KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER II

It was there that a party of tribesmen found her, a servant pointed up to the brittle ruin of the chief and pointed silently to the girl. Two men dismounted. "By Allah, she is living. What shall we do?"

"Leave her. She is not of our people," urged a sullen tribesman. "We have suffered enough from the foreigner."

"Mercy is from Allah," returned the headman. "It is not permitted to leave even an infidel without help." He signed to his servants. One of them picked up the girl and hoisted her across the saddle of his fellow. The cavalcade resumed its way.

The jolting eventually aroused Rosemary. She opened her eyes painfully, blinked at the dark face above her—another dream, of course—would the night never end? She felt a man's arms around her, thought of De Vries, and moved impatiently. A voice muttered something she did not understand. There was an unpleasant taste in her mouth. One cheek was stiff and when she touched it she felt some thing warm and damp in her hair.

With a great effort she clutched at memory. She seemed to be dragging it back to her, tangled and in pieces.

"Who are you, what are you doing?" she asked in French, and realized that the aroma which revolted her nostrils came from the sweat-stained garments of the Arab, who had her cradled between the pommel and his chest. The headman looked back and laughed.

"Marhaba, greetings," he said. "You are quite safe. We found you hurt, and we are taking you to a farm where there are women."

Rosemary did not understand. She was bewildered and exhausted, but not frightened. The tribesmen repeated simultaneously the word "safe," and pointed cheerfully ahead, nodding and gesticulating with the amiability they would have displayed toward a child or an idiot. Of course, all foreign women were mad, they knew, or why should one young and seized to be mother of many children be lying unconscious on a hillside?

A couple of horses were running loose. The tribesmen caught the bridle of one, offering it to Rosemary. She was lifted into the saddle like a bundle of merchandise, and there she clung, unable to urge, scarcely cut her, perceiving that some thin fluid beside jolting would ensue and she could rest her head, which felt like a thing impaled on metal.

The tribesmen dismounted for the noon prayers. The horses were turned loose to graze. A servant made coffee, blowing a few twigs carefully into a blaze. There was much argument, intricate, repetitive, and vastly erous, as to what could be done with the white woman. Rosemary had stumbled into the nearest shade and collapsed, her head on her arm. A tribesman rolled his blanket into a pillow for her. Another offered her water, which she drank thirstily.

"We must leave her. She is not of our blood," insisted the young man, but their elders demurred.

"She will die here alone on the mountain and her death will be a curse to us. It is not wise to burden our future with misfortune."

When the sun was slanting downward, they roused the girl, forced her to drink coffee, explained the situation to her in the Arabic she couldn't understand, stowed her hair to wash and bandage her head, and mounted her on their spirited horse.

Rosemary, still dazed but intelligent enough to realize that she was in unknown country among men who apparently meant her no harm, but who would not brook argument, rode quietly between two Arabs. At first she tried to explain her plight, urged them to tell her luck, offered rewards, mingling French and Arabic into the plainest possible sentences, her own the single word "money," had no effect. The tribesmen shook their heads, pointing always forward, as if the decision did not rest with them. In starlight the weary horses plodded up a great track strewn with boulders. The girl, disappointed altogether amidst a tangle of fresh and rock hung over them. In its shelter the men dismounted and sat down to eat after a hasty meal of fried mutton and a flowery paste, fragments of which Rosemary managed to force down her throat, they were rolled up in their blankets, asleep.

The cool wind was reviving Rosemary. Her head felt better, and she looked with curiosity at the apparently unsurmountable cliff behind her and moonlit hills spread like a map below her. For a moment she contemplated flight, elbowed the rest of the idea, realizing its impossibility, for she was too tired to walk more than a mile or two. Her thoughts grew more and more tedious until she slept in her borrowed blanket and was roused, in darkness, by a man shaking her shoulder.

The moon had set and the night was cold and still while, in single file, the caravan wound along the foot of the cliff. Rosemary, looking back, found the world had suddenly shut in behind her. The chief rode ahead, slipping through impossible places, twisting out like between boulders. Rocks towered upon either side. The sky was blotted out. They were going through a four-foot passage into the mountains that France thought impenetrable. A fresh of excitement shook Rosemary. There was a pass

666

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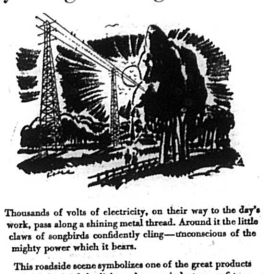

Thousands of volts of electricity, on their way to the day's work, pass along a shining metal thread. Around it the little claws of songbirds accidentally cling—unconscious of the mighty power which it bears.

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KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Figures rippled across it, soaring at the edges of lowlier clouds.

"Father Jolly, isn't it?" said a voice, and the girl looked up to see the Kaid standing above her. He came down with the agility of a goat. "Do you mind if I smoke—one of our few amusements?"

He had washed off several layers of dust and brushed the straight wiry brown hair which resisted every effort to make it look anything but a mat. With even so much attention to the normal aspect of mankind as she knew it, Rosemary was intrigued.

She raised her eyebrows. "How did you get mixed up with these people?"

"My life history for years, eh? It's simple. I've got no people to worry about me. The war upset things, made me pretty fit. Hunting and shooting were no sport after the Ypres salient. I'm a bit of a fanatic for a glad—did a bit of desert work. It gets in the blood, 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 situation 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 chaps and adventurers. It's rather a sport upsetting their game. They'd sell us all and their own mothers, if they weren't so frightened for their skins. The Kaid's never been one bullet and it isn't going to be now if I can help it."

"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—with only a couple of natives.

A flash of humor came to her rescue. She had quite as bad as that a few months ought to see it out. France doesn't want to conquer Morocco. She only wants to give Abd-el Krim such a lesson that he'll leave her tributary tribes alone. When Paris is quite certain that there'll be no more raiding in the legitimate French zone, he'll be ready to make peace. It's the Spaniards who are the difficulty. They want to wipe out a dozen old scores, and they won't be content till they've hammered the source of them."

"Mm! I see where exactly you come into it!"

"It's my job."

"You are in their pay?" Rosemary flung out, and regretted the words immediately.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" returned her companion imperturbably. "Here's food."

Pete approached, bearing an odd collection of tin plates and mugs, and a couple of native pots, containing coffee and goat's milk.

"You're a wonder, man. Where did you get the eggs—laid 'em, eh?"

The extempore cook was speechless. Amid a scarcity of grains, he spread the meal before them and, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the house, retired.

"Pete is not a conversationalist. He was once my orderly but, to this day, I know nothing about him except that long ago he was an Australian. Now he's nothing at all, doesn't know one country from another." He ran on pleasantly, while he poured out coffee and helped the girl to the heaped eggs, but Rosemary did not respond.

With a pace of dried biscuit in her hand, she remarked: "I suppose I shall wake up soon."

"I must seem rather a nightmare but I'm convinced it'll end pretty quick. The French have pushed so hard beyond the frontier they claim. Honor is satisfied, and they're too much common sense to involve them selves in trying to govern the Rif. They're not out for conquest, and I'll bet you they're only waiting to knock some sense of proportion into their allies before they offer us terms. It's cooped hot luck. I know—I'm most awfully sick about it." The tired light eyes met her own. They looked as if they had not slept for weeks, and the network of creases which surrounded them was outlined in ruled dust.

"But you're not so sick," retorted Rosemary, "that you'll let me go back."

"Wish I could, but we haven't so many cards up here that we can afford to give away two of them. You know too much, lady—I wish to God you didn't—and I've jolly well got to see our intelligent enemies don't get hold of your information."

"My aunt will be worried out of her senses. She'll think I'm dead." Rosemary was appalled by her inanity. "I won't stay," she flung at him. "I know the general direction we came in. If you won't let me have a horse, I'll walk. You can't make me stay." A flame burned in her cheeks but the man took no notice.

"I could make you stay, of course, but it isn't necessary. You can't even take a look at the country! You could no more find your way to Fez than fly. Everything is quite all right. You'll see," returned the Kaid, rising. "I'm going to get a bit of sleep. If you think you can manage here safely? We can rig up a sort of tent if you like, and we won't starve you. I'll do everything I can for you, but you've got to stick it out."

All day Rosemary sat in the cave. With nothing to occupy her, her thoughts revolved like a mill wheel crushing her brain between them. By afternoon she had a headache and would have been glad to talk even to Pete, who brought her all the cmup outfit either he or his chief possessed—a mirror, soap, blankets, a battered basin, but the Australian was mostly syllable. When he couldn't answer a question he grunted.

By sunset she was exasperated beyond endurance. "I shall have to bite my satin or cry, or go out," she told herself, with an attempt at humor.

Rosemary crushed a little way up the hill, sat on a boulder, and stared across the tumult of hills below. The sky was macle in the crucible.

THIRD BANK CLOSING IN PERRY HITS BUSINESS

Serious business depression in Perry county and especially on Main street in Hazard resulted Friday from the voluntary closing of the Perry County Trust Company, the third bank to close in the county within four days after a run on the bank Thursday when $60,000 was withdrawn by worried depositors.

Depleted reserves and frozen loans were blamed for the bank's difficulties by W. A. Dickon, deputy State Banking Commissioner, who in charge of the affairs of the bank were announced. He said he believed all depositors would be paid in full. Depression in the coal industry caused many of the bank's loans to be placed in the "frozen loan" class.

The run on the bank by depositors is believed to have been caused by the closing of the Blackey State Bank at Blackey Wednesday and the State Bank of Lothair.

When Cupid shoots at the mark he usually—Mrs H.

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Warm, light quarters may fool the birds into thinking it's summer—but that's only half the job.

Tuxedo Eggmash is the other half!

Carefully selected ingredients, thoroughly mixed, and including pure cane molasses, give the hens just what they need.

Winter eggs are profit makers—extra eggs at any time bring more money. For winter eggs—lots of them—and more eggs all year 'round, feed Tuxedo Egg mash. How about ordering a supply now?

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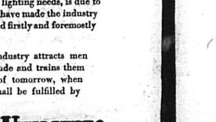
Tuxedo Pig Ration	Tuxedo Growing Mastash	Tuxedo Developer
Tuxedo Eggmasher	Tuxedo Poultry Fattener	and many others

The New Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system



THE lubrication system for the engine of the new Ford is as simple in principle as water running down-hill.

A gear pump in the bottom of the oil pan raises the oil to the valve chamber reservoir. From here it flows on to the main crankshaft bearings and the front camshaft bearing. Another oil drops into the oil pan tray and runs into troughs through which the connecting rods pass.

As the ends of these rods strike the oil they scoop up a supply for their respective rod bearing. At the same time they set up a fine spray that lubricates the cylinders and other moving parts.

From the tray the oil runs into the bottom of the pan, and is again drawn up through a fine mesh screen and pumped to the valve chamber.

This system is so effective that the five-quart contents of the oil pan pass through the pump *twice* in every mile when you are traveling at only 30 miles an hour. Yet there is only one moving part — the oil pump.

As a matter of fact, the lubrication system for the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires practically no service attention.

There is just one thing for you to do, but it is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Change the oil every 500 miles and be sure the indicator rod never registers below low (L).

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled.

To insure best performance it is also advisable to have the chassis of your car lubricated every 500 miles. This has been made easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system.

Proper oiling and greasing mean so much to the life of your car that they should not be neglected or carelessly done.

See your Ford dealer regularly. He is especially well fitted to lubricate the new Ford and he will do a good, thorough job at a fair price.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD HEALTH SERIES NO. 1

(Prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Maternal and Child Health, Kentucky State Board of Health, Louisville, Ky.)

When the baby gets through the second summer, even though he is still less than two years old, the mother can at least relax her vigilance a bit, after. He passes his second birthday she is likely to think that she the worst is over. After he passes his second can at least relax her vigilance a bit, that he has safely weathered the storms of babyhood and may now be left to "just grow," like Topsy. For this reason, the period from two to six—the pre-school age—has been called the neglected age. Fortunately, the pre-school child is less neglected now than formerly. It is true that the child generally grows, but in the process of growing he may acquire many undesirable physical and mental defects, characteristics, to an extent that may cause his parents to experience a shock when the report of his first physical examination in school is sent home. The period between two and six years of age is one of rapid development, and for what seems an incredibly short time the child may change from a normal to a defective child.

Because of the changes taking place between the period of infancy and that of school age, it is important that the pre-school child should have careful supervision. Physical examinations of school children have shown that defects are common, and the records of the Child Health Bureau of the Public Health Service have shown that enlarged tonsils and enlarged cervical glands were most prevalent at six or seven years of age. The incidence of defects was high at five, six with its peak at eight years. Speech defects were most numerous in the six and seven year old group, and decay of the teeth was widespread at seven. Other investigations have found that poor posture is common in children from four to seven years of age. All indicate that the pre-school age is a fertile field for the growth of physical defects. The mother can therefore well afford to spend a considerable amount of time and money in the care of the pre-school child, for it is during this period that the foundation is laid for many of the physical defects that will handicap the child in his school life and in his adult life.

BURLEY CROP EXPECTED TO BE BEST IN YEARS

In the first week of December, probably December 4, the Burley tobacco loosleaf tobacco markets will be thrown open to sales, according to authorities, promises to be one of the most successful seasons for the tobacco grower in history. Despite floods, drouth and early frosts, the poundage, according to reports of the Burley Pool of Kentucky and many planters, will be approximately 50 per cent greater than that of last year with the average price promising to remain at or about 25 cents.

Growers and warehousemen are most enthusiastic over the prospects for the next five months, and the season, which will begin about the middle of March is expected to leave in the pockets of the growers in Kentucky between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000. On the Lexington market alone, between 40,000,000 and 45,000,000 pounds of "Kentucky's brown gold" are sold.

Not in many years has the amount of workable tobacco on the storehouses of manufacturers been so low, it is reported. Making their predictions on this basis, authorities are predicting an average on the Lexington market of 25 cents a pound or even better. Best grades, they declare will bring better prices than the record year of last year, when less than 50,000,000 pounds of the leaf went under the breaks for approximately $12,500,000.

BATH FARMERS TO RAISE MORE POULTRY

Bath county farmers, largely as the result of encouragement given by County Agent J. Ed. Parker, are making plans to raise more and better poultry.

Clark Ramsey, of Bethel county community, has completed a Kentucky type shed-roof poultry house 24 by 30 feet. Plans were furnished by the Experiment Station, and the first flock will be used to demonstrate the profitableness of poultry when good methods are employed.

J. F. Dickens, also of the Sharpsburg community, has built a poultry house 20 by 20 feet square.

Williams Oil, of Salt Lick community, has built a house 16 by 80 feet for his flock of 400 White Leghorns and the pullets were placed in the new house their production jumped from 30 to 120 eggs daily.

W. E. Harris, of the Salt Lick community, has remade a barn into a poultry house.

Raymond Snodegar, of Wyoming community, has built a Kentucky type shed-roof house 20 feet square.

Charles Darnell, of the Owingsville community, has a new poultry house 20 feet square.

Fifteen Bath county poultry farmers recently added 1,000 new laying hens to the annual poultry meeting in October.

285 AMERICANS HAVE MILLION DOLLAR INCOME

Two hundred and eighty-three individuals in the United States counted their incomes for 1927 in seven figures, and of these ten received more than $5,000,000. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is sponsor for these statistics, which were made public in connection with its annual report on income tax returns.

Incomes of more than $1,000,000 were reported for 1926 by 221 persons, with the 1927 figures showing 53 additions to this select class. But while there was an increase in the number receiving a million or more, there was a drop in the number reporting incomes of more than $5,000,000. Ten reported such incomes for 1927, while there were 14 in the statistics for 1926.

In testing paint, the United States bureau of standards uses special apparatus which produces in a few days the same effect, as long exposure to sun, wind, rain and other weather conditions.

WASTE THROUGH TRAFFIC DELAYS REACH TWO BILLION

By S. S. Steen, President American Society for Thrift

We are indebted to Mr. A. B. Barber, of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, for some data that gives a hint as to the vast losses sustained by the public through traffic delays. He finds that for example, that in downtown Boston delays in traffic cost the community $8,500,000 a year in addition to losses from accidents which approximate $2,000,000 a year. Chicago's loss is approximately $236,000,000 a year and New York's tribute to the traffic problem is more than $350,000,000 a year or approximately $1,000,000 a day.

Mr. Barber concludes that $2,000,000,000 a year is a conservative estimate of the nation's bill for traffic delays. This figure does not, of course, include losses from accidents which must run high into the millions of dollars.

There is, however, another side to the picture, for, as Mr. Barber points out, "San Francisco found that its new traffic code resulted in reductions of accidents ranging from 30 to 40% in the records of companies operating 50, 100 and 400 motor vehicles. One street railway company reported a reduction of 24.7% in pedestrian accidents. A saving of $2,000,000 a year in the cost of automobile accidents is being made by San Francisco motorists. Los Angeles reports an increase of 30% in the movement of street traffic after revising its regulations."

It is generally agreed that the traffic situation is one of our great problems. For of what good is speed if, perhaps, in such definite terms of dollars and cents, the figures here quoted give an idea of the heavy financial drain which these conditions are imposing on the nation.

It is a matter, therefore, not only of public safety and convenience, but of public thrift that traffic problems be taken from their present chaotic state. There is not an urban community in the United States or Canada today that is without a serious traffic problem.

Thrifty communities will make a serious study of their traffic situation, and will find as a result of their investigation that a tremendous saving of money and the prevention of accidents that are costly to life and limb.

LITTER WEIGHS 2,630 POUNDS AT 170 DAYS

The production of a 2,630-pound litter of pigs raised by Joe Wainscon, of Crawtown community in Fleming county, has set a dizzy pace for other hog breeders in the county, notes County Agent H. H. Lickert, according to reports he has received. Kentucky between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000. On the Lexington market alone, between 40,000,000 and 45,000,000 pounds of "Kentucky's brown gold" are sold.

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Looks "Christmasy" For Thanksgiving, Doesn't It?

But Christmas Day is actually only three weeks and four days away. It will slip up on you before you know it.

Why not come in now and let us help you make a leisurely and careful selection of useful and attractive gifts?

Then you will be relieved of the dread of last-minute shopping. You will enjoy Christmas more than ever before. Do it now.

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