

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Moller Nathan

YESTERDAY: Anne Willard and her two companions have been captured on their way to her father's camp in the Monopoli desert. Their captor is taking Blaz Sherwood and Fete Mackey to the Emir, but a native woman has disguised Anne as an old hag, and is slipping her into the Emir's palace, where one of the ruler's wives will try to help her escape. By accident both parties are spending the night in the same inn, and Blaz has penetrated Anne's disguise.

Chapter Eight Magic Cure

MACKAY grinned. "Then maybe the first guy with nerve enough to take the dagger wins Miss Willard."

"Maybe," agreed Sherwood. "Anne laughed mischievously. 'You notice that Dr. Sherwood refused to take it?'

Mackey's eyes began to twinkle. "If you could see yourself, my girl, you'd understand why."

Anne laughed again and rubbed more soot on her face. "Sherwood looked at her. 'By the way, Doddap is here.'

"Your friend the seer?" "Yes, mother," he teased. "He is posing as your son."

"That one! How extraordinary!" "He said that if I ever got into trouble and needed him he'd come where I was," Sherwood grinned. "I must be in trouble."

"He seems to be able to go anywhere he wants to go. He was educated in India and England. He's been to America. A year or so ago I became lost and wound up in his monastery on the Shani Lun side of the Bekkan Bula mountains. He met me with the greeting, 'Welcome, Rimpoché. I've been expecting you for a week.' It was in his monastery that I learned about Shy-a Nago. He hears voices and sees visions. I never believe him until the event occurs. But it is astonishing how often he is right."

"They had forgotten Mackey who sat listening, holding his aching jaw."

"Does that lama know?" asked Anne, "that I carry the Nagara dagger?"

"He told me two months ago that you would come and receive it."

"I didn't know it myself two months ago," she cried.

"There you are," he shrugged. "Does he expect that you and the Prince of Shani Lun will take Shy-a Nago away from my father?"

"Not exactly," Sherwood said, leaning back on his elbow on the platform so that she could not see his face, "but he says that the time has come for the treasure to be revealed."

"Is this the prophecy my father spoke of in his note?"

"Dr. Oliver and the members of your father's Expedition should know," he answered evasively. "Do not under any circumstances let the dagger out of your possession."

Mackey groaned. "I wish she'd use it to cut my throat," Sherwood looked at him sympathetically.

"Maybe Doddap can relieve you. Some of these native magicians have remarkable healing powers."

Doddap agreed readily to do something for Mackey's toothache. The latter, looking a bit foolish that he should lend himself to such hocus pocus, obeyed the command to seat himself on a sheepskin, cross-legged, his back against the wall. Though the other men were Mohammedan if anything, they crouched down to watch the ceremony.

The lama passed his hands lightly over Mackey's face and throat and Mackey, fingering his spinal column and shook his finger tips as if to toss off poison. He stared into the white man's eyes intently for a moment, then raised his voice in a familiar chant.

"Better now?" he asked. Mackey blinked. "I don't know." The lama's manner changed to a certain impishness. He made more passes before Mackey's face, and finally, by a clever slight of hand, drew an eagle's claw from Mackey's ear, which object, he declared, had caused the pain.

"Hell," cried Mackey, grabbing the claw and jumping to his feet with an indignant look at Sherwood, "trying to make a monkey out of me, eh?"

Sherwood grinned. "How's the toothache?"

A blank look came over Mackey's face. He put his hand to his jaw and pinched and probed a bit before he answered reluctantly: "The darn thing seems to have quit hurting."

"Here's hoping you'll have a good night's sleep," said Sherwood.

To The Emir

THE headman rose and the other men followed him out. Presently the lama returned bringing Anne's big traveling case. She didn't know how he had contrived to get it and she didn't ask. But it was good to realize there were clean and decent clothes in her possession even though she dare not wear them.

"Thank you, Doddap," she said as he turned to leave.

He bowed in her. "I give you advice. Trust Sherwood, Rimpoché. The master is foolish sometimes—but trust him—you're foolish too."

Sarpola to Wed

South Bend, Wash., May 27.—(P)—Ted Sarpola, former University of Oregon basketball star, filed application to marry Clara Louise Achord, Corvallis here yesterday. The forward on the national championship team of 1939 gave his age as 24. Miss Achord said she was 20.

Weather

Northern California: Partly cloudy today, tonight and Wednesday, but unsettled with drizzle along north coast and showers in extreme north portion; scattered showers or thunder-

Anne stared after his retreating back. Then she gave herself a little shake. "He's right, Anne Willard—you're foolish in more ways than one."

The next afternoon they came to the edge of the oasis that made up Arishar, the capital city of Yangkar. Canals lined with willow and mulberry followed the road. Paddy fields that would later be flooded for rice planting, stretched away on either side. Here the country was gay with spring, acacia in full leaf, and apricots and peaches, round green buttons on the trees.

Under the shadow of the city wall Anne bade her white friends goodbye. They were well ahead of the main caravan. Khalima struggled with Anne's donkey to keep him from following them off the road.

"Farewell," said Anne lightly. "Watch your step in the harem," Mackey warned her.

Sherwood walked over and stood beside her. They gazed at each other for a moment in silence. Then she said: "You're looking at me as father does when he's going to tell me something for my own good."

"I feel as responsible as a father," he said in a troubled voice. "This is no place for a kid like you. Have you plenty of money?"

"Sufficient," she assured him. "And I'm no kid. I'm as self-reliant as you are. I can take care of myself."

"That's all you know about it!" he said, his voice gruff with restrained emotion. "When I think of some of the things that can and do happen in this country... Well, it's up to the knees of the gods. I guess I don't know whether my own credentials as a member of the government of Shani Lun will rate me a toss into prison or a bid to the palace. You can never tell the mood of these petty tyrants. If things go right with you, make for Chuka, which is just across the border."

"Thanks. Anything I can do for you when I arrive there?"

"If you hear I'm juggled you might notify the Prince of Shani Lun." Then his mood lightened. "This fool lama vows we'll come out of it all right so it might be just as well to believe him. Optimism is no more stupid than pessimism."

"If as stupid," said Anne, her smile revealing the pretty girl back of the old witch make-up. His eyes caught the vision.

"I suppose I shouldn't kiss you."

"My face too dirty?" she asked mischievously, feeling safe behind her soot.

"I'd risk that," he grinned, "but Mackey might think he was entitled to the same privilege."

Her eyes widened. "And why not—Turk?"

"I'll call him over," he said swiftly.

She caught his arm. "Silly. You know I was fooling."

"It's dangerous to fool with me." His expression sobered.

The Princess

SHE laughed, a bit stirred by his distress. She whispered she knew what was in his mind.

"As Mackey says, do watch your step," he pleaded softly. "I'm afraid things won't go as smoothly as you think, and if you should need help for God's sake, get back to me." He stepped back and let loose the donkey's bridle. "Goodbye, precious one."

"Goodbye," she answered, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. Now she recalled the meaning of the word Rimpoché. It was good to be called precious once more.

They rode along the narrow street of the bazaars; they passed through an arch by a bell tower and came into the square before the mosque, where beggars and holy men lay in the welcome sunshine. Anne did not know when Doddap left them, but as they came at last to the wall of the Emir's palace on rising ground above the river she saw that he had disappeared.

Khalima knocked at an obscure gate in the wall and was admitted to a kitchen courtyard, donkey and all. She and her mother greeted each other warmly and the other servants gathered round to welcome her. They took Anne to the Princess at once, just as she was opening a door into a tiled courtyard with a marble tank sunk in the center, a nine tier at one end and rose vines climbing on the wall.

In a raised boudoir off the courtyard the Princess, with other ladies of the palace, sat smoking on a water pipe passed round the circle. She was a dark-skinned, middle-aged woman with heavy-lidded eyes, a little moustahe, and hair that hung in hennaed wisps about her face.

Her boredom lifted as Khalima unfolded Anne's story for her ear alone. She rose for the rug and mentioned them to follow her into a private room.

Drawing Anne to the light she rubbed a hennaed finger on her face to expose the fair skin beneath, examined the long, slender hands and almond-shaped nails, brushed back the shawl to expose the chestnut hair.

"Yallah! You are beautiful," she said. "I will help you. My husband the Emir, shall not know. She clasped her hands and servants appeared, followed by the seven ladies of the harem, daughters and wives of the Emir. Anne never did get them all straightened out.

Temporary Judge

Portland, May 27.—(P)—Irving Rand, Multnomah Bar association president, has been appointed circuit judge here for 60 days to aid in clearing a congested docket.

Tillamook, May 27.—(P)—A logging line recently caught Kendall Wright, 24, Garibaldi and tore his heavy boots to shreds, but spared his feet even a scratch.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1310, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1060, Seattle; KSN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 370, Portland; KONO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST
Tuesday.
5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGW, Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR, Wait With Us, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Allan Roth's Orch., KEX, Bible Quiz, KSL.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KE, KJR; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Invitation to Learning, KSL, KOIN; Afternoon Dance, KNX.
6:00 p. m.—Job Hope Variety show, KGO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNS, KSL.
6:30 p. m.—Address by President F. D. Roosevelt, KGO, KJR, KEX, KFN.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KGO, KEX, KJR.
Wednesday.
5:00 p. m.—Buddy Maleville's Orch.

KPO, KOMO, KGW; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
5:50 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Richard Himber's Orch., KPO.
6:30 p. m.—Musical History Book, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcases, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX; Richard Himber's Orch., KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KJIN; Enric Madriquera's Orch., KGO, KJR; Al Donahue's Orch., KOMO; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Latitude Zero, KGO, KGW; Musical Potpourri, KPO, News, KJR, KSL; On With the Dance, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News KPO, KOMO; Neil Bondshu's Orch., KGO, KJR; Parade of the Stars, KNX; News, KOIN, KGW.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KGW, KOMO; Lillian Cornell, KGO, KJR; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldier of the Air, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KGW; Bob Saunpers' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Kenneth Stevens and Gaylord Carter, KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.
Wednesday.
5:00 p. m.—Buddy Maleville's Orch.

KOIN, KSL; Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KEX; Elton Wright, KGW; Story Finder, KJR; Board of Education, KNX; Playground News, KOMO.
5:50 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Big Town Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KGW.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Authors' Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Doctors at Work, KJR; Meet Mr. Mosk, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Echoings in Brass, KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Quis Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tony Martin, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO; Baseball Game, KEX; Aloha Land, KJR.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KOIN, KSL; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Poika, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Enric Madriquera's

Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Baker Theatre, KOIN.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Jay Burniett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; Songtimes, KSL, News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KJR; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Or.

KPO, KOMO; News, KOW, KGO; This Moving World, KEX; Clark Ross and Erwin Yeo, KOIN, KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.
Ontario, Ore., May 27.—(P)—A concrete bridge pier fatally crushed William Homer Utley, 61, Malheur county road crew foreman, at Willow Creek, five miles west of here yesterday. The pier was under construction at the time of its collapse.

G. N. NET INCOME RISES WITH DEFENSE ACTIVITY

St. Paul, May 27.—(P)—Net income of the Great Northern railway after fixed charges, reached \$1,191,095 in April, compared to a deficit of \$122,855 for April 1940. Operating revenue for the month was \$9,211,269, an increase of \$2,660,650 over a year ago.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



MANGROVE TREES BUILT THE FLORIDA KEYS! DETACHED ROOTS DRIFT AWAY TO BECOME LODGED AGAINST SOME OBSTACLE... AS THE TREES DEVELOP, SILT FORMS AN EVER-GROWING ISLAND AROUND THEM!



MULES IN THE EMPIRE GOLD MINE, Grass Valley, Calif., CHEW TOBACCO!

108 LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN IN INDIA!

THE BIBLE THAT HAS BEEN IN THE SAME FAMILY FOR 416 YEARS!

IT ESCAPED CONFISCATION AT VARIOUS TIMES BY BEING BAKED IN A LOAF OF BREAD... WALLED UP IN STONE... AND SUNK IN A WELL!

IT WAS THE ONLY THING SAVED IN SEVERAL DISASTROUS FIRES!

Owned by P. J. Chladek, Lebanon, Ore. ...

BIBLE OF ADVENTURE

In 1525 a Bohemian ancestor of P. J. Chladek saved the life of a priest who was being attacked by a wild boar. In gratitude, the priest gave his rescuer a hand-written Bible. This token has remained in the Chladek family to this day! During the 30 Years War in the 16th century, Barbara Chladek saved it from confiscation by protestant soldiers when she baked it in a loaf of bread. After being saved from destruction at various other times down through the centuries, it was rescued from two Nebraska fires during a ten-year period in the 1880's and 90's!

Tomorrow: Roundabout Airmail!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

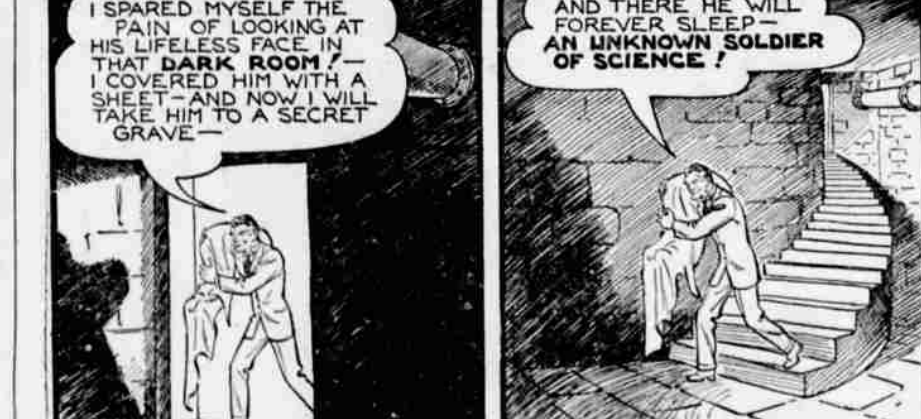
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PASSENGERS ON THE 5:15 WERE ALARMED TO SEE THE CONDUCTOR RUSH THROUGH THE CAR MOANING AND GROANING, UNTIL THEY DISCOVERED HE HAD MERELY BEEN WATCHING THE BRIDGE GAME IN THE SMOKER AND COULDN'T STAND IT WHEN FRED PERLEY WITH A LONG SUIT SET UP IN DUMMY TO ENSURE THE SLAM CONTRACT MANAGED SOMEHOW TO LOCK HIMSELF OUT OF THE HAND

5-27

L'L' ABNER Who Kin It Be?



5-27-41

THERE'S SOMEONE FOLLOWING ME!!



By HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY Manuel Secretly Objects!



5-27-41

AND... AS MANUEL GORGONA STARTS TO ENTER THE PATIO, HE STOPS... IN COLD FURY



By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS Anything Can Happen



5-27

KICKING ME OUT! THEY DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER THEMSELVES... I'LL RESIGN!



By SOL HESS