

BLOND GODDESS : : A New Serial by HERBERT JENSEN

CHAPTER ONE
VULTURINE FACE



WITH an odd alertness Grahame arose from the deeply cushioned chair. Some jungle-bred instinct stirred within him. His unease was curiously at variance with the formal surroundings of this studio ante-room.

The ornamental stenographer-secretary paused with her typing and looked up with polite inquiry.

"I am sure Mr. Myberg will see you in just a few minutes, Mr. Grahame," she murmured as if placating his impatience.

Grahame shook his head slightly and looked slowly about the huge low-ceilinged room. It was paneled at both ends in silvered ebony. The sides were solid with French windows done in frosted, angular, leaded glass. Shadows of palm fronds from the adjoining patio made queer modern patterns upon the glass. His gaze examined each object within the room with a studied care. There were but three other chairs like the one in which he had been seated. Except for the girl at the desk, he was alone.

His sense of unease persisted but not so strongly now. The typist's inquiring gaze still held his own. He smiled slightly at his thought that it was like Myberg, Hollywood's greatest executive, to have this platinum blond seated behind an ebony desk in his celebrated ebony and silver offices. He wondered if she were as efficient as she was undoubtedly decorative, and concluded that she was. He recalled something of Myberg's requirements.

The door to the inner offices swung open. A haze of tobacco smoke eddied outward. Voices blended in a mild confusion of sound; then one voice predominated.

"No better man for the jungle. He's outside now. Shall we have him in? Our picture—"

Another voice rumbled an interjection; whereupon a third voice said, "But Ortega, you can't do everything, understand." The rumbling voice made some reply. Whereupon, as clear and deeply rich as a cello, a feminine voice said:

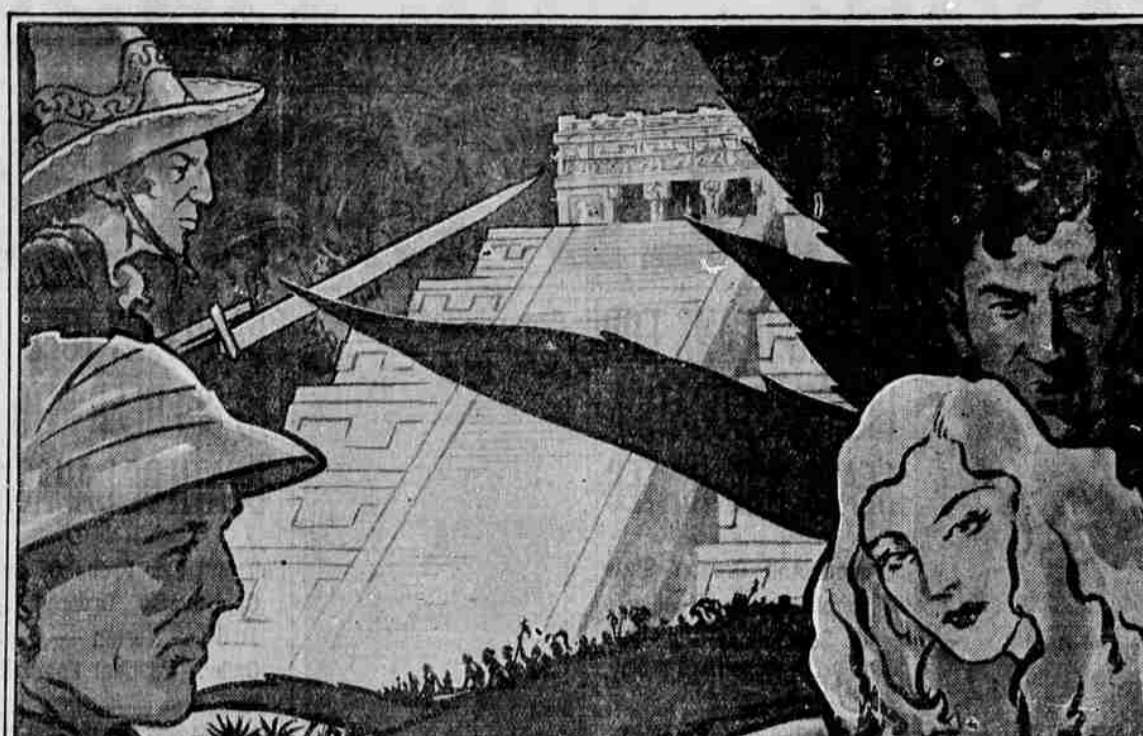
"Goodness, but it's getting dark. I must be going. Gentlemen, can't we discuss this tomorrow? Thank you, Mr. Ortega. I'm so awkward... forever losing gloves—"

The door swung slowly shut, cutting off the sounds of the breaking-up of the meeting. Grahame picked up his light camel's hair coat and put it over his arm. He took up his hat and stood with a slight uncertainty. The door to Myberg's office clicked. Abruptly that former sense of disquiet took hold of him. He faced the glassed side-wall. The shadows palms lay against the frosted surfaces as if they had been stained in the glass. Whereupon his glance focused upon the one inconspicuous shadow.

He felt a faint tingling at the base of his scalp. There was a shadow of a face between the leaves. It was an odd face—a vulturine outline with a predatory nose that seemed but a prolongation of an excessively slanting forehead. It was as if a man stood behind a palm trunk, waiting.

GRAHAME walked toward the outer door. A buzzer hummed softly.

The girl at the desk said, in a slightly startled voice, "Mr. My-



berg will see you now. The others are leaving."

Half turning, Grahame replied, "Tomorrow, it's late now." The closing door blanketed the girl's confused protest.

Outside the building he strode along the cement walk toward the palms which threw shadowy patterns about his feet. Beams from street lamps streamed. A thin, diaphanous drizzle began to fall and glisten upon the surrounding shrubbery.

One swift glance assured him that there was no human figure among the palms. He stepped upon the lawn, and moved toward a central

tree that might have betrayed the shadowed face he'd seen from within the office. He glanced at the grass at his feet. Behind the smooth trunk it seemed compressed as if a man had recently been standing upon it.

Grahame paused, frowning. The fact that someone had stood in this place was not especially significant. It was important, however, that he had experienced that sense of unease within the office and had localized it as a strange shadow upon a frosted window.

His years in remote places had taught him not to disregard his faint and atavistic sensibilities however

baseless they seemed. He pushed the tips of his fingers upward over his forehead and glanced with a semi-waryness above. It was if he stood in some jungly spot and had lifted back his helmet the better to survey the upper branches.

Hearing voices from the far side of the wing that jutted into the patio, he walked over the cushiony lawn toward the sidewalk. While it was not yet dark enough to obscure a view of the street, nevertheless details were hazed. As he stepped upon the cement, a black limousine of expensive make drew up to the curb a few yards beyond him.

A man made a remark in a deep voice. A woman replied and laughed. They were the voices he had heard through the open door into Myberg's offices. Two figures—the owners of the voices, he guessed—moved toward the curb from a doorway. The man helped the woman into the car. A door clicked and the vehicle moved forward.

For an instant the man remained bareheaded facing the vanishing automobile; then crushing his hat upon his head he moved swiftly across the street.

Grahame watched, and began to feel a slight discomfort. He put on his light overcoat. At which point

he became conscious of the tan car at the other curb. His mind noted and registered several facts in one instant.

The tan car faced in the wrong direction. Moreover, it was parked in a street in which he remembered that parking was prohibited by police regulation—or Mr. Myberg's influence. Although it was raining, the tonneau was open.

The man who had crossed the street reached the car. He opened a rear door and climbed within. Grahame had a brief glimpse of his outlined figure before he seated himself. He was a huge man with heavy shoulders and short, thick neck.

Two men approached the car from opposite ends of the street. One got into the car and behind the wheel. The other—a small man—seated himself beside the large man in the tonneau. Their combined actions were all very regular and conventional,—but very precise. Grahame had a peculiar sense that this little scene had been rehearsed.

There was no lost motion. The starter growled, and the car moved down the street without perceptible hesitation,—almost as if timed with the sounding of the door shutting after the small man in the rear seat.

Grahame stepped onto the pavement. Several blocks ahead he saw the tall light of the first car bell stationary by the red signal of the next arterial crossing. The rear light of the second car diminished toward it. He heard the sound of a motor behind him, and turned toward the curb. A taxicab hesitated, slowed, and stopped.

"Cab, sir?"

GRAHAME entered. The driver asked him where he wanted to be driven. Grahame's lips parted to give the man his address; whereupon with sudden decision he said, "Follow that tan car you see two blocks ahead."

As the gears meshed, Grahame chuckled to himself. He had acted entirely upon impulse since he stood up from his chair in Myberg's ante-room. There was nothing reasonable or excusable about his performance

except that instinctive unease that had been the mainspring of his almost automatic actions thereafter.

He lay back in his seat, and considered. He had broken an appointment with a man he hoped would employ him. He had noted a spot in the grass where someone had stood. A woman had entered a car and he had watched her be driven off. Another car which contained three men had gone in the same direction as the other. Certainly they were not a very significant combination of unrelated facts.

Yet, he told himself, he was now engaged in the somewhat idiotic business of following an automobile containing three men who were engaged on an errand of no more serious than that of getting to a place where they could enjoy their cocktails and diners, which he should be doing. Almost he rapped upon the window before him, to redirect the driver.

They entered the stream of traffic that flows out Sunset. Recalling that they were going in the general direction of his apartment house, Grahame decided to wait a little before telling his driver his destination. He became mildly interested to see if his chauffeur could keep his cab within the same traffic group as the tan car. It was dark now. It seemed a difficult job to avoid being blocked at one of the many intersections.

A few blocks west of Gower, the driver lost the tan car. He slowed to the curb, and turned a chagrined face toward his passenger. Grahame smiled.

"It's all right... really; it isn't important. Just drive me—"

"I think I know where they went. You see, there's a fog at—"

"I tell you; it doesn't—"

"The party's on me, boss," the driver interrupted him. He pushed up the flag on his meter. The gears growled. Over his shoulder he called, "It takes up Laurel Canyon way and down into the Boulevard. It cuts out a lot of traffic..."

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Tomorrow, Grahame finds himself knocking out an antagonist.

CAGE CHAMPIONS OF SO. OREGON TO FACE DISTRICT 16

The winner of the Southern Oregon high school basketball championship will play the winner in District 16, in which West Linn and Oregon City are the leading teams. The drawings were made Saturday at Portland. The tournament is played March 21 to 24 this year—a week later than usual.

Salem, the host team, and generally the beneficiary of phenomenal luck in the drawings gets a tough team this year for its opening contest—Pendleton. The Eastern Oregon squad is going great guns, and is rated as one of the strongest in the state. Salem will play one of the night games on the first day of the tourney, so the home folks will attend, and swell the gate receipts.

The Salem squad this season is in no wise need of favors to enable them to hold up their end. They have been winning consistently from strong opposition, and throw baskets from beneath the hoop, and out in middle of the floor with equal facility. For their second game Salem will draw either Tillamook or the Portland B team.

The drawing, showing district numbers and the district's representative last year:

- District 2 (Burns) vs. District 6 (North Bend)
- District 15 (Medford) vs. District 15 (West Linn)
- District 4 (The Dalles) vs. District 9 (Portland B)
- District 14 (Astoria) vs. District 11 (Corvallis)
- District 10 (Eugene) vs. District 1 (La Grande)
- District 5 (Klamath Falls) vs. District 12 (Silverton)
- District 3 (Athens) vs. District 7 (Salem)
- District 13 (Tillamook) vs. District 8 (Portland A)

UPPER VALLEY CLUB AND EXTENSION UNIT HOLD JOINT MEETING

BELLEVUE, Jan. 13.—(Sp.)—Upper Valley Community club and the Bellevue Extension unit held a joint meeting at the club house Wednesday. Eleven practical and colorful scrap books were completed and material given out for several others. Luncheon, consisting of dishes, which were demonstrated during the cooking lessons, were served to 25 ladies.

Upper Valley Community club held a short business session at which time Mrs. Kincaid announced the first food sale to be Feb. 3. Mrs. Kincaid, chairman, is assisted by Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Nash. All members of the club are asked to bring their donations for the Dorenbecker hospital in Portland to meeting in February. Mrs. Willie Byrd, Mrs. W. I. Huxley, Mrs. C. A. Brown and Mrs. Henshaw were appointed on the program committee for February, and Mrs. Henry Stewart, Mrs. Louis Pankey, Mrs. Wade Waller and Alice Pogue were appointed as hostesses. During the remainder of the afternoon instruction in garment finishes were given by Mrs. J. E. Gowland, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Williams.

Second meeting of the Extension unit will be Jan. 23, when the lessons in sewing will be continued.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Homes, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Carter, Mr. and Mrs.

Grappler Is Work of Art



SAILOR FRANZ, tattooed wonder of the U. S. navy, who will grapple Boy Meyers, former world champion, in the main event of Wednesday night's card at the armory. Franz, in addition to being a rough and tough exponent of the bone crushing game, is a living exhibit of the tattooer's art, his epidermis being covered with a number of elaborate displays in purple ink.

Richard C. Joy of this district were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Elhart Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Myles Farmer, who were recently married, are visiting relatives in Portland.

Regular monthly meeting of the Bellevue Parent-Teacher association will be held Jan. 19 at the school house. During the program hour, an old fashioned spelling match will be featured. Mrs. Joe Wade, Mrs. H. E. Henshaw and Mrs. C. B. Lamkin are serving on the refreshment committee.

Mrs. Pauline Byrd and Mrs. Egghill are cooking and serving the hot lunches to pupils of the Bellevue school this week. Next week Pauline and Miss Genevieve Farmer will do the work.

Four new pupils entered the school last week. The public is invited to hear Representative A. G. Brockway speak on the sales tax Tuesday evening at the

GOLF TOURNEY TO OPEN NEW SEASON ON LOCAL COURSE

The tournament committee of the Rogue Valley golf club feels spring-like prosperity is just around the corner. In order to inaugurate the season with proper opportunity for all divot diggers of the vicinity to indulge in their favorite sport, a series of open tournaments will get under way Sunday, January 21. Two more are scheduled in February.

The tournaments will be open to all golfers in southern Oregon and northern California with an entry of \$1 to non-members and \$5 cents for members. Suitable prizes will be posted and all entrants, regardless of ability, will be given an equal chance through division of the field into three classifications with handicaps applying.

Entries should be telephoned or mailed in to Jack Hueston, pro at the Rogue Valley course, as soon as possible so that provision may be made to take care of the throng which is expected to enter the tourney. Hueston may be reached by telephone 275-J at the links.

GRAND JURY TOLD TO DIG DEEP INTO DEATH OF DAHACK

(Continued from page one)

in a period of stress. "The grand jury before you," the court continued, "also investigated and returned an indictment charging City Officer Joe Cave with involuntary manslaughter. Because of a technicality I ordered the indictment remanded to you last fall, and that is why I am talking to you now."

The grand jury was cautioned against placing credence in hearsay evidence, "which might result in abortive indictments, but to get at both sides, and weigh carefully all testimony, realizing there are two sides to all questions."

Justice Expected The court stressed its belief that "your findings will do justice to the state and all concerned."

Only passing mention was made by the court, in its remarks on other cases returned to the grand jury, which include that of C. H. Brown, secretary of the late self-styled "Good Government congress," indicted for "slandering a bank." Brown was present in court.

Mrs. George Andrews, Mrs. Mark True, Mrs. Noel Heard, Mrs. Herman Helm and Mrs. Dot Williams attended the dramatic school in Medford, conducted by Jara Stuart Knapp of the national research association.

The grand jury last February, of which William T. Griese of Prospect was foreman, returned an indictment against Cave, at the same time indicting Banks for criminal libel and criminal syndicalism. Former Sheriff Gordon L. Schermerhorn was arrested for ballot theft when he went to the police station to serve a bench warrant on Cave.

Dramatic Events Follow Dramatic acts followed in rapid succession after the Cave indictment, including murder and the vote stealing. The Cave case pending during

NEW DEVALUATION PLAN OUTLINED IN SPECIAL MESSAGE

(Continued from page one)

to that at which the debt was incurred. The method he is trying is to cut the theoretical gold content of the dollar. This can only be done if the treasury has all the gold.

Therefore, if the gold content of the dollar is cut by 50 per cent, the gold held by the treasury will be worth twice as much in dollars.

It was made plain at the White House that this profit does not represent a base of currency.

Mr. Roosevelt also made it clear that the program did not mean a resort to greenback currency, and said that the object of authority to buy government securities out of the stabilization fund was simply to safeguard the price of these securities against any ulterior depreciation move by the private holders of the securities.

Success Already Seen The president believes that the gold buying policy of the government, which he said has resulted in huge purchases, is largely responsible for the recovery in commodity prices following the drop of last September and October.

Another result of the program, he feels, has been to permit foreign sales of American copper surpluses such as cotton and copper.

Mr. Roosevelt told congress he felt that he had the authority to take title to the gold supply of the nation, but "this is a step of such importance that I prefer to ask the congress by specific enactment to vest in the United States government title to all supplies of American-owned monetary gold, with provision for the payment therefor in gold certificates."

"These gold certificates will be," he said, "as now secured at all times dollar for dollar, by gold in the treasury—gold for each dollar of such weight and fineness as may be established from time to time."

For Growing Girls and Weak Women

Portland, Ore.—"For growing girls and weak women," said Mrs. C. E. Hodge, 3000 - 3rd Ave. "When I was developing into womanhood I would go thru agony every month. The pains were so bad I had constant bearing pains and headaches — was out all the time. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and had no more trouble."

New size-tablets 50c; liquid 4.00

DR. EDWARD GEARY SECOND MAYOR OF MEDFORD PASSES

(Continued from page one)

fill that office, and was succeeded by Dr. Geary in 1888, the city's second mayor.

When he practiced medicine here there was no hospital, but Dr. Geary was noted for his great proficiency, especially in surgical work. Local druggists recalled today. He was able to operate skillfully with either hand.

In 1888, when the late Dr. E. B. Pickel came to Medford, he became two practices as partners in medicine for a number of years. The large white house, recently razed on West Main street, known for many years as the Pickel home, and later as Fountain Lodge, was erected by Dr. Geary and it was there his family resided, until he sold the home to Dr. Pickel and moved to Portland in 1896.

Children Born Here He had previously lived for a time in the Lee Jacobs house on South Central. All the Geary children were born in this city. The three sons, who survive their father, and Everett Geary, who died in Klamath Falls last spring.

The family is one known and revered by all southern Oregon pioneers, many of whom still owe their existence to the care, given them by Dr. Geary during the early days.

While other properties here were sold by Dr. Geary, a ranch on Grifflon creek is still owned by the family.

RUTH SIGNS FOR \$35,000 SEASON

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—(AP)—With all the fanfare but not the magic contract figures of the old days Babe Ruth today signed with the New York Yankees as a player for another year at \$35,000, the lowest salary since 1921 when he received \$30,000 for his second year with the New Yorkers.

High up in an old red brewery on Third Avenue with Colonel Jacob Ruppert a beaming witness the Babe put his signature to the contract, the terms of which he and the colonel had agreed on Friday.

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TEMPLE TO COACH PENDLETON HIGH

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 15.—(AP)—Mark Temple, star halfback at University of Oregon for the past three seasons, was today selected as head football coach for Pendleton high school, succeeding Clarence Hines, Pendleton coach for the past two years, and formerly of Bend high school.

Temple, co-captain of the Webfoot eleven last season, will take charge of the coaching here next fall. He is a graduate of Pendleton high school where he started in football, basketball and track for four years.

Hines will remain here to teach history and will handle the junior high school athletic teams.

BASKETBALL

SALEM, Jan. 15.—(AP)—Williamette University won its first basketball game of the season here Saturday night, coming from behind in the closing minutes of play to defeat Columbia University of Portland 30 to 27.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Gentner of 23 North Orange will be hosts this evening to members of the Oregon State college club.

Chest Colds

Don't let them get a strangle hold. Fight germs quickly. Creomulsion combines 7 major helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your own druggist is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Creomulsion.—(Adv.)

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