

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: With his pal, Spin Winslow, the great spy, Frank Graham, famous explorer, just has rescued Janice Kent, movie star, from a gang of abductors who were taking her into Mexico. Spin and Frank are convinced that a man named Ortega was leader of the gang, but can assign no reason for his action. Ortega has been in Hollywood, ostensibly to arrange with Myberg of the Consolidated to produce a picture in Mexico. As they drive the abductors away from their car, Frank saw once again the cultured profile he had first seen peering through the window of Myberg's office. The two see Janice safely to Jane Callender and Frank tells her that he loves her.

Chapter 13 ABOUT JANICE

MISS JANICE KENT, despite her unquestionable beauty, her servants, her two fan-writers and that much photographed black-and-gold motor, was somewhat a creature of circumstance. Her public, had it been told of this fact, would have agreed that it was most pleasant circumstance indeed. However, Miss Janice might have, but didn't, inform it differently.

When stills were published showing her in breakfast-nook apron, holding a dish-rag gingerly but with good humored bravado, one was apt to say, with indulgent superiority "With those hands— Pah! She

future welfare of his star. There was another man in the lower hall. A maid moved into the room. It was not Paula. The woman began setting articles in place upon the dresser.

Janice asked languidly, "Mr. Graham is to arrive at nine?"

"Yes, Miss Kent."

Janice wondered why she had asked that question. She knew perfectly that Frank Graham was to arrive at that time. But the bored tone of her inquiry seemed to give her a certain reassurance. She wanted to hear the sound of his name enunciated with languid indifference—to make it sound neutral, as if by that device she could rob it of the power to disturb her.

But it seemed a poor artifice; when she thought of Frank Graham as a name—no matter how indifferently—it evoked his resonant voice, his crisp hair, that fascinating steel-blue glint in his eyes or that vital line of his jaw from ear to chin.

He was arriving at nine; he was going to propose marriage to her. She was both frightened and fascinated—frightened for fear that she would not be capable of averting the proposal, fascinated because she was unsure if she wanted to avert it.



"Mr. Graham is to arrive at nine?"

never had her hands in dishwasher in her life!"

The statement would have been correct only to a degree. The degree was that of time. Not only had Janice been familiar with the feel of dishwasher, but the thought of it evoked an emotion akin to the horror that an emancipated galley-slave might have felt for a twenty-foot rowing oar.

It was not to be wondered, then, that Janice, having learned her profession letter perfect, made the best of the fact that she was an actress and a famous one. Her drawing room manners, her cello voice and expressive hands were the technical materials of the trade that had made her the greatest artist that worked in romantic leads in Hollywood.

It is a little tragic, of course, that during the apprenticeship of an artist something of the human being is deadened. A man may not be a hero to his valet, but an actress had better be a heroine to her personal maid—if she wishes to retain her professional standing.

Miss Kent was an actress both in public and in private. She was gay, she was charming, she was wistful, arrogant or mischievous, but never did she allow the veneer of her technique to crack the smallest bit for fear that one individual of her public might spy and report that beneath that delectable exterior was a little girl who cried often to herself and who usually was quite bewildered—and very often frightened.

So, while it may be said that Miss Kent was a creature of circumstance, it doubtless might have been more accurate—and kinder—to have said victim of circumstance; she was a representative product of an age that pays women salaries—and good ones too—for value received, but also rubber-stamps their characters with a certain emotional artificiality.

She lay on her boudoir chaise longue staring at the blackened panes of the windows facing her garden. A street lamp's light gave a scintillating hue to a patch of lawn. At intervals a shadow moved across the light—her outside guard. Myberg was taking no chances with the

At Myberg's office that afternoon they had gathered in a group—Graham, Winslow, Greene and herself. Myberg was conducting a sort of guarded inquiry as to the cause of her abduction the night before.

She had studiously avoided Frank Graham's obvious desire to talk to her alone while the others discussed some point. She had succeeded until the meeting broke up. Then Frank had told her as they were leaving that he would call at nine that evening.

That Ortega had indeed gone from Hollywood. But he left a polite little note for Myberg telling that business in his country had called him away. He did not know if he would return. At any rate their plan for a picture based upon the archaeological background of the well-preserved ruins in the jungle would have to be delayed indefinitely. Myberg was furious about this. He had sputtered:

"It is the dickens! It is the dickens! Already I have spent thousands in preliminary for production. We will go on without him. We have Graham now. He knows that country. Tak. Tak. Too bad. That fellow Ortega tell in luff with Janice and tried to get away with something."

But Janice had said no. "He was not in love with me, Mr. Myberg. True, he made love to me. But he did not mean it. Not that he was insincere, but the latin temperament... you know, they believe a little love-making real or otherwise flatters a woman."

"Also, I don't think he was involved in that outrage! Oh, I know—" She raised her hand to prevent Frank's intended interruption. "You say he was in the car that followed me the night of the accident which you think was planned. You think he made the arrangements at Central Airport for the plane that took us to Callento. But he wasn't with the men who took me from the room. He wasn't in the plane or in the car that was driving south. I'm not defending him for any reason I haven't told you."

Frank receives a body blow, tomorrow.

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AUTO RACE DRIVER LUCKY IN SMASHUP

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Harris Insinger, young Philadelphia Al Gordon, Long Beach racer, won

the 61 1/2 mile feature race in 49 minutes 02 seconds.

SEATTLE, Jan. 29.—(AP)—The 149th field artillery band of Seattle retained the Gen. George A. White trophy awarded the best military band of the 41st division of national guard regiments, win out over the 142nd infantry band of Portland.

that 371,940 bushels of wheat and about 60,000 barrels of flour moved from the Columbia river during the week ending Jan. 27.

Ireland was the heaviest purchaser of wheat, taking 112,000 bushels. China took 66,666 bushels, Belgium 66,000, Peru 37,333, California 34,841, Japan 33,333, and Atlantic ports, 16,667 bushels.

IRELAND HEAVY BUYER OF NORTHWEST WHEAT

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(AP)—The merchants' exchange here announced

California took the largest of the flour shipments, 27,712 barrels.

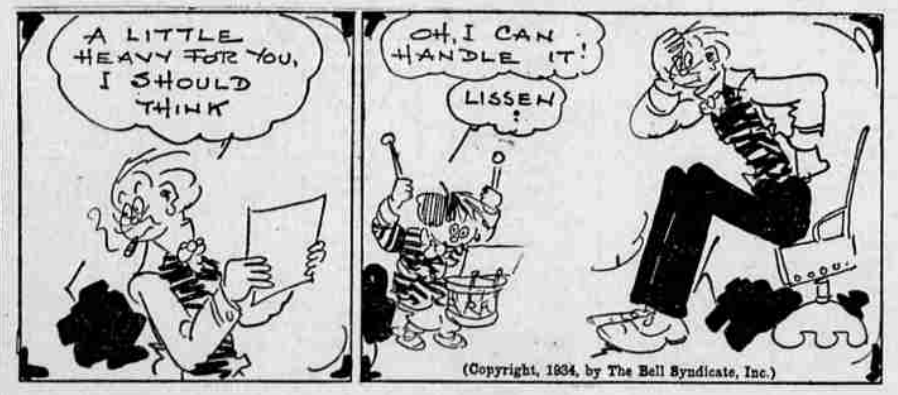
Oregon Weather: Cloudy or foggy tonight and Tuesday; becoming unsettled west portion; moderate temperature; moderate east and southeast wind off-shore.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, February 3.

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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READING AND EATING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Freight Crew Ignores Skeeter's Warning

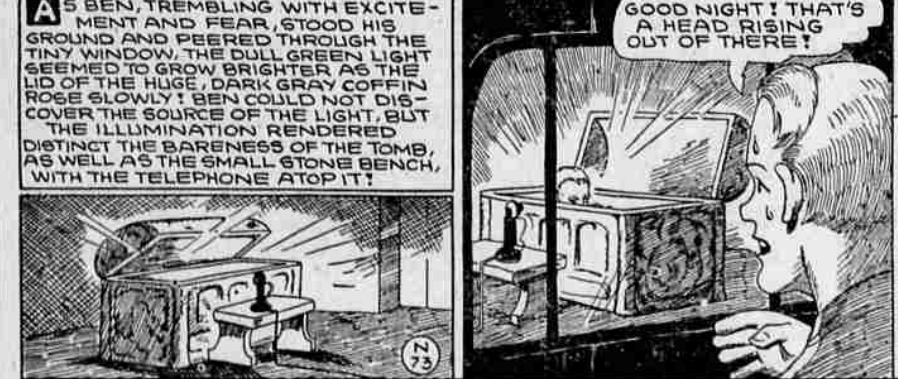
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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BOUND TO WIN—Dead Or Alive?

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Says I To Her

By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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