

JIM THE CONQUEROR

By PETER B. KYNE
Illustrated by Allen Dean

SYNOPSIS.
Don Jaime Algueta Higuera, Texas rancher and Tom Antrim, sheep owner, have been bitter enemies. Capt. Ken Hobart, Don Jaime's manager, finds him wounded after shooting it out with Antrim, who is killed. Don Jaime takes possession of Antrim's sheep. Roberta, daughter of Antrim's sheep uncle, is advised of her uncle's death and leaves for Texas. "Crooked Bill" Latman, another uncle, wants her to marry his friend, Glenn Hackett. Bill Dingle, Antrim's foreman, attempts to steal the sheep that are left to Roberta and Don Jaime plans to stop him.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Cont'd.)

"Where are you going, Jimmy?"
"I'm going to circle ahead of those sheep and get to the only water-hole they can reach to-night. There's an old branding corral in the valley by that water-hole—one I built myself. I'm going to dig in and make a hole that gang off. There is a tin sharp by the corral where we keep tools for cleaning out the water-holes, so I'm fixed!"
"Surely you're not going alone?"
"Julio will follow at four o'clock. He's dependable. Good-by, Bobby, in case I do not see you again. It's been wonderful to have known you. When you get home, think kindly of Jim Higuera, if he's in the cemetery, and send him an occasional picture postcard if he's not."
He took her hand. It trembled in his. "Jimmy," she said in a very small voice, "the other night you told me you loved me. Was that a statement of fact or just—ah—hoop?"
"It was a statement of fact. I'll love you as long as I live. Some day, if I live, I suppose I'll marry somebody else, but in the cool of the evening, darling, when the day's work is done and the Higuera boy and his thoughts are alone together—well, I'll do some thinking. And if Mrs. Higuera should say, 'James, what are you thinking of?' I shall tell her a harmless lie."
"I shall go home tomorrow, Jimmy—should you come back to Valle Verde, if not?"
"They'll plant me in a hurry and you can go the day after, Bobby." He took her fresh, lovely face in his palms. "Bobby," he said very seriously, "remember me as the man who never made love for fun." And he kissed her on the lips and let her go. Dully, she watched him swing into his saddle and ride away.
About three-thirty Ken Hobart and Julio returned and found Roberta sobbing as if her heart must break. "Where is the Big Boss?" Hobart demanded.
Roberta held out a couple of leaves of paper—Don Jaime's battle plan. Hobart read it. "The boy has some sense after all," he decided. "He and Julio will guard the water-hole and stand them off in front. I, with Fraser, Lambert, and O'Grady, and two good pisanos to be selected by Caraveo, will flank them or take them in the rear. Well, I've got three of my own kind with me! Caraveo, with the other fourteen men, will continue on to the river, for, of course, Dingle and his bunch will break for the border the moment they realize they are actively opposed. Not to do so would be ruinous. And at the river dog will eat dog." He whistled. "Who says this is a dull country?" He spoke to Julio. "Si, senor," murmured Julio, and rode away on Don Jaime's trail!
Ken Hobart, left alone with Roberta, lit a cigarette, and waited. Then:
"Crying over the old man?"
Roberta nodded, and added defensively: "I'm sure anybody would. Don Jaime's so young and fine, and if he should get killed—"
"Quite so," murmured Mr. Hobart. "However, we have one consolation. He'll have a lot of company on the way up! I imagine he'll get killed—somehow."
"In heaven's name, why?"
"Well," said Mr. Hobart with exasperating deliberation, "he's maddy in love with you, Miss Antrim, but he realizes that you'd never dream of marrying the man who killed your uncle."
"My uncle was a scoundrel. He employed scoundrels."
"Still, he was your uncle. You know, of course, that with Don Jaime's breed of cat an uncle is a kinsman, no matter what he does. I've felt like telling the boss he was

all wrong about you, but then a hired man who speaks out of his turn to Don Jaime gets fired pretty sudden."
"If you'd only told him!" Roberta wailed. "Oh, if you only had!"
"Why didn't you tell him your self?" he retorted.
"There are things no girl can say when a man acts as queerly as Don Jaime does," Mr. Hobart. He's so sensitive, so retiring—"
Mr. Hobart choked and to cover his strangled merriment coughed violently into his cupped hands.
"Would you marry this Higuera's hombre, if he asked you?"
Roberta flushed furiously and hung her head.
"Come," Mr. Hobart urged, "this is a serious business. There's a question before the house and it merits an answer. Speak up! Would you marry the idiot and check all your sheep money into the pot with him and help extend his irrigation system and buy about a thousand purebred Hereford breeding cows?"
"I would, gladly. If I married him, I'd be his partner as well as his wife. I could be a good partner."
"None better," agreed Mr. Hobart. "Well, if you want him, go get him. He's yours for the asking."
"Mr. Hobart! How dare you? No girl asks a man to marry her!"
"That's why we have so many old maids, Miss Antrim. I advise you to take a leaf out of Don Jaime's book, and whenever you want anything go get it. Now, listen to me. If you hop aboard that horse of yours and ride after him, he'll lead you to the old branding corral where he and Don Jaime are going to dig in and do some fancy shooting. You can easily follow Julio. He's riding a pinto boss and even two miles away that boss locates you. You'll have time to get to the scene of the festivities before they get going. Have your little bow-wow with Don Jimmy, and then beat it back here before dark."
"Oh, Mr. Hobart, I couldn't! I'd feel so brazen. I'd die of shame."
"Very well, then, die. Don Jimmy is sure to live, because he doesn't want to live. Of course, he'd never let you know that, but right here in this note he left me he says: 'Alo, amigo. See that Miss Antrim gets to the station all right, and whatever you do, don't plant me in the same cemetery with her uncle!'"
"But, if he's bent on getting killed—"
"He wouldn't be so bent if he knew his luck, the fool! You tell him things and he'll keep his head down. He may even pull out of the fight and let me and my men do his dirty work for him."
"Mr. Hobart, you are not loyal to Don Jaime. Whatever his faults—and I believe he has a few—he kills his own rats."
"He's got Spanish blood in him," the sage urged, "and there's a quitting point in all his breed. They die well after they're lost hope, but while they have a shred of hope left they're the champion long-distance runners of the world. You can save a human life, if you care to. If you do not care to—well, that's your own business."
"I wish I could feel that your judgment in this matter is not in error, Mr. Hobart."
"It isn't. I get my information direct. It seems Don Jaime and Mrs. Ganby got to discussing you and him the other day. Mrs. Ganby's about twenty years older'n Don Jaime, so she talked to him like a son. Being a woman she sees things no mere man would recognize if he walked over 'em. Well, Don Jimmy gave her his confidence and both of them forgot little Robbie was listening in. He got the notion, from what Don Jaime said, that you didn't care for his hero, so he came over to my quarters to talk it over with me—man-fashion. That's how come I found out. Then, too, I never did see Don Jimmy so depressed as he's been here of late."
"I hadn't noticed it, Mr. Hobart."
"He wouldn't let you notice it. But he let down a mite to me."
Roberta got up, walked to her horse and mounted him. "Thank you a lot, Mr. Hobart," she gulped. "You're a true friend."
"I'm glad I measure up. Hello, here comes Caraveo and the trucks. I must head him off and send him down the road a few miles farther, to save time." He made a flying leap to his horse and galloped away to meet the riding boss. Just as Roberta disappeared over the skyline he gave Enrico Caraveo his orders, then without waiting for his five men to follow he galloped swiftly after the girl.
"Damn it," he muttered. "I got so interested fixing things for Don Jimmy I clean forgot that girl wears pants, and a two-gallon hat. Some one of those roughnecks may mistake her for a man!"
(To be continued.)
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(To be continued.)

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A Glance Behind the Scenes

Alexander Clark, Jr., in The New Yorker.

When you watch the actors in a popular theatrical success, does it ever occur to you that they may be going on beneath the lines they speak and the business they do?

There is a scene, let us say, between a comedian and a character woman which is written so that he gets all the laughs, while she is practically a fool. She doesn't like this much, but hasn't complained until she notices that he is gradually upstaging her. This ancient practice consists in morning back upstage a step or two, causing the other person to stand with his back to the audience, while you face it with a good honest full-front. The natural remedy, of course, is for the actor who has been upstaged to back up and get on line again, or he can go beyond that and step still further upstage, which this particular lady does. The comic then takes a step above that. This might go on till both actors end the scene flattened against the backdrops, but there is always some furniture in the way and the comedian manoeuvres so that the actress is stopped by a sofa, which leaves him free to speak from any point he may choose.

Is she daunted? She is not. The next night he will find that his pet laugh is suddenly laying an egg, or dying on him. He notices that as he speaks the line, his little friend pulls a white handkerchief out of her bag with a flourish, and snaps the catch. There are many other well-known tricks just as effective. Besides flourishing a handkerchief on a laugh, or on any important word or point for that matter, there are many petty distractions, such as fanning oneself with a fan, hat, magazine, etc.; coughing (nothing is more destructive than a good, well-placed cough); a match, picking something up, tossing with the ear, gently swaying the crossed leg—in fact, making any distinctive movement.

All the foregoing tricks, no matter how ingenious, cunning, or insidious, are merely effective for killing individual laughs or points here and there. It remained for the fair-haired English actress to execute, with what almost amounted to a stroke of genius, a piece of business which not only killed a whole scene, but did so after she had left the stage.

The scene was a cocktail party. The crowd thinned out and eventually but four people were left: a pair of lovers over in a corner, absorbed in each other; an old man, and our heroine. What she had to do was to take the old man's arm and lead him off, leaving the lovers to play what was perhaps the most important scene in the play.

One night, for reasons best known to herself, or in a moment of inspired absent-mindedness, she paused before she left the room just long enough to balance her cocktail glass on the thin back of a chair. It rested there so precariously that it seemed to the audience that even the jar of a heavy step might knock it off, and thereafter there was little attention for the lovers playing their important scene.

One of the worst menaces of the theatre is coughing by the audience. I don't mean real honest coughing which can't be helped, though it is bad enough, but the wholly unnecessary clearing of the throat which is brought on purely by nervous suggestion after someone else has done it. John Barrymore once cried out against this evil in quixotic, though effective fashion. The epidemic having started in one of the quietest scenes in "The Jest" one night, he suddenly stopped, turned to the front, and said: "Come on, folks, let's all cough," following his remark with a most fantastic and exaggerated coughing spell. From then on the audience kept quiet.

Once more for Barrymore. This time at a Boston matinee of "Peter Ibbetson." But what a matinee! As the old saying has it, you could have shot a deer in the balcony. Barrymore was on the stage, when on tottered Wallis Clark as the old Major. It wasn't long before the latter cast that appraising glance, which is every actor's heritage, over the house, and Barrymore was quick to note its surprising effect on the countenance of the Major, through whiskers, makeup, and all. He put his arm on the ancient gentleman's shoulder, faced him front, and said: "It's all right, Wallie, there's two of them—right out here," pointing at a spot in the auditorium.

Rehearsals, too, have their amusing side. The actors of a recent play in London felt, as the opening drew near, that they were being rehearsed to death. The leading man, a rather dignified Englishman of what they call the "old school," asked the leading lady, Betty Chester, if she would stick by him should he be compelled to protest against any further excessive rehearsal. She said she would.

Sure enough, at the end of the day—a particularly trying one—the director said: "Rehearsal at eight o'clock to-night, everybody!"
The leading man walked up to the footlights and in a firm voice said: "Really, I protest. We have our dress rehearsal to-morrow, you know, and to call us to-night, when we need all the sleep we can get, is ridiculous. I don't care, said he, heatedly overriding what the director was about to say, "I don't care what the rest of the company does, but as far as Miss Chester and I are concerned, we're going home and go to bed."

Many directors are very lax about using props during rehearsals, and the actors are forever handling imaginary books, shooting imaginary guns, licking imaginary stamps, playing with imaginary cards, and so forth, and it is not till the dress rehearsal that they are acquainted with the props which are sometimes of vital importance. Occasionally there is no dress rehearsal, because the scenery is late in reaching the theatre, or because of train trouble in a road tryout. This is awful, and an actor on the stage not knowing whether that important letter is in the desk, or whether the drawers work or not, or

Beach Note



Delores Del Rio, whose latest picture takes her to Hawaii, sports a pjama ensemble of horizontal stripes and eight bracelets on one arm.

whether there will be cigarettes in that case on the plane. Conditions like these, added to natural first-night nervousness, make for just dandy performances.

Long experience on the stage seems to heighten rather than decrease nervousness, on opening nights anyway. Generally the tension is all within, but sometimes it manifests itself outwardly. There is the case of the man who had to drink some Scotch and who, purely from habit at rehearsals, picked up an imaginary glass and drained it, leaving the real one, full of liquor, standing in plain sight. It is told of Lou Tellegen that on an opening night, having a breezy entrance to make in which he hung his straw hat on a sofa, he was so highstrung that he hurled it far out into the audience.

The calling of a character by the actor's own name frequently occurs, as well as calling him "Harry" when he's "Phil," or—worse—addressing someone by the name of one's own character. The audience, bless its heart, never misses one of these slips, or the accidental twisting around of words in a sentence.

Success and Happiness

By Stanley Baldwin

The happiest faces of grown-ups seen in London are the faces of the country parsons, their wives and their gardeners, who come up every year to the Chelsea Flower Show.

The passer-by may look anxious because of the traffic and its perils, or he may look pleased because, at this stage of our nation's history, he is hastening to pay his income tax. You never can tell. But of how many of your friends and acquaintances can you say that they have never faltered in the great task of happiness?
I, a mere politician, am not about to prescribe an infallible remedy where all the doctors have failed. There will be no headlines across the newspaper tomorrow morning: "Secret of happiness discovered by Conservative leader. Vote Tory."
The modern movement reveals the confusion of pleasure with happiness, impatience with obstacles and difficulties, a search for tangible rather than spiritual satisfaction—a desire, in other words, to eat your cake and have it.

The great moral leaders of the world have taught us that the indispensable thing for happiness are few and simple—food, shelter, health, love, work. That is why happiness is so often found among ordinary folk and is so often absent from those who have these elements in excess.

It is no use having ideals unless we work for their perfection.—W. Stewart Royston.

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Latest Offerings Of Science

Earth's Primitive Forces Still At Work—Diamonds Evolved From Carbon

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are evidences that the forces which began shaping the earth 3,000,000,000 years ago are still at work. For all the rigidity of what we call terra firma, mountains are still heaving, continents are still tilting, bedrock is still trembling, while beneath all the primal magma is still welling.

In the volcanic activity that recently terrified the inhabitants along 400 miles of the Andes we see these processes at work. The view that an active volcano is a purely local phenomenon is certainly wrong. On the borders and in the middle of the Pacific Ocean are long chains of volcanoes—the Fujiyama, Hawaiian, Aleutian and Andes chains. Usually a single volcano is active, while its immediate neighbors are dormant. But the Andes eruptions prove that subterranean forces are at work which affect whole regions, so that the theory of isolated activity is actually misleading.

In the Andes chain three volcanoes were especially active. Their history is obscure. Of the three, Tinguiririca has a definite past. It seems to belong to the variety that emits steam, gases and some ash. Explosively violent volcanoes from which lava exudes are rare. Some who have flown over the Andes recently report outpourings of lava.

Beneath the Andes volcanoes magma is now moving and magma is the sea of molten matter on which solid land floats as if it were an iceberg on the ocean. Magma is just as active under New York City as it is under the Andes. If it happened to manifest its existence along the western coast of South America recently it was because the volcanoes there are over especially thin portions of the earth's crust.

Lava is simply magma that has been forced out of a volcano by pressure from below, but magma physically and chemically changed. No one has ever seen magma in its original state. As it wells up and the overlying pressure is relieved gases bubble up. These react with one another and with air to produce combustion of hydrogen, carbon monoxide and sulphur vapors. The melt itself changes into lava; a glassy foam.

SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS.

Like L. H. Barnett, who recently received the endorsement of Dr. Ralph McKee, Professor of Chemistry in Columbia University, half a dozen experimenters within the last generation believed that they had produced minute but genuine diamonds in the laboratory. Professor Henri Moissan started them off.

On the assumption that carbon can be made to crystallize under high pressure and thus produce a diamond, Moissan melted pure iron with sugar charcoal in an arc furnace and dropped the crucible containing the molten mass into cold water. He obtained microscopic crystals which resisted the action of powerful acids. "Diamonds," he concluded—diamonds produced by the pressure that resulted from the rapid chilling of the crucible. Barnett's process is much like Moissan's.

Among others who thought they had made diamonds was Sir William Crookes, who exploded cordite in closed steel cylinders and, at a pressure about 8,000 times that of the atmosphere and a temperature of about 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit, obtained what he thought were diamonds. Sir Charles Parsons, inventor of the steam turbine, went still further, with pressures of 15,000 atmospheres, but decided that diamonds could not be produced in the manner that Moissan and Crookes supposed.

What the automobile has taught women about household lubrication

Experience with motor cars has taught women that moving parts must be protected against wear by a film of oil. Many of them haven't learned, however, that moving parts of sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, washers, and other mechanical devices must also be protected against dirt and rust. 3-in-One Oil not only lubricates; it also cleans and protects. It is different from all others, because it is a scientific blend of three high grade oils—animal, mineral and vegetable. 3-in-One is the oil you should use on mechanical equipment if you want best results.

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ALUMINUM UTENSILS SAFE
Four research workers of the Mellon Institute, George D. Deal, Richard B. Unangst, Helen B. Wignam and Gerald G. Cox, have measured the amount of aluminum picked up by foods cooked in aluminum utensils. They have found that only barely detectable amounts of aluminum are in the tissues after food containing large amounts of aluminum has been eaten.

Thirty-three different kinds of food were cooked in both glass and aluminum utensils according to standard recipes. The largest amount of aluminum was taken up by apple butter—112 parts per 1,000,000. This was found to be less than one-tenth the amount necessary to produce symptoms of phosphorus starvation on a low phosphorus diet. Creamed chicken became impregnated with 1.3 parts per 1,000,000, lemon pie filling with 2 parts per 1,000,000, and sauerkraut with 12½ per 1,000,000. The Mellon Institute researchers calculated the amount of aluminum that would be consumed by a person on a balanced diet, if all the foods were cooked in aluminum, and determined that the aluminum content of the original foodstuffs is greater by 40 per cent than the amount that would be added by cooking in aluminum utensils.

THIS YOUNG UNIVERSE.

According to recent estimates by a committee of the National Research Council, the probable length of geologic time is about 1,600,000,000 years. Dr. Ernst J. Opik of Tartu University Observatory, Estonia, now lecturing in astrophysics at Harvard, concludes that the universe is not much more than 3,000,000,000 years old. If any reliance is to be placed upon these two estimates, it follows that the universe of stars and nebulae cannot have evolved as slowly as we have been taught by cosmologists.

Dr. Opik bases his conclusions on analyses of the helium and radium content of meteorites made by Professor Fritz Paneth of the University of Königsberg. Values ranging from 100,000,000 to 900,000,000 years resulted.

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