

DAGGER

by Mary Dahlberg

SYNOPSIS: Blaine Howard, American "big game" adventurer, is rescued from some Mexican kidnappers by Dagger Marley, 16-year-old niece of a Texas rancher. Howard wins the respect of old Jim Marley, Dagger's uncle, and Dick Welling, who has come to the ranch to forget some past trouble. The paths of Welling and Howard have crossed mysteriously in the past. Dagger falls in love with Howard, but he remains faithful to a wife he does not love and joins the Allied Armies in France where later he is reported missing and probably dead. Welling leaves to join a British commission buying horses for the army. Dagger, heart-broken at the loss of Howard, visits her aunt in San Antonio, America, enters the navy, and goes through a whirl of social life among the officers of a nearby training camp. One night at a dance, Captain John Vancouver, flying ace, asks to be introduced.

Chapter 9

DAGGER YEARNS FOR WINGS

OVER her cousin's shoulder Dagger saw Captain Vancouver approaching.

"Do you know him, then?" she asked.

"Well, of course, he's a captain, and I'm only a cadet," Willie returned, slightly embarrassed, "but he's very decent to us—Here he is! Say, Captain, I want to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Marley."

"I'll be there," Dagger promised recklessly.

There was no sense in arousing her aunt, Dagger decided, dressing hastily in the chill of an early dawn. She slipped downstairs and chuffed off in her little roadster.

Turning in the camp gate, Vancouver hailed her from a group of officers in flying-suits.

"So you came!" he said cheerfully. "I really only half-expected you."

He pointed to a graceful biplane.

"How's that for a sweet, little ship? A hundred and twenty miles an hour she'll do. But watch!"

"Can I see from here?"

"Don't you worry," he laughed, adjusting his helmet.

Having gained altitude, Vancouver banked and turned, still climbing moderately, and suddenly, as Dagger stared enthralled, went into a sideslip. She gasped, and a mechanic close by grinned sympathetically.

"The Captain did that apurpose, lady," he confided. "But that ain't nothin'. Look at that nose-dive! Pretendin' there's a Hun on his tail, that's what he is. And see him straighten out. Hi-yi, and he does a loop!"

"He's upside down," protested Dagger.

"Sure, lady. And now he's right



Vancouver bowed gracefully. At close view, Dagger saw that his features were unusually haggard for so young a man's; there were pouches under his eyes, and embryo crowsfeet encircled them. But he was stunningly handsome, and carried himself with a fine gallantry.

side up again. Ah, he's going to try his guns."

The plane came out of the loop, and slipped earthwards in a steep, graceful dive. Ahead of it, in the middle of the field, was a white car got in the shape of a trench. Vancouver swept down upon this, and the twin machine-guns mounted on his cockpit commenced to sputter.

"I hope you won't think me rude, Miss Marley," he said as he shook hands with her. "I'll plead guilty to asking your cousin to introduce us."

"I shan't mind if you'll tell me about your flying," Dagger answered.

Up leaped the biplane once more, and soared into the blue, so high that she all but lost sight of it, reappearing in a series of flopping, tumbling drops which sent her heart into her throat.

"Are you interested in flying?" And to Willie: "Oh, thanks, Saloual! I'll look after Miss Marley, if she'll give me this next dance."

"Oh, he is—"

"Not him, lady," the mechanic reassured her. "Just playin', that's all. But he's through. See?"

Dagger was secretly stirred by some quality of appeal which radiated from the lean, young officer, in an impalpable way, which baffled analysis, he reminded her of Blaine Howard, a cruder, more ruthless Blaine, yet substantially the same type.

The tiny plane had straightened out, and was sliding through the air, with engine cut out. Dagger fancied it must surely hit the ground, out of control, but Vancouver raised its nose, and it dropped easily in a three-point landing that scarcely spurted the dust from the surface of the field.

"Yes, you may have the next dance—if you'll talk," she said.

"It won't be hard to talk—to you," he answered. "I feel as if I'd known you a long, long time."

He climbed out lithely and strook over to Dagger, lighting a cigarette.

"Like it?" he queried.

"She nodded, at a loss for words. "It was better than I expected. Of course, I've seen planes up before, but not close to."

"Why are you over here, Captain?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I've asked to be sent back to France, but the War Department people say they need trained flyers for instruction more than for active combat work."

"The music struck up, and he held out his arm to her.

"You know," he murmured, "you dance divinely. I'll bet you're a horsewoman."

"I am, but I'd rather be a flyer," she returned.

"Would you like to see me stunt?"

"What's that?"

"Trick flying—combat flying, machine-gunning, pursuit work."

"May I? Truly? I'd rather watch flying than do anything—except fly myself."

She nodded, at a loss for words. "Of course, I've seen planes up before, but not close to."

"There's nothing like flying," he returned. "It's called, driven race-cars, ridden to hounds, played polo—they're all waahbits compared to sitting in the cockpit of a pursuit-ship, holding the stick with your legs, and your thumbs on the gun-triggers. And when your sights come on a Hun—Dagger, I'm telling you a fellow feels more than human."

Vancouver smiled. "Better watch, first," he advised.

"Oh, yes, but you must tell me more," commanded Dagger. "Where did you learn to fly? How were you wounded? When did you—"

"I wish I could fly," she said wistfully.

"Why not?"

"How?"

He reflected.

"What about your family?"

"Oh, I only have an aunt and uncle," Dagger replied with lordly self-sufficiency. "They really haven't any authority over me."

"In that case—but let me get a bite of this spit. Then we might grab a bite of breakfast. I have an idea."

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Captain Vancouver's interest in Dagger is more than casual. Will Dagger respond to his love?

GRIFFIN CREEK

GRIFFIN CREEK, Ore., Aug. 1.—(Special)—Jake Brown and Justin Judy motored to Thompson creek on business July 23.

Miss Lillian Brown who has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. Pete Fleck of Jacksonville, returned home July 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Runyon and daughter, Mrs. High and two of her nephews and one niece of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Stearns of this district went to Dead Indian Soda Springs July 27.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ross and family went to Applegate on a picnic July 27.

P. R. Backus who has been

at a mine for several days, returned to his home on the Mariposa orchard a few days ago.

Mrs. Ryan's daughter, Dorothy, returned to her former home in this district recently where she and her husband will remain for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Sproune and family who came here from San Diego, Calif., to stay with the Ryan children while Mr. and Mrs. Ryan were away on business, went back to their home a few days after Mr. and Mrs. Ryan returned.

Man, 108, Marries Again

Ibrahim Gojan, 108 years old and a butcher of Djakovica, Serbia, has just been married to a woman of 28. Gojan, who enjoys perfect health, was first married 32 years ago, and has 10 children, some being much older than his bride.

LONG PURSUIT ENDS DETROIT KIDNAP GANG

Seven Extortionists Imprisoned—Four Under Arrest—Five Sought by Police—Leader Known.

DETROIT, (AP)—The end of a series of kidnappings and extortions that have drawn thousands of dollars from terrorized Detroiters over a two-year period is seen by Detroit police.

When "Jimmy" Walters, Detroit cabaret owner, was slain in April—gangland's reprisal for the double-cross—police were furnished with a clue that has resulted in breaking up a gang of 17 extortionists.

Seven are in prison, four are under arrest, and five are sought by the aftermath of the police investigation. Walters, one-time leader of the gang, was killed in front of his home by two gunmen.

David Cass, 21-year-old victim of the kidnap ring, was killed by abductors when police stumbled onto a crew to his kidnaping.

Was "Finger Man."

Walters, police discovered, was "finger man" for the gang—the man who marked David Cass and a dozen other victims for kidnaping.

He, with two others of the gang, led the remaining members to believe that part of the ransom money was used to "pay off" officials and detectives. Instead, Walters and his two companions pocketed the money.

All this was brought out in an investigation of the police department, before which Walters was summoned. Shortly after testimony regarding the pay-off money was brought out, Walters was killed—punishment, police said, for his double-crossing remaining members of the gang.

Working from evidence gained at Walters' death, police went forward until seven men were arrested. Following every clue offered by the men, police said they learned the leaders of the gang.

The seven now serving prison sentences, are Joseph L. Laman, Henry Andrews, Frank Hofter, Edward Wilson, Andrew Gorman, Roy Cornelius and Jimmy Kane.

Police, questioning the sentenced men, uncovered clues that led to the arrest of four others, all declared to be members of the extortion circle. From the four arrested police learned of five others who are at large.

Brake Test On Farmer's Car Is Costly For Cops

VANCOUVER, Wash., Aug. 1.—(AP)—The state highway patrolman halted a farmer and placed a brake testing machine on the running board of his car. "Drive 20 miles an hour and stop," he ordered.

"Which way?" the farmer asked.

"Straight down the street," the farmer was going strong when he crossed the yellow "stop" line and sped out of sight.

"He thought I said 'drive' 20 miles and stop," the patrolman yelled. The brake testing machine cost \$90 and hasn't been recovered.

CENTRAL POINT

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., Aug. 1.—(Sp.)—The community was deeply grieved to learn of the death of Donald Nichols, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nichols, July 30. Donald was 8 years old and a pupil of the third grade in the Central Point school. He will be greatly missed by his playmates and friends. The sympathy of the community goes to the parents in their great bereavement. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday in the Central Point cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mayfield and children returned July 31 from Corning, Cal., where they have been for some time.

Miss Theda Glass left Thursday for Trail, where she will visit her uncle, E. L. Glass.

Mrs. Ada Jones of Angela Camp, Cal., arrived Sunday to make an indefinite visit at the home of her son, Edwin W. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Lull are the parents of a daughter, born July 29, at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Clarence Case of Antioch visited his sister, Mrs. Theo. Glass, Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Cook of New York City arrived on the Shasta Monday to visit her friend, Mrs. H. A. Clements.

Mrs. C. A. Perry of Everett, Wash., is visiting at the home of her cousin, Eldon Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Turpin and daughters, Ruth and Phyllis, returned Thursday from a two weeks' vacation spent at Portland and Tacoma.

Ruth and Flora Collins of Table Rock spent Thursday with Mrs. Marvin Gleason.

Mrs. Mary Price of Salem is visiting friends in Central Point and her daughter, Mrs. Brazzo, of Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Eicher, Nellie Eicher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard and baby spent the week end at Crescent City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Farra spent Sunday at Ashland attending the Odd Fellows' picnic.

W. A. Cochran of Portland visited his brother, E. O. Cochran, last week.

Lu Ellis Hoagland and son, Bobby, left Sunday for Portland, where they will visit Mrs. Ernest Niles.

The Missionary Circle of the Christian church met on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Al Hermonson. After the business meeting, the ladies homed napkins for the orphan's home at Eugene. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

The Past Noble Grand club of the Rebekah lodge will hold its annual picnic in the Lithia park at Ashland next Tuesday, August 5.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Johnson returned Saturday from a two weeks' vacation. While away they attended the synod at Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Morris of Medford were dinner guests Sunday at the Al Hermonson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Gleason, Elsie Gleason of Seattle and Mrs. C. A. Perry of Everett spent Wednesday at Crater Lake.

Marjorie Bowman of Merrill is visiting at the home of her brother, Leonard Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull Norcross and son and Paul Norcross of Los Angeles are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norcross. Paul and Hull Norcross were reared in Central Point and have many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Eicher were visitors at Rogue Elk on Monday. Their daughter, May, who has been at Rogue Elk since June first, accompanied them home.

Gasoline tax collections in Louisiana for the first half of 1930 were \$1,151,925, compared with \$3,229,153 for the same period in 1929.

LEGE EXPECTS CO-OP HANDLE 4TH OF WHEAT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Chairman Legge of the farm board said today he expected the farmers' national grain corporation to handle 25 per cent of the 1930 wheat crop.

He added the amount of cotton handled for the season by the cooperative association probably would far exceed that handled cooperatively in any other year.

Legge said questions bearing on the immediate handling of wheat, cotton and livestock will be discussed in Chicago on Saturday and Monday with cooperative officials, including E. F. Creekmore of New Orleans, general manager of the cotton association.

The farm board chairman said he was pleased with the progress of plans for handling the California grape surplus cooperatively.

Ancient Town Hall Moved

Increasing traffic in Randers, Jutland, has compelled the moving of the town hall, 15 years old. The building, 64 feet long, 44 feet wide and 40 feet high, was moved six feet on trolleys. The short journey was so smooth that the clock in the tower did not stop.

There is an automobile for every 2.64 persons in California.

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