



KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER I—Rosemary Crofton, lovely English girl, is visiting the governor's palace in Fez, Morocco, with her aunt, Lady Tregarten. A handsome Frenchman, De Vries, is attracted by her beauty and makes ardent love. One evening, after a conversation dealing chiefly with a mysterious personage known only as the Kald, in the service of the sultan of Morocco, Abd-el Krim, De Vries grows importunate in his love making and is repulsed. Next morning Rosemary rides out early in order to forget her disquiet, and her horse throws her, rendering her unconscious.

CHAPTER II—A little party of Rif tribesmen comes upon her and, unwilling to abandon her there, takes her with the caravan through the famous pass behind which Abd-el Krim and his gallant men are hiding. Here Rosemary meets the Englishman about whom she has heard so much—the genius behind the whole Rif campaign—the Kald, a sunburned, war-absorbed soldier.

She voiced her curiosity. "How did you get mixed up with these people?"
"My life history for yours, eh? Well, it's simple. I've got no people to worry about me. The war upset things, made life pretty flat. Hunting and shooting were no sport after the Ypres silent, so I got into the foreign legion—did a bit of desert work. It gets hold of you, you know, but my sympathy was generally on the side of the enemy. So I bought my discharge and went shooting in the mountains. I met Abd-el Krim by chance, a good fellow but not up to date enough for the stunt he's running. He asked me if I'd like to organize this show for him; he has topping fighting material, only wants a little modern strategy."

"Which you supply," interposed the girl.
"Um, yes, I'm going to see it through. There's an awful bunch of dagoes round headquarters. It's rather sport upsetting their game. They'd sell us all and their own mothers, if they weren't so frightened for their skins. The Rif's never been conquered, and it isn't going to be now if I can help it."

"I see. You'd sacrifice everything for that?"

"Not much sacrifice—it's a great game."

"For you," said Rosemary, and repeated the words a little forlornly, though that was the last thing she wished to appear.

The man looked at her sharply. For the first time it dawned on him that she was young and a girl in a rotten hole, as he put it. He was struck, not by the firmness and fineness of line which had characterized Rosemary for De Vries, but by her helplessness. She shivered in the rising wind, and her companion wanted, suddenly, to wrap something, anything, round her. "I say, it's rotten luck on you."

"It is! Your fault!" retorted Rosemary, obdurate.

"I wish it was. You wouldn't be here long if I could help it."

"Can't you?" The girl made a last appeal, clinging to his arm, almost shaking it in her vehemence.

"You know I can't."

In silence they climbed down to the caves.

"Look here, I'll give you Pete," said the Kald, feeling like his one-time orderly, the need of making some obligation. "You can start for the village tomorrow. I've sent a messenger already to get hold of a house. Pete'll go with you and see you're all right. You can trust him—up to the hilt."

Rosemary's eyes widened. "Aren't you going back?"

"Not for a bit. I've got a job in another direction." He dropped the curtain and Rosemary, listening to his retreating footsteps, felt that her last link with the old commonplace life was severed.

Two days later Rosemary and Pete, with a guard of a dozen saturnine mountaineers, approached the village of Telehd. It was a collection of two-storied square huts, hardly large enough to be called houses, though some of them had several rooms. A number of women and children ran to their doors as the cavalcade clattered through the single street. A few men, dark skinned, with hawk features, turned to look after them.

"Bismillah, has the Kald brought a wife at last?" smiled a stalwart youth, shifting the sling of his rifle.

"It is time," returned Mon-ebbbe, the village headman, "but his mind is full of war and politics. There is no place in it for women."

"She is white, and of his own race," ejaculated a third. "He has never cared for our women."

At that moment a tall, loose-jointed figure came swinging down the street. "The Spaniard!" muttered the villagers, and were silent as the man greeted them.

"Salaam aleikum."
There was a frown, for no Moslem likes to receive this religious greeting from a Christian.

Juan Martengo was a Basque from

the Pyrenees, but, for thirty years, he had called no country home. His dual gods were money and women. He had the typical courage of the Latin, hot in realization, cold in anticipation. At moments, when he could forget the passions and the failures of years, he was charming. His smile ironed out the lines graven by raw pleasure, and still cruder labor, and in spite of every kind of fight with life, with sense, with what little he had once known of honor, he could speak with conviction on such subjects as rifles and horses as well, of course, as of love affairs!

This was the individual who arrived at the door of the Kald's guest house, scarcely half an hour after Rosemary, reluctantly, had entered it.

She was seated on a rope couch, covered with the headman's best carpet. She had taken off her hat and ruffled her hair into a mop. Under it her eyes were sun gilt pools, reflecting a gleam of bewilderment.

The Spaniard caught his breath on the threshold. This was not at all the sort of woman he had expected. "I beg your pardon. I heard there was a stranger here. I came to offer my services in the absence of Westwyn."

"Who is Westwyn?" asked Rosemary, ignoring the rest.

"Don't you know the Kald? I thought he sent you here."

"Oh, I see," Rosemary wasn't giving anything away. She remembered the Englishman's remark about the dagoes at headquarters.

"At least you will let me do anything I can for you. Who is looking after you?"

A faint smile curved the girl's lips. The apparent pliability of her visitor was encouraging after her escort's grunts and Westwyn's unapproachability. "Thank you," she replied. "Pete—I don't know his other name—has gone to procure food and water, chiefly the latter. I haven't had a bath for ages. I can't remember how many days or years it is since I left Fez."

"Dios! You come from Fez? Pardon my curiosity, but it is an unusual route."

"Yes," said Rosemary, and remained mute.

Juan was too wise to press the point. "At least I can lend you a bath," he said and laughed. "What a gift to offer a lady." He bit back the compliment on his tongue.

"I should be grateful," said Rosemary. "Pete seemed to doubt there being any suitable receptacle. It seems most people use the strona."

"Not I," exclaimed Martengo. "I go! I run! But I shall return in a minute."

In truth he did hurry, most unusually, but then for years he had not seen anything so lovely as the vision in the leather coat and middy riding boots. When he returned with a shabby canvas bath, a pillow, and various other objects he had caught up at random, he found Pete in possession.

"Nothing doing," said the Australian, blocking the doorway, but Rosemary's voice came from within.

"Don't be absurd." She pushed past the Kald's henchman and smiled on Juan when she saw his burden.

"A thousand thanks. I am so grateful."

"But you must need so many things. Tell me, what can I do?" It was impossible to enter the two-roomed stone house flattened against the hillside, for the Australian bulked in the yard.

"Tomorrow," said Rosemary at last. In answer to the Basque's multiple offers of assistance. "I am tired now. I must rest." She was uncomfortable under Pete's eyes and even the Rifian woman seemed to glance disapprovingly at Martengo. She looked up at the dark, heavily lined face. There was menace in the overbold expression, but the voice was kind and voluble. Sympathy impregnated it.

When Juan left, the impression of considerate friendship he had tried so hard to establish was not wholly repudiated by Rosemary.

Pete bestirred himself on her behalf. Finally, having clumsily, but effectively, arranged everything necessary to her comfort, he set a hurricane lamp on the solitary table, propped a pebble under its shortest leg, and informed Rosemary, in a minimum of words, that Zarifa, the Rif girl, would sleep on her threshold and that he himself was going to camp in the gatehouse, a cubby-hole above the wall. "You're sure safe," he added, and went out.

Rosemary was still sitting on the couch, contemplating the preparations of Zarifa, who was removing one of the coverings from her head before rolling up on a mat to sleep, when Pete's head reappeared round the door.

"That Martengo is a wrong un!" he said. "Don't you have anything to do with him. Keep clear, I say, and with a final grunt, he disappeared."

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(To Be Continued Next Week)

Wholesome Combinations For School Lunch Box

School days are here and mother is worrying about what she should put in the lunch box. Each lunch should include a "meaty" sandwich a refreshing drink and a sweet; any of the following with a glass of milk or a cup of hot cocoa makes a light but adequate lunch:

1—Date bread sandwiches spread with butter or cream cheese, peanut cookies, orange.

2—Biscuit sandwiches with chopped chicken cup custard, filled cookies.

3—Graham biscuit sandwiches with chopped meat filling, cinnamon bun, baked apples.

4—Brown bread, and butter sandwiches, custard, cup of baked beans, whole tomato, raisin drop cake.

5—Whole wheat bread sandwiches, cream cheese filling, molasses cookies, banana.

The daintiest lunch in the world may be spoiled in the packing. The main thing is to keep the foods separated and so packed that they will not become unwrapped on their way to school.

Cut sandwiches thin and wrap each in waxed paper. A covered jelly glass or a paper cup nicely holds a baked apple. A custard or chocolate pudding may be packed in the cup in which it is baked.

SUGAR COOKIE BALLS

Sugar Cookie Balls—Make the usual rolled sugar cookie dough. Make the dough into small round shapes about the size of a walnut by rolling the dough, then quickly dip each ball into milk and then roll in finely chopped nut meats. Bake these cookie balls about 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

Another way in which the plain sugar cookies can be varied is to take them from the oven just before they are thoroughly baked and in the center of each cookie place a marshmallow. Put the cookies back into the oven to finish baking and to let the marshmallow melt and lightly brown. When browning the marshmallow, watch them carefully so that they will not burn or get too hot and melt to run off the sides of the cookies.

And did you ever try making filled cookies by taking two plain sugar cookies and holding them together with a jam or a fruit filling? A jam can be mixed with finely chopped nut meats to make a filling, or a fruit marmalade or preserve can be drained of most of its syrup and used as the filling. The chopped fruit and nut pastes also make appetizing cookie filling.

"VANILLA WAFERS"

Vanilla Wafers—½ cup butter, 1-3 cup sugar, 1 well-beaten egg, 1 to 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, citron, nuts or raisins.

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, then add the egg, flour and the vanilla. Drop the dough in small portions from the tip of a spoon onto a buttered cookie sheet about two inches apart, spread thinly with a knife that has first been dipped into cold water. Then decorate in any manner that you wish. Use one cup of flour, if you want the dough to spread out a little and make a flat wafer; use 1½ cups of flour if you want the dough a little more stiff and the wafer to be rounding. The oven temperature used is about 350 degrees F. for about 10 minutes. However, these cookies should be carefully watched, as they scorch easily. The nut meats, raisins and bits of citron can be used to decorate the tops of these little wafers.

Nickel Pinchers Not Exponents of Thrift

I have never known a stingy person who was nice, who was one of those persons the thought of whom makes your heart expand with warmth and affection. I am not inveighing against those who are sensibly economical and thrifty. When a man or woman says: "No, I can't afford that. It's only a dollar, but a dollar is important to me," that is all right. The quality of being unashamed transfigures almost anything into something all right, even charming.

But a stingy person tries to pretend that the expense is nothing; that isn't what interests him. Oh, no! Yet his worry over the slipping away of nickels is so intense in him that it makes your flesh creep. When there is a restaurant check to be paid, when you invite a lightwad to have a soda with you, click, click, you intuitively feel the cerebrations going on in his anxious brain as to which of you will have to give up the nazuma for the indulgence.

"I don't want to embarrass them by taking them to the Ritz," the very rich girl rationalizes her economy, "so I will just take them down to that interesting little place under the elevated, with the sawdust on the floor."

"I don't want persons to get to care for me only for my money," says the very rich snob, who as often as not is the richest debutante of the season. So she always makes it a point to "go Dutch."—Elizabeth Barbour in the Saturday Evening Post.

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

If you were busy being true To what you know you ought to do, You'd be so busy you'd forget The blunders of the folks you've met. Rebecca Foresman.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF Electric Rate Reductions

Applicable to its Tualatin Valley Division, the Portland Electric Power Company announces in rate schedules of all classes of service, subject to the approval of the Public Service Commission of Oregon to be made effective September 1, 1927.

These reductions are due in a large degree to the generous use of its service by the people of Washington County. The new rates are designed to permit further use of electricity in the homes and industries at especially low rates. Your electric company further acknowledges its duty in continuing to extend its service to all communities and farms in the Tualatin Valley. The Portland Electric Power Company desires to continue to merit the confidence and patronage of its customers.

Portland Electric Power Co.

Tualatin Valley Division
By R. R. EASTER, Division Manager

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