

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Mather Nanton

YESTERDAY: In theory Anne Willard and her two companions, Blaze Sherwood and Pete Mackey, are escaping from the court of the wicked Emir, Blaze having married Anne in order to accomplish it all. But actually the three of them fear they have been tricked by the Emir, although none is sure. They are galloping over the desert, talking to keep up their courage.

Chapter 12

Trapped?
ANNE put up a hand to stop him. You know all the answers, don't you? Then her tone changed. "We'll soon be parting and I want you to know that I'm grateful to you for rescuing me."

"And I'm grateful to you," he emphasized. "Imagine an archivist seriously married to a harem beauty." They both laughed.

A sharp turn in the road and they came to the end of the canyon and saw before them a great depression stretching wide and barren as far as the eye could see. Under a cliff at the right, beside a spring and a poplar tree in full leaf, was a tent flying the colors of the Emir of Yangsar.

The coachman drove up and stopped.

"Lunch time," said Sherwood, noticing the furnishings of the tent. He looked at the sun. "Early lunch time."

The riders followed immediately. Mackey rolled from his kneeling camel and came strapping to the carriage as Sherwood helped Anne down.

"Sweet serpents," he moaned. "Piloting these ships of the desert is terrible business. I couldn't manage her ailerons or read her instrument board. She wobbled all over the map." He looked at the tent. "Do we dine here?"

I guess you were right, Blaze, when you said that my brains and your luck and Miss Willard's charm would get us out of this."

Anne laughed lightheartedly and led the way into the carpeted tent with its low tables and hard bolsters. The cook and his men served soup made of rice and almonds and camel milk. They served lamb roasted before the open fire and with it sour milk and oatmeal bread. There was tea and sweet cakes and candied ginger.

Anne and Mackey were in particularly high spirits all through the meal—Sherwood laughing with them but not saying much of his own accord. At last Mackey lit his pipe and leaned back on his bolster pointing to the scene in front of the tent.

"Spread out before us is the Bekkan Depression," he began like a professional guide, "it's so wide that we cannot see the mountains on the farther side, so God-for-saken that even wild goats shun it. Salt marshes, quicksands, and miles and miles of yellow-brown clay as barren as the craters of the moon."

"I've seen from the other side," said Sherwood, turning to Anne, "a few miles below the place where your father's camp is established. All that country including the Bekkan Bula mountains, is disputed territory. The Chinese claim it. Shani Lun claims it. Our host, the Emir of Yangsar would like to claim it."

"The Chinese claim must be the best," murmured Anne. "There is a detachment of Chinese troops protecting our dig."

He glanced at her sharply. "Is that true?"

"I thought you knew everything," she smiled.

"Not quite," he grinned. "She wondered if she'd done wrong in making that revelation. 'What are your plans when you reach Chuka?' she asked Mackey. 'Maybe I'll go north and proposition the Chinese Governor for a pilot's job. He hasn't a plane, but he ought to have one.'

"Why don't you try Shani Lun?" asked Sherwood.

Mackey leaned towards him, eyes shining. "You think there's a chance?" he asked.

"Why not? The Prince is a white man. He likes to have fellows like you around. I'll write you a note for him now." He took paper and fountain pen from his pocket.

Suspicion
ANNE sat watching them, feeling a trifle lonely and out of it in the midst of all this planning. Their lives had been revolving around her, and were now moving away.

"What are your plans?" she asked Blaze. He handed Mackey the note and put away his pen.

"I have no plans," he smiled back. "Remember? I live each day as it comes."

Anne and Mackey stared doubtfully at his lean dark face with its look of self-discipline below the teasing grey eyes.

"That," remarked Anne, "sounds like the opposite of knowing what you want in life and going after it or just letting it come."

"From what I have seen most people get in their own way by planning and scheming. I've a hunch that if a man will be faithful to his objective life will work out the plan."

"He may mean it," she thought, a bit stirred as always by the idea.

The men were hitching three gurgling racing camels to the carriage.

"They must intend to travel fast now on," Sherwood remarked. Anne and Mackey fol-

lowed him to the opening of the tent and stood beside him. He told Mackey of his talk with Dodd Mackey, Mackey nodded towards the gash in the plain where the river ran.

"Cheer up. We'll soon be free. That jumble of poles you see farther down is the bridge where you cross into Chinese territory. Once past it we're on our own. I hope the bridge is in repair. They never mend a bridge in this country until it collapses and kills a man or animal."

A postilion mounted the middle camel. The driver climbed to his seat, the footman bowed to his passengers. Anne took her place in the carriage followed by Sherwood and called back to Mackey:

"I suppose they'll test the bridge with us and if we survive you riders may cross."

"They'll probably have you drive the camels over alone," Mackey jested in return. "I've heard of the natives making such use of a woman." He would have mounted and ridden at their side, but the captain of the troop held him back.

"I wonder why?" Anne asked. The tall, angular beasts stretched out with increasing speed, their legs criss-crossing like animated saw-horses. Sometimes they broke into a gallop.

"I presume the men have been ordered to travel in a certain formation," said Sherwood, watching an eagle that circled above them. "Look, he seems almost as big as some of the new midjet airplanes."

Anne followed the bird with her eyes. "Will we ever fly our own machine as an eagle does?"

"I imagine it's all a matter of learning how," he said. "We're slowly acquiring the wisdom of the animals. Perhaps that's one of the reasons why we're here!"

They rode a while in silence. Suddenly they noticed they were being carried on past the bridge they should cross, being taken deeper into Yangsar territory instead of out to freedom.

No Bridge
SHERWOOD sprang forward and caught the driver's shoulder. They spoke sharply to each other, the man whipping up his camels and continuing on his way. Sherwood seized the whip from his hand and ordered him to stop. The other man grabbed at the whip and in the struggle was knocked from his seat to the ground. He fell clear and the driver halted.

Sherwood gave the command to turn back. Instead the fellow jumped from the carriage pulling the white man after him. Anne watched with dismay. The native seemed to be something of a waster and clever enough for a while to give Sherwood no chance to use his fists where they would do any good. The other native limped up and added himself to the pile.

Mackey and the riders who had been some distance behind came on a while to give Sherwood a chance to use his fists where they would do any good. The other native limped up and added himself to the pile.

"Sweet serpents," howled Mackey in delight, "can you be the guy who's surrendered to Deshiny?"

"They're not taking us to Chuka," barked Sherwood.

"High water's wrecked the bridge, they tell me. We've got to go round. The river sinks into the ground some distance ahead."

"I don't," Mackey looked back up the river. "Maybe you're right," he said tersely. The rest of the conversation was continued in Turki with the native men. Presently Mackey and the captain of the soldiers swung back up the road to examine the bridge.

Sherwood revived the fallen footman and gave the driver an American silver dollar to hold on his eye.

"They're right," said Mackey returning. "The end of the bridge is hanging in mid-air."

Sherwood washed his hands from the water skin and took his place beside Anne. "The Captain may have known that the bridge was down but the driver didn't. His orders were to go the way we're going."

"Well, now that you've got me thoroughly worried what are you going to do about it?" inquired Mackey.

"Nothing," answered Sherwood, his head jerked back by the sudden start of their camel. Mackey and the riders dropped behind again.

"You're certainly a whirlwind when you get started," said Anne. "If the other natives had been off their camels—"

"I wish they had been," he retorted resentfully. "I'd like to take command of this expedition myself."

"What's going to happen to us?" she inquired.

He shrugged. "That's on the knees of the gods."

They pushed on steadily, deeper and deeper into the desert all through the long afternoon. A man on a camel had appeared far ahead of them and he kept far ahead but always in sight as if he might be leading the party.

"He doesn't look exactly real," said Anne. "Could he be a mirage—or a phantom?"

"I'll see if he makes any tracks," offered Sherwood springing from the carriage when they came to a slow and treacherous bit of going through a salt marsh so bitter that no need to eat would grow in it.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains
STATIONS:
Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KGIA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJH, 1000, Seattle; KNS, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 590, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Sunday
5:00 p. m.—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Charles Dant's Music, KJR, KEX; Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Music For Everybody, KGO; Melody Time, KEX.
5:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KJR; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Vincent Lopez' Orch., KEX.
6:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It or Leave It, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30 p. m.—Deadline Drama, KGO, KOMO; Helen Hayes Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Comedy, KPO.
7:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN; Arturo Arturo's Orch., KPO, KGW; Inner Sanctum Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL; Radio Parade, KOMO; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

7:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KGO, KEX; Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood Smarty Party, KNX, KOIN; Tropical Moods, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Gus Arnheim's Orch., KNX; Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO, KJR, KEX, KSL; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Vera Vague, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Al Donahue's Orch., KGO, KJR; Don't Be Personal, KNX, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KNX, KOIN; Everybody Sing, KEX; Ogden Tabernacle Choir, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Enric Madriquer's Orch., KGO; Lionel Hampton's Orch., KEX; Eddie LeBaron's Orch., KPO, KGW; Book Chat, KEX; News, KJR; Northwest Round Table, KOIN; Mixem and Matchem, KOMO; Ogden Tabernacle Choir, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KOIN; Temple Square, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KEX; Ken Stevens, KNX, KOIN; Rev. Henry H. Ness, KJR; Sabbath Beveries, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—Skinny Ennis' Orch., KEX; News, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KGW; Dick Aurdant's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Knox Manning, KNX.

Monday
8:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. McClain, KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KEX, KJR; Floyd Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contended Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KJR; Mimmo Bonaldi, KGO; Shall We Waite, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Addy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Voice of Hawaii, KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
10:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Harry James' Orch., KOMO; American Challenge, KPO; Richard Himber's Orch., KGW.
11:00 p. m.—Neil Bondsbu's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Those We Love, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Amat-Ur Hour, KGO; Sports, KEX; Buy Washington, KJR.
11:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; What's On Your Mind, KSL, KNX, KOIN; American Challenge, KEX; Concert Hall, KJR.
12:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Fantasy in Melody, KEX; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO, Memory Book, KGO; Hot Stove

League, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX; News, KJR, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker, KGW, KOMO; Jerry Jones, KSL; National Radio Forum, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGW; Music You Want, KGO; Organ,

JJR, KEX; Billy Marshall, KNX, KSL.
ALASKANS CURE ITCH BY CO-OP HAIRCUTS
Mayo, Y. T., May 31—(AP)—Cooperative endeavor solved a hair-raising crisis in this Yukon territory outpost today.
The crisis arose after the only barber within 35 miles left his scissors to work in the mines. The advent of summerish weather brought not only an itch for a shave and a haircut—but many an itch. The males set to on a trim-for-trim pact. They weren't so near but were comfortable.
The fanlike delta of the Nile extends 150 miles westward from the Suez canal to Alexandria.
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

17,000,000 SHOTS IN 54 YEARS... HAVE BEEN FIRED BY JOHN REIDEL!

HE HAS PERSONALLY TESTED AND APPROVED ENOUGH RIFLES TO EQUIP AN ARMY OF 2,500,000 MEN!
Winchester Arms plant, New Haven, Conn.

THE GREENS FIRST CALLED THE BLACK SEA AXEINOS (HOSTILE TO STRANGERS). AFTER COLONIZING ITS SHORES THEY CHANGED THE NAME TO EUXEINOS (FRIENDLY TO STRANGERS)!

THE "UBANGI" OF FIRE VALLEY... ROCK FORMATION THAT LOOKS LIKE AN AFRICAN NATIVE WITH LIP PLUGS!
Near Las Vegas, Nev.

IN 19TH CENTURY ENGLAND BANK NOTES WERE CUT IN HALF WHEN SENT BY MAIL... EACH HALF IN A DIFFERENT ENVELOPE!

54 YEARS OF SHOOTING
In 1887 John Reidel went to work as a rifle tester and has held the same job ever since. He probably has had more experience in handling guns than any other man in the world!
CUT BANK NOTES
About 80 years ago bank notes came back to the Bank of England in two pieces. It was learned that people often cut them in two and mailed each half in a different envelope, apparently to prevent the money becoming lost in transit!
MONDAY: Chalk Cliffs.

MILK BOTTLES OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STROLLS OUT TO KITCHEN, AS WIFE FINISHES DOING THE DISHES, AND ASKS BRIGHTLY WHAT CAN HE DO TO HELP?

IS TOLD HE CAN PUT THE MILK BOTTLES OUT. TRIES TO PICK THEM ALL UP IN ONE LOAD

MOT WATER, IMMEDIATELY DRAINS OUT OF BOTTLE UNDER HIS ARM AND RUNS OVER SLEEVE

SETS BOTTLES DOWN AND MOPS UP SLEEVE

PICKS BOTTLES UP AGAIN AND TRIES WITH NO SUCCESS TO OPEN BACK DOOR WITH HIS TWO TREE FINGERS

BOTTLE STARTS TO SLIP FROM UNDER ARM, AND HE JUST MANAGES TO SAVE IT

PITS BOTTLES DOWN, OPENS BACK DOOR AND SCREEN DOOR, AND SETS BOTTLES OUT, ONE BY ONE

REALIZES HE NOW CAN'T OPEN SCREEN DOOR TO GO IN, WITHOUT KNOCKING BOTTLES OVER OR MOVING THEM. GETS IN AT LONG LAST, EXHAUSTED

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL' ABNER The Confusin' Moosic Box

THEY WERE MERELY A "GOOBYE" KISS AH WERE GIVIN' TH' PERSOFF'S DOTTER, SHE (GULP!) CLAIMED AH OWED IT THER, ON ACCOLUNT SHE SAVED MAH LIFE?!

FAIR 'NUFF!—AH NOW Y'LL EAT Y' WAY BACK T' HEALTH, SON. HORE SOME MORE SQUIRREL STEW?—

AH HEARS A BELL A-RINGIN'!

THEY BELL IS ALLUS A-RINGIN'—PURTY, HAIN'T IT? IT COMES FLIM TH' MOOSIC-BOX OVER THAR ON TH' WALL!!

THIS HAIN'T NO MOOSIC-BOX, IT'S A TELLY-PHONE!—WHEN IT RINGS, IT WANTS T'SPEAK T' Y'!

ABOUT WHUT?—

ABOUT DIFF'RINT THINGS, MERELY LIFT UP TH' GADGET AN' SAY "HOWDY-DO!" IT'LL SAY HOWDY-DO RIGHT BACK?—AN THEN IT'LL CHAW TH' FAT WIF Y'!

THASS VERY SOCIABLE OF IT!!

HOWDY-DO?— WHUT!!

AND SO BEGINS AN EPISODE WHICH SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG PATCHER.

TAILSPIN TOMMY Something Gone Wrong?

SENOR MILLIGAN!?! B-BUT I THOUGHT Y-YOU WERE TO ACCOMPANY EL CAPITAN TOMKINS?

OH, THIS IS JUST A TEST HOP, SENOR GORGONA... TOMMY INSISTED UPON MAKING IT... ALONE... AS USUAL!

CAPITAN TOMKINS FLIES THAT AEROPLANE... JUST LIKE A... A... BIRD!

UH... DIDJA SAY... (GULP) A BIRD??

TOMMY'S THE MOST WONDERFUL FLYER IN THE WORLD!!

B-BUT... I DO WISH... HE WOULDN'T STUNT... LIKE THAT!

H-HE AIN'T STUNTIN', BETTY LOU... HE'S OUTTA CONTROL! SOMETHIN' WRONG!

THE NEBBS A Big Guy?

IF IT WASN' FOR HIS PAL, OBIE SLIDER, NEBB WOULD HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. HE NOT ONLY STOPPED THEM FROM FIRING HIM BUT SUCCEEDED IN GETTING HIM AN HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP

JUST LOOK AT THAT! AND NEXT TIME YOU GO OUT TO YOUR BRIDGE CLUB SEND OUT A COUPLE OF GOOD BRAGS FOR YOUR HUSBAND

WHAT IS IT?

JUST AN HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. YOU GOT THE INFORMATION THAT I WAS TO BE KICKED OUT

I DONT KNOW WHICH WOULD BE THE BIGGEST COMPLIMENT FROM THAT BUNCH. DONT SHOW THAT AROUND... THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE EASILY PLEASED. ID FRAME THIS AND HANG IT ON THE SOUTH WALL OF YOUR OFFICE FACING SOUTH

By AL CAPP

THASS VERY SOCIABLE OF IT!!

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By HAL FORREST

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Closing time for Too Late to classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Noted Editor Dies.
St. Louis, May 31—(AP)—Casper S. Yost, 76, editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat since 1915, and first president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which he helped organize, died today.

Pioneer Buried
Weston, Ore., May 31—(AP)—Funeral services were held here yesterday for Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, 81, Oregon pioneer who crossed the plains to Oregon in 1863.

JUST... 12 Shopping Days until Father's Day

Barkers STORE FOR MEN