

JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER R. KYNE
Illustrated by Allen Dean

SYNOPSIS.

Roberta Antrim has received word of the death of her uncle, Tom Antrim. The message is signed by Don Jaime Miguel Higuene. She sees herself as the beneficiary to a large estate. Bill Latham, her uncle-in-law, has his doubts. Roberta does not know that Uncle Tom was killed by Don Jaime in the feud between cattle raisers and sheepmen which had been going on for years in Texas. Her husband, Don Jaime's manager, had found Roberta's picture and address in Uncle Tom's pocket and she accordingly had been notified.

CHAPTER VIII.

Although she had promised Crooked Bill Latham that she would start for Los Algodones immediately, such was her curiosity to meet the adorable Don Jaime Miguel Higuene, Roberta Antrim awakened the following morning with a changed mind. During the night she had decided that the Border town in June would not be to her liking. She hadn't the slightest idea of the believed to be considerable. Regardless of its size, however, she asked herself what beneficial purpose could be served by going down there now. The Higuene man had volunteered to look after her interests, the bank had recommended him highly, so why not permit him to be as neighborly as he wished?

Crooked Bill was quite prepared for this change of mind. So he said nothing beyond a mild inquiry as to what reply she had sent Don Jaime Miguel Higuene to his charming telegram.

"Oh, I told him I would be happy to have him look after my interests until I could find a man to relieve him, at which time he would be remunerated for his work. I also asked him to send me a detailed account of the manner in which Uncle Tom met his death and instructed him to have Uncle Tom buried in the local cemetery and send the bill to me."

"Humm—!" Crooked Bill's grant was very skeptical. "Did you ask him for any information regarding your Uncle Tom's estate?"

"No, Uncle Bill. I thought you'd look after those details for me."

"I will, honey, but I have a few details of my own that require looking after. I'm up to my eyeballs in Motors and if the market goes against me (and I don't like the looks of it) I'm liable to have to go down to Texas, take hold of your Uncle Tom's sheep business and try to eke out an existence for us. I suppose you'd give me a job as your manager, wouldn't you, Bobby?"

Roberta's eyes widened. "Surely, Uncle Bill, you're jesting."

"I'm not. Neither am I lugubrious, my dear. It will be time enough for that when I invite my creditors in to gather up the pieces."

"You're a strange mixture of optimism and pessimism, Uncle Bill. Are you really deep in the market?"

"I'm in Motors up to my eyeballs. I have a few other lines, but Motors is the stock that won't let your Uncle Bill sleep well lately. You see, Bobby, when he plays on margin and sells short, he makes a dollar a share every time the price drops a point; if he buys short he loses a dollar a share every time the price mounts a point. And the brokers keep calling for more margin. . . Well, I bought five thousand shares at 110."

"Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Roberta interrupted.

"Well, the stock has gone up to a hundred and ninety."

"A loss of eighty points—four hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle Bill!"

Roberta came to the old man and put her fair arms around his leathery neck. "I'm Uncle Tom's heir. At least he wrote me to that effect once when he was very ill."

"The time he was shot by his foreman in a quarrel over participating profits, you mean?"

"—so if you go bust, Uncle Bill, you can have Uncle Tom's sheep."

"A terrible heritage," Crooked Bill replied, and shuddered. "Well, we'll hope for the best, honey."

"Of course, you can sell now and pocket your loss, can you not?"

"A true sport never knows a regret, Bobby. He always protects his bets. I think I'll sell out my line of cotton and steel today and use my considerable profit to protect my other trades." Crooked Bill Latham hung his head and wiped his eyes carefully.

"Seeing what a sport you are, Bobby, I find courage to tell you something. I've sold Hibernia—that is, I've given my bankers a deed under an agreement to file it for record in case I fail to meet my obligations to the bank—and if that inside crowd keeps on shoving Motors up and up—"

"Whatever happens we'll be brave about it, old dear," Roberta assured him tenderly. "There, there, Uncle Bill. Buck up now."

"I tell you, Bobby, I'm so nervous about that stock I'm afraid to go into New York for fear I'll find myself a babbling idiot when I step off the train. Anything can happen in this market, and I don't know what to do. I felt pretty badly when you and Glenn had your bust-up the other night," he went on. "I had hoped to see you settled for life. What happens to me doesn't matter. A man can lie down in the cactus, but a woman must be protected."

"You darling! But I don't want to be safe. I'm young; I want to see something of life; I want adventure and romance, and it isn't found in Glenn Hackett's set."

"Texas is the largest state in the Union—there's plenty of room for romance there. How about this Jaime Miguel Higuene?"

"I'm afraid I might not care for him after all, Uncle Bill. I've made up my mind never to become interested in a Latin. They're so explosive and emotional and tyrannical; they kiss each other—the men, I mean—and weep at things an American would find humorous."

"However, you or your legal representative will have to go to Texas soon and do something about those sheep."

"But I do not know that I am heir to those sheep. Can't you wait until a will is unearthed or the absence of one definitely established? Glenn brought up that point yesterday. If there is no will I shall, of course, as Uncle Tom's next of kin, petition for letters of administration, but until I have a letter from Senor Higuene it seems to me I can do nothing but mark time."

It was a week before the expected letter arrived from Jaime Miguel Higuene. Having perused it, Roberta handed it to Crooked Bill.

"Rancho Valle Verde, Las Cruces Co., Texas."

"June 28, 1925."

"Dear Miss Antrim: Supplementing my telegram of a week ago I regret to report that on the 21st inst. your Uncle, Thomas Antrim, as the aftermath of a dispute that arose due to your uncle's alleged trespass with his sheep on lands not owned by him, engaged in a duel with rides on a range some ten miles from Los Algodones. His antagonist, one Jim Higgins, emerged the victor in this sanguinary affray. From the testimony of the latter, in addition to that of a Ranger who arrived on the scene immediately following the unfortunate incident, it appears, much as I regret to say so, that Mr. Antrim was very much the aggressor. In fact Higgins was wounded three times by your relative before he found himself in position to return the fire. The Ranger brought Higgins and the body of your uncle to Los Algodones, the county seat, where the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide."

"In accordance with your telegraphic instructions I have seen to it that your uncle received Christian burial in Old Fellows Cemetery."

"Being at this time confined to my home with a slight indisposition, I directed my general manager to call upon your uncle's foreman on the charge of some 40,000 sheep on range and inform him that it was your wish, as the probable heir to your uncle's estate, that he continue to carry on with the sheep until the arrival of you or your representative here. The foreman, Bill Dingle, impressed my foreman as being a bit recalcitrant. He mentioned having a contract with your uncle to participate to a certain extent in the latter's sheep business and stated that he was not taking orders from anybody. My manager thereupon showed him your telegram to me, conveying your request that I act as your representative temporarily. This written display of authority had little or no effect on Bill Dingle. While Jim Higgins is recovering from his wounds, Bill Dingle continues to trespass on the former's lands."

"Suspecting that your uncle might have made a will, I suggested to the public administrator that he look into the matter. Three days ago I received a letter from the official informing me that the Federal Trust Company of El Paso had forwarded a will to be filed for probate at Los Algodones. From this will it appears that you are the sole heir and co-executor with the Federal Trust Company, whose executorship, however, may cease, at your option, but only after the trust company shall have been paid certain loans made your uncle in his lifetime."

"You will, doubtless, have to employ a local attorney. If desired, I shall be happy to recommend one who has served the Higuene family ably and faithfully for forty years—Don Prudencio Alviso, of Los Algodones."

"I regret to state that I have very little confidence in the integrity of your foreman, Bill Dingle, and suggest that you take steps to count the sheep immediately. The count will have to be made by one backed by undoubted legal right to do so. Upon receipt of the court will appoint a man to do this for you. I advise prompt action."

"If I can serve you further, do not hesitate to command, your obedient servant, Jaime Miguel Higuene."

(To be continued.)

Do Toads Cause Warts?

No reputable scientist or medical authority believes that toads cause warts, notwithstanding the time-honored popular belief to the contrary. Most of the warts which occur on persons in later life are caused by irritation. The cause of the warts which appear on the hands of children is not so well understood. Such warts often come suddenly, and sometimes in groups, and they also frequently disappear suddenly. This fact, coupled with the simple analogy between the warty appearance of toads and the existence of warts on the hands of children who like to play with toads, probably gave rise to the belief that handling toads causes warts on the hands. The skin of the toad secretes a poison which acts as a violent irritant to the eyes and mouth, but not to the skin of man. Medical scientists have observed that susceptibility to warts in childhood seems to run in certain families and is apparently hereditary to some extent at least.—"Animal Life."

DESPONDENCY

Despondency is the last of all evils. It is the abandonment of good, a giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness.—Von Knebel.

Why Gold Is Standard

By WALTER E. SPAHR,
Professor of Economics, New York University, Speaking Before a Forum in the Stock Exchange Governor's Room.

Gold has been accepted by the world as a standard of value largely because it satisfies a desire for ornamentation, ostentatious living and display. The value of gold as an ornament depends largely on its scarcity. If gold were as plentiful as water, its possession would confer no distinction and its value as an ornament and as a medium of exchange would be destroyed. It is an interesting fact that the monetary standards which have outlasted all others have been anchored to the superfluities in life, to the frills and trinkets, rather than to the necessities.

Naturally, not all ornaments could serve as standards of value or as media of exchange. Certain other characteristics are also necessary. The standard must have durability, stability, scarcity; it must be easy to carry about, easily recognized, have the quality of divisibility, be made of homogeneous material, and it must have the character of malleability.

The assumption in various proposals put forth by the bimetalists for the adoption of silver standards by certain countries is that the value of silver will be increased if it is done. If the value of silver is increased, it is reasonable to assume that the production of it would increase and tend to depress its value. It is fundamentally a commodity, and therefore can never become a monetary standard unless all the leading countries adopt it.

Here and There

Dog Licenses Issued in Gt. Britain

total 3,000,000 annually. There are nearly forty cities in the world with a population of over one million.

Americans spend more than \$500,000,000 a year in laundries and dyeing and cleaning establishments.

One-third of the adult male population of France, which is altogether 13,600,000, are bachelors.

Sparrows are said to do damage to the extent of about \$15,000 to the grape crop in one province of the Argentine.

Artesian wells, of which there are hundreds in London, draw water from the chalk basin 300 feet below the surface.

Londoners are among the healthiest people in England, the general death rate of the metropolis having fallen to 11.7 per 1,000.

By collecting old bottles and selling them, a Brighton (England) resident has raised over \$1,500 during the past three years for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Weighing ninety-six tons and seventy-eight feet in length, the world's largest girder has just been brought by rail to London for use in a new building.

Norwich (England) canaries are so popular in the United States that about 10,000 are imported into that country every year. A pure-bred singing bird will fetch as much as twelve dollars.

Out of every hundred married couples in France, twenty-three have no family, twenty-five have only one child, and twenty-two have two children. Less than three per cent. have seven children or more.

Marriage certificates will have to be produced by chauffeurs if a proposed new law comes into force in Turkey. The idea is that matrimony increases the sense of responsibility.

Nothing but glass, transparent everywhere save in a bathroom, and erected on a steel frame, has been used in building a house in Paris. The idea is to admit as much light as possible.

A train a mile long and \$123 tons in weight has just been drawn a distance of 128 miles by Canada's giant oil-burning locomotive. With its tender, this engine weighs just over thirty-five tons and measures more than ninety-nine feet in length.

STRENGTH

Oh well for him whose will is strong! He suffers, but he will not suffer long; He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong; For him nor mover the round world's random mock.

Who seems a promontory of rock, That, compassed round with turbulent sound In middle ocean meets the surging shock, Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

Peace

Strife at last is ended, Stilled the din of war; Worn men are resting, Pledged to fight no more.

May this row of friendship Keep us all from ill; Peace on earth forever, And to men, good-will.—AMAZ.

"You look sweet enough to eat."

"I do eat. When do we go?"

"There is no faculty, physical or mental, that belongs to man that does not belong to any animal."—Clarence Darrow.

Fate's Little Joke

BY JAMES RONALD

A single spotlight, its beam cutting the darkness like a broad blade, threw a wide pool of light upon the stage, where a dancing figure whirled and leaped in an ecstasy of abandonment. At last, with a crashing chord from the orchestra, the dancer dropped to the floor of the stage and lay there writhing in a perfect simulation of the agony of death.

Andy Ricketts, the revue producer, shifted his cigar to the corner of his mouth with a twist of his thick lips, and walked down the aisle of the darkened auditorium towards the lighted stage.

"Good work, boy!" he declared enthusiastically. "That number will knock 'em cold!"

Ivan Nikiloff smiled faintly. He had just concluded a rehearsal of his new dance, "The Death of a Redskin," which was to be the big scene of Ricketts' forthcoming production.

"I am glad you like it," he replied, with a faint trace of accent.

"Like it!" repeated Andy. "My boy, it's great!" Then "Hey, Jimmy!" he shouted.

An odd little figure with a mournful face shuffled out and stood blinking owlishly.

"Look here, Jimmy"—Andy Ricketts' cigar wobbled up and down as he spoke—"I've got a great idea. When Ivan finishes his dance, you'll run on in a comic Redskin outfit and do a burlesque of it. In the end, an arrow from the wings will hit you in the back of the pants, and you'll drop in your tracks—but take your time about dying; this has got to be funny!"

Jimmy Quin nodded gloomily. Ivan walked to the footlights.

"Do I understand that this clown is to make fun of my dance?"

"That's the idea."

"In that case," Ivan said quietly, "I shall not dance!"

The cigar dropped from the producer's lips.

"What do you mean, you won't dance?"

"I mean what I say. I am an artist—not a mountebank. It would be sacrilege to make my dance a prelude to burlesque."

"Now, wait a minute, Ivan. Don't be too hasty. When you were Jerry Nichols, and I was paying you twelve pounds a week, you didn't have that Russian accent, and you took a smaller size in hats. Now you're Ivan Nikiloff, and I pay you a hundred and fifty a week, you've got exaggerated notions of yourself as an artist. I like you, boy, and I'd hate to see you making the mistake of a lifetime, but you've got to realize that your job is to entertain. Your dance will appeal to the intelligence of the audience; it will tense their senses like a tricky bit of five-figure quirk by Paderewski—but Jimmy Quin's burlesque will rock 'em with laughter—and that's what they pay their hard cash for!"

The dancer shrugged his shoulders. "I shall not dance," he repeated.

In his dressing room his friends were voluble about the gross insult.

"The little beast, daring to talk to you like that . . ."

"As though you'd dream of defiling your art . . ."

"He'll come to you on his hands and knees in a day or two . . ."

"He can't do without you . . ."

In the midst of this generous flow of flattery the door opened and a pretty little golden-haired woman hurried into the room.

"Andy's hopping mad," she declared. "What have you been doing to him?"

The dancer's camp followers crowded round her like a swarm of bees. "You're a dear," replied Iris huskily. "Thanks awfully, but we've got copies of cash in the bank."

Ivan Nikiloff, the dancer, was forgotten!

One afternoon, two years later, Andy Ricketts was being driven along the Chiswick High Road on the way to his palatial home in Richmond when his keen eyes noticed a black beard inscribed with faded gilt lettering attached to one of the dinky houses that flanked the road. He spoke into the speaking-tube, the car glided to a standstill, and the producer walked back and examined the inscription.

MADAME NICHOLS
School of Dancing

Andy pushed open the gate and went up the chipped stone walk. He paused at a window and looked in. Twelve little boys and girls were being drilled into executing a semblance of a waltz under Iris's patient direction. Jerry was thumping out a popular melody on a piano near the window.

Iris saw the stout little producer at the window and joyously beckoned him in. Jerry, too, was pathetically glad to see him. But even after the children had gone away, their hour of tuition over, Jerry remained seated at the piano.

"How's things?" asked Andy.

"Not too bad," replied Jerry gamely.

"Ever take a shot at trying to dance again?"

Jerry stood up slowly. His legs curved outward from the hips to the knees and inward from the knees to the downward. They were ludicrous travesties of the exquisite limbs which had raised Jerry from the chorus to stardom.

"Children laugh at me in the street," said Jerry softly. "I—I don't go out much."

"Iris," said the little showman, "see if you can coax the music for Jerry's Redskin dance out of your piano. Jerry, boy, I'd like to see you running over that dance just once more."

"If you don't mind, Andy, I'd rather not."

"To please me, boy."

Jerry shrugged his shoulders, peeled off his jacket and waistcoat and walked to the cleared end of the room. He nodded to Iris, and the music started. He whirled and leaped in the wild abandonment of his dance—but his efforts were laughable, grotesque.

The producer lay back in his chair and shook with laughter. Iris, too, was laughing; she couldn't help it; but tears filled her blue eyes.

Jerry stopped dancing. "You see," he said.

Andy put a fatherly arm on Jerry's shoulder.

"My boy," he said softly, "there's money in laughter. It is the rarest and most precious commodity in the world. . ."

Andy Ricketts' latest revue has been running for nine months and is likely to run for as many more. One of the reasons for its success is the grotesque figure, in baggy trousers, a wide coat and enormous boots, that shuffles on to the stage halfway through the performance. Legs, curved outward from the hips to the knees and inward from the knees to the ankles start the fantastic, eccentric dance. The audience rocks with laughter at the funniest sight in London.—Pearson's Weekly.

Toronto Professor Sees Hope For a "Perfect Conductor"

Montreal—A perfect conductor of electricity, long sought by engineers, may soon be an actuality. Dr. J. C. McLennan, chairman of the department of physics of the University of Toronto, declares.

Such a conductor would render the world's electrical transmission equipment obsolete by cutting down leakage of current carried over long distances, it was explained.

Dr. McLennan said that he had already produced an alloy which is a perfect conductor at temperatures several degrees higher than pure metals such as lead or tin. The only hurdle left, he said, is the production of an alloy which will serve perfectly at ordinary temperatures.

Wisdom

Dare to be wise: begin it at once; he who puts off the hour for living aright is like the country clown who waits for the stream to flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on, flowing past all the time.—Horace.

Hubby—"My dear, this pie is a poem. Your own work?"

Wiley—"Well the cook collaborated."

"Things would get better if people waited for the stream to flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on, flowing past all the time.—Horace."

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To Helene

Ronsard, From The London Observer. When you are old, and fit the candle's rays You wind your thread by the fire at eventide, Singing my songs, you will say with a wondering pride "Ronsard wrote of me, in my beauty's days."

Then never a maid whose tired head nods and sways Drowsily over her labour at your side, But at the sound "Ronsard" will open wide Her eyes and bless your name's immortal praise.

I shall be deep in earth, a phantom laid To my long rest beneath the myrtle-shade; You, an old woman bent over the fire.

Regretful of my love and your harsh scorn. O trust me, live—wait not tomorrow.

Gather today the rose of life's desire. F. L. Lucas.

Hubby—"My dear, this pie is a poem. Your own work?"

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ISSUE No. 51—31

Charlie Chaplin's Two Sons



The small sons of Charlie Chaplin, world-famed screen comedian, enjoy a stroll in Paris, where they will spend a year learning French. They are seen with their grandmother.