

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

by Herbert Jensen

Chapter 33
ESCAPE PLAN

FRANK scanned the message quickly, a new hope rising tumultuously in his breast. He awakened his companion in a low voice he read the note aloud, translating roughly in to English.

"Get this Greene: 'Very estimable sir, and my friend: the talk within the city is that you and another man and a lady are to be sacrificed to Yum-Chac at the pyramid top tomorrow in the morning. It is with little hope I write you, but I have secured the extra pistol and some cartridges from our packs which were in the ahkin's dwelling place."

"I did not go to the coast, for which please excuse me. I followed you to the small ruin where you slept. I watched you go into the city and return with the other man and the beautiful lady."

"I heard the young rascal. Thought it was a lizard. There was a tightness in his throat as he chuckled at Juan's naive compliment to Janice's beauty."

"He says also, 'I saw these subvados capture you. Excuse me for being of no help. I hoped to come into the city and make effective your release later. This I cannot do as your prison is very well guarded."

"There is an aeroplane in the central plaza. There are boxes of gasoline nearby. This knowledge may be of use to you."

"After you read this, throw the stone out to me and I will tie to it two pistols. Juan Piedra."

"Who's Juan Piedra?" asked Greene.

Frank's voice was soft. "A very courageous and loyal young man. A Mexican lad who came with me from the coast."

There was a moisture in Frank's eyes as he tossed the stone through the window opening.

"It's a chance in a thousand," he commented as he drew the cord, heavy with the pistols through the bars. "Thank God for Juan... the young idiot. Perhaps, tomorrow, we may make a break, and shoot our way to the ship."

"If we could do that, and stand them off long enough to gas the bus and warm the engine, we might get away. Langton's message on the wall said his landing was okay. So the crate's in good shape anyway. What luck that there's gas. They probably brought it from Merida. Wonder if it's high test?"

Greene asked, "Was this Juan the ace you had up your sleeve when you threatened Ortega that you'd get him if he didn't get Janice out of this?"

Frank shook his head. "Sorry if I raised your hopes on that one. I was bluffing. I just had some idea that I might send a message and send it out like Billy Langton did. But as soon as I said it I knew it would be practically impossible. Even if I got hold of a bottle and could seal it, chances would all be against any ones' finding it as they did Billy's."

He talked swiftly, formulating plan after plan, discarding some as too hopelessly impractical, accepting others as secondary ones, in case the break for the airplane was impossible.

"BEST talk it all over," he said, "so we can act upon whatever seems best at the time. At the very worst we die. Get that guy Ortega, Greene, if it's the last thing you do."

"Don't worry," replied Greene. "I'd like to interfere with that ahkin bimbo too."

"Good boy, Juan. Don't get caught. It is not that important. Come back here when you are finished and throw two stones through the window. If I throw them back, then I will want to talk with you again. If I do not, then go away from here and don't come back. Make the coast if you can and tell the authorities what you know."

"Bueno, señor. Good."

They waited two hours, fretting with impatience. Just as Grahame had decided that something had happened to the boy, a stone tinkled against a bar in the window and fell into the cell. A moment later another bounced on the floor and rolled across it.

"The kid did it!" exulted Grahame. "Have we anything to say to him before he goes?"

Greene pondered. Grahame stood with the two stones in his hand, ready to return them to Juan through the window. Greene opened his mouth to speak when from without came the sound of a scuffle, and a sharp cry.

"Senor!" The word floated like a wall of hopelessness through the barred window. Grahame's face became a mask of distress.

"They've got him!" Grene cried out hoarsely.

"Lift me up!" His tone was bitter. There throbed in his breast a great wretchedness that Juan had come to grief through his last effort on their behalf.

As his face rose above the sill he heard a thud, the rattle of metallic accoutrements and the sound of a man breathing deeply.

"Juan," he called, caring not how loud his cry sounded in the night.

"Silencio!" A new, harsher voice spoke from below. "The Bat will have another heart to feed upon tomorrow!"

Juan did not answer. Grahame slid back to the floor. Despondency overcame him—a blanket of anguish. Juan, the laughing, joking lad, whose Catholic concern humorously congratulated Grahame that he was not of the Faith, since then it would not matter were Frank to die unshriven, was captive.

Juan the loyal, would be a sacrifice by Cama-sotz, the Bat, to Yum-Chac.

THE sound of many feet padding in the corridor, and the clanking of metal, awoke Grahame. His shoulder hurt him, but he felt at the bandaging with a glow of satisfaction—for concealment within the rough awatching that once had been Greene's undershirt, was the thick lump of his automatic.

His companion had tied it there before they had stretched themselves on their benches to spend in rest what remained of the night. It was accessible to his left hand, and could be gotten at with little trouble, but that again, depended upon what use they made of their guns.

A few minutes later Grahame had his first sight of Janice since the flight of the previous day. The corridor was packed with guards, and her white helmet showed above the heads of the natives.

They were small men, these jungle people. Grahame eyed them scientifically, as a boxer studies his prospective opponent. They were pushed toward Janice; evidently the party was to be reunited for the final scene.

Grahame stared at the girl anxiously. It would be horrible if she had been mistreated, but as her glance met his his tensed muscles relaxed with relief.

Her face was pale, but composed. About the eyes were traces of fatigue, but the eyes themselves seemed to glow with calm courage.

BANKER CARRIES CHEERING WORDS TO WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—(AP)—President Roosevelt was told today by Francis M. Law, president of the American Bankers' Association, that there is "a very definite and very real improvement in business."

Banks are returning to "a more normal lending policy," he commented on leaving the White House. "The banking structure is very sound and that has helped to restore confidence."

"Business men are attacking their problems with renewed confidence and looking forward to profits this year."

"Banks are getting back to more liberal lending. 'Naturally, they were not lending normally when confidence was shattered. Now with an improvement in conditions it is no longer necessary for banks to be super-liquid.'"

Accompanied to the White House by R. S. Hecht, first vice president of the association, Law said there were some forms of credit such as capital financing and long term financing on which the banks may need assistance. He withheld comment on the impending administration proposal to establish intermediate credit banks under the federal reserve system to handle this form of credit. He did say that this form of credit "doesn't belong in commercial banks."

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THEFT EPIDEMIC STRIKES SCHOOLS

PORTLAND, Feb. 21.—(AP)—An epidemic of petty thievery is spreading among students in the public school system here, it was disclosed at the weekly meeting of the school board Monday. Supt. C. A. Rice said:

"There has been more petty thefts in the schools during the past few months than in years. Books, hats, caps, overcoats and other articles have been stolen."

The city council will be asked to pass an ordinance requiring second-hand book dealers to list names and addresses of all persons from whom purchases are made.

Phone 542. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Suits cleaned and pressed. \$30 Dresses 75c up. Tel. 839-J. Economy Cleaner, 1728 No. Riverside.



THAT KID OF HER'S CAN GET AWAY FASTER THAN THAT STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED!

YEH—I BEEN READIN' ABOUT IT!!

MOTHER BRUSHES HIM OFF AGAIN AND GETS HIS RUBBERS OFF, WHEN HE DISCOVERS HE HAS LOST ONE OF HIS MITTENS

AFTER RUBBERS HAVE BEEN PUT ON AGAIN, GOES OUT AND RETURNS PRESENTLY WITH MISSING MITTEN AND A LOT OF SNOW

MOTHER BRUSHES HIM OFF ONCE MORE AND GETS HIS WEY CLOTHES OFF AT LAST

AT THIS POINT SAYS HE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND CLOSE GARAGE DOORS, HE FORGOT TO SHUT THEM. MOTHER DECIDES HASTILY THEY CAN STAY OPEN

IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

COMES IN FROM PLAYING IN SNOW, BRINGING MOST OF IT WITH HIM

STANDS PATIENTLY WHILE MOTHER BRUSHES SNOW OFF, SO HE DOESN'T BRING IT INTO HOUSE

AS SHE FINISHES, REMEMBERS HE HAD SOME OF DADDY'S TOOLS OUT IN SNOW AND FORGOT TO PUT THEM BACK IN GARAGE

GOES OUT TO RESTORE TOOLS AND RETURNS, COVERED WITH SNOW

MOTHER BRUSHES HIM OFF AGAIN AND GETS HIS RUBBERS OFF, WHEN HE DISCOVERS HE HAS LOST ONE OF HIS MITTENS

AFTER RUBBERS HAVE BEEN PUT ON AGAIN, GOES OUT AND RETURNS PRESENTLY WITH MISSING MITTEN AND A LOT OF SNOW

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

WHERE DIDJA PUT THE BALL?

I WAITED FOR ABOUT AN HOUR TO SEE THE CUCKOO COME OUT AN' HE MADE ME MISS IT!

SMATTER?

DON'T LETTUM GET ME, POP!



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Yoo Wang Fails to Make Peace!

By Hal Forrest

HEARNESTLY ADVISE COMPLETE BOYCOTT OF INTOXICATED PERSONAGE, SAIR, INTUITION TELL YOO WANG CHEW HIM CAPABLE OF EXTREME ROUGH STUFF.

HEY?—GOT'S 'AT?—WHAT YOU SLANT-EYED SNAKE CHARMER... WHO'S A ROUGH-HIC... NECK...

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY SERVANT AND GET OUT OF HERE, WILKINS, BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR NECK...

WHY—YOU WASP-WAISTED COOKIE PUSHER—I'LL

ME TELLUM MISTEL BRACE COME HOP-FASTLY.

MISTEL BRACE—INSTITUTE MOST URGENT APPEAL YO' COME WITH QUICKNESS—COLOSSAL CAPACITY FO' EVIL IN MASTERS' DOMICILE WITH MALIGNANT PURPOSE OF MAYHEM—MEBBE—SO—YO' COME?

WHAT?



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BOUND TO WIN—Briar Disappears!

By Edwin Alton

VY, MR. O'BRIEN, COME IN—NOW BRIAR, YOU MUST BE QUIET BECAUSE—

HAS BEN COME BACK YET, MRS. SCHMIDT?

NO, BEN HASS NOT COME BACK YET, UNDT HE ISS GONE ALREADY TWO HOURS MAYBE, BUT—

I WON'T STAY THEN, MRS. SCHMIDT—

VY, MR. O'BRIEN, YOU ARE—

JUST A SCRATCH, MRS. SCHMIDT—WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE MATTER WITH BRIAR? WHERE'S HE GON?

ACH, HIMMEL! I HAF LEFT THE DOOR OPEN UNDT BRIAR ISS GONE! VAT VIL BEN SAY!

WHY, HE'S OUT OF SIGHT ALREADY—SAY, THAT PLUS GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND?



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THE NEBBS—Who Cares

By Sol Hess

SHE BREACH BETWEEN NEBBS AND SLIDER, LIFE-LONG FRIENDS, SEEMS TO BE GETTING WIDER AND WIDER.

MY SON HAD TO COME DOWN HERE AND START ALL THIS TROUBLE. WE HAD A NICE BUSINESS—A GOOD ORGANIZATION AND NOW NEBBS STEPS IN AND BUSTS IT UP—I'LL QUIT IF I HAVE TO PEDDLE SHOE LACES FOR LIVING.

SAY, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING!

YOU'LL TELL ME NOTHING! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING OUT OF THAT IGNORANT, STUBBORN HEAD—IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR WASTY SIDE I COULD EVEN FORGET YOU LIVED—IM THROUGH.

WHO CARES? IT CAN'T BE TOO SOON—WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT GUY? AFTER I TOOK HIM IN WHEN HE WAS SO BROKE HE HAD TO BORROW A NEWSPAPER TO LOOK FOR A JOB—I'M SO MAD I COULD SAY THINGS ABOUT HIM THAT I COULD NEVER FORGIVE—MYSELF FOR LISTENING TO!



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis

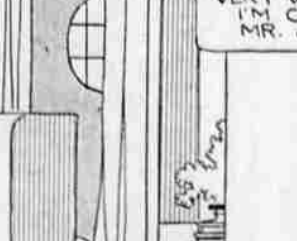
WHERE IS THAT BUTLER? COULD SUDDENLY BE OF ANY ATTENTION.

VERY WELL SIR I'M COMING, MR. JIGGS—

THE VETERINARY JUST LEFT—HE SAID THAT YOU DIDN'T HURT MRS. JIGGS' DOG WHEN YOU FELL ON HIM—

WELL—WHERE IS THE DOCTOR WHO IS GOIN TO ATTEND TO ME?

OH—WE DIDN'T GIVE THAT A THOUGHT—DO YOU WANT A DOCTOR? IF I COULD GIT UP, YOU'D NEED ONE—



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MOUNT HOOD ADDITION APPROVED BY SENATE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—(AP)—The senate today approved and sent to the house the bill to add about 8,000 acres to the Mount Hood national forest in Oregon.

The title to the land passed to the government in partial settlement of fire trespass.

Be fitted in a new model Corset by Adrienne's experienced Corsetier.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, March 3.

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. A Famous Flavor. 5c EVERYWHERE.

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