

# THE HUMAN SPHINX

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F.E. WATSON

**WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE**  
John Drane, prosperous Westcote 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 unfeeling 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 almost 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 Sine 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 always 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 came 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 began revolving his thumbs, leaning forward and looking off over the lawn.

"Yes, sir, John," Simon Judd con-

tinued 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."

"Bein' 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 of pamphlets and one thing and another. It's 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 changes, John. Main Street ain't 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 the 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!



The old man . . . lay with his head thrown back against the pillow

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 a question 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 stretched on the floor unconscious. Amy Drane was about to bend down to 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.

(Continued next week.)

cup flour. Cook together, stirring continually. Then knead as you would bread dough, until smooth. Break into bits and rub soiled paper with it as if it were an eraser.

**Softens Lumpy Sugar**  
When sugar becomes hard and lumpy, stand it in the refrigerator for a day and it will turn soft again.

She turned to the young man who was showing her through the locomotive works and pointing asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler."

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender."

When the wolf is at the door it is better to use the back entrance.

## Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

**DID YOU KNOW** that—no matter what its make—your car can have a windshield of glass that will not shatter. Good news to thousands of mothers who hesitate to take children on motor trips along crowded highways!

The safety windshield has no wires in its construction, but is a triplex product made of three layers of glass welded together by heat, pressure and a chemical treatment that makes it indistinguishable from ordinary glass.

Under severe impact triplex glass will yield, but does not fly in fragments or present jagged edges that cut and tear. Which is to say—it is good accident insurance against more than half the injuries that occur to motorists, for insurance statistics tell us 65 per cent of all motor accidents are due to broken glass.

Eyeglasses and one's good looks are precious possessions. It pays to protect them in every reasonable way.

**To Darken Light Tan Shoes**  
If you will rub your tan shoes with a cloth dipped in ammonia they will be a darker shade when dry. If necessary, repeat the treatment several times, allowing the leather to dry between applications.

**To Prevent Sun Burn**  
Into a fourth cup of water, put ten drops of glycerine and apply to the skin with a soft cloth. Leave on five minutes then remove gently, and you will find this a good protection against sun burn.

**To Remove Splinters**  
To extract a splinter easily, fill a large-necked bottle nearly full with boiling water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press gently.

**To Protect Plants**  
When plants become covered with insects, spray them with a syringe, using a suds of napha soap.

**A Good Wall Paper Cleaner**  
Mix a tablespoon of kerosene, two of vinegar, two of ammonia, one of salt, a half cup warm water and one

### St. Mary's Institute

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Mary.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN.

Courses offered:—Four years accredited high school; Eight elementary grades; Complete training in music and art.

For further information address  
**SISTER SUPERIOR**  
St. Mary's Institute,  
Beaverton, Oregon.

### Change in Schedule

## Heppner-Pendleton Stage

Time Schedule Effective August 17, 1928

Leaving Pendleton—Read Up—	Leaving Heppner—Read Down—
Arrive 12:15 P. M.—Heppner	Leave 3:00 P. M.
Arrive 11:45 A. M.—Lena	Leave 3:30 P. M.
Arrive 11:10 A. M.—Vinson	Leave 4:10 P. M.
Arrive 10:30 A. M.—Pilot Rock	Leave 4:45 P. M.
Leave 10:00 A. M.—Pendleton	Arrive 5:15 P. M.

### Heppner-Pendleton Stage Line

PENDLETON	HEPPNER
Stage Depot, Main and Railroad St., Phone 505	Gordon's, Main St.

Connections at Pendleton for Walla Walla, Lewiston, La Grande, Baker, Boise and Portland.

### Americans Who Have Won Laurels at the Olympic Games



### AMERICA LEADS ALL NATIONS IN GAMES

U. S. Wins First Place in 22 Events in Olympics; Takes 54 Medals.

With members of the Royal Dutch family looking on, the ninth Olympiad came to an official close at Amsterdam last week. Queen Wilhelmina sprung a surprise by appearing in the royal box, and hand-

ed out the gold medals won by the contestants. Prince Henry gave out the silver medals and Count Baillet-Latour, President of the International Olympic committee, presented the bronze awards. The United States won twenty-two first prizes, seventeen silver medals and fifteen bronze medals, making a total of fifty-four Olympic prizes, the largest of any nation.

Among American Olympic heroes were Bud Houser, winner of the discus throw; Edward Hamm, broad jump victor; Sabin Carr, pole vault victor; Bob King, who won for the U. S. in the high jump; Ray Barbuti, first in 400-meter run; Johnny Kuck, leader in shot put; Johnny Wisemuller, speedy swimming champion; Albina Osipowich, girl swimming marvel; Martha Uorellus and George Kojac, who broke world's records in swimming events.

Figures denoted that the ninth Olympiad netted a profit of almost half a million dollars. Expenses in connection with it amounted to \$1,085,000, and the income is estimated at \$1,516,250.

The Olympiad is the greatest track and field competition in the world. There were nearly 5,000 contestants this year, all strong, ready to give their utmost efforts for the glory of their various countries. The Olympic games derive their name from the little city of Olympia in Greece where the Greeks held their gala athletic meet every four years.

When Greece was at her grandest and noblest, the reverence paid to the Olympic winners was astounding. Not only was the victor honored, but the glory was shared by his entire family. The super-athletes were honored above all men.

## Rams For Sale

50 Registered Coridale Ram Lambs.  
100 Purebred Delaine-Lincoln Crossbred Ram Lambs.

Can also place orders for purebred Delaine-Merino Rams and Bullard Bros.' Rambouillets.

### J. G. Barratt

Heppner, Oregon.

### New Fall Shipment

## Betty Jane FROCKS

Voiles and Beautiful Prints — Sizes 15, 17, 19, 1, 2, 3, 4, 46, 48 and 50—

\$1.50 to \$3.50

### M. D. CLARK

## 1918's Pay Looks Like Small Change Today

The purchasing power of the average American industrial worker is 33 per cent greater than it was when the United States entered the World War, according to the National Industrial Conference Board.

From 1914 to 1928 the wages of industrial workers have increased 116 per cent, while living costs are only about 64 per cent higher.

In the past ten years the production capacity of the country has increased an average of 65 per cent.

These two facts are reflected in the growth of our national income from twenty-seven billions to ninety billions during this period.

There is even greater electrical development ahead.

The explanation of this seeming paradox—higher wages and lower costs—is found in the widespread use of electric power, mechanical advances and mass production.

Through the forward strides that have been made in the generation and transmission of electrical energy, every industrial worker in this country can command the services of four horse-power, equivalent to the strength of forty men.

The maintenance of high wages and low prices is dependent upon the continued expansion of the electrical industry. This depends upon continued individual initiative, through which the industry has reached its present efficient estate.

## Pacific Power & Light Co.