

DAGGER

by Mary Dahlberg

Chapter 6
 "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"
 The summer dragged for Dagger after Howard's departure. Every-where memories of him confronted her. There was a carefully-worded letter from him, too, but no refer-ence to what had passed between them.

"Am sailing on the Baltic Wed-nesday," he concluded.
 He signed himself, "your friend, Blaine Howard."
 The letter established definitely their separation. He was going one way, perhaps to the death that had taken millions of men. What fate awaited her?

Before Dagger realized it, the day was at hand to return to the con-vent in El Paso.
 The serenity and peace that dwelt behind its walls were tempo-rarily soothing to Dagger, but soon their spell was dissipated. Wise Mother Seraphina presently realized the difficulty of her forget-ful pupil, and summoned Dagger to her plainly furnished cell.

"What is this, child?" asked the old nun. "I find you perturbed for pertness by Sister Veronica—and it was only three days ago Sister Agnes made the same complaint."
 "They're so stupid," scowled Dagger. "That is, Sister Veronica is."

Sister Agnes was well she said I shouldn't tell Lou Anne she didn't know what she was talking about."
 "Ah!" A faint twinkle struggled for mastery in the dim eyes masked by a network of wrinkles. "But perhaps Lou Anne—"

"Oh, but she didn't know, Mother Seraphina! She's dumb. It was whether we—mean women—could love a man more than the Church."
 The twinkle died in the Mother Superior's eyes.

"That is a grave subject for a young person to discuss, my dear," she answered. "How did you and Lou Anne disagree?"
 "Oh, I said, of course, you could love a man more than the Church—more than anything. You can, you know!"

"I fear I do not," returned Mother Seraphina. "And as for the pertness, you will write me an essay on deportment. You have some years ahead of you before you are fitted to criticize your elders and instruc-tors."
 Dagger blushed furiously.

"I suppose I'm silly," she snapped; "but I think I know more about algebra right now than Sister Veronica."
 "Really?" smiled Mother Seraphina. "It seems to me you should make use of such talent."
 "How?"

"Why, I might give you a class of the younger children."
 "But I hate teaching," exclaimed Dagger, dismayed.
 "Possibly, you will appreciate Sister Veronica's troubles after your experience," the Mother Superior answered.

"Oh, I'll do it, if you want me to."
 "You are unhappy, child?" the old nun queried.
 "Not very happy, anyway," Dagger rapped curtly.

"Will it ease your pain to speak of it?"
 "No, No use." And half-apologetic for her abruptness, "I'm not going to let it bother me. Dick Well-ing said you could make unhappi-ness help you, if you tried hard enough. I'm trying."
 Mother Seraphina's hand stretched out involuntarily over the ar-ragant black head.

"God bless you, child," she said. "It is ill to be young, and in sor-row. But if sorrow you must, treat yourself as your friend advised. Bend the sorrow to your will. That way lies the peace that is greater than happiness, the peace our Lord said was beyond understanding."
 Dagger's eyes were moist as she

went downstairs, and in the chapel she knelt resolutely, determined to cudgel willfulness from her spirit; but her closed eyes only conjured up a vision of Howard.
 Small wonder that when she took over the algebra class the following afternoon she was absent and dis-trait. Was it necessary for the girls to be so unutterably dumb? "No, no, Jafe, don't you see it couldn't work out that way? Sit down, Hel-len, I'll have to let someone else try." The second day she blew up com-pletely, stormed from the classroom and went straight to Mother Sera-phina.

"I'm no good, I reckon," she said bluntly.
 "And are you prepared to be more charitable in your view of Sister Veronica?" asked the nun.

"If you mean, do I understand it isn't easy to teach—yes, Mother Seraphina. But if I must say I'm sorry for being angry at her, I'm not. She really is stupid, herself."
 "She has taught you for several years, hasn't she?"

"Yes."
 "All that you know of mathema-tics?"
 "Ye-es."
 "Do you see, child? For your knowledge, such as it is, you are in debt to Sister Veronica, as to many other people. I should say you owe an apology to Sister Veronica, and to the class you have abandon-ed."

"I do," agreed Dagger, scrambling up. "But will you let me off teach-ing? I'll do anything, any penance you set me. But please don't make me teach."
 Her next news of Howard was not received until late in the win-ter, when Dick had a letter from him with the cryptic heading "Somewhere in France," the rough paper, the purple of the indelible pencil, the censor's stamp, were so many invitations to her imagina-tion.

"Been strafed a couple of times," Howard wrote. "We've done a bit, too. The fighting isn't as bad as the mud and the wet. But we are look-ing forward to the Spring when the big drive should start."
 At the end of the sheet a para-graph:

"Remember me to Dagger and Jim Marley and everyone at the ranch."
 And scrawled along one side:
 "Tell D. I'll send her a souvenir first time we move forward."
 He hadn't forgotten her!

(To Be Continued)

COUNCIL TO MEET
 Seio—A special meeting of the Seio town council is to be held Fri-day evening, July 25 for the con-sideration of bids for drilling a well, and for other matters pertaining to city business.

MRS. BYERS BETTER
 Independence—Mrs. Jason Byers of this city who has been critically ill at her home here for several weeks is slowly recovering. Her daughter, Mrs. Emma Rowell of Rickreall, who has been assisting in caring for her mother, returned to her home.

WOMEN MEET
 Independence—The women of the Baptist missionary society of the local church and that of Monmouth, held their monthly meeting in the city park here Thursday afternoon. A social hour was spent and refresh-ments served, followed by a busi-ness meeting. Reports of committees were read and several items of new business discussed.

Seio—Mrs. Louis Melcher, daugh-ter of John Kouba of Seio, who vis-ited here for two weeks, has return-ed to her home in Hutchinson, Minn.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Old Sitting Bull

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Beautiful Manners

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

You Can't Take The Farm From The Boy

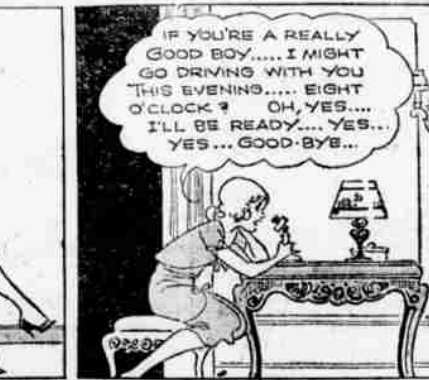
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

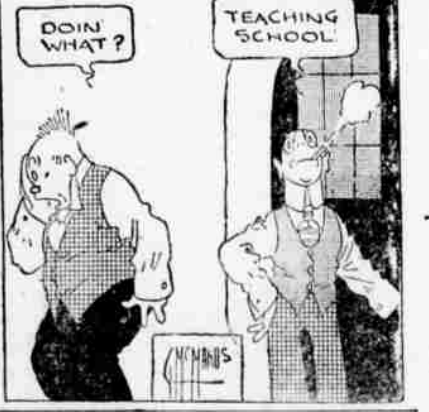
Three Is A Crowd

By Paul Fung



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

They're The Most Important Part Of The Trip

By Bud Fisher



ACROSS

- Eight before events
- Old word for color
- Quantity
- Intrequent
- Life salt
- Toward the sheltered side
- Tool
- Ascribed
- Kind of dog
- Separate por-tions of space
- Eliminating device
- Enter the shoulders
- Wicker in precious stones
- Extrinsical to form
- Encloses
- Town in Ala-bama
- French pro-noun
- Carot
- Put into jars again
- Swine
- Look a seat
- Therefore
- Crack over live rocks
- Titles
- Union of inter-jects

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

A	F	A	R	S	E	E	R	A	L	E
L	I	C	E	T	A	N	E	T	O	N
P	R	O	F	F	E	R	S	M	O	O
N	E	A	T	L	E	A	L			
S	H	I	R	T	P	A	D	D	L	E
C	O	T	S	L	E	V	E	E	X	I
A	V	E	L	A	T	E	N	P	U	R
L	E	R	O	B	E	S	R	E	D	E
A	L	I	E	N	O	R	L	E	N	E
L	O	V	E	R	C	O	M	A		
L	O	W	E	R	E	L	E	G	A	N
A	D	A	R	R	E	S	I	C	O	N
P	E	N	T	S	O	T	N	E	W	S

DOWN

- Goldfish of ancient times
- Weathercock
- Formerly
- Deciding
- Kind of meat
- French plural of 22 ovens
- Slaves
- Realized
- Plunderer
- State of being lengthened
- Four feet that
- Part of a golf course
- Province of British India
- Perogues
- Thick's archaic
- Primp
- Deprivation
- Referring to bees
- Having five corners
- American city like plant
- Solence of ex-act reasoning
- Chinese weights
- Land sur-rounded by water
- Records
- Talked like a child
- Asiatic herb
- Christian Sla-vey of south-ern Luzon
- Refined in very fine drops
- Violent com-motions
- Frighten
- Hoely carriage collog
- Normal breath-ing sound
- January
- Old word for early
- Infant's bed
- Organs of vi-sion
- Cross

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62			63						64		