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SHERLOCK HOLMES

SOLVES

THE MYSTERY OF
THE RED-HEADED
LEAGUE

AND

THE CASE OF
THE GREEK
INTERPRETER



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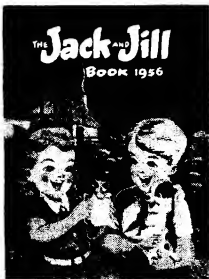
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SHERLOCK HOLMES *and* *The* **Mystery** *of the* **RED-HEADED LEAGUE**

IN BAKER STREET, JUST NORTH OF LONDON'S WEST-END,
LIVED SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE FIRST OF THE GREAT DETECTIVES.

IN THOSE DAYS, TELEPHONES HAD ONLY JUST BEEN INVENTED,
THERE WAS NO WIRELESS, AND NO MOTOR CARS. MANY OF THE
THINGS WHICH A DETECTIVE OF TO-DAY TAKES FOR GRANTED AS
AIDS TO SOLVING HIS CASES, WERE UNKNOWN.

IN THE SOLVING OF THE MANY STRANGE AND BAFFLING MYSTERIES
THAT CAME HIS WAY, SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD THREE MAIN ASSETS.
FIRST, HIS BRILLIANT DEDUCTIVE BRAIN, SECOND HIS TOUGH
WHIP-CORD PHYSIQUE, AND LAST BUT BY NO MEANS LEAST, THE
LOYAL ASSISTANCE OF HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, DOCTOR WATSON.

ONE DAY THEY WERE WALKING DOWN BAKER STREET TOGETHER.
DOCTOR WATSON WAS READING HIS NEWSPAPER.



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EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, WHEN TRAFFIC MOVED A GREAT DEAL MORE SLOWLY, IT WAS NOT A GOOD THING TO READ A NEWSPAPER WALKING ALONG THE STREET. DOCTOR WATSON'S ATTENTION TO THE PAPER BECAME FIXED, SUDDENLY, ON ONE PARTICULAR ITEM. SO FIXED, THAT HE ALMOST STEPPED OFF THE KERB UNDER THE WHEELS OF A PASSING CART.



TO THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

On account of the bequest of Esekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Penn., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of £4 for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above twenty-one years of age, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7, Pope's Court, Fleet Street.

SHERLOCK HOLMES TOOK THE PAPER FROM WATSON, AND AS THEY WENT ON THEIR WAY TOWARDS HIS CHAMBERS, IT BECAME HIS TURN TO BE STRUCK BY THE ODDITY OF THAT ADVERTISEMENT.



BACK IN THE CHAMBERS AT 221B BAKER STREET, SHERLOCK HOLMES APPEARED TO DISMISS THE MATTER OF THE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HIS MIND, AND BECAME ENGROSSSED AT ONCE IN ONE OF HIS INTERMINABLE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS. WATSON, HOWEVER, KEPT GOING BACK TO THE STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.



MEANWHILE, AT THE ADDRESS WHICH WAS GIVEN AT THE FOOT OF THE ADVERTISEMENT, THE MAN BEHIND THE WHOLE FANTASTIC BUSINESS WAS CONFERRING WITH HIS ASSISTANT, ONE DUNCAN ROSS. ROSS KNEW HIM AS VINCENT SPAULDING. TO OTHER PEOPLE, HE WAS BETTER KNOWN AS JOHN CLAY.



MR. SPAULDING, NEWSPAPER IN HAND, MADE HIS WAY TO WILSON'S BOOK SHOP. FOR THE TIME BEING — AND FOR CERTAIN REASONS OF HIS OWN — HE WAS ACTING AS ASSISTANT TO MR. WILSON. FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS STORY, THE MOST INTERESTING THING ABOUT MR. WILSON WAS THAT HE HAD A FINE HEAD OF FLAMING RED HAIR.



AH, SPAULDING!
LATE AGAIN, AS
USUAL!

MAY I GO DOWN TO THE
CELLAR TO DEVELOP
SOME PHOTOGRAPHS,
PLEASE, MR. WILSON?

BAH! ALL
RIGHT,
SPAULDING!
GO AHEAD!



SPAULDING HAD GIVEN HIS EMPLOYER TO UNDERSTAND THAT PHOTOGRAPHY WAS HIS HOBBY. ALL THE SAME, MR. WILSON FELT, HE WAS SPENDING AN AWFUL LOT OF TIME AT IT.

ALWAYS IN THE CELLAR DEVELOPING HIS PICTURES! HE WORKS CHEAP, THOUGH.



SPAULDING!
ARE YOU FINISHED
DOWN THERE?

COMING RIGHT UP,
MR. WILSON!



COME, SPAULDING.
THESE BOOKS ARE ALL
OUT OF ORDER. WE MUST
SORT THEM—

CERTAINLY, SIR!
BY THE WAY,
HAVE YOU
SEEN THE AD-
VERTISEMENT
IN TODAY'S PAPER?

SPAULDING PRODUCED HIS NEWSPAPER, AND
POINTED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT OF THE
RED-HEADED LEAGUE. IT SEEMED THAT
MEMBERSHIP OF THE LEAGUE WOULD ENTITLE
A MAN TO A SALARY OF FOUR POUNDS A
WEEK FOR DOING VERY LITTLE. . . . IT MUST
NOT BE FORGOTTEN THAT FOUR POUNDS WAS
QUITE A CONSIDERABLE SUM IN THOSE DAYS.

FOUR POUNDS A WEEK.
MR. WILSON! FOR
DOING NOTHING!

MR. WILSON WAS A SIMPLE, GULLIBLE
MAN -- A FACT OF WHICH SPAULDING
WAS WELL AWARE.

IT DID NOT TAKE HIM LONG TO MAKE UP
HIS MIND TO LOCK UP THE SHOP AND
MAKE APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.
AFTER ALL, WHAT HAD HE GOT TO
LOSE?

"ALL RED-
HEADED
MEN... ARE
ELIGIBLE."

I WISH I WAS A
RED-HEADED
MAN LIKE YOU,
SIR!

FOUR POUNDS
A WEEK!

IT DID NOT OCCUR TO MR. WILSON THAT HE WAS ALLOWING HIS EMPLOYEE TO TAKE COMPLETE CHARGE OF HIM. TOGETHER THEY HURRIED THROUGH THE STREETS TOWARDS POPE'S COURT, WHERE THE OFFICES OF THE LEAGUE WERE STATED TO BE..... A GREAT MANY OTHER RED-HEADED MEN WERE THERE BEFORE THEM.



THE QUEUE WAS CONSIDERABLE. EVERY SHADE, VARIETY, AND TEXTURE OF RED HAIR WAS REPRESENTED. MR. WILSON AND HIS ASSISTANT JOINED THE QUEUE.



AFTER QUEUING FOR A CONSIDERABLE TIME ON RICKETY STAIRS WHICH CREAKED UNDER THE UNACCUSTOMED LOAD THEY AT LAST REACHED A DINGY ANTE-ROOM INTO WHICH LIGHT FILTERED THROUGH A CRACKED AND DIRTY WINDOW.

WE WANT TO SEE MR. DUNCAN ROSS!

SO DO WE! WAIT YOUR TURN!



MR. DUNCAN ROSS APPEARED A MOMENT LATER, USHERING OUT YET ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL APPLICANT.

SORRY OLD MAN! YOUR HAIR IS JUST A LITTLE TOO DARK TO BE CONSIDERED TRULY RED!

Bah!



MR. ROSS SEEMED TO BE VERY CHOOSEY IN THE MATTER OF RED HAIR. SPAULDING — OR JOHN CLAY, IF YOU LIKE — HAD KNOWN PERFECTLY WELL THAT HE WOULD BE. IF HE HAD CHOSEN TO DO SO. HE COULD HAVE TOLD MR. WILSON EXACTLY WHY DUNCAN ROSS WAS BEING SO PARTICULAR.....

MR. ROSS SEEMS VERY CHOOSEY ABOUT HIS REDHEADS!

YOU DON'T GET FOUR ROUNDS A WEEK FOR BEING JUST SLIGHTLY RED-HEADED!



YOUR TURN NEXT MR WILSON! YOU AREN'T NERVOUS ARE YOU?

NOT ME, SPAULDING!



AT LAST MR. WILSON'S TURN CAME. HE FOUND HIMSELF USHERED INTO ANOTHER ROOM ALMOST AS DINGY AS THE ONE HE HAD BEEN WAITING IN, BUT FURNISHED WITH A DESK, SOME CHAIRS, AND A LOT OF BOOKS ON SHELVES. DUNCAN ROSS WENT TO WORK ON MR. WILSON AT ONCE.



NOW CAME THE "TESTS". MR. WILSON HAD CERTAINLY NOT EXPECTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS.



THE FIRST "TEST" HAVING ESTABLISHED THAT MR. WILSON'S HAIR WAS STRICTLY HIS OWN, AND NOT A WIG, DUNCAN ROSS PASSED ON TO THE SECOND "TEST". AFTER ALL, IT WOULD BE PERFECTLY POSSIBLE TO ACHIEVE THAT ROSEY FLAMING COLOUR WITH THE AID OF DYES.



BY NOW MR. WILSON HAD ALMOST DECIDED THAT THE WHOLE AFFAIR WAS TOO PREPOSTEROUS FOR WORDS.....



.... THEN HE HEARD A NOTE ALMOST OF TRIUMPH ENTER INTO ROSS' VOICE.



MR. WILSON WAS SUCCESSFUL! HE WAS NOW A MEMBER OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE — THE FOUR POUNDS A WEEK WAS HIS!

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. WILSON! YOU HAVE PASSED EVERY TEST OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE!

YOUR HOURS WILL BE FROM TEN TO TWO EVERY DAY! FOR THIS YOU WILL BE PAID FOUR POUNDS A WEEK!

BUT WHAT DO I DO?



THEN DUNCAN ROSS TOLD HIM WHAT HIS TASK WAS TO BE. HE WAS ASTONISHED AT ITS SIMPLICITY.

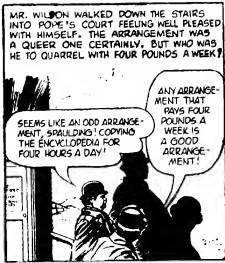
YOU WILL SIMPLY COPY OUT ALL THE ARTICLES IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, MR. WILSON, BEGIN WITH 'A' AND WORK FORWARD!



THIS, THOUGHT MR. WILSON, WAS MONEY FOR NOTHING. FOUR POUNDS A WEEK EXTRA FOR DOING SO LITTLE WOULD MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD TO HIM. MEANWHILE, OF COURSE, HE COULD SAFELY LEAVE THE SHOP IN SPAULDING'S CHARGE.....WHAT THE WORTHY MR. WILSON DID NOT REALIZE WAS THAT THIS WAS PRECISELY WHAT SPAULDING WANTED.

YOU WILL START WORK PROMPTLY AT TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW, MR. WILSON! GOOD-BYE!





AND SO FROM THEN ON, EVERY MORNING, MR. WILSON MADE FOR THE OFFICE OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE. AND EVERY MORNING, AS SOON AS HE WAS GONE, SPAULDING WOULD LOCK THE SHOP DOOR, AND GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR, WHERE HE BUSIED HIMSELF WITH DIGGING A TUNNEL — A TUNNEL THE DIRECTION AND LOCATION OF WHICH HE HAD WORKED OUT VERY CAREFULLY INDEED DURING THE PRECEEDING WEEKS.



SO THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND MR. SPAULDING PERSEVERED WITH HIS TUNNEL. HE HAD LITTLE FEAR THAT MR. WILSON WOULD DISCOVER IT DURING THE FEW HOURS THAT HE WAS IN THE OFFICE, FOR MR. WILSON'S RHEUMATICS MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO DESCEND TO THE CELLAR. AND DURING THE HOURS WHEN THE NOISE OF DIGGING MIGHT HAVE ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION, MR. WILSON WAS SAFELY AT WORK IN THE OFFICES OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

THIS IS TIRING WORK, COPYING THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, MR. BOSS!



TWO MONTHS LATER.....

WHEW! I'VE COPIED THE ENCYCLOPEDIA ALL THE WAY UP TO "BARRACUDA"

YOU HAVE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MR. WILSON! AND HERE ARE YOUR FOUR POUNDS FOR YOUR EIGHTH WEEK OF WORK!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, DURING THE NINTH WEEK OF MR. WILSON'S LABOURS, MR. SPAULDING, ALIAS JOHN CLAY, REACHED HIS OBJECTIVE. THE TUNNEL HAD GONE AS FAR AS IT COULD GO. THERE, FOR THE MOMENT, THE MATTER MUST REST. NOW, JOHN CLAY KNEW, IT WAS A MATTER OF BIDDING HIS TIME FOR THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH HE KNEW MUST COME SOON — THE OPPORTUNITY TO STEAL A FORTUNE.

FINISHED AT LAST!



THE DAYS WORE ON, AND THEN ONE MORNING WHEN MR. WILSON ARRIVED AT POPE'S COURT.....



INDIGNANTLY HE SOUGHT OUT THE CARETAKER.

I WORK FOR THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE! WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. ROSS?

HE MOVED LAST NIGHT--
LOCK STOCK AND
BARREL!



THERE AIN'T NO USE TRYING TO TRACE HIM, EITHER! HE GAVE A FALSE NAME!



STILL IN A STATE OF HIGH DUDGEON MR. WILSON HURRIED BACK TO HIS LITTLE BOOK-SHOP. THERE HE FOUND HIS ASSISTANT, SPAULDING, PLAYING TO PERFECTION THE PART OF A BOOK-SELLER'S ASSISTANT.



SPAULDING! THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE HAS DISAPPEARED! DUNCAN ROSS HAS VANISHED!

REALLY, IT WAS ALL THAT VINCENT SPAULDING COULD DO TO STOP HIMSELF LAUGHING OUT LOUD. AFTER ALL, HE KNEW A LOT MORE ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR "JOKE" THAN MR. WILSON DID.

ROSS CAN'T BE TRACED! HE GAVE A FALSE NAME!

WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? YOU WERE PAID WELL FOR YOUR TIME, MR. WILSON!

I'VE BEEN MADE A FOOL OF! AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



MR. WILSON MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE NEAREST POLICE STATION, AND WHILE THE WORTHY SERGEANT ON DUTY AT THE DESK COULD DO NOTHING TO HELP HIM PERSONALLY, HE DID GIVE HIM ONE PIECE OF EXCELLENT ADVICE.

AND THEY HAD A SIGN ON THE DOOR SAYING THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS DISSOLVED!

THIS ISN'T A CRIME, SIR! THIS IS SOME SORT OF PRACTICAL JOKE! WHY NOT GO TO MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES? HE LIKES NONSENSE!



"GO TO SHERLOCK HOLMES: ... THE VERY THING."

BY GEORGE! I WILL GO TO SHERLOCK HOLMES!



SHERLOCK HOLMES' LAND-LADY, MRS. HUDSON, WAS NOT ONE TO BE RUFFLED BY EXCITED CALLERS. SHE HAD SEEN FAR TOO MANY OF THEM FOR THAT. THIS ONE WAS NO WORSE THAN A LOT SHE HAD KNOWN, BABBLING HIS NONSENSE ABOUT THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

TELL HIM IT'S ABOUT THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE!



BY THE TIME HE ARRIVED AT BAKER STREET, MR. WILSON WAS EVEN MORE INDIGNANT.

I MUST SEE SHERLOCK HOLMES AT ONCE!

HE'S BUSY! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM ABOUT?



THEN A CLIPPED, CLEAR VOICE SOUNDED FROM THE LANDING ABOVE.

MRS. HUDSON! SHOW THE GENTLEMAN IN AT ONCE!



THE RECOLLECTION OF THAT CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD SEEN IN THE PAPER OVER TWO MONTHS AGO HAD REMAINED FILED AWAY IN AN ODD CORNER OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' ASTONISHING MEMORY. IT HAD BEEN A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT, AND HE FELT THAT WILSON'S STORY WAS A FITTING SEQUEL TO IT..

MR HOLMES,
MY NAME IS
JABEZ WILSON! I OWN A BOOK-
SHOP IN COBURG STREET! I LIVE
UPSTAIRS OVER THE SHOP!

PRAY CONTINUE!

... AND THEN ONE MORNING, MR.
HOLMES, ROSS AND THE LEAGUE
HAD DISAPPEARED!

BUT HE PAID
YOU EVERY
WEEK, DIDN'T
HE?

...., BUT THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE STRANGE
STORY WAS YET TO BE WRITTEN. SHERLOCK
HOLMES HAD ALREADY DECIDED THAT HE WOULD
TAKE A PERSONAL HAND IN THE WRITING OF IT.

HE DID! BUT I STILL FEEL
THAT I HAVE BEEN
VICTIMIZED!

I FEEL THAT
YOU HAVE,
TOO!

FROM MR. WILSON'S STORY ONE
THING APPEARED CLEAR TO
SHERLOCK HOLMES. SOMEBODY
HAD GONE TO CONSIDERABLE
TROUBLE TO GET MR. WILSON OUT OF
HIS OWN SHOP FOR A NUMBER OF
HOURS EVERY DAY. WHY? THAT WAS
WHAT HE MEANT TO FIND OUT.

WHO LOOKS
AFTER YOUR
BOOKSHOP
NOW, MR.
WILSON?

MY ASSISTANT,
VINCENT SPAULDING!
HE'S NOT MUCH OF
A WORKER BUT HE
WORKS FOR HALF
THE REGULAR
WAGES!

THEY TOOK A HANSOM CAB, AND A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S RATTLING RIDE OVER THE STONE SETS WHICH THEN PAVED MANY OF LONDON'S STREETS, BROUGHT THEM TO COBURG STREET.



WE WILL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR SHOP FIRST, MR. WILSON!



THERE IT IS, SIR! COBURG STREET ISN'T MUCH OF A STREET, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN AFFORD!

SHERLOCK HOLMES LED THE WAY INTO THE SHOP. HE COULD SEE NOBODY IN IT.



SINGULAR! YOUR SHOP IS OPEN, BUT I DON'T SEE YOUR ASSISTANT!

MR. WILSON CALLED FOR SPAULDING. IT WAS PERHAPS A LITTLE UNFORTUNATE FOR THAT CHARACTER THAT HE HAD CHOSEN THIS PARTICULAR TIME TO INSPECT HIS HANDIWORK IN THE CELLAR BELOW.



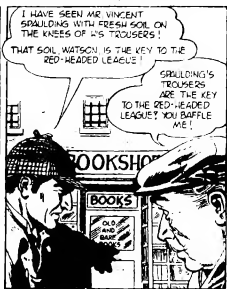
MR. HOLMES, THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, VINCENT SPAULDING!

SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING! I WAS DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE CELLAR!

"...DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE CELLAR". MOST OTHER PEOPLE WOULD HAVE TAKEN SPAULDING'S WORD. BUT NOT SHERLOCK HOLMES. IT WAS HIS HABIT TO LOOK FOR DETAILS WHICH WOULD PROVE THE TRUTH OF ANYTHING HE WAS TOLD. IF SPAULDING HAD BEEN DEVELOPING PHOTOGRAPHS, THEN HE SHOULD SHOW SIGNS OF IT — STAINS — ON HIS FINGERS. BUT SPAULDING DID NOT, THE ONLY "SIGNS" OF HIS RECENT ACTIVITIES WERE ON THE KNEES OF HIS TROUSERS..... SHERLOCK HOLMES NOTED WITH INTEREST, THEREFORE, THAT MR. SPAULDING WAS A LIAR.



SO SPAULDING OBVIOUSLY HAD SOMETHING TO HIDE, THOUGHT SHERLOCK HOLMES, AND FROM THE KNEES OF HIS TROUSERS HE HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF THE NATURE OF SPAULDING'S SECRET. WATSON, HOWEVER, WAS BAFFLED.



HIS BAFFLEMENT WAS FURTHER INCREASED WHEN SHERLOCK HOLMES AND HE GOT INTO THE ROAD OUTSIDE.





THIS STREET
IS RATHER
DIFFERENT
FROM ITS POOR NEIGHBOUR
COBURG STREET, ISN'T IT,
WATSON?

IF COBURG STREET OFFERED
LITTLE TO ATTRACT A CRIMINAL,
THE STREET BEHIND IT WAS
VERY DIFFERENT.



A STREET OF SPLENDID
SHOPS! JEWELERS, FUR-
RIERS, ART DEALERS...



I THINK WE MAY SAFELY
ASSUME THAT NOTHING OF INTEREST
TO A CRIMINAL LIES IN FRONT
OF MR. WILSON'S BOOK-SHOP. NOW
LET US SEE WHAT LIES BEHIND IT.

SHERLOCK HOLMES WALKED
SWIFTLY ALONG, COUNTING EVERY
PACE HE TOOK. NOBODY WHO
WATCHED HIM WALKING SO SWIFTLY
WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT HE WAS
PIN-POINTING AN EXACT SPOT....



AHA, MY DEAR WATSON
— A BANK!

SHERLOCK HOLMES ASKED AT ONCE TO SEE THE BANK MANAGER.

MAY I HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM SHERLOCK HOLMES.... I WONDER IF I MIGHT LOOK OUT OF ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT THE BACK OF YOUR BUILDING?

THE MANAGER, THOUGH BEWILDERED, WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE HIS FAMOUS CALLER.

THERE YOU ARE! BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE EXCEPT THE BACK OF THAT TAWDRY OLD BOOKSHOP!

QUITE! COME, WATSON!

WASTING NO TIME, SHERLOCK HOLMES LED THE WAY OUT OF THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.

WHERE TO NOW HOLMES?

"TO A CONCERT!" I WANT TO THINK!

THAT NIGHT HOLMES AND WATSON ATTENDED A CONCERT. THE MUSIC, HOWEVER, MEANT NOTHING MORE TO HOLMES THAT EVENING THAN A BACKGROUND FOR HIS THOUGHTS.

IT'S ALL SO CLEAR! THE BOOKSHOP, WILSON, THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE...

REALLY, HOLMES! SW-H-H!

BY THE TIME THE CONCERT WAS OVER EVERYTHING WAS CLEAR TO SHERLOCK HOLMES WHICH WAS A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN COULD HAVE BEEN SAID FOR THE FAITHFUL DOCTOR WATSON.

GO HOME AT ONCE, WATSON! A SERIOUS CRIME IS AFOOT!

I SHALL MEET YOU AT BAKER STREET AT TEN TONIGHT! HAVE YOUR REVOLVER WITH YOU!

AND THAT'S IT, MRS. HUDSON! RED-HEADED LEAGUE, BOOKSHOP, THE JUMPING ON THE SIDE WALK! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



IT JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE, SIR!

MEANWHILE SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS MAKING A NUMBER OF VISITS INCLUDING ONE TO SCOTLAND YARD.

WELCOME TO SCOTLAND YARD, MR. HOLMES!

THANK YOU! I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INSPECTOR LESTRADE!



HOLMES MADE HIS EXPLANATIONS TO INSPECTOR LESTRADE, AND THOUGH THAT WORTHY WAS RELUCTANT TO BE DRAGGED OUT OF THE MORE ROUTINE PATHS OF POLICE DUTY, NONE THE LESS HE KNEW SHERLOCK HOLMES TOO WELL TO IGNORE HIM. AND SHERLOCK HOLMES SAID THAT AN ATTEMPT WOULD BE MADE TO ROB AN IMPORTANT LONDON BANK.... THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR LESTRADE.



THEY ARRIVED AT BAKER STREET TWENTY MINUTES LATER.



SHERLOCK HOLMES PAUSED IN THE HALLWAY WHILE WATSON PUT ON HIS CAP. HE POINTED TO A NEWSPAPER LYING ON THE HALL TABLE.



BEFORE THEY LEFT, LESTRADE READ THE PARAGRAPH IN THE PAPER. IT CONCERNED THE DEPOSITING OF AN UNUSUALLY LARGE QUANTITY OF CURRENCY IN A LONDON BANK.



UP TO NOW LESTRADE'S BRAIN HAD NOT FULLY GRASPED EVERYTHING WHICH SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD EXPLAINED TO HIM, BUT BY NOW THE CLUES WERE BEGINNING TO DROP INTO PLACE.

WE'RE PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES 30,000 POUNDS AND THE MOST VICIOUS THIEF AND KILLER IN ENGLAND!



"THE MOST VICIOUS THIEF AND KILLER IN ENGLAND": TO LESTRADE THAT COULD ONLY MEAN ONE MAN.

JOHN CLAY! WHAT I'D GIVE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE BLACKGUARD!



OUTSIDE THE BANK SHERLOCK HOLMES MADE A FINAL CHECK TO ENSURE THAT EVERYTHING WAS AS HE WISHED IT TO BE.

YOU HAVE YOUR REVOLVER WATSON?

THE SAME ONE I CARRIED IN INDIA, HOLMES! IT HASN'T FAILED ME YET!



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THEY ADVANCED TOWARDS THE BANK



DON'T HESITATE TO USE IT! JOHN CLAY IS AS DEADLY AS A COBRA!

SHERLOCK HOLMES RANG THE NIGHT BELL, AND AS THEY WAITED....



AND WE ARE GOING TO TAKE HIM IN THE BIGGEST CRIME OF HIS CAREER!

APART FROM HIS VISIT TO SCOTLAND YARD, AS YOU KNOW, SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD MADE OTHER CALLS..... HIS WAS A NAME WHICH CARRIED WEIGHT IN THAT DAY AND AGE..... ANYONE, THE GOVERNORS OF BANKS INCLUDED, LISTENED WITH RESPECT WHEN HIS NAME WAS MENTIONED.



I HAVE ORDERS TO ADMIT YOU TO THE BANK'S VAULT, MR. HOLMES!



THERE'S 30,000 POUNDS IN THIS VAULT TO BE SHIPPED TO FRANCE TOMORROW! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE MORNING!

EXCITED AND AGITATED, THE BANK MANAGER CONDUCTED SHERLOCK HOLMES, WATSON AND INSPECTOR LESTRADE TO THE VAULTS OF THE BANK, AND THEN RETIRED TO HIS OWN QUARTERS TO WAIT AND TO WONDER. THE THREE MEN IN THE VAULTS BELOW BEGAN A LONG VIGIL. THEN THE EVENT WHICH SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD BEEN AWAITING HAPPENED. FIRST CAME A STEADY SCRATCHING SOUND, AND THEN THE TIP OF A CROW-BAR BROKE THROUGH THE WALL.



TENSELY, THE THREE WAITED, HIDDEN FROM SIGHT BY A NICHE IN THE WALL. THEY WAITED WHILE THE BANK ROBBERS QUICKLY ENLARGED THE HOLE, SLAB BY SLAB UNTIL IT WAS LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO STEP THROUGH. THEN AN ARM APPEARED, AND THE LIGHT OF A LANTERN WAS ADDED TO THE FEEBLE GLOW OF THE GAS JET WHICH BURNED NIGHT AND DAY IN ONE CORNER OF THE VAULT.



A MOMENT LATER THE FACE OF VINCENT SPAULDING, ALIAS JOHN CLAY, APPEARED IN THE OPENING.



DUNCAN ROSS FOLLOWED HIM. THE TWO FOUNDERS OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE HAD REACHED THE GOAL THEY HAD PLOTTED FOR ALL THESE LONG WEEKS.



AT THIS POINT LESTRADE WOULD HAVE STEPPED FORWARD, BUT SHERLOCK HOLMES PRESSED HIM BACK INTO THE SHADOWS. HE WANTED THE THIEVES TO INCRIMINATE THEMSELVES AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. TO CHARGE THEM WITH BREAKING AND ENTERING WAS ONE THING — TO CATCH THEM RED-HANDED WITH THEIR LOOT WAS ANOTHER. SOON THE BIG PORTMANTEAU WAS FULL OF NEW CURRENCY, DESTINED FOR THE FRENCH BOURSE.



THE RASCALLY PAIR STEPPED BACK TOWARDS THE TUNNEL. SHERLOCK HOLMES PREPARED TO ACT.....WHEN ONE OF THEM WAS CLIMBING THROUGH THE GAP AND THE OTHER WAITING BEHIND, THEN THEY WOULD BE MOST VULNERABLE.....BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THIS POINT, WATSON TOOK MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS.

HIS PISTOL WAVED AROUND FROM CLAY TO COVER ROSS, AND HE MOVED FORWARD. IT WAS A FATAL MISTAKE — AND ONE OF WHICH JOHN CLAY TOOK INSTANT ADVANTAGE.



ROSS SNATCHED UP THE REVOLVER AS IT FELL FROM WATSON'S NERVELESS FINGERS, AND DIVED THROUGH THE OPENING. CLAY THRUST WATSON SAVAGELY AT HOLMES AND LESTRADE, AND FOLLOWED.

THEY'VE BOTH SCURRIED BACK INTO THEIR TUNNEL!

I'M GOING IN AFTER THEM!



SUDDENLY A DAZZLING LIGHT STABBED OUT OF THE DARKNESS AHEAD.



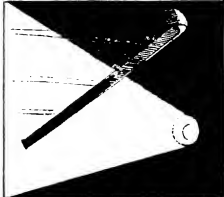
BUT AS SHERLOCK HOLMES SHOWED HIMSELF IN THE OPENING, ROSS FIRED BACK AT HIM. THE BULLET WHINED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND PIERCED THE CROWN OF LESTRADE'S BOWLER, CAUSING HIM TO DIVE FOR COVER. THEN, AS THE SOUND OF RETREATING FOOTSTEPS ECHOED FROM THE TUNNEL, SHERLOCK HOLMES, ARMED ONLY WITH THE CROW-BAR, DARTED AFTER THE TWO DESPERATE MEN.



STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I SHOOT!



FOR A SPLIT SECOND HOLMES STOOD MOTIONLESS, LIKE A STATUE, THE LIGHT GLARING INTO HIS EYES..... IT WAS AT ABOUT WAIST LEVEL. ROSS — IT MUST BE HE, FOR HOLMES HAD NOT RECOGNISED THE VOICE AS JOHN CLAY'S — WOULD MOST LIKELY BE HOLDING THE LIGHT IN HIS LEFT HAND, AND A GUN IN HIS RIGHT. HOLMES MADE A LIGHTNING MENTAL CALCULATION OF THE PROBABLE POSITION OF THE MAN'S HEAD..... THEN THE CROW-BAR WHIRLED OUT OF HIS HAND LIKE A BOOMERANG.



HIS AIM WAS UNERRING.....



THE LANTERN FELL TO THE FLOOR, AND IN ITS LIGHT HOLMES GLIMPSED THE SCURRYING FIGURE OF JOHN CLAY.



SHERLOCK HOLMES' LONG LEGS CARRIED HIM OVER THE GROUND
IN LONG BOUNDING STRIDES.....



FROM A COUPLE OF PAGES BEHIND THE
PODGY LITTLE CROOK,
HOLMES LEAPT LIKE
A PANTHER, AND HIS
HANDS CLUTCHED AT
JOHN CLAY'S LEGS.
DRAGGED FORWARD
BY THE WEIGHT OF
THE BAG OF STOLEN
MONEY, JOHN CLAY
PITCHED FORWARD,
AND HIS HEAD
CRASHED INTO ONE
OF THE WOODEN PROPS
WHICH HE HIMSELF
HAD PUT INTO
POSITION TO SUPPORT
THE ROOF OF HIS TUNNEL.
A BLINDING LIGHT
FLASHED IN HIS EYES,
AND JOHN CLAY
KNEW NO MORE.



SHERLOCK HOLMES CALLED TO WATSON AND LESTRADE, WHO WERE ALREADY CLAMBERING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BANK-Vault WALL BEHIND HIM. HE WAS EMERGING THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR FROM THE BOOK SHOP CELLAR BY THE TIME WATSON AND LESTRADE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.



AS LESTRADE AND WATSON CLIMBED THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR AFTER SHERLOCK HOLMES, MR. WILSON WAS BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND A LOT OF THINGS WHICH HAD BEEN PUZZLING HIM.

WHY, THAT'S MR. DUNCAN ROSS, THE PRESIDENT OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE!

GO BACK TO BED, MR. WILSON! THE MYSTERY OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE IS SOLVED!



AND SO THE CLATTERING HOOPS OF THE HORSES PULLING THE BLACK MARIA WHICH CARRIED THE TWO CROOKS AWAY MARKED THE END OF YET ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES — THE FIRST OF THE DETECTIVES.



SHERLOCK HOLMES *and* *The* **CASE** *of* **THE GREEK INTERPRETER**

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS BELIEVES THAT HE WILL GAIN SOMETHING FOR HIMSELF FROM HIS EVIL DOING. HE ALWAYS FINDS IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT HE WILL BE FOUND OUT, AND JUSTLY PUNISHED. IN THE DAYS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES THIS WAS EVEN MORE TRUE THAN IT IS TO-DAY, FOR TRAVEL AND COMMUNICATION WAS SO MUCH SLOWER, THAT A MAN COULD FEEL AS REMOTE AND SECURE IN A HOUSE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM LONDON, AS HE WOULD DO TO-DAY IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

NONE THE LESS, AS SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD BEEN HEARD TO REMARK, IT WAS ASTONISHING HOW OFTEN A CRIME WOULD BRING ITSELF TO THE ATTENTION OF THOSE WHO COULD METE OUT PUNISHMENT FOR IT.

SUCH A CRIME WAS THE "CASE OF THE GREEK INTERPRETER."



TODAY BECKENHAM IS A MERE HALF HOUR BY RAIL FROM CHARING CROSS. IN THE TIME OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, IT WAS A VILLAGE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE COUNTRY. THE HOUSE WHICH WAS OCCUPIED BY MR. KEMP AND MR. LATIMER WAS WELL AWAY FROM THE REST OF BECKENHAM. IT STOOD IN ITS OWN GROUNDS. IT WAS A HOUSE WHERE A SCREAM OF TERROR OR PAIN COULD GO QUITE UNNOTICED.....

STOP THAT, LATIMER! IT'S A WASTE OF TIME! AND WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE!

KILL ME IF YOU LIKE! I'LL NEVER HELP YOU!



LATIMER RELEASED HIS HOLD ON THE GIRL'S ARM AND PUSHED HER TOWARDS THE DOOR.

TAKE HER TO HER ROOM, LATIMER! HE'S READY TO DO OUR BIDDING!



AS LATIMER WENT OUT OF THE ROOM, KEMP TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE HELPLESS MAN WHOSE EYES GLARED A DEFIANCE THAT HIS SEALED LIPS COULD NOT SPEAK.



KEMP DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK IN THOSE EYES. HE STRUCK THE BOUND MAN SAVAGELY ACROSS THE MOUTH.

LATIMER REJOINED HIM, AND TOGETHER THEY LOOKED DOWN AT THE MAN WHO SAGGED HOPELESSLY AND HELPLESSLY, ROPED TO THE CHAIR. THIS MAN HAD SUFFERED TORTURE AT THEIR HANDS AND NOW IT SEEMED THAT THEIR TORTURE HAD GONE FAR ENOUGH. BUT THERE WAS A SNAG. HE SPOKE NO ENGLISH, AND THEY COULD NOT SPEAK GREEK.



I THINK HE'LL DO AS WE ASK, NOW!

BUT HOW CAN HE UNDERSTAND WHAT WE WANT? THE GIRL WON'T HELP US!



A FORTUNE WAS AT STAKE. A FORTUNE THAT WAS ALMOST WITHIN THEIR GRASP, AND THE RUTHLESS KEMP DID NOT PROPOSE TO LET THE GIRL'S REFUSAL TO HELP THEM STAND IN HIS WAY.

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT TOO, LATIMER! WE NEED A GREEK!



TAKE HIGGINS AND THE CARRIAGE AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT A GREEK!



LATIMER DROVE UP TO LONDON IN THEIR PRIVATE CARRIAGE. HE MADE FOR A QUARTER OF THE CITY WHERE THERE WAS A LARGE POPULATION OF GREEK IMMIGRANTS. HERE, HE FELT, HE WOULD FIND A GREEK WHO WOULD PASS ON INSTRUCTIONS TO THEIR UNWILLING CAPTIVE. ONCE HE HAD DONE WHAT WAS DEMANDED OF HIM, THE FORTUNE WOULD BE THEIR..... EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON FINDING A GREEK.



LATIMER LOOKED AROUND AT THE FACES IN THE CROWDED CAFÉ. MOST OF THEM MUST BE GREEKS. BUT WHICH ONE SHOULD HE CHOOSE — WHAT SORT OF MAN WAS BEST FOR HIS EVIL PURPOSE? HIS GAZE CAME TO REST ON A MILD BESPECTACLED LITTLE MAN.



TOO BOLD A TYPE MIGHT SPOIL EVERYTHING BY TAKING TOO MUCH OF THEIR SCHEME INTO HIS OWN HANDS.... THIS LITTLE MAN LOOKED HONEST, BUT TIMID, AND NOT LIKELY TO GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE, THOUGHT LATIMER.



FAT, POMPOUS, AND RESPECTABLE — THAT WAS THE WAY LATIMER SUMMED HIM UP. HE DIDN'T LOOK THE SORT OF MAN WHO WOULD WANT TO BE CONNECTED WITH ANY SORT OF A SCANDAL. HE'D KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT, THOUGHT LATIMER. HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.

I AM, SIR!
MY CARD!



LATIMER'S EYES LIT UP AS HE READ THE VISITING CARD.

"SOCRATES MELAS, INTERPRETER."
YOU'RE JUST WHAT I NEED! A
GREEK INTERPRETER!



LATIMER QUITE EASILY GOT INTO CONVERSATION WITH THE LITTLE MAN — HE COULD BE VERY CHARMING WHEN HE WISHED. HE SOON FOUND THAT, LIKE MOST IMMIGRANTS IN THOSE DAYS, MR. MELAS WAS BADLY OFF, AND MOST EAGER TO BETTER HIMSELF IN HIS NEW COUNTRY. LATIMER SOON PERSUADED HIM TO ACCOMPANY HIM THAT VERY EVENING.

IF YOU WILL
INTERPRET FOR
ME, YOU WILL BE
WELL PAID, MR.
MELAS!



ONCE INSIDE THE CARRIAGE THE LITTLE GREEK BEGAN TO HAVE HIS MISGIVINGS.

WHY ARE YOUR CARRIAGE WINDOWS COVERED WITH BLACK PAPER, MR. LATIMER?



AS THE CARRIAGE RATTLED BRISKLY AWAY THROUGH LONDON'S STREETS, LATIMER'S MASK OF GENIALITY DROPPED, AND MR. MELAS FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING AT THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER.

YOU ARE HIRED TO INTERPRET, NOT TO ASK QUESTIONS!



NINETY MINUTES LATER.....

WE HAVE ARRIVED!
ONE SECOND, MR.
MELAS!



IT WAS NOW DOUBLY CLEAR THAT HIS CAPTOR DIDN'T INTEND HIM TO REMEMBER ANYTHING OF THE PLACE TO WHICH HE WAS BEING TAKEN.



AS HE STUMBLED FROM THE CARRIAGE HE COULD HEAR BIRDS SINGING, AND THE RUSTLE OF THE NIGHT WIND IN THE HEDGEROW. SO HE WAS IN THE COUNTRY. MORE THAN THAT HE COULD NOT GUESS.



LATIMER HURRIED HIM INTO THE HOUSE.

THIS IS OUR GREEK INTERPRETER!

EXCELLENT!



KEMP RIPPED AWAY THE BUNDFOLD, AND THE GREEK INTERPRETER FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN THE OTHER TWO HAD TORTURED SO UNMERCIFULLY.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THIS MAN?

THAT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU, MR. MELAS!



MR. MELAS LOOKED AT THE BOUND MAN WITH HORROR. IF THIS WAS THE SORT OF THING THAT HAPPENED IN ENGLAND, THEN HE WAS SORRY HE HAD EVER LEFT HIS NATIVE GREECE. KEMP'S VOICE BROUGHT HIM BACK SHARPLY TO THE REASON FOR HIS BEING THERE.

THIS MAN IS A GREEK! YOU WILL TRANSLATE FOR US!



MR. MELAS DIDN'T LIKE IT A BIT. THE TWO MEN TERRIFIED HIM. THE HAGGARD TORTURED MAN IN THE CHAIR WAS A SIGHT HE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE SEEN. MR. MELAS TREMBLED, AND WISHED HE HAD NEVER LISTENED TO THE SMOOTH-TONGUED LATIMER.



TREMBLING, HE WATCHED THEM UNBIND ENOUGH OF THEIR CAPTIVE'S ARM TO ENABLE HIM TO WRITE. THEN IN A QUAVERING VOICE, THE GREEK INTERPRETER SAID WHAT THEY TOLD HIM TO SAY IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE.



ALMOST FIERCELY THE PRISONER SCRAWLED HIS ANSWER ON THE PAPER.



MELAS SHOWED THE PAPER TO LATIMER AND KEMP, AND TRANSLATED THE MEANING OF THE GREEK CHARACTERS.

HIS ANSWER IS *NEVER*!

KEMP'S VOICE BECAME AN ALMOST ANIMAL SNARL.

PERHAPS HE NEEDS FURTHER TREATMENT!

"FURTHER TREATMENT" WHAT DID HE MEAN? WHAT WERE THOSE TWO DREADFUL MEN GOING TO DO TO THEIR PRISONER? BUT BEFORE MR. MELAS FOUND THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN AND A GIRL ALMOST FELL INTO THE ROOM... HER VOICE WAS SHRILL WITH TERROR AND URGENCY-AND SHE WAS SPEAKING GREEK.

THE WORDS POURED OUT OF HER..... SHE KNEW SHE WOULD GET NO CHANCE TO SAY MUCH.....

HELP US! HE IS PAUL KRATIDES, OF ATHENS!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, HELP US!



LATIMER BOUNDED ACROSS TO HER, SEIZED HER ROUGHLY, AND BUNDLED HER OUT OF THE ROOM.



THEN KEMP ROUNDED ON THE LITTLE GREEK, HIS FACE BLACK WITH RAGE.



MR. MELAS CLUTCHED HIS KAT, STILL TREMBLING. HE WAS AN HONEST MAN, AS LATIMER HAD GUESSED. HE WANTED NO PART OF THIS BLACK BUSINESS, BUT A FELLOW GREEK AND A GREEK GIRL WERE CLEARLY IN DIRE DISTRESS. INDIGNATION WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE THE PLACE OF HIS TERROR.

TAKE HIM AWAY,
LATIMER.



THEY TOOK HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE, NOT BOTHERING ABOUT THE BLINDFOLD NOW. THE CARRIAGE WAS STILL WAITING. CONTEMPTUOUSLY KEMP THRUST A HANDFUL OF COINS AT THE GREEK INTERPRETER.

HERE IS YOUR FEE
FOR INTERPRETING,
MR. MELAS!



AND NOW MR. MELAS EXPLODED INTO HELPLESS RAGE. AND HE HURLED THE MONEY INTO KEMP'S SWARTHY FACE.

TAKE YOUR DIRTY
MONEY! MURDERERS!



AT THAT INSTANT A GUN-BUTT CRASHED ON TO HIS HEAD.

THAT'LL KEEP
HIM QUIET.



LATIMER HEAVED THE LITTLE GREEK UP TO HIS SHOULDER, AND BUNDLED HIM INTO THE COACH. IT WAS CLEAR THAT NEITHER HE NOR KEMP CONSIDERED THE CHUBBY LITTLE MAN WORTH A SECOND THOUGHT. WHAT COULD HE DO TO INTERFERE WITH THEM? THE REFUSAL OF PAUL KRATIDES TO SIGN THE DOCUMENTS THEY WISHED HIM TO, WAS A MUCH MORE SERIOUS PROBLEM.

TAKE HIM AWAY
AND LOSE HIM!



LATIMER CALLED TO THE COACHMAN.

HIGGINS! TAKE US
TO A LONELY STRETCH
OF COUNTRY!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER.

STOP HERE! THIS
IS A GOOD PLACE
TO DROP HIM!



MR. MELAS WAS TIPPED OUT
ROUGHLY ON TO THE ROAD.

WE'RE RID OF HIM!
DRIVE ON, HIGGINS!

HE LAY THERE INSENSIBLE UNTIL THE DAWN
LIGHTENED THE SKY, AND A SMALL CART CAME
CLATTERING ALONG THE ROAD.

LOOK, FATHER!
THERE AT THE
SIDE OF THE
ROAD! A MAN!

THE CARTER AND HIS SON JUMPED DOWN, AND BATHED HIS FACE AND
HEAD WITH WATER FROM A GALLIPOT. HE WAS NOT DEAD AS THEY HAD
FEARED AT FIRST, AND UNDER THEIR KINDLY HANDS, HE REVIVED AND
STAGGERED TO HIS FEET.

WE MUST GET YOU
TO A DOCTOR, SIR!

I DON'T WANT
A DOCTOR! TAKE
ME TO LONDON!

AND AS MR. MELAS SAT THERE, JOGGING ALONG ON THE CART TOWARDS LONDON, A CHANGE CAME OVER HIM. LATIMER HAD SUMMED HIM UP AS A MILD, TIMID, LITTLE MAN WHO WOULD BE TOO TERRIFIED TO GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE. IT WAS TRUE, THAT MILD AND TIMID WAS EXACTLY WHAT MR. MELAS LOOKED LIKE FROM THE OUTSIDE, BUT THE RUTHLESS CRUELTY WHICH HE HAD SEEN DISPLAYED BY KEMP AND HIS PARTNER HAD DONE SOMETHING TO HIM. MR. MELAS WAS DETERMINED TO TAKE WHAT ACTION HE COULD TO HELP HIS UNFORTUNATE FELLOW GREEKS.



LEAVING THE MARKET, MR. MELAS MADE HIS WAY TO HIS LODGINGS, WHERE HE HAD A QUICK WASH. REFRESHED, HE SET OUT AGAIN. HE HAD WORK TO DO.



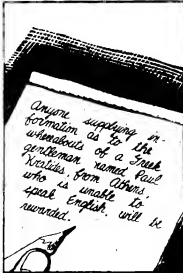
THE MILD LITTLE MAN WITH THE FOREIGN ACCENT FOUND EVERYONE MOST HELPFUL AT THE OFFICES OF THE LONDON TRIBUNE.

I WISH TO PLACE A
PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT!

YES, SIR! HOW DO YOU WISH
YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO
READ?



LET ME WRITE
IT OUT FOR YOU!



NEXT MORNING, MR. MELAS HAD THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING HIS ADVERTISEMENT IN PRINT. HE LOOKED AT IT PROUDLY.... HE WOULD SHOW THESE MEN THAT HE, SOCRATES MELAS WAS NOT A MAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH. MR. MELAS PUFFED HIS CHEST OUT AND LOOKED AROUND HIM, TO TELL THE TRUTH, HE WAS SEEING IF THERE WAS ANYONE IN THE CAFE TO WHOM HE COULD TELL THE STORY OF HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, AND OF WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO WITH THE CRIMINALS WHEN HE, MELAS, LAID HIS HANDS ON THEM.



THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE LITTLE GREEK RESTAURANT THAT HE KNEW. BUT AT THE NEXT TABLE WERE TWO ENGLISHMEN, ONE OF WHOM SOMEHOW SEEMED FAMILIAR TO THE LITTLE GREEK. THEN HE HEARD A NAME MENTIONED.....

SHERLOCK HOLMES! OF COURSE - MR. MELAS HAD SEEN HIS PICTURE IN A PAPER ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE. HE GOT UP AND WENT ACROSS TO THE OTHER TABLE.

FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN! ARE YOU SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE FAMOUS INVESTIGATOR?



TO TELL THE TRUTH, SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS NONE TOO PLEASED AT BEING PESTERED BY THIS RATHER FUSSY LITTLE MAN..... PEOPLE IN REAL TROUBLE USUALLY CAME TO HIM AT HIS CHAMBERS IN BAKER STREET — THEY DIDN'T DECIDE TO ACCOST HIM IN A PUBLIC RESTAURANT ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT — AND AFTER THEY HAD PUT A RATHER SILLY ADVERTISEMENT IN A NEWSPAPER.

AS HE LEFT THE RESTAURANT WITH THE LITTLE GREEK STILL TROTTING ALONG BESIDE HIM, HE WAS INCLINED TO THINK THAT MR. MELAS HAD A BEE IN HIS BONNET.

YOU MUST HELP ME! A COUNTRYMAN OF MINE IS BEING MURDERED!



.. AND THEN I PUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT IN THE NEWSPAPER!



SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD NO DESIRE TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF BY UNDERTAKING A WILD GOOSE CHASE. ON THE OTHER HAND HE WAS NOT THE MAN TO WITHHOLD HIS HELP, IF IT WAS GENUINELY NEEDED. FROM WHAT MR. MELAS HAD ALREADY TOLD HIM, SHERLOCK HOLMES COULD SEE NO POSSIBLE HOPE OF FINDING THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE WHERE PAUL KRATIDES WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A HELPLESS PRISONER.... APART FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS IN THE COUNTRY, AND A COUPLE OF HOURS COACH RIDE FROM LONDON, MR. MELAS COULD DO NOTHING TO TELL HIM WHERE THE PLACE MIGHT BE. SHERLOCK HOLMES THEREFORE TOOK THE ONLY COURSE OPEN TO HIM.

MR. MELAS — I CAN TAKE NO USEFUL ACTION UPON THE FACTS WHICH YOU HAVE TOLD ME, AND YOU ASSURE ME THAT YOU HAVE HELD NOTHING BACK. HOWEVER, IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, I MAY BE ABLE TO ASSIST.... IF YOU GET A REPLY TO YOUR RATHER FOOLHARDY ADVERTISEMENT, DO NOTHING ABOUT IT, BUT BRING IT TO ME AT ONCE.



PERSONALS

ANYONE supplying information as to the whereabouts of a Greek gentleman named Paul Kratides from Athens, who is unable to speak English, will be rewarded. BOX 12 BETH.

SHERLOCK HOLMES' MANNER WAS COLD. MR. MELAS, IT MUST BE CONFESSED, WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED. HE HAD EXPECTED THE GREAT DETECTIVE TO DASH AROUND AND PERFORM SOME SPECTACULAR FEAT OF DETECTION UPON THE SPOT.

GOOD DAY TO YOU, MR. MELAS.



AREN'T YOU GOING TO HELP THAT GREEK CHAP, HOLMES?

MY DEAR WATSON—I HAVE ALREADY DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE. IF HIS STORY IS A HOAX, THEN THERE SHOULD BE NO REPLY TO HIS ADVERTISEMENT. IF THERE IS A REPLY, IT MIGHT STILL BE A HOAX, WHICH I FLATTER MYSELF I SHALL BE ABLE TO DETECT. IF IT IS NOT A HOAX, THEN I SHALL HAVE SOME GROUNDS ON WHICH TO TAKE ACTION.



THAT AFTERNOON WHEN MR. MELAS RETURNED TO HIS LODGINGS.....

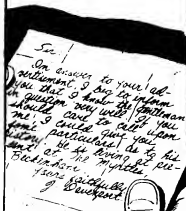
A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR! THE NEWSPAPER JUST SENT IT ROUND!



IT WAS A REPLY TO HIS ADVERTISEMENT.



WITH TREMBLING FINGERS MR. MELAS STRAIGHTENED OUT THE PAPER.



THE NOTE WAS POLITE. IT GAVE NO HINT OF MENACE..... AND SHERLOCK HOLMES' MANNER TO MR. MELAS THAT MORNING HAD BEEN FAR FROM FRIENDLY. THE GREAT DETECTIVE HAD TOLD MR. MELAS TO DO NOTHING, BUT BRING THE REPLY TO HIM AT ONCE. WHO DID SHERLOCK HOLMES THINK HE WAS, TELLING SOCRATES MELAS WHAT TO DO?



MUCH TO THE INTEREST OF HIS LANDLADY, MR. MELAS LEFT THE HOUSE IN A GREAT HURRY, AND HAILED A HANSON CAB.

AND AS HE SPED TOWARDS BECKENHAM, SOME IMPORTANT FACTS STILL ESCAPED HIM. FOR A REPLY TO HAVE REACHED HIM SO SOON, SOMEBODY MUST HAVE THOUGHT THE MATTER SUFFICIENTLY IMPORTANT TO MAKE A PERSONAL CALL TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE AS SOON AS THEY SAW THE ADVERTISEMENT. ALSO, THEY HAD NOT BEEN SATISFIED WITH LEAVING THEIR REPLY FOR COLLECTION THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER BOX NUMBER, BUT MUST HAVE PAID A FEE TO ENSURE THAT A SPECIAL MESSENGER DELIVERED IT TO THE GREEK INTERPRETER'S ADDRESS. ALL THIS SHERLOCK HOLMES WOULD HAVE SEEN AT ONCE, HAD ONLY THE LITTLE GREEK DONE AS HE HAD ASKED, AND TAKEN THE REPLY TO HIS CHAMBERS IN BAKER STREET.

TAKE ME TO THE MYRTLES, BECKENHAM!



HURRY! HURRY! A LIFE IS AT STAKE!



SHERLOCK HOLMES WOULD HAVE INSTANTLY DEDUCED THAT THE REPLY TO THE GREEK INTERPRETER'S ADVERTISEMENT COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM SOMEONE WHO, STARTLED AT HIS BRASHNESS IN EVEN INSERTING THAT ADVERTISEMENT, NOW WISHED TO SILENCE HIM FOR GOOD..... MR. MELAS KNOCKED ON THE DOOR OF THE MYRTLES, AND IT WAS INSTANTLY OPENED BY KEMP.

AH! MR. MELAS! WE WERE EXPECTING YOU! COME IN!



NEXT MORNING IN BAKER STREET, SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS LOOKING AT HIS WATCH.

THE MORNING POST WILL HAVE BEEN DELIVERED BY NOW, WATSON..... IF OUR IMPULSIVE LITTLE GREEK FRIEND IS GOING TO GET ANY REPLIES TO HIS ADVERTISEMENT, HE WILL HAVE HAD THEM BY NOW. I IMAGINE HE WILL HAVE BEEN AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE FIRST THING TO COLLECT THEM.



SHERLOCK HOLMES WENT OUT SOON AFTER THAT. WHEN HE RETURNED HE WAS DEEP IN THOUGHT.

I SAW FIT TO CALL AT THE OFFICES OF THE NEWSPAPER, WATSON, AND INQUIRE REGARDING THE REPLIES TO THAT ADVERTISEMENT. THERE WERE NONE THIS MORNING, BUT THERE WAS ONE YESTERDAY, ON WHICH A SPECIAL FEE WAS PAID TO HAVE IT DELIVERED DIRECT TO THE ADVERTISER.



I DON'T LIKE IT, WATSON. MR. SOCRATES MELAS HAS NOT BEEN TO SEE US, AND IF HIS STRANGE STORY IS A TRUE ONE, THEN HE IS IN DEADLY DANGER. LET'S GO AND SEE HIM AT ONCE. I HAVE HIS CARD HERE.





THE LANDLADY OPENED THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO THE DETECTIVE'S KNOCK.



THE STORY SHE TOLD CONFIRMED WHAT HOLMES HAD ALREADY DISCOVERED.

HE GOT A LETTER YESTERDAY AND WENT RUNNING OFF IN A HANSOM! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!



THE LANDLADY WAS INCURABLY NOSEY BY NATURE. IN THIS PARTICULAR INSTANCE IT WAS TO PROVE VERY FORTUNATE FOR MR. MELAS THAT SHE WAS SO INQUISITIVE.

I HEARD HIM SPEAK TO THE CABBIE! "TAKE ME TO THE MYRTLES, BECKENHAM!" HE SAID!



SO MR. SOCRATES MELAS HAD SEEN FIT TO TAKE ACTION ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT. BY NOW SHERLOCK HOLMES FELT SURE THAT THE GREEK INTERPRETER'S STRANGE STORY HAD BEEN A TRUE ONE HE WASTED NO TIME.

BECKENHAM IS A LOVELY SPOT, WATSON! JUST RIGHT FOR A HIDEOUT!

TAKE US TO THE MYRTLES, BECKENHAM!



AND SO.....



THEY HURRIED ALONG THE
WEED GROWN PATH.

LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HASN'T
BEEN OCCUPIED IN YEARS!



DOCTOR WATSON THUMBED BACK THE
HAMMER OF THE TRUSTY REVOLVER
THAT HE OFTEN CARRIED, BUT
SELDOM USED.

NO
ANSWER,
WATSON!



"DOWN WITH THE DOOR, WATSON!"
SNAPPED SHERLOCK HOLMES, AND
TOGETHER THEIR SHOULDERS
SMOTE THE STOUT PANELLING.

IF THEY WON'T COME OUT,
WE'LL GO IN!



AS THE DOOR YIELDED,
HOLMES RESTRAINED WATSON
FROM RUSHING FORWARD
INTO THE HALLWAY.

STAND ASIDE, WATSON, AND
KEEP YOUR REVOLVER READY!



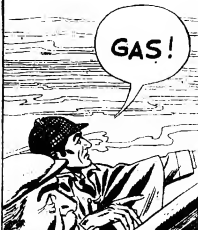
WARILY, AND READY FOR INSTANT ACTION, THE TWO MEN FROM BAKER STREET STEPPED FORWARD.

EMPTY! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH OUR BIRDS HAVE FLOWN!



THEY MOVED TOWARDS THE STAIRWAY, THE PUNGENT SMELL OF GAS ASSAILED THEIR NOSTRILS.

GAS!



SHERLOCK HOLMES TOOK A DEEP BREATH OF THE FRESHER AIR OF THE HALL-WAY, AND THEN, WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF PLACED TIGHTLY OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH, HE BOUNDED UP TOWARDS THE FIRST LANDING. HE PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR, AND THE GAS POURED OUT TO MEET THEM IN WAVES.

IN HERE, WATSON! QUICK!



THE CURTAINS WERE DRAWN, THE WINDOWS WERE CLOSED.

KEEP YOUR FACE COVERED, WATSON! THE ROOM IS FULL OF GAS!

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FIRST ACTION WAS TO LET LIGHT AND AIR COME FLOODING IN.

TURN OFF THE GAS TAPS, WATSON, WHILE I GET SOME AIR IN HERE!

TWO STILL FORMS LAY SPREAD OUT UPON THE FLOOR.....

HERE'S MELAS, HOLMES! HE'S ALIVE!

THIS MAN IS DEAD.

SHERLOCK HOLMES LOOKED DOWN AT THE DEAD MAN. HIS WRISTS BORE THE MARKS OF TIGHTLY KNOTTED CORDS..... OVER HIS MOUTH WAS A STRIP OF ADHESIVE TAPE..... IT WAS ALL JUST AS MELAS HAD DESCRIBED THE PLIGHT OF PAUL KRATIDES WHEN HE HAD TOLD THEM HIS STRANGE STORY..... IF ONLY HE HAD DONE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES ASKED HIM.'

TAKE CARE OF MELAS,
MY DEAR WATSON....
I FEAR THERE IS
NOTHING WE CAN DO
FOR THIS POOR
FELLOW.



THIS, WATSON, IS
PAUL KRATIDES. HE HAS
BEEN FOULY MURDERED.



AT THAT MOMENT SOCRATES MELAS RETURNED TO MUMBLING CONSCIOUSNESS. HE LOOKED BLEARY EYED AT HIS RESCUERS.

I WAS FOOLISH
TO COME ALONE...
IT WAS A TRAP...



THAT IS PAUL
KRATIDES...



THEN MELAS REALIZED WHO IT WAS THAT HAD COME TO HIS AID, AND HE STRETCHED OUT A HAND URGENTLY TOWARDS THE GREAT DETECTIVE....

THEY TOOK HIS SISTER AWAY...

WHERE, MELAS? WHERE?

"HIS SISTER"... THAT MUST BE THE TERRIFIED GIRL OF WHOM MELAS HAD SPOKEN.....

THE S.S. CYPRUS ... BOUND FOR GREECE!

PAUL KRATIDES HAD DIED AT THE HANDS OF KEMP AND LATIMER. MELAS, THEY HAD LEFT TO DIE TOO — UNCONSCIOUS IN A GAS FILLED ROOM. SHERLOCK HOLMES KNEW THAT THE GIRL TOO WAS IN DEADLY DANGER, FOR SHE MUST KNOW ENOUGH TO SEND THE FIENDISH PAIR TO THE GALLOWES.

TAKE CARE OF HIM, WATSON! I'M OFF TO FIND THE CYPRUS!



THE HANSON CAB WAS STILL WAITING OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.
 "DRIVE LIKE THE WIND, CABBIE." THERE IS A GOLDEN SOVEREIGN IN IT
 FOR YOU," CRIED SHERLOCK HOLMES. "THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND
 DEATH—TAKE ME TO COCKSPUR
 STREET."



BACK TO THE CAB DASHED SHERLOCK HOLMES IN ANOTHER MAD RIDE
 THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON'S EAST-END TO THE DOCKS.



MY NAME IS SHERLOCK HOLMES, CAPTAIN — THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH — WHERE ARE THOSE THREE PEOPLE?

THE THREE YOU WANT SOUND LIKE MR. LATIMER AND HIS WIFE, AND MR. KEMP. THEY HAVE CABINS AFT.



AT THAT MOMENT, AMID THE NOISE AND CLATTER OF THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE, THE KEEN EARS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES DETECTED WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A MUFFLED SCREAM, FOLLOWED BY A SPLASH FROM THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE SHIP. HIS EYES NARROWED, AND HE SWUNG AROUND.....



CAPTAIN, ARREST LATIMER AND KEMP AT ONCE!



HE WAS DIVING OVER THE SIDE ALMOST BEFORE HE HAD SEEN THE GIRL STRUGGLING IN THE WATER.



SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD EXPECTED THE GIRL'S LIFE TO BE IN DANGER.... IT COULD NOT BE OTHERWISE, SINCE SHE HELD KNOWLEDGE THAT COULD SEND TWO MURDERERS TO THE GALLOWS. SO THAT WHEN HE HEARD THE SCREAM AND THE SPLASH, THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT INSTANT ACTION... HE HIT THE WATER IN A CLEAN DIVE.



HE CAME UP BESIDE THE STRUGGLING GIRL, AND TREADING WATER, SUPPORTED HER AS A LIFE-BELT DROPPED DOWN FROM ABOVE.



KEMP AND LATIMER WILL NEVER HARM YOU AGAIN!



WHOEVER YOU ARE, THANK YOU!

YOU OWE YOUR SAFETY TO A VERY BRAVE LITTLE GREEK INTERPRETER NAMED SOCRATES MELAS.



THERE WERE A LOT OF THINGS SHERLOCK HOLMES DID NOT KNOW ABOUT THIS STRANGE CASE — BUT AS HE STOOD ONCE MORE ON THE DECK OF THE SHIP A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE KNEW THAT THE IMPORTANT PART OF THE CASE WAS OVER AND DONE WITH — THE GIRL WAS SAFE, AND THE VILLAINS — KEMP AND LATIMER — WERE FINISHED FOR GOOD.

CAPTAIN! WHERE ARE THOSE TWO BLACK-GUARDS KEMP AND LATIMER?

MY MEN HAVE KEMP AND LATIMER IN IRONS, MR. HOLMES!

SILENTLY THE GREAT DETECTIVE WATCHED THE TWO EVIL MEN AS THEY WERE HUSTLED ACROSS THE GANG PLANK. WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE FOR THEIR EVIL DOING? SHERLOCK HOLMES DID NOT KNOW, BUT HE FELT ALMOST SURE THAT IT WOULD PROVE TO BE SHEER GREED... NOTHING MORE.

I HAVE ALREADY SENT FOR THE BRITISH POLICE!

AND IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, A LITTLE LATER, THE MISSING PIECES OF THE SINISTER PUZZLE WERE DROPPED INTO PLACE, AS THE GIRL TOLD HER STORY. SHE WAS HEIR TO A VAST FORTUNE..... THAT WAS WHY LATIMER HAD MARRIED HER. THEN HE, AND HIS PARTNER, HAD FOUND THAT UNTIL SHE WAS OF AGE, THE FORTUNE WAS IN THE TRUSTEESHIP OF HER BROTHER, PAUL.... THEY COULD NOT WAIT EVEN A YEAR OR TWO TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THE MONEY. AND SO THEY HAD TRIED TO TORTURE PAUL INTO SIGNING HIS SISTER'S FORTUNE OVER TO HER HUSBAND..... BUT HE HAD REFUSED. EVEN THOUGH IT HAD COST HIM HIS LIFE.

I WAS STUDYING IN ENGLAND WHEN LATIMER MARRIED ME! MY BROTHER, PAUL KRATIDES, IN GREECE, WAS MY LEGAL GUARDIAN!

I KNEW THAT SOMETHING OF THE SORT MUST BE AT THE HEART OF THIS MATTER. YOUR HUSBAND AND JASPER KEMP WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THEIR CRIMES.



I CHARGE THEM WITH THE ABDUCTION AND MURDER OF PAUL KRATIDES OF ATHENS!



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