushes out to track down the shooter, Holmes intentionally disorients Russell. What does he do to accomplish this?

---

5. What discovery does Russell make about one of the items of clothing?

---

6. As they depart in the automobile, Russell lectures Holmes on why she must have a part in their decision making. What does she say to convince him?

---

7. Onboard the ship, Russell explains her discovery about the clothing, and she reveals a second, even more important one. What has she noticed?

8. Why doesn't she say anything to make Holmes feel better?

---

9. Why does Holmes believe their foe did not actually try to kill him? How do Russell and Holmes interpret that?

---

10. Why does Holmes decide to leave the country?

---

11. Much has happened since the evening Mr. Thomas told Russell about the curious old woman with the ugly mole. How much time has actually passed?

---

12. What arrangements has Holmes made for Mrs. Hudson, Watson, Russell's aunt, and the authorities at Oxford?

---

13. How do Holmes and Russell pass the time while they are sailing to Palestine?

---

14. Russell beats Holmes at chess. What is the most significant part of her trap?

15. What is the final place Russell wants to visit before they return to England?

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16. What biblical story does Russell tell Holmes, and where did she first learn it?

---

17. What is Holmes's plan, how does he explain it, and why does it terrify Russell?

---

18. When Captain Jones brings Holmes the files from Mycroft, Holmes snaps that Russell is not to see them. Why does he do this and how does Russell react?

---

19. What evidence confirms Holmes's belief that their foe never actually intended to kill him? Who discovered this evidence?

---

20. Holmes and Russell discuss why their adversary chose to destroy Mary's clothes and the cab, but left Billy unharmed. What conclusion do they reach?

---

21. Holmes and Russell adopt their rôles, pretending each other. How is this similar

---

to their actions at the beginning of the Simpson case?

---

22. Russell finds herself actually starting to think like her character. Why does this frighten her, and how do Holmes and Russell deal with the problem?

---

23. Russell has the Dream again and this time describes it to Holmes. What does she tell him, and why is it so important that she does so?

---

24. Holmes begins to look very ill and Russell worries for him. How does he reassure her, and why does he say it's important that he look completely defeated?

---

25. What happens when the ship arrives in England?

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# Beekeeper's Vocabulary Section Six

Word		Definition/Example/Notes
1.	austere	
2.	cadence	
3.	confederate	
4.	confinement	
5.	depravity	
6.	derisive	
7.	disconcerting	
8.	eloquence	
9.	fabrication	
10.	fatigue	
11.	fester	
12.	fluctuate	
13.	frantic	
14.	goad	
15.	intimate	
16.	lapse	
17.	minion	
18.	piquant	
19.	tantalize	
20.	wrench (verb)	

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Fifteen through Nineteen]

<b>austere</b>	For one thing, I no longer wore trousers and boots but filled my wardrobe with expensive, <b>austere</b> skirts and dresses.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>cadence</b>	In the course of this speech his voice had grown harder, colder, and his lips curled over her name as if he were pronouncing an obscenity. The relentless <b>cadence</b> of his words went on, and on.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>confederate</b>	On the next clear night he would fail to administer the antidote, cloister himself up with his master, and slip up to the roof to signal the results of his spying to a <b>confederate</b> on the coast.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>confinement</b>	I was reassured that his musculature had not suffered during his weeks of confinement and enforced sloth...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>



<b>depravity</b>	"...thrust your nose into this momentous crime, this upsurge of <b>depravity</b> on our very doorsteps."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>derisive</b>	XVXVI, or 10-5-10-5-1, yielded H-E-H-E-A, which, unless she wanted to show her <b>derisive</b> laughter, made no sense.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>disconcerting</b>	"I begin to feel like a piece of driftwood tumbling about between waves and sand, snatched up and tossed from one place to another. It is a most <b>disconcerting</b> feeling."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>eloquence</b>	"I believe I shall take up smoking a pipe, Holmes, for the sheer <b>eloquence</b> of the thing."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Fifteen through Nineteen]

<b>fabrication</b>	<p>"That, and the knowledge that we are waiting to pounce on any similar attempt in the future. Anyone familiar with Watson's literary <b>fabrications</b> will be certain that Sherlock Holmes always gets his man."</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>fatigue</b>	<p>His hand rubbed across his face in a gesture of <b>fatigue</b>, but for the briefest fraction of an instant his eyes slid sideways to meet mine with a spark of hard triumph, and then his hand fell away from features that were merely bone tired and filled with defeat.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>fester</b>	<p>I did keep bread and cheese for informal meals, but even two days old, as this one seemed to be, it was much superior even to the Stilton that lay <b>festering</b> nobly in my stocking drawer.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>
<b>fluctuate</b>	<p>It was difficult for me to tell, partly because I had to judge solely by her voice and also because my trust in my own perceptions had been badly shaken, but beyond this she also seemed somehow foreign, her reactions exaggerated, <b>fluctuating</b>.</p>
	<p><i>Definition from context:</i></p>
	<p><i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i></p>
	<p><i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i></p>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Fifteen through Nineteen]

<b>frantic</b>	My <b>frantic</b> thoughts could find no option to grab hold of, could conceive of no way to calm her, or even distract her.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>goad</b>	Somehow me Da' had raised a drunken mob in this tiny place, had summoned thick voices in song, and was driving them down the lane with the <b>goad</b> of his mad fiddle...
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>intimate</b>	"Nonetheless, we have had such an <b>intimate</b> relationship—admittedly one-sided up to now—for so many years, I believe it is time to make it reciprocal. You will address me please by my Christian name."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>lapse</b>	"Well done indeed. That excuses your <b>lapse</b> earlier," he said magnanimously.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

The Beekeeper's Apprentice [Chapters Fifteen through Nineteen]

<b>minion</b>	"Russell, I really think you ought to slow this machine down. We cannot know when we will come across our opponent's <b>minions</b> , and we do not wish to attract their attention."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>piquant</b>	"Perhaps. It is a most <b>piquant</b> problem, I must admit. I am intrigued."
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>tantalize</b>	I worked on, and in the afternoon I went out to take coffee in the covered market before an afternoon lecture, and I ended up ordering a large meal I had not known I wanted until I had walked into the <b>tantalizing</b> smell of frying bacon.
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>
<b>wrench</b>	The violin is by its very nature one of the most melancholy of instruments when played alone; played as Holmes was doing, a slow and tuneless meditation, it was positively heart- <b>wrenching</b> .
	<i>Definition from context:</i>
	<i>Paraphrased dictionary definition:</i>
	<i>Your own sentence using the word correctly:</i>

## ***Beekeeper's* Questions Section Six**

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1. What else changes in Russell's life and behavior as a result of pretending that she hates Holmes?

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2. What impact does their separation (and apparent hatred) have on Holmes? Mrs. Hudson? Watson?

---

3. Upon their return to England, Inspector Lestrade makes an effort to keep Holmes and his associates safe. What does he do?

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4. How does Russell know that the mind behind the bombings is not quite convinced by her and Holmes's ruse?

5. How does Russell handle the situation?

---

6. When talking with Patrick back at the farm, what literary device does Russell use to explain how her relationship with Holmes has changed? Describe it.

---

7. Holmes and Russell carefully meet to compare notes. What information does each reveal to the other? What conclusions do they draw about their foe?

---

8. When she returns to Oxford with the envelope, Russell has to think of a safe place to hide it. Where does she decide to keep it and why?

9. On page 307, Russell describes how a "Eureka!" moment often follows a long period of worry. In the pages that follow, the solution to the Roman numeral code is foreshadowed several times. Give two examples (you may have to come back to this one).

- 
10. Describe the basis of the code and the result of Russell's cracking it.

- 
11. What shocking and disturbing revelation comes as a result of figuring out the code?

- 
12. On her way home from the library, Russell realizes that she has had her "Eureka!" moment just in time. What does she suddenly notice?

13. What adds to her worry?

---

14. Arriving at her rooms, Russell notices but ignores the greasy black smear on her doorknob. Why does she rush into her rooms so hastily, and why might it have been dangerous to do so?

---

15. Holmes says he was in the library that afternoon while Russell was working. Why didn't she notice it was him?

---

16. As Russell and Holmes race back to Sussex, King (through Holmes and Russell) utilizes a literary device to comment on Russell's driving. Name it and find at least two examples.



17. What clues led Holmes to believe it was time for him to re-connect with Russell?

---

18. How did Holmes sneak out of his home to find her? Who helped him?

---

19. What plan do Holmes and Russell devise to deal with Donleavy just before arriving at Patrick's home?

---

20. What happens when they get to the cottage?

---

21. How does Russell feel when she sees Patricia Donleavy, and why does it hit her so hard?

22. As Russell and Donleavy are discussing Holmes rather dismissively, Russell feels a spark of hope. Why does she feel this way, and what happens to make her despair?

---

23. Donleavy had very complicated plans of revenge for Holmes and Russell. Why did she have to cut them short?

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24. Toward the beginning of the interview with Donleavy, Holmes rubbed his hand "across his face in a gesture of fatigue, but for the briefest fraction of an instant his eyes slid sideways to meet mine with a spark of hard triumph, and then his hand fell away from features that were merely bone tired and filled with defeat." What does he realize, and how does he use this to his advantage?

25. Like the reader, Holmes and Russell have some unanswered questions about Donleavy's actions. During her villainous monologue, Russell's tutrix explains many of them. Choose several loose ends (from earlier in the book) and describe how they are resolved.

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26. Why has Donleavy prepared a suicide note for Holmes, and how does she force him to sign it?

---

27. How do Russell's amazing throwing skills come in handy again?

28. After Donleavy is dead, Russell sinks into depression. She starts feeling better after receiving a letter from Jessica Simpson. Why is it especially significant that little Jessica is the one who helps "Sister Mary"?

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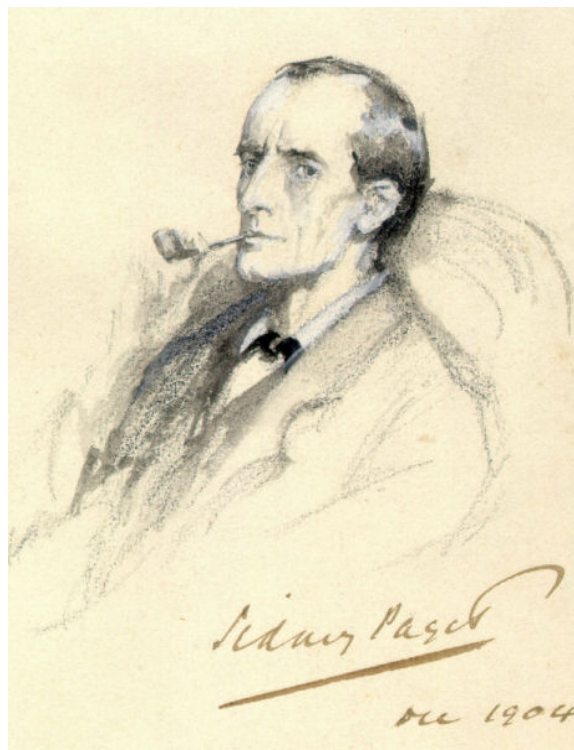
29. In the Editor's Note, King claims to have found a trunk of items that belonged to Russell. Which one is from this story, and what is its significance?

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30. Which other item from the trunk foreshadows an unfortunate end for Holmes and why?

Appendix I:

# Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes





*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

ADVENTURE I.—A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

TO SHERLOCK HOLMES she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex.

5 It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position.

10 He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer—excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high-power lenses, would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

15 I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and  
20 alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I  
25 heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my  
30 former friend and companion.

35 One night—it was on the twentieth of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall, spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room

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40 swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own.

45 Then he stood before the fire and looked me over in his singular and introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven!" I answered.

50 "Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness."

55 "Then, how do you know?"

"I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

60 "My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice, but there, again, I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

70 "It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger, and a bulge on the right side of his top-hat to show where



"THEN HE STOOD BEFORE THE FIRE."



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he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession."

80 I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

85 "Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

90 "How many? I don't know."

"Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By-the-way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this." He  
95 threw over a sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

100 "There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask."

"This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"

105 "I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

110 "The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

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"Peculiar--that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

115 I did so, and saw a large "E" with a small "g," a "P," and a large "G" with a small "t" woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

120 "Not at all. The 'G' with the small 't' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Co.' 'P,' of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the 'Eg.' Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz--here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country--in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue  
125 triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

130 "Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence--'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

135 "A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think that I had better go, Holmes."

140 "Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client--"

"Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention."

145 A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

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A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules.

150 His dress was rich with a richness which would, in England, be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue  
155 cloak which was thrown over his shoulders was lined with flame-coloured silk and secured at the neck with a brooch which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots which extended halfway up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich  
160 brown fur, completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broad-brimmed hat in his hand, while he wore across the upper part of his face, extending  
165 down past the cheekbones, a black vizard mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of  
170 the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

175 "You had my note?" he asked with a deep harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

180 "Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

185 "You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."



"A MAN ENTERED."

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I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both, or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

190 The Count shrugged his broad shoulders.  
"Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you  
both to absolute secrecy for two years; at  
the end of that time the matter will be of no  
importance. At present it is not too much to  
say that it is of such weight it may have an  
195 influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

200 "You will excuse this mask," continued our  
strange visitor. "The august person who  
employs me wishes his agent to be  
unknown to you, and I may confess at  
once that the title by which I have just  
called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes dryly.

205 "The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to  
quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of  
the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House  
of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

210 "I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, settling himself down in his armchair and  
closing his eyes.

Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the  
man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner and most  
energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly reopened his eyes and looked impatiently at  
his gigantic client.

215 "If your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better  
able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable  
agitation.

220 Then, with a gesture of desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon  
the ground.

"You are right," he cried; "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"



"HE TORE THE MASK FROM HIS FACE."

"A Scandal in Bohemia" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes. "Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia."

225 "But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come incognito from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

230 "Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress, Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

235 "Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor," murmured Holmes without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concerning men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew rabbi and that of a staff-commander who had written a monograph upon the deep-sea fishes.

240 "Let me see!" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto--hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw--yes! Retired from operatic stage--ha! Living in London--quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back."

245 "Precisely so. But how--"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

250 "Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private note-paper."

255 "Stolen."

"My own seal."

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"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

260 "We were both in the photograph."

"Oh, dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad--insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now."

265 "It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen, then."

270 "Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

275 Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious one to me," returned the King reproachfully.

"Very, indeed. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

280 "I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

285 "And Irene Adler?"

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"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women, and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman, there are no lengths to which she would not go--none."

290 "You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

295 "Oh, then we have three days yet," said Holmes with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

"Certainly. You will find me at the Langham under the name of the Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

300 "Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to money?"

"You have carte blanche."

"Absolutely?"

305 "I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for present expenses?"

The King took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak and laid it on the table.

"There are three hundred pounds in gold and seven hundred in notes," he said.

310 Holmes scribbled a receipt upon a sheet of his note-book and handed it to him.

"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?"

315 "It was."

"Then, good-night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good-night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled

down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

320

II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker Street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still, the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation, and his keen, incisive reasoning, which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work, and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his invariable success that the very possibility of his failing had ceased to enter into my head.

325

330

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room.

335

Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises, I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed he. With a nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed-suited and respectable, as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets, he stretched out his legs in front of the fire and laughed heartily for some minutes.

340

345

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back, limp and helpless, in the chair.

"What is it?"

350

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning, or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits, and perhaps the house, of Miss Irene Adler."

355



"A DRUNKEN-LOOKING GROOM."



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360 "Quite so; but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after eight o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey men. Be one of them, and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach-house. I walked round it and examined it closely  
365 from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

370 "I then lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in a lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and received in exchange twopence, a glass of half and half, two fills of shag tobacco, and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighbourhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

375 "Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So say the Serpentine-mews, to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times, except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome, and dashing, never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from  
380 Serpentine-mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign.

385 "This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend, or his mistress? If the former, she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge, or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have  
390 to let you see my little difficulties, if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

395 "I was still balancing the matter in my mind when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline, and moustached-- evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

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400 "He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly, and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly, 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

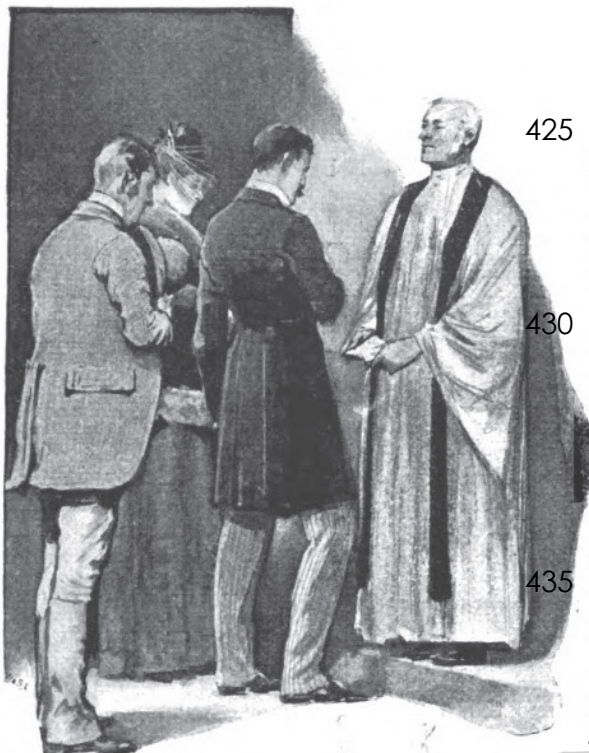
405 "Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half-buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

410 "'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

415 "This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind her landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us."

420 "The cab and the landau with their steaming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the



425 two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as he could towards me.

430 "Thank God,' he cried. 'You'll do. Come! Come!'

"What then?' I asked.

435 "Come, man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.'

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"I was half-dragged up to the altar, and before I knew where I was I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear, and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor.

440 "It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their license, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a  
445 witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch-chain in memory of the occasion."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I; "and what then?"

450 "Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple, and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions, and I went off to make my own arrangements."

455 "Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your co-operation."

"I shall be delighted."

460 "You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent!"

465 "Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But what is it you wish?"

470 "When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said as he turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on

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the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

475 "You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

480 "Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand--so--you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at the same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?"

485 "Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke-rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street, and I will  
490 rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street."

495 "Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think, perhaps, it is almost time that I prepare for the new role I have to play."

500 He disappeared into his bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare  
505 alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his



"A SIMPLE MINDED CLERGYMAN."

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manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed. The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

510 It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine Avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes's succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There was a group of shabbily dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors-grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

520 "You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton, as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his princess. Now the question is, Where are we to find the photograph?"

525 "Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size. Too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her waylaid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it, then, that she does not carry it about with her."

530 "Where, then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over to anyone else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she can lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house."

535 "But it has twice been burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

540 "I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

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545 "She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

550 As he spoke the gleam of the side-lights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up, one of the loafing men at the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer, who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors-grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men, who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks.

555 Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady; but just as he reached her he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face.



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At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better-dressed people, who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call her, had hurried up the steps; but she stood at the top with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back into the street.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him!" shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to hospital."

575 "He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one, too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!"

580 Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at that moment for the

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585 part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had intrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke-rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

590 Holmes had sat up upon the couch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand and at the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire!" The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill--gentlemen, ostlers, and servant-maids--joined in a general shriek of "Fire!" Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room and out at the open window. I caught a  
595 glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from within assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar. He walked swiftly and in silence for some few minutes until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead towards the  
600 Edgeware Road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph?"

"I know where it is."

605 "And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you she would."

"I am still in the dark."

610 "I do not wish to make a mystery," said he, laughing. "The matter was perfectly simple. You, of course, saw that everyone in the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face, and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

615 "That also I could fathom."

"Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting-room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I

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620 motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

625 "It was all-important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire, her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse, and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington substitution scandal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby; an unmarried one reaches for her jewel-box. Now it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above 630 the right bell-pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half-drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm, she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room, and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the 635 photograph at once; but the coachman had come in, and as he was watching me narrowly it seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all."

"And now?" I asked.

640 "Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to his Majesty to regain it with his own hands." 645

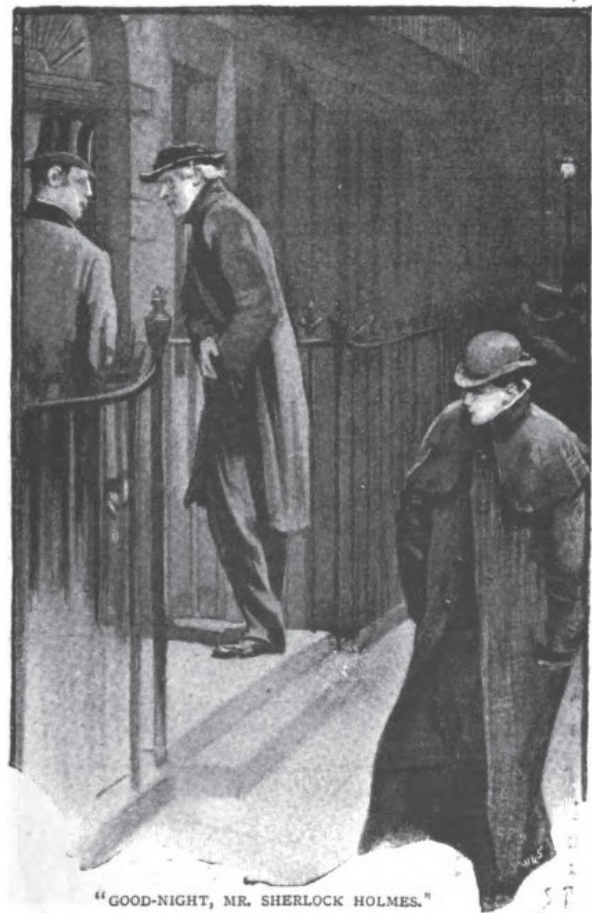
"And when will you call?"

650 "At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."

We had reached Baker Street and had stopped at the door.

655 He was searching his pockets for the key when someone passing said:

"Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."





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There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.

660 "I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

III.

I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.

665 "You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

"I have hopes."

"Then, come. I am all impatience to be gone."

670 "We must have a cab."

"No, my brougham is waiting."

"Then that will simplify matters." We descended and started off once more for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

675 "Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him."

680 "I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your Majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your Majesty's plan."

685 "It is true. And yet--Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moody silence, which was not broken until we drew up in Serpentine Avenue.

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The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

690 "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning with her husband by the 5:15 train from Charing Cross for the Continent."

695 "What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."

"And the papers?" asked the King hoarsely. "All is lost."

700 "We shall see." He pushed past the servant and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the King and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell-pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq.  
705 To be left till called for." My friend tore it open and we all three read it together.

It was dated at midnight of the preceding night and ran in this way:

"MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES,

710 You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire, I had not a suspicion. But then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the King employed an agent it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know.

715 Even after I became suspicious, I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran up stairs, got into my walking-clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.

720 Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you good-night, and started for the Temple to see my husband.

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725 We both thought the best resource was flight, when pursued by so  
formidable an antagonist; so you will find the nest empty when you call  
to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love  
and am loved by a better man than he. The King may do what he will  
without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only  
730 to safeguard myself, and to preserve a weapon which will always secure  
me from any steps which he might take in the future. I leave a  
photograph which he might care to possess; and I remain, dear Mr.  
Sherlock Holmes,

Very truly yours,

"IRENE NORTON, née ADLER."

735 "What a woman--oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we had all  
three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not  
have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady she seems indeed to be on a very different level to  
your Majesty," said Holmes coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to bring your  
740 Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the King; "nothing could be more successful. I know  
that her word is inviolate. The photograph is now as safe as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear your Majesty say so."

745 "I am immensely indebted to you. Pray  
tell me in what way I can reward you.  
This ring--" He slipped an emerald snake  
ring from his finger and held it out upon  
the palm of his hand.

750 "Your Majesty has something which I  
should value even more highly," said  
Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The King stared at him in amazement.

755 "Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly,  
if you wish it."

"I thank your Majesty. Then there is no  
more to be done in the matter. I have  
the honour to wish you a very good-



"THIS PHOTOGRAPH!"

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760 morning."

He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit.

765 He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late.

And whenever he speaks of Irene Adler, or refers to her photograph, it is always under the honourable title of *the woman*.

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*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XXIV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE FINAL PROBLEM.

It is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen to write these the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts by which my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. In an incoherent and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavoured to give some account of my strange experiences in his company from  
5 the chance which first brought us together at the period of the "Study in Scarlet," up to the time of his interference in the matter of the "Naval Treaty"—an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. It was my intention to have stopped there, and to have said nothing of that event which has created a void in my life which the lapse of two years has done little to fill. My hand has  
10 been forced, however, by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother, and I have no choice but to lay the facts before the public exactly as they occurred. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter, and I am satisfied that the time has come when no good purpose is to be served by its suppression. As far as I know, there have been only three accounts in the public press:  
15 that in the Journal de Geneve on May 6th, 1891, the Reuter's despatch in the English papers on May 7th, and finally the recent letter to which I have alluded. Of these the first and second were extremely condensed, while the last is, as I shall now show, an absolute perversion of the facts. It lies with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

20 It may be remembered that after my marriage, and my subsequent start in private practice, the very intimate relations which had existed between Holmes and myself became to some extent modified. He still came to me from time to time when he desired a companion in his investigation, but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that in the year 1890 there were only three cases of which I retain any  
25 record. During the winter of that year and the early spring of 1891, I saw in the papers that he had been engaged by the French government upon a matter of supreme importance, and I received two notes from Holmes, dated from Narbonne and from Nimes, from which I gathered that his stay in France was likely to be a long one. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I saw him walk into my consulting-room upon the  
30 evening of April 24th. It struck me that he was looking even paler and thinner than usual.

"Yes, I have been using myself up rather too freely," he remarked, in answer to my look rather than to my words; "I have been a little pressed of late. Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?"

35 The only light in the room came from the lamp upon the table at which I had been reading. Holmes edged his way round the wall and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely.

"The Final Problem" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"You are afraid of something?" I asked.

"Well, I am."

40 "Of what?"

"Of air-guns."

"My dear Holmes, what do you mean?"

45 "I think that you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time, it is stupidity rather than courage to refuse to recognise danger when it is close upon you. Might I trouble you for a match?" He drew in the smoke of his cigarette as if the soothing influence was grateful to him.

"I must apologise for calling so late," said he, "and I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall."

50 "But what does it all mean?" I asked.

He held out his hand, and I saw in the light of the lamp that two of his knuckles were burst and bleeding.



**"TWO OF HIS KNUCKLES WERE BURST AND BLEEDING."**

"The Final Problem" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"It is not an airy nothing, you see," said he, smiling. "On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?"

55 "She is away upon a visit."

"Indeed! You are alone?"

"Quite."

"Then it makes it the easier for me to propose that you should come away with me for a week to the Continent."

60 "Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. It's all the same to me."

There was something very strange in all this. It was not Holmes's nature to take an aimless holiday, and something about his pale, worn face told me that his nerves were at their highest tension. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his finger-tips  
65 together and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation.

"You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

"Never."

"Aye, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing!" he cried. "The man pervades  
70 London, and no one has heard of him. That's what puts him on a pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you, Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit, and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line in life. Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to the royal family of Scandinavia, and to the French republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the  
75 quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches. But I could not rest, Watson, I could not sit quiet in my chair, if I thought that such a man as Professor Moriarty were walking the streets of London unchallenged."

"What has he done, then?"

80 "His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excellent education, endowed by nature with a phenomenal mathematical faculty. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the Binomial Theorem, which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it he won the Mathematical Chair at one of our smaller universities, and had, to all appearance, a most brilliant career before him. But  
85 the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumours gathered round him in the university town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his chair and to come

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90 down to London, where he set up as an army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

95 "As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London so well as I do. For years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organising power which forever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts--forgery cases, robberies, murders--I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally consulted. For years I have endeavoured to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of  
100 mathematical celebrity.

"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organiser of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of  
105 them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organised. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed--the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organised and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught--  
110 never so much as suspected. This was the organisation which I deduced, Watson, and which I devoted my whole energy to exposing and breaking up.

"But the Professor was fenced round with safeguards so cunningly devised that, do what I would, it seemed impossible to get evidence which would convict in a court of law. You know my powers, my dear Watson, and yet at the end of three months I was  
115 forced to confess that I had at last met an antagonist who was my intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes was lost in my admiration at his skill. But at last he made a trip--only a little, little trip--but it was more than he could afford when I was so close upon him. I had my chance, and, starting from that point, I have woven my net round him until now it is all ready to close. In three days--that is to say, on Monday next--matters  
120 will be ripe, and the Professor, with all the principal members of his gang, will be in the hands of the police. Then will come the greatest criminal trial of the century, the clearing up of over forty mysteries, and the rope for all of them; but if we move at all prematurely, you understand, they may slip out of our hands even at the last moment.

"Now, if I could have done this without the knowledge of Professor Moriarty, all would  
125 have been well. But he was too wily for that. He saw every step which I took to draw my toils round him. Again and again he strove to break away, but I as often headed him off. I tell you, my friend, that if a detailed account of that silent contest could be written, it would take its place as the most brilliant bit of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection. Never have I risen to such a height, and never have I been so hard pressed  
130 by an opponent. He cut deep, and yet I just undercut him. This morning the last steps



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were taken, and three days only were wanted to complete the business. I was sitting in my room thinking the matter over, when the door opened and Professor Moriarty stood before me.

135 "My nerves are fairly proof, Watson, but I must confess to a start when I saw the very man who had been so much in my thoughts standing there on my thresh-hold. His appearance was quite familiar to me. He is extremely tall and thin, his forehead domes out in a white curve, and his two eyes are deeply sunken in this head. He is clean-shaven, pale, and ascetic-looking, retaining something of the professor in his features. His shoulders are rounded from much study, and his face protrudes forward, and is forever slowly oscillating from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He peered at me with great curiosity in his puckered eyes.

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150 "You have less frontal development than I should have expected,' said he, at last. 'It is a dangerous habit to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one's dressing-gown.'

155 "The fact is that upon his entrance I had instantly recognised the extreme personal danger in which I lay. The only conceivable escape for him lay in silencing my tongue. In an instant I had slipped the revolver from the drawer into my pocket, and was covering him through the cloth. At his remark I drew the weapon out and laid it cocked upon the table. He still smiled and blinked, but there was something about his eyes which made me feel very glad that I had it there.

"You evidently don't know me,' said he.

"On the contrary,' I answered, 'I think it is fairly evident that I do. Pray take a chair. I can spare you five minutes if you have anything to say.'

160 "All that I have to say has already crossed your mind,' said he.

"Then possibly my answer has crossed yours,' I replied.

"You stand fast?'

"Absolutely.'

165 "He clapped his hand into his pocket, and I raised the pistol from the table. But he merely drew out a memorandum-book in which he had scribbled some dates.

"You crossed my path on the 4th of January,' said he. 'On the 23d you incommoded me; by the middle of February I was seriously inconvenienced by you; at the end of March I was absolutely hampered in my plans; and now, at the close of April, I find



"PROFESSOR MORIARTY STOOD BEFORE ME.

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170 myself placed in such a position through your continual persecution that I am in positive danger of losing my liberty. The situation is becoming an impossible one.'

"Have you any suggestion to make?' I asked.

"You must drop it, Mr. Holmes,' said he, swaying his face about. 'You really must, you know.'

"After Monday,' said I.

175 "Tut, tut,' said he. 'I am quite sure that a man of your intelligence will see that there can be but one outcome to this affair. It is necessary that you should withdraw. You have worked things in such a fashion that we have only one resource. It has been an intellectual treat to me to see the way in which you have grappled with this affair, and I say, unaffectedly, that it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme  
180 measure. You smile, sir, but I assure you that it really would.'

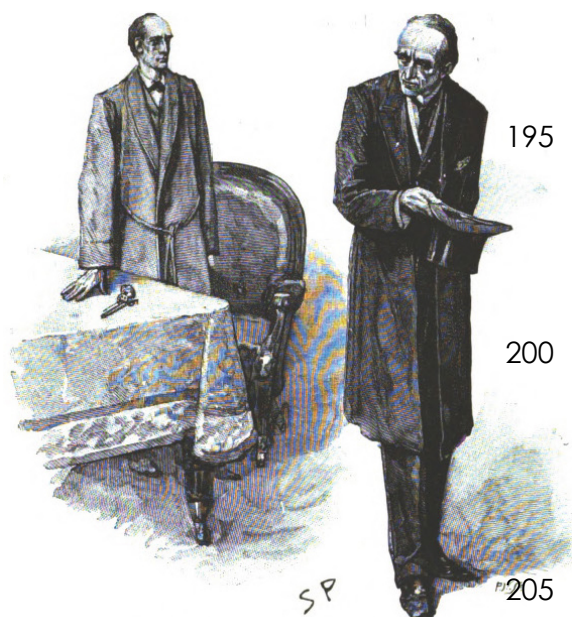
"Danger is part of my trade,' I remarked.

185 "That is not danger,' said he. 'It is inevitable destruction. You stand in the way not merely of an individual, but of a mighty organisation, the full extent of which you, with all your cleverness, have been unable to realise. You must stand clear, Mr. Holmes, or be trodden under foot.'

"I am afraid,' said I, rising, 'that in the pleasure of this conversation I am neglecting business of importance which awaits me elsewhere.'

"He rose also and looked at me in silence, shaking his head sadly.

190 "Well, well,' said he, at last. 'It seems a pity, but I have done what I could. I know every move of your game. You can do nothing before Monday. It has been a duel between you and me, Mr. Holmes. You hope to place me in the dock. I tell you that I will never stand in the dock. You hope to beat me. I tell you that you will never beat me. If you are clever enough to bring destruction upon me, rest assured that I shall do as much to you.'



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"You have paid me several compliments, Mr. Moriarty,' said I. 'Let me pay you one in return when I say that if I were assured of the former eventuality I would, in the interests of the public, cheerfully accept the latter.'

"I can promise you the one, but not the other,' he snarled, and so turned his rounded back upon me, and went peering and blinking out of the room.

"That was my singular interview with Professor

"HE TURNED HIS ROUNDED BACK UPON ME."

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210 Moriarty. I confess that it left an unpleasant effect upon my mind. His soft, precise fashion of speech leaves a conviction of sincerity which a mere bully could not produce. Of course, you will say: 'Why not take police precautions against him?' the reason is that I am well convinced that it is from his agents the blow will fall. I have the best proofs that it would be so."

"You have already been assaulted?"

215 "My dear Watson, Professor Moriarty is not a man who lets the grass grow under his feet. I went out about mid-day to transact some business in Oxford Street. As I passed the corner which leads from Bentinck Street on to the Welbeck Street crossing a two-horse van furiously driven whizzed round and was on me like a flash. I sprang for the foot-path and saved myself by the fraction of a second. The van dashed round by Marylebone Lane and was gone in an instant. I kept to the pavement after that, Watson, but as I walked down Vere Street a brick came down from the roof of one of the houses, and was shattered to fragments at my feet. I called the police and had the place  
220 examined. There were slates and bricks piled up on the roof preparatory to some repairs, and they would have me believe that the wind had toppled over one of these. Of course I knew better, but I could prove nothing. I took a cab after that and reached my brother's rooms in Pall Mall, where I spent the day. Now I have come round to you, and on my way I was attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and  
225 the police have him in custody; but I can tell you with the most absolute confidence that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles and the retiring mathematical coach, who is, I dare say, working out problems upon a black-board ten miles away. You will not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and  
230 that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door."

I had often admired my friend's courage, but never more than now, as he sat quietly checking off a series of incidents which must have combined to make up a day of horror.

235 "You will spend the night here?" I said.

240 "No, my friend, you might find me a dangerous guest. I have my plans laid, and all will be well. Matters have gone so far now that they can move without my help as far as the arrest goes, though my presence is necessary for a conviction. It is obvious, therefore, that I cannot do better than get away for the few days which remain before the police are at liberty to act. It would be a great pleasure to me, therefore, if you could come on to the Continent with me."

"The practice is quiet," said I, "and I have an accommodating neighbour. I should be glad to come."

"And to start to-morrow morning?"

245 "If necessary."

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"Oh yes, it is most necessary. Then these are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you will obey them to the letter, for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest rogue and the most powerful syndicate of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will despatch whatever luggage you intend to take  
250 by a trusty messenger unaddressed to Victoria to-night. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper, with a request that he will not throw it away. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops,  
255 dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at a quarter-past nine. You will find a small brougham waiting close to the curb, driven by a fellow with a heavy black cloak tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express."

"Where shall I meet you?"

260 "At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us."

"The carriage is our rendezvous, then?"

"Yes."

265 It was in vain that I asked Holmes to remain for the evening. It was evident to me that he thought he might bring trouble to the roof he was under, and that that was the motive which impelled him to go. With a few hurried words as to our plans for the morrow he rose and came out with me into the garden, clambering over the wall which leads into Mortimer Street, and immediately whistling for a hansom, in which I heard him drive away.

270 In the morning I obeyed Holmes's injunctions to the letter. A hansom was procured with such precaution as would prevent its being one which was placed ready for us, and I drove immediately after breakfast to the Lowther Arcade, through which I hurried at the top of my speed. A brougham was waiting with a very massive driver wrapped in a dark cloak, who, the instant that I had stepped in, whipped up the horse and rattled off to Victoria Station. On my alighting there he turned the carriage, and dashed away  
275 again without so much as a look in my direction.

280 So far all had gone admirably. My luggage was waiting for me, and I had no difficulty in finding the carriage which Holmes had indicated, the less so as it was the only one in the train which was marked "Engaged." My only source of anxiety now was the non-appearance of Holmes. The station clock marked only seven minutes from the time when we were due to start. In vain I searched among the groups of travellers and leave-takers for the little figure of my friend. There was no sign of him. I spent a few minutes in assisting a venerable Italian priest, who was endeavouring to make a porter understand, in his broken English, that his luggage was to be booked through to Paris. Then, having taken another look round, I returned to my carriage, where I found that  
285 the porter, in spite of the ticket, had given me my decrepit Italian friend as a travelling

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companion. It was useless for me to explain to him that his presence was an intrusion, for my Italian was even more limited than his English, so I shrugged my shoulders  
290 resignedly, and continued to look out anxiously for my friend. A chill of fear had come over me, as I thought that his absence might mean that some blow had fallen during the night. Already the doors  
295 had all been shut and the whistle blown, when--

"My dear Watson," said a voice, "you have not even condescended to say good-morning."

300 I turned in uncontrollable astonishment. The aged ecclesiastic had turned his face towards me. For an instant the wrinkles were smoothed away, the nose drew away from the chin, the lower lip ceased to protrude

305 and the mouth to mumble, the dull eyes regained their fire, the drooping figure expanded. The next the whole frame collapsed again, and Holmes had gone as quickly as he had come.

"Good heavens!" I cried; "how you startled me!"

310 "Every precaution is still necessary," he whispered. "I have reason to think that they are hot upon our trail. Ah, there is Moriarty himself."

The train had already begun to move as Holmes spoke. Glancing back, I saw a tall man pushing his way furiously through the crowd, and waving his hand as if he desired to have the train stopped. It was too late, however, for we were rapidly gathering momentum, and an instant later had shot clear of the station.

315 "With all our precautions, you see that we have cut it rather fine," said Holmes, laughing. He rose, and throwing off the black cassock and hat which had formed his disguise, he packed them away in a hand-bag.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Watson?"

"No."

320 "You haven't seen about Baker Street, then?"

"Baker Street?"

"They set fire to our rooms last night. No great harm was done."



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"Good heavens, Holmes! this is intolerable."

325 "They must have lost my track completely after their bludgeon-man was arrested. Otherwise they could not have imagined that I had returned to my rooms. They have evidently taken the precaution of watching you, however, and that is what has brought Moriarty to Victoria. You could not have made any slip in coming?"

"I did exactly what you advised."

"Did you find your brougham?"

330 "Yes, it was waiting."

"Did you recognise your coachman?"

"No."

335 "It was my brother Mycroft. It is an advantage to get about in such a case without taking a mercenary into your confidence. But we must plan what we are to do about Moriarty now."

"As this is an express, and as the boat runs in connection with it, I should think we have shaken him off very effectively."

340 "My dear Watson, you evidently did not realise my meaning when I said that this man may be taken as being quite on the same intellectual plane as myself. You do not imagine that if I were the pursuer I should allow myself to be baffled by so slight an obstacle. Why, then, should you think so meanly of him?"

"What will he do?"

"What I should do."

"What would you do, then?"

345 "Engage a special."

"But it must be late."

"By no means. This train stops at Canterbury; and there is always at least a quarter of an hour's delay at the boat. He will catch us there."

"One would think that we were the criminals. Let us have him arrested on his arrival."

350 "It would be to ruin the work of three months. We should get the big fish, but the smaller would dart right and left out of the net. On Monday we should have them all. No, an arrest is inadmissible."

"What then?"

"We shall get out at Canterbury."

355 "And then?"

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360 "Well, then we must make a cross-country journey to Newhaven, and so over to Dieppe. Moriarty will again do what I should do. He will get on to Paris, mark down our luggage, and wait for two days at the depot. In the meantime we shall treat ourselves to a couple of carpet-bags, encourage the manufactures of the countries through which we travel, and make our way at our leisure into Switzerland, via Luxembourg and Basle."

At Canterbury, therefore, we alighted, only to find that we should have to wait an hour before we could get a train to Newhaven.

I was still looking rather ruefully after the rapidly disappearing luggage-van which contained my wardrobe, when Holmes pulled my sleeve and pointed up the line.

365 "Already, you see," said he.

Far away, from among the Kentish woods there rose a thin spray of smoke. A minute later a carriage and engine could be seen flying along the open curve which leads to the station. We had hardly time to take our place behind a pile of luggage when it passed with a rattle and a roar, beating a blast of hot air into our faces.



"There he goes," said Holmes, as we watched the carriage swing and rock over the point. "There are limits, you see, to our friend's intelligence. It would have been a coup-de-matré had he deduced what I would deduce and acted accordingly."

"And what would he have done had he overtaken us?"

"There cannot be the least doubt that he would have made a murderous attack upon me. It is, however, a game at which two may play. The question, now is whether we should take a premature lunch here, or run our chance of starving before we reach the buffet at Newhaven."

385 We made our way to Brussels that night and spent two days there, moving on upon the third day as far as Strasbourg. On the Monday morning Holmes had telegraphed to the London police, and in the evening we found a reply waiting for us at our hotel. Holmes tore it open, and then with a bitter curse hurled it into the grate.

"I might have known it!" he groaned. "He has escaped!"

390 "Moriarty?"

"They have secured the whole gang with the exception of him. He has given them the slip. Of course, when I had left the country there was no one to cope with him. But I did

think that I had put the game in their hands. I think that you had better return to England, Watson."

395 "Why?"

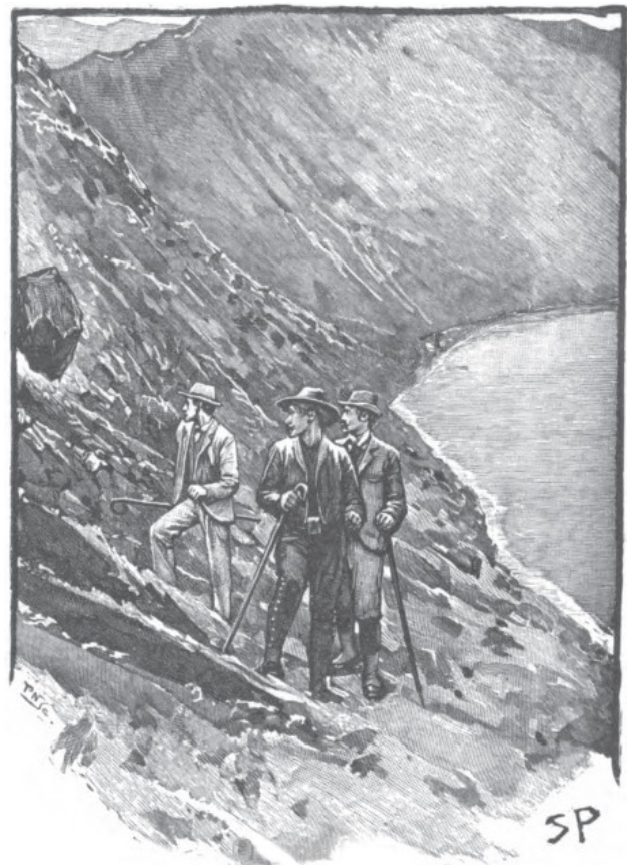
"Because you will find me a dangerous companion now. This man's occupation is gone. He is lost if he returns to London. If I read his character right he will devote his whole energies to revenging himself upon me. He said as much in our short interview, and I fancy that he meant it. I should certainly recommend you to return to your practice."

400 It was hardly an appeal to be successful with one who was an old campaigner as well as an old friend. We sat in the Strasbourg *salle-à-manger* arguing the question for half an hour, but the same night we had resumed our journey and were well on our way to Geneva.

405 For a charming week we wandered up the Valley of the Rhone, and then, branching off at Leuk, we made our way over the Gemmi Pass, still deep in snow, and so, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. It was a lovely trip, the dainty green of the spring below, the virgin white of the winter above; but it was clear to me that never for one instant did Holmes forget the shadow which lay across him. In the homely Alpine villages or in the lonely mountain passes, I could tell by his quick glancing eyes and his sharp scrutiny of  
410 every face that passed us, that he was well convinced that, walk where we would, we could not walk ourselves clear of the danger which was dogging our footsteps.

Once, I remember, as we passed over the Gemmi, and walked along the border of the melancholy Daubensee, a large rock which had been dislodged from the ridge upon our right clattered down and roared into the lake behind us. In an instant Holmes had raced up on to the ridge, and, standing upon a lofty pinnacle, craned his neck in every direction. It was in vain that our guide assured him that a fall of stones was a common chance in the spring-time at that spot. He said nothing, but he smiled at me with the air of a man who sees the fulfilment of that which he had expected.

And yet for all his watchfulness he was never depressed. On the contrary, I can never recollect having seen him in such exuberant spirits. Again and again he recurred to the fact that if he could be assured that society was freed from Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully  
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"A LARGE ROCK CLATTERED DOWN."



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bring his own career to a conclusion.

435 "I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he  
remarked. "If my record were closed to-night I could still survey it with equanimity. The  
air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware  
that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to  
440 look into the problems furnished by nature rather than those more superficial ones for  
which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your memoirs will draw to an end,  
Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of the most  
dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

445 I shall be brief, and yet exact, in the little which remains for me to tell. It is not a subject  
on which I would willingly dwell, and yet I am conscious that a duty devolves upon me  
to omit no detail.

450 It was on the 3d of May that we reached the little village of Meiringen, where we put up  
at the Englischer Hof, then kept by Peter Steiler the elder. Our landlord was an intelligent  
man, and spoke excellent English, having served for three years as waiter at the  
Grosvenor Hotel in London. At his advice, on the afternoon of the 4th we set off  
together, with the intention of crossing the hills and spending the night at the hamlet of  
Rosenlauri. We had strict injunctions, however, on no account to pass the falls of  
Reichenbach, which are about half-way up the hill, without making a small detour to  
see them.

455 It is indeed, a fearful place. The torrent, swollen by the melting snow, plunges into a  
tremendous abyss, from which the spray rolls up like the smoke from a burning house.  
The shaft into which the river hurls itself is a immense chasm, lined by glistening coal-  
black rock, and narrowing into a creaming, boiling pit of incalculable depth, which  
brims over and shoots the stream onward over its jagged lip. The long sweep of green  
water roaring forever down, and the thick flickering curtain of spray hissing forever  
460 upward, turn a man giddy with their constant whirl and clamour. We stood near the  
edge peering down at the gleam of the breaking water far below us against the black  
rocks, and listening to the half-human shout which came booming up with the spray  
out of the abyss.

465 The path has been cut half-way round the fall to afford a complete view, but it ends  
abruptly, and the traveller has to return as he came. We had turned to do so, when we  
saw a Swiss lad come running along it with a letter in his hand. It bore the mark of the  
hotel which we had just left, and was addressed to me by the landlord. It appeared  
that within a very few minutes of our leaving, an English lady had arrived who was in the  
last stage of consumption. She had wintered at Davos Platz, and was journeying now to  
470 join her friends at Lucerne, when a sudden haemorrhage had overtaken her. It was  
thought that she could hardly live a few hours, but it would be a great consolation to  
her to see an English doctor, and, if I would only return, etc. The good Steiler assured me  
in a postscript that he would himself look upon my compliance as a very great favour,

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475 since the lady absolutely refused to see a Swiss physician, and he could not but feel that he was incurring a great responsibility.

The appeal was one which could not be ignored. It was impossible to refuse the request of a fellow-countrywoman dying in a strange land. Yet I had my scruples about leaving Holmes. It was finally agreed, however, that he should retain the young Swiss messenger with him as guide and companion while I returned to Meiringen. My friend would stay  
480 some little time at the fall, he said, and would then walk slowly over the hill to Rosenlauri, where I was to rejoin him in the evening. As I turned away I saw Holmes, with his back against a rock and his arms folded, gazing down at the rush of the waters. It was the last that I was ever destined to see of him in this world.

485 When I was near the bottom of the descent I looked back. It was impossible, from that position, to see the fall, but I could see the curving path which winds over the shoulder of the hill and leads to it. Along this a man was, I remember, walking very rapidly.

I could see his black figure clearly outlined against the green behind him. I noted him, and the energy with which he walked but he passed from my mind again as I hurried on upon my errand.

490 It may have been a little over an hour before I reached Meiringen. Old Steiler was standing at the porch of his hotel.

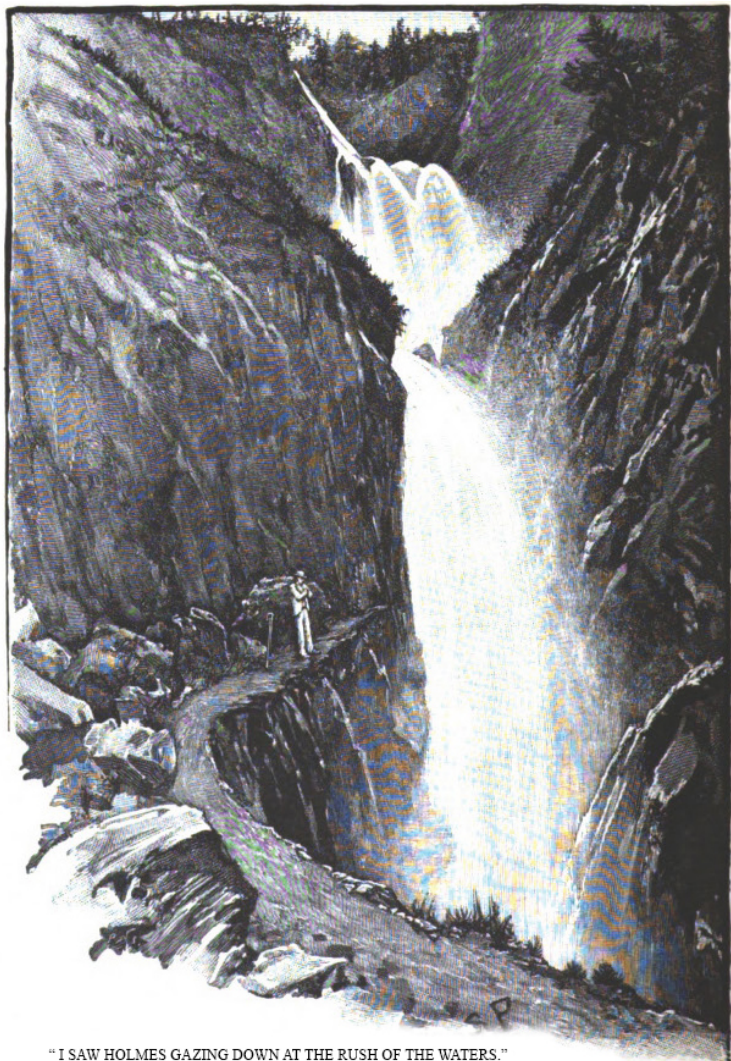
495 "Well," said I, as I came hurrying up, "I trust that she is no worse?"

A look of surprise passed over his face, and at the first quiver of his eyebrows my heart turned to lead in my breast.

500 "You did not write this?" I said, pulling the letter from my pocket. "There is no sick Englishwoman in the hotel?"

505 "Certainly not!" he cried. "But it has the hotel mark upon it! Ha, it must have been written by that tall Englishman who came in after you had gone. He said--"

510 But I waited for none of the landlord's explanations. In a tingle of fear I was already running down the village street, and



"I SAW HOLMES GAZING DOWN AT THE RUSH OF THE WATERS."

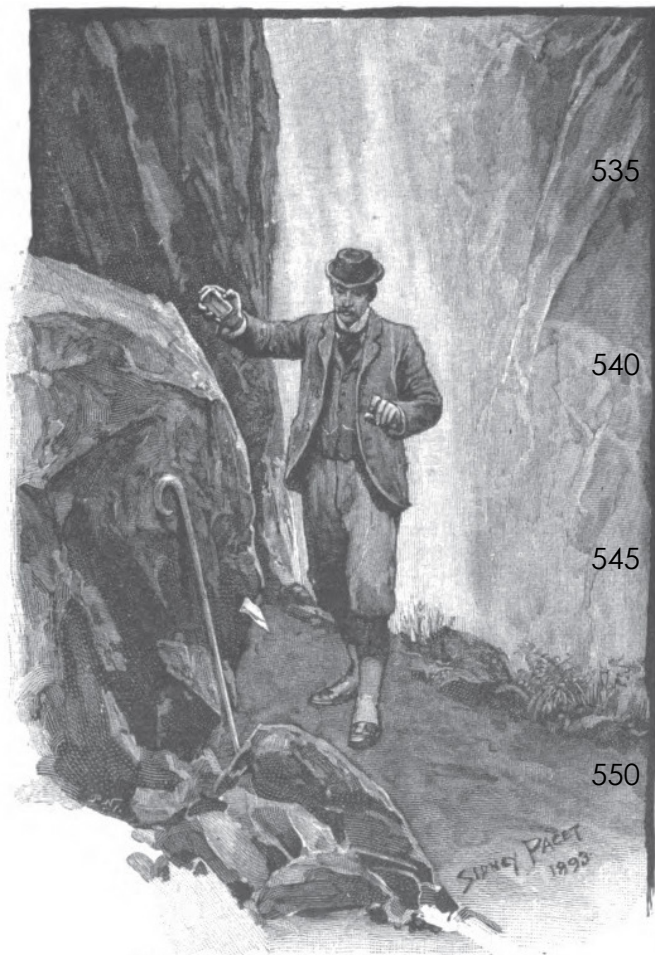
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515 making for the path which I had so lately descended. It had taken me an hour to come down. For all my efforts two more had passed before I found myself at the fall of Reichenbach once more. There was Holmes'ss Alpine-stock still leaning against the rock by which I had left him. But there was no sign of him, and it was in vain that I shouted. My only answer was my own voice reverberating in a rolling echo from the cliffs around me.

520 It was the sight of that Alpine-stock which turned me cold and sick. He had not gone to Rosenloui, then. He had remained on that three-foot path, with sheer wall on one side and sheer drop on the other, until his enemy had overtaken him. The young Swiss had gone too. He had probably been in the pay of Moriarty, and had left the two men together. And then what had happened? Who was to tell us what had happened then?

525 I stood for a minute or two to collect myself, for I was dazed with the horror of the thing. Then I began to think of Holmes's own methods and to try to practise them in reading this tragedy. It was, alas, only too easy to do. During our conversation we had not gone to the end of the path, and the Alpine-stock marked the place where we had stood.

530 The blackish soil is kept forever soft by the incessant drift of spray, and a bird would leave its tread upon it. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the farther end



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of the path, both leading away from me. There were none returning. A few yards from the end the soil was all ploughed up into a patch of mud, and the branches and ferns which fringed the chasm were torn and bedraggled. I lay upon my face and peered over with the spray spouting up all around me. It had darkened since I left, and now I could only see here and there the glistening of moisture upon the black walls, and far away down at the end of the shaft the gleam of the broken water. I shouted; but only the same half-human cry of the fall was borne back to my ears.

But it was destined that I should after all have a last word of greeting from my friend and comrade. I have said that his Alpine-stock had been left leaning against a rock which jutted on to the path. From the top of this boulder the gleam of something bright caught my eye, and, raising my hand, I found that

“A SMALL SQUARE OF PAPER FLUTTERED DOWN.”

“The Final Problem” by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

555 it came from the silver cigarette-case which he used to carry. As I took it up a small square of paper upon which it had lain fluttered down on to the ground. Unfolding it, I found that it consisted of three pages torn from his note-book and addressed to me. It was characteristic of the man that the direction was as precise, and the writing as firm and clear, as though it had been written in his study.

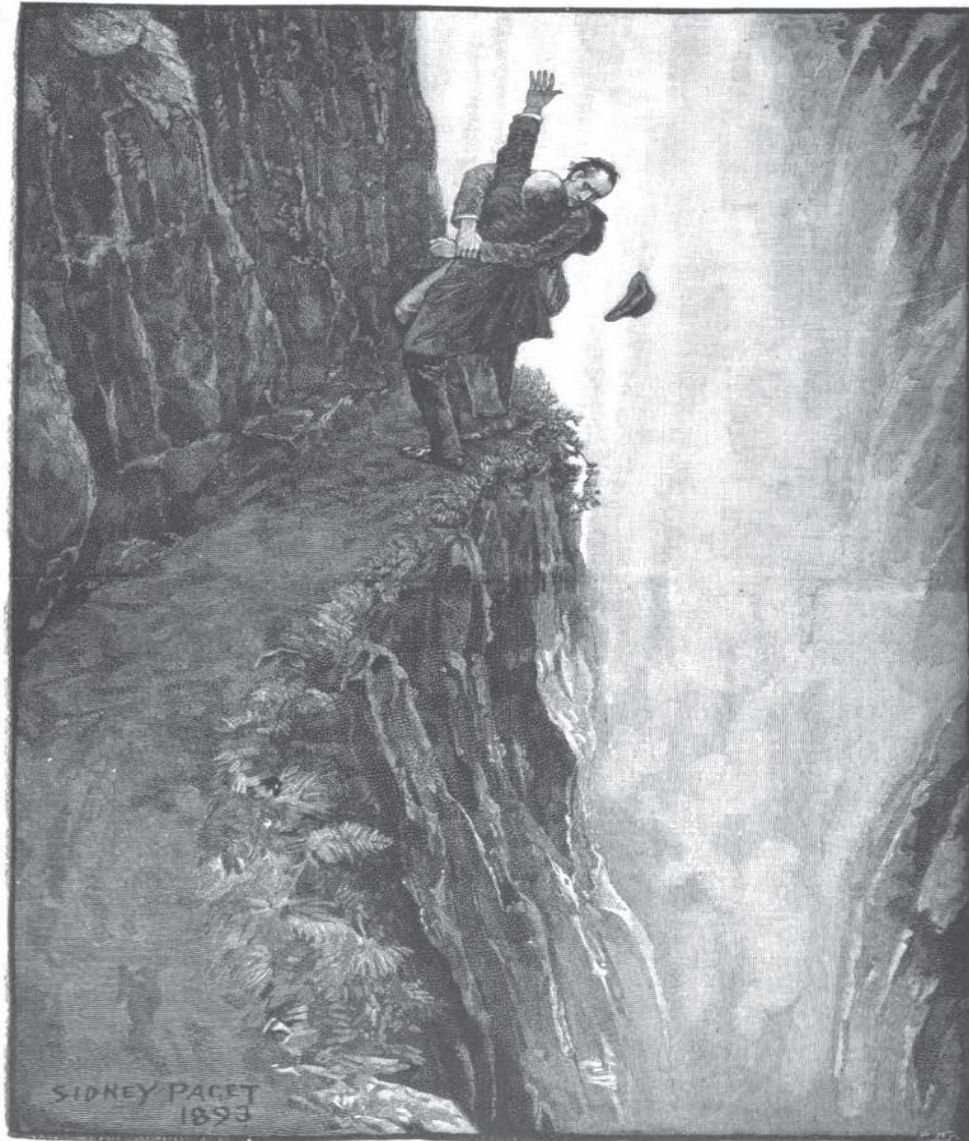
560 My dear Watson [it said], I write these few lines through the courtesy of Mr. Moriarty, who awaits my convenience for the final discussion of those questions which lie between us. He has been giving me a sketch of the methods by which he avoided the English police and kept himself informed of our movements. They certainly confirm the very high opinion  
565 which I had formed of his abilities. I am pleased to think that I shall be able to free society from any further effects of his presence, though I fear that it is at a cost which will give pain to my friends, and especially, my dear Watson, to you. I have already explained to you, however, that my career had in any case reached its crisis, and that no possible conclusion to it  
570 could be more congenial to me than this. Indeed, if I may make a full confession to you, I was quite convinced that the letter from Meiringen was a hoax, and I allowed you to depart on that errand under the persuasion that some development of this sort would follow. Tell Inspector Patterson that the papers which he needs to convict the gang are in pigeonhole M., done up in a blue envelope and inscribed "Moriarty." I made every disposition of my property before leaving England, and handed it to my brother Mycroft. Pray give my greetings to Mrs. Watson, and believe me to be, my dear fellow,

Very sincerely yours,

580 Sherlock Holmes

A few words may suffice to tell the little that remains. An examination by experts leaves little doubt that a personal contest between the two men ended, as it could hardly fail to end in such a situation, in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms. Any attempt at recovering the bodies was absolutely hopeless, and there, deep down in that  
585 dreadful caldron of swirling water and seething foam, will lie for all time the most dangerous criminal and the foremost champion of the law of their generation. The Swiss youth was never found again, and there can be no doubt that he was one of the numerous agents whom Moriarty kept in this employ. As to the gang, it will be within the memory of the public how completely the evidence which Holmes had accumulated exposed their organisation, and how heavily the hand of the dead man weighted  
590 upon them. Of their terrible chief few details came out during the proceedings, and if I have now been compelled to make a clear statement of his career it is due to those injudicious champions who have endeavoured to clear his memory by attacks upon him whom I shall ever regard as the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known.

"The Final Problem" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



THE DEATH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

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Doyle, Arthur Conan. "The Adventure of the Final Problem." *The Strand Magazine: An Illustrated Monthly, Volume II July to December*. Ed. George Newnes. London: George Newnes, Ltd. & Exeter Street, Strand, 1893. 558-570. Google eBook. 16 Oct. 2014.

Doyle, Arthur Conan. "The Final Problem." *WikiSource*. Wikimedia Project, 15 Apr. 2014. Web. 8 Mar. 2015.



Appendix II:

# Nonfiction Excerpts







# *Manners and Rules of Good Society:*

## *Or, Solecisms to be Avoided*

By A Member of the Aristocracy

### Chapter XXXV - Country House Visits

#### **As regards the Etiquette of Visiting at Bachelors' Houses.**

- 5 It is thoroughly understood that ladies should be accompanied by their husbands, and young ladies by their father and mother, or by a married couple with whom they are on terms of great intimacy, in which case the married lady acts as chaperon to the young ladies. Young ladies cannot stay at the house of a bachelor unless chaperoned by a married lady, or by a female relative of their host. A widow and her daughter could of
- 10 course join a party of ladies staying at a bachelor's house, or stay on a visit to him were he alone, or entertaining bachelor friends.

When a bachelor gives a country-house party, and nominally does the honours himself, occasionally one of the married ladies of the party tacitly takes the lead.

- The position of a young widower is similar to that of a bachelor as regards society. Later
- 15 in life, the contrary is the case ; a widower with grown-up daughters gives entertainments for them, and the eldest daughter does the honours, thus reducing the position again to that of host and hostess.

### Chapter XXXVIII – Chaperons and Debutantes

- An unmarried lady, unless she be a maiden-lady of a recognised age and standing,
- 20 cannot act as an orthodox chaperon; but, on the other hand, a young married lady could do so with the greatest propriety, as could a brother from the age of eighteen ; of other relatives it is not necessary to speak.

- Young ladies are now frequently asked to dinner-parties without a chaperon, a hostess constituting herself chaperon for the occasion. Dances are also given to which it is
- 25 understood chaperons are not invited, the hostess again acting in that capacity, but at large balls and dances chaperonage is considered indispensable for young ladies. At

theatres and evening concerts chaperonage is distinctly required ; but at morning concerts and matinees, companionship rather than chaperonage is needed.

30 As regards morning hours. Young ladies may now walk together in the Park and elsewhere ; ride together, attend classes together or alone, go to luncheon or afternoon tea alone or together at the houses of friends and acquaintances, quite unaccompanied by a chaperon. They may also visit at country houses without a chaperon, the hostess performing this duty.

35 At all out-door gatherings, such as garden-parties, tennis-parties, cricket-matches, golf-meetings, etc., the chaperonage required is of the slightest, and for which any might be made available.

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A Member of the Aristocracy. *Manners and Rules of Good Society: Or, Solecisms to be Avoided.* London: Frederick Warne and Co., 1913. Google eBook.

# “Trenches at Vimy Ridge”

## By Private Harold Saunders

Jerry<sup>1</sup> had been restless all the evening, and not long after we had taken over he opened out with every gun he possessed. One of the fellows from the other sap<sup>2</sup>-head came by with a bloody rag round his face. The racket of crumps and crashes and shrieking shells was too great to hear what he said, but I guessed he was going down to  
5 the first-aid post.

A little later I saw a flickering light approaching me from the depths of the sap. My hair literally stood on end, notwithstanding the tin hat. In my panic I thought Jerry must have countermined or found some other way into the sap and had chosen this way of attacking.

10 My first impulse was to fire and get a few shots in, anyway. Luckily, however, I was inspired to shout a challenge. It was answered by the corporal.

He and another man, both wounded, were helping each other down to the dressing station.

I envied them their luck and promised to go round occasionally to see how G., the only  
15 other survivor, was faring.

G. and I had joined the same day and had been friends ever since. I felt anxious about him and I wanted company, so went as soon as the others had gone.

At the end of the short trench I stumbled over something. A bank of cloud cleared for a moment from the moon, and I saw it was a headless body.

20 I went back to my post, frightened beyond anything that should be humanly possible. Twice I was blown off my feet by the concussion of bursting shells. The whine of falling shrapnel filled the air. I seemed to be all alone in a world tottering into ruin. If only the noise would stop I felt I might keep my reason. I think I prayed for a direct hit to end it all. By a miracle, however, I was not even touched.

...

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<sup>1</sup> Slang for German forces.

<sup>2</sup> A short trench used to move forward.

25 We learnt next morning that Jerry had made an attack on our left. But it was all quiet then. Letters came up with the bacon.

I had one from a woman friend who had always seemed intelligent and understanding. Yet she asked this singular question: "Is it as bad as they say it is out there, or is it only the shortage of cigarettes that makes it seem so rotten?"

30 The irony of it coming at that time made me giggle like a schoolgirl. The others wanted to know the joke so I read it aloud. The comments were unprintable.

One got used to many things, but I never overcame my horror of the rats. They abounded in some parts, great loathsome beasts gorged with flesh. I shall never forget a dug-out at the back of the line near Anzin.

35 It was at the foot of rising ground, at the top of which was a French war cemetery. About the same time every night the dug-out was invaded by swarms of rats. They gnawed holes in our haversacks and devoured our iron rations.

We hung haversacks and rations to the roof, but they went just the same. Once we drenched the place with creosote. It almost suffocated us, but did not keep the rats  
40 away. They pattered down the steps at the usual time, paused a moment and sneezed, and then got to work on our belongings.

A battalion of Jerrys would have terrified me less than the rats did sometimes. As a matter of fact, hatred of the enemy, so strenuously fostered in training days, largely faded away in the line. We somehow realized that individually they were very like  
45 ourselves, just as fed-up and as anxious to be done with it all.

*Private Harold Saunders enlisted in the 14th London (London Scottish) in November 1915, and went to France with the 2nd Battalion in June 1916. When the 60th Division left France for Salonika he was left behind with a septic heel. He was transferred to the 1st Battalion, and was  
50 with them till a whiff of gas at Cambrai completed the wreck in October 1917. He was finally discharged April 1918.*

*First published in Everyman at War (1930), edited by C. B. Purdom.*

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Duffy, Michael and Harold Saunders. *Memoirs & Diaries – Trenches at Vimy Ridge*. firstworldwar.com: a multimedia history of world war one. 22 Aug. 2009. Web. 12 Oct. 2014. (<http://firstworldwar.com/diaries/trenchesatvimyridge.htm>).

# “To The Members of The Women’s Land Army.”

## By Food Production Department

You are now a member of the Women’s Land Army. You are serving your country as our soldiers and sailors do, though in a very different way. Their work is too often to lay waste, but yours is to create, to do all you can to make more food grow to replace what the war has destroyed. But you, too, are your country’s servant. Never forget this.

5 Like the army and the navy, you wear a uniform. You must wear it when on duty – when at work and when you are summoned before the officials on any business. Like your brothers who are fighting, you must keep your uniform in good order. You should never decorate<sup>4</sup> it with badge or ribbons or jewellery. You should not wear smart blouses under your overall – it makes the whole effect ridiculous. Only the very plainest  
10 shirt blouse should be worn ; a boy’s shirt is convenient and looks well.

Remember when you are in uniform always to behave so as to make it respected. Silly behavior that may be quite harmless in itself is out of place from a girl who is serving her country. Be very careful never to do anything that could cause a scandal among even the most narrow-minded and old-fashioned. For instance, in some districts, it is  
15 necessary that when not at work a short skirt should be worn instead of breeches.

Then remember that you must keep yourself fit for your work. Be careful not to overstrain yourself or to do extra hard work on a day when you ought not to. But do not lower your standard of work, or leave off for any insufficient reason. You should be, unless you have been specially exempt, insured under the National Health scheme.  
20 You must see that your card is properly stamped and that you are enrolled on a doctor’s panel. If you are ill, go at once to a doctor, and never stay away from work without calling him in.

Do not forget that your health depends a great deal on the way you spend your free time. Never be silly enough to deprive yourself of your proper rest. You will find that  
25 eight hours’ sleep is essential – so be sure to be in bed at 9.30 if you are to rise at 6. If you are sensible, you will find that your health is enormously improved by your agricultural work.

Never forget that you are doing national service, and set yourself a very high standard of work. Never be satisfied with second best. Do not be discontented if you are found  
30 fault with or put on to work that you do not like. Think of the men in the trenches and on the sea, and what they have to do. They do not disobey their officers or shirk their duty. Your employer is your officer, and you must obey him. And you, unlike your brothers, can always appeal against anything that seems hard or unfair. Go to the Village Registrar, or to your Group Leader, or to the District Representative in the first  
35 instance ; should you still be dissatisfied, you can appeal to the County Organising Secretary.

You have been given exceptional opportunities of making a career for yourself and at the same time doing your duty to the country which has reared and protected you. Make the most of your chances and be worthy of the trust that has been placed in you.

#### 40 FOOD PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

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"WW1 'To The Members Of The Women's Land Army' Address July 1917." *The Women's Land Army*. 22 Mar. 2014. Web. 8 Mar. 2015.  
(<http://www.womenslandarmy.co.uk/ww1-to-the-members-of-the-womens-land-army-address-july-1917/>).

# Gypsy Lore

By Robert Andrew Scott Macfie

Records and historical traditions the Gypsies have none. On the stage of European history they were cast for a " thinking part." Nor did they generally court publicity, as Samuel Rowlands testified in *The Runnagates Race or the Originall of Regiment of Rogues*, being part of *Martin Mark-all*, published in 1610: "these kinde of people lived  
5 more quietly and out of harme in respect of the other sort, making themselves as strangers, and would never put forth themselves in any tumult or Commotion, as the other sort [the ' canting caterpillars ' under Cocke Lorrell] did ; but what vice they exercised not one way, they were not inferior to them in the like, or rather worse another way." The chroniclers noticed them only when they became an intolerable  
10 nuisance ; at other times they were neglected as beneath contempt. They first attracted the attention of Western Europe in 1417 (the very year in which Alexander the Good had granted the Gypsies of Moldavia " the air and earth to wander, and fire and iron to forge "), by abandoning their ordinary avocation of smiths and invading the Hanseatic towns as pilgrims from Little Egypt.<sup>1</sup> Their choice of disguise, and the legend  
15 they offered as an explanation of their pilgrimage, showed great ingenuity and an intimate acquaintance with the customs and superstitions of the time and place. As pilgrims they could live the vagrant life they loved, avoid the labour they hated ; and claim the advantages of gentle or even noble birth, albeit they were, as Dekker described them, " beggerly in apparell, barbarous in condition, beastly in behavior; and  
20 bloody if they meet aduantage."

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Macfie, R.A. Scott. *Gypsy Lore*. London: Sherrat & Hughes, 1908. Google eBook.

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<sup>1</sup> Not necessarily from the banks of the Nile, but possibly from districts named "Little Egypt" in Epirus or Asia Minor





# “The Gipsy of Everyday”

By Our Special Correspondent

Hugh M'Laren

At the head of the road is a little spring of clear water, which has probably determined the location of the camp, for the tinker, though he may not put it to very many uses, requires water at least for his perennial tea. Beside it is the larger of the huts – a mere  
5 kraal – made up of a patchwork of sacking stitched over a frame of bent sticks. A flap at the side gives entrance, and inside is the bare earth on which a wood fire is burning, the smoke eddying out by the same holes that the rain gets in. In this wigwam two families find shelter – four adults and half-a-dozen children – one of the latter born on the roadside during last week. The other tent is smaller, and by the fire in front of it sat  
10 old “Hughie” himself, the veteran of the clan. With his white curly beard and his stolid face browned to the tint of Mother Earth herself, he looks the patriarch to perfection as he sits cross-legged gazing into the fire.

## The Simple Life

And why should he not be contented? The sun was up, the fire was bright, and the dry-  
15 stane dyke behind kept away the wind. He has no train to catch, no engagements to keep, and no visit from rate collector or landlord. Probably also he had no victuals to cook; but what did that matter? If he should chance to get hungry he has only to wander down the road and strike the farmer's wife for a hand-me-out. Originally hailing from Argyllshire, Hugh has now lost his Gaelic, for his wife “came from a place called  
20 Moray and Nairn and she did not rest till she took the Gaelic aff me.”

“Our Ain Tinks.”

“He's a dacent auld man, Auld Hughie,” said the farmer's wife with whom I stopped to crack in passing; “he was biding up there himsel' last winter, and every day near he cam' into us for his denner. He didna beg, ye ken, but he jist cam' in an' said he had  
25 had nae meat sin' sicana time, kennin' we widna refuse him.”

“Don't you get tired of them coming so much about you?” I suggested.

“Och, no! If they were thae German gipsies we widna gie to them, but, ye see, they're oor ain tinks.”

The proprietary phrase stuck me as odd, and I fell in with it again almost immediately,  
30 for further along the road I foregathered with the local policeman, who, being duly  
sworn and interrogated, denoned as follows: – “The tinks! Oh, they're no' bad folk, the  
tinks. Trouble? No, no! Whiles, when there's drink ga'en, they hae a bit shindy, but  
then they ave fight among themsel's, and dinna meddle ither folk. No, they dinna  
35 steal; tramps wid steal and interfere wi' folk, but no' the tinks. Of course, it widna dae  
to let them bide ower lang in ae place, for the neighbours wid get tired o' them, so  
when I hear where they are campin' I gang up and mak' them move on. If it was the  
German gipsies we would sort them, but we canna be hard on oor ain tinks.”

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"The Gipsy of Everday." *The Evening Telegraph and Post* [Dundee, Scotland] 1 May  
1906: 5. Print.

# “The End of the War”

*The Guardian*, November 12, 1918

The war is over, and in a million households fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, will breathe freely, relieved at length of all dread of that curt message which has shattered the hope and joy of so many.

5 The war is over. The drama is played out. After years of tedium there opened on March 21 a short and sharp fifth act of swift and surprising changes. Our language misses that single word applied by the Greeks to those suddenly and complete changes of fortune which they regarded as appropriate to the final act of a tragic drama.

10 No historic change of fortune so swift, so pulverising to the loser has occurred since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow as the reversal that began on July 18. And since July 18 blow has followed blow with a rapidity which, if it has almost bewildered the victors, must have stupefied the enemy. But it is not of the drama that we would think mainly for the moment, nor even of the problem that the war has opened.

15 For, if peace between the nations has returned, within each nation there is open or suppressed ferment. The old order in Europe has perished. The new is hardly born, and no one knows what its lineaments will be. To-morrow we shall be brought up against the hard immediate problems of re-establishment. Before we grapple with these, let us give a moment to the review of the position gained and try our best to sum up the result of four tremendous years as it may be measured by the historian. From Waterloo to Mons there elapsed almost 100 years.

20 The first part of this period was one of peace and progress, industry and optimism. Below the surface were seething forces of democracy and nationalism, and soon these began to break forth to disturb the complacency of statesmen. But for the thinker these forces were full of hope, and the men of the mid-nineteenth century foresaw a better order, a civilised humanity, a race dedicated to the works of peace and the cultivation  
25 of a race dedicated to the works of peace and the cultivation of a gentler and yet a nobler life.

Towards the end of the century their optimism gave way to a gloomier view. Unrest and anxiety took hold of the more thoughtful minds. Democracy had everywhere progressed but had not brought healing. The burden of armaments lay heavy on the nations, and the war cloud lowered dark on the horizon.

The main cause of this change was the success of the Prussian system under Bismarck. The year 1870 divides the period of which we have spoken into two nearly equal halves, of progress and hope on the one side, and reaction and apprehension on the other. The union of Germany was, indeed, accepted, even welcomed, by liberally-minded men as the overdue consummation of a long and unhappy political travail, but the mode in which it was accomplished turned out to be more fateful to Germany and the world than the achievement itself.

From 1870 men began to accept the doctrine of blood and iron. Ideas, arguments, appeals to right and justice took a lower place. Force and fraud seemed to make their way, if only men would be thorough in the use of them. The Prussian idea enjoyed all the prestige of immense success, and the pre-eminence of Germany in many fields of learning, backed with this prestige, won its way in the regions of the mind. The idea of humanity receded in favour of the State, freedom gave way to disciplined and organisation, right to the strong hand, reason to passion, and self-restraint to ambition.

Meanwhile in one country after another there arose the sense of instability. It began to be felt that things could not last as they were. The piled-up armaments were like vast electric accumulators awaiting their discharge. In England these influences penetrated more slowly, but from the time when Germany set out seriously to become a great naval Power we felt that we, too, were being drawn in.

For long years, even to the last, many of us hoped that ours might be the balancing power, so exerted as to deter either side in the great Continental combinations from a fatal plunge. But it was not to be. The Prussian idea swept Germany out of itself and gave to the world the final demonstration of naked deformity. The circumstances of the war were such that, a very few individuals apart, it united all the humanitarian enthusiasm, all the political love of liberty, which nowadays go to the support of peace, in favour of a stern resistance, carried through, at whatever cost, to indubitable victory.

The defeat of Prussianism was rightly stated by Mr. Asquith at the outset as the object which included all others. Prussianism - an idea, a system, not a nation or an army - is hopelessly defeated to-day. It is defeated more completely by internal disruption than  
60 by any blow in the field. Its hold on the world's future is gone, and the human mind is empty, swept and garnished, of its worst idol.

That is the real and decisive victory in the war. Into the mind that is swept and garnished the parable tells us that other devils might enter. In fact anarchy - which is disorganised in place of organised force - seems waiting at the door. But anarchy is  
65 never more than a transitory evil.

When all is cleared up we believe it will be seen that by the final test as between the doctrines of might and right the foundations of a new world-order have been laid. The old sovereign nation State has destroyed itself, as the feudal nobility destroyed itself in the Wars of the Roses. As that spectacle of prolonged and senseless anarchy made  
70 men turn with relief to the order secured by the absolute monarchy, so the anarchy of the international world has forced upon people for the first time as a serious practical proposal the political organisation of civilised mankind.

It is felt to be a choice between the continued risk of mutual destruction in wars which must grow ever more deadly, on the one side, and some organised form of  
75 international co-operation on the other. The world has once sacrificed its soul in hecatombs, in masses the mere figures of which will appall future eyes. It is a thing not to be done again without sapping the very vitals of human feeling.

As it is, the loss of capacity in the extinction of the most promising men of a generation is a catastrophe only to be compared with some of the great historic pestilences. We  
80 were caught up in the vortex and could not escape. We had to go through it, whatever the sacrifice of life. But if, after this experience, we allow such a thing to recur, we ill repay those who have died for us in the hope of a better order.

If, on the other hand, we buckle to our task we can found a nobler State than any that have gained glory in former wars, a kingdom or, say rather, a commonwealth of man,  
85 in which all the great nations that have played their part in this tragedy will have their share. In this we are achieving, not anything out of keeping with human nature, but

rather the natural culmination of historic development which is, stage by stage, a movement towards more complete political organisation, of larger scope and powers, on the whole founded more broadly upon right and leaning less upon force.

90 The nineteenth century had already built up a higher order than any that its predecessors achieved. The democratic State on the national scale, with its deepened sense of public responsibility, still conserving regard for personal freedom, was the highest political organisation yet known to the world, and the war has proved it tougher and firmer than its autocratic rival. But the States, considered together, were an arch  
95 without a keystone, and they fell to pieces. We have now to rebuild them into a world-order, and in doing so, in dispelling fear and hostility between nations, we shall remove the main obstacles to the growth of equal freedom and brotherly comradeship within.

By the hundred thousand young men have died for the hope of a better world. They have opened for us the way. If, as a people, we can be wise and tolerant and just in  
100 peace as we have been resolute in war, we shall build them the memorial that they have earned in the form of a world set free from military force, national tyrannies, and class oppressions, for the pursuit of a wider justice in the spirit of a deeper and more human religion.

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"The end of the war." *The Guardian* 12 Nov. 1918. Guardian Century. Web. 30 Nov. 2014.

# *Syria and The Holy Land*

By The Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith

## The Limits of the Jewish Area

Again there is the question of the limits of the Jewish area with all the difficulties it raises, both ethnic and strategic. Zionists claim for the Jews "the whole country" of Palestine; and one writer adds: "there must be no partition of Palestine; the Jew in Galilee must not be cut off by an international frontier from the Jew in Jerusalem." But what is

5 Palestine? Save under the Romans, the name has never had exact borders; today it is perhaps more vaguely applied than at any other time.

...

For at least fifteen centuries Lebanon has been Christian territory, and as we have seen has enjoyed since 1860 a separate constitution with a Christian governor under the  
10 protection of the Powers of Europe. The population is about 400,000, of whom 320,000 are Christians, 50,000 Druzes and beyond the rest Moslems with practically no Jews. There is Beyrout with a population of over 100,000, of whom two thirds are Christian and the rest Moslem...What is the evidence of history as to Jewish rights over these eastern provinces?

15 Except when Herod had the legions of Rome behind him the Jewish nation failed to exercise authority or keep order in Hauran in parts of Gilead and in Moab. Their conquests were temporary, their settlements inconstant. The civilisation of those provinces was never Jewish but Greek, Roman or Byzantine; and the last was long  
20 ensured by tribes of Christian Arabs -- wardens of the marches -- who themselves developed and impressive culture and have left, standing to this day on the desert-margins, monuments of their ability and character. These Arab Christians have not died out; scattered communities of them still endure east of the Jordan, as far south as Kerak, at other points in Moab and Gilead, and even in Hauran and on the Druze-Mountain. Again, there is the Negeb, where the only remains of settled life are  
25 Byzantine. There is Philistia, only occasionally in Jewish hands.

...

Judaea, Samaria and Galilee are left. Is the whole of each of these to be the area of the Jewish "national home"? The religious history of Jerusalem and the devotion to her of so many living faiths point to the conclusion that the city and its territory should be  
30 absolutely neutral under international guarantees. But if the rest of Western Palestine be given back to the Jewish people as a people, what of the Christian communities within it, especially in Bethlehem and its neighborhood -- where they have given as good proof as many Jewish colonists of their power to farm the soil -- and in Nazareth and its neighbourhood, also at other points...

35 Thus the claims of the Zionists, strong though they be, raise larger and more detailed questions than their copious literature has discussed or even stated. The Zionist rightly appeals to history; but his appeal must be decided on wider and more complicated considerations than he advances -- not only the Jewish associations and achievements in Palestine, but Jewish limitations and failures as well, along with the rights that other  
40 races and faiths have undoubtedly earned in that doubly and trebly sacred land.

It is not true that "Palestine is the national home of the Jewish people and of no other people." It is not correct to call its non-Jewish inhabitants "Arabs," or to say that "they have left no image of their spirit and made no history -- except in the great Mosque." We may rule out the Franks, their brief discipline of Syria and the many monuments of  
45 this that remain. But what of the native Christians, Syrian and Greek? They doubtless claim that their faith is the moral heir of all that was best in ancient Judaism.

...

In short, the Jewish question in the Holy Land cannot be decided by itself, nor merely upon general assurances that "the rights of other creeds and races will be respected"  
50 under Jewish dominance. Obviously a very great deal of difficult detail has still to be thought out by the Powers of Europe -- and the democracies of Europe educated in the thinking thereof -- before the future of Syria can be settled on lines of justice and security for all nations and creeds alike.

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Smith, George Adam Smith. *Syria and The Holy Land*. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1918. eBook. <<http://www.archive.org/details/syriaholylandbysOOsmi>>



# Chess-humanics

## *A Philosophy of Chess, A Sociological Allegory*

By Wallace E. Nevill

### The Pawns

#### Section III: Power and Value of Little Things

So, then, our Pawns are ahead, but may it please your majesty, the King, whereas you must ever fear and avoid the vulgar attack of the enemies' Pawns. You must preserve and nurture your own. For, lo, we see in Chess that when the Queen is dead and the Bishops have gone to their reward, and the Knights have fallen in a sea of gore, and the Castles are  
5 in ruins, and the King is left alone in solitary state, sighing, "Alas, for all my greatness." Behold, a Pawn, reaches the eighth square and becomes a Queen.

Let us not say the King has "Hobson's choice<sup>4</sup>," he will marry her; but let us consider how speedily the enemy is vanquished and by what means. We must not despise the day of small things. "He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is  
10 great." It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in Chess, in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid. Though many of these facts and observations seemed in the first instance to have  
15 but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventual uses, and to fit into their proper places. Even many speculations, seemingly remote, turn out to be the basis of results the most obviously practicable. (*Smiles' Self Help*, p. 122.)

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" To which his reply was, "What is the use of a child?  
20 It may become a man."

I am very far from contending that great events spring from little causes. I do not thus confuse causes with conditions. But I am insisting that we must not despise the day of small things. Those things which seem at first insignificant may ultimately prove all important. A little key will open a very large door. A little leak, will sink a very large ship. It is the little drops

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<sup>4</sup> A Hobson's choice is a free choice in which only one option is offered. As a person may refuse to take that option, the choice is therefore between taking the option or not; "take it or leave it".

25 of water that make the mighty ocean, and the little grains of sand keep it in bounds upon the shore. The intelligent eye of the careful observer will be ever ready to give apparently trivial phenomena their value. So trifling a matter as a piece of seaweed floating past his ship enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought new world was not far off.

30 There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten, and no fact, however trivial, but may prove useful in some way or other if carefully interpreted.

It may seem like a trivial fact that many a good end game in Chess is won by a solitary little Pawn ; because it is one of the laws of the game that a Pawn, upon reaching the eighth square, may become a Queen. But the wise will be admonished by such an example —  
35 how weak things of the world are sometimes chosen, and things that are despised to confound and bring to nought things that are mighty. And the mightiest cannot say unto the weakest, "I have no need of you."

Of course all the King's subjects are not his champions. Is it meet to think that a little child should handle Goliath as David did, or that there should be the strength of an ox in a wren?  
40 (*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*)

Pawns are feather-weight fighters. Yet a feather-weight may turn the balance of tons as a foot-fall on the mountains may start an avalanche, so the grand crisis of the world may come and go and the occasion be none other than a little thing. (*Fergusson, Religion of Democracy.*)

45 "It is the little rent within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening, slowly silence all;  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
Which, rotting inwards, slowly moulders all."

50 (*Creighton, Thoughts on Education, p. 171.*)

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