

The Human Sphinx

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cough had annoyed him. "How is Mrs. Vincent?"

"Yes, I'm being careful of it," Norbert said and he added, as he opened the door: "Mrs. Vincent she's just fairly; she ain't no more than fairly. No, sir."

John Drane's fingers tapped the arm of his chair nervously. He frowned as his eyes rested on the long tree-studded lawn that ran down the road. This nervousness was unusual with him, ordinarily he was so calm and cold and unmoved by even the most exciting events that in the district surrounding Wall Street he was called the Human Sphinx—silent, stern, unfathomable.

To the town of Westcott John Drane was not a sphinx. In Westcott he had made his home some twenty-five years earlier, a bachelor of forty-five who preferred a home in the country. His purchase of the old house and his considerable expenditures for repairs had been a seven day topic and then he had been accepted as salient man, possibly suffering from a chronic indigestion that made him a little cranky, but not such a bad sort at that. He took no part in the town affairs that called for mass meetings and service on committees but he gave with fair liberality when he approved a cause; he received those who came to him on such affairs and listened to them, silently but with keen attention. Sometimes, without a word, he wrote a check; sometimes he merely said, "I am not interested."

He took no part in social affairs. As time passed he did become interested in some of the financial concerns—he became a director of one of the banks, and was a regular attendant at its board meetings—but he was known mainly, until automobiles made horses a nuisance, for his fine horses. His coachman always drove him to the trains and met him on his return until the time came when he bought an automobile; after that his chauffeur always drove him to his office just around the corner from Wall Street on Broadway. He was not so much a peculiar man as a self-sufficing one. In the deals he made in Wall Street he played a lone hand. He never took part in syndicates, never allied himself with groups. And some of his deals were sensationally profitable. It was the amazing effrontery of some of these deals that had attracted attention to him sufficiently to warrant his being given a sobriquet of his own—The Human Sphinx. He would not talk of his deals or of the market or of anything. The moment he reached the city he was, for all practical purposes, mute.

It was not long before Westcott knew he was an extremely wealthy man. Solicitors for a new hospital, going to John Drane in the hope of getting him to give some hundreds of dollars or perhaps a thousand, came away from the house with a check for an even hundred thousand. There had been no wasted words. "Yes, I approve of it; I will give you something," he had said and, turning to the desk, he had written the check. The solicitor, glancing at it, had thought it was for a thousand dollars and had been profuse in his thanks; not until the check was turned in to the treasurer was it discovered that it was for the amazing hundred thousand. The check went through the bank and was paid without question.

"Well, the boney old son-of-a-gun," the treasurer of the hospital exclaimed. "He must have a heart in his dried-up carcass after all, even if he don't look it!"

At seventy John Drane was still as one as ever, but "dried-up" did not describe him, not had it ever. He was thin almost to emaciation, but it was a soft thinness; his skin was not dried nor leathery, and his face had not so much wrinkled as fallen into frowns and folds. His cheeks were drawn below his cold gray eyes and when he removed his eye glasses the hollows below the eyes were almost ghastly, but even at seventy he was minutely careful of his body and dress, almost dandified. He shaved twice a day, once in the morning and once at noon, for he had a complete shaving outfit at his office. In a small dressing-room there he also changed his linen at noon; he could not bear soiled linen.

He was a tall man, or his thinness made him seem tall, and now he arose from his chair as one of the nondescript black taxicabs of the town entered his driveway.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and then frowned because a second taxicab had followed the first.

The two cabs, following the wide sweep of the drive, one cab following close on the wheels of the other, drew up before the veranda and their doors opened simultaneously. From the second the passenger was quick to alight, a small man all in black, and he glanced toward John Drane. The millionaire, still frowning, raised a finger and touched his lips—a gesture so brief that it was hardly observable, but the man in black caught it and nodded that he understood. From

Synthetic Cop!



Photo shows Teletov, the famous automatic man's brother of the police service of Berkeley, Cal., as he appeared on duty. The little iron policeman is equipped with bells and faces in position to stop traffic.

the first cab the passenger had considerable trouble alighting. He was a huge man, broad of shoulder and hip, and he was trying to bring with him a huge yellow oilboard suitcase, in size proportioned to himself. He had the awkwardness of a man not accustomed to the frequent use of cabs and when he finally stood on the gravel his face was red and perspiring and he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand before he dug into his pocket for the cab fare.

"Black my cats!" he cried. "Come mighty near never gettin' out of your shebang, son. Half a dollar, here? Tain't bad; here's a dime for you."

He picked up his suitcase and turned to the steps.

"Well, black my cats!" he cried. "You durned old Johnnie Drane! If you ain't just as bony and skinny as you was when we was kids! Well, now who'd have thought I'd ever be shakin' hands with Skinny Drane away down east here, on the front porch of a regular blomed old palace like this! How are you, anyhow, you old rascal? Good old Skinny Drane! Well! Well! Well!"

"Simon, I'm glad to see you," John Drane said, taking the fat man's hand. "Leave your luggage there, my man will take care of it. It's good to see you again, Simon. I never see anyone from Riverbank—none of them ever come east. Yes, it's good to see you."

He turned then to the smaller man in black.

"Dart," he said to him, "I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine, a man I haven't seen for—how long it is Simon? Twenty-five years?"

"Black my cats, no, John! Thirty-five, anyway. I wasn't to home when you was there twenty-five years ago," the fat man said. "I'd gone down to Kansas City to try to find that boy of mine, but you wouldn't remember that, I guess. Thirty-five years!"

"Simon Judd, from my old home town of Riverbank, Iowa," John Drane said, completing the introduction. "And my good friend William Dart," he added. "You've heard me speak of Riverbank, Dart."

"Quite frequently; quite frequently," Dart said. "I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Judd. Any friend of Mr. Drane's, of course—Yes, indeed, I've heard Mr. Drane speak of Riverbank! Yes, frequently."

They were interrupted by a young girl who came hurriedly and merrily around the house, half running and carrying a tennis racket in her hand. She evidently had expected to find Mr. Drane alone and had been eager to say something, but now she put it off, seeing that Drane had visitors.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COUNTY COURT GOES TO SALEM TO CONFER ON BRIDGE FILL HERE

Opposition to an earthen fill for the approach of the new McKenzie highway bridge on the west side of the river here will be voiced by the Lane county court both at a meeting of the state highway commission on September 25 and at a conference with highway officials Saturday of this week, according to a statement this morning by County Judge C. P. Barnard.

Saturday members of the court will go to Salem to interview Roy A. Klein, highway bridge engineer, to ask him that he recommend concrete spans instead of the dirt fill which is proposed.

Little difference in cost between the dirt fill and the concrete approach would be caused by the court's plan.

When property holders on the east side of the river objected to a fill for that approach the highway body, at first refused the proposed 90-foot extension and later granted it. Residents of the west side district have for some time strenuously objected to a dirt fill there, claiming that it would serve as a dam and make high water conditions worse in the winter time. Talk of an injunction against the fill has been heard, with definite information that the paper will be filed if the contract for the fill is let.

While in Salem the county court will attend a called meeting of the highway commission to discuss the Roosevelt highway work. Lane county officials are anxious to see this work go forward as rapidly as possible.

SERVICE CLEANERS WILL MOVE TO NEW QUARTERS

The Service Cleaners tailor shop next door to the postoffice on Fourth street will move to its new location in the Elite hotel building Saturday, it was announced today.

The cleaning and pressing establishment will occupy part of the front of the building recently leased by the Springfield Laundry company.

A small building has been constructed in the rear of the laundry which will house the dry cleaning equipment of the Service Cleaners. This equipment is now at the former residence of J. F. Nadvornik. It will also be moved on Saturday.

SMALL GIRL FRACTURES ARM IN FALL FROM TREE

Falling from a tree while she was playing in the yard of her home, Cleona Maxey, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Maxey who live on B street here, received a fractured arm Monday evening.

The little girl was playing with her brother and both were climbing the tree. The girl's grip on one of the limbs slipped and she fell several feet to the ground. Her left arm was fractured at the elbow. The injury was X-rayed and treated at the office of a local physician.

Wending School Opens

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sacre of Wending were here Monday on business. Mr. Sacre is principal of the Wending school and his wife is a teacher. Pupils of that school registered Monday and began their class work Tuesday morning, Mr. Sacre reported.

FOR SALE—Carbon paper in large sheets, 26x39 inches, suitable for making tracings. The News Office.

FAIR ATTENDANCE IS ESTIMATED TO EXCEED ALL RECORDS, REPORT

Approximately 25,000 people paid admission to the Lane county fair during the four days it was in progress, according to estimates of fair officials. It is expected that this will shatter all records for attendance at a fair in this county.

Nearly 10,000 of this number was accounted for by the Eugene day receipts. Mrs. Mabel E. Chadwick, secretary of the fair board, estimates that the expenses will more than be covered by the proceeds, although much money was spent in providing the entertainment.

Springfield merchants did their bit to make Eugene day successful by closing their stores during the afternoon hours.

WORK BEING FINISHED ON WOODMAN BUILDING

With the chief item of work the repairing of the entire roof, repairs are this week being completed on the Woodman hall on Main street.

The old roof became leaky last winter and the lodge voted to repair it. While this job was under way, it was decided to put visible overhead beams in the hall and replaster and retint it.

It is understood that the Neighbors of Woodcraft, who use the hall for a meeting place, will assist in paying for the improvements.

Going to Newberg—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goddard of Leaburg were here Tuesday on their way to Newberg where they plan to spend several days visiting friends and relatives.

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the court rooms at Atlanta, Ga., and, addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?"

"I am the probate judge."

"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be minister at a college seminary, and he died destitute, and left three little infants, and I have come to be appointed their executor."

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CITY CASH FOR AUGUST LOW, PETERSON REPORTS

Cash received into the city coffers during the month of August reached only a small total, according to a report of L. M. Peterson, city recorder.

Total cash receipts for the month were \$351.00. Of this amount the largest was from street improvement levy, which amounted to \$187.00. The general fund provided \$83.50, the improvement interest \$32.85 and Hancock improvement fund accounted for \$47.65.

Fines for the month totaled \$44.50, which is a small amount compared with other months.

HOOVER CERTAIN TO BE PRESIDENT, SAYS JUDGE

How Hoover can possibly fail to be elected next president of the United States is beyond the explanation of Judge J. A. Jeffrey of Portland who spoke before an audience of more than 100 in the Bell Theatre last night.

The speaker took up most of the major political issues of the day, dwelling for the most part on the presidential battle. He was strongly pro-Hoover and anti-Smith. The democrat's acceptance speech was thoroughly assailed, particularly the section dealing with prohibition. The Portland man pointed out that Smith purposely averted any mention of public schools, declaring that neither the nominee nor any of his children have attended public schools.

The Judge emphasized the fact that everyone should register and then get out and vote.

California Folks Stop—Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Redding, California, were visitors here for a short time Wednesday evening with Mrs. Maude Bryan. They were enroute to Portland on a vacation trip.

There was a young maid at Bryn Mawr,
Who longed like the deuce for a cawr;
She'd pull out her hair,
Grip the back of a chair,
And hitch her good luck to a stawr.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO LAY STRESS ON RALLY DAY; DATE TO BE SET

Plans to make attendance at "rally day" larger than ever before in the history of the Springfield Christian church were outlined at a meeting of the Sunday school board Monday night.

Definite date for the event has not been set, but leaders are in favor of October 14. The day for the rally will be set as soon as it is learned when the Eugene church will hold its rally. The local church leaders do not wish to make the dates conflict.

Complete plans for the day will be worked out and announced later under the supervision of S. G. Mosher, Sunday school superintendent.

A meeting of the official church board followed the Sunday school session. Only routine matters were discussed.

Four L to Meet

Regular meeting of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, chapter will be held September 24. It was announced today by John King, secretary of the local unit. Program for the meeting has not yet been determined, he said.

WILLAMETTE HIGHWAY WORK TO BE SUGGESTED

The state highway commission will be requested to let contracts for graveling next year of the three sections of the Willamette highway on which clearing and grading is now being done, it was reported by County Judge C. P. Barnard this morning.

The request will be made at the September 25 meeting of the commission which the county court will attend. Judge Barnard states that the court hopes to have all the work done on all three sections of the road above Lowell next year.

Spanish Auxiliary to Meet—First meeting of the Spanish War Veterans auxiliary will be held in the armory at Eugene, Monday evening, September 17, at 8 o'clock. Local members and officers have been requested to be present to participate in the drill practice.

Presidential Poll

My CHOICE for PRESIDENT is

HERBERT HOOVER (Republican)
ALFRED E. SMITH (Democrat)

(Put an X before the one you intend to vote for)

After filling out this Trial Ballot, please mail or bring it to the office of this newspaper.

What TICKET Did You Vote Last Presidential Campaign?

(Republican—Democrat—etc.)

BELL THEATRE

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