



KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Westwyn was amused. Two could play that game! "Turn up the sleeves," he suggested, and came over to help. It was while they were both holding the coat, laughing at each other as they watched and summed up the new feeling between them, that a burst of music came from outside. Wild and stormy, it was sound woven into the passion of a marriage night, the song of women drifting like leaves on a tide. It caught at Rosemary's heart, and her face reflected something of its tumult.

"What is it?" she asked, and noticed the man's hands clenched on the stuff they held.

"It's the village women. They have come here to celebrate the wedding. Listen, now." For the life of him he couldn't help touching her arm. Through the music came a ringing vibration, the primitive rejoicing of woman in her mate, her glad promise of fertility. The mask of civilization was torn from Rosemary as the music wrenched her nerves. For a minute she was as much potential wife as any of the shrouded figures who rejoiced in her fulfillment. Wide-eyed and fearless, the tide of life full in her veins, she looked at Westwyn and saw his face sternly than she had ever known it.

"You must go out to them. Give them money," he said, and pushed silver into her hand.

"Come, too," she pleaded, puzzled and a little hurt, but still hypnotized by the tremendous forces echoed from a drum.

Westwyn shook his head. "I can't. They are not all peasants. Some of them may be villed." He urged her gently toward the door. She turned to him, moved beyond speech, but he was unresponsive.

"The night air struck cold in her face and she struck cold in her hand with her son's. It was harsh now and insistent. Frightened, she offered them money, muttered thanks in her few words of Arabic, and retreated toward the protection waiting indoors. But her room was empty.

For a long time the girl sat on the couch, staring at the door, through which Westwyn had left. Zarifa, tearing herself reluctantly from the excitement in the court, smiled when she saw her mistress so absorbed. "Allah give you happiness," she whispered, "but you must prepare for the master's return."

"Don't be an idiot!" retorted Rosemary in English.

The days which followed reconciled Rosemary to Teledih. There were moments when she almost liked it. She no longer felt a prisoner among strangers. Westwyn managed to inspire her with enough of his enthusiasm to make her appreciate the qualities of the mountaineers. She watched the brown-robed riflemen laughing in anticipation of the morrow's raid and watched those same men drag themselves home wounded, with a smile for their pain. They took war lightly, these mountain people. It was part of the natural hardship of their lives. "Man was born to fight. Woman to work!"

Sometimes Rosemary rode up under the brow of the pass with Westwyn and, from one of the twin peaks, they could see the headwaters of the river, whose dam was going to burst, but more than that he would not tell her.

"It is better that you should know nothing. Zarifa is an awful chatter and she has some sort of relation to Martengo's house. By the way, the Spaniard is on his feet again. I wonder what revenge he is plotting! I shouldn't be surprised if he tried to sell us to Spain."

"You seem very calm about it." "Well, he'd never get paid—that's certain! Our gallant enemies are freer with promises than with money. In spite of such lightness, there was a Riff guard now round Westwyn's house, and Rosemary never rode alone.

Westwyn would talk for hours about the Riff and, through it, they became friends, but always on the surface was the antagonism of their interest in each other. If the man had not been so busy he would have realized himself in love. As it was, Rosemary was a stimulus to him and a danger, because she crept into his thoughts when they ought to have been occupied with maps and mountain batteries.

The rains had begun, and each mountain path was a stream. Excitement permeated the village, though few guessed its origin. Something was pending, but only Abd-el-Krim's counselors knew what it was.

"The secret has been well kept," they could assure each other with satisfaction.

Even Zarifa's curiosity drew blank. "A great thing is going to happen," she told her mistress. "It is like the feeling before a storm. Martengo, that evil one, is excited. Perhaps he sees a chance to interfere."

"How do you know about him?" "My mother's cousin is a servant in his house. All day he plays chess, that game of wooden armies, with a Portuguese, who is his friend but I think they plot more than how to mate a dummy king." Zarifa's mixture of French and Arabic was forceful and it roused Rosemary's curiosity. That afternoon she asked Westwyn pointblank: "What is being planned? The whole village is on edge. It's

rather like sitting on the rim of a volcano and waiting for it to explode. The ministers are like children with a secret. Mystery is written all over their faces. It's as irritating as it's silly."

Westwyn laughed, but he would not explain. "It's a great feat for a Riff to keep a secret at all. No wonder they have indignation."

"You are quite convinced, aren't you, that a woman is not to be trusted with one. You thought I should tell the French about the pass."

"Secrets are not healthy in Teledih. Martengo is the uncertain quality, and I don't like that Portuguese pal of his." Westwyn evaded the question with a fact which was so obvious that Rosemary felt it lay about in chunks about her to fall over!

"He shall tell me," she thought: "I'll make him," and her chin set in the firm sweep that had antagonized De Vries.

"You look like Lucretia Borgia plotting the death of her latest husband."

"No, only the downfall of my first," retorted the girl, a gleam under her shrouding lashes. They looked like smudges of smoke on her cheek, thought the man, and told her, when she banished the expression, regarding him out of cat's eyes, still and deep. "Nobody could be as good as you look in this moment. I suspect you of the worst."

"I also have a secret?" mocked the girl.

"You shall know mine in a week," offered Westwyn.

"I'll know it before then," vowed Rosemary to herself, and aloud. "You shall know mine—never!" Her hair was like misty spirals in the damp, her mouth curled at the corners. She was young, radiant, and excited. Westwyn's blood responded. He wanted to make love to her, but he hadn't time! Their moments together were growing fewer. The meals which Ahmed, from the first, had decided they must share, were interrupted by the sultan's messengers. Even now, as they stood by the well in the harem court, under a lowering sky, mist hiding the peaks, there was a clatter of mule hoofs beyond their wall.

"That's young Menebbhe. I recognize his particular brand of oaths. I never get you to myself for a moment. But," he bent till his lips almost touched her hair, "the war is going to end, and then—"

"Are you content to wait as long as that?" asked Rosemary, drawing back. Westwyn's eyes accepted her challenge, the twist at the corner of his lips was expressive, but he did not answer.

"He shall tell me! It's absurd. I must know what's going on," thought Rosemary, as she tried the effect of a gauze scarf which Abd-el-Krim's mother had sent her. Two lamps, both smoking, for never was a Moroccan born who could cut a wick straight, threw shifting shadows over the mud walls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous Brigade That Served "Lost Cause"

Two reasons are given for the naming of the Orphan brigade of the Confederate army. Kentucky tried to be neutral when the Civil war broke out, but neutrality was violated and many Kentuckians decided to fight for the South. The famous Camp Boone was formed near the Kentucky line, a few miles north of Clarksville, Tenn. Fifty companies from 84 counties in Kentucky enlisted. These composed the larger part of the First Kentucky, better known as the Orphan brigade.

One of the reasons why this command was called the Orphan brigade was because so many commanders were lost, either by reason of promotion or by death on the battlefield, says a contributor to the Pathfinder Magazine. Another is that the members were away from Kentucky during nearly all the time of their service and so cut off from communication with friends or family.

Heroism Not Shared
During a campaign in Egypt, a certain colonel drove up to an outpost in the desert, relates Maj. Gen. Sir C. E. Callwell in "Stray Recollections," and after complimenting the officer in command, declared:

"But understand this! You are in a position of grave responsibility here. I have every confidence in you and your men. But remember this, all of you. You have got to stop here and die, if necessary."

Saying which he whisked his horse around and was off in a cloud of sand.

The little party was still recovering from the shock of the visit, when the effect of the trade was destroyed by a gunner, who inquired:

"But ain't the old blighter going to stop and die with us?"

Colors and Mentality
That different colors may have important effects on the mental state of people has been believed for many years. Some psychologists have gone so far as to prepare charts of the mental effects of different colors, red being stimulating and exciting, blue depressing, and so on. In a long series of tests made on children several months ago it was found that most of the children preferred red and orange colors to blue and violet ones. It will tour Europe.

To accept and teach a doctrine that hasn't been proved, and probably can't be proved, is teaching falsehood

Howe About— By ED HOWE

Best Syndicate. WNU Service.

I once knew a surly man who married a gentle woman. For a year people said she had wrought a great change in him, as he became cheerful, satisfied with life, and did many excellent things.

But in three years he was worse than ever before; all his former bad habits returned, and, in addition, he suffered the pangs of jealousy.

I have often wondered who was to blame for the terrible row that followed. The woman saved the man for a year. Could she have continued her good work? What happened to interfere with one of the most successful marriages, apparently, ever known in that community? Was the husband to blame, or the wife?

The woman still has her power to charm; after her husband committed suicide, she became so pleasing again that another surly man married her, and, the first year, people said she had saved him.

"Near where I live," a man writes me, "there are three small children so ill-behaved that they are the terror of their parents and the neighborhood. Property in the immediate vicinity has become almost worthless; the father and mother of the bad children have become almost crazy. It is really a serious and disturbing situation; two worthy parents being ruined, three children going to the devil, and a dozen neighbors preparing to reell their homes at a loss."

It is much easier and better to be a gentleman, a homeowner, a good mechanic, an agreeable neighbor, a good citizen, a good and successful farmer, foreman, superintendent, business man, or millionaire, than a poor man howling for help. The help the poor get from the government and their neighbors is scanty. It is always easier to make a living than it is to beg it.

In a pretty play a woman has compromised herself with a man. A letter from that man is delivered to her before her husband. The latter knows whom the letter is from. His wife hands it to him and says she does not care to open it. "Very well," he says, "then there is only one thing to do." And he throws it into the fire.

All the women in the audience applauded. In real life under such circumstances, a man would have raised three or four different kinds of hell.

That was a good thing said the other day by a Frenchman: that France and Germany were in position to let bygones be bygones, each having won a great victory over the other.

American dentists are said to be the best in the world; yet I have never seen a set of false teeth that looked natural. They are made too pretty, like wigs. Why does not a realist appear among wig makers and make a wig with a bald spot on top?

The people laugh at many things in private, as laughter at them in public is prohibited.

I once knew a large, fine-looking man with excellent restraint. If a thing was not good for him, he let it alone. He fell dead one night in a crowd of drunken men, although he hadn't taken a drop. There were seven of the drunken men, and five of them lived to a fairly old age. I do not understand luck, except that its pranks are sometimes surprising.

In reading, one encounters the same old ideas and expressions for weeks, and suddenly encounters something new. This is the reason we devote time to reading, and drag through the mass of old stuff. Reading is like hunting wild game: long periods of tramping through the fields in the hope of a sudden flight, and a shot. Long ago the country was full of wild animals, but, like new ideas, they have become very scarce. Many have ceased to hunt at all, there is so little in it.

I have never been one of those severe critics who expect the people to be without faults. All I recommend is reasonable effort in getting rid of the worst ones, and decent attempt to hide the remainder. Certain of our kind show a skill in hiding their nakedness that has been called art; they have deceived so well as to be credited with a beauty they do not naturally possess.

He is charming, for one always feels in danger of loving him.—Saying of a French woman quoted from a book. (Another: "No woman is flattered at being loved only as a sister.")

Women will never be satisfied with their rights until they have liberty to walk up to the best behaved of us, and hit us over the head; in no other way can they completely express their general disapproval of our sex.

An old saying is that a man should marry a woman half his age, plus seven. According to this rule, a man of thirty should marry a woman of twenty-two.

I have long been impressed with the absurdity of soliloquies at a symphony concert; of sixty or eighty instrumentalists, trained and collected at great expense, resting while a single individual bawls a song I am supported in the contention by high authority: Leopold Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia symphony orchestra, so capable an organization that it will tour Europe.

To accept and teach a doctrine that hasn't been proved, and probably can't be proved, is teaching falsehood

LACE COLLAR AND CUFF SETS; NEWEST IDEAS IN FELT HATS

THAT which the mode has these months been foretelling in the way of lavish lace neckwear sets is being happily realized in spring fashions. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of handsome lace or, if it so please, dainty georgette accessories. Now that the vogue is started, it is developing at such a rapid rate, one scarcely thinks of spring frocks, especially those of cloth and silk for daytime wear, which do not include fetching lace touches.

As to the most popular items in lace adornment who can tell, with such a wealth of ideas making their appearance in fashion's picture. An outstanding figure among neckwear novelties is the collar which forms a deep cape-like effect at the back. In the

belge, flesh and in white georgette. The little self-trimmed felt hat is challenging the resourcefulness of the milliner to the limit this season. Many of the smartest hats are nothing more or less than a minimum of felt manipulated with a maximum of genius.

To this end of imparting an aspect of dress which shall distinguish the immediate felt from the felt of the past, designers are playing up imagination to the limit, with results that interest is still a matter of intensified feeling in the fashionable world.

Trimming felt with felt is a leading theme of the moment. One of the newest ideas which is taking very well is the felt flower trim on the hat of felt. For an example of this charm-



SOME OF THE NECKWEAR SETS

accompanying picture, Barbara Kent, whose face is so pleasantly familiar to every "movie fan," wears one of the very new deep collars, posing it before a mirror so those interested may view it back and front. It seems that this modish collar develops a fichu tie at the front. This is a very proper thing for it to do considering that the mode at this moment is placing great stress on fichu effects. One sees many dark silks and satins made up with a fichu tie of fine ochre-tinted Alencon lace.

One of the biggest successes of the lace mode is the plastraon sets which are designed to wear over the dress, as is the handsome Vandique (so called because of its pointed contour) model in the picture. For these V-shaped

ing trend see the clever model centered in the picture. It is a late import from Paris.

The idea is interpreted in a different way by the model in the panel below to the right. This striking chapeau is developed in the new "dusty" almond green.

Stitching and cording achieve an attractive leaf design for the side of the draped felt tam shown at the top of the group to the right.

A most unusual halo effect is given to the close-fitting navy blue velours hat illustrated in the lower left corner in the picture.

The brimless beige hat of felt shown first in this collection is trimmed with two bands of felt arranged skillfully around the back, coming to rather



HATS FROM PARIS

sharp points at the front. Note the unique V-shaped indentation just over the center of the forehead.

Color plays a highly important role in the new fets. Outstanding are the natural tones, one of which is designated as oatmeal, another as parchment shade. Marine and navy are the two important blues. Greens and yellows are very important. Mauve and good-violet, too, continue in interest.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
(© 1923 Western Newspaper Union.)

of underline or punctuation, but they are likely to take a few inches from the height and are lacking in allure

Matched Slippers More Important for Evening
Satin or noire taffeta slippers dyed to match the gown are becoming more and more important for evening wear. Many women find them vastly more flattering than the popular gold and silver styles. If matching the dress slippers should be a shade lighter than the gown, so as to suggest the throat and airy.

Black slippers are often smart with a contrasting gown acting as a sort

Prospector Tells of Real Cold Weather

The recent news story from Alaska about the reindeer freezing in a cold snap of unusual severity has been verified by naturalists, who say that animals of the kind used by Santa Claus before the advent of the airplane frequently froze to death when feed was scarce and they lost their protective rolls of fat. But now comes the Seattle Times with a story of another color. It concerns the late Dan Patterson, famous gold prospector, who in 1900 experienced weather that might be called really chilly. Dan's supply of kerosene ran out one day and he pushed back to camp for a supply. On the way back to his cabin it became so cold the kerosene froze solid—so solid he put it in a gunny sack and toted it home on his back. He left the chunk outside his cabin and during the rest of the winter when Dan wanted a little oil he just went out and chopped a chunk off the block and melted it down.

**Knew He Would Have
Need for Checkbook**

"Cupid" Sparks once remarked: "A little bit more attention to home comforts would keep many husbands from wandering abroad. Most men, in order to hold their jobs in shop and office, literally have to make good. The wife, if she is keeping house, does not feel that she has to and her lack of 100 per cent effort often leads to disaster."

"Too many wives are like Mrs. X. Her husband came home and found a wonderful dinner awaiting him, his favorite book and pipe ready, and his slippers and dressing gown conveniently laid out. He regarded them for a moment and then inquired:

"Well, my dear, how much is your account overdrawn this time?"

Efficient Scarecrow
It has been discovered that most effective means in frightening the birds away is by means of grand opera. A German farmer's wife has been greatly disturbed by birds that destroy her cherries. Because her children go to school in the daytime, the birds no longer pay any attention to her scarecrows. Then one day inspiration came to her. She attached a megaphone to her radio set and tied it to one of her cherry trees. The result was almost magical. Now she is not annoyed by the birds; only once in an hour she is obliged to interrupt her work to get in on the new wave length.

A Girl Story
Charlie Chaplin told a New York reporter the other day a girl story.

"Girls are more beautiful and more—practical than ever," he began.

"A girl named Montgomery sat in a moonlit California rose garden with a young man named Fetherstonhaugh. Fetherstonhaugh bent over her and said in a passionate voice:

"Miss Montgomery—Augusta, if I may call you so—I am not rich in this world's goods, but—"

"With a slight wave of her cigarette she silenced him.

"That will do, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh," she said. "No!"

Must Be Somewhat Stale
The Panhandle Plains Historical society of Canyon, Texas, has received what is believed to be the oldest loaf of bread in the state. It was made by Gussie Gough when he returned from the Civil war in 1865. Ashes were used in place of soda and the bread still looks substantial.—Indianapolis News.

Overcrowded Moscow
More than 70,000 residents of Moscow, Russia, live in houses unequipped with running water and even without sewerage, as a result of the great recent growth of the city population. Last year homes for 100,000 persons were built, but the city increased by 480,000 in that period.

Easy Terms
He—I got my whiskers on the installment plan.
She—The installment plan?
He—Yes, a little down each week.

Most of the theories quite disregard human nature.

Slang doesn't care how bad its syntax is.

A pretty girl always looks like the picture on a magazine doesn't.

WESTERN GIRL STRENGTHENED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Manchester, So. Dakota.—"I was in a terribly weak and run-down condition when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it and after a short time I felt better. We are a family of five and live on a 360-acre farm, so I have quite a good deal to do both indoors and out. At first I was unable to do anything and had to have a girl, but after taking the Vegetable Compound I finally gained my strength back and also gained considerable in weight. I will gladly answer letters from women in regard to your medicine."—Mrs. Otto J. Geyer, R. F. D. 1, Box 20, Manchester, So. Dakota.



SCHOOL FOR MEN
Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS
Special day classes, free of tuition.
OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

To Cool a Burn
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

Makes Life Sweet
For seven generations the National Household Remedy of Holland for kidney, liver and bowel troubles has helped make life brighter for suffering men and women. Begin taking them today and notice how quickly your troubles will vanish. At all druggists in 3 sizes.

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CANDLES

Sardonic French Humor
French humorists are beginning to insist that the safest way to commit murder is with a pistol. Most of those who have employed other means in recent years have gone to the guillotine, but a number who use pistols are still enjoying life and freedom. Commenting upon this, Maurice Prax of the Petit Parisien, says it has become an established custom that the revolver, in crimes of passion, is strictly "de rigueur, like evening clothes after dinner at the Deauville casino." "It is strictly forbidden to strangle one's wife," Prax says. "It is equally forbidden to chop a wife or a rival into bits, or to give them poison, with their meals. But the revolver remains authorized—and recommended."

Broadcasts Good News
Whittier, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' have been used in our family off and on for a long time and they have always given us entire satisfaction. I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription' and so has my mother. It was a wonderful benefit to us. I think it has no equal."

"My father always took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' when he felt run-down, and it never failed to build up his general health in a very short time."—Mrs. J. B. Hillyard, 113 S. Whittier Ave.

If your druggist is out of the "Medical Discovery" or "Prescription," send 65 cents to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a package of the tablets.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 9-1928.

Shakespeare Ball Novel
So successful was the first Shakespeare ball given by the English Speaking Union in Sydney, New Zealand, last year, that it has been established as an annual event. All dancers represented characters from plays of the famous bard. Features at this year's ball were the lancers, danced by sets drawn from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and "Hamlet."



ASPIRIN

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 is 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

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacochestador of Balleyscheid