JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE Illustrated by Allen Dean

Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, Texas ancher, and Tem Antrim, a sheep own of the been bitter enemies. Capt. Kes as a sow Don Jaime's manager. Don aime's mind, bowerer, dwells on other hings. He has fallen in lore with a cottre of Roberta Antrim, a society cile. He is attacked from ambush and doots it out with his opponent. Hobart and him wounded and the opponent and. On the body is a picture of Rotrita and her address, with the request and the he notified in the event of Toxas at the he notified in the event of Toxas at the he notified in the event of Toxas at the he notified in the event of Toxas at the he notified in the event of Toxas and the second of t

CHAP. VIII - (Cont'd.) "Well?" Roberta queried as Crooked

"Well?" Roberta queried as Crooked
Bill folded the letter and laid it on
the library table.

The old schemer rubbed his ingenious head. "Don't like the idea of
that El Paso bank being co-executor
with you, honey. We'd better asserwith you, honey. We'd better assertain how much money the estate ower
Tain how much money the estate of paper and wrote:
To some time I have felt the the been duite crippled since his twelfth birthday. Infantile paralysis."

Don Jaime considered this, "Supthat I wanted a book and so I wrote
that I wanted a book and so I wrote
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that I wanted a book and so I wrote
th with you, honey. We'd better ascertain how much money the estate owers the bank, may them off and get rid of them. I imagine it isn't a great deal. No sane bank would loan Tom Antrim very much. Of course, this Dingle Bell—"

Will Dingle Bell—"

"Rill Dingle Bell—"

"Bill Dingle Bel

"Bill Dingle," Roberta corrected "Senor Higuenes doesn't trust him." Senor Higuenes is evidently in the

cattle business, if we may judge from his letter-head, so naturally he wouldn't trust any sheepman. I wouldn't trust any sheepman. I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to oust Dingle Bell—I mean Bill Dingle, if I were you, Bobby. The qualities that ge to make up a good sheep foreman might not appeal to a cattleman. However, I think you should engage Senor Prudencio Alviso as your attorney. What we want now is action. We must have those sheep counted. We'll engage Prudencio by night letter tonight and tell him we're forwarding a thousand for his retainer; we will also suggest that he consult with thiguenes when selecting the man to count the sheep. The court will cob-ably appoint the man nominated by abiy appoint the man nominated by your attorney. Meanwhile we will have to arm you with proper cre-dentials—birth certificate, affidavits and other proof that you are the identical Roberta Antrim mentioned in your uncle's will. Glenn Hackett will attend to that, of course.'

CHAPTER IX.

The assistant general manager the Rancho Valle Verde walked into the vine-enclosed verandah where Don Jaime lay at ease in lis chaise longue, while a nurse, almost old enough to be his mother, sat in an adjacent chair

Why is no so interested in the media to kill?

Because Don Jaime Miguel Hi

knitting.
"Well, how's our boss, Mrs. Ganby?" Ken Hobart queried.

"His wounds have all healed by first man."

intention," the nurse answered. "I should say he'll be up and around again in a month. Probably lame for a meath or two thereafter. At any rate he loses me next week." Don Jaime, with a polite request to

be excused, read his mail. Presently he looked up and there was a glint of deviltry in his black eyes.

Prudencio Alviso writes me "Don Prudencio Alviso writes me er with the address. When he repairthat he has been engaged by Miss antrim as attorney for the estate; the journey, Mrs. Ganby returned to that Miss Antrim has given the Fedher patient. eral Trust Company a cheque in pay-ment of the notes it held against the estate and that the bank has resigned as co-executor. Old Prudy writes to thank me for sending him the busithank me for senging nim the pusi-ness. He tells me that with his ap-pointment he received a retainer of a thousand dollars and instructions to gateway, from which the road ran straight down the valley. A mile ness. He tells me that with his appointment he received a retainer of a thousand dollars and instructions to secure a good man to count those sheep. He suggests you old leather. face, and I second the nomination, which is tantamount to election where and I second the nomination, Judge Aurelio Vasquez is concerned. Miss Antrim says she's going to leave everything in her lawyer's hands, with everything in her lawyer's hands, with instructions to consult with me, and whatever we two decide to do will meet with her approval. She ays she dreads ied, "what evil message do you bring, has accepted so many engagement of the state of

Antrim I killed after he'd busted me,

Mrs. Ganby." "And you are her adviser-she" friendly with you?"

"Oh, she doesn't know I bumped old Tom off. I wrote her a chap named Jim Higgins had done it"

Ken Hobart chuckled. "That's his gringo alias, Mrs. Gan-by. The first Higuenes to be heard of in Spain was called James Michael Higgins. But the Spaniards gave it a Spanish twist—the 'i' has the sound of 'e' in Spanish and they have a habit of adding 'es' to things. Some times they say sheepes or sheeps a the plural of sheep, for instance. So with the passage of time James Mi-chael Higgins, the big Mick, developed

into Jaime Miguel Higuenes. When did that happen, Don Jaime?" When the first J. M. married red-headed Spanish woman who insisted on spelling the name as it was pronounced. My ancestor did not object. So the tribe of Higuenes was horn. The family migrated to Mexico in the ninetcenth century, and my great grandfather married the daugh-ter of an Irishman who owned this rancho. That brought the Celtic strain up a little. My grandfather added to it by marrying a girl who was half Irish, and when he looked at his offspring he was glad he'd done it. He noticed the cross had increased the He noticed the cross had increased the height, breadth, general appearance, industry and temper of the Higuenes tribe. We looked much more like Black Irish than Mexicans now, and were probably, a little more than half It is a narrow bed for one Celt. But we had Spanish customs Who had companioned star and a Spanish outlook on life and It is a bitter thing that he,

sent my father to the Virginia Mili-tary Institute and father married a Carrol of Virginia and begot me." "You have never been married?"

"Never."
"Aren't you going to be?"
"I fear not. The loneliness heremilitate against it, Mrs. Ganby."

"The right girl," said Mrs. Ganby,
"wouldn't mind it in the least. Go

forth and search for her, Don Jaime." Don Jaime appraised the old nurse

"Oh, Don Jaime! You mean it!" He nedded. "I'd like to be able to friends from the surrounding county, come to dinner oftener, but I'm never satisfied with the appearance of my or the service. I have no time to train maids and housekeepers—and if I did I wouldn't know how."

"Yes, a man is very helpless. I

"You re very kind. Ken, you run for me, and do not let me hear any up to El Paso and get the boy. Mrs.

"Why do you think he engaged me

a good-humored smile:

Antrim and her duenna."

a good-humored smile:

"Well, well, Herr Professor, skat-Antrim and her duenna."

"Oh, yes, she will. You'll supply the fiddle."

and formal.

"Why is he so interested in the niece "Because Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes is a romantic Mick, that's why. He saw a full-page rotogravure pic-ture of her in the Suburban Gentle

"Oh, dear, he's quite hopeless! 3h irritating; she may be without man-

Mrs. Ganby wrote a note to the peo ple with whom she boarded her crip-pled so: and gave it to Hobart togeth-er with the address. When he repair-

"What a charming man your Mr. Hobart is, Don Jaime!" she began. "He'll do in a pinch"—laconically.
"He is very devoted to your inter

"My thanks are due you, my friend.
They will not ret far. Who sent you here?"

"The American customs agent at los Algodores Day Views agent at the control of the control o Los Algodones, Don Jaime. He bils far as it views itself as the social la

you send your riders to head them off before they recross the river with your cattle."

He bills far as it views itself as the social is boratory of childhood," he said.

Parents will often be surprised to "Return and tell him I have but

lugo. Forty men will be sufficient, I think. Return to the customs agen with my gratitude for his warning and tell him my men will start in ten minutes, perhaps less." (To be continued.)

Smart Scotsmen?

London.-Visitors from north of Tweed who pass the recruiting office in Whitehall have been somewhat startled by three new posters which

Smart ment wanted for the Grena diers."

"Smart men wanted for the Welsh Guards." "Scotchmen wanted for the Scots

The visitors from the North doesn't whether this means one doesn't have to be smart to be a member of the Scots Guards or whether it is just taken for granted all Scotsmen are smart.

Epitaph for an Aviator

sand a Spanish outlook on life and Spanish was our mother tongue. Also we had no reason to be other than proud of our Spanish blood, so we never mixed it with Indian. When we moved to Texas my grandfather fought under the Stars and Bars. He

Amusing Anecdotes

Edison was an enthusiastic angler This motio (says Ludwig) hung over the mantelpiece in his room at home: "Why have yo: squandered so many golden minutes and diamond sec-

this column of figures in my hous and then go on with my sentence.

"I have no face at ail. It's only

"And this, said he, is the Poin-care room, showing me its fine wood

This is the postscript to a letter, written in 1905, by William II, of Germany, to his Chancellor, Princ von Bulow - printed in the second

up to El Paso and get the boy. Mrs. Ganby will arrange that detail with you. Now clear out and let me sleep."

Mrs. Ganby, with tears of happinezs in her middle-aged eyes, followed the assistant general manager into the gangle office.

more of your intention to retire. Wire me, after this letter the words 'All right,' and I shall know you will stay! For the morning after your request for resignation had been received would find your Emporer alive no longer. Think of my wife alive no longer. Think of my wife

"Why do you think he engaged me.
Mr. Hobart? Do you think he suspected he was doing a very wonderful thing for my boy and me?"
"Yes, I think so. But he engaged you, principally, I think, because he wants the Casa Higuenes to be running in civilized fashion in case his luck holds and he should have the honor of entertaining Miss Roberta

ing isn't so easy, you see, as playing

Godfrey Irwin (in "American Tramp and Underworld Slang," an extraordinary book) is this:

may photograph beautifully even with to her boarders from her size and reckles and green eyes, but temper. When sailors rioting along Boston water front, and was a terror she may also be mean and selfish and the docks became too much for the police, they set up the call for "Black

Blissful ignorance is perhaps the best basis for meeting eminent men, says William Gerhardi, the novelist, in his bubbling reminiscences: ought to know for he has met plenty There was the time his friend, Lord Beaverbrook, introduced him to Lloyd George, for instance. "This is Mr. Lloyd George," said

Family Likened

Love Lights the Fire Love lights his fire to burn my Past-

and even Friendship—Love declares— Must feed his precious flames and burn.

stuffed my life with odds and ends, But how much joy can Knowledge



gauge my customers."

Customer—"To see whether or not you can gouge them, eh?"

Boss (pointing to cigarette stub on Smith, is that yours?" Smith: "Not at all, sir-you saw it first.".

"Why not? I was fishing."

if my wife comes and says, 'Add up keeping book, I just do it for her

"It was a pure accident that wrote 'Tae Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism.' My wife's sister with kindly interest. "Mrs. Ganby, that she would like to give her woman friends some idea of Socialism,
and perhaps I could give her for any children?" and perhaps I could give her a few

> Lady Oxford (Margot Asquith) to Ludwig:

A negress, one Maria, once kept sailors' boarding house on the

moirs of a Polyglot." And Gerhardi

that road.

"Somebody is coming in a hurry," Mr. Lloyd George looked down the murmured. "When they hurry it's the floor and said, sepulchrally. "That's done it!"

to a Laboratory

coming down here in summer and she has accepted so many engagements of a social nature.

"Who is Miss Antrim?" the nurse inquired.

"Thirty riders crossed the Rio of the University of Michigan, of the the University of Michigan, speaking recently on the training of children, declared the modern family was measured by the manear in which

learn, he said, that behavior of which they are critical in their children is forty men available. The others are characteristic of their own approach attending a baile at the Rancho Ver-

There goes the house where I was

World my guide, I lived to learn; From Love, alone, I learn to live.



-W. H. Davies

Shopkecper-"I always try to

Bernard Shaw on "Inspiration" Ludwig:
"Landscape? Mood? All nonsense
"Landscape? Mood? All nonsense

general's wife a Conservative and all that sort of thing, had written

two profiles pasted together." Lloyd George, at his country home, outside London—to Ludwig:

He nodded. I'd like to be able to care from, should an article about finite nice people to visit me, Mrs. panelling. I wrote an article about Ganby. I should like to have my him, and was so well paid for it that I had this room panelled out of the

The origin of the phrase "Black Maria" — a patrol wagon used to carry prisoners to prison — says

and he understood you.

The rent of this little box of a place

Like many of as, he clung on to a

"All the winners, sir."
"Weeners?" said Jules contemptu ously. But then his face broke into a smile; in spite of his rough voice the

Passing at one stride into the mathematical centre of the apartment, he sat down and began to read. His eyes And now Jules stood, ramrod-like, at the door, waiting for the queen to

Her Majesty is one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and since a child the glory of her hair has been her most remarkable feature." "She," said Jules, "is coming to

A great enthusiasm lit his eyes, and less-



"If I could only get the Queen o

said, with that look of sudden sunr ine on her face. She was breathing
a little quickly, having evidently hastened to the shop. "I think I left a
letter over there. It was on top of
that box of powder that I knocked
down when I tried to turn round here
—you remember? Ah, here it is!
Jules, you have been slacking. You
have not swept up, you have not even said, with that look of sudden sun-

have not swept up, you have not even picked up my letter."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betty," added Jules, "I have been reading the paper, and since I read it I see only one thing—the Queen of Berengaria, she with the so-wonderful hair, come here tomorrow, and, oh, that she would come to my shop to have her hair dressed. It is hopeless to think of,

of course."
"The Queen of Berengaria? Why, this letter is about her. It is from—a customer, saying she will be coming to our shop tomorrow—the queen."
"Your shop? And—and you will speak to her?"

"Of course—or—or, well, perhaps.
I remember now," Betty went on, regarding him with those steady, capable cobalt-blue eyes of hers, "that you do not know where my shop is. It is quite well known. Queens and people and drang themselves round in come and drape themselves round in heaps, you know."

tion the shop of Jules? Ask her, per haps, to come here—to one who, above all things, would appreciate the honor of dressing her wonderful hair?"
"Well, I can but try, Jules," said Two days later, when he had just

"And," Jules cried, "you could men

finished the head of an almost con-temptible little blonde, Jules received a letter from Betty, pencilled hastily on a scrap of paper, which ran:

on a sciap of paper, which ran:

"The Queen of Berengaria will be coming to your shop this afternoon at three o'clock.—B."

Jules, in his extraordinary mental aberration, nearly curled his own no with the tongs! The moment has

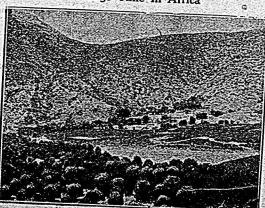
Fortunately, it was nearly clock now, and Jules could close his shop and spend his luncheon-time in making his tiny place as habitable for Royalty as possible.
"An angel—an angel is Betty!"

He finished packing the last curl on the head of the unimportant blonde

Two ladies stepped from a limousine upholstered like a drawing room. There followed them a being of unmistakable face and queenly pose—the Queen of Berengaria.

Jules bowed low, and was speech-





typical scene at Baden, South Africa, an orange grove awaiting the hand of the picker. The citrus industry does a big export trade in that the winter season—when South African oranges are picked coincides with the northern hemisphere's summer when oranges are

Quality has no substitute

Tea "fresh from the gardens"

CROWNING GLORY

BY J. HILARY GARRATT

Two faces, one above the other smiled simultaneously in the hair dresser's mirror.

"Mademoiselle," said the hairdress

er, Jules Lafontaine, as he stood back nd admired his handiwork upon the fair head of his prettiest customer, new you look exquisite."
"Splendid, Jules. That will be five

shillings, I suppose? And reallycustomer, whom Jules knew only as Betty, for all her fellow shap-girls called her that, sprang up and took a brief look into the glass. really think, if you will allow me

"No, not from you young ladies who are in shops," said Jules deprecatingly. "As they say in the famous tea-establishments, there are no teeps." Miss Betty, you give me more by your kindly patronage of this shop. If the day is dull and the poor coiffurist is also dull, Miss Betty arrive, and the

iny is bright."

"Terribly flattering of you, Jules.
But haven't you," she said archly,
"told me about a certain Henriette?" "Henriette? Ah, she is French, and therefore is not romantic. She is p-r-ractical. When I devise the shop, she work the thing out to a halfpenny. She know what I must spend, she see what will be the small return, for a first I must work for the poor but discerning customers. I have the

he hard eye for the money. She is good for me, Henriette, but—" "I can't listen to any more of your family history," laughed Betty. "May your shadow never grow less, and," as in turning she knocked down an ex-pensive box of powder from a fixture,

genius, the art; Henriette, she have

"may your shop grow bigger."

Jules had indeed a box of a shop, out it represented his first definite step towards independence. "A kiosk, as Betty had once put it, "on Succes Avenue." Jules really understood hair

in Pixie Street, in the purlieus of Bond Street, was two hundred and Betty. fifty pounds a year. He lived on ten shillings a week himself, having a tiny room above his shop. It was a question of getting the great to patronize ic—the really great. A visit from Royalty was the great dream of Juies.

He was day-dreaming at that mo-ment just after Betty had gone, for woke up with a start when a rau-

ous voice shouted into the shop Paper, sir?"
"Eh?" said Jules.

Loy looked rather appealing. Jules bought a paper. tical centre of the apartment, he

were immediately arrested by a paragraph:

QUEEN OF BERENGARIA COMING TO ENGLAND.

"The Queen of Berengaria, better known by her pseudonym of Olla Vanana, under which she has made some charming contributions to English magazines, arrives at Dover today, undertake that afternoon. But at last magazines, arrives at Dover today, undertake that afternoon. But at last probables of his patient vigil was rewarded by the magazines of his patient vigil was rewarded by the personnel of the door, waiting to arrive arrives.

After quaffing excellent dry Amontillado sherry, the dinner began with green-pea soup made from a recipe of an early eighteenth-century worces, the wood has ranged from 0.051 to Boiled turbot with lobster sauce, in spired by the same worcester cook, followed. Then came Coventry pigeon ple, a succulent dainty popular in the strength of the wood in existence, weighs about 11/2 pounds.

Microscopic analysis shows that Microscopic analysis shows that a succulent dainty popular in the succession of the cubic foot. at her town house in Belgrave Square, the tiny shop in Pixie Street.

he gazed with the rapture of a wor-shipper at the photograph given above the paragraph. Dignity and beauty only had been added by her recent at-Fortunately he had enough chairs. the paragraph. Dignity and beauty heipful. They found seats. Loxing only had been added by her recent attainment of thirty-nine years. She were accommodated, Jules urned was a glorious woman, and even in again to find that Her Majesty and the photograph the beauty of her hair arranged herself in the chair in the was noticeable. most natural manner in the wor. seem-i that even queens could take a seat in a hairdresser's shep without making a fuss about it.

Berengaria to come to this shop, only once, to have her hair dressed by me," sighed Jules, almost in an agony of The glorious head of hair was beprofessional longing, "then, indeed, al' the great English ladies would follow fore him. Jules bent to take the sweet lady's instructions. The work began. How it finished Jules did not know. All he knew was that he found himself that evening reading a late dition of

was made.

He turned over to the back pages perhaps there would be some other picture of the Queen of Berengaria. Surely there was. And Jules looked, and dropped the paper with a gase, so that Madame of the restaurant, an old friend of his hastened to him with old friend of his, hastened to him with alarm in her eyes.

With agony in his eyes, Jules was gazing at a picture which showed the

queen and a young lady he knew well, and underneath was printed: "The Queen of Berengaria shopping in London oday with her young friend, the Lady Betty Selden. "That girl, that beautiful English girl," declared Jules, "she come to any establishment an' I call her Betty.

This day she send the queen . and I even dare to think that I . "

"Ah, her mother has a shop near you in South Street," said Madame. "D'Oraine's it is called. The young lady works there incognito. This fact is known by some, but not, it seems, Manila Seeks Origin

Suddenly he felt Madame's nand grip his shoulder, heard her whisper:
"Hist! It is as well sometimes to conceal impossible affairs of the And Jules raised his eyes to see the the hard-featured—but dependable and inevitable—Henriette.—Pearson's Weekly.

many visitors, was the scene of the mandated territories in the Pacific. Street journalists—the association cyledently aims to convert the press and ferritories in the Pacific. Similar driftwood has been found as far south as the Celebel group.

Field men of the Bureau of Forestry

pie, a succurent dainty popular, in the pounds.

Midlands and North England. A truly Microscopic analysis shows that Midiands and North England. A truly old English sweet was hedgehog, a kind of Maderia cake coated with split almonds and so suggesting hedgehog quills, with which frothy syllable was served. This is a concoction of cream, sherry and fruit juice. Instead of the concept which when the specta munched crisp West.

tle after dinner.

The thesis of the English Folk Cookary Association is this: Few realize that good English cooking is light, not the after dinner.

The thesis of the English Folk Cookary dualities to a far higher degree and will therefore be even more useful. that good English cooking is light, not heavy; and the reason why the averago English menu has beco otonous is merely that Britons have not bothered to use their vast fund of material and the ideas that are available in the history of the country's folk cookery. But the association intends to remedy this through the missionary work begun with the recent

An actor complained to the producer about the size of his name in the lights: "I know," m not a star, but I do think my name should be featured. Why don't you mention the name o he show and the principals, and then before my name put 'And—?"
"'Anl!" 'shouted the producer.
"Why not 'But'?"—Walter Winchell, N.Y. Mirror.

A Half-breed



a hybrid between an Austrian white turkey and a Rhode Island The experiment was conducted at Do Paul University, Chicago.

Of Strange New Wood Manila. - Wood technologists and forest rangers in the Pacific basin are intensely occupied in the search for the origin of a newly discovered w which has great commercial possibili-ties. If it can be identified and cultivated, its uses will be revolutionary, since it is less than half the weight of

balsa, the lightest known wood in cor mercial use.
Snowmant have been found in the 18th Century Dishes Speciment have been found in the form of driftwood on the eastern coast and to these the natives Served in London of industries the natives have given the name "Gumaan," mean-London.—The English Folk Cookery ing very light. Recently the Japanese Forestry Department sent a specimen London.—The English Folk Cookery
Association took up the challenge of
the critics of English cooking at a dinner at which the bill of fare comprised old English dishes of the
"eighteenth century and after."
Simpson's, in the Strand familiar to
many visitors, was the scene of the

dently aims to convert the press and through it the public to its cause—but have conducted an exhaustive search for once even the more familiar roast for possible growths in the Philippine beef and Yorkshire pudding were abhinterland, but have been unsuccessions.

sherry and Iruit Juice. Instead of the commercial uses of this rolls the guests munched crisp West- its origin is discovered and propagation is possible, should be remarkable, and hung the state of the airoatcake made by the yard and hung Balso is now in wide use it the airoatcake made by the yard and hung also is now in wide use it the auton a line to dry, with potted Stilton plane industry for streamline and pontheses. Naturally the drink of the evening was good old English ale in radio and refrigerator industries because of its sound-deadening properties. Griman possesses the same



an operation. Mae?" "Well,—I had my alimony cut of -if that is what you mean."

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