

BLOND

A New Serial

GODDESS

By Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Janice Kent, the movie star, with her dress agent and photographer, has arrived in Yucatan to make a picture in the jungle. At Merida they are met by Don Eusebio Ortega, who is the man suspected of an attempted abduction of Janice in Hollywood...

Chapter 22 IN THE JUNGLE

WE WILL take burros and horses along," continued Ortega, "and when you have finished your pictures, we can push on to the coast. I have a launch there, at my hacienda, and I will take you south to Belize where the United Fruit boats stop. From there you may sail to Cuba. You have plenty of money?"

look of one used to command—powerful, insistent,—cruel. His character seemed to be expressed by his nose—beaked like a hawk's or a vulture's.

GRAHAME made a last slash with his machete and dropped it among the tangle of jungle creepers at his feet. He drew tobacco and papers from his breast pocket, and while rolling his cigarette watched the toiling figure beside him. Sweat glistened on Juan's bronze face, the muscles rippled under his shirt as he swung his heavy knife.

"Let's cut back to the trail, muchacho," said Grahame. The lad paused doubtfully. "But we may meet the men who come for the arms," he replied.

"Almost," said Grahame. "It would be better than this." "As you say, I am willing," he grimaced at his blistered hands and smiled. "It is better to die slowly with a bullet than to expire slowly from too much work."

Grahame chuckled. "Spoken like a true son of Mexico." "Nevertheless," he continued, "we should be able to tell from the trail whether they have passed toward the hacienda or not. Also, they may have returned with the cases. In that event, we can keep behind them."



People moved restlessly about Janice.

"Oh, quite," replied Ortega casually. He smiled slightly. "Well," said Mr. Greene, "let's get going." They tied out of the car. Several soldiers helped them with their boxes. Ortega made arrangements to have them taken to an hotel. Mr. Greene admitted to Janice, rather grudgingly, that Ortega certainly could get things done.

"Bueno," agreed Juan. "Good. The trail lies three kilometers to the south behind that small hill." They were about forty kilometers from the coast. Roughly the direction of the trail was south-west. They had been nearly two weeks journeying to reach this point, keeping always off the main trail. At times their way was easy, when the jungle opened into broad grassy savannahs. At other points they were forced to plunge into leech-glutted bogs where every step was a supreme effort.

SHE stood waiting for her coach. It was poorly illuminated before the station. People moved restlessly about her—native women with shawls about their heads, children who whimpered, soldiers with stolid, sullen faces, whose metallic equipment clinked and rattled as they moved.

Juan preceded Grahame as they strode along. Their packs were slung high upon their shoulders. Each carried a rifle, taken from Ortega's landed cases. Occasionally Juan pointed to the right or left of the trail, calling Grahame's attention to freshly severed vines.

It was then that she observed the man who leaned against a post in the station entrance. Almost a pure Indian type she thought, taking in the dark skin, the beaked nose, and wide cheek-bones. A shock of coarse black hair fell over his forehead. He seemed to be staring toward her, yet not at her.

"They have passed this way toward the coast. I can not tell whether they have returned." They walked for several hours. The trail dipped toward a swamp, and Grahame noticed that at the point it crossed the bog, tree trunks and branches had been thrown to give a firm footing. Juan uttered an exclamation and hurried forward.

"A poor fellow," he said suavely. "A sort of servant of mine, from my hacienda." Janice wondered. Then, as the coach drew up beside her, she dismissed the matter from her mind. She assured herself that the slight feeling of uneasiness that persisted was due to her fatigue, or her unfamiliarity with these strange surroundings.

"I can tell you more now," said the boy. "They are behind us. They have not returned. See—the mud is trampled. The footprints go all in one direction. A very large party too,—perhaps half a hundred, perhaps more." They stood at the edge of the swamp that stretched about two hundred yards ahead of them. Thoughtfully they examined the footprints.

ROYAL COUPLE ENJOY STROLL ON OCEAN BED WITH DIVERS HELMETS

NASSAU, Bahamas, Feb. 6.—(AP)—The Earl of Athlone and her royal highness, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, have found a new thrill—strolling on the floor of the ocean. Donning diving helmets, they went for a walk in the ocean's depths yesterday near Rose Island. The governor of the Bahamas and Lady Clifford, their hosts, accompanied them.

divers who wear only diving helmets and bathing suits. Upon her return to Nassau, Princess Alice declared it was one of the greatest thrills she had ever experienced. The Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary, is the former governor-general of South Africa. Princess Alice is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria.

BREWERS ADVISED TO USE ADS, NOT BRIBES

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Feb. 8.—Declaring "the day is past when something desired is gained by whispering into the ear of a politician," Thomas H. Beck of New York advised the members of the United States Brewers Association today to embark on national advertising campaigns.

LAUNDRY LOSES NRA EAGLE FOR WORKING CHILD

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—(AP)—The NRA today snatched down its first blue eagle in a case involving violation of child labor provisions, acting just as Administrator Hugh S. Johnson prepared to oppose suggestions for a general 30-hour week in American industry before a house committee.

The national compliance board announced a vote to withdraw the eagle from the laundry of Moss Lugena, Hannibal, Mo., who was found to have worked his son, under 16, more than three hours a day.

"Regardless of relationship, child labor will not be tolerated under the NRA," said the board. Johnson said the administrator would tell the house labor committee hearing on the bill by Chairman Cannerly (D. Mass.) for a 30-hour week that it would be next to impossible for industry and business to assume such an added payroll load at present.

Aides said Johnson was prepared to concede that the 40-hour week imposed by most of NRA's codes has not re-absorbed as many unemployed as was hoped. The administrator himself has said a shorter week is necessary and he is prepared to urge it at the coming conference of all code authorities, intimating the suggested week might be 36 or, in some cases, even 32. William Green, president of the

WOMAN KILLED BY FALL ON WOODSAW

JEFFERSON, Ore., Feb. 7.—(AP)—Loss of blood from a leg and arm, nearly severed when she fell into a wood saw she was helping her husband operate, caused the death early this afternoon of Mrs. Palma Grambo, 53, wife of Rev. O. P. Grambo, service station operator three miles north of here on the Pacific highway.

GIVE IT A WHIRL

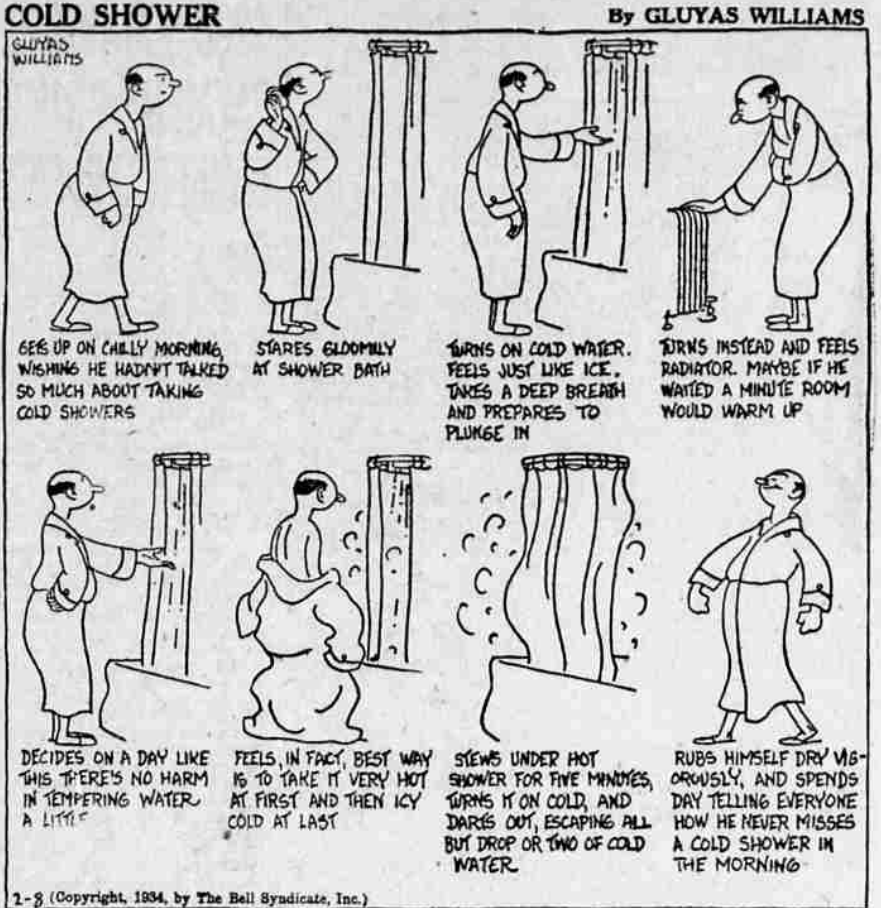


HERE, PAL—HAVE A HEART, GO GET SOME STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED!

ROORA-ROORA-ROORA-ROORA-ROORA

COLD SHOWER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—



2-9-34

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Happy Days Are Here Again!"



1791

HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—A Bombshell!!



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By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Mrs. Ritz



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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By George McManus