

# JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE  
Illustrated by Allen Dean

**SYNOPSIS**  
Don Jaime Miguel Higuera, Texas rancher, and Tom Antrim, sheep owner, have been bitter enemies. Capt. Ken Hartz, formerly Texas Ranger, now Don Jaime's manager, finds the don wounded after shooting it out with Antrim, who is killed. Don Jaime takes possession of Antrim's sheep.  
Roberta Antrim is advised of her uncle's death. "Crooked Bill" Latham, another uncle, wants Roberta to marry Glenn Hackett, and tells her he is on the verge of bankruptcy. He outlines his match-making scheme to Hackett, urging him to offer to make good the losses. Latham believes this proposal will make Roberta accept Hackett's proposal of marriage.

## CHAPTER XIII—(Cont'd)

"The plan is vetoed," Crooked Bill declared virtuously. "Friendship will bear up under anything except the endorsement of notes or the swift heavy touch."

"But, Uncle Bill, if there is such a small element of risk—"

"No more, I beg of you, Roberta. There is a definite element of risk, and whether small or large, I will not have my friend accept it. I've had a bellyful of risks lately," he added vulgarly. "I do not crave a second helping."

"But, Uncle Bill—"

Uncle Bill raised his ironing head and his cold, steely-gray eyes flickered murderous lights at her. His mouth closed with a snick, like the door of a safe. "There will be no more discussion of this unpleasant subject," he informed her coldly.

When Crooked Bill looked and spoke in that tone of voice, Roberta knew from experience that obedience was incumbent upon her. Amiable and loving as he customarily was, there were times when he must not be trifled with, and this was one of them. Roberta's eyes filled with tears; in a tremulous voice she begged to be excused and withdrew.

Crooked Bill's wild eyebrows went up as the girl left the room. "She's as big a crook as I am," he declared proudly. "She isn't at all distressed. She's just pulling the old staff—not on me this time, but on you, my boy. She expects you to follow her out and comfort her. She has just given birth to the bright idea we have planted in her brain, and now she wants to get you alone and spring it on you. Do not disappoint her, my boy. Forward! I'll sit here and masticate my fodder. I shall not be lonely, Glenn, because I know you'll both be back for the dessert, and after that we'll have a fine large evening. Roberta shall sing for us."

"Are you quite certain she wouldn't prefer to be left alone, Mr. Latham? She's all upset. You gave her a burlesque look and there was murder in your voice."

"Listen to me, son. If you want to hold on to me as a client, if you ever expect to finger another retainer from Crooked Bill Latham, don't pester him with questions. I know my onions. The girl's play-acting. Vamoose!"

Glenn Hackett "vamoose." Within five minutes he returned with Roberta on his arm.

"Hum!" Crooked Bill reflected. "And she spent at least a minute making up her face! Four minutes to put over her loving plot against me. The little crook!" He beamed upon her. "Am so sorry I spoke crossly to my little girl," he announced with hypocriticalunction.

Bobby kissed him fondly and gave him a little hug, the butter passed the roast beef for fresh hot cuts, and Glenn Hackett began a discussion of international tennis, to be interrupted presently by Crooked Bill.

"I think you might tell Harms to serve some of my Pol Roger 598, Bobby," he suggested. "It will probably be the last bottle of real champagne we'll ever drink, but while we have title to the cellar let's go to it."

Had Crooked Bill lived in the days of Demosthenes there is no doubt but that he would have run the Oracle of Delphi out of business. Roberta did sing to them after dinner! However, Crooked Bill was not one to gum up his own finely laid plans, and presently, with full realization of the truth of the old adage that three is a crowd, he withdrew to his room, leaving Glenn Hackett to make what progress he could with the rebellious Roberta.

But Crooked Bill did not retire. He was much too excited for sleep. Instead he lit a cigar and smoked until ten o'clock, at which hour he knew Glenn Hackett, a creature of habit, would depart for the city. So Crooked Bill went down the back stairs, crossed the lawn and waited for Hackett at the entrance to Hillcrest. "Did it work?" he demanded.

"Overtime," Hackett responded.

"I guess I'm not some little old prognosticator, eh?"

"You certainly know every convolution in Roberta's mind. I'm sure I never would. She'd outgame me every time she cared!"

"Was she nice to you after I left?"

"Well—er—ah—Platonic."

"Agh!" Crooked Bill growled deep in his throat, like an aged tiger. "Go home, you jellyfish. You'd be a backdoor in the South Sea Islands—and on an island where they practice polyandry!"

Thoroughly disgusted he returned to the house and mixed himself a neggin of his favorite elixir.

He had a presentiment that Fate was, in a manner of speaking, stacking the cards against him.

## CHAPTER XIV

There is nothing quite so satisfying and restful to a human being as the knowledge of a sly deed successfully, may brilliantly, performed. It is not to be marveled at, therefore, that both Crooked Bill and Roberta slept well that night; at breakfast neither had ever felt nor looked so chipper in years, albeit, in order to accentuate his pose of abandon and despair, Crooked Bill neglected to shave, and Jim little to say during the meal and

sighed gustily from time to time. He caught an early train to the city, explaining that the sooner he swept up the fragments of his scattered fortune the better for all concerned.

Roberta motored in a little later and went at once to Glenn Hackett's office, where he prepared and she signed a formal assignment of all of her right, title and interest in and to her Uncle Tom's estate to Hackett, for and in consideration of certain moneys to be advanced to her by Hackett. The further details of carrying something out of the wreck for her uncle she left to the lawyer.

"Now, then, Roberta," Hackett said when the document was signed, "you understand that this is a business deal from first to last. Not a speck of sentiment in it so far as I am concerned. While you have given me a security for the funds I am to advance, it may be that I will be called upon to advance a sum in excess of the total value of your Uncle Tom's estate. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance that the estate should be administered wisely and conservatively. I have looked up your lawyer at Los Algodones, Don Prudencio Alviso, and he appears to have an excellent record for probity, but is a poor business man. If I—"

"He assures me Don Jaime Miguel Higuera is most reliable and is doing all that anybody can do to conserve the estate," Roberta hastened to assure Hackett.

"I know. But what do we know about Higuera? Nothing except what we have heard and the fact that his correspondence would indicate he is a kindly gentleman. But lawyers look at all things from a cold and conservative angle, and the thought occurs to me: Why is Don Jaime Miguel Higuera taking all this trouble? What do you mean to him? He is a cattleman, so why should he bother with your sheep? My dear Bobby, I am highly suspicious of that fellow."

Bobby's lip drooped. She had not thought of Dan Jaime in that light before, and her common sense warned her that there might be more than a medium of truth in Hackett's suspicions. He saw the doubt he had planted burgeoning, and hastened to allay it.

"As I told you before, it is impossible for me to go to Texas to look after your affairs, Bobby, notwithstanding the fact that it would be a privilege to serve you. Unfortunately others have a prior claim on my professional services and I may not evade them. Your unfortunate uncle dare not leave New York at this time either. His creditors might think he was endeavoring to flee the country. Consequently, I think it is of the utmost importance that you go to Los Algodones immediately and investigate everything thoroughly."

"But, Glenn, I don't know a thing about business, and I'm afraid it's too big an order. Quite usually I believe what apparently decent people tell me."

"I disagree with you. You have a feminine intuition of the highest degree of development. You could sniff out a crook at sight. If you go there, get acquainted with your lawyer and Don Jaime and, after a few weeks, discover that you have absolutely no mental reservations regarding either or both, I shall think it quite safe to leave your affairs in their hands for the present at least."

This adroit speech flattered Roberta since it was corroborating a belief she had always entertained, i. e., that she could look through men as if they were glass. Her respect for Hackett's intelligence and ability increased at once. "I'll go to Los Algodones just as soon as I can get ready," she declared.

"That's fine, Roberta." He escorted her to the elevator and upon returning to his office pressed a buzzer three times, whereupon his secretary ushered into him from an adjoining room no less a person than Crooked Bill.

"Well, have you sold her the idea that she should go to Los Algodones?" he demanded of the lawyer.

"I have. She promised me she would go just as soon as she could get ready."

Crooked Bill rubbed his hands pleasantly. Hackett handed him the assignment which Roberta had just given him, and Crooked Bill set fire to it and dropped it into Hackett's metal waste basket.

"Have you confidence in this Jaime Higuera, Mr. Latham?" Hackett queried.

(To be continued.)

## Morning Walk With a Little Girl

We walked along together  
In the lifted morning air  
And I was keen with wonder  
To hear the grasses stir.

There were wildsome colors tangled  
At the white road's turn and fall,  
And a tree whose battalions  
With the dew over it all.

In the years will you remember  
How we watched the wide stream flow  
From the bridge, and how we sighted  
What was on the bank below?

Where the damp crept from the river  
How we marked that distant red  
And the bravest thing that morn-  
ing—

"It's a robin there," you said.  
—Eleanor O'Rourke Koenig, in "Two On An Old Pathway."

## Perfection

The heavens are a point from the  
zen of His perfection; the world is a  
scorch from the bowels of His mercy;  
the sun is a spark from the light of  
His wisdom; and the sky a bubble on  
the sea of His power.—Sir W. Jones.

## True "Spider" Stories

If a spider were as big as a man, and its strength grew in proportion to its bulk, it could easily hit a house of moderate size. The latest illustration of this comes from the Zoo, where Susan and Jeremiah, two bird-eating spiders, returned recently after being lost, and "presumed dead," for twelve months.

Tired of the Zoo routine, they decided to spend a belated honeymoon elsewhere. That much is evident, because they escaped by lifting from the top of their cage a thick glass plate weighing at least two pounds. They could only have achieved this by working together and prising the glass up in concert, while keeping a perilous hold on the vertical glass sides of their cage.

Most people have seen the spectacle of a diminutive spider carrying off a huge bluebottle three times its size, into its den; but this is a small feat to what some of the insects have been observed to accomplish. A famous naturalist, walking beside a dyke, saw a large black wolf-spider in the ditch.

## Landing the Catch

Stopping to investigate, he found that the spider had been fishing and had caught a "bite." The fish was not a big one, but it was certainly eight times the weight of its captor, whose fangs were fixed in the dorsal fin.

The fish was vainly struggling in order to pull the spider under water, but falling. The spider got its back legs on the bank and, with a better purchase, began to haul its prize to land. This it succeeded in doing after a struggle lasting fifteen minutes.

Another spider, only the size, so far as its abdomen went, of a good-sized pea, was observed to have caught in her web one morning a young mouse an inch and a half long. She spent three hours winding a cable about its tail, and then began actually hoisting her victim into the air. By evening she had succeeded. The mouse was completely clear of the ground!

The spiders which escaped and were recaptured at the Zoo come from Ceylon. Up in the mountains they spin webs of prodigious size, the central gurgles being five feet in diameter, with gurgles ten or twelve feet long. Their fangs are as powerful as a bird's beak, but the insects are not venomous. Birds as big as larks are often caught in their webs, and lizards frequently share the same fate.

It is really lucky for us that the average spider is so small. A giant specimen would be a very ugly customer to tackle.—"Answers" (London).

## If They Should Rise

If life flowed back and they should rise  
From hillocks neatly spaded down,  
With youth still sparkling in their eyes,  
And wander up the road to town,  
And see the stars and feel the sun  
And touch a tree and press a hand,  
I wonder they would ever understand.

How could they ever comprehend  
The downcast mouth, the furrowed brow,  
The feeling we are near the end  
And there is naught to save us now;  
Would they sit down and join our beat

About the little woe that rack,  
Or tell us to get on our feet  
And scale the heights by battling back?

Have we forgotten darker nights  
When terror thundered through the skies,  
When bugles sang and our delights  
Were offered up in sacrifice,  
When we were called upon to spend  
Far more than wealth—our blood and bone—  
Not for our own and gainful end,  
But gifts on freedom's altar-stone?

God give us back the ancient fight,  
Renew the courage of the Aisne,  
Unfold the flags, refresh the light  
That swept the Argonne wood and plain,  
Arouse us, God, to stir the marts,  
To spin the wheels and strike our stride,

So we may face with braver hearts  
The days to be for which they died.  
—By Henry Gillen in the Boston Post.

## To a Child

Lovelier than the stars of night  
Are your roguish eyes to me,  
As you greet me with delight,  
And such sweet sincerity.

Let your laughter—like a bell—  
All my solemn thoughts destroy;  
And the hurts of life make well  
By your healing touch of joy.

Little arms that clasp me round,  
To my heart its love renew,  
And I know that I have found  
The blossom of my life in you.  
—W. R. W., Montreal.

## SKETCH

A jet black horse  
Walks slowly home  
From toll;  
His head is bowed  
And he lifts his heavy  
With effort.  
In back of him  
The low sun is a golden disc  
Of glory,  
Shedding long bright rays  
Out into the clouds  
Of rose and lavender.  
—Elinor C. Woolson.

## Hard to Convince

Store Manager: "What do you mean by arguing with that customer? Don't you know our rule? The customer is always right."  
Floorwalker: "I know it. But he insisted that he was wrong."  
Hope makes a man live, but does not nourish him.—Commerçon.

## The Pageantry Of Old London

A Castle on the Cheap:  
Chariot Drawn by Nine  
White Horses

By TREVOR ALLEN,  
In "John O' London's Weekly."

In the Hall of the Barbers' Company of the City of London there is a screen of stamped and gilded leather presented by a criminal who couldn't be hanged. In 1740 one William Duell was convicted and "hanged" at Tyburn, and his body committed to the Barber-Surgeons—who were then combined in the one Livery Company—for dissection and demonstration. When they set to work on his "corpse," to their consternation, began to cry out loudly: "Don't!" When he was on the gallows there could be no doubt that he was still alive. Having been hanged once he could not be hanged again, so the Barber-Surgeons administered restoratives, nursed him up, and packed him off in a ship going East. Duell changed his name to Devel-all, became a prosperous Levant merchant, and sent the screen to the Company not only out of gratitude but to remind them that the man they had "hanged" at Tyburn was still very much alive and kicking.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S LOVELY DAUGHTER.

The history of our noble Livery Companies abounds with picturesque stories of the kind, which Colonel Robert J. Blackham relates in a book he justly claims to enshrine "the soul of the city."—London's Livery Companies.—There was Edward Osborne, for instance, a sturdy Elizabethan apprentice, who rescued from the river the infant daughter of a Clothworker, Sir William Hewett, who lived and traded in one of the old houses on London Bridge. The rescued child—"grew up into a beautiful girl and many men of high degree sought the hand of the Lord Mayor's lovely daughter. Her father put them all off with the words: 'Not Osborne save her and Osborne shall have her.' Osborne got not only his master's heiress, but his business, and himself became Lord Mayor in 1583 and founded a noble house, whose present head is the Duke of Leeds."

Another daughter of a Lord Mayor, Sir John Spencer, of 1594 fell in love with Lord Compton. As the father opposed the match, the couple decided to elope, and the young lady was smuggled out of her parents' house in a baker's basket. They married, and she became an ancestress of the present Earl of Northampton.

There is a legend concerning the father of the martyr Thomas a Becket, Gilbert Becket, native of Rouen who lived on the site of the present Mercers' Hall, went to the Crusades, and was captured by the Saracens. A beautiful Saracen maid—"fell in love with the Norman soldier and worked to set him free. He escaped and carried away with him the heart of the fair Eastern girl. She was evidently a stout-hearted lass and followed her lover to London—a remarkable exploit in the twelfth century."

"Legend pictures her wandering about London with no knowledge of English, but the word Gilbert—the name of the man she loved.

"At last they met, and of course lived happily ever afterwards."

## EARLY PAGEANTS.

Since their origin in the mediaeval Guilds, pageantry has always been a feature of the Livery Companies. The Lord Mayor's Show derives from them, Col. Blackham reminds us. Up to 1752 the Guilds paid for his pageant, the cost of which is now borne by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. Formerly all Guilds took part; now, only those of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

The figures of God and Magog in the Guildhall are relics of giants which figured in medieval processions. At the Coronation of Richard II—"the Goldsmiths erected a Castle on the Cheap with towers from which flowed wine! A few paces from the Castle fair damsels blew leaves of gold on the King's face and strewn his path not with rose leaves but with gilt coins! Cups of wine were presented to the King and his Courtiers on arrival at the Castle, and an angel descended from its summit and presented him with a crown."

## A CHARIOT OF SILVER.

The Mercers' contribution to these pageants was a Roman chariot with a beautiful young woman in a dress of white satin with fringe of gold, on her head a coronet richly set with emeralds, diamonds, and sapphires. The chariot was of embossed silver adorned with angels and cherubim, and around her sat figures symbolical of all the virtues. Nine white Flanders horses, three abreast, drew this twenty-two-foot high chariot; twenty "savages" romped ahead throwing fireworks. No less magnificent were the Companies' barges which figured in water-pageants on the Thames.

A feature of the pageants, says Col. Blackham, was the throwing of gills to the crowds. The Grocers respiced loaves of sugar, nutmegs, dates, and ginger; the Fishmongers, live fish. In 1689 the Skimmers introduced "a number of live dogs, cats, and foxes, and rabbits which being tossed hither and thither amongst the crowd afforded great diversion." In Restoration days clowns singing jocular songs "guyed" the country yokel, parodying his broad dialect.

## WHITTINGTON.

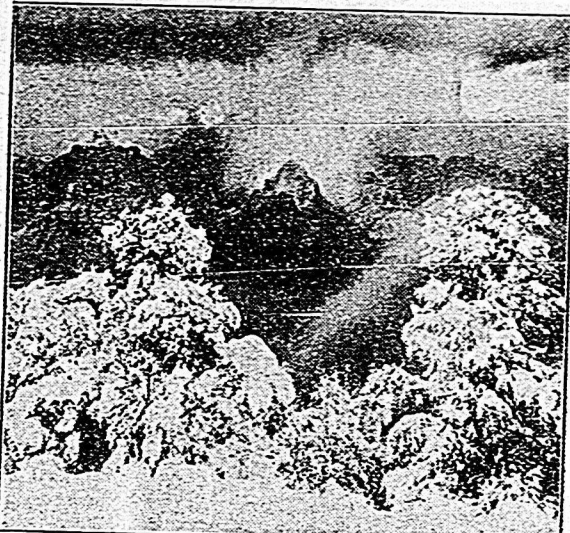
The famous Dick Whittington, who was much more than legend—for Sir John Watney says that in his later years this illustrious Lord Mayor actually attributed his success in life to a cat—once gave a great banquet to Henry V. and Catherine of France at which the fires were fed with cedar and perfumed wood. Not content with that, he threw on the flames the King's bonds for £60,000! To this day Dick's benefactions "are so link-

## Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

## A BATTLE OF THE ELEMENTS AT GRAND CANYON



FORTUNATE, indeed, the traveler who stood beside the camera man as he caught this dramatic winter battle of the elements in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

For weeks on end, in midwinter, the Grand Canyon glows under brilliant sunshine and blue sky. But when snow does come to the Canyon rim, as it must do at any elevation of 7,000 feet in this latitude, then the visitor may witness incredible scenes like this.

Travel is continuous throughout the year to the South rim of the Grand Canyon, but Winter seals the North rim which is 1,200 feet higher, for months on end. Through Pullmans over the Santa Fe Railway approach within 100 yards of the Canyon edge, South rim, and it is but a step to the informal comfort and crackling fireplaces of El Tovar hotel. Snow, when it comes, may lie thick in the pine forest, but it rarely interrupts the motor drives along the rim roads, and not often even the thrilling saddle trips down the inner-Canyon trails. As one rides down and down, the snow thins out and gradually disappears. Imperceptibly one passes from the crisp cold of the upper world to the hints of spring at Phantom Ranch, 5,000 feet below.

The Grand Canyon is one of the most glowing jewels in Uncle Sam's famous chain of national parks.

## Artificial Sunlight For Zoo Inmates

It has now been discovered that captive animals suffer from the lack of ultra-violet light, especially those native to tropic lands. The Highland Park Zoo at Pittsburgh, according to a recent announcement, plan to install "sun" lamps.

The Westinghouse Company has offered to install these ultra-violet ray lamps in the cages where the animals are in the worst condition, and conduct studies without charge to the city as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the company. "Previous experiments in 2005 by this company have shown that animals will gain in health and vigor after treatment from these new lamps and it has been decided that Pittsburgh should have the benefits of any further experiments in this line." We read further:

"Westinghouse Lamp executives intend to install the lamps within a few days, and so bring Africa, or its equivalent, in sunshine, back to the zoo."

"In the zoos of London, where—in addition to the confinement in cages—the animals do not get natural daylight radiation on account of the high percentage of foggy days, it was found that certain reptiles, particularly the big lizards would refuse to eat at all. It is reported that when such animals were exposed to ultra-violet radiations, they developed a real appetite, and

apparently were on the road to good health and a prime old age. In a zoo in San Francisco, after some ultra-violet lamps were installed, there was very definite evidence of the preservation of the life of a rare leopard, and an improvement in the bones and the appearance of the fur and the general pep of some of the other big cats. Just how much ultra-violet light is necessary is a problem that will probably be solved through studies that will be made in Pittsburgh."

## Benfleet Village Run By Women

London—"Why wait while governments and local authorities haggle over the rights and wrongs of employing married women?" ask the women of the little village of Benfleet, in Essex.

"Better get on with whatever turns up, and let tomorrow take care of itself!"

They have accordingly taken over, one by one, almost every available job in the village.

Mrs. J. Keats is the dentist—with a man assistant, but only for the less important work. Mrs. Marle Nunn is the leading barber, having run her trade with success for the last 12 years. Mrs. E. Good is the men's outfitter. Women run most, if not all, the provision shops; and even the taxicabs—such as there are—are owned by a woman.

## When You CAN'T QUIT

Fatigue is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in comfort.

Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it means your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Aspirin tablets when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, they will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. Aspirin is harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and use it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the proper directions. From a grumbling tooth to those rheumatic pains which seem almost to bend the bones, Aspirin tablets are ready with quick relief—and always work. Neuritis, Nerveitis, Any nagging, needless pain.



Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. Why experiment with imitations costing a few cents less? The saving is too little. There is too much at stake. But there is economy in the purchase of genuine Aspirin tablets in the large bottles.