They say you could
get out of here
by merely telling
what you know.
You may or may not be
another Scotland Yard bloke
but I'll give you the same
answer I gave the others.
I still have two years,
eight months and six days left
in which to make
musical boxes
that will be sold
at auction
for the benefit of this
delightful sanctuary.
And I intend to
sell them.
Move along.
And now we come to the next object
on our list, or I should say objects
because there are
three of them.
Now ladies and gentlemen these can
be bought together or separately.
Now these beautiful little musical
boxes only arrived this morning
and I didn't intend to put them
on the auction block until later
but I'm going to
sell them now.
So good friends, as our old pal
Mark Anthony used to say,
"lend me your ears
and what do you hear?"
Right,
the beautiful tinkle,
tinkle of a musical box.
What a lovely trinket.
What a beautiful gift,
created and made
by loving hands.
A thing of beauty
and utility.
I was going to start
with five pounds.
It's a bargain for
five pounds.
Do I see any hands?
Is there a connoisseur in the house
who'll go three pounds for it?
Two pounds?
One pound?
Ten shillings?
Ten?
Thank you, sir.
Ladies and gentlemen,
ten shillings is offered
for a musical box
you couldn't buy anywhere in London
for less than five pounds.
It's a bit of a stealing to
let it go for ten shillings,
like taking milk
from a baby.
All right, we start
with ten shillings.
Ten shillings,
ten shillings is offered.
Ten shillings is offered.
Ten shillings is offered.
Does anybody want to
give me one pound?
Anybody one pound?
Won't somebody
give me a pound?
A pound, one pound
is offered, one pound.
ladies and gentlemen
one pound.
The offer is against you, sir.
Will you go to two pounds?
Will you go to two pounds, sir?
Two pounds.
Two pounds is offered.
Two pounds offered
going once,
twice,
third and the last call.
Sold to the gentlemen
for two pounds.
Sorry, my dear.
Now ladies and gentlemen comes
the opportunity to purchase
an exact duplicate of the
beautiful little musical box
just bought by this gentleman
for the ridiculous low price
of two pounds.
Now, it's exactly the same.
Exactly the same.
Made by the same hands.
You hear that?
Isn't that lovely.
That tinkle, tinkle,
tinkle, tinkle.
Sounds like
bow bells to me.
You know, with little angels
pulling on the ropes.
Who will give me
two pounds for it?
Who will start me
with two pounds?
Will anybody start
me with two pounds?
Oh come, come ladies
and gentlemen,
if you offer more enthusiasm we might
all be Scotland instead of London.
Please buy it for me,
Daddy.
Two pounds?
Certainly not.
We all might be
in Scotland.
Besides I don't like
his manner.
One pound,
ten shillings.
One pound.
One pound is asked.
One pound?
One pound is offered.
One pound is offered.
Going, one pound.
In advance.
Going once, going twice,
the third and
the last call.
Sold to the lady
for one pound.
Smart bidding,
my dear.
Thank you.
We come to the third
and last
of these beautiful
little musical boxes.
Exactly the same tinkle,
tinkle. Isn't that lovely?
Ladies and gentlemen
I don't bring you here
to gull you
and swindle you,
this is the exact replica of
those two I just sold before.
We're closed.
But this is extremely
important.
Come in, sir.
Come in.
I'm sorry to disturb you
but I was
unfortunately delayed
from arriving in time to
bid on certain articles,
which I was rather
anxious to obtain.
Well, perhaps they
weren't sold, sir.
We are carrying
several things over.
What might the
articles be, sir?
Three identical musical
boxes about so large.
Oh, I'm sorry, sir,
but they were sold.
Pitty you weren't here
to bid on them.
They didn't bring anything
like their real value.
I'm most anxious
to obtain them.
I wonder if your records
would show
who the purchases were?
Oh, we don't usually give
out that information, sir.
For certain, shall we say,
sentimental reasons
I'm most anxious to get in
touch with the purchasers.
I'd be willing to pay,
shall we say,
five pounds.
Well for certain
sentimental reasons, sir,
we'd be very
happy to oblige.
Alfred, today's sales,
the three musical boxes.
The musical boxes, oh.
Ah, here we are.
The first purchased for two pounds by
Mr. Julian Emery, 52 Portland Square.
- Write these addresses down, Alfred.
- Yes, sir.
Second, didn't leave
any name.
Well, how unfortunate.
I think she's a dealer.
You see, they don't like us to know
where the things are going.
On account of the profits.
You say the second purchaser,
there was a woman,
can you give me a
description of her?
Oh, she was a young woman,
fairly tall, slender,
a light complexion
and dark hair,
- and she was wearing a...
- A gray suit, don't you remember?
- That's right.
- She probably runs a gift shop.
She paid one pound.
You say she comes here
fairly frequently?
No, I didn't say so
but she does, sir.
Likely, she'll come in
on Thursday.
We have sales on
Monday's and Thursday's.
Ah.
And the third box?
The third, oh, a Mr. William Kilgour,
143B Hampton Way.
For ten shillings.
Quite a drop
from two pounds.
Mr. Kilgour was
a Scotchman.
Well, thank you.
You've been most helpful.
Thank you, sir
and anytime your
passing drop in.
We always have
lovely things for sale.
- Our card, sir.
- Thank you.
I'll be back Thursday.
Her message
reached us too late.
The musical boxes
have been sold.
Well, let's get out of here.
Some day
you'll go too far.
Reaching for a star,
you fool.
Yet a fool may touch a star,
Colonel Cavanaugh
if he reaches high enough.
But not possess it
as you would.
The musical boxes
they've been sold?
What a pity for you,
my dear Colonel.
Is it my fault that the message
reached us only an hour ago?
Is it my fault that
they were sold?
She can't hold me
responsible for that.
Hope for your sake
you're right.
"They will call upon you tonight
at a quarter till eight,"
a gentleman it is
asked to consult you
"upon a matter of the
very deepest moment."
Remember that letter,
Holmes?
It was written
over two years ago.
Very interesting case.
Devilishly interesting.
Humph, Irene Adler,
what a striking
looking woman
from the brief glance
I had of her.
Seems only yesterday.
What charm.
What poise.
And what a mind.
Sharp enough and
brilliant enough
to outwit the great
Sherlock Holmes himself.
I take it that the new issue
of the Strand Magazine is out, 
containing another of 
your slightly lurid tales. 
It is indeed. 
And what do you 
call this one? 
I call it "A Scandal in Bohemia". 
Not a bad title, huh? 
Hmm. If you must 
record my exploits 
I do wish you would put less 
emphasis on the melodramatic 
and more on the intellectual 
issues involved. 
More on the inte... what 
do you mean by that? 
Well, I do hope you've given 
The Woman a soul, 
she had one you know? 
By The Woman, 
I suppose you 
mean Irene Adler? 
Yes, 
I shall always remember 
er as The woman. 
Stinky. 
Fatso, old boy, 
how are you? 
How are you, old boy? 
I haven't seen you for years. 
I want you to meet my old 
friend Sherlock Holmes. 
Holmes, this is Stinky. 
In other words 
Julian Emery. 
How do you do, Mr. Emery? 
Watson's often spoken of you. 
Oh, has he? 
Yes, we were at 
school together. 
Yes, more years ago 
than I care to remember 
but you didn't come in here 
just to remind me of that.
No, I just happened to be in the neighborhood and saw your lights burning so I took the liberty of looking you up. Still writing the old mystery stuff? Yes. There's a new one out this week.
- Good, I never miss them.
- Oh good. Thanks.
I say that bandage makes you look very interesting. Still poking your nose into other people's business as usual?
- Who hit you?
- I haven't the foggiest notion. Somebody knocked me on the head in my own living room then proceeded to commit the most idiotic burglary you ever heard of. Fellow must have been barney as a coot. Barney, why?
Come sit down, old boy.
- Would you like a cup of tea?
- Huh?
Oh, all right.
I'll go and tell Mrs. Hudson about it. Why did you say the robbery was idiotic, Mr. Emery?
Oh, simply from the fact that with about five thousand pounds worth of musical boxes in my living room the thief, who I caught in the act, made off with one that isn't even worth five pounds. I gather you are a collector of musical boxes?
Yes, I am indeed.
Some of them
are very beautiful
but not the one
that was stolen.
This thief evidently grabbed the first
thing that came to his hand
when he heard me
coming into the room.
Still it's rather odd, isn't it,
that having disposed of you
he didn't pick up
something more valuable.
Well, is there anything
unusual about the stolen box?
No, nothing at all.
I picked it up in
the south of France
several years ago.
You say you have many
valuable music boxes
and yet the thief made off with
one that's isn't worth five pounds.
Sounds like a rather
intriguing little problem.
Yes, well I take it that he was
just an ordinary petty thief
and didn't know the value.
That is a possible explanation,
yet I adventure to say
that the average petty thief has a
more extensive knowledge of the value
of the objet d'art than
the average collector.
Well anyway, that's
Scotland Yards theory
they didn't get very
excited about it.
That's consistent anyway.
I wonder if I might see
your collection, Mr. Emery?
Why of course you can.
Yes.
Nothing that a
collector likes more
than showing off
his trophies.
- When would it suit you?
- No time like the present.
Good.
My place is just around
in Pullman Square.
- Shall we?
- Yes, right.
Hello.
Where you going?
- Stinky hasn't had his tea yet.
- Oh, I'm sorry.
We're going round
to my place
where I'm going to give you
something better than tea.
Now this one was
made for Louis the XV
and is one of the very few still
in the existence from that period
and a particularly
fine specimen at that.
Charming isn't it?
Quite.
They all sound to me
like a lot of mice
running about
on a tin roof.
I'm afraid you have no ear
for music, Watson.
Give me a good old band
playing a rousing march,
you have all your silly
little tweet tweets.
Oh, that's another one
of them.
Good gracious me.
Stupid thing,
singing rabbit, huh.
What would you say offhand is the
value of a box like that, Mr. Emery?
Well, it's hard to say offhand
but I think it would bring
about five or six
hundred pounds today.
It's the gem
of my collection.
Yet a thief, who steals an oddity
like a musical box,
passes up one worth
five hundred pounds
for one of almost
no value at all.
Odd, very odd.
What was the stolen box like,
Mr. Emery?
Oh, just plain wooden box
about so big.
As a matter fact, I have one over here
almost exactly like it.
I picked this up yesterday at an
auction room in Knightsbridge,
paid only
two pounds for it.
Of course, I wouldn't
have ordinarily
add one like this to my collection
but the tune intrigued me.
I'd never heard it before.
You have a remarkable
ear for music, Holmes.
- Rather an unusual melody.
- Sit down, will you.
Thanks.
You say you bought that box
at an auction hall yesterday?
Yes. The Gaylord Auction
Rooms in Knightsbridge,
run by old...
What's his name?
Crabtree.
That's the man.
At what time was the
robbery committed?
Oh, about three o'clock
this morning.
You know, Mr. Emery
that box and the robbery
might well be cause and effect,
especially since you say
that the stolen box
outwardly resembles
this one a great deal
and Scotland Yard was not
particularly interested, eh?
Oh yes, but I wouldn't
blame them for that,
especially as I told them I was
quite unable to describe the thief,
except, of course, for the fact
that it was definitely a man.
All you remember is
that who came in here
and someone struck
you on the head.
Yes and the
next thing I knew
my man was trying
to revive me.
It might be wise for you to put that
box away somewhere and lock it up.
Oh, I don't think
that's necessary.
Besides, everything's insured.
Well, at least of any further
attempts at robbery are made
I'd suggest that
you call the police
rather than running into
any personal danger.
Oh come, Holmes aren't you
being a bit of an alarmist?
Possibly.
I must agree with
old Stinky.
Seems to me you are making rather
a mountain out of a mole skin.
Molehill is the word,
old boy
and it's time
you were in bed.
Thanks so much for letting
us see your collection.
It's been grand
meeting you.
Holmes, I can't understand
why you were so mysterious.
Seems to me the petty thief explanation
was the only sensible one.
- Really?
- Yes, I can't see how you can believe
it was anything else.
I didn't say I believed
it to be anything else.
The petty thief theory is
the obvious one I grant you.
However, it's often a mistaken
to accept something that's true
merely because it's obvious.
The truth is only arrived at
by the pain staking process
of eliminating the untrue.
We are not able to
do that in this case
without further data.
Rubbish.
You're pulling my leg.
You're trying to turn a
cut on the head and a robbery
into an international plot.
No I'm not.
I just hope that
your friend Stinky
is a little more cautious
in the future,
just in case.
Hello. Yeah.
Julian Emery here.
Who?
Why of course I remember
you, Mrs. Courtney.
Yes. Yes, you are the
one bright spot
at that appallingly dull
affair of Lady Sanfords.
Huh?
Of course it isn't too late
to come around.
Yes, I shall be delighted
to give you a drink.
I tell you what
come straight up
and I'll leave the door
unlatched.
All right.
Fifteen minutes?
Good.
I shall be counting
each moment.
No. No.
No, I mean that, really.
Right.
Goodbye.
Boo!
Oh, you startled me.
- Did I?
- Yes.
Must be the pixie in me.
I know I shouldn't have
called you so late
but I was at a party
just around the corner
and I remembered
your invitation
to see your collection
of musical boxes.
My dear, Mrs. Courtney,
pleasure is all the greater
for being so unexpected.
- My friends call me Hilda.
- Thanks.
Mine call me Stinky.
Stinky?
How quaint.
Oh, what a perfectly wonderful
collection of musical boxes.
You know, when you told
me you had a collection
I had no idea that it was so attractive.
Yes.
They appeal to the ear
as well as to the eye.
Oh, what a plain little one.
Why it looks just like a country
cousin Amid all this grandeur.
Now, now, now you mustn't
underestimate the country cousin.
Only last night a
burglar broke in here
and with all these
to chose from
went off with one very much like it.
Really?
Yes, I don't mind the
loss the box so much
but I do resent this
crack on the skull.
But it makes you
look so interesting.
Do you think so?
Uh-huh.
That's funny, that's what old fatso said.
Fatso?
I mean Doctor Watson.
He was here this evening
with a friend, a Mr. Holmes.
He's interested in
my collection too.
Sherlock Holmes?
Yes.
Do you know him?
I've heard of him.
Yes, he seems to think
I'm in some sort of danger.
What a haunting tune. It takes me
right back to my childhood.
Really?
You know it's odd that you should be
interested in that particular musical box.
Odd, why?
Cause Mr. Holmes is also interested in it.
He may have been more interested in
the tune than in the box.
My dear, yes, that's right.
I remember now.
He whistled it note for note
having heard it only once.
Really? He must be
a remarkable man.
Bit of an alarmist
if you ask me.
Don't you believe
in warnings?
Of course not.
Who'd want a
box like that?
I would.
You're not serious?
Oh, but I am.
Well, you put me at a
very awkward position.
I'm a collector you know
and a collector buys
but never sells.
But if the price
were high enough.
The price has
nothing to do with it.
It's the principle
of the thing.
Yes, well we haven't
had our drink.
No thanks, I must be
getting along.
- Must you really?
- I'm afraid so.
You're not walking
out on me are you?
My reputation, Stinky.
I say, you know you are
an attractive woman.
Thanks.
You fool.
I told you to wait outside.
What did you have
to kill him for?
All I had to do was
walk out with this.
- He held you in his arms.
- Don't touch him.
Don't touch anything.
Now get out!
- I'm sorry.
- You're sorry?
What about me?
This is murder.
What about Scotland Yard?
What about Sherlock Holmes?
Now get out!
Did you get it?
Good.
Did you have any
trouble with him?
Just a matter of murder.
- Ah, Mr. Holmes.
- Hopkins.
Thanks for coming
so promptly.
Inspector Lestrade suggested
that I call through to you.
- Mr. Emery was a client of Mr. Holmes,
Inspector. - Indeed.
You didn't mention that when
I telephoned you, Mr. Holmes.
Well not exactly
a client, Inspector.
- Sergeant Thompson?
- He was killed between the hours of eleven
and two o'clock this
morning, Mr. Holmes.
Must have been
someone he knew.
Someone of whom
he had no suspicion.
Poor old Stinky.
It's all my fault.
I should have prevented this.
Well, it's no time to start
talking about that now, Doctor.
Apparently, it's gone.
That's the second attempt on the musical box that Emery bought at the auction sale and this time it was successful. But that box is only worth two pounds. It's worth a man's life, Watson.

I think we'd better pay a visit to Gaylord's Auction Room and that fellow Crabtree. Inspector may I suggest that you make a complete search of this flat for a small plain musical box about that size.

Thank you. Come on, Watson.

You say the first box went to Mr. Julian Emery, the second, Mr. Kilgour, 143B Hampton Way, and the third to the unidentified young lady who presumably has a shop and lives near Golders Green? That's right Mr. Holmes. Isn't it rather strange, Mr. Crabtree, that you've had three identical musical boxes, all playing the same tune?

- Where did they come from?
- Dartmoor Prison.
- Dartmoor? - We get a regular shipment from there every month. The inmates manufacture them. Well, they make all kinds of things you know? Pipe racks, wastepaper baskets, - musical boxes. - Did you happen to notice
if anyone showed any particular interest during the auction in the purchases of these three boxes?
Oh, come now, Mr. Crabtree, this is very literally a matter of life and death.
Well, since you put it that way, Mr. Holmes, there was a gentleman came in here about an hour after closing time. And he was in an awful state, he was, he gave me five pounds to tell him where the boxes had gone. He said they had sentimental value for him, sir. Expensive sentiment. Can you describe him? Well he was tall, distinguished looking and he had gray hair and a mustache. He was quite a gentleman, sir. And what was his reaction when you were unable to supply him with the address of the young lady who owned the shop? I told him that the young lady usually come back on Thursday. He said he'd come back on Thursday and that's tomorrow. Thank you Mr. Crabtree, you've been very helpful. Thank you. Come along, Watson. - Where we going now, Holmes? - The home of Mr. Kilgour, the man who bought the third box. But hang it all, Holmes, how do you know those other two musical boxes are of any importance? I don't, but I certainly
have no intention
of waiting till the owners
are murdered to find out.
No one at home.
I hope that's
the explanation.
Well, have a look
through this window.
Doesn't seem to be
anyone there.
Whole place seems deserted
as far as I can see.
- Yes?
- Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour at home?
- No.
- When do you expect them?
Oh, in an hour or so.
There's no use
you're hanging about.
They don't buy nothing
from peddlers.
Peddlers?
My good woman this is
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
Sherlock Holmes?
Oh, go on.
Do you mind if we
come in and wait?
My business is
rather urgent.
Well, I've got to go out
to do my shopping
and I don't know if
Mrs. Kilgour
would like any strangers
nosing about.
Quite all right,
I assure you.
Well, I've got to be off.
You two wait in the parlor
and no smoking either.
Mrs. Kilgour says it
smells up the house.
- Funny old girl, Holmes.
- Hmm.
- Park Lane.
- Park Lane?
And what would the likes of you be doing in Park Lane?
Now don't worry
about the fare, ducky.
If ya knows how to get
to Park Lane, now off it.
You know, Holmes,
I've been thinking.
There must have been
something hidden
in that box of
old Stinky's.
Stolen jewelry possibly.
- What's up Holmes?
- Listen.
Well, it's just the steam
in the water pipes.
Watson!
Great Scott!
Come along, Holmes,
get her on the chair here.
Shh.
It's all right, my dear.
There, there, there.
Now don't worry.
It's all over.
There you are, dear.
Don't cry anymore.
She tied me up and
shut me in the cupboard.
I know, I know.
She won't come back.
Did you show her
your new musical box?
Yes. She said she
wanted to hear it play
- and as soon as I showed it to her she
grabbed a hold... - I know. I know now.
Now don't worry, we'll buy
you a new musical box.
Yes, my dear,
the best one in London.
Watson.
Oh, what a fool,
what a fool I've been.
What do you mean, Holmes?
She took the musical box
out of this house
in that market basket
right under our very noses.
Why would the Kilgour charwoman
want to take the music box?
She isn't the
Kilgour charwoman
she's a consummate actress.
An extremely clever, unscrupulous
woman who will stop at nothing.
Take care of the child,
will you, old fellow,
till her parents get back.
- Explain everything to them.
- Of course I will.
But Holmes,
where are you going?
Somewhere, somehow
I must get to the young lady who
bought that third musical box
before our opponents
find her.
I only hope that
I won't be too late.
Now, now, now, darling
you mustn't cry anymore.
Cheer up.
Would you... would you
like to hear old uncle
make a noise like a duck?
Oh, sorry. Huh.
Now, ladies and gentlemen
how much am I offered
for this beautiful laced
Dresden china figurine?
A lady of the
French court.
Now this is the
genuine article.
What a beautiful ornament
for your mantelpiece
as a centerpiece on
the dining room table.
Now will somebody
start me for ten pounds?
Will somebody start me
for ten pounds?
Eight pounds?
Seven pounds?
All right five.
Five pounds is offered.
Five pounds is offered.
Five pounds is offered.
Five pounds ten.
Five pounds fifteen,
five pounds fifteen.
Six pounds is offered.
Six pounds, six pounds,
going once, going twice,
the third and the last call
we're all done.
Sold to the lady from
Trikland for six pounds.
Next we have a real museum
piece ladies and gentlemen.
A fine nineteenth century doll.
The costume, an exact replica
of the holiday clothes worn
by the Hungarian
peasant women.
Now ladies and gentlemen,
an article like this would cost him fifteen
to twenty pounds in a west end shop.
I'm not going to ask
for anything like that.
Who will give me
two pounds for it?
Two pounds, anybody
offer me two pounds?
Two pounds,
for the Hungarian, two...
One pound?
Will anybody give me one pound?
Anybody offer me one pound for the doll?
One pound is offered, ladies and gentlemen. One pound is offered.
Now I'm not going to waste your valuable time or mine in trying to get one half of what this beautiful doll is worth.
If the young lady can steal it for one pound that's her good fortune.
So, it's going once, it's going twice, the third and last call, anymore?
Sold to the young lady for one pound.
Now, ladies and gentlemen may I draw your attention to something, which may be, a great surprise to you, worthy of any collection. The only other one like it is in the British museum. It's a Ming vase of the seventh dynasty.
This vase lay in a large collection somewhere outside Rome for over two centuries I understand. It was just discovered there by the noted antiquarian Sir Andrew Copperstone. Now, some of you may remember Sir Andrew Copperstone. Besides being a world traveled antiquarian he's also a gentleman writer. The girl with the parcel in her hands, that's her. Are you sure that's the girl? She fits perfectly the
auctioneer's description.
Follow her, Hamid.
It's lovely, dear.
And only one pound.
We can get at least three for it.
Easily.
I'll go make some tea.
- I could do with a cup.
- Right.
- Good afternoon.
- Good afternoon.
I'm looking for a birthday gift for a seven-year-old girl.
What would you suggest?
We have some lovely dolls.
- Now this Hungarian...
- I think she has enough dolls already.
Books are always welcome.
Well, I'm looking for something a little different.
Well, that's rather cute, what is it?
Oh, that's a musical box.
Children always love them and this is an exceptionally nice one.
It plays many tunes.
- Have you any others?
- Yes.
If you'll just step this way.
I have only two left.
How nice.
Are you sure this is all you have?
I'm sorry they're rather hard to find, you know.
That's our entire allotment.
I did have one other but I sold it earlier this afternoon.
But it was only a plain wooden one.
It wouldn't have been a 
very nice gift for a child. 
Really? 
Do you happen to know 
who the purchaser was? 
Why yes, he left his card 
just in case anyone 
should inquire for him. 
How interesting. 
I'm sorry but I'm afraid I'll 
have to look a bit further. 
Thank you anyway. 
Good afternoon. 
Thank you. 
Cabbie. 
- Follow that cab. 
- Here now, what? 
- Scotland Yard. 
- Hop in. 
Sherlock Holmes, 
I might have known. 
We thought we 
were the hunters 
instead of which 
we're the hunted. 
We've been fooled. We played 
right into his hands. 
Of course, 
he's had us followed. 
Don't look. 
The man in front 
of the toyshop. 
Hamid, turn sharp right at the next 
corner and again at the next. 
No photograph of her, 
commissioner, 
as I expected. 
She's not a known criminal. 
But how are you expect to 
know her if you do find her? 
After all she was disguised 
as a charwoman. 
Don't worry, old fellow 
If I ever see her again
I'll recognize her.
Well, it won't be long till
we know who they are
and from where they operate.
Who's covering them?
Sergeant Thompson
is following them, sir.
They won't get away from
him, he's a good man.
He could have arrested them at Kibbutz's
Toy Shop if we had any proof.
But we know that they
killed Emery.
Proof, my dear fellow,
we must have proof.
We have x-rayed it, sir. There's
nothing whatever concealed in the box.
We'll have a look
at the plates.
There must be some clue
and it's probably so obvious
that we've all overlooked it.
Seems to me were up against
a bunch of lunatics.
Not lunatics,
my dear fellow,
extremely astute,
cold-blooded murderers.
Well, what can these
little musical boxes
have in them
that's so important?
Don't forget they were
made in Dartmoor Prison.
Why you can smuggle stuff
into prison but not out.
Do you want us to break
the box apart, sir,
to see if there's anything
the x-ray hasn't caught?
No, not yet.
Do you mind if I take it?
- Certainly.
- Thanks.
The governor of Dartmoor
Prison informed us, sir,
in answer to
Mr. Holmes' question
that all three musical boxes
were made by the same convict,
John Davidson,
serving a 7-year term, sir.
  - Davidson?
  - That will be all.
  - Yes, sir.
Now were getting
somewhere.
Wait a minute
how did you know about
the plates, Mr. Holmes?
I'm a student of crime,
Inspector.
I make my business to
know about such things
and when the name of
Davidson was mentioned.
Well, who is this
fellow Davidson?
As long as Mr. Holmes seems
to know all about it already
I suppose there's no
harm in telling you.
Two years ago in London
there occurred a robbery
of such tremendous importance,
although the stolen
articles themselves
have no intrinsic value
whatsoever,
but the home secretary
was instrumental
in seeing that not word of it
appeared in any newspaper.
But you never told me
anything about this, Holmes.
You were away at the time.
Articles of no intrinsic value
and yet of such importance.
I don't understand.
When Davidson was apprehended within fifteen minutes of committing the theft but by that time he'd hidden the articles in question and they've yet to be found.
Before going further, Doctor Watson, I must inform you that this matter is not to be mentioned outside of this room. Of course not. Do I look like a man who'd gossip? Let's not go into that now, old fellow, shall we? Davidson had been employed for years in a position of extreme trust by the engravings department of the Bank of England. The articles he stole were nothing less than a complete duplicate set of plates - for printing five-pound notes.
- What?
- The Bank of England's own plates?
- Precisely.
And with those plates a gang of crooks could flood England with five-pound notes, not forged in the usual sense of the word but notes undetectable from genuine Bank of England notes - in any way whatsoever.
- Good heavens.
Any whisper at all might have resulted in enormous damage in shaking public confidence in the treasury.
We tried everything after we arrested Davidson.
Offered him a shorter sentence if he'd tell us where he'd hidden the plates.
Why we even put in Scotland Yard men with him as cell mates but no results.
Obviously, Davidson is a man of strong character and infinite patience.
Yet suddenly he feels impelled to smuggle out the secret of the hiding place of the plates to his confederates.
Why?
I don't understand, Mr. Holmes.
Well, for example, has the Bank of England made any plans to radically change the design of the five pound note so that, say uh, seven years from now notes made from the stolen plates would be worthless?
Confidentially, Mr. Holmes, such a move was discussed but replacing all the five pound notes in circulation would be such a herculean task that nothing's been done about it as yet.
I see.
Of course there is another possible explanation. Davidson didn't have much time to find a hiding place before he was captured.
He may be afraid
that the plates will be accidentally
discovered before he's released,
hence his anxiety to
communicate their whereabouts
to his confederates
as soon as possible.
I believe you hit it,
Mr. Holmes.
I'm sure that the message is
contained in this musical box,
or rather in all
three musical boxes
since possession of all
three seems to be essential.
Our opponents have two thirds of the
puzzle, only we have one third.
Well, what are you
going to do, Holmes?
Try to deduce the message from
the one third that we have.
It's the same tune as the one
played by Emery's musical box.
And yet it's different.
Sounds the same to me.
The tune.
Somehow the tune
is the key to the mystery.
It must be the tune.
Otherwise, why use three musical
boxes to convey the message?
Why not collar boxes
or shoe boxes?
Yes?
- Oh, it's for you, Inspector.
- Oh, thank you, sir.
Inspector Hopkins speaking.
What?
Where?
Goldess Green Station
reports
they've just found
Sergeant Thompson's body.
From the tire marks
on his clothes
he was apparently
run over by a taxi.
What an unfortunate accident.
Not an accident,
my dear fellow.
I'm afraid it's murder.
What on earth is this
outlandish place?
A rendezvous for actors.
Actors?
Buskers, old boy.
You've seen them
a thousand times.
Actors who entertain
with tunes,
waiting outside theaters.
Blimey.
Mr. Holmes.
How are you, Joe?
Never better.
And yourself?
Fine, thank you.
I want you to meet a friend of
– Oh well, any friend of Mr. Holmes
is a friend of mine. – How are you, Joe?
He did me a good turn once
that I'll never forget.
Yes, I cleared Joe of a
most unpleasant charge.
– Murder no less.
– Oh really?
By proving to the
satisfaction of the police
that he was busy
at the time
blowing open
someone's safe.
– That's right, governor.
– Good gracious me.
Now Joe,
now you can help me.
Come on,
buzz off, buzz off.
Come on off it.
off it!
Can't a gentleman have some peace and quiet around here?
And you too.
There you are, Mr. Holmes, now we can have some peace and quiet around here.
Thank you, Joe.
There's five pounds in this for you.
Well, I wouldn't want to take it on myself, sir, but I'd get somebody to do it for you far for that.
You don't know what the job is yet.
For five pounds?
Murder ain't it?
What?
No Joe, not murder just music.
I want you to identify a song for me.
Oh, there ain't a song that's been written that I don't know. That's why I came to you.
Of course, the violin is more my instrument but, oh well, here we go.
Now listen to this Joe. Wait a minute, you're playing that wrong. That should be 'E' natural not 'E' flat.
- You know the song? - Oh yes, it's an old Australian song called...
'The Swag Man' but you're playing it all wrong. That's what I'd hoped you say.
Now listen again, Joe. That's the same
tune all right
but you're making different mistakes
than you did the first time.
No, not mistakes, Joe.
Call them variations.
Here, play the song for me, will you,
the way it's written.
- There you are.
- Thank you, Joe.
What's it mean, Holmes?
You on to something?
Perhaps.
I don't know yet.
It's probably a
code of some sort.
Joe?
Could you write the
song down for me
the way it was
originally written?
Oh sure, Mr. Holmes
but it'll take a few minutes.
Here, Mabel.
Pale ale. Come on,
hop to it, on with it.
Well, obviously
it isn't the lyrics.
No combination
of those words
made any sense at all.
The variations in the way
Emery's musical
box played the tune
are different from the
variations of the one we have.
- You sure?
- Quite.
You see, I took the
trouble to memorize
the tune as played by
Emery's box
that night we were
with him in his flat.
Holmes, you amaze me.
Elementary,
my dear fellow,
one of the first principles
in solving crime
is never to disregard anything
no matter how trivial.
But why the three boxes?
Why not one?
Because the message
was obviously too long
to be conveyed by
any one variation.
Then there's
the third box,
the one that woman took
from the Kilgours,
that contains yet
another set of variations.
Yes, though
it's all beyond me.
Well, all we have
to do now
is to find the secret
of the variations,
not a very easy problem
to solve, my dear fellow.
Hello.
What's up?
We've had company.
I say this is outrageous.
Ask Mrs. Hudson to
come in here will you?
Right.
Mrs. Hudson?
Yes.
Oh, there you are. Will you come
up here at once please?
Oh, coming, sir.
Mercy me, Mr. Holmes,
what has happened?
Who called while we
were out, Mrs. Hudson?
Just a young lady,
the one who said you wanted
her to wait for you.
And a nice little old
gentlemen with her.
- Our friends again, Watson.
- Friends?
What did the young
lady look like?
Oh, I couldn't see her face
she had a heavy
black veil on
but she had such a
nice way with her.
Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes
if I've done anything wrong
but you did say I should always let
clients come in and wait for you.
Don't worry, Mrs. Hudson,
don't worry.
You had no way of knowing.
It's quite all right.
Quite all right.
Now don't worry,
Mrs. Hudson.
Don't worry?
Well where on earth
is the musical box?
They didn't get it.
Didn't get it?
Where is it?
- It's in your hand.
- Huh?
In that biscuit jar.
Take the biscuits
off the top.
Now put your hand inside
and you'll find the music box.
Well done, Holmes.
Well done. Amazing.
Nice fresh smell.
Like a pub
after closing time.
I say, Holmes?
What?
It's morning.
Allow me to congratulate you on a brilliant bit of deduction. It's not a transposition, not a polygraph transposition, not a trigraph, nor any known form of decoding. How about the Morse code have you tried that? Yes, at about three o'clock this morning. I'm sorry, old man. I was only trying to help. Oh, do me a favor, not again. I must have heard that thing a thousand times. Kept me awake all night. Not a very distinguished composition I grant you. You know perfectly well I don't know one tune from the other. When I was a kid my people tried to have me taught the piano. I always felt sorry for that old teacher of mine. The poor old girl finally reached the point of numbering the keys for me. One-two-three-four. Even then I never progressed beyond... Numbering the keys, Watson! The nineteenth key of the keyboard is the nineteenth letter of the alphabet. 'S'. Here. Mark this down while I give it to you, old fellow, will you? The first altered note, write 'S' first. Now the eighth key is 'H',
the fifth key 'E',
the twelfth key 'L',
the sixth key 'F'.
S- H-E-L-F, shelf.
Your piano lessons were
not in vain, old fellow.
You've solved it.
Thank you.
Thanks, old bean.
We now have two
thirds of a message.
Behind books,
third shelf,
secretary,
Doctor 'S'.
Presumably,
these are the first and second
portions of the message.
And this gang has the first
and third parts of it.
- Precisely.
- Then it's a stalemate?
Yes commissioner but we
can't leave it like that.
There's no doubt in my mind
that they'll try to secure
our third of the
message that's missing.
Well, I assume you've taken every
precaution to guard the Clifford music box.
Oh yes, it's carefully
hidden at Baker Street
with Doctor Watson
on guard.
However, I'm reasonably
certain that,
difficult as it may be,
we can find the plates
even without the missing
part of the message.
"Behind books,
third shelf,
secretary, Doctor 'S'."
Well, outside of the fact that Davidson
hid the Bank of England plates somewhere in London,
Mr. Holmes,
I don't see that we've progressed at all.
Allow me to point out to you, sir, the key words Doctor 'S'.
It looks as if the plates were hidden in the house of a doctor.
Whether the 'S' stands for his first or last initial remains to be determined by a process of elimination.
Well, there must be ten thousand doctors in London with 'S' for a first or last initial.
Precisely and every one of them will have to be questioned in person.
That's why I say this is a task for Scotland Yard.
It's a task all right but Scotland Yard has searched worse haystacks and found a needle.
Well, for the time being I'll leave the matter in your hands, gentlemen.
We'll call you if and when we get a lead on our mysterious Doctor S.
Thank you.
In the meantime, I intend to follow up a little clue concerning a cigarette.
You are certain of the identification of the tobacco?
Absolutely.
I have made up this special blend for only three customers.
It is almost pure Egyptian with a mixture of
Latakia for added body
and a pinch of
Perique,
merely a whisper
as one might say
- for elusive fragrance.
- Yes Yes,
and the three customers?
Major Wilson
in Bombay, India.
Mrs. Catherine Lemington
Smith in Ireland.
Yes and the third?
Mrs. Hilda Courtney of Park Mansions,
Briarstone Square.
Thank you. Thank you very much.
You've been most helpful.
It is a pleasure to of
been service, Mr. Holmes.
Yes?
Mrs. Courtney?
Yes.
My name is
Sherlock Holmes.
- Do come in.
- Thank you.
I've heard of you,
of course, Mr. Holmes.
I believe we have a mutual
friend in Sir Edward Brookdale.
He's spoken to me
of you quite often.
Indeed.
And to what good fortune
am I indebted for this visit?
I think you know,
Mrs. Courtney.
Well, I did get a summons
for speeding last week
but outside of that I don't think
I'm of any interest to the police.
Oh, come now,
Mrs. Courtney,
you seemed to forget that
you and I have met before.
I'm sorry,
I'm sure I would have remembered
meeting the great Sherlock Holmes.
- Please sit down.
- Thank you.
You say we met before?
Yes.
At the home of Mr. & Mrs. Kilgour,
143 B Hampton Road.
Kilgour?
I don't think I know
anyone of that name.
Well, I didn't say
you knew them,
as a matter of fact, you called on
them when they were out.
Why I don't understand,
Mr. Holmes.
Really?
You were dressed
rather differently.
Indeed.
Cigarette?
Thank you.
You know Mrs. Courtney,
people generally forget,
you know assuming
your disguise,
that the shape of the ear
is almost an infallible
means of recognition
and identification
to the trained eye.
Evidently you've mistaken
me for someone else.
Oh no, not at all,
though naturally
I expected your denial
but when you paid your visit
to my rooms at Baker Street
you carelessly
left behind
an another identification.
They're identical
aren't they?
Yes, I must admit
they are.
You see Mr. Holmes to
catch one as clever as you
I had to use a
very special lure.
I knew you'd be unable to
resist the bait of my cigarette
having read with great interest
your monograph on the ashes
of a hundred and forty
different varieties of tobacco.
I should advise you
not to move, Mr. Holmes.
I must congratulate you on your
ingenuity, Mrs. Courtney.
It was indeed a
brilliantly designed trap.
Thank you, Mr. Holmes.
Praise from a master
is indeed gratifying.
I shall always cherish the memory
of your flattery and words.
Memory?
Precisely.
I'm afraid these gentlemen have a
most regrettable task to perform.
Unless, of course, you care to turn over
the missing musical box
with your pledge to take no action
against us in the future.
I'm afraid that
will be impossible.
I thought that would
be your answer. Hamid!
Careful!
Careful, there's no need
to be unnecessarily rough
with our
distinguished guest.
You realize, Mr. Holmes,
that your demise will
not take place here, 
the Corpus Delicti 
you know? 
Well, naturally. 
Shall we go? 
So fearfully awkward having 
a dead body lying about. 
Don't you agree, 
Mr. Holmes? 
Another dead body shouldn't 
weigh too heavily 
on your conscious, 
Mrs. Courtney. 
Do you mind if 
I have a cigarette? 
Why I don't see why not. 
Be careful, Hamid. 
It's the brakes, 
they bind. 
Thank you 
Colonel Cavanaugh, 
it's very 
considerate of you. 
You'll be happy to know, 
Mr. Holmes, 
that your death will 
be a painless one. 
Hamid, 
attach this to the 
motor of the taxi. 
That little attachment, 
my dear Mr. Holmes, 
contains the deadly fluid 
known as, monosulfide, 
the Germans use it with 
gratifying results 
in removing 
their undesirables. 
Start the motor. 
Tape his mouth. 
Now, up with him, Hamid. 
You find yourself like Muhammad's 
coffin, Mr. Holmes, 
suspended between
heaven and Earth.
Plenty of fuel
in the tank?
Good.
It would be too bad to
have anything go wrong
through so simple
an oversight.
Good afternoon.
Mr. Sherlock Holmes?
No, I'm Doctor Watson.
Oh, of course,
Doctor Watson.
How stupid of me.
Not at all,
it's stupid of me.
Won't you come in?
Well, I really came
to see Mr. Holmes.
Oh I'm afraid he's out. I don't know
when he'll be back.
Perhaps there's something
I can do.
Won't you sit down?
Thank you.
You know Sherlock Holmes
and I have been engaged
on a great many cases.
- Oh, really?
- Yes indeed.
As a matter of fact,
at this very moment we're involved in
one of the most baffling...
Well, won't you tell
me your trouble.
I may be able to help you.
That's very kind of you,
Doctor Watson,
perhaps if I wouldn't
be imposing too much...
Imposing?
Oh, it's no imposition,
no imposition at all.
A pleasure
I assure you now.
- Tell me all about it Miss...
- Miss Williams.
Mrs. Williams.
I live in Surrey,
Doctor Watson,
and I've come to London
on sheer desperation.
My only sister
has disappeared
and the local police seem
utterly unable to find her.
Well, Holmes and I solved a
case exactly like that once.
Very interesting as
far as I remember.
I called it
"The Adventure Of The
Solitary Cyclist."
Oh, sorry. Now I
come to think of it,
it wasn't so very similar,
entirely different now.
I can't figure
what I was saying.
Where were we?
She's only seventeen,
Doctor Watson
and until she
disappeared last Thursday
she seemed to be in
the best of spirits.
Well, possibly a
romantic entanglement.
Oh no, no,
nothing of the sort.
She left no note,
didn't even pack a bag,
no explanation,
she just started to
walk to the village
from our house in
broad daylight
and simply vanished from
the face of the Earth.
Oh there, there,
there, there.
Might I have a
glass of water?
Glass of water,
yes of course. Glass of...
I'll have one
in one minute.
There you are, my dear.
Thank you, Doctor Watson.
Now, now you're
not to cry anymore.
You must
pull yourself together.
I feel much better already knowing
that you're going to help me.
Oh, Doctor Watson, look!
Good heavens!
Get through, get through
the fire brigade, quickly.
Haven't you a
fire extinguisher?
By Jove, we have one,
in the kitchen.
Don't you worry,
Miss Williams
we'll have this thing out
in no time.
Now, that's got it.
Let's get some air.
Well, you see there was no need for
the fire brigade after all.
I hope you weren't too
frightened, Miss Williams.
Oh, gone.
That's the trouble
with women,
they always lose their
heads in an emergency.
Hello.
The musical box.
Great Scott!
Miss Williams!
Well?
Good.
And Holmes?
By now Mr. Holmes
has no doubt
exchanged his violin
for a harp.
Oh, well assuming that
heaven is his destination.
And now that we have
the missing musical box.
- Nineteenth note,
- Nineteenth note,
- nineteenth letter.
- nineteenth letter.
"S".
He hasn't been there
you say?
Holmes, where on earth
where have you been?
I've been trying to
get you at the club,
at Scotland Yard,
all over London.
You were looking for
me in the wrong places.
Holmes, a terrible
thing's happened.
I've been duped.
That woman,
- she made a complete fool of me.
- Well, what do you mean?
Well, she came here and
let off a smoke bomb.
I thought the whole
place was on fire
and my first thought was
to save the musical box.
No need to say anymore.
She has the box.
Yes.
Don't blame yourself
too much, old fellow.
She is an extremely
clever antagonist.
Smoke bomb you said?
Well, you can console
yourself with the thought
that your charming friend
is at least a reader of yours.
What do you mean?
If I remember correctly,
you wrote about my little experiment
with the smoke and the cry of fire
in the story you entitled
"A Scandal in Bohemia",
which has just appeared
in the Strand Magazine.
All right, all right, old boy,
don't rub it in.
It may cheer you up to know
that she made a fool of me too.
With that cigarette stub.
It was planted here for
one express purpose.
Do we have any bandaging
around this place?
Bandaging? What's the matter,
Holmes? You hurt?
Explanations will have
to wait until later,
at the moment we're
faced with a problem,
which I fear,
is insurmountable.
- Come over here, old boy, will ya?
- Right.
Now the opponents
are in possession
of all three parts
of the code
and here are we while the
Bank of England plates
pass into their
possession.
Cheer up, old fellow,
cheer up.
As Doctor Samuel
Johnson once said
"There's no problem the
mind of man can set
that the mind of
man cannot solve."
- What's that, old fellow?
- I was quoting Doctor Samuel Johnson,
- he said there is no...
- Thank you, Watson, thank you.
Leaving the front
reception room
we come into
the main hall
where Doctor Johnson was in the
habit of passing through
to have his meager meals in
the dining room opposite.
In company with his
friend and biographer,
James Bosvo.
We will now pass
up the stairway,
which remains in it's
natural wood finish.
Just as it was when the
good doctor was here.
The framed etching
on the wall
is believed to have been
presented to Doctor Johnson
by the distinguished painter,
Sir Joshua Reynolds.
I've been told here
that that picture
was given to him by
Mrs. Tarrel
and its definitely
not a Reynolds.
Is that important, my dear?
Oh, I'm sorry.
This way ladies and
gentlemen please, this way.
Move along children,
move along.
The secretary's
not on this floor.
Patience, Hamid.
- I have a feeling...
- My dear Colonel
with Sherlock Holmes out of
the way what could go wrong?
And here we have
the gallant library
in which Doctor Johnson
wrote his famous dictionary
and in which you
will see also
many of the
great man's books
and other items
of interest.
Step forward ladies and gentlemen,
please step forward.
Standing in the corner
is the secretary,
which contains many
of the original works
by the literary genius.
On this table Doctor
Johnson's cat Hodge
used to sleep while
his master worked.
But the strange thing about this cat,
ladies and gentlemen, was its love of oysters.
They do say that the dear
Doctor often went hungry
to find the cat that delicacy.
What a pity.
Now we will visit
the bedroom,
which is immediately
below us
in which you will
see the very bed
in which Doctor
Johnson died.
What did he die of?
Gout.
Just gout.
This way ladies
and gentlemen,
mind the steps please.
The keys.
Third shelf up.
The knife.
Gentlemen, the Bank
of England plates.
Well, Mrs. Courtney,
so we meet again.
Now, I shouldn't do that if I were you,
Colonel Cavanaugh.
I must congratulate you,
Mr. Holmes.
You're far more clever
than I thought.
Thank you, Mrs. Courtney.
Praise from you
is indeed gratifying.
I shall always
cherish the memory
of your flattering words.
Memory?
Oh, thank you.
And now I have a most
regrettable task to perform.
Holmes!
Coming Holmes!
Holmes!
You all right?
Perfectly, thank you, old fellow but
I think this gentleman on the floor
requires some
medical attention.
We must see that he looks his best,
you know, when he's hanged.
Take them in charge.
A brilliant antagonist.
It's a pity her talents
were so misdirected.
Will you see that these plates
are returned to the Bank
of England, Inspector?
I still don't understand how you solved it, Mr. Holmes.
It's entirely due to Doctor Watson.
He gave me the clue when he mentioned Doctor Samuel Johnson.
Well, congratulations, Doctor.
Oh, thank you, Inspector.
I don't think I could have done it entirely without Mr. Holmes' help you know?