

# Where Britain Stands on Guard

## Spain's Failure in Morocco Causes Trouble for Britain and France. Germany Plots to Take Advantage. Pan-Islamic Ideal Plays a Part.

For Spain disaster and Morocco are synonymous. Britain is trying to avoid a like situation in regard to her own North African interests. So is France. Italy wants to play a more important role in prospective developments than France thinks she should, and German machinations help to complicate the problem.

A native chieftain, Abdel Krim, leader of the Rif in the Spanish zone of Morocco, is the immediate keystone of the situation. If he is captured or slain in battle, there may be a subsidence of the agitation that is worrying the powers. A period of peace would probably follow, to be broken when some new chieftain calls the tribes to holy war.

Spain, according to the unpublished records of history, has made several overtures to Britain, in the last thirty years, looking to the surrender of Gibraltar. They were not taken seriously in London. British military men, looking across the narrow Straits of Gibraltar, and British warships sailing that strip and adjacent seas, see and hear much. Their information must cause them to wonder whether Spain could hold the fortress long if she had it. To those who know of the Great Rock by reason of visits there, or from extensive reading about it, this may sound fantastic. The story of successive Spanish failures in Morocco make it appear more plausible. But Spain is not likely to get another opportunity to hold the Rock.

Britain is on guard across the Straits, and in them, with force enough for any immediate emergency. It is not alone the prospect

of a localized crisis that keeps her alert. Austen Chamberlain, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs put the case in brief in a recent statement in the Commons. No power with interests in North Africa, he said, could consider as alien to itself what was passing in any part of North Africa. He added, "If one of us has trouble, our trouble may be the cause of trouble for the other."

Several commentators have put the situation much more bluntly with the opinion that the succession of defeats sustained by a white nation in Morocco, has added fuel to the flames of the Pan-Islamic ideal. Leaders of that movement to put the Crescent above the Cross, are not only in close touch with Abdel Krim, but they have methods of bringing pressure to bear which he cannot and dare not ignore. He may be full of inspiration and enthusiasm for their plans; or he may be controlled by nothing more exalted than lust for power. Having driven the Spaniards to seek shelter in strongholds by the sea, he has more recently been swatting Raisuli, a brigand chieftain, who a few years ago was often mentioned in despatches as 'alternately fighting against and siding with the Spaniards, according to the state of his treasury and the equipment of his forces.'

Krim a Good Fighter  
Abdel Krim is no mere raider. A graduate of the University of Madrid, he was at one time supreme judge at Melilla, under Spanish jurisdiction. He was accused by the French of pro-Germanism

and they persuaded the Spaniards to demote him. They also threw Abdel into prison. Escaping in 1921 he started a war of vengeance that has never ceased. His initial success was the defeat of an army under General Silvestre, the Governor who dismissed him. It is said that the Spaniards had 10,000 men killed in this battle. He has had many successes since then, every one of them adding much modern military equipment to his supplies.

There are men in the British House of Commons who regard Abdel Krim as a patriot leading patriots in a war for liberty, and they want the British government to wage France against actively interfering in the event that Spain eventually withdraws completely from Morocco. Their support of the Rif is based on the contention that whatever their present lead-

her "Moroccan adventure" is estimated at twenty-four millions of English pounds yearly and the country's revenue is but a few thousand more. The author, Ibanes, and other native Spanish critics, assert that graft and looting account for nearly half of the money spent in the Moroccan campaign, and that shameful incompetency in military knowledge and leadership are their corollaries. It is a queer mix-up; no wonder there is anxiety in Downing street, and the chancelleries of Europe.

How the Land Lies  
The accompanying map, not drawn to scale, gives an idea of the interlocking influences, interests and possibilities, which make the situation in the sixteenth century was British in the sixteenth century. It has had many vicissitudes since. These included, before the

Moroccan army and navy headquarters now are, and a strip of territory along the coast, she will be lucky. For her a new menace is the rising of the Anjara tribes, who live in the territory between Tangier to Ceuta. For many years they were on friendly terms with the Spaniards; that day appears to be over.

France has restored order in her sphere of Morocco, following some uprisings which were not bothered with during the world war, and has strong forces there and in Algeria. The latter, her prize colonial possession, has a population of about six millions from which many native fighting men are recruited. Tunisia, another French possession, with some two million people comes next. Then Italy interjects with Tripoli, a large territory, but with a population of not more than 600,000. It was taken from Turkey in

other of the powers concerned, there is danger for every new success that the Moors record against Spain. Comparatively few of the fighting men in the Islamic countries know that the military forces, resources and leadership of Britain and France are infinitely superior to those of Spain. They only know that men of their own faith have won amazing victories over a European Christian nation. The reflection of this is witnessed in the arrogance of Turkey, not only toward Greece, against whom she has already won victories; but toward Britain in Iraq (Mesopotamia). There is self-sufficiency and contempt for others in every move she makes to emphasize her claims.

Germany's Aims  
Where does Germany come in? Spanish writers and statesmen who want to see their country in the

which would have given her a unique base for both for Atlantic and Mediterranean operations, were foiled years ago by British and French co-operation. Berlin has never lost sight of them, and they are revived now with the blessing of an acquiescent Spain, a country which owes its very existence as a national entity to Britain. Recent revelations by Brigadier-General Morgan, a British officer who served on the Inter-Allied Mission of Control, regarding German armament and military training, add significance to these plans. Half a million newly trained men with several times the requisite equipment and arms, is the estimate of Germany's military strength exclusive of war veterans. The new army has been created by clever manipulation which keeps instructors regularly on the rolls and calls others up for short but intensive training periods. Original German plans in the Moroccan territory looked to the enrolment of many black troops. France has taken a leaf from those schemes and aims to raise an army of 500,000 blacks, to be used in the next European war. Their transport mostly by land and part way by sea which she can easily defend, is a part of the French military program.

France Makes Ready  
If Abdel Krim carries out his immediate professed intention of establishing "the Republic of the Rif," the French will face an increasingly difficult situation. Abdel professes friendship for them, but it has been shown that none of the Moorish revolutionary leaders can ever restrain their followers from raiding any of the zones claimed by European powers. A few raids into French spheres or protectorates would be followed by prompt action on the part of France without regard to Spanish or any other feeling. That is shown by the vote of five million francs put at the disposal of Marshal Lyautey, in command of the French in Morocco. France could not afford to allow her millions of colored subjects to become infected with the virus of belief in their ability to drive the Christian nations back to Europe.

In India and Arabia, Egypt and the Sudan, and many other areas where her interests are affected, Britain must keep a close watch and guard because of what is happening in Morocco. For the moment the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean and the Red Sea claim the closest attention. The Admiralty and the War Office are in hourly touch by wireless with the centres whence developments may come. Britain knows how to guard her own.



The map shows how the interests of several powers are interlocked. Spain in her sphere of Morocco, France in Algeria and Tunisia. Britain in Gibraltar, Egypt, the Sudan and Arabia, are all on the alert because of the unrest due to Spanish defeats by the Moors.

er's views, these tribesmen were very friendly toward the British in the Great War, while Spain was not. The punctiliously correct attitude of King Alfonso and his cabinet is not overlooked, but the charge that Spain was actually hostile to the allies and very useful to the Germans, has persisted from the first year of the war.

As a "neutral" Spain is declared to have made the equivalent of a billion dollars out of the war. But to this day she seems incapable of balancing her budget. The cost of

world war, an attempt on the part of Germany to establish it as her recognized possession. In December of last year the Tunis and the zones surrounding it were completely neutralized under the convention between Britain, France and Spain. The latter and France have zones in Morocco outside of Tangier, but Spain, for fifteen years back and the last seven, in particular, has rapessed nothing, but sorrow and strife in her part of it the Rif section, a very hilly area. If she can hold Tetuan, at which port her

1912, and has since been reconquered by the Italians who neglected it when they entered the world war. In Egypt and the Sudan Britain has interests which are swayed by every wind blown by Mohammedan unrest. Nominally, Egypt is independent; but its strategic highway to India, and all of the Sudan are in the hands of Britain. Across the narrow straits is Gibraltar, also British, while in Arabia, British mandatory powers and possessions cover vast areas. For Britain, as much as for any

closest relationships with Britain and France above all others, point to the activities which are establishing the Krupp and other German concerns everywhere in Spain. These are not bent upon peaceful commercial penetration. They are shipping control of iron works and shipyards throughout the country, and Zepelin works are to be established. Malaga and Algeciras, facing Gibraltar, are two of the places to which these activities are extended. German plans for making Tangier a huge fortified port,

open on the side of the ridge, with a deep fringe of forest under them, and beyond that a wide, timbered plain which looked like a ghostly shroud in its mantle of frost.

Mahegun, too, had sought the hunt-pack; and like Barea had failed to catch it. They were tired, a little discouraged for the time, and hungry—but still alive with the fine thrill of anticipation, and restlessly sensitive to the new and mysterious consciousness of companionship.

To the flesh-eating wild things of the forests, clawed and winged, the Big Snow was the beginning of the winter carnival of slaughter and feasting, of wild adventure in the long nights, of merciless warfare on the frozen trails. The days of breeding, of motherhood—the peace of spring and summer—were over; out of the sky came the wakening of the Northland, the call of all flesh-eating creatures to the long hunt, and in the first thrill of living things were moving but little this night, and that watchfully and with suspicion. Youth made it all new to Barea and Mahegun; their blood ran swiftly; their feet fell softly; their ears were attuned to catch the slightest sounds.

(To be continued)

## BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood  
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

**SYNOPSIS.** Pirot, the trapper, and Nepeese, his daughter, made the rounds of their traps to see what animals had been caught. Pirot never left the girl alone for he was fearful of McTeggart, the unscrupulous factor, who was determined to marry her. Barea, the wolf dog, always accompanied them. Nepeese made a pet of the dog, but Pirot occasionally struck the dog. "If I make him hate me, he will hate all men," he explained. The father was looking into the future—for Nepeese.

**CHAPTER XVII—Continued.**  
Now the tonic-filled days and cold,

entering slowly and cautiously into a forbidden place. He did not understand at first. It made him nervous and uneasy; so restless that Nepeese frequently heard him whine softly in his sleep. He was waiting for something. What was it? Pirot knew, and smiled in his inscrutable way.



"Slinking low under the bushes, his tail drooping, his ears alert—the wolf runs on the night trail."

back at her side. But he had come straight as an arrow, and he whined up into her face. Nepeese put her hands to his head.

"You are right, mon pere," she said. "He will go to the wolves, but he will come back. He will never leave me for long." With one hand still on Barea's head, she pointed with the other into the pitiful blackness of the forest. "Go to them, Barea!" she whispered. "But you must come back. You must. Cheama!"

**CHAPTER XVII.**  
No longer, as in the day of old, did the darkness of the forests hold a fear for Barea. This night his hunt-cry had risen to the stars and the moon, and in that cry he had, for the first time, sent forth his defiance of night and space, his warning to all the wild, and his acceptance of the Brotherhood.

He ran straight into the darkness to the north and west, slinking low under the bushes, his tail drooping, his ears alert—the wolf as the wolf runs on the night trail. The pack had swung due north, and was travelling faster than he, so that at the end of half an hour he could no longer hear it. But the lone wolf-howl to the west was nearer, and three times Barea gave answer to it.

At the end of an hour he heard the

pack again, swinging southward. Pirot would easily have understood. Their quarry had found safety beyond water, or in a lake, and the mukhens were on a fresh trail. By this time not more than a quarter of a mile of the forest-separated Barea from the lone wolf, but the lone wolf was also an old wolf, and with the directness and precision of long experience, he swerved in the direction of the hunters, compassing his trail so that he was heading for a point half or three quarters of a mile in advance of the pack.

This was a trick of the Brotherhood which Barea had yet to learn; and the result of his ignorance, and lack of skill, was that twice within the next half-hour he found himself near to the pack without being able to join it. Then came a long and final silence. The pack had pulled down its kill, and in their feasting they made no sound.

Barea had not forgotten Nepeese. A dozen times he turned his head back and whined, and always he picked out accurately the direction in which the cabin lay. But he did not turn back. As the night lengthened, his search for that mysterious something which he had not found continued. His hunter, even with the fading-out of the

moon and the coming of the gray dawn, was not sufficiently keen to make him hunt for food.

It was cold, and it seemed colder when the glow of the moon and stars died out. Under his padded feet, especially in the open spaces, was a thick white frost in which he left clearly at times the imprint of his toes and claws. He had travelled steadily for hours, a great many miles in all, and he was tired when the first light of the day came.

At last it had come—the meeting with that for which he had been seeking. It was in an open, lighted by the cold dawn—a tiny amphitheatre that lay on the side of a ridge, facing the east. With her head toward him, and waiting for him as he came out of the shadows, his scent strong in her keen nose, stood Mahegun, the young wolf.

There was not a fortnight's difference in their age and yet Mahegun was much the smaller of the two; her body was as long, but she was slimmer; she stood on slender legs that were almost like the legs of a fox, and the curve of her back was that of a slightly bent bow, a sign of swiftness almost equal to the wind.

When the sun rose, half an hour later, it found them still in the small

open on the side of the ridge, with a deep fringe of forest under them, and beyond that a wide, timbered plain which looked like a ghostly shroud in its mantle of frost.

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(To be continued)



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And then it came. It was a night, a glorious night filled with moon and stars, under which the earth was whitening with a film of frost, when they heard the first hunt-call of the wolves. Now and then during the summer there had come the lone wolf-howl, but this was the tongueing of the pack; and as it floated through the vast silence and mystery of the night, a song of savagery that had come with each Red Moon down through unending ages, Pirot knew that at last had come that for which Barea had been waiting.

In an instant Barea had sensed it. His muscles grew taut as pieces of stretched rope as he stood up in the moonlight, facing the direction from which floated the mystery and thrill of the sound. They could hear him whining softly; and Pirot, bending down so that he caught the light of the night properly, could see him trembling.

"It is Mee-Koo!" he said in a whisper to Nepeese.

That was it, the call of the blood that was running swift in Barea's veins—not alone the call of his species, but the call of Kazan and Gray Wolf and of his forebears for generations unnumbered. It was the voice of his people. So Pirot had whispered, and he was right. In the golden night the Willow was waiting, for it was she who had gambled most, and it was she who must lose or win. She uttered no sound, replied not to the low voice of Pirot, but held her breath and watched Barea as he slowly faded away, step by step, in the shadows. In a few moments more he was gone. It was then that she stood straight, and flung back her head, with eyes that glowed in rivalry with the stars.

"Barea!" she called. "Barea! Barea! Barea!"

He must have been near the edge of the forest, for she had drawn a slow, waiting breath or two before he was

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