

# BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: A woman with the great Myberg, movie executive for whom she works, because the face he sees every day through one of the office windows looks good to him. As he leaves the office Janice Kent, movie star, enters her car and is driven away. A second car follows abruptly; Frank orders a taxi to trail them. He overtakes them as they reach, and is in time to knock out the driver of the second car just before he sees the same for Miss Kent's chauffeur, Miss Kent thinks Frankwise.

Chapter Three  
VICTORY FOR JANICE

I GHT from a street lamp glared into the interior. Their glances met. Some combustible psychic material of humor ignited and flared. Janice lifted her chin and laughed. Grahame's lips twitched.

"Oh!" cried the girl. "How perfectly imbecilic!" Her voice mimicked her own. "Thank you," she said. Then you growl, "It was nothing, Miss." Then I say, "But it was, sir, indeed." Oh, why can't people—

Grahame chuckled, "Did I growl?" Janice stifled a giggle. "Hoarsely," she averred.

Grahame felt pleasantly warmed. Some watchful wariness seemed to relax within him. That curious and annoying embarrassment he was



conscious of with women subsided a little. He had lived too long away from civilization, he knew, too much in the company of reverts like himself, ever perhaps to feel comfortable in the presence of the opposite sex.

But here a small miracle had happened. It was well a growing wonder that he realized that he felt at ease, almost, with this gorgeous girl who was one of the world's beauties. Her essential femininity was such that there lived not a man who saw her screened face that did not feel that tug of response to her appeal.

Grahame knew, in a vague way, that this quality of hers was not a personal one. There were other actresses certainly with equally captivating faces, with similarly charming figures, but what Janice Kent had—and it was a quality that women approved of as well as their men—was, as Hogarth, her favorite director, expressed it, "A universal sweetheart appeal."

A pal of Grahame's among the stunt boys had quoted Myberg—who paid Janice Kent her salary—as saying, "That girl, y'understand, has something that makes men love their wives better."

GRAHAME, watching her profile as the street lights threw patterns of shadows across it, realized that he could quite agree with any eulogy of Janice Kent. He felt that although he had known her but a few minutes, he of all men could solve her charm could he but express it in words.

She made a fellow feel comfortable, that was it; a homely way to say it, but accurate. He was conscious of a flush mounting to his cheeks. He appreciated that he was not the first man who believed that he was uniquely appreciative of a particular woman. He was level-headed enough to realize that he was, perhaps, not the first man to consider himself an authority on Janice Kent's charm.

Like a swimmer wading from the shallows into deeper water he realized that he must press forward carefully. He drew in a deep breath. He said, "Miss Kent, did you notice any other men about the tan car. To me it seemed—"

"Yes," she answered quickly, "I

think the accident may have been planned. I can add a little to that story, perhaps. They'll question this man you think you saw. It should be easy for him to explain—"

"NO, NO!" Her voice held a shade of anxiety. "I'd rather you wouldn't. Indeed, it was probably my imagination. I talked with him today in Mr. Myberg's office. He is a gentleman from Central America—a Mr. Ortega—who is to make arrangements for the foreign scenes of my new picture."

"Still," mused Grahame, his thoughts still upon the almost-rehearsed aspect of the studio, "the men's actions outside the studio, 't might be just as well to ask him a few questions."

"No," There was finality in Janice Kent's tone, an edge of authority. Grahame was mildly surprised. While her insistence puzzled him, nevertheless his wonder was chiefly that this apparently frail slip of a girl could be so decisive.

Somewhat within the bounds of his knowledge and beliefs of women, he assumed that it was the man—even in such casual little emergencies such as this one—who made the decisions. He acknowledged that he was a little at a loss and smiled wryly to himself. He recalled what Bill Langton had said to him four years ago, before Bill had made his epoch making non-stop Atlantic flight, before Bill had become the national hero.

He had told Grahame that their advance in the knowledge of women had stopped when they'd been eighteen upon that gray morning in France when their motors had buried them into their first foggy dog fight over Flanders. "From that point on, fella," Bill had said, "we got serious."

Seated beside Janice Kent, Grahame smiled a trace wistfully. Bill was a thousand fathoms deep in the Caribbean, or dead in some forgotten jungle, despite persistent newspaper rumors to the contrary. It needed a slight effort to bring himself back to the present. He said to the girl mildly, "I'll say nothing about your Mr. Ortega."

Tomorrow, Frank recalls Langton's story.

## ACTIVIANS ENJOY DINNER PROGRAM

Charter members of the Active club were guests of the non-charter members last evening at the Hotel Medford when the "senior" members were honored by a "help yourself" dinner, plus entertainment arranged by the younger members. The annual event was well attended with 26 members present.

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Gordon Pratt and Jack Butler shared honors of toastmaster. The entertainment consisted of two novel dance numbers by a pair of local misses accompanied by New World.

Kenneth Denman, secretary, reviewed the events of the past year for the membership, and then a few appropriate presentations were made to those members who had capably discharged a large portion of the club work for the year.

Ralph Bailey was presented with a novel gift in the form of a likeness of himself. The photograph was handsomely framed.

Jack Butler and his committee deserve commendation for the success of the affair.

Tentative plans were made for a dinner dance with the ladies on January 26 at the Colonial club.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

## VINING WILL ATTEND GAME CONFERENCE

ASHLAND, Jan. 17.—(Spl.)—Dr. I. E. Vining of Ashland, member of the Oregon state game commission, has been designated by that body to represent Oregon at the 20th American game conference in New York city, January 22 to 24.

Dr. Vining will also attend the session of the senate wild life committee January 25 and will present the migratory bird resolutions of the Oregon commission before the federal advisory board January 26.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



## READY TO GO

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Speeding Engine—Without A Crew

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



## BOUND TO WIN—Following Luke's Hunch

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—My Photo

By SOL HESS



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MEDICAL SOCIETY IN ANNUAL MEET TONIGHT  
Annual dinner of the Jackson

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THE PERFECT GUM  
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