

worked for a sucker. They say you're the instructor-in-chief of this imperial army, that you're a little closer to the throne than any foreigner ever got, and that you've got a pull with this Sultan chap. How 'bout it? Can't you do something to help me out?"

In his earnestness, the Honorable Bob arose to his feet, and walked backward and forward in the arbor, stopping at last at its extreme end. The officer looked at the man steadily for a full minute, and then shook his head with a dubious air. He, too, arose and walked across to the consul, and stood looking up at the gigantic figure which, in its six-foot-three, towered above him.

"No," he said, "I can't. In all the years I've been here, I haven't been able to make these people, or His Majesty, the Sultan, understand that it is a form of petty extortion that should be stopped. I can get evasive answers — the same as you. I can go just as far, and then must stop, or incur a disapproval that bars every effort. Great Britain and America combined cannot protect their own in Morocco. They cannot — combined — overcome the rapacity of the country, which I serve as best I may."

The kaid threw his hands up with such an eloquent gesture of helplessness that the consul, despite his own irritation, pitied the officer, this soldier of fortune who had risen to high command, was respected, obeyed, and yet impotent.

For the first time in the months they had known each other, there was a sense of mutual helplessness between them which they could not overcome. The Englishman wore the air of one who was oppressed, and had allowed