

THE SACRED DAGGER

By Rita Mohler Norton

YESTERDAY: After a good many adventures, some almost incredible even to herself, Anne Willard has arrived at the desert camp of her parents, only to find her parents are prisoners of the Nagara tribe, and that a complicated prophecy concerning herself must be fulfilled before they can be released. And although she ought not to be, since she is working against her parents, Anne is more than a little interested in Blaze Sherwood, who has disappeared.

Chapter 21

Pete Comes Back

"Diana's loves are those she cannot have," said Beth.

"Then why did she marry Dr. Martine?"

"Because she was bluffing. They were engaged. They had a row, she wanted him to give up the field work, take a desk job and go into society. She threatened to marry the doctor, went so far as to let him buy the license. Then she phoned him and told him to let her go. He was on his way to the altar, she promised to be there ahead of them. And then he called her bluff. Instead of breaking it up as she expected he insisted on being best man at the wedding."

"That was rather cruel," said Anne.

"Maybe he thinks love ought to be above competition," said Beth. "The next day he left for the Orient."

"He seems to be strong on the unexpected," murmured Anne. "Last summer she worked her father into asking your father for a place for her husband on this Expedition. She hoped to run across Blaze—and she has."

"Frankly," said Anne, "I like her spunk, though I don't know whether or not the things people break their necks to get are worth the having."

Beth stared at her in horror. "Do you realize," she hissed, "that Diana has her claws in Philip also?"

Anne laughed at the girl's intensity. She felt years older than Beth. "A little clawing would do Philip good."

"Then you're not in love with him?"

"Not," said Anne moodily. "If I know the meaning of the word." Beth stared at her in admiration.

"Well, go to bed now," laughed Anne. Beth stooped and kissed her goodnight.

"You're fun," she said. Anne heard her stumble over Doddap outside the door, asleep and giggling and run on to her tent.

Next morning the guard found the lama locked in the prison hut as if he'd been there all night. Anne took him away from the soldier and led him to the kitchen for some food.

"How did you get in and out of the hut?" she asked.

"He lowered his head bashfully and looked up at her from the corners of his eyes. "My magic," he smiled in return and that was all she could get out of him.

"What do you mean," she asked seriously, "by coming into my tent and hiding the dagger?"

"I did it to protect the white men," he answered readily. "They do not have good sense. They would touch the dagger and die."

She looked at him doubtfully. Doddap didn't seem to find many white people with good sense.

"Why do you bother with us?" she asked.

His eyes kindled. "We wise ones know," he said, "that you come of the ancient race."

"You mean in a former life we lived in Shy-a Nago before the rise of the mountains?"

"You and the master."

"It's a lovely, romantic idea," she admitted, and instructed Huie, the cook, to give the little man some breakfast.

Shipload Of Gold

IN THE afternoon Anne walked across to the dig and back with Philip and followed him into the mess hut afterwards where the Expedition's members dined and worked and played.

It was an attractive, homely room, with its precious glass windows. Anne thought, despite the crude camp furniture. Tables, desks, chairs, cabinets, a rose bush in a pot—that would be her mother's, and a phonograph, a fireplace, and a radio sending her receiving set. The governor had refused to let them set up.

Philip went to his desk to prepare a dispatch he was getting off to Chuksa.

"The Amban is talking of supplying us with an advisory commission," he said. "It'll be an official with his hand out for a share of the treasure if there's any loot. I'm surprised that the Dao Tai didn't think of it first."

"I hope there's no loot," Anne cried. "I hope we find only treasure that scholars value."

"If the legend's true there's a shipload of gold and silver and precious stones. She surprised a look of greed and desire on his face which changed to a flush of pleasure as Diana came into the room and let him draw up a chair for her. "The principal thing," he added, "is to get our hands on them. It's my guess that Mackey, that pilot of yours, stole the dagger and took it to Gregory Sherwood."

Today under 30 days sentence imposed in the Reedsport justice court where he pleaded guilty to drunken driving, and Young was in custody for a like number of days after pleading guilty to unlawful possession of venison.

Search of the cabin of the two men, the sheriff reported, revealed the carcass of a freshly killed deer, and two moonshine stills, one with a set of mash ready for run, and several gallons of moonshine whiskey.

The price of imported oil has increased more than 40 per cent in the United States since start of the war.

Roseburg, Ore., June 11.—(AP)—Arrest of Clayton Chester Harris, 26, and Lewis Melvin Young, 22, residents of Upper Smith river, at Elkton Saturday, has resulted in the uncovering of an operating moonshine still near Guner, Sheriff Cliff Thornton reported today.

Harris was in the county jail

"You're wrong," said Anne shortly. "I offered the dagger to Dr. Sherwood myself. He absolutely refused to touch it."

"That's strange," said Philip after a pause. "I must give Sherwood credit for knowing his business among these natives. What was his reason?"

Dr. Martine, Beth, and Larry had come in and were listening. Anne looked away.

"He said that it belonged to me and my husband alone," Diana's eyes began to sparkle.

"Then he must not consider himself married to you."

"He doesn't."

"I wonder why not?" asked Larry, dropping down on the couch, "if he's as keen as they say he is to get in on this find?"

Anne believed she knew the answer. "I understand that only a man whose horoscope is favorable to mine will be acceptable to the Nagara as my husband. They seem to have more faith in the stars than in a marriage certificate."

Beth laughed. "Gosh, maybe Philip wouldn't be acceptable either."

"We could send to a Chinese astrologer in Chuksa for birth date readings," Philip went on in his fussy way.

"Perhaps we should," she agreed in a troubled voice, "especially if that's more important than a marriage certificate."

Philip brightened. "It might be a way to circumvent Gregory Sherwood if he's up to something. We'll do it." He had her write down her date. "I'm also shipping that watch-dog of yours out on the truck this evening."

Larry turned off the phonograph in time for everyone to hear Anne's protest.

"Oh, no, let Doddap stay. He's harmless. I'm under obligation to him. He helped me on the journey to Arichar." She laughed remembering. "He posed as my son when I was disguised."

"As your son," cried Beth, reaching for another tea cake. "Good gosh, how did you look?"

Anne laughed again. "Kipling said it: 'A rag and a bone and a hank of hair.' Philip, please let Doddap stay here. I'll be responsible for him."

Beth giggled. "Sure, let him stay. The little fellow's come home to mma. And she's got a pet name for him—Doddap." Even the doctor smiled.

Letter From Blaze

PETE arrived the next morning just before breakfast. He came in a cabin plane this time and brought the "dowry," as he called it. Anne was distressed when the others surrounded him at once and began asking about the dagger.

"Why, I thought Miss Anne packed it," he said, looking at her. She stared back helplessly. "Of course," he declared, "if you haven't got the weapon, I must have rolled it up in the rug. They're in one big roll. We'll look through them."

Philip ordered the things carried to the mess hut.

"Send them to my tent instead," said Anne.

"But we can look through them easier," Philip began impatiently.

"I have the dagger," said Anne. "I found it afterwards and hid it. I don't think we should take any chances with it."

The others looked at her oddly as they all walked back to breakfast. Mackey sat down with them.

"I can always eat," he said and glanced at Anne. "How are you getting along?"

"Just fine," she answered brightly, hoping she looked it.

Diana propounded the question they were all dying to ask him. "Have you seen Blaze Sherwood?"

Is he in jail?" Mackey laughed and looked at Anne. "Not Blaze. He may head for prison but he has a way of landing in a palace. Just now he's feasting in the governor's garden and trying to pour as much liquor to the mulberry trees as the Dao Tai empties into his own gullet."

He shook his head. "Diplomacy is some job. Give me sky riding."

"Just what is Sherwood up to?" demanded Philip. Mackey heard the hostility in his voice.

"I couldn't say, sir," he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Anne.

She felt herself reddening as she took the missive and slipped it under her plate.

"Oh, Anne," whispered Beth childishly, "when we're all so anxious to hear what he says." She turned to Mackey in her intense way. "Were you in on that wedding scheme?"

"I was a witness," he admitted. "Were there papers signed? Do you think it is legal?"

"I couldn't say," he answered impassively. "There were papers signed, but I guess it takes more than papers to make a marriage."

"Have you seen Anne's son?" Diana asked with her derisive smile. He stared at her.

"She means Doddap," explained Anne hastily. "He's here."

"Oh, yes," he grinned, and gave Anne a covert look. "So I heard." She wondered what Blaze had said to him, if anything. She found that she could not eat. It was torture to sit here. Suddenly she rose, took her letter, and crossed to the lounge part of the room beside a window.

To be continued

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
830, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle;
KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA
850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland;
KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630,
San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt
Lake.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday.

5:00 p. m.—Beld Tanner's Orch.
KEX, KSL, KNX; Hemisphere Re-
vue, KGO, KJR, KEX; Elliot Wright,
KGW; Playgroup News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Concert Favorites,
KPO, KGW, KOMO; Big Town, KNX,
KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch.,
KNX, KSL, KOIN; Authors' Play-
house, KGO; Kay Kyser's Musical
Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Excursions
in Science, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch.,
KJR; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KOIN,
KSL; Etchings in Brass, KGO; Allen
Roth's Orch., 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,
KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO,
KOT, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX,
KJR; Fred Allen, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney,
KPO, KOMO, KGO; Chuck Foster's
Orch., KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

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

9:30 p. m.—Enrico Madriquer's
Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO,
Baker Theater, KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO,
KGO, KOMO; Ray Noble's Orch.,
KSL, KNX; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX;
News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch.,
KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch.,
KGW, 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, KGO;
This Moving World, KEX; Bob Brad-
ley, KOIN, KSL; Fishing News, KJR;
Knox Manning, KNX.

Thursday.

5:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby, KPO,
KOMO, KGO; Major Bowes' Amateur
Hour, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Caribbean
Melodies, KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the
News, KGO, KJR, KEX.

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

6:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch.,
KPO, Ahead of the Headlines, KGO,
KJR; Somethin' to Think About,
KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KGO,
KOMO.

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

7:30 p. m.—Spotlight, KNX, KSL,
KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJR; Panny
Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Dinner at
Omar's, KGO; Silken Swing, KEX.

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

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

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX,
KOIN; Musical Potpourri, KPO; Jim
Blades' Orch., KGO, KJR; Comedy,
KGW; Musical Quintet, KOMO;
Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Lionel Hampton's
Orch., KNX; Dancing With Clancy,
KGO, News, KJR, KSL; Good Neigh-
bors, KGO; By the Way, KOIN;
Richard Himber's Orch., KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO,
KGW, KOMO; Marine Band, KGO,
KEX, KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KSL;
News, KOIN.

RETREAT FROM THE NURSERY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL ABNER His Master's Voice!



TAILSPIN TOMMY Blasted From the Sky!



THE NEBBS We Wonder



PORTUGAL PROTESTS ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH

Washington, June 11.—(AP)—

The United States gave categorical assurances to Portugal to-day that this country "harbors no aggressive intentions" against

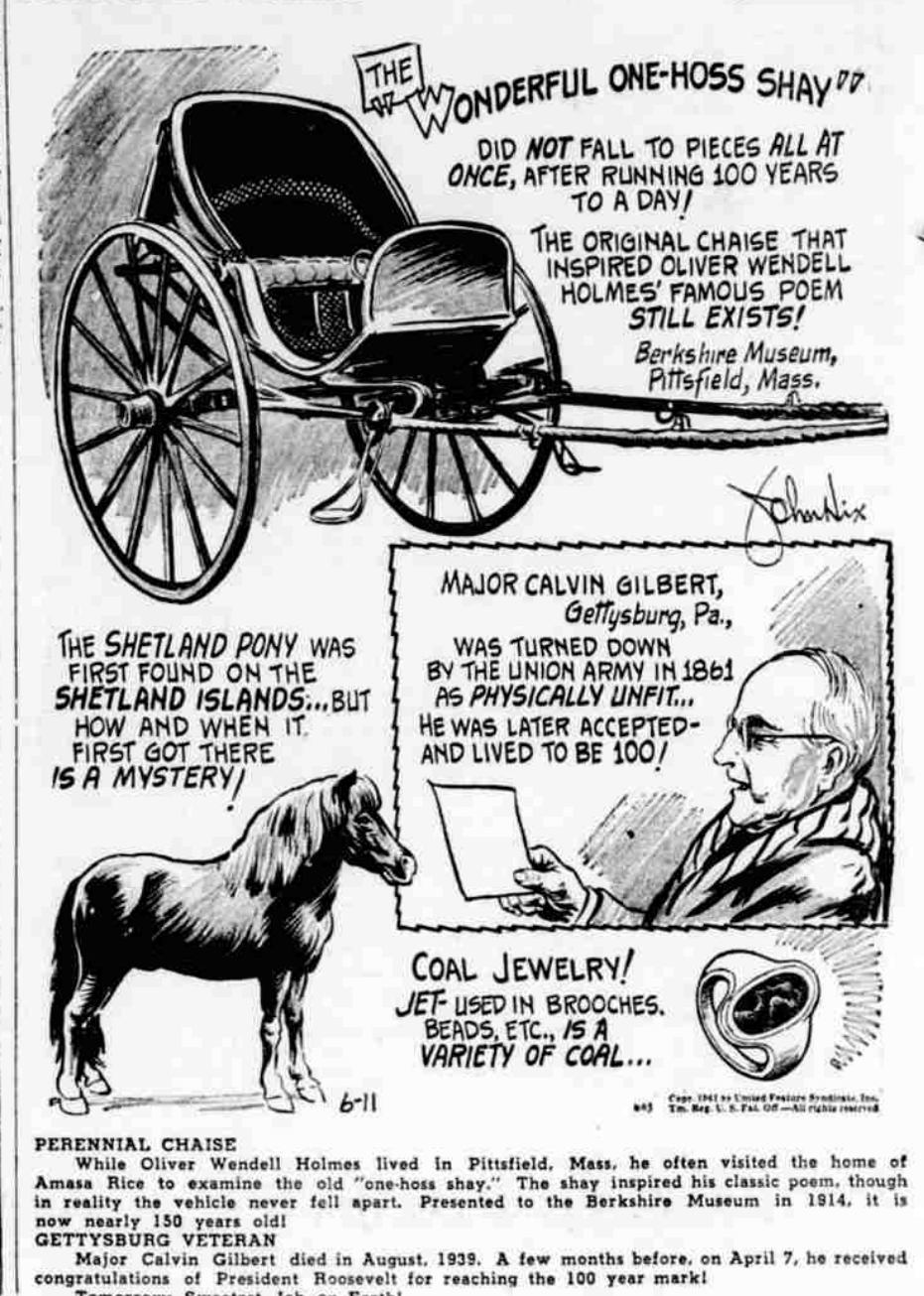
the sovereignty or integrity of any Portuguese islands.

New York, June 11.—(AP)—Trustworthy advices reaching the Associated Press tonight said that Portugal had delivered a formal protest to the United States against President Roosevelt's references to the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands in his broadcast speech of May 27.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



By AL CAPP

DISCOVER STILL ON SMITH RIVER

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