

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.....?..

MR. KEMP WATCHED WITH DETACHED INTEREST WHILE HIS PARTNER IN CRIME SAVAGELY TWISTED THE ARM OF THE TERRIFIED DARK HAired GIRL.

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, POMPUS, 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 STUMBLER 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 BLINDFOLD, 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 BUNDED HER OUT OF THE ROOM.



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO LOCK HER IN HER ROOM. SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T GET OUT AGAIN.



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



MR. MELAS CLUTCHED HIS HAT, 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 THROST 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.



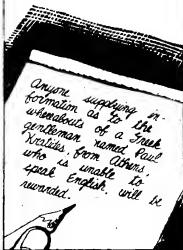
THE MILD LITTLE MAN WITH THE FOREIGN ACCENT FOUND EVERYONE MOST HELPFUL AT THE OFFICES OF THE LONDON TRIBUNE.

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.



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 TROTGING 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 HAD 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.

MR. MELAS
 10, BAKER STREET
 LONDON, W.1

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.....

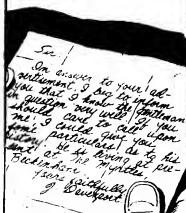
A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR! THE NEWSPAPER JUST SENT IT ROUND!



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.





"THIS IS HIS ADDRESS' NOT FIVE MINUTES FROM BAKER STREET!

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



MR. HOLMES AND DR. WATSON TO SEE MR. MELAS, PLEASE!

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 LONELY 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!



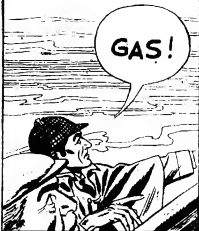
WARILY, AND READY FOR INSTANT ACTION, THE TWO MEN FROM BAKER STREET STEPPED FORWARD.

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 GALLOWES. 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 TRUSTESHIP 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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