

King's Mate

By Rosita Forbes

STORY FROM THE START

Rosemary Crofton is visiting the governor's palace in Fez, Morocco, with her aunt, Lady Gregeton, a Frenchman, De Vries, makes love to her. He tells her of the Kaid, a mysterious person in the service of the sultan. Rosemary repulses De Vries' love. Next morning, while riding, she is thrown from her horse and rendered unconscious. She is rescued by Riff tribesmen and meets the Kaid, who turns out to be an Englishman. The Kaid says it would jeopardize his cause to return her to Fez. He says he will take her to a safe place. She learns the Kaid's name is Westwyn Martengo, a Spaniard, is attracted by her beauty. He subtly sets about gaining her favor by pretending to help her to escape.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"But no one to help me to take them," ventured the girl. Her heart thumped in her throat. She had not meant to reveal her purpose so brusquely. Her hands clenched at her sides. She held herself immobile, and felt the blood rising to her throat, to her forehead. Well, it was done now! How would he take it?

The silence was prolonged. Martengo, who saw his way clear in a second, wished her to think he was reflecting. "I will help you," he said at last in a grave, restrained voice.

A sigh escaped from Rosemary as her tension relaxed. "Will you, really? Are you serious?"

"I mean it," returned Martengo. "I've been considering it ever since you told me your story. You shall get away just as soon as I can manage it."

"How?" demanded Rosemary. "How?" Her breath came unevenly between parted, expectant lips.

Martengo lowered his eyes. He was not quite so sure of himself as usual. "That'll have to be planned. Can you get hold of a native dress?"

"Oh, yes, easily. I'm busy now making a barracan into a skirt. I didn't propose to spend the rest of my life in these. She flicked her worn riding breeches expressively. The sun was sinking behind the hills. Rosemary pointed to the rim of light which barred the west. "Every night when that disappears, I feel it's a door shut on my prison," she exclaimed and, for a moment, her face was haggard.

"Well open the door," returned the Spaniard. "I must think it out. Come, let's go back."

The girl sprang to her feet, whirled to face the sunset, flung out her arms impulsively. "Thank God!" she cried, "Thank God!" The light was reflected on her as she turned, flushed and half ashamed, but still throbbing with elation. "You can't think what it means to me."

Martengo met her gladness, realized her young unawareness. For a minute he was on the heights. He saw the possibility of a great gesture of returning the girl to Fez amidst a gamut of gratitude and appreciation, saw himself heretic—and, in the same second, thought of a reward. They went down the hill in silence, each absorbed in their own plans.

"When can you arrange it?" urged Rosemary. They were passing the man's house, a mud structure wedged against the cliff.

"Come in for a moment," suggested Martengo, "and I'll show you a map. I'll have to take you a long way round." There were several posts on the route you came."

He opened his door, but the girl hesitated.

"I'll be suspicious," she said. "He's sure to hear. Bring the map to the guest house in a box."

Jan accepted her subterfuge, but the impulse that had flamed in him on the cliff was burned in that moment. "Right," he said, cynicism, in his eyes, velvet in his voice. "We will start plotting tomorrow."

With reiterated thanks, Rosemary went down the path. Martengo stood in the doorway, looking after her and his eyes, wide open now, were as brutal as the gesture with which he crushed the thing he imagined in his hold.

Next morning brought Westwyn to Teleh. Hiding into the village alone, he dismounted at the headman's door, tumbled his horse, and interrupted Menebbe's meditations.

"By Allah, you are welcome!" cried the old warrior, offering a share of his mat. "What news from the south?"

"Things are going fairly well on that front. The Uerga tribes are loyal and the Ahmas (referring to the western limit of the war zone) is too hard a nut for France to crack."

They discussed the situation on the Spanish front.

"The general is overbold," said the headman, drawing a map in the sand. "If he pushes his outposts across that river, we can cut them off."

Westwyn leaned forward to look at the tracing. "The dam is in the hills," explained the Riff. The two men's eyes met.

"By gum! A charge of powder would breach it," muttered the Englishman. "And the Spaniards would never return."

A servant came out of the house with coffee. The headman drew his brown burnous around him. "It is to be considered," he said. "When do you go to the sultan?" He referred to Abd-el Krim.

"Tomorrow. I have some work to do here first."

"You have one thing to do," insisted the headman, replacing his cup on the tray and waving away the servant. "The woman you sent is well, but she is overmuch with the Spaniards."

"The Englishman was unmoved by his host's significance. "Martengo's a bit of a cur," he said, "but he'll never take on Pete."

The Riff looked at him as Abraham might have looked at a foolish but engaging child. "If you have any interest in the woman, marry her," he said. "While she is no one's property she is not safe from these dogs of unbelievers."

Westwyn threw back his head and laughed. "Good Lord," he said, "she's nothing to do with me."

"She is a good race," returned the Moorish man with gravity, "and a man is responsible for his countrywomen."

Westwyn chewed the end of his extinguished pipe. "I'll see that nothing happens to her," he assured the headman.

"From my people she is safe," returned the old Riff, "but yours waste much time on women." He escorted his guest to the door with the courtesy he would have paid to a man of great age and rank.

CHAPTER IV

It was afternoon when Westwyn marched into the guest house. Rosemary was sitting on the flat roof under a shelter rigged up by Pete. She was kneeling striped-turban and blue linen, and she dropped it in a heap when she saw her visitor.

"I couldn't raise anyone to send you warning," apologized the Kaid. "The whole place is asleep. I saw a Zarfia in a corner, which I suppose is Zarfia. Does she look after you well?"

"Admirably," replied Rosemary. "And she has a passion for you. Did you know it?" They sat on a wall, and the girl picked up her sewing for her mid was set on escape. She was frightened lest this man, who was her jailer, should read her thoughts. In Zarfia's imagines she has reason to be grateful," said Westwyn. "She is a widow and, therefore, doomed to a poor sort of life, as servant to her in-laws. I induced the headman here to take her in—he's a kindly soul—instead of her having to work in the fields. I believe she'd do anything for me now. The Riffs are wonderful people when you get to know 'em." He talked of the Riffs and their hard, uncompromising life, of their faith, and their grim determination to die unconquered.

Rosemary's hands lay still in her lap. She was seeing the struggle of a primitive people, desperate and uncompromising, against the Moloch known as civilization.

"Neither of us, English, could let them down," said Westwyn, taking her agreement for granted. He looked at her with kind, grave eyes, and the girl felt like Judas.

Westwyn came again next morning, though he knew he ought to have been away with the dawn. He had spent a comparatively sleepless night, wondering what he could do for his unwilling guest. Rosemary had at last forced herself on his consciousness. He was sorry for her, but he never doubted that her detention was inevitable. "What are you making?" he asked, his eyes not on the piled blue linen but on the fair, glinting hair above it.

"A skirt and a jumper," said the girl with an expression of distaste. "You have said nothing about my going." She could not keep the bitterness out of her voice.

"I'd give a lot to get you out of this. You must be hating me pretty thoroughly. I suppose I didn't realize what it meant to you. We're not used to women hitting in." He hesitated. "I wish you'd let me know if there's anything I can do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marmalade Makes Big Demand for Oranges

Not only does John Bull consume enormous quantities of marmalade and jam at home, but he sends a lot of it abroad.

The marmalade of Britain is produced from sour oranges and sugar. The best known firms use almost exclusively the Seville bitter orange, which has comparatively little pulp and consists for the most part of rind, the substance most desirable for the manufacture of good marmalade.

Inasmuch as oranges are perishable, the brokers accept the highest bids made on the day of sale and never reserve the fruit for future offerings. These sales are held regularly on what are known as "market days." The character, quantities, qualities and nativity of the fruit are catalogued several days in advance, so the auctions are always well attended and the bidding is lively.

The London Fruit exchange, where these auctions are held, stands in the heart of the city in a large structure known as the Monument building. It is said that a sum in excess of \$20,000,000 is annually required to pay for the oranges sold in this exchange, the great bulk of the sale being at public auction.

Charity Needed

Every little while I discover some new terrible thing the men do to the women. The other day I heard a woman telling of the suffering wives endured from being compelled to listen to their husband's old jokes; it is one of the real burdens of women. I made no reply, but in looking for excuses all I could think of was this: Does it ever occur to women that they are as treasure to men as men are to women? My general conclusion is we should be more charitable with each other, and talk less.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Peril From Insects

Insects regarded as harmless to plant life may develop a ravenous appetite for some new crop introduced into their surroundings.

Room Enough

Jud Tunkins says no flat is so small that it doesn't provide room for an argument.—Washington Star.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 27

1—What is the appellation of the four largest islands of the West Indies?

2—What is the record for length of time under water?

3—How many spithal pitchers are there in the big leagues?

4—What famous cavalry leader was killed by the Sioux Indians in 1876?

5—What American comedian of the latter half of the Nineteenth century is remembered affectionately for the humor and delicacy of his portrayals of homely characters in plays of heart interest?

6—Which is the loftiest peak of the Andes?

7—Who originated the editorial paragraph in newspapers?

8—How many amendments have there been to the Constitution of the United States?

9—How does Mars rank with the sun and earth?

10—Who founded the Kansas City Star?

11—How many eclipses in 1927?

12—What is the meaning of the word "creed"?

13—What is a morning star?

14—What famous poet was once an editor of the New York Evening Post?

15—What newspaper first published Washington's farewell address?

16—How far do the Andes mountains extend?

17—Which is the largest city in South America?

18—How old is the American Association Baseball league?

19—When and by whom was hockey introduced in the United States?

20—What distinguished Confederate cavalry leader held the rank of general in the Spanish-American war?

Answers No. 26

1—Mount McKinley, in Alaska.

2—Olympics.

3—Hippocrates.

4—\$500.

5—Seventy years.

6—Leoncavallo; his opera, "I Pagliacci."

7—Luzon and Mindanao.

8—James Gordon Bennett.

9—Ninety-six.

10—890,400 miles.

11—Vera Cruz.

12—Richard Mansfield.

13—Johnny Hayes won it last in 1908.

14—There are 1,750 clubs and 175,000 members.

15—Abraham Lincoln.

16—A Flemish scientist of the Sixteenth century, famed for his projection on which all marine charts are drawn.

17—Hamburg.

18—John Peter Zenger.

19—One member to each 211,577 population.

20—One of the planets of the solar system, conspicuous for its redness of light.

Time's Passage Not Reckoned in Hours

An English astronomer has advanced the thought that "time does not, in fact, exist." It is rather difficult for the human mind to comprehend such a theory, says Thrift Magazine.

Longfellow, in "The Hyperion," asked the question: "What is time?" and answered it in this manner: "The shadow on the dial, the running of the sand—day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries; these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul."

The theory that time "does not pass," or, as men say, "fly," is not a new one. There is an ancient graveyard in New York a tombstone containing these lines:

Time flies, 'tis said,
Nay, gossip, say not soe,
Time stays, 'tis soe.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the "Marble Faun," wrote: "Time flies over us but leaves its shadow behind."

Fashion and Good Breeding

A circle of men perfectly well bred would be a company of sensible persons in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist have not this quality he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance that we excuse in a man many sins if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be of mine or any man's good opinion.—Emerson.

Revised Version

The seven ages of man have been well tabulated by somebody or other on an acquisitive basis, thus:

First age—Sees the earth.

Second age—Wants it.

Third age—Hustles to get it.

Fourth age—Decides to be satisfied with only about half of it.

Fifth age—Becomes still more moderate.

Sixth age—Now content to possess a six by two strip of it.

Seventh age—Gets this strip.

Airdrome Must Be Square

An airdrome must be square in shape, points out Capt. Elliott White Springs, aviator, in Liberty, because a plane in taking off from the ground must be faced into the wind, to prevent side pressure turning it over.

Chinese "Venice"

Soochow, one of the oldest and most famous cities in China, is known as the "Venice of the Far East," because of the large number of canals with which it is intersected.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Dear my friend, get from my foe as from my friend comes good; My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.—Schiller.

TEA TIME

This is the season of the year when a cup of tea is enjoyed with one's friends with a bit of sandwich or a bit of cake.

Filled Cookies.—Take two cups of sugar, one and one-eighth cup of shortening, one quart of flour,

one cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs well beaten. Mix well and roll out; place the following filling on and cover with another. Bake in a quick oven:

Filling.—Take one-half cupful each of minced raisins and dates and one glass of currant jelly. Mix and cook until well blended. Cool before using.

Sunshine Cookies.—Take one cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, mixed with three cupfuls of flour. Add one beaten egg and the flour with one-half cupful of milk alternately to the sugar and butter mixture. Add salt if hard is used for shortening. Roll out and use the following for the filling:

Filling.—Take one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of hot water, one tablespoonful flour and the juice and rind of half a lemon. Cook until smooth, adding a tablespoonful of butter just as it is taken off. Cool before using.

Hickory Nut Cakes.—To one beaten egg add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sweet or sour—two cupfuls of shortening, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. If the cream is used, one-half teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of baking powder if you did one cupful of broken hickory nut meats and bake in gem pans.

Jumbles.—Mix and beat well one cupful of molasses and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Add one cupful each of brown sugar and shortening well mixed, one teaspoonful of salt, three beaten eggs, one-half tablespoonful of ginger, one-half tablespoonful of cinnamon and four scant cupfuls of flour. Drop on a buttered baking sheet and bake in moderate oven.

Oatmeal Wafers.—Take two cupfuls of rolled oats which have been ground through the meat grinder and lightly browned in the oven; add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of lard or butter, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water. Mix and roll very thin. Brown in a hot oven.

The Nutritious Cheese

As cheese is one of our most concentrated foods, rich in food value and with no waste, it should be more commonly used as a food rather than a relish. There are those who call it indigestible, which it may be, under certain conditions. Cheese eaten after a hearty meal and flippantly masticated is indigestible and has, because of that, been called guilty.

Cheese Balls.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, a dash of salt and cayenne. Add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Shape into small balls and roll in crumbs, fry in deep fat, draining on paper to remove excess of fat. Serve with endive salad.

Cheese Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cupful of flour gradually, stir until creamy, then add two thirds of a cupful of milk, two egg yolks and beat well. Add one-half cupful of grated Gruyere cheese and beat until melted. Season with salt, cayenne and a cupful of dried American cheese. Spread on a shallow platter to cool. Cut into any desired shape, dip into fine bread crumbs, then into egg and again into crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper.

Cheese Fritters.—Slice thin half a dozen sour apples. The apples should be mellow and easily cooked. Have ready half as many thin slices of rich cheese. Beat two eggs and season to taste with salt and pepper with a little mustard. Soak the cheese slices in the egg mixture and put each slice between two slices of apple. Dip into beaten egg and saute in hot butter. Serve with a green salad.

Mince Sandwiches.—Cut fine a cupful of chicken, turkey or veal, one cupful of chopped nuts, one box of sardines and four cucumber pickles finely chopped. Mix with salad dressing. Butter slices of bread, lay on a lettuce leaf and spread with the mixture.

Nut and Fig Sandwiches.—Wash and chop fine one-half pound of figs, cook in just enough water to moisten, cool and spread a buttered slice with the fig mixture and the other buttered slice with chopped nuts. Put together and cut into any desired shape.

Patterns in old cloth and lineoleum make fine models for patchwork for those who enjoy that kind of work.

Nellie Maxwell

Uncle Eben

English Sparrows Edible

"We used to hear 'bout 'love, honor and obey,'" said Uncle Eben. "A bridegroom now is liable to be satisfied if he de lay will guarantee not to get mad an' shoot 'im."—Washington Star.

The flesh of English sparrows is palatable, and although their bodies are small, their numbers make up for their size. In the Old world they have been served for centuries.

Howe About—

By ED HOWE

Men have long contended that they are groping in the dark; this is one of their most common mumbblings. The light of thousands of years really illuminates their way.

The great truth is that men are not well behaved, and that those who behave best get along with most comfort and ease.

In every phase of life, from feeding to learning, from manners to money, here is the sermon preached by deity, bishop and layman; it is a fact so universally known that before engaging in stealing, a thief preaches honesty.

To prosper as well as we may, to complete our lives as comfortably and easily as possible, it is only necessary for man to accept his own preaching.

A book recently sent me contains a picture of a grinning skull, and under it the words: "What's the use?" A foolish picture and question. If a bear takes after you, why run? If you break a leg, why have it set? The "What's the Use" philosophy is only dismal and foolish. We are here, and should take as good care of ourselves as is possible as long as it is possible.

Years ago there was general indignation because a certain Doctor Oster said all human beings were old at forty, and should be chloroformed to get them out of the way of those still able to carry on. A very ridiculous statement, of course; many are useful at forty and far beyond. But it would have been sensible had Doctor Oster suggested that certain worthless people be selected, and chloroformed at any age. The shiftless and idle, the criminal, the hopelessly foolish who do nothing but make trouble for those more worthy.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a health rule that has been quoted so often I may be condemned for printing it again. It is to get an incurable disease, take care of yourself, and live forever. It was his way of emphasizing the important fact and wonders may be accomplished, easily and pleasantly, by "taking care of yourself."

I never pay much attention to what a poet says. I do not know what he is talking about; and I have heard of pretty much everything of real importance in the world.

Many a woman who needs only a short fast, and more suitable food thereafter, is easily persuaded that a surgical operation will cure her. Most of the poor men I know complain of debts they owe doctors for operations.

One often hears of the great fight being made by Capital, and the inference is usually given that Capital is fighting for robbery, spoils.

The truth is, the great fight of Capital is for the sacredness of obligation, for industry. Capital is a thing that cannot prosper in a country where there is only rioting and idleness.

Capital is not heard of among savages; it is an instrument of civilized and progressive peoples.

A surgeon lately told me a woman called on him and wanted her gall bladder removed. He asked her where she got the notion. She replied that a neighbor woman told her that she had heard of a woman who did not feel well, had her gall bladder removed, and thereafter enjoyed health. "No one appreciates," said the surgeon, "how many operations we refuse to perform."

There are so many indiscreet memoirs in print of late that many are inquiring: "Shall they be suppressed?" And just as you are thinking of writing yours!

Men and women do not get along well. The quarrel is mainly about money. A woman never seems to care much because her husband isn't as much of a lover as when they were first engaged. She doesn't expect it; and realizes she has cooled off, too. We have learned that these things are natural, but men are still shocked at the extravagance of women, and women are still shocked at the stinginess of men. Is there any way of coming to a better understanding on this subject of money?

I like five-thousand-a-year men. Nearly all of them are in line for promotion to ten-thousand-a-year jobs. And when they reach that goal they may reasonably hope for twenty thousand, fifty thousand a year. Nearly every five-thousand-dollar-a-year man is a comer, and has ability and character. Among the thousand-dollar-a-year men, one finds many who are not worth the pay they are getting, but the five-thousand-dollar men are worth more, and will get it. A twenty-dollar-a-week man finds it difficult to get a job, but there is clamor among employers for the five-thousand-dollar man.

There is only one reason men like women, although the women believe there are several hundred.

You can't reform the world; it is too big. But you can always reform yourself and get along better. There will never come a time in history when a well behaved and industrious man cannot get along. There will always be trouble for adventurers, liars and fools, but well behaved and industrious men will always receive appreciation and find abundant opportunity.

All jazz is making fun of music, revolt of the roughnecks against culture.

Children of Lepers Saved From Disease

In 1925 a plan for saving the unprotected children of the Cullion leper colony in the Philippines was instituted by the office of the public welfare commissioner at Manila. In order to prevent these children contracting leprosy from their parents they are removed from the colony and placed in institutions or private homes. By January, 1929, 255 children under fifteen years of age had been removed.

The youngest children are cared for in a public nursery near Cullion, and if it is not possible to place the older ones with relatives or friends they are placed in institutions where their care can be supervised by the office of the commissioner. Periodical health examinations are given to detect any early signs of leprosy which may appear. School training is provided, and as far as possible the children are being prepared for happy, useful lives. They are encouraged to correspond with their parents, who are advised by monthly reports from the institutions of their children's progress.

The discovery of a cure for leprosy makes possible the hope that the children may eventually be restored to their parents.

Old Colonial Houses Built for Permanence

Back in the early days of America, when the family's interests of necessity were almost entirely centered about the home, the permanence of the materials in its construction was the paramount consideration, and out of this honest use of good materials came the early Colonial architectural designs which are today the subject of deep study by architects because of their fidelity to classic grace, combined with a certain freedom of interpretation.

One splendid example of this dignified spirit of home building is that of Upsala house, Germantown, Pa. The home, erected in 1798, has been in the continuous possession of the family since its building and stands today in as sound condition as when it was first constructed.

The builders of Upsala house spared no pains to make it of permanent construction. Its stone walls are protected by copper gutters and rain-pipes.

Weaving Pioneer Honored

In honor of Alexander Morton, first to recognize that hand-loom weaving must give way to the power loom, and inventor of chenille fabric and the madras material, a memorial is being erected on the Kilmarnock main road between Deavel and Newhall, Scotland. Morton died in 1923, and in the valley near the memorial are 20 factories, most of which are supervised by men who were once his foremen.

The memorial contains a bronze