

# The Adventure of the Red-Headed Boy

A Reminiscence of Sherlock Holmes—No. 1. (Concluded)—*Sir A. Conan Doyle.*

**PART II.**  
The ledger occupied two rooms at the vicarage, which were in an angle by themselves, the one above the other. Below was a large sitting-room; above, his bedroom. They looked out upon a croquet-lawn which came up to the windows. We had arrived before the doctor or the police, so that everything was almost as it had been. Let me describe exactly the scene as we saw it upon that misty March morning. It has left an impression which can never be effaced from my mind.

The atmosphere of the room was of a horrible and depressing stuffiness. The servant who had first entered had thrown up the window, or it would have been even more intolerable. This might partly be due to the fact that a lamp stood staring and smoking on the center table. Beside it sat the doctor, leaning back in his chair, his thin beard protruding, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, and his lean, dark face turned toward the window and twisted into the same distortion of terror which had marked the features of his dead sister. His limbs were convulsed and his fingers convulsed, as though he had died in a very painful manner. He was dressed in a simple, clothed, though there were signs that his dressing had been done in a hurry. We had already learned that his bed had been slept in, and that the tragic end had come to him in the early morning.

One realized the red-hot energy which underlay Holmes' phlegmatic exterior when one saw the change which came over him from the moment that he entered the fatal apartment. In an instant he was tense and alert, his eyes shining, his face set, his limbs quivering with an eager nerve. He was out on the lawn, in through the window, round the room, and up into the bedroom, for all the world like a machine following a set course. In the bedroom he made a rapid cast around, and ended by throwing open the window, which appeared to give him some fresh cause for excitement, for he leaned out of it with loud ejaculations of interest and delight. Then he rushed down the stair, out through the open window, threw himself upon his face on the lawn, sprang up and into the room once more, all with the energy of the hunter who is at the very heels of his quarry. The lamp, which was an ordinary standard, he examined with minute care, making certain measurements upon its bowl. He carefully scrutinized with his lens the talc shield which covered the top of the chimney, and scraped off some ashes which adhered to its upper surface. He pushed some of them into an envelope, which he placed in his pocket-book. Finally, just as the doctor and the official police put in an appearance, he returned to the vicar and we all three went out upon the lawn.

"I am glad to say that my investigation has not been entirely barren," he remarked. "I cannot remain to discuss the matter with the police, but I should be exceedingly obliged, Mr. Roundhay, if you would give the inspector my compliments and direct his attention to the bedroom window and the sitting-room lamp. Each is suggestive, and together they are almost conclusive. If the police would desire further information I shall be happy to give them as much as they can get. And now, Watson, I think that perhaps we shall be better employed elsewhere."

smoking and dreaming in the cottage; but a greater portion in country walks which he undertook alone, returning after many hours without remark as to where he had been. One experiment served to show me the line of his investigation. He had bought a lamp which was the duplicate of the one which had burned in the room of Mortimer Tregennis on the morning of the tragedy. This he filled with the same oil as that used at the vicarage, and he carefully timed the period which it

upon those who have first entered it. You will recollect that Mortimer Tregennis, in describing the episode of his last visit to his brother's house, remarked that the doctor on entering the room fell into a chair. You had forgotten? Well, I can answer for it that it was so. Now, you will remember also that Mrs. Porter, the housekeeper, told us that she herself fainted upon entering the room and had afterwards opened the window. In the second case—that of Mortimer Tregennis himself—

room—in the one case a fire, in the other a lamp. The fire was needed, but the lamp was lit as a comparison of the oil consumed will show—long after it was broad daylight. Why? Surely because there is some objection to twelve three things—the burning, the stuffy atmosphere, and, finally, the madness or death of those unfortunate people. That in a chair, is it not?"

"It would appear so."

He relapsed at once into the half-humorous, half-cynical vein which was his habitual attitude to those about him. "It would be superfluous to drive us mad, my dear Watson," said he. "A candid observer would certainly declare that we were so already before we embarked upon so wild an experiment. I confess that never imagined that the effect could be so sudden and so severe." He dashed into the cottage, and reappearing with the burning lamp held at full arm's length, he threw it among a bank of brambles.

"We must give the room a little time to clear. I take it, Watson, that you have no longer a shadow of a doubt as to how these tragedies were produced?"

whom I should judge to be of a particularly forgiving disposition. Well, in the next place, you will remember that this idea of some one moving in the garden, which took our attention for a moment from the real cause of the tragedy, emanated from him. He had a motive in mistaking us. Finally, it is hard to throw this substance into the fire at the moment of leaving the room, who did so? The affair happened immediately after his departure. Had any one else come in, the family would certainly have risen from the table. Besides, in peaceful Cornwall, visitors do not arrive after 10 o'clock at night. We may take it, then, that all the evidence points to Mortimer Tregennis as the culprit."

"Well, Watson, it is on the face of it a not impossible supposition. The man who had the guilt upon his soul of having brought such a fatal epidemic upon his family might well be driven by remorse to inflict it upon himself. There are, however, some cogent reasons against it. Fortunately, there is one man in England who knows all about it, and I have made arrangements by which we shall hear the facts this afternoon from his own lips. He is a little before his time. Perhaps you will kindly step this way, Dr. Leon Sterndale. He has been conducting a chemical experiment indoors which has left our little room hardly fit for the reception of so distinguished a visitor."



STERNDALE SPRANG TO HIS FEET, "I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE DEVIL HIMSELF!" HE CRIED.



BESIDE IT, AT THE DEAD MAN LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

## AMERICANS BUY UP NORTOL'S ART TREASURES

W HILE Americans are buying up Europe's choicest art treasures. Although this process of acquisition has been going on for some time past, it is quite recently that all Europe has got stirred up over the matter. First it was Italy that showed signs of annoyance at the inroads made by American collectors on its hoarded treasures of art. Goaded to action by some particularly rich hauls by our millionaires, to whom price was nothing, once they had decided that an art gallery was the right thing to have around the house, the Italian government actually passed a law against the sale by Italians of valuable paintings to foreigners.

Then came bores rumblings from Germany, for there, too, Americans had been prowling about, carrying off entire collections from under the nose of the German art lover. Next it was France, the Berlin collector. Next it was England's turn. The London Times devoted one of its most solemn and pessimistic editorials to the alarming tendency among paintings and other such glories of England to graze across the Atlantic to the supposedly bromidic and gross country of ours.

Half Million for One Canvas. Otto Kahn broke all records last Spring by paying something like \$500,000 for Frans Hals' celebrated painting of himself and family, already wrested from Europe by a New York firm of art dealers. Not long before that Mrs. Collis P. Huntington gave, according to report, \$400,000 for Velasquez' "The Court of Olivares," the loss of which deeply pained England, where the great canvas had long been treasured. J. Pierpont Morgan is supposed to have given \$200,000 for Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portrait of Miss Farnon," for two Rembrandts, Benjamin Altman likewise \$200,000. For "A Spanish Statesman" by Velasquez, P. A. B. Widener gave \$250,000. Romney's "The Three Children of Captain Little" cost Otto Kahn \$100,000. Melleson's famous "Friendland," now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art here, was acquired by Judge Henry Hillman for \$60,000. For the pleasure of adding Troyon's "Return to the Farm" to the treasures of his native city of Philadelphia, E. T. Stotesbury gave \$50,000. One of the best known of the Metropolitan Art Museum canvases, the great "Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, is in this country, because Cornelius Vanderbilt paid \$100,000 for it. He subsequently presented it to the museum.

Other masterpieces of foreign art for which Americans by no means among the wealthiest have not hesitated to pay \$50,000 or thereabouts within the last few years are Millet's "Going to Work—Down of Day," Breton's "The Communion," Mauve's "Return of the Flock," Fournier's "Sheeping a Model," and the same master's "Sheep Coming Out of the Forest."

Millionaires Are Raiders. "In this, too, it will only follow a long series of masterpieces which, during the last 30 years, have left England to find new homes in Germany or America. The late Rodolphe Kann, of Paris, filled his famous gallery with the spoils of England, and these, upon his death, mostly crossed the Atlantic; but the new American millionaires are much the more dangerous raiders, because they are richer than anybody has ever been before, and because there are enough of them to set up that conflict of rival vanities which, in a case of this kind, is the surest way to make a market.

What can any Englishman or any government do against men who have each something like \$1,000,000 a year more than they can possibly spend in their normal requirements? Let man like Mr. Frick or Mr. Widener, or one or two of the Western magnates, once be imbued with the passion for collecting and nothing can stand against them. It matters nothing to such a man whether the picture costs \$25,000 or \$250,000. If he wants it and it is the finest of its kind, he will have it."

Book on American Treasures. Deeply impressed by the feats of American collectors in obtaining foreign masterpieces, a group of artists decided a few days ago to publish a book that should describe the leading American art galleries in a manner worthy of their magnificent contents. The first volume of this book was issued in 1907, Terrell and Albert Sprague collectors, judged by connoisseurs to be among the finest in America. A good working idea of the inroads of American traders in Europe is gained by any one who peruses but a few pages of the volume and glances at but two or three of the paintings reproduced in the illustrations.

One of the canvases described and pictured is Raphael's "Portrait of Inghirami," now in Mrs. Gardner's Boston art gallery. Another Raphael portrait of the same man is at the Pitti palace at Florence. But art experts whose words bear great weight, among them Dr. Wilhelm Bode, of Berlin, unite in saying Mrs. Gardner's

canvas and not the Florence one is the genuine article. "When an American collector comes into competition with the Pitti palace, especially for a painting by Raphael," declares Dr. Bode, "one is naturally predisposed to be a partisan of the Pitti picture, but with regard to the Inghirami portrait the advantage appears to me to be entirely with the example in America."

Another gem in her Fenway palace is Botticelli's "Death of Lucretia," purchased from Lord Ashburnham. Another Raphael's "Pieta," came to her at a London sale, after having been owned by no less august personages than Sir Thomas Lawrence, the queen of Sweden, and the duke of Orleans. Her "Madonna and Child," by Mantegna, has also been accounted in its day to noble surroundings. Among its owners, before Mrs. Gardner carried it away with her to Boston, were the Duke of Mantua, King Charles I of England, Queen Christina of Spain and the Prince de Drago. After Charles I was executed the painting was bought by Alonso de Cardena, Spanish ambassador to the court of Elizabeth, and eventually it came to the possession of the Del Drago family, and it was from the present prince of that name that Mrs. Gardner acquired it.

Another treasure in her collection is Titian's "Rape of Europa," done when the master was 50 years old, and adjudged one of his ripest creations. Titian painted it for Philip II of Spain over 400 years ago and sent it to that monarch with a humble request that payment be not forgotten. It was presented by Philip V to the Marquis de Grammont in 1704; from him it passed through the hands of the duke of Orleans and Lord Berwick to those of the Earl of Darnley, who hung it on the walls of his residence Cobham hall, where it remained till the present holder, Lord Berwick, sold it to Mrs. Gardner to a firm of London dealers commissioned by Mrs. Gardner to obtain it for her.

She also is the owner of Giorgione's "Christ Bearing the Cross," formerly in the collection of the Countess Loschi dal Verme, at Vicenza; likewise Botticelli's "Madonna del Child," sold by Prince Chigi of Rome in 1839 to a group of English dealers, before his government put its foot down on such sales. In the Garden gallery are also three valuable Rembrandts. Two, the "Young Couple" and "Christ and His Disciples in a Storm," formerly figured in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke, and Henry Hope in the 17th century and sold in 1838 by his descendants for over \$400,000. The storm picture was once in the King of Poland's collection at Hubertsburg. Hope gave him 4380 florins for it.

Among the finest canvases in the Garden gallery at Boston is Ruben's "Earl of Arundel," which comes from Ruben's own collection of his works. At the sale of those works after Ru-

ben's death, in 1641, the Earl of Warwick acquired it and hung it in Warwick castle. Another gem in her collection is "Lady with a Rose," was acquired for Mrs. Gardner at the sale of the Duke of Ossuna's collection at Madrid in 1836. "The Pope's Election at Constance," includes paintings by Degas, Daubier, Claude Monet, and a valuable lot of etchings, prints, etc. In the John Hay collection are the "Portrait of a Christ on the Cross," by Sassoferrato. "A Portrait of Himself," executed in splendid style by Rembrandt, is one of the Terrell collection. Also in the collection of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and was bought from members of the Leuchtenberg family by a New York art dealer. Also in the Terrell collection is Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Frances Finch," purchased from the present earl of Aylesford, and Gainsborough's "Portrait of Isabella Howard," formerly owned by the Beaumont family. Other treasures in the same collection are the Hopner and Reguault's "Automaton and the Horse of Achilles," and Hopper's "Master Mercur."

Both among connoisseurs and the general public interest is more completely evinced toward paintings than toward other forms of art. For this reason American collectors have tended in most cases to gather together works of great European painters for the adornment of their homes. This, however, does not mean at all that other forms of European art have been let alone by the American "raiders." In fact, practically all our collections of paintings date before the splendid collection which J. Pierpont Morgan, most eclectic of collectors, has crammed into the art gallery behind his Madison avenue residence in New York City.

The Morgan Collection. For a long time impenetrable mystery hung about it; everybody knew that it housed one of the finest—perhaps the finest—of the world's art collections, but nobody knew exactly what was inside. At last, a detailed description of the only authorized one published—appeared in the New York Times. This came out, simultaneously, in the London Times, which called the Morgan collection "the most wonderful of all collections, formed by the most wonderful collector of our time, perhaps of any time."

Enough, surely, to cause alarm in Europe! The description in the Times of the Morgan treasures told of score upon score of priceless books—the Bible of Gutenberg, the most wonderful of all collections, formed by the most wonderful collector of our time, perhaps of any time."

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