

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Moher Martin

YESTERDAY: At least Anne is no longer lost in a snarl on the plains of Yangsar. She and the two men who were taking her to her father's desert camp have been rescued, but Blaze Sherwood and Pete Mackey, the men, are being taken as prisoners to the Emir. Anne has been smuggled away, however, to the Princess in the Emir's palace, and the Princess has agreed to smuggle her out again and send her to her friends.

Chapter Nine Harem Life

KHALIMA brought up her traveling case. Servants carried in a large brass bread bin and filled it with warm, rose-scented water. Anne soaped and scoured and cold creamed and finally brushed her teeth with salt and charcoal, before a giggling and delighted audience.

More rugs were placed on the tiled floor, strewn with little tables for dishes and with bolsters on which to recline. Girls brought in the evening meal—saffron soup in which pieces of chicken floated, rice and mutton, thin sheets of bread and rose-lam, sweet cakes and lumps of colored sugar, cheese, pale pink tea, and jugs of sour milk.

Anne lay back on her bolster and discovered the thing seemed stuffed with turpentine instead of feathers. But she was so tired that after the meal she took a nap while the other women smoked their water pipe.

When she woke up at sundown, the small opium pipes with porcelain bowls and a wooden stem were brought in. Girls rolled the sticky pellets above fragments of glowing charcoal and passed them around. Anne shook her head; the nauseating smell was enough for her.

"I have peace and joy without it," she told the Princess. "Will you send me across the border in the morning?"

The Princess nodded. One languid girl was playing a tambourine accompaniment to a strange, high pitched song. Another looked at the pictures in a fashion magazine Anne had found in her suitcase. Two others were bickering. The whole scene reminded her of children, laughing easily, quarreling easily and cuffing the serving women who dared not strike back.

So this dreary world of knowledge, do nothing go nowhere is harem life, thought Anne. She wondered if Sherwood and Mackey were in prison. She told the Princess about them.

"Are you in love with the treasure hunter?" the lady asked.

"Certainly not," said Anne frowning. "I hardly know the man."

"Good. For he will die. My husband wants that treasure. He kills white men who hunt for it."

"He wouldn't dare kill Mr. Sherwood," Anne cried. "The powerful Prince of Shani Lun is his friend."

"The Emir rules. When foreign governments enquire he says I know nothing of such a man. She rose. "But come with me. One thing may happen."

The Shot

THEY ascended a stairway lined with mirrors and crossed a large room strewn and hung with carpets, to a latticed balcony overlooking the Emir's hall of audience.

A crowd of men were assembled. Anne saw the influence of India and Persia and China in the gorgeous colored garments they wore, some dressed in jacks and voluminous trousers, others in embroidered gowns and a few wore jeweled turbans.

A dinner jacket and an aviator's uniform came into her line of vision. Sherwood and Mackey did not look like prisoners to Anne. She recognized the host, a small emaciated man, by the throne-like platform on which he sat. He called Sherwood to him and they seemed to talk politely.

In the meantime the other men were eating or smoking and watching the dancing boys garbed in lacy head-dresses and full silk trousers, and red Turkish slippers.

Suddenly a revolver shot rang out. It looked for a moment as if Sherwood had attacked the Emir and knocked him down. In another part of the room men were struggling and striking at a hidden figure. Then a body dripping from stab wounds was carried out. This man had fired the shot and Sherwood, in pushing the Emir over, had saved his life.

"The Sherwood luck still holds," thought Anne.

The Princess turned away and put a hand to her face, overcome by emotion.

Presently she looked up. "We have failed again," she said. "Now there will be more sorrow and suffering in the land." Anne stared at her with widening eyes. So the Princess had known the shot would be fired? Perhaps harem life isn't such a deathless life after all, she thought.

When they returned to the woman's apartment they found Khalima there, waiting to bid Anne good-bye. She was returning home with a night-traveling caravan that had already passed through the city gates. Anne was tempted to return with her, half sick at the thought of being left in this palace where intrigue and sudden death were mixed with a life so dull and pointless that the opium

pipe was required to make it bearable. But then, she realized, returning to the desert was not escape.

They slept on mattresses on the floor without undressing, wrapping themselves individually like cocoons in gay heliotrope and orange glazes.

At daybreak a servant girl rushed in with news that a guard had been placed round the palace. No one entered or left except under strict watch. There had been street fighting during the night down along the water front.

The Princess rose, brushed at the wrinkles in her garments and went out. Anne put on the riding clothes she had worn under her old woman rag. Somehow, this nearest approach to masculine garb gave her a feeling of courage and security.

The Princess returned and Anne felt troubled. "You cannot leave the palace now, nor are you safe here. It has been discovered the assassin had a sister among the harem servants. She was thrown from the tower an hour ago. The Emir personally will inspect the rest of us."

"What can I do?" cried Anne. "Where can I hide?" The woman was silent for a moment.

"There is no place to hide. Last night my husband's eldest daughter went out to meet a lover. She had been able to return. You might take her place. She has Persian eyes and the Emir is not observant."

"But if he discovered the deception he would kill me."

"Not kill you. Eventually he might sell you. At present he is curious about Western women. Last year he saw a moving picture, the only one that has ever come to our court. The woman looked at Anne with puzzled eyes. "All what strange lives you American girls lead. Dancing in men's arms, kissing with them, kissing them before you're married."

"Let me become an old woman again," Anne begged. "It is the safest disguise."

"My husband is causing the city to be searched for the Tibetan lama and his old mother. He has also heard of the young white woman who disappeared from the village of Yani in the storm. The white men are kept in the palace grounds. I do not know why."

"If only I could talk to them," Anne urged.

The woman considered a moment. "The tall one walks alone in the garden beside the river," she said. "There is a little door through the wall of the kitchen court. But if the Emir's servants should catch you—"

Blaze

"I'll take my chances," said Anne. Seeing her aviation helmet among her possessions she put it on, and followed the Princess to the designated door, stepped through and flattened herself against the wall to take her bearings. Leafy fruit trees hid her from the other part of the palace.

At the foot of a row of peach trees Gregory Sherwood stood looking across the river. She gave a low whistle. He turned, saw her and came up swiftly. She stepped into a summer pavilion heavily laced with grape vines.

"Anne," he whispered, catching her hands in glad surprise. "Because of these clothes you wear, I thought at first you were Mackey, though I left him sound asleep. How long?"

She told him and asked: "What are your prospects?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "The Emir admits that I saved his life and declares that he's exceedingly grateful, but he won't let us leave. Says he must first give me a sufficient reward. The old devil! Instinct led me astray last night. I should never have pushed him out of the path of that bullet."

Tears threatened Anne's eyes. It was so good to hear this dear, delightful banter again. "Will any of us escape alive?"

"We're bound to," he assured her. "You might ask your Princess if there is anything that I can do for her and her son. He's a fugitive right now conspiring against his father. Tell her I apologize for saving the Emir's life last night. And Anne, should an opportunity come for me to help you—"

"You've helped me already," she confessed, "my spirit at least," withdrawing her hands from his clasp, a bit abashed by his steady scrutiny of her face.

He shook his head. "I made a terrible mistake not kissing you that time. Shall I be such a fool again?"

He had her in his arms. After a moment's surrender she broke away sharply, incensed at herself as well as at him.

"We must stop playing like this," she cried. "Why—when it takes us to paradise?" She refused to succumb to his spell again.

Suddenly they heard the patter of bare feet. Anne turned her back and stood there, head down tense as a game bird. Sherwood had stepped to the opening and kept the servant outside the pavilion. They talked; one voice deep, virile, decisive, the words sharply clipped, the other gentle as the chatter of timid morning birds. Anne didn't know if she was seen or not. She barely breathed.

The man left and Sherwood returned. Anne stared at him for a moment, white faced.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the Alai KEX, 1190, Portland; KFL, 610 Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJH, 1000, Seattle; KXN, 1070, Los Angeles; KDA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Buddy Maleville's Orch. KOIN, KSL; Hemphre Bevue, KGO, KEX; Eliot Wright, KGW; Story Finder, KJH; Board of Education, KXN; Playgroup News, KOMO.

6:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Big Town Dramas, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KOW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch. KXN, 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. Meek, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Eichings in Brass, KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX; KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Tony Martin, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KXN, 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, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Chuck Foster's Orch. KGO; Baseball Gams, KEX; Aloha Land, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KJW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Polka, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Eric Madrigners's Orch. KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Baker Theater, KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; Songtimes, KSL; News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Shirley Egan's Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KXN; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; News, KGW, KGO; This Moving World, KEX; Clark Ross and Erwin Yeo, KOIN KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KXN.

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Muslo Hill, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Nation-

al Defense Report, KGO, KEX, KJR; 5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Xavier Cugat's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee Fragn., KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KPO; Ahead of the Headlines, KGO, KJR; Silken Swing, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KOMO, KGW.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Elizabeth Russell, KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Spotlight, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Clark Dennis, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; City Desk, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; Answer Auction, KXN, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX; Fashion Notes, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN; Comedy, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Musical Quiz, KOMO; Symphonie Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Louise Hampton's Orch., KXN; Neil Bondhus's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Shirley Egan's Orch., KGO; News, KJR, KSL; By the Way, KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; America's Town meet-

TIME LOST IN STRIKES

WASHINGTON, May 28.—(P)—

The army estimated today that 2,023,316 man-days of work were lost through strikes in plants handling war department orders from January 1 to shop closing time last night.

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WOULD BUILD 285 TANKS

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have contributed 44,500 Garand semi-automatic rifles or 285 light tanks to the defense effort.

Spokane, May 28.—(P)—Brig. Gen. Carlyle H. Wash, interceptor commander of the second air force, announced this afternoon he had received order transferring the interceptor command headquarters from Fort George Wright to Fort Lawton, Seattle.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



A LETTER

SENT AIRMAIL FROM THE MARIAL, OREGON, POST OFFICE TRAVELS—
 16 MILES BY PACK MULE...
 9 MILES BY AUTO...
 32 MILES BY MOTORBOAT...
 152 MILES BY BUS...
 32 MILES BY RAILROAD...
 BEFORE BEING PUT ABOARD A PLANE!
 (AT MEDFORD, ORE.)

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
 PATENTED HIS FIRST TELEPHONE AS "AN IMPROVEMENT ON TELEGRAPHY!"

CHARLES II OF ENGLAND
 WAS AN AMATEUR JOCKEY, AND ONCE WON A SILVER PLATE RIDING AGAINST NOBLEMEN AND COMMONERS ALIKE!
 1670'S...

BLUNDERBUS
 PISTOL WITH A BAYONET!

TAKEN FROM A CAPTURED CONFEDERATE RAIDER...
 Civil War...

In the late 17th century, the saying, "All men are equal on the turf and under the turf," gives evidence of the democratic feeling in horse racing. After Charles received a silver plate on Newmarket Heath in 1674, a writer of the day commented that the king had won a fair contest by good horsemanship!

In 1876, Alexander Graham Bell called the telephone "an improvement in telegraphy" because "telegraphy" was a synonym for electrical communication!

Tomorrow: Woman Who Knits With Steel

FAMILY CHAUFFEUR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CALLS TO CHILDREN TO HURRY, SO SHE CAN DROP THEM AT SCHOOL WHEN SHE DRIVES DADDY TO THE STATION

TIME GETTING SHORT, DRIVES HUSBAND TO STATION, COMES BACK, PICKS UP CHILDREN AND DRIVES THEM TO SCHOOL

COMES BACK, GETS MARKETING LIST AND DRIVES DOWN TOWN TO DO HER SHOPPING

DRIVES TO BRIDGE LUNCHEON, MAKING A FEW DETOURS TO PICK UP FRIENDS

LEAVES EARLY TO DRIVE CHILDREN HOME FROM SCHOOL AND THEN ON TO DANCING CLASS

STEPS ON IT IN ORDER TO GET TO STATION ON TIME TO MEET HUSBAND

GOES BACK TO DANCING SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN, WAITING HALF AN HOUR, IN CAR ON ACCOUNT OF CLASS BEING KEPT LATE

HUSBAND SUGGESTS GOING FOR A RIDE IN THE EVENING BECAUSE IT WOULD BE HER GOOD TO GET OUT IN THE CAR.

L'L ABNER Nothing to Worry About

GOT A MATCH ON YO' SUH?

W-WHO ARE YOU?—

PANSY YOKUM, NATCHERLY! ME AN' YO' DOTTER WAS WRECKED, A-TRYIN' TO REACH YO' IN TIME 'TSAVE L'L ABNER'S LIFE! NOBODY HURT MUCH 'CEPT FO' BRUISES—BUT AN EX-CAPED FUM TH' DOCTORS AN' HOT-FOOTED IT HYAR!!

AH FOUND L'L ABNER IN BED A-SLEEPIN' SO AN TOOK HIS PLACE AND WAITED FO' YO' DUNNO WHY AH FELL ASLEEP, AH MERELY DRANK SOME O' THET WATER ON TH' BEDSIDE TABLE.

THAT WAS THE SLEEPING POTIOM?— AND BECAUSE THE ROOM WAS DARK, I COULDN'T SEE YOU?— IT WAS FROM YOUR ARM I WITHREW THE TYPE 'X' BUT?— WHERE IS THE BOY?

I DUMPED HIM IN TH' BATH-TUB IN THET L'L ROOM!!

THAT LITTLE ROOM WAS ONE OF MY LABORATORIES AND THAT 'BATH-TUB' WAS FULL OF ACID FOR ONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS?— THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT OF HIM— NOTHING!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY Request Granted

AND SO, SENOR PRESIDENTE, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, HAVING RECEIVED SUCH A DISPARAGING REPORT CONCERNING EL CAPITAN TOMKINS AND LT. MILLIGAN, HAVE DECIDED TO RECALL THEM, UNLESS...

I KNOW OF NO SUCH REPORT, SENOR DON CASMETTO... I SHALL ASCERTAIN...

EXCELLENCY! THE SECRETARY OF WAR REPORTS THAT NO SUCH MESSAGE AS YOU DESCRIBE WAS SENT TO THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT... IT MUST HAVE BEEN FORGED!

HM-M, AND BY SOMEONE CLOSE TO THE WAR DEPT., I SHALL INSIST UPON AN INVESTIGATION!

BUT, MEANWHILE EXCELLENCY?

MEANWHILE, DON CASMETTO, MY GOOD FRIEND, I SHALL GRANT YOUR REQUEST!— THE AMERICAN FLYERS SHALL HAVE AN AEROPLANE!— THE BEST AEROPLANE IN MATIL!

THE NEBBS That's Different

I WAS AT THE BRIDGE GAME TODAY AND I HEARD YOU HAD AN ELEGANT CHANCE TO BE KICKED OUT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!

AND WHAT DID YOU DO—CLAP YOUR HANDS?

NO, I DIDN'T—IT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING TO ME

SOMEBODY SHOULD SAY SOMETHING TO ME ABOUT YOU AND THERE'D BE A BATTLE, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN SOMEBODY KNOCKS ME! YOU'RE A RECEPTIVE AUDIENCE!

SENATE FOR PAYING CCC CRASH DAMAGE

Washington, May 28.—(P)—The senate passed and sent to the house a bill (S851) providing for payment of \$172 to Edson E. Downs of Portland, Ore., for personal injuries and property damage he suffered in a collision between his automobile and a CCC car.

The accident happened in Portland May 16, 1940.

Waialeale mountain in the Hawaiian islands is believed the wettest place in the world, with an average of 460 inches of rain a year.

The Immigration of Jewish settlers in Palestine has reached the rate of 1,000 a month.

JUST ...
 14 Shopping Days until Father's Day

Barker's
 STORE FOR MEN