

# King's Mate

By Rosita Forbes  
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WNU Service

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Had to see the padre off! The poor fellow was worried blue as to what might have happened in his absence. Awfully plucky to run that show alone, eh?" but Rosemary ignored his effort to make conversation.

A drum began beating in the village, and Westwyn turned to look down the path. "A messenger from Abd-el Krim," he said. "That'll mean work."

The girl was glad to escape from a mood of foreboding. "Why is Abd-el Krim coming here?" "There's been several attempts to assassinate him lately, and Abd-el Krim, which has been his headquarters since he organized his first government, is a bit too near Ajdir and the Spaniards. Alphas bomb it about once a week, and there are several thousand Spanish prisoners there. This is a small place in touch with both fronts—a good center for guerrilla operations, and it's easier to isolate. Spies would have no chance here, I don't blame the sultan for getting sick of Abd-el Krim."

"Is he coming alone?" "Lord, no, his old mother—she's about seventy and she used to ride through the country unaided—is inseparable from him! I believe she's his best counselor. Then there's his brother, Mohammed, who is the real commander in chief, and half a dozen wazirs—ministers, you know. They'll all have to pack into Menebbhe's house and they'll want this one for the servants."

"What?" exclaimed Rosemary. "Am I going to be turned out?"

"Well, they naturally expect you to join me down there." He nodded to a mud building which straggled across the hillside on two levels.

"You didn't tell me that."

"I didn't think it was of any importance. It's a good large place. You and Zarifa can have what used to be the harem and barricade yourself into complete solitude." He smiled at her, with a return to his normal carelessness. "There are several rooms looking onto a court. You'll even have a separate front door."

The girl found no words to voice her objections. Discouragement was replacing the wild excitement of the morning. She felt inert and incapable of argument.

"You'd better come down some time this afternoon. I'm afraid you haven't many belongings to move, have you?"

"I must give you back one of yours," said Rosemary, holding out the ring. "What a gorgeous motto. I wish it were mine."

The man stifled a smile. "Let's consider it yours for the moment. You'd better keep this sign of our bargain until the Rifles have got used to it. I suppose it's much too big." He took her hand and moved the signet up and down the third finger. "What lovely hands she had. They reminded him of a picture he'd seen somewhere, a woman offering a cup to some Italian fellow, and the wine was poisoned, would it matter very much from such a hand? Westwyn grinned at the reflection. Marriage put odd ideas into a fellow's head, but he pulled himself together—it wasn't a real marriage. He was still twisting the ring when Rosemary spoke.

"It won't fall off," she said. "I'll wear it for a few days and then give it back to you."

"Keep it while you're in Telehdi," replied Westwyn and, without any conscious intention, he bent and kissed the slender, sun-burned fingers which tried to withdraw themselves from his clasp. "You can count on me, you know," he said, a little awkwardly, and strode away before the girl could reply.

## CHAPTER VII

Abd-el Krim rode into Telehdi amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.

Menebbhe and his son traveled to the edge of their district to meet the great man and escorted him back to the village, riding one at each stirrup.

Westwyn met the sultan where the path widened above a hamlet. The riflemen padding ahead opened out to let the Englishman pass. The sultan, a small, sturdy Riff, dark skinned, with a slight mustache and an edging of wiry hairs on his chin, bent down, smiling.

"With pleasure—with blessing," he said. "Insha-Allah, you are in good health?" Their hands met and Westwyn touched his with his lips in Arab fashion. The sultan made a gesture of so doing. He signaled to a servant to bring the Englishman's horse and, after further greetings from Mohammed, a more muscular edition of his brother, the cavalcade continued its climb.

When they reached Menebbhe's house Westwyn took his leave, for few people and no foreigners see Abd-el Krim about. Lame from a wound occurred in escaping eight years ago from a Spanish prison in Melilla, and sensitive of the disfigurement, he receives his counselors seated and his warriors in the saddle.

When Westwyn returned for a formal audience he found the sultan established on a mattress covered with carpets, a rifle and cartridge pouch hanging on the wall above him, a black servant behind him. After the usual greetings and inquiries, as formal as if the two had not met for months.

the Riffian leader signaled his guest to a chair, the only one in the room, but the Englishman seated himself cross-legged on the floor. A map was spread between them and Abd-el Krim, ignoring his attendant, drew his finger along the French front.

"I have news that an offensive is pending." Though he spoke Spanish fluently, the sultan generally insisted on using the Shilluh dialect, which had to be interpreted to strangers, but with this one friend who, alone among Europeans, he trusted, he spoke Arabic. "There is to be a simultaneous attack right along the line."

"A feint," said Westwyn. "They won't push it home."

"How can we tell?" asked the sultan, his eyes narrowed and anxious. Here was no legendary hero, no reckless preacher of Jihad, but a shrewd man, cunning and deliberate, unwilling to take great risks if lesser ones would serve.

"We can't," retorted Westwyn. "We've got to chance it." He tapped the northern edge of a map where the red dots marked the Spanish outposts.

"I want to wipe these out and, to do so, I must have every available man. Leave a few snipers on the south. They can harass the French and put up a good enough show to give Petain an excuse for delay. Meanwhile we'll smash these fellows once for all."

"What is your plan?" asked the Riff, and there was sudden keenness in his eyes. The outlines of his face seemed less heavy. The biting, concentrated intelligence of the man gleamed through the unwieldy flesh.

"The Spaniards have crossed the river. It's taken a fortnight of every inducement we could offer. Rain has been heavy in the hills and the dam is already swollen. In a few weeks, when the wet season sets in, we shall have a new ally! The wall can be



"What Is Your Plan?" Asked the Riff, and There Was Sudden Keenness in His Eyes.

blown up below the dam. It must be done at night and in an hour the Spanish force will be cut in half. Then we must attack—no half-measures, mind you! We've got to smash them."

"It means leaving the north defenseless."

"String the Arab tribes along there and back your luck, Sid!" Westwyn smiled. "We must make a bid for peace while there is still food in the Riff. Next year famine will be a worse enemy than France or Spain." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Stained Glass Makes Appeal to Converts

In the center of a Christian settlement in the jungle at Medak, Hyderabad, India, stands a Christian church of the proportions of a cathedral. This is the central place of worship for the great community of Indian Christians, numbering over 50,000, who have gathered around Rev. C. W. Pennington, a Wesleyan missionary, as a result of his 30 years' work in this native state. The church was opened a year ago, but there seemed something lacking in its beautiful interior, despite the marbles and many tinted tiles. There was no stained glass in the windows. Six thousand Indian Christians have given the money for a window, designed by Frank O. Salisbury, a well-known British artist. The subject is the Ascension, and Mr. Salisbury says of the window: "The desire of the donors was that their church should be as beautiful as any Mohammedan mosque or Hindu temple, and I trust that my work will help them to realize their ideal of beauty as an aid to worship."

### Emphatic Negatives

The redundant negative of which Sir Walter Raleigh made a spirited defense in his essays "On Writing and Writers," never is so daringly used in literature as in real life. A laborer, relates the Manchester Guardian, being given credit for groceries with a caution not to talk about it, replied: "If no one didn't tell no more about it nor what I do, they'll know no more nor what they do." The result is cumbersome but intelligible. So also was the inquiry of a sailor seeking a job.

### Largest Lump of Silver

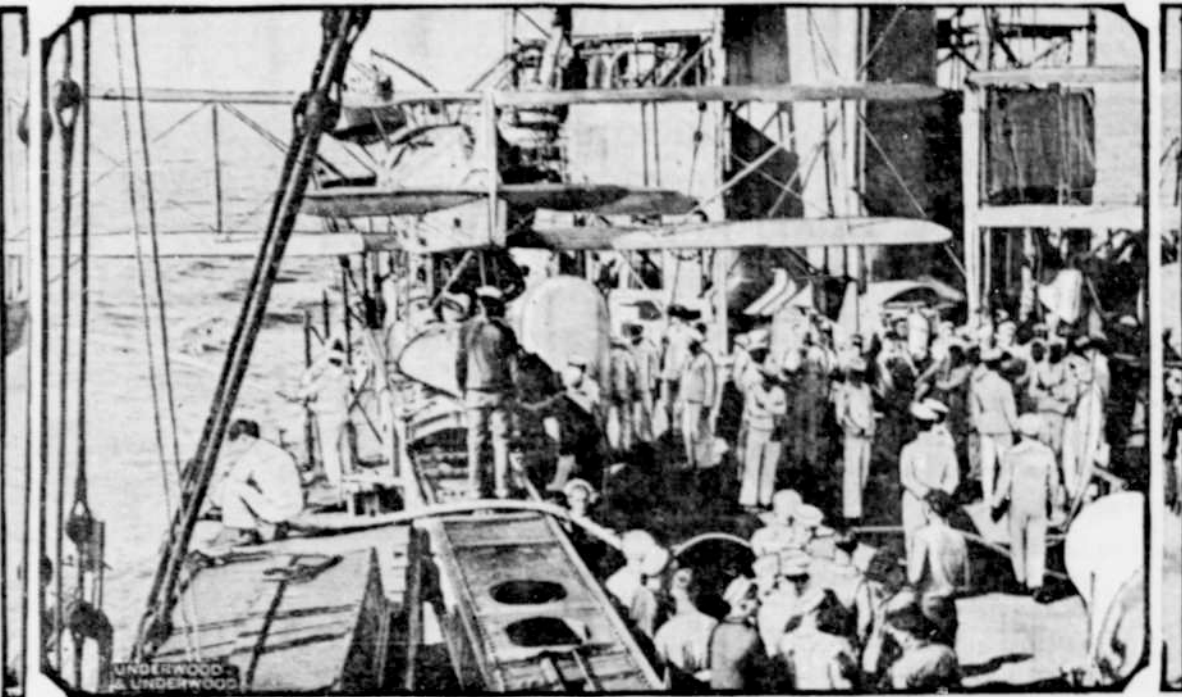
It is said that the largest lump of pure silver ever discovered was found by an Indian in Sonora, Mexico, when that province was still a possession of Spain. The lump of silver weighed 2,750 pounds. Because of a dispute over its ownership the entire mass was appropriated by the Spanish crown. Earl V. Shannon, assistant curator of geology in the National museum, states that this story is not impossible. He has authentic record of a lump of silver weighing 400 pounds. A lump of pure silver found in Peru weighed 800 pounds.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## Thomas Hardy's Ashes Are Placed in Westminster



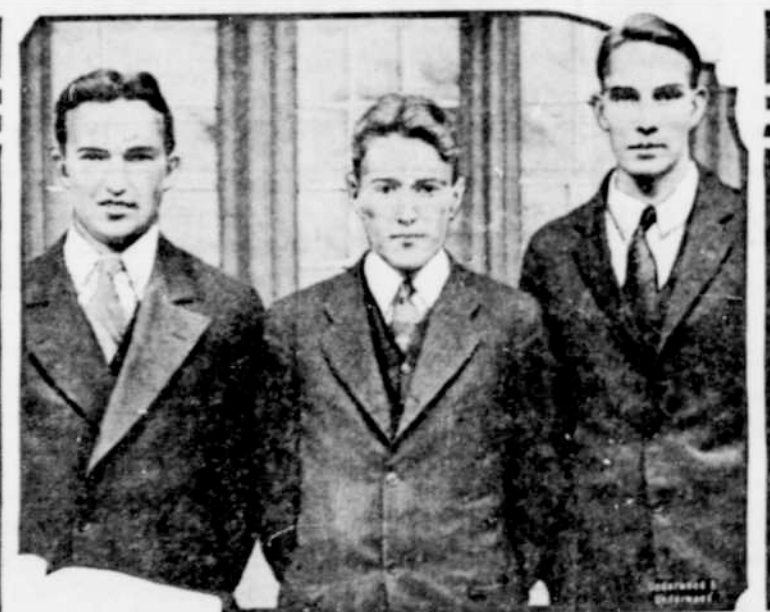
After temporary interment at Woking, the remains of Thomas Hardy, famous English novelist, were incinerated and the ashes were placed in Westminster abbey. The illustration shows the funeral procession at Woking, and the flower-covered spot in the poets' corner of the abbey where the ashes were interred.

## Navy Fire Drill During Winter Maneuvers



Fire drill aboard the U. S. S. Concord, one of the navy's newest and fastest cruisers, which is part of the scouting fleet at Guantanamo bay, Cuba, for the winter maneuvers. Note the seaplane on the girder-like catwalk.

## Three of Year's Rhodes Scholars



Here are three of the Rhodes scholars appointed for 1928. Left to right, they are: John McDonald, football star at the University of Chicago; Eugene Goodwillie, law student at the same institution, and Bill Nash from Arkansas.

## Two Champions of the Lower House



Representative Roy C. Fitzgerald of Ohio, right, the undefeated champion of congress at the chess table, giving Representative Clyde Kelley of Pennsylvania, who holds the horse shoe pitching title of Capitol Hill, a few pointers on the game of maneuvering the chess men.

## ITEMS WORTH REMEMBERING

The oldest known coins date back to almost 700 B. C.

In 1923, Greece had a population of 5,000,000 people; since then 1,400,000 refugees have poured into the country.

The oldest existing textbook on the eye dates back to the early Eleventh century, and was written in Bagdad.

Electric lamps under water have been found a good method of reducing accidents in swimming pools at night.

Electric signs are becoming popular in Italy.

Thomas A. Edison's first patent, obtained in 1808, was for an electric vote recorder.

Western red cedar trees that fell in past ages still provide wood for making durable shingles.

Two men unloading pig iron with a magnet can do as much work as 128 men minus the magnet.

## TO MARRY SPANIARD



Pretty Pearl Smiddy, daughter of the Irish Free State minister to the United States, Dr. Timothy A. Smiddy, and a popular member of the younger set in the national capital, is to marry Maj. Alfonso Reyes of the Spanish army.

## COMMANDS LEVIATHAN



Harold A. Cunningham, lately commander of the George Washington, has been promoted to succeed Herbert Hadley, resigned, as commander of the United States lines fleet and commander of the Leviathan.

## Call for a Genius

A British scientist has invented a bed which rocks occupants to sleep by reproducing the motion of a railway train. And now will some one else please invent a railway train that will lull occupants to sleep by reproducing the motionless comfort of a bed?—Toronto Daily Star.

## Second Place in Height

Mount Aconcagua, Chile-Argentina is the second highest mountain in the world. Its elevation is 23,090 feet.



The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it's not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

### Warm Drink Is Said

#### to Banish Insomnia

Lobster armed to the teeth, grinning dervishes, relentless Rudolph in pur suit on a bicycle. A dream tour through the Elysian fields, harps, gold winged cupids, ice cream for dessert. "Take your choice of dreams," said Mrs. Mary Whiteacre in a talk before the American Home Health and Welfare league of St. Louis. "Dreams are regulated by diet. Good will triumph even in the dream world if the dreamer will avoid rich foods at night. Restraint in eating, and a warm soothing drink at bedtime will place even the relentless Rudolph among the celestials.

### Foul—or Veal

Customer—Chicken croquets, please. Waiter—Fowl ball!

The same gas that bakes pies in the kitchen oven is now used to carve intricate patterns in steel plate and cut steel billets 20-inches thick.

There are too many ladies and gentlemen in the world and not enough women and men.

Free as air; air is free. Which may account for so much automobile horn-blowing.

If you think a small boy is feeble in his affections, buy him a pup and change your mind.

Success comes to the man who makes up his mind to do a thing—then does it.

# The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



## Werrenrath, Concert Star, Finds Lucky Strikes Kindly To His Precious Voice

"In my concert work, I must, of course, give first consideration to my voice. Naturally, I am very careful about my choice of cigarettes as I must have the blend which is kindly to my throat. I smoke Lucky Strikes, finding that they meet my most critical requirements." *Richard Werrenrath*

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.