

THE SACRED DAGGER

By RITA MOHR MANTON

YESTERDAY: Anne Willard, Blaze Sherwood and Pete Mackey thought they had escaped the Emir and were on their way to the desert camp of Anne's parents. But now they are not sure what the Emir has tricked them; the only thing they could think of to do in the deserted spot they found themselves in was to take a swim, and they are doing that.

Chapter 14

Stuffed Olives

THE bright, unearthly moonlight did strange things to them, cast eerie shadows about their eyes and the planes of their heads and bodies.

"Just who are we and just where are we?" queried Anne, as she stood wet and shivering before the curtain of the falls.

Mackey gave her one look and turned and trudged off toward the fire that the men had built up extravagantly. Anne watched him, aware she should follow.

"I know where we are," murmured Sherwood, putting an arm around her as he stood at her side. "Can't you guess?"

She looked up at him and shook her head.

"Don't you recognize the place? This is paradise."

"And Daddap wept when he promised you heaven."

"But we have the present." He drew her to him. "Put your arms around my neck."

Her beauty-loving eyes traced the sculptured lines of his head, following the streak of white in his hair.

His mouth came down on hers at first gently as if testing its welcome, then taking bold possession.

When he relaxed his clasp a trifle she pushed away from him aghast. "I must be crazy," she cried. "Never before—"

"Then it's about time," he said, his voice still gruff with emotion, and would have drawn her to him again, but she twisted free and fled to Mackey and the fire.

Mackey brought her coat and as Sherwood joined them remarked quizzically to him: "My brains, her charm and your luck."

"Have brought us to this," added Anne, indicated the landscape about them and the fire before them in which they could see the pieces of their carriage going up in flames. "If we leave here it won't be as we came."

The men avoided her eyes until Sherwood turned, bending over her. "See, a banquet is being set in the tent. Did you bring one gorgeous dress?"

Her eyes began to glow. "A golden chiffon especially packed."

"We'll have a party," offered Mackey as his share of a gallant gesture. "You in chiffon, Blaze in a tux and me with my uniform buttons shined."

She stood at a loss for a moment and then asked Sherwood: "Did you ever do the Apache Dance in school? Could we do this music?"

"We can do anything we have to," he assured her.

She ran into the tent and got a long striped scarf and tied it about his waist. She felt strangely light-hearted as if she had drunk of Omar's "Cup that clears today of past regret and future fears."

"Don't be too rough, remember this dress," she warned him.

He smiled into her eyes. "I'll be gentle," he promised, and she felt that in some obscure way he was teasing her. "We'll try a tango next," he said.

"Ready," shouted Mackey, and started the music with a flourish.

One of the camels began to dance. His master made him kneel, muzzled him and sat down beside him.

Sherwood whispered in Anne's ear as he whirled her. "Wish they'd all dismount."

The music and his assistant were clearing away the table in the tent. Another camel became restless and was brought to his knees.

The audience clapped when she finished. Sherwood said, "You've a very pretty kick."

Mackey truck up an old waltz tune and Sherwood came over and took Anne in his arms and circled the dancing space to the slow sweet music. She felt a tenseness about him as if he were holding himself under iron control.

"Our audience believes that this is our wedding night, Anne," and he kissed her, guiding her into the tent.

Mackey tumbled after them and snatched close the flaps. He was trembling with excitement. Then Anne saw a revolver in Sherwood's hand and remembered his drooping down by one of the soldiers several times.

"Now what?" she demanded.

"Nothing, I'm afraid," he said. "The next move is theirs. We know only that they won't harm you in a way that is called 'murder' in this part of the world."

They heard voices, unexcited, the grumbling of the camels as they rose and the slow shuffle of padded feet.

"We'll probably hear from them as soon as the fellow discovers the loss of his gun," surmised Mackey and put the harmonica to his mouth again.

Anne looked longingly at the pallet in one corner of the tent and then sat down on the rug, drawing her golden, fluffy skirts about her. Presently she rested her head on her knees. She was unbearably drowsy and weak, and when she looked up again with an effort, she saw that Sherwood's head was weaving from side to side. She thought for a moment he must be drunk.

"I've been drugged," he muttered, making an ineffectual effort to rise to his feet.

Anne put a hand to her throat. Now she knew what the matter was.

Mackey stared from one to the other of them in consternation. "Those stuffed olives!" he cried suddenly. "I thought it was funny we'd have anything so foreign to the country as stuffed olives! They banked on every one of us eating them. Well, I didn't. He took the gun from Sherwood's nervous hand and went out."

Anne managed to crawl to the pallet before she lost consciousness.

Deserted

THE sun was shining warm on the tent when she woke up. She rose and stumbled to the tent entrance and looked out.

The floor of the basin lay bare of movement, except for a light breeze rippling the surface of the tiny lake. No man, no camel, not even the signs of their campfire had been left. Her swimming suit and the men's trunks hung on the tent lines where they had been thrown the night before.

Then she saw Sherwood's body lying, face down on the path to the falls.

The next thing she knew, she lay on the pallet again and someone was gently shaking her shoulder, trying to wake her.

She lifted heavy lids and met Sherwood's troubled grey eyes, the hair on top of his head ruffled into unkempt ringlets.

"You're alive and unharmed," she exclaimed with growing wonder and delight.

"So are you," he replied as if the words were needed to give him conviction of the fact. "I found you lying outside and you wouldn't waken so I let you sleep while I explored."

He helped her sit up and they rested a bit, her shoulder against his breast. The tent flaps had been thrown back and they could gaze out on the lonely barren landscape bright with sunlight. Presently she moved away that she might look into his face the more easily. He had shaved, she saw, and changed to whipcords.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFL, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1090, Seattle; KXN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 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; Waltz With Us, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Allen Roth's Orch., KEX; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Invitation to Learning, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KPO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
6:30 p. m.—College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Uncle Jim's Question Bee, KGO, KJR, KEX; Nat'l Conference of Social Work Prgm., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presenta, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Sammy Kaye's Orch., KGW; KOMO; Richard Himber's Orch., KPO.
8:30 p. m.—Musical History Book, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showbase, KEX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX; Richard Himber's Orch., KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; 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; Don Pedro's Orch., KGO, KGW; Musical Potpourri, KPO, News, KJR, KSL; On With the Dance, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bonduch's Orch., KGO, KJR; Hay Noble's Orch., KNX, News, KGW, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KGW, KOMO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldiers of the Air, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldiers of the Air, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KGW; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Kenneth Stevens, KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Wednesday
5:00 p. m.—Buddy Maleville's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNX; Hemisphere Review, KGO, KJR, KEX; Elliot Wright, KGO; Playground News, KOMO.
5:30 p. m.—Concert Favorites, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Big Town, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KGW.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Authors' Playhouse, KGO; Kvar's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Excursions in Science, KEX; Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Doctors at Work, KJR; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Etchings in Brass, KGO; Allen Roth's C. ch., KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX; KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tony Martin, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KJR, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX; KJR; Star Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KOIN, KNX; Music in the Night, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Beethoven Recitals, KJR; Sunnyvale Folks, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Enric Madriquera's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Baker Theater, KOIN.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Bay Scholla's Orch., KSL, KNX; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Jerry Jones Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; News, KGO, KGW.

This Moving World, KEX; Clark Ross, KOIN, KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WILL ELECT TONIGHT

Knights of Columbus will meet tonight in regular session in the parish hall on South Oakdale avenue. Main business of the evening will be election of officers. Grand Knight Ed Tobin, first delegate to the state convention at Hillsboro, and Rudy Singler, second delegate, will present their reports for approval of the council. Refreshments will be served after the business meeting. All members are urged to attend the meeting to assure election of the proper officers for the coming year.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE COMMUTERS WERE PRETTY WELL OUT OF BREATH WHEN THEY GOT TO THE STATION FOR THE 8:18 BECAUSE EVERYONE SEEMING TO BE AHEAD OF HIM BREAK INTO A RUN HAD FOLLOWED SUIT, NOT KNOWING THAT FRED PERLEY WHO LED THE PROCESSION WAS MERELY TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH ERNIE PLUMER TO ARRANGE A GOLF DATE WITH HIM

6-3 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER Pawns of Fate!



TAILSPIN TOMMY Heading For a Crash



THE NEBBS Surprise

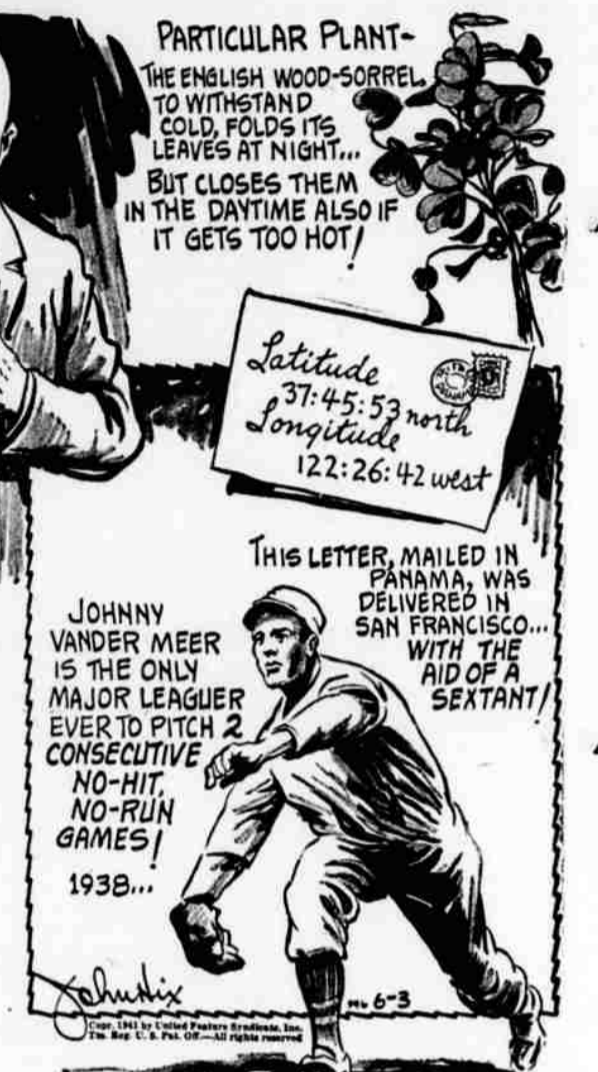


STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THE MAN WHOSE HAIR WAS STEAMED OFF... WORKING IN 180-DEGREE STEAM AS A WASTE CLEANER, S. B. CASTLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOST ALL HAIR—EVEN EYELASHES! IN 25 YEARS IT HAS NEVER GROWN BACK!



PARTICULAR PLANT—THE ENGLISH WOOD-SORREL TO WITHSTAND COLD, FOLDS ITS LEAVES AT NIGHT... BUT CLOSSES THEM IN THE DAYTIME ALSO IF IT GETS TOO HOT!

Latitude 37:45:53 north Longitude 122:26:42 west

THIS LETTER, MAILED IN PANAMA, WAS DELIVERED IN SAN FRANCISCO... WITH THE AID OF A SEXTANT!

JOHNNY VANDER MEER IS THE ONLY MAJOR LEAGUER EVER TO PITCH 2 CONSECUTIVE NO-HIT, NO-RUN GAMES! 1938...

MAIL DELIVERY BY SEXTANT

In January, 1936, a letter arrived at the San Francisco post office addressed simply in latitude and longitude. Postal officials called in Captain T. J. Maher of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, who unlimbered his sextant, took bearings, and announced the position as near the intersection of Frederick and Ashbury streets. Sure enough, it developed that the family so addressed lived only a few doors away! They had given the latitude and longitude of their home to a visiting friend a short time before. Tomorrow: Red Flag Scare!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS

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

JUST... 10 Shopping Days until Father's Day

Barber's STORE FOR MEN

ROUTINE BUSINESS ON CITY COUNCIL SLATE

Only routine business is on the formal calendar to come before the city council at its regular semi-monthly meeting tonight. The session will be convened as usual at 7:30 in council chambers on the top floor of city hall.

Forest Grove Ore, June 3.—(AP)—Pacific University installed Dr. Walter C. Giersbach as the tenth president in its 92-year history yesterday.

6-3 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)