

J.C. Leyendecker

1874-1951 | American



The Sleuth

M.S. Rau
FINE ART • ANTIQUES • JEWELS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Painting Overview.....	4
Supporting Documents	5
Auction Comparables	11
Museum Comparables	13



Oil on canvas | Circa 1906

Signed "JCLeyendecker" (lower left)

Canvas: 17 3/4" high by 17 3/4" wide | 45.09 cm x 45.09 cm

Frame: 22" high by 22" wide by 1 3/4" deep
55.88 cm x 55.88 cm x 4.45 cm

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*A good cover has
a distinct silhouette.*

- J.C. Leyendecker

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A debonair sleuth peers through a stained glass window at the mysterious silhouette of a man in this captivating oil on canvas by great American illustrator J.C. Leyendecker. Painted for the June 2, 1906 cover of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Sleuth* illustrates a scene from the story "Mortmain" by Arthur Train. An accomplished lawyer and writer, Train wrote dozens of thrilling legal stories about a fictional lawyer named Ephraim Tutt that were published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and soon his heroic character became "the best-known lawyer in America." This striking cover art signaled another installment of Train's Tutt chronicles printed within the magazine, a story that can still be accessed today.

Leyendecker's masterful illustration encapsulates the intrigue of the story and showcases his renowned ability to capture the character of his models and convey a story through a single scene. Here, Leyendecker tells a compelling story through the inclusion of only a few compositional details. His debonair subject, Ephraim Tutt, appears in profile, connoting that he is turning to listen in on the conversation of the shadowy figure behind the stained glass window. Leyendecker renders Train's Tutt figure in rich sartorial details, with a sumptuous cravat collar, bright orange gemstone tie pin and a luxurious mink-trimmed winter coat.

J.C. Leyendecker is credited with creating some of the most beloved and endearing images of his era that set the style and tone for entire generations of Americans. In 1898, Leyendecker produced the first of 48 covers for *Collier's* magazine. The next year, he painted his first

cover for *The Saturday Evening Post*, which was the beginning of a 44-year association with that esteemed publication. Over the course of his career, he would also paint covers for *Life* magazine, illustrations for a library of books and transform advertising for such companies as B. Kuppenheimer & Co. and Interwoven Socks. His remarkable and extensive oeuvre ensured his influence over an entire generation of young artists, most notably Norman Rockwell, who was vocal about the impact of Leyendecker on his work. Today, he remains one of the most beloved American illustrators of the early 20th century. ●





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MORTMAIN

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

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SIR PENNISTON CRISP was a man of some sixty active years, whose ruddy cheeks, twinkling blue eyes and convincingly innocent smile suggested forty. At thirty he had been accounted the most promising young surgeon in London; at forty he had become one of the three leading members of his profession; at fifty he had amassed a fortune and had begun to accept only those cases which involved complications of true scientific interest, or which came to him on the personal application of other distinguished physicians.

Like many another in the medical world whose material wants are guaranteed, he found solace and amusement only in experimentation along new lines of his peculiar hobbies. His days were spent between his book-lined study with its cheery sea-coal fire and his adjacent laboratory, where three assistants, all trained Bachelors of Science, conducted experiments under his personal direction.

His daily life was as well ordered as his career had been. Rising at seven, Sir Penniston partook of a meagre breakfast, attended to his trifling personal affairs, read his newspaper, dictated his letters, and by nine was ready to don his uniform and receive his sterilized instruments from his young associate, Scalscope Jermyn, a capable and cheerful soul after Crisp's own heart. An operating-theatre adjoined the laboratory, and here the baronet made it a point to perform once each week, in the presence of various surgeons who attended by invitation, a few difficult and dangerous operations upon patients sent to him from the City Hospital.

When Jermyn was with his familiars he was wont to refer to his master as the "howlingist cheese in surgery." This was putting it mildly, for, although Sir Penniston was indubitably, if you choose, quite the "howlingist cheese" in surgery, he was also a pathfinder, an explorer into the mysteries of the body and the essence of vitality in bone and tissue. He could do more things to a cat in twenty minutes than would naturally occur in the combined history of a thousand felines. He could handle the hidden arteries and vessels of the body as confidently and accurately as you or I would tie a shoestring. He had housed a tramp for thirteen months and inserted a plate-glass window in that gentleman's exterior in order that he might with the greater certainty study the complicated processes of a digestion stimulated after a hitherto chronic lack of food. He experimented on men, women, children, elephants, apes, ostriches, guinea-pigs, rabbits, turtles, frogs and goldfish. He could alter the shape of a nose, or perfect an irregular ear in the twinkling of an instrument; remove a human heart and insert it still beating without inconvenience to its owner; and was as much at home among the vessels of Thebesius as he was on Piccadilly Circus.

He was single, kept but one servant—a Jap—neither smoked nor drank, attended the worst play he could find every Saturday night, and gave ponderous dinners to his professional brethren on Wednesdays. He was the dean of his order, and bade fair to remain so for a long time to come—a calm, passionless craftsman in flesh and bone. His rivals frequently were heard to say that there was nothing surgical in Heaven or earth that Crisp would not undertake. A faint odor of chloroform followed his well-regulated progress through existence.

On the morning upon which this narrative opens Sir Penniston had entered his laboratory with that urbanity so characteristic of him. A white frock hung jauntily upon his well-filled, if slenderly-nourished, proportions, his blue eyes sparkled with good-natured activity, and his long, muscular hands rubbed themselves together in a manner which signified that they were anxious to be at the skilled work in which their owner took so keen a pleasure. Scalscope was already on hand, and with a bundle of



A Nondescript, Undersized Man Cringingly Entered the Room

dripping instruments in his grasp met his master half-way between the minor operating-table and the antiseptic bath.

"Ah, good-morning, Scalscope! How is the Marchioness of Cheshire this fine morning?"

Scalscope smiled deferentially at the little joke.

"I presume you mean Lady Tabitha? Her ladyship is doing splendidly—better, I fancy, than could be expected under the circumstances."

"Excellent, Scalscope! Delightful! Where is she?"

At that moment a large Maltese cat, cognizant by some unknown instinct that she was the subject of this mutual conversation, stalked slowly out of a patch of sunshine and rubbed herself between Sir Penniston's broad-cloth-covered calves. The surgeon bent over and felt carefully of her foreleg, but the feline did not flinch; on the contrary, she screwed round her head and thrust it into the doctor's hand.

"Perfect!" exclaimed Sir Penniston, his face lighting with a smile of scientific satisfaction.

"Absolutely perfect! Is the patient in the operating-room? Very good. The gentlemen assembled! Excellent! While you are administering the somni-chloride I will announce our success."

He bowed to the other assistants and, followed by the Marchioness of Cheshire, opened the door which led to the platform of the operating-theatre. Some dozen or fifteen professional-looking gentlemen rose as he made his appearance and bowed. A young woman with her arm in a sling sat by the table attended by a couple of women nurses.

"Good-morning, gentlemen! Good-morning!" remarked Sir Penniston. "Mr. Jermyn, will you kindly prepare the patient? My friends, I have the pleasure of being able to announce to you, and thus in a measure to permit you to share in, what I regard as the most extraordinary achievement of our profession."

A murmur of interest and appreciation made itself audible from the physicians who had resumed their seats upon the benches. If Sir Penniston regarded anything as remarkable, it must indeed be so, and they awaited his next words expectantly.

"The problem, gentlemen, of limb-grafting has been solved!" he announced modestly.

The assembled surgeons gazed at one another in amazement.

"You may perhaps recall," continued the baronet, "that it has for years been my particular hobby, or, I should more properly say, theory, that there was no reason in the world why, if a severed finger or a nose could be replaced by surgery, the same should not be true of a major part, such as a hand or leg; and that if a limb once severed could be replaced upon its stump, why another person's might not be used."

"Many gentlemen eminent in our profession, some of whom I believe I see before me, gave it as their opinion that such an operation was impossible. A few—and most of these, I regret to say, were upon the other side of the Atlantic—agreed with me that it could and would ultimately be accomplished. I studied the problem for years. Was it our inability to nourish a part once severed or so to reinvigorate it as to unite tendons, muscles or bone? The latter surely gave no trouble. Tendons were sutured every day, and under favorable circumstances their functions were restored; nerves were frequently sutured and functional restoration recorded."

"The question, therefore, seemed to narrow itself down to whether or not it was impossible to restore an arterial supply once cut off. Veins, of course, were frequently cut and sutured, and performed perfectly afterward. Was there no way to restore an artery? In other words, could a limb once severed be sufficiently nourished to restore it? This, then, became my special study—a fascinating study indeed, involving as it did the possibilities of untold benefit to mankind."

3



Sir Penniston paused and glanced toward the table upon which was extended the now almost unconscious form of the patient. There was still plenty of time for him to conclude his remarks.

"With a view, therefore, to observing whether a thin glass tube would be tolerated in a sterilized state within an artery (the only possible means I could devise to allow a continued flow of blood and contemporaneous restoration) I made a number of half-inch pieces to suit the calibre of a dog's femoral, constricted them very slightly to an hour-glass shape, and smoothed their ends by heat, so that no surface roughness should induce clotting. Cutting the femorals across, I tied each end on the tube by a fine silk thread, and tied the thread ends together. Primary union resulted, and the dog's legs were as good as ever! The first step had been successfully accomplished."

The assembled surgeons clapped their hands faintly in token of appreciation, and one or two murmured, "My word!—Extraordinary!—Marvelous!" Sir Penniston bowed slightly and resumed:

"I now added one more step to my experiments. I dissected out the tracheal artery and vein near the axilla of a dog's fore-limb, and, holding these apart, amputated the limb through the shoulder muscles and sawed through the bone, leaving the limb attached only by the vessels. I then sutured the bone with a silver wire and the nerves with fine silk. Each muscle I sutured by itself with catgut, making a separate series of continuous suturing of the *vasa lala* and skin. The leg was then enveloped in sterilized dressing, a liberal use of iodiform gauze being the essential part. Over all, cotton and a plaster jacket were placed, leaving him three legs to walk on. The dog's leg united perfectly."

The assembled gentlemen broke into loud applause. The patient was lying motionless, her deep inspirations showing that she was under the anesthetic. But Sir Penniston was now lost in the enthusiasm of his subject.

"Thus, gentlemen, I demonstrated that, if in an amputated limb an artery could be left, the limb would survive the division and reuniting of everything else, and had good ground for the belief that if an arterial supply could be restored to a completely amputated limb, that limb also might be grafted back to its original or to a corresponding stump."

"The final experiment only remained—the complete amputation of a limb and its restoration—a combination of all the others—difficult, dangerous, delicate—and requiring much preparation, assistance and time. I finally selected a healthy cat, amputated its foreleg, inserted a glass tube in the artery, and sutured bone, muscles, nerves and skin. Complete restoration occurred! And after four months you have here before you this morning the cat herself, fat, well and strong, and as good as ever!—Here kitty, kitty, kitty!"

The Marchioness of Cheshire ran quickly to Sir Penniston and leapt into his lap, while the gentlemen left the benches and hastened forward to seize the master's hand and to examine the cat in wonder.

"There is nothing, therefore, in the way of grafting which cannot be successfully undertaken. A human arm or leg crushed at thigh or shoulder, and requiring amputation, would admit of Esmarch's bandage being applied to expel its blood and of being used after amputation. Why not another man's blood as well as its owner's? No reason in the world! Had we here a suitable forearm ready to be applied I have no doubt but that I could successfully replace it upon the stump of the one I am now about to remove. Hereafter so long as there are limbs enough to go round—so long as the demand does not transcend the supply—none of our patients need fear the permanent loss of a member!"

The surgeons overwhelmed him with their congratulations, but Sir Penniston modestly waived them aside. His triumph was the triumph of science—and its purity was not marred by any thought of personal glorification.

"The Crispan operation," some one whispered. The others caught it up. "The Crispan operation," they repeated. A slight look of gratification made itself apparent upon Sir Penniston's rosy countenance.

"Thank you, gentlemen! Thank you! Mr. Jermyn, is the patient quite ready? Yes? We will proceed, gentlemen. My instruments, if you please."

Among those who left the operating theatre an hour later was Sir Richard Mortmain.

THE opalescent light from the bronze electric lamp on the mahogany writing-table disclosed two gentlemen, whose attitudes and expressions left no doubt as to the serious import of their discussion. At the same time the *membrana* *bijecta* of afternoon tea which remained upon the teak tabaret, together with the still smoking butt of an Egyptian cigarette distilling its incense in a steadily perpendicular gray column toward the ceiling from a jade jar used as an ash receiver, showed that for one of them at least the situation had admitted of physical amelioration. The



"The Problem, Gentlemen, of Limb Grafting Has Been Solved!" He Announced Modestly

gentleman beside the table had rested his high, narrow forehead upon the delicate fingers of his left hand, and with contracted eyebrows was gazing in a baffled manner toward his companion, who had extended his limbs at length before the heavy chair in which he reclined, and with his elbows upon its arms was holding his finger-tips lightly against each other before his face. To those who knew Ashley Flynt of the Inner Temple this meant that the last word had been spoken and that nothing remained but to accept the situation as he stated it and follow his advice.

His heavy yet shrewd countenance, whose florid hue bespoke a modern adjustment of golf to a more traditional use of port, had that cold, vacant look which it displayed when the mind behind the mask had recorded Q. E. D. beneath its unseemly demonstration. The gentleman at the table twitched his shoulders nervously, slowly raised his head and leaned back into his chair.

"And you say that there is absolutely nothing which can be done?" he repeated mechanically.

"I have already told you, Sir Richard," replied Flynt in even, incisive tones, "that the last day of grace expires to-morrow. Unless the three notes are immediately taken up you will be forced into bankruptcy. Your property and expectations are already mortgaged for more than they are worth. Your assets of every sort will not return your creditors—I should say your creditor—fifteen per cent. Seventy-nine thousand pounds, principal and interest—can you raise it or even a substantial part of it? No, not five thousand! You have no choice, so far as I can see, but to go into bankruptcy, unless—"

He hesitated rather deprecatingly.

"Well!" cried Sir Richard impatiently, "unless—?"

"Unless you marry."

The other drew himself up and a flush crept into his cheeks and across his forehead.

"As your legal adviser," continued Flynt unperturbed, "I give it as my opinion that your only alternative to bankruptcy is a suitable marriage. Of course, for a man of your position in society a mere engagement might be enough to—"

Sir Richard sprang quickly to his feet and stepped in front of his solicitor.

"To induce the money-lenders to advance the amount necessary to put me on my feet? Bah! Flynt, how dare you make such a suggestion! If you were not my solicitor—I Good Heavens, that I should ever be brought to this!"

Flynt shrugged his shoulders.

"If you come to that, bankruptcy is the cheapest way to pay one's debts."

His client uttered an ejaculation of disgust. Then suddenly the red deepened in his cheeks and he clenched his white hand until the thin blue veins stood out like cords.

"Curse him!" he cried in a voice shaken by anger.

"Curse him now and hereafter! Why did I ever take advantage of his pretended generosity? He meant to ruin me! Why was I ever born with tastes that I could not afford to gratify? Why must I surround myself with music and flowers and marbles? He saw his chance, stimulated my extravagance, seduced my intellect, and now he casts me into the street a beggar! I hate him, hate him, hate him! I believe I could kill him!"

Sir Richard turned quickly. The door had opened to admit the silent, deferential figure of Joyce, the butler.

"Pardon me, Sir Richard. A clerk from Mr. Flynt's office, sir, with a package. Shall I let him in?"

Mortmain still stood with his fist trembling in mid-air, and it was a moment before he regained sufficient control of himself to reply:

"Yes, yes; let him in."

The butler nodded to some one just behind him, and a nondescript, undersized man cringing entered the room and stood hesitatingly by the threshold.

"Have you the papers, Flaggs?" inquired Flynt.

"Here, sir," replied the other, drawing forth a bundle tied in red tape and handing it to his employer.

"Very good. You need not return to the office again. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. Thank you, sir," mumbled Flaggs, and, casting a furtive, beetling glance in the direction of Sir Richard, he shambled out.

The solicitor followed him with his eye until the door had closed behind him and then shrugged his shoulders for the second time.

"My dear Sir Richard," he remarked, "many of our most distinguished peers have gone through bankruptcy. It will all be the same a year hence. Society will be as glad as ever to receive you. Your name will command the same respect and likely enough the same credit. Bankruptcy is still eminently respectable. As for Lord Russell—try to forget him. It is enough that you owe him the money."

Mortmain's anger had been followed by the reaction of despair. Now he groped for a cigarette and, drawing a jeweled match-box from his pocket, lit it with trembling fingers.

Flynt arose.

"That's right," he exclaimed; "just be sensible about it. Meet me to-morrow at my office at ten o'clock and we will call in Lord Russell's solicitors, for a consultation. It will be amicable enough, I assure you. Well, I must be off. Good-night." He extended his hand, but Mortmain had thrust his own into his trousers' pockets.

"And you say nothing can prevent this?"

"Why, yes," returned Flynt in a sarcastic tone; "I believe two things can do so."

"Indeed," remarked Sir Richard. "What may they be?"

Flynt had stepped impatiently to the door, which he now held half open. Sir Richard had failed to send him a draft for his last bill.

"A fire from Heaven to consume the notes—coupled with the death of Lord Russell—or your own. Good-night!"

The door closed abruptly and Sir Richard Mortmain was left alone.

"The death of Lord Russell or my own!" he repeated with a harsh laugh. "Agreeable fellow, Flynt!" Then the bitter smile died out of his face and the lines hardened.

Over on the heavy onyx mantel, between two grotesque bronze Chinese vases from whose ponderous sides dragons with bristling teeth and claws writhed to escape, a Sevres clock chimed six, and was echoed by a dim booming from the outer hall.

Mortmain glanced with regret about the little den that typified so perfectly the futility of his luxurious existence. The deadened walls admitted hardly a suggestion of the traffic outside. By a flower-strewn window the open piano still held the score of La Gioconda, the opening performance of which he was to attend that evening with Lady Bella Forsythe. A bunch of lilies-of-the-valley stood at his elbow upon the massive table that never bore anything upon its polished surface save an ancient manuscript, an etching, or a vase of flowers. Delicate cabinets showed row upon row of grotesque Capodimonte, rare Sevres, porcelains, jade and Dresden, and other examples of ceramic art. Two Rembrandts, a Coré, and a profile by Whistler occupied the wall space. The mantel was given over to a few choice antique bronzes, covered with verdigris. The only concession to modern utilitarianism was an extension telephone standing upon a bracket in the corner behind the fireplace.

The only surviving member of his family, Mortmain had inherited from his father, Sir Mortimer, a discriminating intellect and artistic tastes, united with a gentle, engaging and unambitious disposition, derived from his Italian mother. Carelessly indifferent to his social inferiors, or those whom he regarded as such, he was brilliantly entertaining with his equals—a man of moods, keenly sensitive to public opinion, conservative in habit, yet devoted to society, expensive in his mode of life, given to hospitality—and a spendthrift. These qualities combined to make him caviare to the general, an enigma to the majority, and the favorite of the few, whose favorite he desired to be. He had never married, for his calculation and his laziness had jumped together to convince him that he could be more comfortable, more independent, and more free to pursue his music and kindred tastes, if single. Altogether, Sir Richard, though perhaps a trifle selfish, and entirely a sensualist, was by no means a bad fellow, and one whose temperament fitted him to be what he was—a leader in matters of taste, a connoisseur, and an esteemed member of the gay world.

No doubt, as Flynt had suggested, he could have liberated himself financially by donning the golden shackles of an

aristocratic marital slavery. But his soul revolted at the thought of marrying for money, not so much at the moral aspect of it as because a certain individual tranquillity had become necessary to his mode of life. He was forty and a creature of habit. A conventional marriage would have been as intolerable as earning his living. On the other hand, the odium of a bankruptcy proceeding, the publicity, the vulgarity of it, and the loss of prestige and position which it would necessarily involve brought him face to face with the only alternative which Flynt had flung at him in parting—the death of Lord Russell or his own.

He had known that without being told. Months before, the silver-mounted pistol which was to round out his consistently inconsistent existence had been concealed among the linen in the bureau of his Louis XIV bedroom, but it was to be invoked only when no other course remained. That nothing else did remain was clear. Flynt had read his client's sentence in that brutally unconscious jest.

On the day of his interview with Flynt he was one of the most highly-regarded critics of music and art in London, and his own brilliant accomplishments as a virtuoso had been supplemented by a lavish generosity toward struggling painters and musicians who found easy access to his purse and table, if not to his heart.

He had introduced Hauptmann, the Austrian pianist, to the musical world at a heavy financial loss and had made several costly donations to the British Museum, in addition to which his collection of scarabs was one of the most complete on record and required constant replenishing to keep it up to date. His expensive habits had required money and plenty of it, and when his patrimony had been exhausted he had mortgaged his expectations in his uncle's estate to launch the Austrian genius. It had been a lamentable failure. Mortmain's friends had said plainly enough that Hauptmann could play no better than his patron. This of itself implied no mean talent, but the public had resolutely refused to pay five shillings a ticket to hear the pianist, and the money was gone. Sir Richard had found himself in the hollow position of playing Mæcenæ without the price, and rather than change his pose and his manner of life had borrowed twenty-five thousand pounds four years before from an elderly peer, who combined philanthropy and what some declared to be usury with a high degree of success.

There were those who hinted that this eminently respectable aristocrat robbed Peter more than he paid Paul, but Lord Gordon Russell was a man with whose reputation it was not safe to take liberties. The next year Mortmain had renewed his note, and, in order to save his famous collection from being knocked down at Christie's, had borrowed twenty-five thousand pounds more. The same thing happened the year after, and now all three notes were three days overdue.

Sir Richard responded to the announcement of the little Sèvres clock by pressing a button at the side of his desk, which summons was speedily answered by the stolid Joyce.

"My fur coat, if you please, Joyce."
"Very good, sir." Joyce combined the eye of an eagle with the stolidity of an Egyptian mummy.

Mortmain arose, stepped to the fire, rubbed his thin, carefully-kept fingers together, then seated himself at the piano and played a few chords from the overture. As he sat there he looked anything but a bankrupt peer upon the eve of suicide—rather one would have said, a young Italian musician, just ready to receive and enjoy the crowning pleasures of life. The thin light of the heavily-shaded lamps brought out the ivory paleness of his face and hands, and the delicate, sensitive outline of his form, as with eyes half closed and head thrown back he ran his fingers with facile skill across the keyboard.

"Your coat is here, sir," said Joyce.
Mortmain arose and pressed the arm while the servant deftly threw on the seal-lined garment, and handed his master his silk hat, gloves and gold-headed stick.

"I am going for a short walk, Joyce. I shall be back by seven. You can reach me at the club, if necessary."

Joyce held open the door of the study and then hurried ahead through the luxuriously furnished hall to push open the heavy door at the entrance. On the threshold Mortmain turned and, looking Joyce in the eye, said sharply:

"Why did you let that fellow Flagg follow you to the door of my study, instead of leaving him in the hall?"

"I beg pardon, sir," replied the servant, "but he slipped behind me afore I knew it, sir. He was a run one, anyway, sir—a bit in liquor, I fancy, sir."

Mortmain turned and passed out without reply. He hated intruders and had not liked the way in which Flynt had calmly received the clerk in his private study. On the whole, he regarded the solicitor as presuming.

It was dark already and the street lamps glowed nebulously through the gathering fog. The air was chilly, and a thick mealy paste, half sleet, half water, formed a sort of icing upon the sidewalk which made walking slippery and uncomfortable. Few people were abroad, for fashionable London was in its clubs and boulevards, and the workers thronged in an entirely different direction.

The club was but a few streets away and it was only ten minutes after the hour when he entered it and strolled carelessly through the rooms. No one whom he cared particularly to see was there, and the frosh, if bitter, December air outside seemed vastly preferable to the stuffy atmosphere of the smoke-filled card and reading rooms. Therefore, as he had nearly an hour before it would be time to dress, he left the club, and with the vague idea of extending his evening ramble, turned northward. Unconsciously he kept repeating Flynt's words: "The death of Lord Russell or your own." Then, without heed to where he was going, he fell into a reverie in which he saw the emptiness and uselessness of his life.

Presently he entered a large square, and found himself asking what was so familiar in the picket fence and broad flight of steps that led up to the main entrance of the mansion on the corner. A wing of the house made out into a side street and presented three brilliantly-lighted windows to the night. Two were empty, but on the white shade of the third only a few feet above the sidewalk was fixed the sharp shadow of a man's head bending over a table. Now and then the lips moved as if their owner were addressing some other occupant of the chamber. It was the head of an old man, bald and shrunken.

Mortmain uttered a short curse. What tricks was Fate trying to play with him by leading his footsteps to the house of the very man who on the following morning would ruin him as inevitably and inexorably as the sun would rise! A wave of anger surged through him and he shook his fist

him by the collar and had jerked him to his feet. The fall had so dazed the clerk that he made no resistance.

"I 'ope 'e didn't hoffer you no violence, Sir Richard," remarked the bobby, touching his helmet with his unoccupied hand. "Hit's disgraceful—right in front of Lord Russell's, too!"

"No, he was merely offensive," replied Mortmain, recognizing the policeman as an old timer on the beat. "Thank you. Good-night."

The baronet turned away as the bobby started toward the station-house conducting his bewildered victim by the nape of the neck. Without heeding direction Mortmain strode on, trying to forget the drunken Flagg and the little bald head in the window. The clerk's words had created in him a feeling of actual nausea, so that a perspiration broke out all over his body and he walked unceremoniously. After covering half a mile or so, the air revived him, and, having taken his bearings, he made a wide circle so as to avoid Farringham Square again and at the same time to approach his house from the opposite direction in which he had started. He still felt shocked and ill—the same sensation which he had once experienced on seeing two navvies fighting outside of a music hall. He remembered afterward that there seemed to be more people on the streets as he neared his home and that a patrol wagon passed at a gallop in the same direction. A hundred yards farther on he saw a long envelope lying in the slush upon the sidewalk and mechanically he picked it up and thrust it in the pocket of his coat. Joyce came to the door just as the hall clock boomed seven. Sir Richard had been gone exactly an hour.

"Fetch me a brandy and soda," ordered the baronet huskily and stepped into the study without removing his furs. The fire had been replenished and was crackling merrily, but it sent no answering glow through Sir Richard's frame. The shadow of the little bald head still rested like a weight upon his brain, and his hands were moist and clammy. He thrust them into his pockets and came into contact with the wet manila cover of the envelope, and he drew it forth and tossed it upon the table just as Joyce entered with the brandy.

The valet removed his master's coat and noiselessly left the room, while Mortmain drained the glass and then carefully examined the envelope. The names of "Flynt, Steele & Burnham" printed in the upper left-hand corner caught his eye. The names of his own solicitors! That was a peculiar thing. Perhaps Flynt had dropped it—or Flagg. He turned it over curiously. It was unsealed as if it had formed one of a package of papers. The baronet lifted the envelope to the lamp and peered within it. There were three thin sheets of paper covered with writing, and unconsciously he drew them forth and examined them. At the foot of each in delicate, firm characters appeared his own name staring him familiarly in the face. In the corner were the unmistakable figures £25,000. He rubbed his forehead and read all three carefully. There could be no doubt of it—they were his own three notes of hand to Lord Gordon Russell. Fate was playing tricks with him again.

"A fire from Heaven to consume the notes," Flynt had said. Here were the notes—there was the fire. Had Heaven perhaps really interposed to save him! Was this chance or Providence? With a short breath the baronet grasped the notes and took a step toward the hearth. As he did so the extension telephone by the mantel began to ring excitedly. His heart thumped loudly as, with a feeling of guilt, he relaid the notes upon the table and seized the telephone.

"Yes—yes—this is Mortmain!"

"Richard," came the voice of a friend at the club in anxious tones, "are you there? Are you at home?"

"Yes—yes!" repeated the baronet breathlessly. "What is it?"

"Have you heard the news—the news about Lord Russell?"

Mortmain's head swam with a whirl of premonition.

"No," he replied, trying to master himself, while the perspiration again broke out over his body. "What news? What has happened?"

"Lord Russell was murdered in his library at half-after six this evening. Some one gained access to the room and killed the old man at his study table."

"Killed Lord Russell!" gasped Sir Richard. "Have they caught the murderer?"

"No," continued his friend. "The assassin escaped by one of the windows into the street. The police have taken possession. There is nothing to indicate who did the deed. There was blood everywhere. His secretary, a man named

(Continued on Page 25)



The Little Sèvres Clock Ticked off Forty Seconds and Then Softly Chimed the Quarter. While the Blood from the Baronet's Hand Spurted in a Tiny Stream upon the Rug

at the shadow on the curtain, exclaiming as he had done in his study half an hour before: "Curse him!"

"Ain't got much bloom in 'air, 'as 'e, guv'nor?" said a thick voice at his elbow.

Sir Richard started back and beheld by the indistinct light of the street lamp the leering face of Flagg, the clerk.

"Tha'sh yer frien' Russell," continued the other with easy familiarity. "A bloomin' bad un, says I. 'Orrid li'l bald 'ead! Got'sh notes, too. Your notes, Sir Richard. Don't like 'im myself!"

Mortmain turned faint. This wretched scrivener had stumbled upon or overheard his secret. That he was drunk was obvious, but that only made him the more dangerous.

"Take yourself off, my man. It's too cold out here for you," ordered the baronet, slipping a couple of shillings into his hand.

"Than' you, Sir Richard," mumbled Flagg, leaning heavily in Mortmain's direction. "I accept 'this as a 'refresher'. Lemme tell you somethin'.

"Like to kill 'im, says you? Kill 'im, says I. Le's kill 'im together. 'Ere an' now! Eh?"

"Leave me, do you hear?" cried the baronet. "You're in no condition to be on the street."

Flagg grinned a sickly grin.

"Same errand as you, your worship. Both 'ere lookin' at li'l old bald 'ead. Look at 'im now—"

He raised his finger and pointed at the window, then staggered backward, lost his balance, and fell over the curb along the gutter. In another instant a policeman had



M O R T M A I N

(Continued from Page 5)

Leach, was discharged two days ago and a general alarm has been sent out for him."

"This is terrible," groaned Sir Richard in horror.

"It is, indeed. I thought you ought to know. I may see you at the opera. If not—good-night."

The receiver fell from the baronet's fingers and the room grew black as he clutched at the mantel with his other hand. He staggered slightly, tried to regain his equilibrium and struck one of the bronze dragon vases which grinned down upon him.

The vase rocked and fell, while the baronet clutched at it in its descent. It was too late. The heavy vase crashed downward to the floor carrying Sir Richard with it, and one of the verdigris-covered dragon's fangs crashed through his right hand.

Mortmain uttered a groan and lay motionless upon the floor. The little Sevres clock ticked off forty seconds and then softly chimed the quarter, while the blood from the baronet's hand spurting in a tiny stream upon the rug.

III

WHEN Sir Richard Mortmain next opened his eyes after his fall he found himself in his bedchamber. The curtains were tightly drawn, but only a shimmer of sunshine to creep in and play upon the ceiling; an unknown woman in a nurse's uniform was sitting motionless at the foot of his bed; the air was heavy with the pungent odor of iodoform, and his right arm, tightly bandaged and lying extended upon a wooden support before him, throbbled with burning pains. Too weak to move, unable to recall what had brought him to such a pass, he raised his eyebrows inquiringly, and in reply the nurse laid her finger upon her lips and reaching toward a stand beside the bed held a tumbler containing a glass tube to the baronet's lips. Mortmain sucked the contents from the tumbler and felt his pulse strengthen—then weakness manifested itself and he sank back, his lips framing the unspoken question: "What has happened?"

The nurse smiled—she was a pretty, plump young person—not the kind Sir Richard favored (Burne Jones as his type), and whispered:

"You have been unconscious nearly twelve hours. You must lie still. You have had a bad fall and your hand is injured."

In some strange and unaccountable way the statement called to Mortmain's fuddled senses a confused recollection of a scene in Sulermaan's "Die Versunkene Glocke," and half-unconsciously he repeated the words:

"I fell. I—fe—I—!"

"Yes, you did, indeed!" retorted the pretty nurse. "But Sir Penniston will never forgive me if I let you talk. How is your arm?"

"It burns—and burns!" answered the baronet.

"That horrid vase crushed right through the palm. Rather a nasty wound. But you will be all right presently. Do you wish anything?"

Suddenly complete mental capacity rushed back to him. The disagreeable scene with Flagg, the finding of the notes, the news of Russell's murder, and his accident. The murder! He must learn the details. And the notes. What had he done with them? He could not recollect, try hard as he would. Were they on the table? His head whirled and he grew suddenly faint. The nurse poured out another tumbler from a bottle and again held the tube to his lips. How delicious and strengthening it was!

"Please get me a newspaper!" said Sir Richard.

"A newspaper!" cried the nurse. "Nonsense. I'll do no such thing!"

"Then please see if there are some papers in an envelope lying on the writing-table in my private study."

The nurse seemed puzzled. Where aristocratic patients were concerned, particularly if they were in a weakened condition, she was accustomed to accommodate them. She hesitated.

"At once!" added Sir Richard.

The nurse tiptoed out of the room and in the course of a few moments returned.

"The butler says that Mr. Flynt's clerk, a man named Faggs, or Flagg, or something of the sort, came back for them half an hour ago. He explained that he thought

Mr. Flynt might have left some papers by mistake, and the butler supposed it was all right and let him have them. The name of your solicitors was upon the envelope."

Sir Richard stared at her stupidly. A queer feeling of horror and distrust pervaded him, the very same feeling which his first sight of the clerk had inspired in him.

What could Flagg have known of the notes? The clerk himself could not have committed the ghastly deed, since he had been under arrest at the time—but might he not have been an accomplice? Were the notes part of some terrible plot to ensnare him, Sir Richard Mortmain, in the murder? Was it a scheme of blackmail? The blood surged to his head and dimmed his eyesight.

Why had Flagg taken them away? Had he left them on the street hoping that Sir Richard would find them and bring them into the house, so that he could testify to having found them in the study? But, if so, why had he risked the possibility of their having been destroyed before he could regain them? Clearly, such a supposition was impossible. It must have been merely chance.

The felt hat probably sneaked in simply to see what he could find. And what had he found! A shiver of terror quenched for an instant the burning of Mortmain's body. A horrible vision of himself standing outside the window of Lord Gordon Russell took shape before him. What if people should say—

He had been heard by Joyce and the clerk to express his hatred of the old man and his willingness to kill him. In addition there were the notes, overdue and about to be protested, which Flagg had found in his study within twelve hours of Lord Russell's murder. Motive enough for any crime.

Moreover, the policeman had seen him loitering there at almost the exact moment of the homicide!

These momentous facts came crashing down upon his brain with the leaden stones, numbing for an instant his exquisite torture—then reason reasserted herself. Lord Russell was dead. If circumstances seemed to point in his direction, he had only to deny that the notes had been in his possession, and certainly a peer's word would be taken as against that of the drunken clerk of a solicitor. Moreover, the notes were obviously not in the possession of "the executors. Should by any chance no memoranda of them remain he might never be called upon to honor them. At all events, his bankruptcy had, for the time at least, been averted. Even were their existence known, legal procedure would intervene to give him time to evolve some means of escape—perhaps, in default of aught else, a marriage of convenience. Sir Richard, in spite of the burning pain in his right arm, leaped back his head with a sensation of relief.

A soft knock came at the door and he heard the nurse's voice murmuring in low tones; then the curtain was partially raised and he recognized the figures of Sir Penniston, Crisp and his young assistant.

"Ah, my dear Mortmain! When you left me yesterday morning I hardly expected to see you so soon again. And how do you find yourself?" was the baronet's cheery salutation.

Sir Richard smiled faintly.

"Rather a nasty wound," continued the surgeon. "Fickles, hand me those bandage scissors. Well, we must take a look at it. And he seated himself comfortably by the bedside.

Miss Fickles, who had elevated Sir Richard to a sitting posture, now handed Sir Penniston the scissors, and the great physician leisurely cut the bandage from the arm. Mortmain winced with pain and closed his eyes. For an instant the outer air soothed the burning pain and, forsooth, then the blood crept into the veins and the pain became a veritable torture.

"Hm!" remarked Sir Penniston. "I must open this up. It needs attending to."

He might well have said so, for the edges of the wound showed tinges of yellow and the hand itself was crushed and swollen.

"Sealoscope, pass those instruments to Miss Fickles and open that bottle of somni-chloride. I shall have to give you a whiff of anesthetic, Mortmain. These little exploring expeditions are apt to be painful, however gentle we try to be. Just enough to make you a mere spectator—you will not lose consciousness. Wonderful, isn't

it? I'm afraid I shall have to pick out some shivers of bone and trim off the edges a little. It will only take a moment or two. Then a nice bandage and you will be quite at ease."

While Jermyn was emptying Sir Penniston's bag of its heterogeneous contents, Miss Fickles boiled the surgeon's implements in a tray of water over a tiny electric stove and then arranged them in order upon a soft bed of padded cotton. Sealoscope pulled a table to the bedside and laid out with military precision rolls of linen, absorbents, antiseptic gauze, scissors, tape, thread, needles, and finally the little bottle of somni-chloride. The nurse lowered Sir Richard back upon the pillow and quickly twisted a fresh towel into a cone.

"How science obeys!" continued Sir Penniston, meditatively taking the cone in his left hand. "Anodyne, ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, ethyl-chloride, and last the great old-fashioned somni-chloride! And all within my lifetime—that is really the most extraordinary part of it. You were at the theatre yesterday morning, were you not?"

He allowed a single drop from the bottle to fall into the cone. Even as it descended it resolved itself into a lilac-colored volatile filling the cone like a horn of plenty. Sir Penniston held it with a smile just over Mortmain's head and suffered it to escape gently downward. At the first faint odor the baronet felt a perfect calm steal over his tired brain, at the second he seemed translated from his body and to be hovering above it, while retaining an almost supernatural acuteness of eye and ear. Of bodily pain he felt nothing. Then Crisp inverted the cone and poured out the lilac smoke in a faint iridescent cloud, which eddied round the baronet's head and filled his nostrils with the sweet fragrance of an old-fashioned garden. Its perfume almost smothered him, and for a moment his eyes were blurred as if he had inhaled a breath of strong ammonia. Then his sight cleared and he no longer smelled the flowers. The surgeon laid down the cone and took up a small, thin knife.

"Fickles, hold the wrist; you, Sealoscope, the fingers. Thank you, that will do nicely."

Mortmain watched with fascinated interest as Sir Penniston applied the point to his palm. Then the surgeon suddenly raised his head and looked pityingly at Sir Richard. At the same moment the effect of the somni-chloride began to wear off and the baronet felt a throbbing in his hand. Jermyn also cast a glance of compassion at the patient, while Miss Fickles turned away her head as if unable to bear the sight of his suffering.

"My poor Mortmain," said the surgeon, "I fear you can never use this hand again."

Mortmain caught his breath and choked.

"What do you mean?" he gasped, and the effort sent a sharp pain through his lungs. "Not use my hand again?" His words sounded like the roar of a waterfall.

"I fear you cannot. It is an ugly-looking wound. I am sorry to say you will have to lose your hand. We shall be lucky if we can save the arm."

Mortmain felt an extraordinary pity for his fingers. He sobbed aloud. He had been vaguely aware that certain unfortunate persons in lowly circumstances occasionally lost their limbs. He was accustomed to contribute handsomely toward the homes for cripples and the blind, but he had never associated such an affliction with himself. He could not appreciate the proximity of it. There must be a mistake—or an alternative.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed heavily. "Surely, you can restore my hand by treatment. I do not care how painful or tedious it may be. Why, I must have my hand. I have it now. Leave it as it is. I shall recover in time."

Sir Penniston smiled cheerfully.

"I am sorry," he repeated, and Mortmain fancied that he detected a gleam of exultation in his eye. "Nothing can save it. Gangrene has already set in. The verdigris of the vase has poisoned the flesh. Do you think I would trifle with you? That is not my business. Be a man. It is hard, but enough. But it might be much worse."



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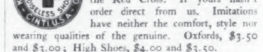
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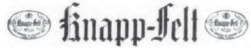


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"But my music!" cried Mortmain in agony. "I shall be a miserable cripple! A fellow with an empty sleeve or a stuffed hand in a glove! Horrible!" He groaned.
"You have still another," remarked the surgeon calmly. "Bind up this arm," he ordered, turning sharply to Jermyn.
"Mortmain, I shall have to amputate your hand at the wrist within an hour. Do you desire a consultation? I assure you any physician would unhesitatingly give the same opinion. Still, if you desire—"
The room swam about him and for an instant the two surgeons seemed like two ogres hovering aloft with bloodthirsty faces glowering down at his helpless body. Scalscope finished the bandage and tied the ends. Then he looked across at Crisp and remarked:

"How fortunate, Sir Penniston, that your experiments have been concluded in time to save Sir Richard. He will be the very first to benefit by your great discovery!" Crisp smiled responsively.
"What is that?" cried Mortmain. "Save me? What do you mean?"
"Merely this, Mortmain. That if you are willing I may still give you a hand in place of this ruined one. It is possible, as I announced yesterday, to graft another in its place."

Mortmain stared stupidly at Sir Penniston. A great weight seemed stifling him.
"Did you really mean it?" he gasped.
"Precisely," returned the surgeon. "It will be difficult, but not particularly dangerous."
"Another's hand!" groaned the baronet.
"And why not?" eagerly continued the surgeon. "Surely some one will be found who can be induced for a proper consideration to assist in an operation that will restore to usefulness so distinguished a member of society."

"But is it right?" gasped Mortmain.
"Is it lawful to maim a fellow-creature merely to serve one's self?" The idea disgusted him.
"As you please," remarked Crisp dryly.

"If you are to avail yourself of this opportunity, which has never yet been offered to another, you must say so at once. If you are indifferent to the loss of your hand or distrust my skill, there is nothing left but to amputate and be done with it."

"It cannot be right!" moaned Mortmain.
"I know it is a wicked thing."
"Right?" sneered Crisp. "Why, I almost believe that it would be a sin if I let this opportunity go by."
"What is that?" cried Miss Fickles sharply.

There was a sharp knock at the door and Ashley Flynt entered, with a strange look on his face. Like a flash it occurred to Mortmain that the solicitor had called to see him about the bankruptcy. He looked again, and a terrible thought possessed him that it was for something else that the lawyer had come. Was it about the murder? Was he already suspected? Apprehension dwarfed the horror of Sir Penniston's suggestion.

"Ah, Flynt," said the surgeon, "I am glad you have come. You can advise our friend here. I have offered to give him a new hand in place of the one which he must lose. He's afraid that it is unlawful. Come, give us an opinion!"
Flynt sank silently into an armchair and rested his finger-tips lightly together.

"Flynt," cried Mortmain, "what a terrible thing it is to deprive a fellow-creature of a limb. Is it legal? Is it criminal?"
Flynt gazed fixedly at Sir Richard for a moment without replying.

"Situations sometimes arise," he remarked in a toneless voice, "where the results desired, even if they do not justify the means employed, at least render legal opinions superfluous."

"I do not understand you," groaned Mortmain. "Do you mean that what Sir Penniston proposes is a crime?"
"I mean that in a transaction of such moment the purely legal aspect of the case may be of slight importance."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Sir Penniston, whose face had assumed an expression of uneasiness. "To be sure! How plain he puts things, Mortmain. The law does not concern us when the integrity of the human body is involved."

"But if I require and insist upon your advice?" continued Mortmain. "You know that you are my solicitor."
"In a matter of this kind I should refuse to give an opinion in a specific case touching the interest of a client," returned Flynt.

"I must know the law!" cried the baronet.

"Very well," replied Flynt. "I have examined the statutes and find that a statute provides that the maiming of another (save where such maiming is necessary to preserve his life or health), even with his consent, is a felony. That is the law, if you must have it."

"Well, well," exclaimed Crisp. "There are many ways in which the law helps violating some of them every day. What an absurd statute! It only shows how ignorant our legislators used to be! I am sure there were no scientific men in Parliament. It is nonsensical."

Flynt gave a short laugh and arose.
"My dear Sir Richard," he remarked dryly, "this is entirely a matter for your own conscience and that of your physician. I trust that you will soon recover. I have an important engagement. I must beg you to excuse me."

"Gad, sir," cried Crisp, making a wry face toward the door as it closed behind the solicitor, "what a fellow that is! You might as well try to wring juice out of a paving stone. I feel quite irritated by him."

"If I consent," said Mortmain, "do you think you can find a proper person to—to excuse me?"
"My dear Mortmain," responded Sir Penniston eagerly, "leave that to us. You may be sure that we shall accept no hand that is not perfect in every way and adapted to your particular needs. You need give yourself not the slightest uneasiness upon that score, I assure you. Of course, you will have to pay for it, but I am convinced that in an affair of this kind a satisfactory adjustment can easily be made—say, two hundred pounds down and an annuity of fifty pounds. How does that strike you? Why, it would be a Godsend to many a poor fellow—say a clerk. He earns a beggarly five pounds a month. You give him two hundred pounds and as much a year for doing nothing as he was earning working ten hours a day."

The pains in Mortmain's hand had begun again with renewed intensity and his whole arm throbbed in response. He felt excited and feverish, and his thoughts no longer came with the same clearness and consecutiveness as before. It was evident to him that Crisp's diagnosis was correct. But shocking as was the realization that he, who had been in the prime of health but a few hours before, must now undergo a major operation, it was as nothing compared with the moral difficulty in which he found himself. All his inherited tendencies drew him back from a violation of the law, particularly a violation which included the maiming of a fellow-being; and so, for that matter, did all his acquired tastes and characteristics. On the other hand, his confidence in Crisp's skill and knowledge was such that he never for an instant doubted his ability successfully to achieve that which he had proposed.

"The law! The law!" cried Mortmain in a last and almost pathetic effort to oppose that which he now in reality desired. Crisp laughed almost sneeringly.

"What is the law? The law is for the general good, not the individual. Are we to follow it blindly when to do so would be suicidal? Bah! The law never dares transgress the sacred circle of a physician's discretion."

"I suppose that is quite true!" exclaimed Sir Richard faintly. "I leave it to you. Do as you think best. I will follow your instructions. But I am suffering. My hand pasture me terribly. Let us have it over with as soon as possible. How soon can you make your arrangements?"
"By this afternoon, Sir Richard."

Mortmain sank back. In his eagerness he had half raised himself from the pillow, and now a sensation of nausea accompanied by dizziness took possession of him. He saw things dimly and in distorted forms. There was a strange roaring in his head as of a multitude of waters and he perceived that Crisp and Jermyn were talking eagerly together. He caught disconnected words muttered hurriedly in low tones. They moved slowly toward the door and he distinctly heard Crisp say as they passed out:

"Yes, Flagg is the very man!"
The words filled him with a nameless terror.

"Stop!" he cried, "stop! I will have nothing to do with that man—do you hear? Stop! Come back!" But the door closed, and Mortmain, helpless and trembling, again fell back and shut his eyes.

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	<p>Joseph Christian Leyendecker</p> <p>Title Thanksgiving, 1628-1928: 300 Years (Pilgrim and Football Player), The Saturday Evening Post cover, November 24, 1928</p> <p>Description JOSEPH CHRISTIAN LEYENDECKER (American, 1874-1951) Thanksgiving, 1628-1928: 300 Years</p> <p>Medium oil on canvas</p> <p>Year of Work 1928</p> <p>Size Height 28.3 in.; Width 21 in. / Height 71.8 cm.; Width 53.3 cm.</p> <p>Misc. Signed</p> <p>Sale of Heritage Auctions Texas: Saturday, May 2, 2015 [Lot 68068] American Art Signature Auction</p> <p>Estimate 100,000 - 150,000 USD</p> <p>Sold For 365,000 USD Premium</p>
	<p>Joseph Christian Leyendecker</p> <p>Title Summer, The Saturday Evening Post cover</p> <p>Description Joseph Christian Leyendecker (American, 1874-1951) Summer, The Saturday Evening Post cover</p> <p>Medium Oil on canvas</p> <p>Year of Work 1927</p> <p>Size Height 26.5 in.; Width 19.5 in. / Height 67.3 cm.; Width 49.5 cm.</p> <p>Misc. Signed</p> <p>Sale of Heritage Auctions: Friday, November 5, 2021 [Lot 67159] American Art Signature® Auction #8058 - Session 1</p> <p>Estimate 200,000 - 300,000 USD</p> <p>Sold For 325,000 USD Premium</p>
	<p>Joseph Christian Leyendecker</p> <p>Title Playing Hooky, The Saturday Evening Post cover</p> <p>Description Joseph Christian Leyendecker (American, 1874-1951) Playing Hooky, The Saturday Evening Pos</p> <p>Medium Oil on canvas</p> <p>Year of Work 1914</p> <p>Size Height 30.3 in.; Width 21 in. / Height 76.8 cm.; Width 53.3 cm.</p> <p>Misc. Signed</p> <p>Sale of Heritage Auctions: Tuesday, May 10, 2022 [Lot 67133] American Art Signature® Auction #8080</p> <p>Estimate 200,000 - 300,000 USD</p> <p>Sold For 300,000 USD Premium</p>



J.C. Leyendecker | *Great War Victory illustration for The Saturday Evening Post*

1918

Medium: Oil on canvas

Dimensions: 27 x 19^{7/8} inches | 68.6 x 50.4 cm



J.C. Leyendecker | *At Tea*

Circa 1920

Medium: Gouache on cardboard with light tan wove paper facing

Dimensions: 13^{5/8} x 14 inches | 34.6 x 35.6 cm



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