

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

Chapter 46
TEMPLE DRUMS

SCANNING the sky she saw that yesterday's occasional cloud patches had disappeared. It would be a clear day—a day without rain. She made a gesture about her shoulders, as if to draw an invisible scarf about flesh that was suddenly chill.

The sun rose in a sudden upheaval of purple, gold and crimson. A jaguar snarled in the moat. Janice left the roof and retired to the sumptuous room that was hers—hers until the rain stopped for a day.

A remote thumping, vibrating some chord in the recesses of her mind, came to her. For a moment she lay relaxed staring at the V-shaped ceiling. Soon she was conscious that about her silent figures were moving.

She propped herself upon an elbow and watched them. They were her servants—women garbed in the ankle-length robes square-cut and embroidered at the neck.

The thumping continued. Suddenly she realized it was the fat sound of the temple drum sounding out its dread summons from the pyramid top.

The women were preparing a costume. For a brief instant of panic the thought of screaming, of fight

and she saw a curious cage of wood upheld upon the shoulders of half a hundred men clad only in loin cloths. Above the murmur of the crowd she heard the snarl of the jaguars imprisoned within the huge cage.

The beasts, evidently, were to be part of the ceremony.

Desperately she shaded her eyes against the new sun whose rays were beginning to pierce the sky over the eastern jungle. Where was Billy Langton? Could it be that he had been done away with—that he had not been held to participate in this ghastly rite?

She saw him, finally, heading the approaching procession. It was little wonder that she had not been able to pick him out of the column it was his limp that betrayed him to her.

He was stripped to loin cloth and sandals. Some garment—a skin of some sort—was hung from his shoulders. His head-dress of feathers was like her own but fuller and more elaborate.

THE two columns joined one another on either side of the cage of jaguars. She saw the deep lines on Langton's face—his blond beard could not hide those engravings of suffering. His eyes were shadowed with pain and despair.



The drums increased their tempo.

He flashed toward her a brief smile, a smile of encouragement she thought, but piteous in its impotence. She returned his smile; and thought she saw his eyes mist with a film of tears.

A jaguar screamed and threw its sinewy weight against the wooden bars. Instinctively she shrank away. The bars gave slightly but held. She noted in that instant that the gate to the cage was held by tied thorns.

It seemed a flimsy prison for such ferocity. She turned her attention to a litter, upheld by four men, that was approaching from the base of the pyramid.

Reclining upon it was the figure of the high priest. She had not seen him since she had been brought to the city. His face was pale—if a shade lighter than the usual mahogany color could be called pallor.

His lips were grim under the beaked nose. Only his eyes lived. They examined the grouped cavalries impassively; his glance bearing upon Langton and the girl caused his eyes to gleam in fanatic approval at what they observed.

As if the signal had been awaited the fat thud of the drum increased its tempo. The columns stirred into action. A murmur, like that of spreading fire in a sun-dried savannah, arose in the steamy air.

The throngs about the pyramid and the cenote cliffs were antipating their performance. The stage was set—the drama ready to be played. The prologue was done with; now the ceremony of the sacrifice was about to begin.

Janice thought of the bravery of Horatio Greene in a similar situation not long before. Would she be equal to the ordeal, she wondered? Would Billy?

Tomorrow, there is excitement on the seaboard.

NEW CHEVROLET DEALER SPEAKS AT LIONS' LUNCH

C. M. Hurd of the Rogue River Chevrolet company, who recently came to Medford to make his home, was guest speaker at the Lions club Wednesday, briefly gave his impressions of Medford, and expressed his enthusiasm over the business opportunities here.

Lion A. H. Banwell, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, also addressed the club members, and in an interesting manner explained the manner in which the radio broadcast from the Chamber of Commerce is conducted.

To further explain the program, Mr. Banwell read some broadsheets that have been presented. In his speech he told of the many advantages of residing in the Rogue River valley, and cited numerous instances concerning the ideal climate, and how many flowers had been blossoming here all winter.

"Persons, not people, make up a community," Mr. Banwell told the Lions. Vitality, vision and virtue were named by him as the three requisites of fine citizenship, and said that a city should be beautiful, courageous, and radiate good-will. These, he said, were intangibles by which Medford people may make their own city great.

The program was in charge of Walter Abbey, who had as his luncheon guest, Mr. Hurd.

Lion Roy Elliott announced that the committee for ladies' night had

HARBOR DRAGGED FOR CANOE UPSET VICTIM

PORTLAND, March 8.—(AP)—Harbor patrolmen, dragging the Willamette

river opposite Oaks Park for the body of Melvin E. Johnson, 36, were still unsuccessful this morning.

Johnson lost his life when a canoe upset late yesterday. Three companions narrowly missed death in the accident. They were Marjorie McClure, 22; Maxine Bar, 20; and Locke Reeder, 26. The girls clinging to the overturned craft while Reeder swam ashore for aid. The canoe overturned when it struck a log.

Be sure to see the charming new Nelly Dons for spring at Adrienne's. Priced from \$1.95 to \$10.95.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo

WHERE YOU NEED THAT EXTRA SPURT OF SPEED

USE STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED

WAKING UP By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WONDERS WHY IT IS THAT WHEN HE WAKES UP FROM HIS NAP

FEELING HAPPY AND CONTENTED

AND IS VERY GOOD AND AMUSES HIMSELF QUIETLY

THE FAMILY PAYS NO ATTENTION TO HIM

AND DOESN'T PICK HIM UP FOR AGES

AND HE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND AT ALL

BUT WHEN HE WAKES UP CROSS AND DISAGREEABLE

THEY PICK HIM UP RIGHT AWAY AND MAKE A FUSS OVER HIM AND GIVE HIM ANYTHING HE WANTS

AND STILL HE DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL ANY HAPPIER.

S'MATTER POP—

HERE'S THE CHANKLET I BORROWED YESTERDAY

?

WHATTA YELLIN' ABOUT, DIDN'T I PAY YA BACK?

BUT YA ONLY GAVE ME ONE! I LOANED YA TWO

HEY, YOU MOON-FACED MANDARIN—WHORE YOU CALLIN' AN INSECT?

OH, I MUST HAVE COUNTED WRONG

YEH, YOU'LL HAVE TO WATCH FOR THAT ALL THE WAY ALONG

HUMBLY BEG TO EXCUSE—CHINABOY OF GOOD INTENT CAN SAY THEN IS HEAVEN HAVE UNSUPPRESSED DESIRE TO TRAVERSE IN UPPER AIR AN' LONG VALLEYS OF THE CLOUDS WITH WORTHY PATRON OF THE ART—

WATCHER SAY? YOU WANT A TAKE HOP-HOP WITH ME?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Oriental Fledgling!

BY GOSH, IT'S MISTER CONGUS HIMSELF IN A 'MONKEY SUIT'!

YO' MISTEL MOSQUITO—THANK YO' PLEEZE?

THIS ISN'T A STORM, LUKE! WE'RE IN FOR A HURRICANE! IT MAY TAKE ALL OF THREE DAYS TO BLOW ITSELF OUT, IF IT DOESN'T BLOW US AWAY IN THE MEANTIME!

YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT BEN WEBSTER'S? GOSPIN' HE'S OUT IN IT?

SUPPOSING BEN WEBSTER'S OUT IN IT? WELL, LUKE, ALL I CAN SAY THEN IS HEAVEN HELP THAT BOY! IT WILL BE HIS ONLY CHANCE BECAUSE I KNOW WE'RE POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING FOR HIM!

OH, PARTON, DON'T SAY THAT! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Hurricane Arrives!

HURRICANE, THAT DREAD SCOURGE OF THE WEST INDIES, WAS ON ITS WAY! IT MEANT A DARKENED CITY, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN Huddled behind BARRICADED DOORS AND BATTENED STORM WINDOWS! IT MEANT THE ROAR AND FURY OF A WIND THAT SCREAMED ALONG AT MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR AND A DOWNPOUR OF DRIVING, BLINDING RAIN! IT MEANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR MANY WHO WERE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE ABROAD EITHER ON LAND OR SEA!

BRACE THOSE FOUR-BY-FOURS AGAINST THE DOORS, MEN! HURRY!

WOULD YOU LET ME GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE, PARTON? WON'T THIS STORM BLOW OVER IN A HURRY?

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THE NEBBS—A Friend Indeed

HELLO, MR. POTTS, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT NEBBS.

IF IT'S ANYTHING BAD YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH—I KNOW ALL HIS FAULTS

NO, IT'S NOTHING BAD—WHILE I HATE HIM AND IN MY PRESENT MENTAL CONDITION COULDN'T SAY A KIND THING FOR HIM—I'M THROUGH IM LEAVING HERE BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO LET HIM SELL THIS BUSINESS

IT'S A FINE PROPOSITION AND FITS HIS MENTAL POSSIBILITIES—THERE'S A FELLOW HERE WHO WANTS TO TAKE OVER THE PLACE. YOU KNOW, ONE OF THOSE STOCK DEALS YOU CALL NEBBS IN AND IMPRESS ON HIS MIND IF HE HAS ONE; THAT A MAN WHO IS AS WIDE OPEN TO FLATTERY AS HE IS SHOULD NOT DEAL WITH A FELLOW WHO'S WALKING AROUND WITH A MOUTH FULL OF IT.

HELLO, JIGGS.

I'M SORRY, MARVIN, I CAN'T JOIN THE CLUB

I KNOW YOU CAN'T—BOTH OF US WERE BLACK-BALLED THIS MORNING!

BRINGING UP FATHER

I SAID YOU CAN'T JOIN THAT LOW-LIFERS' CLUB WITH THAT NO-GOOD MARVIN DUGAN

AH, HAVE A HEART, MAGGIE—

WHAT WILL I TELL MARVIN? I HATE TO HURT HIS FEELINGS—

HELLO, JIGGS.

I'M SORRY, MARVIN, I CAN'T JOIN THE CLUB

I KNOW YOU CAN'T—BOTH OF US WERE BLACK-BALLED THIS MORNING!

ONE HOUSE PLAN FOR LEGISLATURE 50 MAROONED BY MISSOURI FLOOD

SALEM, Ore., March 8.—(UP)—Unification of the legislature into one house, being urged in Nebraska by Senator George Norris, may also be attempted in Oregon.

At least that is the threat voiced by the Oregon Grange Bulletin, which expressed the opinion that "sooner or later, in order to permit the people to decide their own laws, and to keep a closer check upon elected representatives, the State Grange will be compelled to initiate a constitutional amendment limiting the legislative body to one house composed of not more than 80 members.

"With two houses, results are obtained too slowly and under the present setup, one house passes the buck to the other. Instances could be recalled where a measure has passed the lower house with the understanding that the senate would defeat the proposed law."

All kinds of legal blanks for sale for rent, no hunting no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

ATCHISON, Kans., March 8.—(AP)—A swollen and rampant Missouri river, inundating 10,000 acres of bottom farm lands, had marooned 50 persons this morning and five were missing, as farmers, in increasing numbers, abandoned the low lands on the Kansas-Missouri border.

The crisis had not passed. Flood waters, sweeping down from the Dakotas, were piling up behind a 25-foot ice jam. Rescuers risked their lives in small boats as they attempted, amid floating ice, to reach the refugees.

The family of S. Nunn, which fled from its home near Oak Mills, Kans., last night, returned to the edge of the flood, hoping to salvage belongings this morning, only to find the Nunn house crushed, turned upside down and resting on jagged jaws of ice.

Bumpage Sale, sponsored by Catholic ladies, will be held at 126 West Main St., March 9 and 10. For further information call 703-W or 403-X.