

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial

by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: The sacrifice of Horatio Greese and Juan a Mexican boy, has made it possible for the explorer Frank Greese and Janice Kent the movie star to escape from a land of snakes in the interior of Yucatan. The savages had planned to murder them. But now Frank and Janice find they have fallen from the end of an old Mayan road, and are lying almost exhausted in what appears to be a pit.

Chapter 37 EXPLORATION

FRANK thought of reconnoitering their position but decided against it. It would leave Janice unprotected and at night he would discover but little of value.

Unprotected! He smiled grimly. His joints ached, the wound in his back pained him. He was comparatively weaponless. There was not much protection he would be able to offer Janice.

His eyelids drooped. He arose and began to walk about the fire. But his limbs were leaden. Weariness forced him to lie upon the ground. His head sank lower. Sleep fell upon him with the speed of a dropping hawk.

A thudding upon the ground woke him. He lay a moment adjusting his mind to his surroundings. Overhead, in the turquoise sky of dawn, a vulture hovered. It drifted beyond his sight. Through the arched fronds of leaning palm trees he saw the jungle-clad lip of a low cliff. Its face arched back and under.

Beneath it was a low mound of debris, topped with shrubbery. Instantly he knew that it was upon this mound that Janice and he had fallen. This was verified as he noted the break in the vegetation at the cliff's edge where the old Maya road had abruptly terminated in space.

The thudding recommenced—a vibration upon the ground that was transmitted to his ear.

Swiftly he arose to his feet, and glanced about him. The fire was dull embers in white ashes. Janice was not in sight. He parted his lips to call when he caught sight of her within the palm grove. With the machete she was pounding at an object upon a rock.

As he approached she looked up with a smile.

"Breakfast, maybe," she told him. "These coconuts are like leather. And not at all like the kind we have at home."

Frank chuckled. "The greatest wonder," he informed her, "is that you recognized them for coconuts. Here, let me have the knife. The one you're working on is rather old. I'll get some good ones."

HE LAUGHED at her crestfallen face. Strapping the machete to his waist he approached one of the smaller trees.

"I haven't 'shinned' since I was a kid but... watch me."

He made the ascent. Reaching the lower leaves, he hacked at a cluster of green nuts. He called to Janice to watch out.

The nuts thudded to the ground. He slid down.

Chopping at the green fiber, soon he had two of the nuts open at the top. He passed one to Janice.

"Here's how," he grinned. "Drink all you can, and scoop out the pulp with your fingers. Fingers were made before spoons, you know."

"But not mine," she answered with a little mock grimace.

It was little enough for breakfast, but it must serve. They tossed away the emptied husks and stood looking at each other. She seemed to sense the trouble in his eyes. Impulsively she put forward her hand and rested it upon his sleeve.

"Never mind," she said. "We'll get out somehow."

"Of course," he answered with forced cheerfulness. But the memory of Greese and Juan's sacrifice for them lay like a pall upon him. In that instant he took oath with himself that their heroic act would not have been in vain. He would, somehow, get Janice out of this.

"Let's take a look around," he suggested. "We can't get back the way we came, so let's continue on in the direction of the broken road. I think I saw another cliff a few hundred yards across this little valley."

Perhaps we can climb up to there and continue on the road. Considering the direction of the sun, the road runs roughly east and west. Might be able to follow it to the sea."

HE RECOVERED his coat from the side of the fire and they began to work their way toward the spot where another cliff, similar to

the one they had fallen over, faced them.

Halfway to it the ground dipped sharply into a swiftly running stream. The stream was not wide, but it was very deep. They followed it northward a few hundred yards until they discovered that the flow came out from a huge cavern under the northern cliff.

They stopped, nonplussed. Nowhere had they discovered a way of gaining the level of the jungle above them.



He told Janice to watch out.

They retraced their steps until they came to the spot where they had camped the night before. The sun had swung up into the sky. Their little valley was becoming as humid as a hot house. Wraiths of vapor, sucked upward from the damp ground, fogged the rank vegetation. Frank glanced anxiously at the girl by his side.

"Feel like resting, Janice?" She shook her head. "I'm not tired just a little hungry."

They picked their way southward. Finally they reached the lower end of the stream. As it had at the other end of the little valley here again the current swirled into the maw of cavern under the face of that queerly concave cliff. Frank said thoughtfully,

"And no way to get out of here in this direction." He glanced backward up the stream. The current flowed around a small promontory two hundred yards distant. The trunk of a palm lay across the stream at that point.

Frank pointed to it. "We've just about been around the valley—except for that lower side there that's hidden by the little hill. Let's cross at that fallen palm and take a look. If we're blocked there..."

Janice met his glance fearlessly. "If we're blocked there," she prompted, "then what?"

Frank shrugged. "Oh, we'll get out," he replied with a heartiness he did not feel.

They made their way to the palm log. Frank straddled the nature bridge and hitched himself across. The log gave somewhat under his weight. He reached the farther bank. He called to Janice to follow.

But the girl was standing and staring intently at the trunk of a fallen palm.

(Copyright, 1934, by Herbert Jensen)
Janice and Frank find, tomorrow they are not alone.

'MIKADO' POLISHED FOR PRESENTATION AT MEDFORD HIGH

By Grover Young.

With a trial performance, presented Saturday morning before a capably audience of school children, the "Mikado" cast is now putting on the finishing touches for the opening performance Tuesday night.

This production of the popular comic opera will be presented for the benefit of the general public both Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. Tickets are on sale at The Toggery, Office Stationary and Supplies, and East Side Pharmacy. On both evenings the curtain has been called for 8 o'clock.

Medford high school is presenting the "Mikado" this year because of the exceptional educational value contained in this noted Gilbert and Sullivan production. These authors have given the world a set of classics which have never been surpassed, and these operas should be permitted to play a part in the high school training of every boy and girl. Unfamiliarity with these works would mean lack of background for the further musical, literary and cultural training of these young people.

Throughout the opera many outstanding vocal solos are presented the best known are "My Object All Sublime," sung by the Mikado; "Young Man Despair," by Pooh-Bah; "Our Great Mikado," by Pish-Tush; "The Moon and I," by Yum-Yum; "The Flowers That Bloom in the

Spring" and "A Wandering Minstrel," by Naki-Poo; "Alone and Yet Alone," by Katisha; "Tit-Willow," sung by Ko-Ko. There are several duets, trios, and quartets sung by the different characters.

There are also several very outstanding chorus numbers. The ones in the first act are: "Gentlemen of Japan," "My Object All Sublime," and "We Do Not Heed." The following are those in the second act: "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," "He's Gone and Married Yum-Yum," and "With Joyful Shout," the finale.

The swift moving action of the plot; beauty of the scenery; the lilting melodies of the chorus and solo numbers; and the exceptional humorous situations make the Mikado an outstanding entertainment.

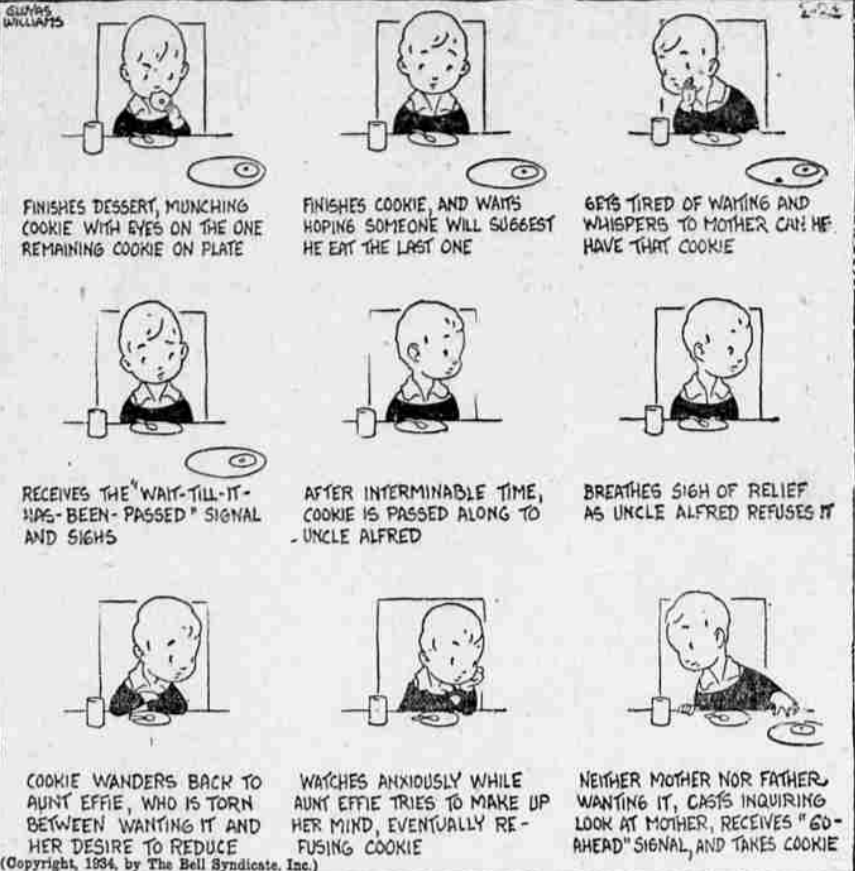
Oregon Weather
Unsettled, occasional rain in west and snow in east portion tonight and Tuesday; slightly warmer in north-west portion tonight; moderate to fresh southerly winds offshore.

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GIVE IT A WHIRL - by Hatlo



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—what could Louis mean?



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben Is Discovered!



THE NEBBS—Oh, Pardon Me



BRINGING UP FATHER



PORTLAND PUCKSTERS SWAMP ESKIMOS 13-7

PORTLAND, Feb. 26.—(AP)—In the wildest siege of scoring ever seen in a hockey game in these parts, the rejuvenated Portland Buckaroos last night defeated the second-place Edmonton Eskimos 13-7 in a Northwest Hockey League game here.

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