# Jim the Conqueror

By Peter B. Kyne . .

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#### CHAPTER VIII

-10-Mr. William B. Latham smiled fatubusly and rubbed his old hands together in pleased anticipation, as he acticed the telegram beside his plate at breakfast. He read:

"The man who first called you Crooked Bill knew his onions stop I have your Texas record stop You permitted me to walk into a situation that is perfectly and monstrously unusual and I am horribly embarrassed stop Jim's father shot you in the foot with a forty-five caliber revolver and the impulse to be careless with deadly weapons still runs in the family only the present representative ases a bow and arrow and shoots for the heart stop. Nor is the Connemara half blood bred out of the tribe stop Believe it or not he has erected a headstone over Uncle Tom stop It is an angel weeping and on the base of the monument he has worked in a bas-relief of a shepherd and a sheep presumably the one that was lost stop Spanish art and Irish deviltry stop When I compare him with Glenn I am torn between a desire to weep and to laugh stop Glenn is so respectable so proper so mindful of all the things we have been raised to admire and respect while this fellow stops at nothing and consults only his own desires stop My plan is to secure the court's permission to get rid of the sheep promptly and return to Hillcrest so I can bite you on the ear.

Harms, the butler, in the act of dropping the customary two lumps of sugar into Crooked Bill's coffee cup, froze in the act and regarded his master with amazement and concern. It appeared to Harms that the old gentleman was about to have some sort of seizure, for he had closed his eyes, thrown back his head, opened his mouth and gasped.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Harms de-

"Har!" yelled Crooked Bill. "Har!" Two bursts of maniac laughter!

"Good news, sir?" Harms suggested

"Harms," said Crooked Bill, "did you ever hear of Pandora?" "Oh, yes, sir! You are referring to the lady of mythology who unlocked

the box of troubles?" "Exactly. Well, Miss Roberta has Shave your whiskers and dress like a rancher and play the part of the sheep buyer?"

"By golly, I'll do it, Glenn. It's a good idea. When can you start?"

"In one week." "Fine. Meanwhile I'll keep you advised if anything new turns up- Hey, don't hang up yet. Harms has just handed me another telegram . . . it may be from Bobby. . . . No, it's from Higuenes. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, oh, Lord! Glenn, will you listen to this?" And he read over the telephone:

"When you see your ward again I should be a proud man to hear you address her as Mrs. Higuenes or Higgins whichever suits you best stop To that end I request your permission to pay my court stop I know the going will be hard but I have never been accustomed to getting anywhere without a battle so I will take a chance stop You know my people so I do not have to furnish social references stop Can furnish financial credentials to please any save most exacting."

"He's a direct-actionist," Glenn Hackett growled.

"He's his father's son. Just imagine the nice courtesy that induced him to seek the permission of Bobby's responsible relative before commencing work."

"What are you going to say in reply, Mr. Latham?"

"I'm going to encourage the boy, of course."

"Why do that?"

"To make him work. Remember, Glenn, there is one thing Roberta will never forgive, and that's bad taste. You can't kill a girl's uncle and then expect to rush her off her feet, even though you killed in self-defense and in so doing performed a public service. I tell you this man Higuenes doesn't know any better than to walk into straight lefts and rights."

Crooked Bill hung up and immediately dispatched the following tele-

gram to Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes: "You have the nerve of a lion-tamer stop Thanks for the compliment implied in your telegram but I have nothing to say about it stop However you have my best wishes and I will even give you some good advice stop

so why not go to Texas with me? | her casually and said: "I see you | while an Higuenes lives at Valle | you are this morning. I want you had a good night's rest in the gigantic bed of my ancestors. You appear much refreshed and I am very glad of it. And you arrive for breakfast promptly at eight. Punctuality is a paramount virtue, particularly in women, so just for that you win a rose." And he leaned back and plucked one from the vine that clambered around a pillar of the gallepy. "You're too red for red roses," he rambled on, handing it to her, "so this lovely mauve rose is just the right shade."

"I'm not red. I'm auburn. Thanks for the rose, however. It's lovely." "Well, whatever it is, it suits me fine. You and I are going to be the

"Well, I like them fast on their feet-and you're a whiz-bang, Jimmy. I've been trying very hard to dislike you but I must confide it's an up-hill

best of friends, Roberta."

"Of course, it's very unethical to like me." he admitted demurely.

"Let us say it is unusual and let it go at that." His eyes devoured her. "Roberta,

you're mighty sweet. I think, if I may, I'll call you Bobby." "My friends all do, Shamus. Fire

away, old-timer." She saw him swallow somethingand it was not food. The fire died out of his eyes, and the sudden, wistful, little-boy look faded and was replaced by gravity, sternness, masculinity. "He's nice," the girl thought. "He wouldn't take advantage of the fact that I'm his guest to appear to

rush me." Oh yes, Roberta knew men. She could read their faces and, conversely, their minds. For had not Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes just assured her she was as beautiful as an army with banners!

"You're a very happy man, aren't you, Jimmy It seems to me that with you, life must be one glad sweet song.

"Oh, it is," he assured her. "The singing started last night." Again his eyes burned into hers for a split second, and again she felt her face flushing hotly. To cover her confusion she said inanely: "I do wish you knew my Uncle Bill." "Not interested in the old repro-

point out to you the error of your way, but thanks to your Uncle Tom I was spared that expensive journey. Then, too, I probably wouldn't have showed to such good advantage in

your country, because of the competition. I loathe competition. It makes me just a little bit jealous." For the life of her Roberta couldn't help laughing. She had a habit of laughing at men when they were proposing to her or on the brink of it. She was at ease now, no longer inhibited by some quality in this man

She Marked the Pride and Pleasure

in the Young Mother's Face.

bishop of this diocese doesn't know

he exists, so the old boy's as free as

air. I'm strong for freedom myself."

ried? Or have you?"

"Why, Jimmy!"

"Is that why you have never mar-

"I haven't. When an Higuenes

marries it takes. And I haven't mar-

ried because you've been such a long

"I thought for a while I'd surely

have to go to Hillcrest, Dobbs Ferry,

Westchester county, New York, and

time showing up at my ranch."

which she had never met in any other. If he was in love with her she had him foul-wherefore she laughed. To her chagrin he laughed with her, and instantly a horrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was this Texas longhorn merely indulging in a mild flirtation with her? A hot rage swelled in Roberta's heart and her laughter

ceased abruptly. "This is very sudden, Jimmy." Her

voice was cool. "That habit of being sudden is a trait that runs in the Higuenes blood. My father was a very sudden man. When he made up his mind to marry my mother, he appeared at her father's house and said to the old man: 'T've come to marry your daughter. What have you got to say about it? Why, nothing at all! Here's the license and the priest's outside. Where's the

"Well, if I had been the bride your respectable parent would have received the jolt of his career."

"Fiddlesticks!" Don Jaime retorted sharply. "A woman worth having is a woman worth stealing. My father always declared women seldom know what they want. They think they want a lot of romance, when what they're looking for is a husband who'll organize the show and run it with a firm hand."

"What do you know about women?" "Something, less than nothing. But I know a heap about men! I'd most certainly be the head of my house."

"So would I!" "Not in my house, Bobby." "Is this argument in the nature of

a left-handed proposal?" "Certainly not. The time isn't ripe for that, nor do I know that it will ever be ripe. I'm merely arguing a relative proposition-a sort of hypothetical question. By the way, may I photograph you after we return from church, and may I have a print? Just one, please. Then you may destroy

"I never give my photograph to gentlemen on such short acquantance.'

"Then I'll have to get along with the one I have. It isn't so good but it will do."

"It's a rotogravure and I got it out

left and I'll send for one."

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cying you standing there watching for me to come home." "Not that, Jimmy. Think of me child a religious upbringing you will standing there awaiting the arrival of one of your men with the information that the rest of the boys will be here

with the body directly."

you go away. I can look at it and

think how fine it would have been if

you had stayed-there in your own

doorway looking out at me. Perhaps

I may be able to fool myself into fan-

Verde, that child will always dwell standing in that doorway. Then, after

under the mantle of the Higuenes

philanthropy. He can't be fired off

the ranch, if he's a male, and he'll

get something in the way of a hope

"You strange man! Of course as

a godfather you have to promise that

if the parents neglect to give their

"Haven't I built a little church and

haven't I a padre on my payroll? Im-

ported him from Mexico. The arch-

chest if he's a female."

attend to the matter."

"Have another egg and some more bacon," Don Jaime urged hospitably. "We're talking too much and there goes the first bell for mass."

#### CHAPTER IX

The bell in the cupola of Don Jaime's little adobe church was calling its last summons to the faithful when Roberta and her host left the house on foot.

Don Jaime led her down the main aisle of the small church and crossed with her over to the organ which stood against the wall. The choir sat on benches in the rear of the organ and an upholstered chair stood beside the organ seat.

"For company," Don Jaime murmured, and indicated that Roberta should occupy it.

The padre, in his vestments, entered from the sacristy, and as he advanced to the altar Don Jaime's little organ crashed into a sonorous prelude; then his brown choir, taking the cue from a vigorous nod of the master's raven head, sang:

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest, And in our hearts take up thy rest.

The girl watched Don Jaime, who knew not one note from another but who played amazingly well by ear because God had created him a troubadour. His dark face was alight with the delight he gleaned from his simple task; for all his huge body, there was in his attitude and in the luster of his eyes something that proclaimed to her again the odd, little-boy quality in him, touching her as she had never been touched before,

"Strange, strange man," the girl reflected. "There he sits with a look of exaltation on his face, and yet I know he prides himself on being too stern and original a thinker to be an orthodox churchman, to accept the Scriptures as literal, to have even the most remote interest in the ultimate disposal of his immortal soul. He killed my Uncle Tom and is too honest to think of pretending to me that he regrets it. He's a strange mixture. yet there is nothing complex about him. He thinks straight, talks straight, and acts straight. He couldn't dissemble if he wanted to. Oh, dear, I'm afraid I wish I had never met him. He's one of those terrible men one must take seriously."

The service proceeded, Roberta dreamed on. . . . Don Jaime's low voice reached her. "Now, then, Bobby, do your stuff."

She sang as she had never sung before. "See their eyes," Don Jaime whispered as she sat down, "The poor devils. They loved it. Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' isn't sung in our church, but who here knows the difference, and who cares? An encore, Bobby."

She sang it. Then she sat through a sermon in Spanish, at the conclusion of which the padre, addressing Don Jaime, begged him to convey his thanks and that of his pobrecitos to the American senorita. Don Jaime translated his message, and a few minutes later she saw him stooping over the lap of a girl and lifting therefrom an infant. She watched him holding the stolid infant while the sacrament of baptism was administered; she marked the pride and pleasure in the young mother's face at this signal honor conferred upon her and hers, when, the ceremony over, Don Jaime kissed the infant and handed the mother the customary largess. To the godmother, too, he made a gift of money; then, with a paternal pat on the shoulders of all concerned, including the padre, he rejoined Roberta and together they walked back through the pueblo to the baclenda (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### American Willow Trees

Originally From Syria? It has been told that the first weeping willow tree in this country was planted by John Curtis of Virginia during the Revolutionary war, and still stands on the Curtis estate.

The story is that "a traveler in Syria once sent to Alexander Pope, the English poet, a box of figs, in which was a twig from one of the weeping willows beside the rivers of Babylon, upon which the exiles used to hang their harps. This twig was planted alongside of the Thames, where it grew. A British officer brought a slip from this tree and gave it to John Curtis of Virginia."

Nurserymen claim that this tree is the ancestor of all the weeping willows in this country.

This awakens new interest in that tree, which is given such prominence in the Bible-"the willows of Babylon."

## Our Government -How It Operates

By William Bruckars

OTHER FUNCTIONS OF THE TREASURY

THERE is a provision in the Constitution that says the federal government has power to levy imposts to be collected at the customs houses. It is an obviously simple provision, but performance of the privilege accorded there has been the basis for probably the greatest and most prolonged controversy into which politicians have set their teeth.

Tariff "fights" or "issues" by whatever name known have formed the backbone of more campaigns between the political parties than I can remember.

Millions of citizens of our country know of the treasury for one of two reasons: the money it handles or the taxes it collects. A great many hundreds of thousands know of it, however, because of the customs service that was referred to. Next to tax collections, the treasury probably touches more people directly through the customs service than in any oth-

Its primary function was to collect those imposts levied at the customs houses, and it does that job, as every importer of merchandise of any kind can tell you. Not all imports are subject to tariff duties, but those on which the impost is laid are examined with a fine-toothed comb.

Customs inspection is a term that is broad in its meaning. It goes beyond just a casual examination; it means, actually, the most thoroughgoing investigation. For example, the tariff law may say that a duty is laid upon an article of rubber, but it would add to that the phrase "or of which rubber is the article of chief value." It is up to the customs inspectors to determine how much rubber is used. Again, the levy may be laid at 10 per cent ad valorem, or 10 per cent of its value. The customs inspector and the appraiser of merchandise who work hand in hand, so to speak, have to determine what that value is.

As I have stated, the customs service is designed for protection of the revenues as well as for collecting properly the duties on the merchandise entering ports legally. In protecting the revenues, it has to prevent smuggling, and here is where another old and distinguished treasury service should be called onto the stage. I refer to the United States coast guard, a service that is as old as the government itself, a military organization that I have always believed never has received the credit due it.

The original purposes of the coast guard were named as protection of life and property at sea and prevention of illegal entry of merchandise. It has the added duty of stopping the illegal entry of liquor-rum running -since the nation has been under the Eighteenth amendment, but be it said to the credit of that organization, every blue uniformed officer and man of his crew retains the first conception of the service as a tradition to be followed. They may be found in the places along shore that apparently God forgot but where the storms of the sea strike hardest, and I have yet to encounter a single guardsman who complained of the bitter battles or the hardships which are the lot of the United States coast guard.

But while attention is directed at uncomplaining public servants, there is another agency in the treasury that must not be overlooked, namely, the United States public health service. Here is a group of highly trained men of science who delve into questions affecting or likely to affect the nation's health, your health and mine. They do it without seeking public favor, for the plain love of learning truth, it seems.

Many is the warning the local public health department transmitted to the citizens of a community that had its origin in the research and conclusions of the little group of medical men making up the service and whose work in conjunction with state and city health officers extends from coast to coast. It was they, for instance, who shed the light of science on parrot fever a few years ago and taught a nation how to fend it off. Another example: they have studied the anti-freeze solutions used in automobile radiators and have branded some of them as dangerous to health because the fumes given off are poisonous.

No picture of treasury operations would be complete without a reference to the office of supervising architect. Especially is this true under present conditions, when the federal government is proceeding with vast programs of building. Every day, the plans for a post office, or federal courts building, or customs house or some other building with a public purpose, are being completed, and they are prepared by or under supervision of the architects in the treasury.

Before those architects start work however, a branch of their office has examined available sites in the city or town where the building is to be, consulted with the local authorities as to the needs, purchased the site out of federal funds and has received from congress authority to proceed. So again, the treasury, though it be miles and miles from you, wields its

influence on your daily life. © 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

## Pile on the high romance and sound | bate, although if he should take a

BEGINNING THE STORY, FOR NEW READERS Roberta Antrim, beautiful Eastern society girl, who lives with her uncle, William B. Latham, known as "Crooked Bill" because of his amusing slyness, receives a telegram from Jaime Miguel Higuenes, owner of the Rancho Valle Verde, in Texas, informing her her Uncle Tom Antrim has died a violent death. At the advice of Glenn Hackett, who is in love with her, Roberta plans to go to Texas to protect her interests, since she is her uncle's sole heir to thousands of sheep which Antrim had grazed on land controlled by Don Jaime, Don Jaime, unmarried, half Spanish and half Irish, is attracted to Roberta's picture in a magazine. Antrim is warned to take his sheep off Don Jaime's ranch at once. Antrim ambushes Don Jaime. The young ranch owner is wounded and Tom Antrim killed. On his body are found instructions to notify Miss Roberta Antrim in the event of his death. Another Higuenes' telegram tells Roberta her uncle was killed by Jim Higgins (Don Jaime's anglicized name). Latham tells her his fortune is and she decides to go to Texas to get Antrim's estate, to save it. "Crooked Bill" concocts a scheme he hopes will forward Hackett's courtship. Don Jaime, actuated chiefly by his romantic interest in the pictured Roberta, allows the Antrim sheep to continue to graze on his ranch. At the station of Valle Verde Roberta meets Dingle, Tom Antrim's foreman, who points out Don Jaime as her uncle's slayer, then flees. Roberta, watching "Jim Higgins," sees him shoot, she thinks, at Dingle. She berates him soundly, and Jimmy hurries off ostensibly to tell Don Jaime of her arrival. Then the girl finds Higgins and Higuenes to be one and the same. At Don Jaime's invitation she stays at his ranch

Mr. Hackett on the telephone."

He read Hackett Roberta's message and waited for a hearty laugh. It did not come. "Dog your cats, Glenn," he protested. "where's your sense of humor?"

"I see no humor in the situation, Mr. Latham. I can only sympathize with Roberta. There she is, the guest of the man who killed her uncle, and who has had the hardihood to make a jest at the expense of his victim. Not satisfied with that exhibition of bad taste he has, apparently, commenced to pay his court to Roberta immediately, which is most embarrassing and distressing to her. She will be forced to leave his house, of course, and decline to permit him to continue to serve her in the matter of

conserving those damnable sheep." "You tarnation monkey, you. Isn't that exactly what I planned should happen? Roberta practically admits it already. She's anxious to clean up on those sheep and return-and when she does, boy, you'll certainly look

good to her." "I wish I could be as confident as you, Mr. Latham. Roberta has one weakness, and that is her sense of humor. Like yours, it's a bit-erdiabolical. I wish I had never joined

in this conspiracy with you." "Faint heart never won fair lady. My boy, don't you realize you have a chance to be a hero?"

"I do not." "You're singularly dull. My stock is still climbing and you need more money to protect me. So you've decided that those sheep should be sold to get ready cash. Consequently you've had two important cases continued, which will enable you to go to Texas and arrange the sale of the

sheep."

"Who will I sell them to?" "To me, fool, to me. I'll give you more money for them than anybody else, and the more money you realize on them the stronger you'll be with Roberta! Also, you'll arrive on the job in time to put a crimp in the sentimental aspirations of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. You'd better jump to Texas muy pronto."

"Well, in order to make good on your deceit you've rented Hillcrest, her seat, sat down opposite, looked at

unlocked a similar box. Harms, get | the old castilian note your good old | notion to show up at Valle Verde I father knew so well stop If there is anything in Mendel's law you should be dark-haired and dark-eyed like Mike and with these assets a fair singing voice and a guitar some moonlight and a pachydermous hide I should say that you stand slightly more chance than a celluloid dog chasing an asbes-

tos cat through the infernal regions. "LATHAM" "And now," he murmured, "having done my full Christian duty by all concerned, I think I should return to my

breakfast." Well had he been nicknamed Crooked Bill!

. . . . . . Mignon awakened Roberta at seven o'clock next morning. "It's Sunday," she reminded her discreetly. "What will

you wear, miss?" Roberta had given considerable thought to that very subject the night previous. "That sports suit I bought just before leaving New York," she

answered promptly. Breakfast was ready on the gallery when Roberta came out looking for her host. The table was set for two and Don Jaime was waiting for her. His lazy dark eyes swept her in one glance-from her white kid pumps to

her Titian head. "You are as beautiful as an army with banners, Miss Antrim," he announced in the matter-of-fact tone in which one proclaims that two and two make four or that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Not so much a compliment or the natural desire of a man to flatter a woman, as a definite statement of

Roberta flushed-and hated herself for it, because it was not her habit to exhibit such apparent pleasure at compliments from men. Had the words come from any other man she would have had a careless retort; in all probability she would have told another man that he wasn't looking so very beautiful himself. But again that strange sense of bafflement, of stupid-

ity, almost, held her speechless. "I suppose he'll ask me if I slept well," she decided, "The usual banal query."

He did not. He tucked her into

wouldn't sick the dogs on him. Have some bacon and eggs. I cured that bacon myself and am personally acquainted with the hens that laid the eggs,"

did not resent his action. "What are you going to do about Robbie?" she inquired presently. "Oh, Robbie, Nothing very much

wrong with him. I suspected the fix he was in and, in order to verify my suspicions, I had Mrs. Ganby bring him here. He's been kept in the house because his mother, despite the fact that she is a trained nurse, motherallowed out very much. She had to make a living for the two of them. so necessarily she has been forced to

those who have no energy to waste do not care to exercise."

"He adores you, Jimmy." "Well, if children and dogs do not like a man that's a sign he had better begin to take stock of himself. I like Robbie. I like all children, even terrible children. I'm godfather to one hundred and eighty-seven and after mass this morning I'll take on

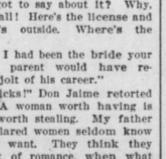
the one hundred and eighty-eighth." "Why are you so popular, Jimmy?" to the child of one of my people then,

Had he noticed her confusion, and was this gay, frivolous banter merely his kind way of helping her cover it? Roberta had an idea it was. His two setters slouched apologetically to the table and he appeared to forget Roberta, to become absorbed in the dogs, feeding them strips of bacon and little pieces of bread steeped in bacon grease, talking affectionately to them the while as if they were human. Roberta reminded herself that Don Jaime was the first young man who had ever neglected her to curry favor with a pair of English setters, and was interested to discover that she

like considered him too delicate to be

neglect the boy. "He requires sunlight and lots of it. Every day he lies out in the sunlight mother-naked. I gave it to him in small doses, so he wouldn't sunburn. Now he's tanned. One arm and one leg are affected but not very badly. With increased general health he will gain strength and the desire to be more active. Nobody ever exercised without wasting energy, and

"For two reasons, If I'm godfather



the plate if you will?" "That isn't answering my question."

"Where did you possess yourself of my photograph?"

of a magazine." "I'll give you the photograph, Jimmy. I had some taken just before I

"Thank you, but I want you just as