

step down to Salisbury, sir. Oh, no, sir, he's in excellent health, sir—just stepped round to hear Evensong, sir—oh, no, I think tomorrow morning would do excellently, sir, thank you, sir.'

## Chapter 6

It was, in fact, inconvenient for Mr Parker to leave London.

He had had to go and see Lady Levy towards the end of the morning, and subsequently his plans for the day had been thrown out of gear and his movements delayed by the discovery that the adjourned inquest of Mr Thipps's unknown visitor was to be held that afternoon, since nothing very definite seemed forthcoming from Inspector Sugg's inquiries. Jury and witnesses had been convened accordingly for three o'clock. Mr Parker might altogether have missed the event, had he not run against Sugg that morning at the Yard and extracted the information from him as one would a reluctant tooth. Inspector Sugg, indeed, considered Mr Parker rather interfering; moreover, he was hand-in-glove with Lord Peter Wimsey, and Inspector Sugg had no words for the interferingness of Lord Peter. He could not, however, when directly questioned, deny that there was to be an inquest that afternoon, nor could he prevent Mr Parker from enjoying the inalienable right of any interested British citizen to be present. At a little before three, therefore, Mr Parker was in his place, and amusing himself with watching the efforts of those persons who arrived after the room was packed to insinuate, bribe or bully themselves into a position of vantage. The Coroner, a medical man of precise habits and unimaginative aspect, arrived punctually, and looking peevishly round at the crowded assembly, directed all the windows to be opened, thus letting in a stream of drizzling fog upon the heads of the unfortunates on that side of the room. This caused a commotion and some expressions of disapproval, checked sternly by the Coroner, who said that with the influenza about again an unventilated room was a death-trap; that anybody who chose to object to open windows had

the obvious remedy of leaving the court, and further, that if any disturbance was made he would clear the court. He then took a Formamint lozenge, and proceeded, after the usual preliminaries, to call up fourteen good and lawful persons and swear them diligently to inquire and a true presentment make of all matters touching the death of the gentleman with the pince-nez and to give a true verdict according to the evidence, so help them God. When an exostulation by a woman juror—an elderly lady in spectacles who kept a sweet-shop, and appeared to wish she was back there—had been summarily quashed by the Coroner, the jury departed to view the body. Mr Parker gazed round again and identified the unhappy Mr Thips and the girl Gladys led into an adjoining room under the grim guard of the police. They were soon followed by a gaunt old lady in a bonnet and mantle. With her, in a wonderful fur coat and a motor bonnet of fascinating construction, came the Dowager Duchess of Denver, her quick, dark eyes darting hither and thither about the crowd. The next moment they had lighted on Mr Parker, who had several times visited the Dower House, and she nodded to him, and spoke to a policeman. Before long, a way opened magically through the press, and Mr Parker found himself accommodated with a front seat just behind the Duchess, who greeted him charmingly, and said: ‘What’s happened to poor Peter?’ Parker began to explain, and the Coroner glanced irritably in their direction. Somebody went up and whispered in his ear, at which he coughed, and took another Formamint.

‘We came up by car,’ said the Duchess—‘so tiresome—such bad roads between Denver and Gunbury St Walters—and there were people coming to lunch—I had to put them off—I couldn’t let the old lady go alone, could I? By the way, such an odd thing’s happened about the Church Restoration Fund—the Vicar—oh, dear, here are these people coming back again; well, I’ll tell you afterwards—do look at that woman looking shocked, and the girl

newspaper shop, departed to his hotel to get a trunk-call through to Parker.

Meanwhile, in the office, the meditations of the indignant Mr Crimplesham were interrupted by the entrance of his junior partner.

‘I say,’ said the latter gentleman, ‘has somebody done something really wicked at last? Whatever brings such a distinguished amateur of crime on our sober doorstep?’

‘I have been the victim of a vulgar attempt at blackmail,’ said the lawyer; ‘an individual passing himself off as Lord Peter Wimsey—’

‘But that *is* Lord Peter Wimsey,’ said Mr Wicks, ‘there’s no mistaking him. I saw him give evidence in the Attenbury emerald case. He’s a big little pot in his way, you know, and goes fishing with the head of Scotland Yard.’

‘Oh, dear,’ said Mr Crimplesham.

Fate arranged that the nerves of Mr Crimplesham should be tried that afternoon. When, escorted by Mr Wicks, he arrived at the Minster Hotel, he was informed by the porter that Lord Peter Wimsey had strolled out, mentioning that he thought of attending Evensong. ‘But his man is here, sir,’ he added, ‘if you’d like to leave a message.’

Mr Wicks thought that on the whole it would be well to leave a message. Mr Bunter, on inquiry, was found to be sitting by the telephone, waiting for a trunk-call. As Mr Wicks addressed him the bell rang, and Mr Bunter, politely excusing himself, took down the receiver.

‘Hullo!’ he said. ‘Is that Mr Parker? Oh, thanks! Exchange! Exchange! Sorry, can you put me through to Scotland Yard? Excuse me, gentlemen, keeping you waiting.—Exchange! all right—Scotland Yard—Hullo! Is that Scotland Yard?—Is Detective Parker round there?—Can I speak to him?—I shall have done in a moment, gentlemen.—Hullo! is that you, Mr Parker? Lord Peter would be much obliged if you could find it convenient to

'Well,' said Lord Peter, 'the circumstances are a little unusual. You may recollect that my advertisement was addressed to the jeweller who sold the chain.'

'That surprised me at the time,' said Mr Crimphesham, 'but I begin to think your advertisement and your behaviour are all of a piece.'

'They are,' said Lord Peter. 'As a matter of fact I did not expect the owner of the glasses to answer my advertisement. Mr Crimphesham, you have no doubt read what the papers have to say about the Battersea Park mystery. Your glasses are the pair that was found on the body, and they are now in the possession of the police at Scotland Yard, as you may see by this.' He placed the specification of the glasses and the official note before Crimphesham.

'Good God!' exclaimed the lawyer. He glanced at the paper, and then looked narrowly at Lord Peter.

'Are you yourself connected with the police?' he inquired.

'Not officially,' said Lord Peter. 'I am investigating the matter privately, in the interests of one of the parties.'

Mr Crimphesham rose to his feet.

'My good man,' he said, 'this is a very impudent attempt, but blackmail is an indictable offence, and I advise you to leave my office before you commit yourself.' He rang the bell.

'I was afraid you'd take it like that,' said Lord Peter. 'It looks as though this ought to have been my friend Detective Parker's job, after all.' He laid Parker's card on the table beside the specification, and added: 'If you should wish to see me again, Mr Crimphesham, before tomorrow morning, you will find me at the Minster Hotel.'

Mr Crimphesham disdained to reply further than to direct the clerk who entered to 'show this person out.'

In the entrance Lord Peter brushed against a tall young man who was just coming in, and who stared at him with surprised recognition. His face, however, aroused no memories in Lord Peter's mind, and that baffled nobleman, calling out Bunter from the

in tweeds trying to look as if she sat on undraped gentlemen every day of her life—I don't mean that—corpses of course—but one finds oneself being so Elizabethan nowadays—what an awful little man the coroner is, isn't he? He's looking daggers at me—do you think he'll dare to clear me out of the court or commit me for what-you-may-call-it?

The first part of the evidence was not of great interest to Mr Parker. The wretched Mr Thipps, who had caught cold in gaol, deposited in an unhappy croak to having discovered the body when he went in to take his bath at eight o'clock. He had had such a shock, he had to sit down and send the girl for brandy. He had never seen the deceased before. He had no idea how he came there.

Yes, he had been in Manchester the day before. He had arrived at St Pancras at ten o'clock. He had cloak-roomed his bag. At this point Mr Thipps became very red, unhappy and confused, and glanced nervously about the court.

'Now, Mr Thipps,' said the Coroner, briskly, 'we must have your movements quite clear. You must appreciate the importance of the matter. You have chosen to give evidence, which you need not have done, but having done so, you will find it best to be perfectly explicit.'

'Yes,' said Mr Thipps faintly.

'Have you cautioned this witness, officer?' inquired the Coroner, turning sharply to Inspector Sugg.

The Inspector replied that he had told Mr Thipps that anything he said might be used again him at his trial. Mr Thipps became ashy, and said in a bleating voice that he 'adn't—hadn't meant to do anything that wasn't right.'

This remark produced a mild sensation, and the Coroner became even more acidulated in manner than before.

'Is anybody representing Mr Thipps?' he asked, irritably. 'No? Did you not explain to him that he could—that he *ought* to be

represented? You did not? Really, Inspector! Did you not know, Mr Thipps, that you had a right to be legally represented?

Mr Thipps clung to a chair-back for support, and said, 'No,' in a voice barely audible.

'It is incredible,' said the Coroner, 'that so-called educated people should be so ignorant of the legal procedure of their own country. This places us in a very awkward position. I doubt, Inspector, whether I should permit the prisoner—Mr Thipps—to give evidence at all. It is a delicate position.'

The perspiration stood on Mr Thipps's forehead.

'Save us from our friends,' whispered the Duchess to Parker. 'If that cough-drop-devouring creature had openly instructed those fourteen people—and what unfinished-looking faces they have—so characteristic, I always think, of the lower middle-class, rather like sheep, or calves' head (boiled, I mean), to bring in wilful murder against the poor little man, he couldn't have made himself plainer.'

'He can't let him incriminate himself, you know,' said Parker. 'Stuff!' said the Duchess. 'How could the man incriminate himself when he never did anything in his life? You men never think of anything but your red tape.'

Meanwhile Mr Thipps, wiping his brow with a handkerchief, had summoned up courage. He stood up with a kind of weak dignity, like a small white rabbit brought to bay.

'I would rather tell you,' he said, 'though it's really very unpleasant for a man in my position. But I really couldn't have it thought for a moment that I'd committed this dreadful crime. I assure you, gentlemen, I *couldn't bear* that. No. I'd rather tell you the truth, though I'm afraid it places me in rather a—well, I'll tell you.'

'You fully understand the gravity of making such a statement, Mr Thipps,' said the Coroner.

'Quite,' said Mr Thipps. 'It's all right—I—might I have a drink of water?'

There were such crowds at Victoria, and the carriage was packed with people all the way to Balham. Did you come across them in the train?

'Well, no,' said Lord Peter, 'I found them in rather an unexpected place. Do you mind telling me if you recognized any of your fellow-travellers on that occasion?'

The lawyer stared at him.

'Not a soul,' he answered. 'Why do you ask?'

'Well,' said Lord Peter, 'I thought perhaps the—the person with whom I found them might have taken them for a joke.'

The lawyer looked puzzled.

'Did the person claim to be an acquaintance of mine?' he inquired. 'I know practically nobody in London, except the friend with whom I was staying in Balham, Dr Philpots, and I should be very greatly surprised at his practising a jest upon me. He knew very well how distressed I was at the loss of the glasses. My business was to attend a meeting of shareholders in Medlicott's Bank, but the other gentlemen present were all personally unknown to me, and I cannot think that any of them would take so great a liberty. In any case,' he added, 'as the glasses are here, I will not inquire too closely into the manner of their restoration. I am deeply obliged to you for your trouble.'

Lord Peter hesitated.

'Pray forgive my seeming inquisitiveness,' he said, 'but I must ask you another question. It sounds rather melodramatic, I'm afraid, but it's this. Are you aware that you have any enemy—anyone, I mean, who would profit by your—er—decease or disgrace?'

Mr Crimpham sat frozen into stony surprise and disapproval.

'May I ask the meaning of this extraordinary question?' he inquired stiffly.

three-quarters of an hour, you may take such steps as your perspicuity may suggest.’

Mr Bunter turned into the shop as desired, and Lord Peter walked across and rang the lawyer’s bell with decision.

‘The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is my long suit here, I fancy,’ he murmured, and when the door was opened by a clerk he delivered over his card with an unflinching air.

He was ushered immediately into a confidential-looking office, obviously furnished in the early years of Queen Victoria’s reign, and never altered since. A lean, frail-looking old gentleman rose briskly from his chair as he entered and limped forward to meet him.

‘My dear sir,’ exclaimed the lawyer, ‘how extremely good of you to come in person! Indeed, I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble. I trust you were passing this way, and that my glasses have not put you to any great inconvenience. Pray take a seat, Lord Peter.’ He peered gratefully at the young man over a pince-nez obviously the fellow of that now adorning a dossier in Scotland Yard.

Lord Peter sat down. The lawyer sat down. Lord Peter picked up a glass paper-weight from the desk and weighed it thoughtfully in his hand. Subconsciously he noted what an admirable set of finger-prints he was leaving upon it. He replaced it with precision on the exact centre of a pile of letters.

‘It’s quite all right,’ said Lord Peter. ‘I was here on business. Very happy to be of service to you. Very awkward to lose one’s glasses, Mr Cripplesham.’

‘Yes,’ said the lawyer, ‘I assure you I feel quite lost without them. I have this pair, but they do not fit my nose so well—besides, that chain has a great sentimental value for me. I was terribly distressed on arriving at Balham to find that I had lost them. I made inquiries of the railway, but to no purpose. I feared they had been stolen.

‘Take your time,’ said the Coroner, at the same time robbing his remark of all conviction by an impatient glance at his watch.

‘Thank you, sir,’ said Mr Thipps. ‘Well, then, it’s true I got to St Pancras at ten. But there was a man in the carriage with me. He’d got in at Leicester. I didn’t recognise him at first, but he turned out to be an old school-fellow of mine.’

‘What was this gentleman’s name?’ inquired the Coroner, his pencil poised.

Mr Thipps shrank together visibly.

‘I’m afraid I can’t tell you that,’ he said. ‘You see—that is, you *will* see—it would get him into trouble, and I couldn’t do that—no, I really couldn’t do that, not if my life depended on it. No!’ he added, as the ominous pertinence of the last phrase smote upon him, ‘I’m sure I couldn’t do that.’

‘Well, well,’ said the Coroner.

The Duchess leaned over to Parker again. ‘I’m beginning quite to admire the little man,’ she said.

Mr Thipps resumed.

‘When we got to St Pancras I was going home, but my friend said no. We hadn’t met for a long time and we ought to—to make a night of it, was his expression. I fear I was weak, and let him overpersuade me to accompany him to one of his haunts. I use the word advisedly,’ said Mr Thipps, ‘and I assure you, sir, that if I had known beforehand where we were going I never would have set foot in the place.’

‘I cloak-roomed my bag, for he did not like the notion of our being encumbered with it, and we got into a taxicab and drove to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street. We then walked a little way, and turned into a side street (I do not recollect which) where there was an open door, with the light shining out. There was a man at a counter, and my friend bought some tickets, and I heard the man at the counter say something to him about “Your friend,” meaning me, and my friend said,

"Oh, yes, he's been here before, haven't you, Alf?" (which was what they called me at school), though I assure you, sir'—here Mr Thipps grew very earnest—"I never had, and nothing in the world should induce me to go to such a place again."

'Well, we went down into a room underneath, where there were drinks, and my friend had several, and made me take one or two—though I am an abstemious man as a rule—and he talked to some other men and girls who were there—a very vulgar set of people, I thought them, though I wouldn't say but what some of the young ladies were nice-looking enough. One of them sat on my friend's knee and called him a slow old thing, and told him to come on—so we went into another room, where there were a lot of people dancing all these up-to-date dances. My friend went and danced, and I sat on a sofa. One of the young ladies came up to me and said, didn't I dance, and I said "No," so she said wouldn't I stand her a drink then. "You'll stand us a drink then, darling," that was what she said, and I said, "Wasn't it after hours?" and she said that didn't matter. So I ordered the drink—a gin and bitters it was—for I didn't like not to, the young lady seemed to expect it of me and I felt it wouldn't be gentlemanly to refuse when she asked. But it went against my conscience—such a young girl as she was—and she put her arm round my neck afterwards and kissed me just like as if she was paying for the drink—and it really went to my heart,' said Mr Thipps, a little ambiguously, but with uncommon emphasis.

Here somebody at the back said, 'Cheer-oh!' and a sound was heard as of the noisy smacking of lips.

'Remove the person who made that improper noise,' said the Coroner, with great indignation. 'Go on, please, Mr Thipps.'

'Well,' said Mr Thipps, 'about half-past twelve, as I should reckon, things began to get a bit lively, and I was looking for my friend to say good-night, not wishing to stay longer, as you will understand, when I saw him with one of the young ladies, and

Crimplesham'll be retiring soon, sir, I don't doubt, for he must be close on eighty, sir, if he's a day, but then there's young Mr Wicks to carry on the business, and he's a very nice, steady-like young gentleman.'

'Is Mr Crimplesham really as old as that?' said Lord Peter. 'Dear me! He must be very active for his years. A friend of mine was doing business with him in town last week.'

'Wonderful active, sir,' agreed the waiter, 'and with his game leg, too, you'd be surprised. But there, sir, I often think when a man's once past a certain age, the older he grows the tougher he gets, and women the same or more so.'

'Very likely,' said Lord Peter, calling up and dismissing the mental picture of a gentleman of eighty with a game leg carrying a dead body over the roof of a Battersea flat at midnight. 'He's tough, sir, tough, is old Joey Bagstock, tough and devilish sly,' he added, thoughtlessly.

'Indeed, sir?' said the waiter. 'I couldn't say, I'm sure.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Lord Peter; 'I was quoting poetry. Very silly of me. I got the habit at my mother's knee and I can't break myself of it.'

'No, sir,' said the waiter, pocketing a liberal tip. 'Thank you very much, sir. You'll find the house easy. Just afore you come to Penny-farthing Street, sir, about two turnings off, on the right-hand side opposite.'

'Afraid that disposes of Crimplesham-X,' said Lord Peter. 'I'm rather sorry; he was a fine sinister figure as I had pictured him. Still, his may yet be the brain behind the hands—the aged spider sitting invisible in the centre of the vibrating web, you know, Bunter.'

'Yes, my lord,' said Bunter. 'They were walking up the street together.'

'There is the office over the way,' pursued Lord Peter. 'I think, Bunter, you might step into this little shop and purchase a sporting paper, and if I do not emerge from the villain's lair—say within

dimension—admirable exercise for the imagination, but arduous and inconclusive. Even if the day's interview should disclose black spots in the past or present of Mr Crimphesham, how were they to be brought into connection with a person apparently without a past, and whose present was confined to the narrow limits of a bath and a police mortuary?

'Bunter,' said Lord Peter, 'I beg that in the future you will restrain me from starting two hares at once. These cases are getting to be a strain on my constitution. One hare has nowhere to run from, and the other has nowhere to run to. It's a kind of mental D.T., Bunter. When this is over I shall turn pussyfoot, forswear the police news, and take to an emollient diet of the works of the late Charles Garvice.'

It was its comparative proximity to Milford Hill that induced Lord Peter to lunch at the Minster Hotel rather than at the White Hart or some other more picturesquely situated hostel. It was not a lunch calculated to cheer his mind; as in all Cathedral cities, the atmosphere of the Close pervades every nook and corner of Salisbury, and no food in that city but seems faintly flavoured with prayer-books. As he sat sadly consuming that impassive pale substance known to the English as 'cheese' unqualified (for there are cheeses which go openly by their names, as Stilton, Camembert, Gruyère, Wensleydale or Gorgonzola, but 'cheese' is cheese and everywhere the same), he inquired of the waiter the whereabouts of Mr Crimphesham's office.

The waiter directed him to a house rather further up the street on the opposite side, adding: 'But anybody'll tell you, sir; Mr Crimphesham's very well known herabouts.'

'He's a good solicitor, I suppose?' said Lord Peter.

'Oh, yes, sir,' said the waiter, 'you couldn't do better than trust to Mr Crimphesham, sir. There's folk say he's old-fashioned, but I'd rather have my little bits of business done by Mr Crimphesham than by one of these fly-away young men. Not but what Mr

they seemed to be getting on altogether too well, if you follow me, my friend pulling the ribbons off her shoulder and the young lady laughing—and so on,' said Mr Thipps, hurriedly, 'so I thought I'd just slip quietly out, when I heard a scuffle and a shout—and before I knew what was happening there were half-a-dozen policemen in, and the lights went out, and everybody stampeding and shouting—quite horrid, it was. I was knocked down in the rush, and hit my head a nasty knock on a chair—that was where I got that bruise they asked me about—and I was dreadfully afraid I'd never get away and it would all come out, and perhaps my photograph in the papers, when someone caught hold of me—I think it was the young lady I'd given the gin and bitters to—and she said, "This way," and pushed me along a passage and out at the back somewhere. So I ran through some streets, and found myself in Goodge Street, and there I got a taxi and came home. I saw the account of the raid afterwards in the papers, and saw my friend had escaped, and so, as it wasn't the sort of thing I wanted made public, and I didn't want to get him into difficulties, I just said nothing. But that's the truth.'

'Well, Mr Thipps,' said the Coroner, 'we shall be able to substantiate a certain amount of this story. Your friend's name—'

'No,' said Mr Thipps, stoutly, 'not on any account.'

'Very good,' said the Coroner. 'Now, can you tell us what time you did get in?'

'About half-past one, I should think. Though really, I was so upset—'

'Quite so. Did you go straight to bed?'

'Yes, I took my sandwich and glass of milk first. I thought it might settle my inside, so to speak,' added the witness, apologetically, 'not being accustomed to alcohol so late at night and on an empty stomach, as you may say.'

'Quite so. Nobody sat up for you?'

'Nobody.'

‘How long did you take getting to bed first and last?’

Mr Thipps thought it might have been half-an-hour.

‘Did you visit the bathroom before turning in?’

‘No.’

‘And you heard nothing in the night?’

‘No. I fell fast asleep. I was rather agitated, so I took a little dose to make me sleep, and what with being so tired and the milk and the dose, I just tumbled right off and didn’t wake till Gladys called me.’

Further questioning elicited little from Mr Thipps. Yes, the bathroom window had been open when he went in in the morning, he was sure of that, and he had spoken very sharply to the girl about it. He was ready to answer any questions; he would be only too ‘appy—happy to have this dreadful affair sifted to the bottom.

Gladys Horrocks stated that she had been in Mr Thipps’s employment about three months. Her previous employers would speak to her character. It was her duty to make the round of the flat at night, when she had seen Mrs Thipps to bed at ten. Yes, she remembered doing so on Monday evening. She had looked into all the rooms. Did she recollect shutting the bathroom window that night? Well, no, she couldn’t swear to it, not in particular, but when Mr Thipps called her into the bathroom in the morning it certainly *was* open. She had not been into the bathroom before Mr Thipps went in. Well, yes, it had happened that she had left that window open before, when anyone had been ‘aving a bath in the evening and ‘ad left the blind down. Mrs Thipps ‘ad ‘ad a bath on Monday evening, Mondays was one of her regular bath nights. She was very much afraid she ‘adn’t shut the window on Monday night, though she wished her ‘ead ‘ad been cut off afore she’d been so forgetful.

Here the witness burst into tears and was given some water, while the Coroner refreshed himself with a third lozenge.

5<sup>th</sup>, Lord Peter found what he was looking for: ‘Goldberg, Skinner and Milligan to dinner.’

There was the evidence that Milligan had been in that house. There had been a formal entertainment—a meeting as of two duellists shaking hands before the fight. Skinner was a well-known picture-dealer; Lord Peter imagined an after-dinner excursion upstairs to see the two Corots in the drawing-room, and the portrait of the oldest Levy girl, who had died at the age of sixteen. It was by Augustus John, and hung in the bedroom. The name of the red-haired secretary was nowhere mentioned, unless the initial S, occurring in another entry, referred to him. Throughout September and October, Anderson (of Wyncham’s) had been a frequent visitor.

Lord Peter shook his head over the diary, and turned to the consideration of the Barsesea Park mystery. Whereas in the Levy affair it was easy enough to supply a motive for the crime, if crime it were, and the difficulty was to discover the method of its carrying out and the whereabouts of the victim, in the other case the chief obstacle to inquiry was the entire absence of any imaginable motive. It was odd that, although the papers had carried news of the affair from one end of the country to the other and a description of the body had been sent to every police station in the country, nobody had as yet come forward to identify the mysterious occupant of Mr Thipps’s bath. It was true that the description, which mentioned the clean-shaven chin, elegantly cut hair and the pince-nez, was rather misleading, but on the other hand, the police had managed to discover the number of molars missing, and the height, complexion and other data were correctly enough stated, as also the date at which death had presumably occurred. It seemed, however, as though the man had melted out of society without leaving a gap or so much as a ripple. Assigning a motive for the murder of a person without relations or antecedents or even clothes is like trying to visualize the fourth