

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

Chapter 47
REUNION IN YUCATAN

IF VOICES may exist without visible, corporeal authorship, then these voices were undoubtedly disembodied.

This ethereal dialogue was in Spanish. One voice was smoothly cadenced, soft with the accent of one using his native tongue. The other ghost voice was harsher—undoubtedly masculine also—it spoke abruptly, extravagantly, accented like a foreigner's, and laden with bookish polysyllables.

The abrupt voice said, "Miracles, my young friend, are out of fashion. True, perhaps the Virgin did appear to the poor peon at Guadalupe. But that was nearly four hundred years ago. Today—as it did then—it takes two to make a miracle. One to perform it, and at least one, certainly, to believe it."

The voice coughed complacently, and continued, "That's sound philosophy. While it is not original with me, it might well have been. I have written cleverer things."

"No, miracles are unfashionable. The wisdom of the public is a terrible thing. Could I perform a miracle—and I do not say that I cannot—what would be the result? The public would put its tongue in its cheek, it would slyly pull down the corner of its eye and say that publicity men should be confined to asylums!" The voice ended upon a note of grievance.

The softer voice chuckled. "You seem hurt, senior, that people no longer are so stupid."

"But they are!" exclaimed the other voice with emphasis. "I have matters to write about—marvelous matters—that should abound the world. But will I ever be permitted to write about them? No! Certainly not! I shall be told that they are too extraordinary. Nobody would believe me!"

A gust of wind, a sound like a spattering cascade of rain obliterated the voices for a moment. The blackness was split with a flare of lightning vividly sustained.

The figure of a man stirred in a corner of the dark enclosure. He sat up half buried in swaths of palm leaves. His clothing, a mass of wet rags, clung to his powerful frame. His hair was black and damp, beard-stubble served but to accentuate the strength of his jaws and chin. He pushed himself to his hands and knees.

The voice with the foreign accent again took advantage of a lull in the thunder. "Juan, my boy, you should consider yourself lucky that you're not a genius. Believe me, I suffer more because of my talents than I do from my faults, although if I do say it myself—"

"Zowie! What a crash that was! Look at that flash! ... Juan! He's conscious! Stir up the fire. Frank! Frank! It's me, Frank. Horatio Greene!"

Excitedly Juan was blowing upon the near dead embers of a fire. Greene feverishly hauled dried palm leaves and driftwood toward him. A small flame broke out; then the fire blazed up.

Frank Grahame sat upright upon the heap of palm leaves. He shook his head as if to clear it. For an instant he stared at the two anxious faces turned toward him, one dark and drawn with concern—the Mexican boy, Juan—the other white but gaunt and stubbled with weeks of unshaved beard.

A TIRE grin spread over the face of Grahame. "Hullo, genius," he chuckled hoarsely. "Don't let me interrupt. You were speaking of miracles. Answer me this one, Greene; am I here—and alive—and you, and Juan?"

Greene answered with an excited laugh. "Sure," he exclaimed. "A cinch! Juan and I were just talking about it. We picked you out of the sea this afternoon. Thought sure you'd gone bye bye. But—"

Rapidly he explained. When he and Juan had upset the ceremony on the pyramid top, and had plunged into the depths below, they had been sucked into the downstream cavern. They had lost sight of the high priest after they had struck the surface of the pool.

Clinging to driftwood they had floated during a day and a night, passing in the darkness the cenote valley where Janice and he had found "Angton. They drifted down the underground river to the spot where Frank on the previous day had crawled out to the jungle for that brief pause in his journey.

Instead of floating the remainder of the distance, as Grahame had done, the made their way on foot through the jungle to the coast. Here they had been for several days

ZARO AGHA, 160, SMITTEN AGAIN BY CUPID DART

ISTANBUL, March 8.—(UP)—Zaro Agha, the incredible Turk who claims to be 160 years old, is hopelessly in love again—this time with an attractive 40 year old woman.

Zaro revealed today that Cupid has smitten him again in an application to the city government that his monthly salary of \$150 be doubled in order that he may marry the woman and support her in fitting style.

The Mohammedan Methusalem did not disclose the name of his new love but described her effusively as a beauty.

If he marries her, she will be the 13th wife he has had. His last wife divorced Zaro following his celebrated journey to the United States in 1930. Photographs of her husband with chorus beauties on his knees were brought to the attention of Mrs. Zaro. These, combined with the fact that Zaro returned to Turkey without any of the millions he had assured her he would earn in the United States, sent his wife to the courts.

Zaro is employed as a doorkeeper at the municipal building. His job consists mainly of sitting and exhibiting himself to tourists.

He was granted a municipal salary as a direct result of his American junket, the government having found that he had obtained more foreign publicity for his country than any other individual.

Zaro still appears to be in good

health. He eats regularly though he has discarded the use of silver teeth he had made in New York. He told American dental specialists that he grew a third set of teeth at the age of 105 and fully expected to live to have a fourth set.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—(AP)—The public works administration today increased to \$2,800,000 the loan and grants of \$1,500,000 previously

allotted to Salem, Ore., for water works.

The additional fund is for building a complete new system in place of a previous plan to purchase an existing system.

SALEM, March 8.—(AP)—Governor Julius L. Meier today granted a pardon to W. H. Fisher, sentenced to 30 days in the Douglas county jail at Roseburg on conviction of driving while intoxicated. Illness of Fisher was given as the reason for the pardon.



NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Foo Wang Doesn't Forget Anything!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Shelter Here



THE NEBB—Mr. Slick



By Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS QUILTS AS MINT HEAD

WASHINGTON, March 8.—(AP)—

The Democratic national committee had another vacancy today, caused by the resignation of Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, director of the mint, as a committee-woman from Wyoming.

Mrs. Ross announced her action was taken "to avoid even an appearance of conflicting interests" between "my public service and my identity with the organization of my party."

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