

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

ly to Grahame, ignoring Winslow. She had large eyes with long lashes; her hair was blue-black. Her skin was a little sallow, but she was good-looking.

"She expected your call. She said—if you phoned within the next half hour—to tell you she expected to have dinner with you. Otherwise she'd talk with you herself. You phoned. I came in here to tell her. She wasn't here... just this."

She pointed to the crystal powder jar which lay in pieces upon the rug which lay in pieces upon the rug.

"Didn't you hear it fall?"

Her glance met Grahame's, then shifted to the floor again.

"The rug is very thick."

Winslow grunted. He said: "If she went out, what did she wear? Is that her dress on the day bed?"

"She was to wear that tonight. I put it out."

"Where are the things she wore when she came in? What were they?"

The maid frowned, thinking. "A blue ensemble." She glanced around. "It isn't here. I'll look in the closet."

She stepped across the room and opened a door.

Winslow, behind her, whistled thinly and muttered, "Some closet."

IT WAS a small room; row upon row of clothes stretched across it on hangers. Winslow pointed to

Chapter Seven DISAPPEARANCE

GRAHAME strode toward the phone. As he seated himself, he pushed his fingers through his hair. He made an unconscious gesture about his necktie. He dialed a number that was scrawled upon the telephone pad.

A maid answered the call. No, Miss Kent wasn't at home. Oh, Mr. Grahame? Would he wait a moment, please?

He watched the little clock upon the table across the room tick away the minutes. He listened intently, wondering if the connection had been broken—but, no, there was no dial buzz.

He smiled a little ruefully, think-

ing that perhaps this delay was but the beginning of his knowledge of women. Someone had said that women were never conscious of time with men. Some ironical husband, perhaps.

He felt a pleasant tingling at the immediate correlation of ideas that swarmed in his mind. That Janice Kent should keep him waiting was thrilling indeed.

A breathless voice finally answered.

"This is the maid speaking again, Mr. Grahame." Her voice sounded curiously disturbed. "Miss Kent isn't at home. No, no. Don't misunderstand me. She thought you would call, and was waiting. But when I went to her room she was gone! Hello! Hello! Are you still there, Mr. Grahame?"

"Yes, Tell me. Hurry. Gone, you say?"

"Yes, gone. But she couldn't be. She was not quite dressed. But there's a jar of powder broken and spilled on the floor—"

Grahame interrupted. "I'll come right out." He hung up the receiver. He waited a moment and savagely dialed a number.

"Hello. Spin? Say, Spin, get over here. Instantly. What's that? Forget it. This is serious. Just talked with Janice Kent's maid. Janice is gone. Yes, res. Disappeared. Hurry!"

As he stepped from the doorway of his apartment house into the street, headlights flashed upon him. Winslow, in his blue roadster, had hurried.



"What was on that hanger?"

the end of a hanger that stuck out from one of the nearer rows. "What was on that?"

"I don't—A coat, I think. They're all coats on that rack."

A bell rang faintly. Footsteps sounded. They looked toward the doorway of the room. A dapper little man entered. He wore a pearl gray suit, a gray shirt and tie. There was a pearl set in the ring he wore. Only the tips of his shoes showed black under gray spats.

He said, in clipped syllables, "Hullo, Winslow. Hullo, Mr. Grahame."

Grahame nodded. Winslow said, "Hullo, Greene. How'd you get here? This isn't one of your damned publicity stunts, is it?"

Greene looked aggrieved. "Certainly not, Spin. Paula phoned me." He nodded toward the maid.

"Phone anybody else?" Winslow turned to the girl.

"Mr. Myberg. He should be here any time."

"Have you phoned anybody else?" repeated Winslow.

"No."

"Did anybody phone this number?"

Almost the girl hesitated. "No," she said.

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?" Winslow smiled sardonically. "Who phoned, Paula?"

"Quit it, Spin," said Grahame impatiently. "You won't get anywhere that way. I think we'd better notify the police... right now."

"No!" Both Winslow and Greene spoke together. Even the maid's lips formed the word.

Grahame said, surprised, "Well, what—"

"No—" A strange voice spoke from the doorway. "We will not notify the police... not yet."

They turned. A man stood at the door. His head was round and bald, and sat upon his shoulders like an orange on a box; there seemed to be no neck. His figure was short and burly, and clad in black.

Greene called effusively, "Mister Myberg. How glad I am you're here. Now we may—"

(Copyright, 1934, by Herbert Jensen)

Tomorrow, Mr. Myberg takes a hand.

'BUCKET' OF SUDS GOING FOR DIME

Each day in Medford seems to bring with it a more generous flow-

ing of beer, and the word generous is used in its literal sense. The few dispensers, who early last week refused to adopt the five cent price, were meeting the competition today by serving for a dime more than twice the amount of beverage given under previous circumstances at that price. In fact the new standard with them is "A short pint for a dime."

No one has called it a "beer war", but it begins to look and smell like one.

SEATTLE, Jan. 22.—(AP)—Eight patients in the main building of the small Laurel Beach hospital at Fauntleroy, a suburban district, were safe today after a tremendous earthquake had demolished the two-story structure.

FAN DANCE SALLY FIRM FOR MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Jan. 22.—(AP)—Having met with scant success in

her campaign to break into the movie as a dramatic actress, Sally Rand disclosed today she would take up her fans again on the stage in the hope of earning money enough to enable her to put away forever the big white plumes that helped to make her known.

Miss Rand announced she would abandon Hollywood and return to the stage for 40 weeks, after which

she would come back to cinemaland and just sit and sit until Hollywood gives her what she wants.

BEND, Ore., Jan. 22.—(AP)—Miss Jane Moffatt, for nearly seven years Deschutes county nurse, today resigned to accept the position of Douglas county nurse.

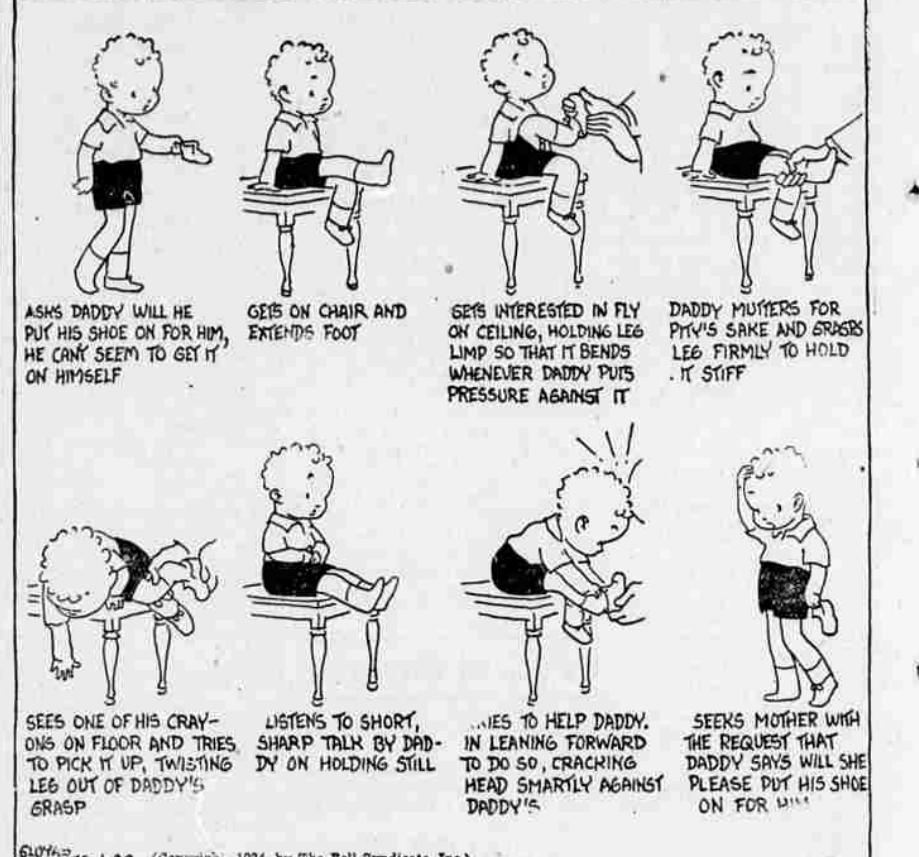
Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, February 3.

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SNAPSHOTS OF A SMALL BOY HAVING A SHOE PUT ON



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Takes A Chance!

By GLEN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Preparations!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Minnie Muncher

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



YEAR AFTER YEAR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation