



KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER I

"I'm not sure that I want you to win," said the girl.

"We always win in the end. It's inevitable," returned the man, and, from the look in his eyes it was obvious he referred to many kinds of battles.

"It is a poor sort of war," went on his companion, unheeding. "When you've had enough you retire into winter quarters with all the comforts of civilization, while your enemies starve in the mountains."

Captain de Vries settled himself comfortably in a hollow of the old stone wall which surrounded the governor's palace at Fez. "In fact, Abd-el Krim has your entire sympathy," he remarked, as he studied his companion's profile. It was very effective, he decided, against the blue of a Moroccan sky. Sunshine warmed the pale hair to honey color and dusted freckles, fine as pollen, over a skin which had the texture and flush of petals. The face was attractive, yes, but too decided, reflected the Frenchman. The regularity of feature and determined sweep of the jaw left nothing to the imagination. He was silent as he thought of another woman, the last! She had been very slender, pale, a little sad, she'd had the most beautiful hands in the world. Unfortunately she'd also had a husband with considerable influence in the senate! That was why Gaston de Vries, boulevardier at heart, Parisian to the last cell of a sophisticated brain, was an exile in Fez. "Me, I hate the colonies!" he told himself for the thousandth time. It was the habitual end of all his reflections.

"If you look at the mountains any more, mademoiselle, I shall begin to suspect you of an interest in the Kald."

The girl turned, her eyes, speculative.

"The Kald is your local mystery. What would you do without him? It would be as if we in England were deprived of our weather—we should have nothing left to talk about!"

De Vries propped his exceedingly good-looking head on his hand, an elbow among the stones. "He leads us by the nose, that man, providing he exists at all! Sometimes I imagine the Kald is a composite character evolved from all the—what do you say—scallywags who surround Abd-el Krim. There are a score of Europeans up there in the mountains—one cannot suppose it is the Riffs who do such work with their guns. There is a modern Napoleon among those crags, and it is to his genius we owe this infinitely tedious campaign!"

"I should have thought you would have known all about him. By this time the Rif must be full of spies." Rosemary's voice was, as usual, direct.

In response to it, the Frenchman lost his note of mockery. He answered her, as if she were a man, but grudgingly, conscious that it was a waste—of what he did not define.

"The mountaineers are superstitious. They have always believed that, in their greatest danger, a stranger would be their salvation. It is a legend buried as deep in history as their religion, or their incredible independence—you know the Riffs have never been conquered."

"I hope they never will be," interrupted the girl. "You are bent on crushing the romance out of life with the flatiron you call civilization." A flush crept under the golden dusted skin and De Vries was sure there were metal glints below the surface of the gold-green eyes.

"If only one could rouse her into enthusiasm over something more interesting than these sacre natives in the hills," he reflected, while he continued his story. "The Riffs are hard pressed enough to betray anything and anybody, except this one conviction. If there is really some European directing matters, he's safe from our spies. No doubt, they also believe him superhuman. Dear lady, we are not fighting a handful of Berbers, as the newspapers would make you believe. We are fighting a country—the land itself—where each rock is hostile to us, where each ravine is honeycombed with snipers' caves. We are struggling with superstition or faith, with a legend that is the breath of men's bodies, with an epoch, with conditions that are beyond our understanding."

"What good would it do you, then, if you knew all about the Kald?"

De Vries spread out significant fingers. "If we get him it is mate to the king," he said. "Abd-el Krim depends on something we can't tabulate. There is some unknown factor up there. Abd-el Krim is welcome to his deserters from a dozen armies, but if there is a genius behind him—the brains of those incredibly mobile guns, those ubiquitous raiders—we've got to have him by fair means or foul."

The girl swept round on him. "I hope you never get him." The blood was red in her cheeks. A pulse beat in her throat.

De Vries responded, shaken out of his usual pose. "I told you, France gets everything in the end and I, mademoiselle, am a Frenchman." For an instant he barred her path. If he had



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known what he wanted he would have played for it, but he was undecided. The girl's aunt, that admirable Lady Tregarthen, who was on her usual leisurely and luxurious progress in search of winter sunshine, had spoken of her niece's dot.

De Vries hesitated. He was not certain that he had any use for marriage, but money was essential to his scheme of life, and this girl had it and she would be desirable if she were more pliant. No, by G—, she was desirable now, with a smile just lifting the corners of her lips, and that gleam of drowned copper in her eyes. His hand touched her arm. He bent to say something—he didn't know what—perhaps to kiss her, but footsteps sounded on the path below them.

The governor and Lady Tregarthen appeared between the orange trees. "We were looking for you, Rosemary. General Lyautey suggests a drive."

A motor took the two Englishwomen southwest toward Meknes. The high-road was perfect. Its surface was the pride of France and a drain on the puppet sultan's exchequer.

Helen Tregarthen's keen brown eyes, that did not even trouble to hide how much they took in, ignored the view. She was too active a woman to enjoy anything that was not charged with concentrated purpose. Her mind was as well arranged as her life. She was quite decided that her niece, whom she liked, admired and underrated, should disturb the balance of neither. So she determined to talk.

"The captain," she began, with what she considered tact, "is a marvelous man. He is the most attractive creature I have ever seen."

"Quite," returned her niece dryly.

"Has he proposed to you?"

"Oh, auntie! Does anyone in these days?"

But Lady Tregarthen was not to be put off. "Frenchmen do," she said heavily.

"Well, then, the beautiful captain's intentions must be nearly as dishonorable as mine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

True nobility is exempt from fear.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 17

- 1—Who was the Venerable Bede?
- 2—What city is regarded as the greatest commercial center of Asia?
- 3—What is the most notable characteristic of the movie comedian, Buster Keaton?
- 4—Who was the leading pitcher in the American league in 1925?
- 5—What famous British spy was hanged by the Continental forces during the Revolution?
- 6—Who was the American commander in the battle with the British ship Guerriere?
- 7—Who invented the airplane?
- 8—How many chambers are there in the human heart?
- 9—Is it correct to call the Olympic games an Olympiad?
- 10—What is God?
- 11—Why did Oliver Wendell Holmes write the poem "Old Ironsides"?
- 12—What South American country was the ancient kingdom of Quito?
- 13—What island is noted for its many colossal images and architectural ruins?
- 14—What great pianist of the day is also a statesman and has served as premier of his country?
- 15—What great caricaturist, working in colors, is remembered largely for his illustrations for the novels and sketches of Charles Dickens?
- 16—What horse won the Kentucky Derby in 1914 and what was his time?
- 17—What famous American warship was called "Old Ironsides"?
- 18—What President had been known as "Old Rough and Ready" in what war?
- 19—Who invented antiseptic surgery?
- 20—What does the sense of smell do to help many animals?

Answers No. 16

- 1—Mount Logan, in the Yukon.
- 2—Wille Munden with 171 firsts.
- 3—Gen. George Meade.
- 4—Daniel Boone.
- 5—In Arkansas.
- 6—Joseph Mallord William Turner.
- 7—Algernon Blackwood.
- 8—This land crab is often over a foot long and frequents coral islands in the Indian and Pacific oceans.
- 9—That it is not significantly related to the matter in hand.
- 10—For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.
- 11—"Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyan.
- 12—Mount Whitney, in California.
- 13—Scapa Flow.
- 14—Gen. John C. Fremont.
- 15—Battle of Trenton.
- 16—In the feet.
- 17—Leopold Auer.
- 18—On the islands in the Caribbean sea.
- 19—Instead of "whom" it should be "who," nominative case as subject of the verb "was."
- 20—In the year 1806.

Famous Painter Put Heart Into His Work

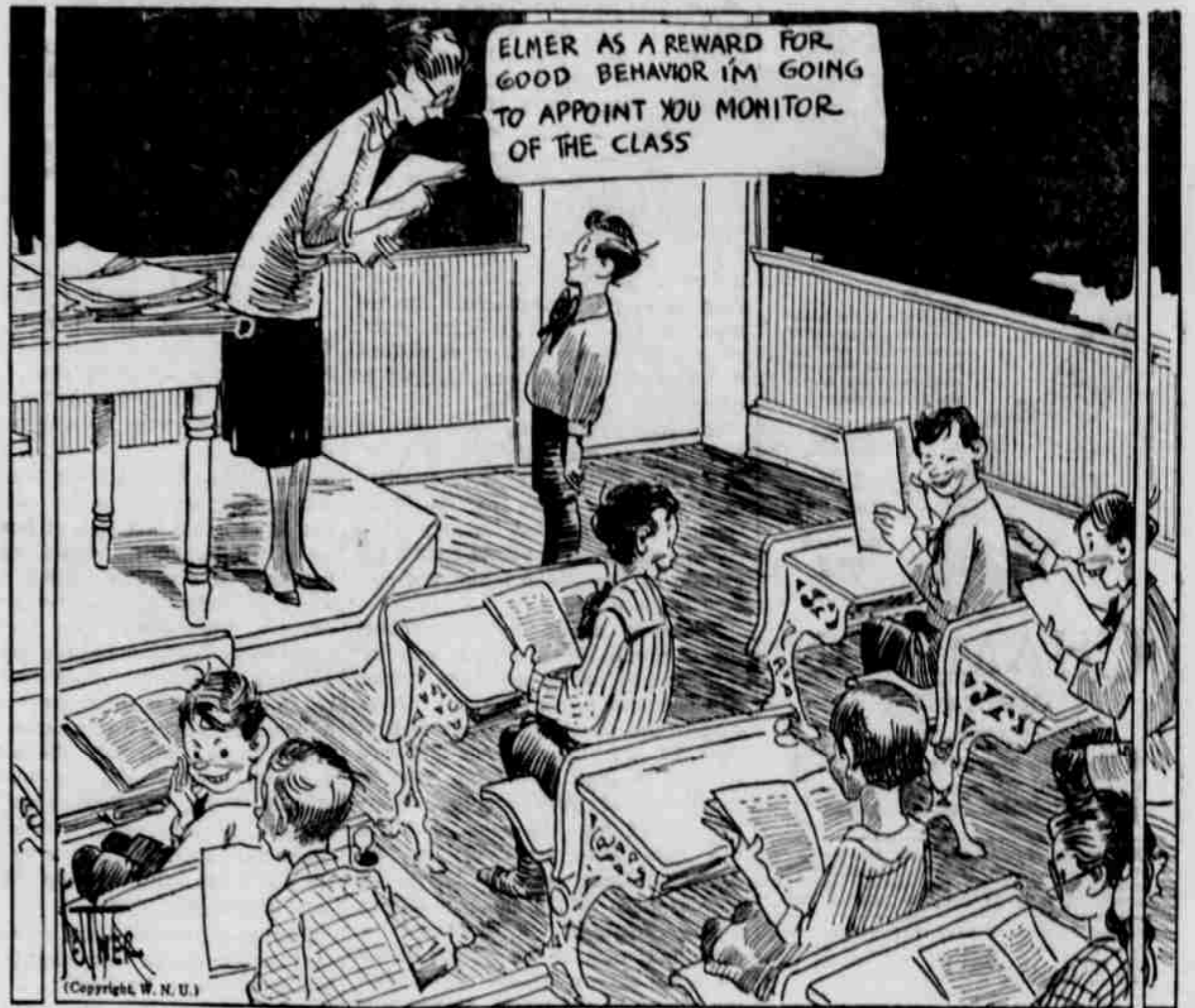
In many respects the career of Titian, the Venetian artist, is without parallel in the history of art. The span of his productive life is unprecedented. He lived to be ninety-nine years old and painted steadily for nearly seventy-five years. This noted painter apparently believed that no amount of inspiration or intuitive genius is a substitute for painstaking labor. A contemporary wrote of him: "He laid in his pictures with a mass of colors which served him as a ground-work for what he wanted to express. I myself have seen such powerful strokes swept in by him with solid pigment, sometimes with pure 'terra rossa' (red ochre)—and this served him for the half-tones—sometimes with a brush full of white lead; and with the same brush dipped in red, black or yellow he poked out the lights. In four strokes he had sketched in a remarkably beautiful figure. Then he laid the picture against the wall, and left it there, often for several months, without looking at it again, and when he wanted to work at it he examined it very critically as if it were his mortal enemy, in order to discover any possible faults. Then he took away a prominence here, set an arm straight there, and got a foot into the right position. So by degrees he brought his figures to the most perfect symmetry, and then he proceeded to do the same with the next picture." —Kansas City Star.

Novel Use for Hose

Sir James Crichton-Browne relates this anecdote of a colleague's absent-mindedness: He was standing by the bedside of a lady patient giving her copious and emphatic instructions as to what she ought to do, when to her dismay she saw him take her black silk stockings, which were lying on a chair beside the bed, and draw them on his hands and arms as gloves. He did not discover his mistake but walked off with the stockings.—Exchange.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



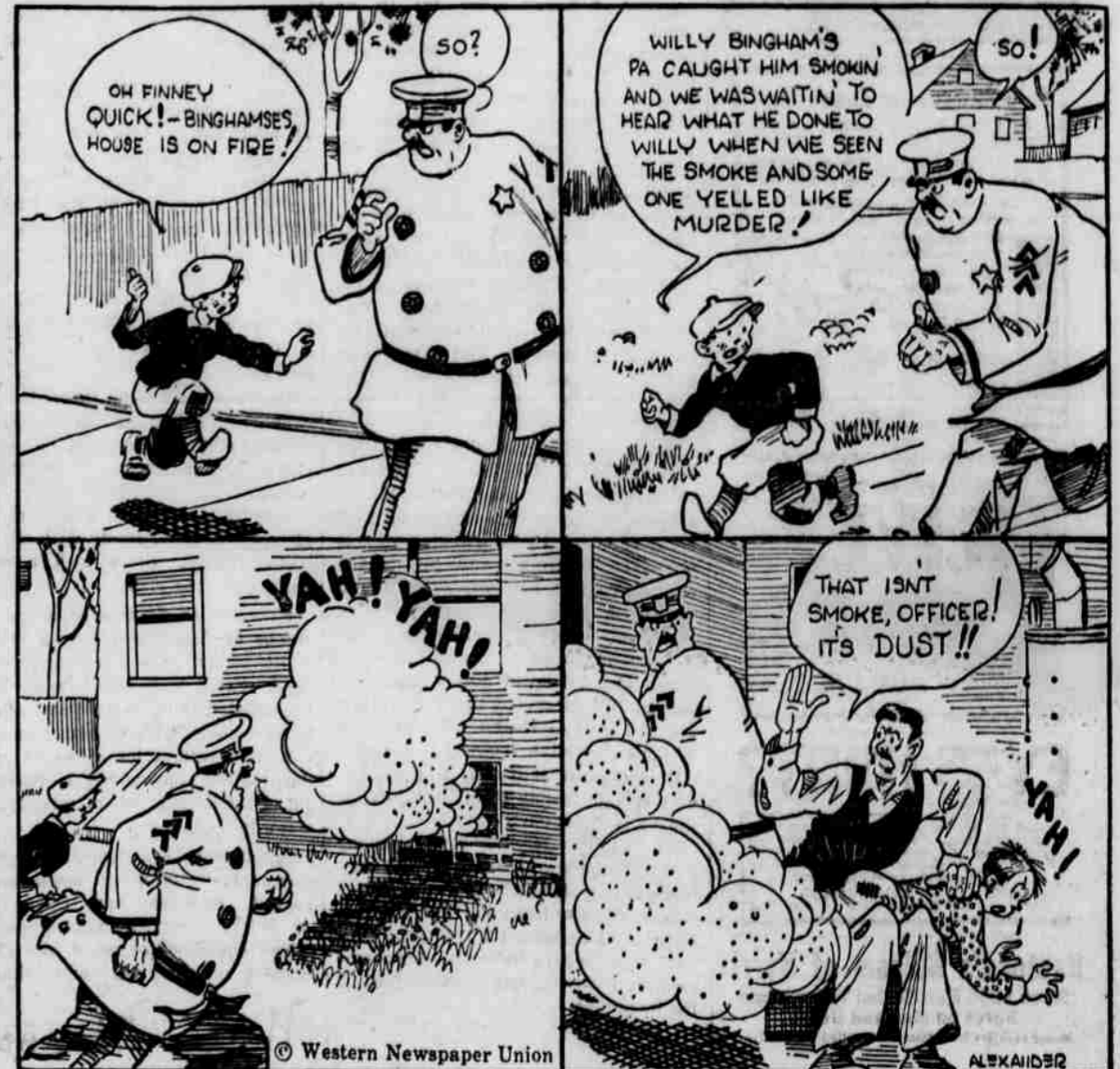
THE FEATHERHEADS

Buzz-buzz-Bazaar



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

It's a Hot Time Anyway



Synthesis of a Bore

The following recipe for compounding a bore appeared recently in the Atlantic Monthly: "Take a mass of unlearned egotism. Chop a cupful of trite conversational chestnuts, shells and all. Add a quart of dry facts, from which all the juice of humor has been extracted, and a cupful of dates stuffed with statistics. Stir in, very slowly, a pint of personal anecdotes from which all imagination has been strained. Flavor with the essence of complete indifference to anybody's

taste but your own. Pour into a mold stamped with your own image and turn onto a platter garnished with plenty of thyme."—Boston Transcript.

Tolerance's Great Value

Tolerance is the most lovable quality men and women can possess. Its vision enables them to see things from others' viewpoints. Its generosity concedes to others right to their own opinions. Its very bigness wishes others to be happy in their own way.—Grit.