

THE HUMAN SPHINX

By **Ellis Parker Fuller**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. WATSON

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

John Drane, prosperous Westcoast man of mystery, is visited by William Dart and by a boyhood chum, Simon Judd. As he speaks to them, a young girl, Amy Drane, approaches him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

"What was it, Amy?" John Drane asked. "Oh, nothing!" she said. "It was only about Robert; whether you wanted to see him now, but if you have visitors—"

"This evening, perhaps," John Drane said. "But, one minute, Amy. This is an old friend of mine—"

"Chum, black my cats, when we were kids, why don't you say, huh?" Simon Judd demanded. "He's afraid to tell how long ago that was, huh?" "Yes, one of my boyhood chums," John Drane said, smiling slightly. "Simon Judd, in fact. And Judd this is my grand-niece, Amy."

The girl gave Judd her hand and for a minute or two they talked, the girl smiling and Judd laughing for no reason but because of his own unflinching good humor; then she said, having learned that the jolly fat man might stay a day or two, that Bob was waiting for her and, after a word of greeting to Dart, she hurried away. She did not like Dart; she had never liked him; she could not imagine what her uncle John saw in him.

Dart stood stroking his gray beard, studying Simon Judd as the big man climbed the veranda steps. From the rear the movements of the man from Riverbank were always grotesque as he hoisted his great bulk from step to step.

"I think," Dart said, when John Drane turned at the top of the steps, "I'll come back later on—tomorrow, perhaps."

Drane scowled his annoyance. "Now don't do that, William," he said. "You know I don't like to have my plans disarranged. You said you would stay the night and I have counted on it. I want to thrash that matter out with you. Don't be a fool."

"I only thought as you had Mr. Judd here—"

"Now, that's just why I want you to stay," John Drane said. "If Sims and I get to talking boyhood days we'll never go to bed. Don't you see? We'll be talking over the old days. We'll never stop."

"Can't stop me, once I get started, that's sure enough," laughed Simon Judd. "Talkin' my long suit, and all ways was, I guess. But don't you folks let me bust up any plans you've made. If you want to talk, I've got a lot of stuff I've got to read over sometime—stuff I come down to New York to get hold of. I been made Chief of Police back home, John."

"That is interesting. At seventy, too, Simon," Drane said. "Yes, I guess they got around to where they thought they needed some brains at last," Simon Judd chuckled. "Folks do, sometimes. Yes, sir; made me Chief of Police of Riverbank, sure as you're a foot high!"

William Dart had come up the steps and taken one of the wicker chairs. He put his elbows on its arms and now revolving his thumbs, leaning forward and looking off over the lawn. "Yes, sir, John," Simon Judd continued cheerfully. "I been all my life tryin' one thing and another, but you can't discourage a good man; sooner or later he's goin' to find out what he's made for. There was one time I tried preachin' and it looked awhile like that was goin' to be it, but I ain't got the voice for it—when I go to let loose the voice gets squeaky on me. There was awhile I tried the butcher business, but sight of blood always did make me faintish, so I sort of gave that up, too. But I got the right thing now, John. Pretty near ever since I was a boy I've had a leanin' toward it."

"Being a policeman?" William asked.

"Crime tracin'," explained Simon Judd, turning toward the little man in black. "Huntin' out who done the crime. What you call detective work. I feel I got genius that way."

"And that's what brought you to New York, Simon?" Drane asked. "Are you on the track of a criminal?"

"Lands o' goodness, no!" laughed Simon Judd, slapping his huge thigh. "Why, I ain't started in yet, John! I don't get my badge until first of the year. No sir! I come down here to have a look around and see how these New York detective fellers manage the business. And I must say they're right kindly to strangers; told me a lot of things; gave me a lot a pamphlets and one thing and another. It's goin' to help me a lot, John; I got

CAST of Principal Characters in this Amazing Mystery Story
John Drane The Human Sphinx
Amy The Girl
Robert Carter Her Sweetheart
William Dart The Undertaker
Simon Judd Friend of Drane
Dr. Blessington The Family Doctor
Dick Brennan A Detective
Servants in the Drane Household

the genius for it, all right, but I got to brush up on the technic more or less. I guess, though, maybe I'll get along all right."

Norbert, as if knowing what was desired, appeared on the veranda with cigars—long slender light cigars of admirable quality. Dart and Drane took cigars, but Judd hesitated.

"Mostly I smoke a pipe, John, he said, "and when I do go in for a cigar I kind of like 'em dark and strong. But, I don't know; I'll risk one. Now, if you fellers had anything to talk over—"

"We can do that later," John Drane said. "Tell me about Riverbank; not many changes, I suppose?"

"Well, yes," Simon Judd said, puffing at his cigar. "Say, this ain't such a bad smoke, is it? Yes quite a few changed much, but out around—you'd be surprised. Say, that niece of yours is a mighty nice girl, ain't she? You didn't say she was your niece, did you?"

"I said she was my grand-niece," said John Drane, and William Dart looked up at him suddenly. There was a question in his eyes—a question and fright. If he feared anything, however, there was no sign of anything to fear in Simon Judd's face. The fat man was finding unexpected pleasure in his cigar.

"She stay here with you all the time?" he asked. "She's making her home with me now—yes," John Drane answered.

"That's nice—nice to have young folks around," Simon Judd said. "And, as I was sayin' about the changes in Riverbank—you know that field where we used to go to hunt rabbits? Bailey's field, John? Well, you'd never know it—all built up with houses; streets and all, gas and electric, sewers, everything! You remember little Ross Gartner—father used to run the Western Hotel? He developed that part of town—"

With Simon Judd talking and John Drane asking questions now and then, they remained there on the veranda until dark, when Norbert called them to dinner.

On Sunday mornings John Drane and his household usually slept later than usual and breakfast was not served until nine. At nine, this morning, Mrs. Vincent—who for many years had sat at the foot of John Drane's table behind the coffee pot and toaster—stood in the breakfast room waiting for her employer.

She stood near her chair and she seemed to be suffering, for her eyes were closed and she held one hand against the small of her back. She was actually in great pain, for she was a diabetic and at times the pains caused by her condition were almost more than she could bear. Presently, as no one appeared in the breakfast room other than the maid Josie, Mrs. Vincent drew out her chair and seated herself, ready to arise at momentary notice. Her face was unusually pale, of the hue natural to those suffering from her disease, but she was dressed as always, neatly.

"Josie," she said presently and with considerable effort. "I think you had better have Norbert call Mr. Drane and the other men again. They can't have gotten up."

"Yes, ma'am," the maid said. "If

they felt the way I do they never would get up."

"You're not so well this morning?" "Oh, I feel just awful!" the girl exclaimed, almost in tears. "I don't hardly feel like I could drag through the day. I'm that weak, Mrs. Vincent!"

"Your heart again!" "Yes, like always, only last night it pained me worse than ever it did. It was something terrible, Mrs. Vincent."

"I don't know what's the matter with us—all sick like we are," the housekeeper said. "You better tell Norbert."

The girl went to find the negro houseman. She returned almost immediately.

"He's got one of them awful coughing spells again," she said. "I guess I'll have to go myself, and I don't feel hardly able."

She looked at Mrs. Vincent, but that poor woman was suffering.

"I guess you'll have to go, Josie," she managed to say. "I've got to save myself for breakfast; Mr. Drane don't like it for me to be away from breakfast," and the girl went.

On the veranda—for it was there the small family gathered before breakfast in nice weather—Amy Drane was sitting on the arm of a chair looking through the pages of the huge Sunday newspaper, and she had just opened wide a double page of brown illustrations when she heard a piercing scream from the floor above and the fall of a body to the floor. She threw aside the paper and, swinging open the screen door, ran up the wide stairs. In the hall Simon Judd, trousered but coatless and with his suspenders hanging, was coming down the passage from the yellow guest room as hastily as his huge bulk could move, and at the open door of John Drane's room the girl Josie lay outstretched on the floor unconscious. Amy Drane was about to bend down and raise her when her eyes glimpsed her uncle on his bed and she stood white and speechless, petrified with horror. The old man, her uncle, lay with his head thrown back against the pillow, his glassy eyes staring at her, and the front of his pajama coat was sodden with blood from a spot over the heart to the bed covers drawn close about him.

"What's the matter?" Simon Judd asked, and then he too, looking past Amy, saw the dead man. "He's been murdered!" he exclaimed, and Amy felt something huge lean against her back. "Black my cats!" Simon Judd said weakly; "I'm goin' to faint!" and he did, his vast bulk thrusting Amy into the room as he fell across the body of Josie, the maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

they felt the way I do they never would get up."

HIGHWAY BODY WILL LET WILLAMETTE GRAVEL JOB

Some time during the winter contracts for graveling eight miles of the Willamette highway on the first two sections above Lowell will be let, according to Roy Klein, state highway engineer, and J. S. Sawyer, district engineer, who were in Eugene Monday.

The engineers said that the two sections of four miles each on which clearing and grading are now under way, would be ready for further work in the spring. Another section of five miles from Goodwin creek to Black canyon will be ready for graveling later, they said.

ART CLASSES PLANNED FOR CHILDREN, ADULTS

Art classes will be conducted for both children and adults in the Brattain school this year, it was announced this morning by Mrs. Ora Read Hemenway, principal.

W. A. Elkins of Eugene, well-known for his art work and instruction in that subject in this county, will again have charge of the classes, which are to begin the first week in October. The sessions will be in the Brattain school building, probably on Thursday afternoons, it was stated.

SCHOOLS TO COMPETE IN FIRE DRILL CAMPAIGN

In order to create more interest in fire drill practice among Oregon high schools, the state fire marshal's office is offering several prizes in a contest which will be started soon.

One of the principal prizes will be a beautiful flag of the state of Oregon, together with a standard. Schools which wish to enter the contest are advised to write Clare A. Lee, state fire marshal, at Salem.

E. J. Moore, county school superintendent, is urging Springfield schools to enter the contest.

WASHES, CARRIES COAL, WOMAN GAINS 18 POUNDS

"I wash, iron and carry coal and don't get tired since taking Vinol. Also, I have gained 18 pounds."—Mrs. S. Cortese.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Ketel's Drug Store.

GIRL'S LEAGUE PLANS ACTIVITIES FOR FALL

Girls' League of the high school will start its fall activities during the first few days of the fall term, according to announcements this week by the advisor, Miss Frances Hodge, and officers of the league.

Officers of the girls' organization, elected last spring, are: Maxine Snodgrass, president; Nadine McMurray, vice-president; Elma Lansberry, secretary-treasurer; Lena Frizell, social promoter; Ruth Bettis, reporter.

WORKMAN IS KILLED AS HE FALLS FROM STACK

While working on the stack of the Mountain States Power company substation at Eugene Monday, Daniel Griffith Hord, 34, Seattle, traveling contractor for stack work, was instantly killed in a fall of about 20 feet from some scaffolding. His head struck on a boiler door and death was instantaneous.

A brother and a sister were in Eugene at the time of the accident. Another brother lives in Seattle. Because the fatality was obviously accidental no investigation was made by the office of W. W. Branstetter, county coroner.

MCKENZIE HIGHWAY NOT SO DUSTY, IS REPORT

Recent rains have settled most of the dust on the McKenzie highway between here and the pass. It was reported Monday by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adrian and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dawson.

The party made a motor trip to Crooked river bridge over the pass Sunday morning, returning here in the evening. Although the road still has some dust, it is not so bad as it was during the summer months up until a few weeks ago, they said.

This was the second time Mr. and Mrs. Adrian had been over the pass, although they have been in business here for more than 14 years.

Coming to EUGENE Dr. Mellenthin

SPECIALIST in Internal Medicine for the past fifteen years DOES NOT OPERATE Will be at OSBURN Hotel SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29 Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. ONE DAY ONLY No Charge for Consultation

Dr. Mellenthin is a regular graduate in medicine and surgery and is licensed by the state of Oregon.

He does not operate for chronic appendicitis, gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsils or adenoids.

He has to his credit wonderful results in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bladder, bed wetting, catarrh, weak lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, leg ulcers and rectal ailments.

Below are the names of a few of his many satisfied patients in Oregon who have been treated for one or the other of the above named causes:

- H. H. Blake, Marshfield. Elmer Booker, Condon. Thos. Burke, Willamina. Mrs. M. R. Cooper, Oregon City. D. G. Horn, Bonanza. E. M. Hurt, Arlington. Mrs. George W. Mathes, Ashland.

Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

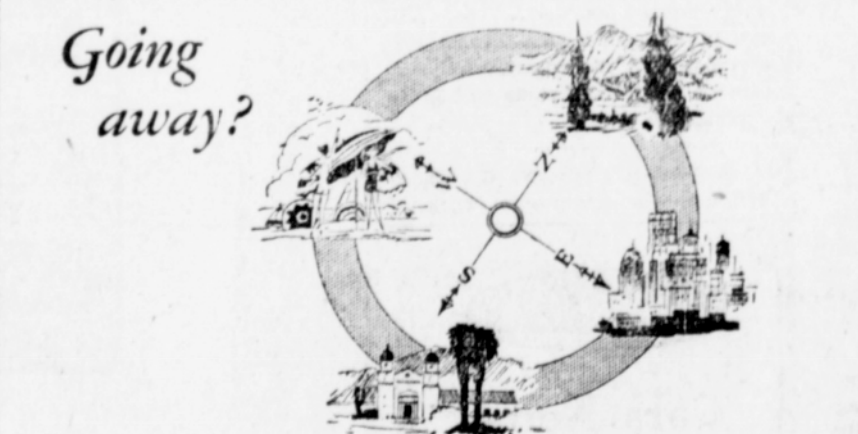
Married women must be accompanied by their husbands. Address: 224 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Quitting Business SALE

Is Going Strong! Don't forget to get your share. **Samuels Furniture & Variety Store** Elks Building 7th Ave

Saturday SPECIALS

In order to introduce our New Fall Coats, Dresses and Millinery. We are offering for Sale 12 Coats at \$9.98. 12 Dresses at \$8.95. 25 New Fall Hats at \$2.98. One lot at \$1.98. Complete line of Children's Hats. **8th Ave. Hat & Dress Shop** 36 - 8th Ave West, Eugene, Ore. We give S. & H. green stamps.



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