Jim the Conqueror

By Peter B. Kyne

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 bath 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 Tilian hood.

"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 as the natural desire of a man to flatter a goddess, as a definite statement of fact.

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 stupidity, almost, held her speechless.

"I suppose he'll ask me if I sleep well," she decided. "The usual banal query."

He did not. He tucked her into her seat, sat down opposite, bolted his bacon and said: "I see 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 long for that you win a rose." And he leaned back and plucked one from the vase that claimed hered around a pillar of the gallery. "You're too red for red roses," he reminded us, 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 best of friends, Roberta."

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

"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 something—and it was not food. The fire died out of his eyes, and the sudden, wistful, twisty look faded and was replaced by gravity, sleepiness, musicality. "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 horsed into hers for a split second and again she felt her face flushing hotly. To cover her confusion she said hurriedly: "I do wish you knew my Uncle Bill."

"Not interested in the old reprobate, although if he should take a notion to show up at Valle Verde I wouldn't stick 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."

Had he noticed her confusion, and was this gay, frivolous banter merely his kind way of helping her over 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, pouring them strips of bacon and little pieces of bread steeped in bacon grease, talking affectionately to them the while as if they were human, and 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 did not resent his action.

"What are you going to do about Bobby?" she inquired presently.

"Oh, Bobby. Nothing very much wrong with him. I suppose he thinks he was in and, in order to verify my suspicions, I had Mrs. Gandy bring him here. He's been kept in the house because his mother, despite the fact that she is a trained nurse, mother-like considered him too delicate to be allowed out very much. She had to make a living for the two of them, so necessarily she has been forced to 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 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 Bobbie. 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?"

"For two reasons. If I'm godfather to the child of one of my people then, while an Higuenes lives at Valle Verde, that child will always dwell 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 chest if he's a female."

"You strange man! Of course as a godfather you have to promise that if the parents neglect to give their child a religious upbringing you will attend to the matter."

"Haven't I built a little church and brought a padre on my payroll? Imported him from Mexico. The archbishop of this diocese doesn't know he exists, so the old boy's as free as air. I'm strong for freedom myself."

"Is that why you have never married? Or have you?"

"I haven't. When an Higuenes marries it takes. And I haven't ever had because you've been such a long time showing up at my ranch."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"I thought for a while I'd surely have to go to Hillcrest, Dubois Ferry, Westchester county, New York, and point out to you the error of your ways, but thanks to your Uncle Tom I was assured that expensive journey. Then, too, I probably wouldn't have showed to such good advantage in your country, because of the competition. I bathe exceptional. It makes me feel 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 which she had never met in any other. It was as he lived 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 Texan laughing 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: 'I'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 bride?'"

"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's 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."

"You 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 the plate if you will?"

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

"That isn't answering my question."

"No."

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

"Where did you possess yourself of my photograph?"

"It's a rotogravure and I got it out of a magazine."

"I'll give you the photograph, Jimmy. I had some taken just before I left and I'll send for one."

"Thank you, but I want you just as you are this morning. I want you standing in that doorway. Then, after you go away, I can look at it and think how fine it would have been if you had stayed—there in your sprightly dowdy looking out at me. Perhaps I may be able to find myself into foregive you standing there watching for me to come home."

"Not that, Jimmy. Think of me 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."

"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 bade her over to the organ which stood against the wall. The chair set 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 chair, taking the cue from a vigorous nod of the master's raven head, sang:

Come, thou 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 and Santa Teresa had a touch-door. 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 exultation on his face, and yet I have heard him himself on being his 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, acts straight. He could not dissemble if he wanted to. Oh, dear, I am afraid I like him and 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. Handed a piece of the moon Walk isn't song 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 parishioners to the American donor. Don Jaime translated his message, and a few minutes later she sang her first soprano at the lap of a girl and lifting therefrom an infant. She watched him holding the shrill infant while the sacrament of baptism was administered; she heard the pride and pleasure in the young mother's face at this signal honor conferred upon her and here, when, the ceremony over, Don Jaime kissed the infant and handed the mother the customary largess. To the god mother, too, he made a gift of money; then, with a paternal pat on the shoulders of all concerned, including the padre, he escorted Roberta and together they walked back through the pueblo to the hacienda.

At the head of the single street Don Jaime halted both. "A contented people," he declared. "Chilli peppers drying on every roof and maple corn for the tortillas; a tiny garden for onions and lettuce and beans, labor exchanged for height calves and everybody happy and singing at cost at the ranch commissary; no debts, no rents, no lawsuits.

She Marked the Pride and Pleasure in the Young Mother's Face.

Freedom from a professional code of morals. Sometimes I could wish I too, were a peon. Hell would and the price of beef reduces them not, for taxes not notes at the bank."

"Nor alcohol," Roberta supplemented.

"Speaking of which," he continued, "we will stop off and visit the woolies after luncheon. If you care for a ride."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Manuring Corn Land Gives Best Yields

Manuring tests at the Experiment Station of Rutlers University of Kentucky intimate that best results are obtained by using manure on corn, in a corn, wheat and clover rotation.

Where manure was applied on the wheat, the increase in corn yields was 5 bushels per acre less than where it was used on the sod before breaking for corn. Wheat was not affected, while for clover the increase in yield was 300 pounds per acre more with manure applied on the wheat.

Where manure was used on the young clover, the increase in yield of corn was almost 5 bushels per acre less than where it was applied on sod for corn; the increase in wheat yield was slightly less, while for clover it was 475 pounds greater.

Acre-per-family strawberry clubs are being planned for Crittenden and Livingston counties.

Clipping Tells Of Local Man's Marriage At 83

Mr. J. C. Shroud, of the Cane Run neighborhood, brought the following interesting item regarding the marriage of his grandfather, at the age of 83, to The Mercury office last week. Mr. Shroud stated that his grandfather returned to this county and lived here for ten years after his marriage, which occurred in 1895. The following was taken from an old newspaper clipping Mr. Shroud found among some old papers:

The Palmyra, Mo., Spectator of Oct. 7th says:

"A wedding that is decidedly out of the usual run, and one which will be a big surprise to most of our readers, taken place in the vicinity of Woodland this morning. The groom is Andrew Shroud, of Carlisle, Ky., a widower with a large family of children, and the bride is Mrs. Annie Stewart, of this county. Mr. Shroud will, on his next birthday, which occurs the 10th of this month, be eighty-three years of age, and Mrs. Stewart has lived in the neighborhood of sixty years. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride by either Rev. Ernest or Rev. Messick, immediately after which the newly-married couple will drive to Monroe City, where they will take the train for Georgia, Kan., and after spending a few days there, will return to Marion county where they will remain a short time settling up some business matters, and will then leave for their future home in Kentucky. As stated above, the wedding will be a big surprise to even the most intimate friends of both families, Mr. Shroud has been here several days, accompanied by his grandson, but even he did not know there was a wedding in the rocket. The couple have passed the age at which people usually have to Cupid's aid, but the congratulations of their many friends with the Spectator numbers itself are none the less sincere. Mrs. Stewart is one of the most estimable ladies in Marion county and the future husband is a man of means and highly respected in his home in Kentucky. May they live long and prosper is our wish."

Kentucky Has Wealthiest Canines Of Any State

An Associated Press writer sends the following amusing story from Frankfort:

Old Kentucky, long famed in song and story for its traditions of fleet horses, fast ladies and lofty sentiments of "What will you take," claims a new and unique distinction—many wealthy dogs than any other state.

The Blue Grass state, from the mouth of the Big Sandy to the farthest pebble of Mills Point, has never lacked for plenty of the hard-riding sportsmen whose love for horse-flesh was revealed by an abiding appreciation of a fine foxhound and who found a thrill in the deep, thousand-mouthed cry of a pack in full cry. Kentucky, too, has a mountain range full of tall, sharp-eyed, sharp-shooting woodsmen who don't feel that their cabin home is complete without a good hound dawg.

But it remained for the late Mrs. Carrie E. Knapp, of Louisville, to make the latest gesture of affection toward the canine realm she had was probated the other day. She left a "trust" of $1,000 annuities both to each of her six dogs.

Neither the tall-tale, pink coated gentry, nor the long-eared mountaineer—nor even Miss Knapp—at the only traditional dog lovers—ever did Kaintuck. Yet another figure remains legend in that field.

Over in Bourbon county, "than which there is no finer county where it comes to fox hunting and general all-round, plain and fancy dog loving," tell tell you that a widow who died not many years ago and left $1,000 cold cash to her canine chief mourner. Relatives, feeling that blood was thicker than water, filed suit to break the will, but didn't reckon on the Bourbon county brand of law arguing kind of bar.

Young lawyers, for amusement, undertook to defend the heir in court and, after a heated and involved suit, won from the judge the announcement that old Trey, of whatever was his name, was the legal heir to the thousand dollars. He was the richest dog in all Bourbon county, however, in the meantime the dog had died.

Having made old Trey legal heir, it devolved upon the lawyers to administer his estate. Some folks at Paris, the county seat, will tell you the lawyers spent most of their time for six months finding and cataloguing heirs, and when they finished, the thousand dollars was barely enough to buy one bone each for the testator's property.

Whether Miss Knapp's dogs had many heirs could not be learned, but Miss Eliza, of Bullitt county, co-administrator of her estate, gently but firmly declined to reveal their names, age, sex, pedigree or whereabouts. Miss Eliza said that Miss Knapp's "pups were to lead good care of them."

Strays and a house in Bullitt as another part of her $32,500 will.

The proportion of foreign-born yielding jobs in this country is greater than that of our native-born. The Census Bureau reveals 88 per cent of the former gainfully employed as compared with 73 per cent for the native-born.

On Mahe, one of the Seychelles in the Indian ocean, it is customary to give a newly hatched tortoise to a girl baby when she is born. This tortoise is killed and eaten when the girl is married and only on these rare occasions is a tortoise eaten on the island.

Cost Of Operating State Institutions Drops $303,718

Cost of operating the Charitable and Penal institutions of Kentucky was reduced $303,718.50 during the fiscal eight months of 1932 as compared with the first eight months of 1931.

The new Welfare Board has carried into effect the mandate of Governor Ruby Laffoon, who directed that rigid economy be practiced in operation of the institutions.

The Board of Charities and Correction itself cut cost of operating $24,438.25 the first eight months of this year as contrasted with the same period last year.

Savings at the various institutions within the period for which complete data is available are as follows:

Central State Hospital $39,277.52; Eastern State Hospital $35,569.62; Feeble Minded Institute $18,711.27; House of Reform $50,161.97; State Penitentiary $26,645.47; State Reformatory $72,140.37; Western State Hospital $35,784.01, making a total of $303,718.59.

Still greater savings are being effected, members of the Board say, and the rate of savings are expected to be even greater in the final quarter.

The reduction in cost of operating the institutions has not been carried so far as to curtail the degree of care given inmates, members of the Board say. Wholesome food and in more satisfying quantities is being provided for the state wards. Economies have been effected by substituting of wasteful practices and closer supervision of purchases.

When the last legislative session supplanted the old Board of Charities and Correction with the Welfare Board, specifying that a salary be paid Board members, the action was criticized the action, on the ground that it would increase the expenses of the institutions. It is pointed out that the smaller, salaried Board has in the brief period has been in office justified the change by an unprecedented reduction in cost of conducting the various institutions.

Chairman of the Welfare Board is Ambrose Diffley. Members of the Board are Elmer Bell of Murray, George Ruby of Owensboro, Miss Ella Lewis of Leitchfield and John of Lexington.

Governor Ruby Laffoon said the saving effected is gratifying, but it will be greater the next eight months than in the last. The fiscal fiscal year of the preceding administration did not expire until July the 1st. It was planned and, said institutional economies was limited by contracts for supplies made by the last administration. Preliminary reports indicate that the saving at the institutions in October reached a new record.

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Lee's Mineral Compound With Vitamins Builds Bodily Strength and Vigor by Supplying Needed Minerals and Vitamins

AMONG THE COUNTY AGENTS

A marl ring spread 150 tons in three days on the farms of Edward Simmons, Louis Kelly and Leonard Wheatley in Washington county.

Thirty-six farms in Leetcho county in Marion county have a total of 462 acres of alfalfa, or 27 acres the average in 1928.

Harlan county farm.rs who demonstrated good methods in growing potatoes report a return of $5 for every dollar spent for seed and fertilizers.

Seventy fourteen county 4-H club boys grew 20,000 pounds of high quality burley tobacco.

Tea farmers in Bathwell community in Nicholas county cooperated in building a community sheep scaling vat. Nine hundred sheep were dipped as soon as the vat was completed.

Pions have been made to terrace a large acreage in Bracken, Buckeye and Nina communities in Gerrard county.

One hundred and thirty men and women showed a total of 675 birds at the fourth annual Grayson county poultry show.

Monitor county's tobacco crop is only a fourth as large as that of last year, but the quality of the leaf is much better.

Goble Bennett, a Graves county farmer, fed a litter of 13 pigs to weigh 2,912 pounds when 165 days old.

Twenty-five acres of korean lespedeza on the Stanton demonstration farm in Powell county yielded two tons of hay to the acre.

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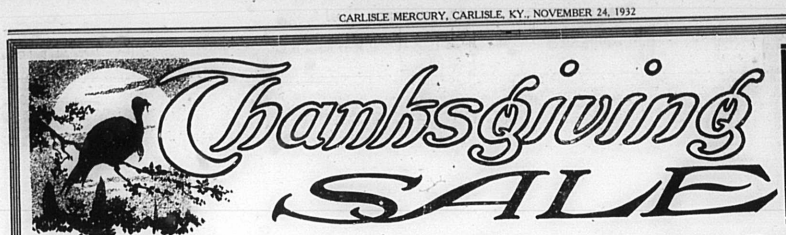

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Boys lace bottom blue corduroy pants for high top shoes, sizes 10 to 18	$1.39
1 lot 36-inch fancy print, yd.	9c
1 Lot Ladies and Misses Oxfords. All sizes, pair	98c
Mens or Womens heavy fleeced sweaters. Sizes 36 to 46	69c
Mens heavy slip-over sweaters	39c
1 lot mens caps, values to $1, each	19c
Mens black Blucher work shoe ,no cap on toe, composition sole	$1.19
Mens canton cotton, blue knit wrist work gloves, pair	5c
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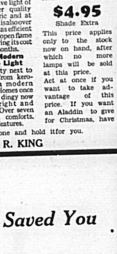

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This Modern White Light of a quality next to sunlight has kerosene is a modern miracle. Homes once dark and dingy now made bright and cheerful. Over seven million people enjoy its comforts. Note the many desirable features.

Due to a change in model the factory has allowed us to sell the No. 12 Aladdin Instant Light, Nickel Plated Aladdin Table Lamp; formerly sold at $8.50 at

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Shade Extra

This price applies only to the stock now on hand, after which no more lamps will be sold at this price.

Act at once if you want to take advantage of this price. If you want an Aladdin to give for Christmas, have us put your nameon one and hold it for you.

C. R. KING

WHY POINTER RANGES ARE DOG GONE GOOD STOVES

Twin Flue Construction makes 6 lids hot, doubles water in reservoir, and evenly heated oven.

Ventilated Hot Blast Linings make smoke and soot consuming and use smaller amount of coal.

Big Roomy Warming Closet; numerous other excellent features.

Repair Service. We carry in stock every piece of repair you will ever need. An Important thing to consider when you buy a stove.

$32.50, $35, $37.50, $39.50 $45, & $59.50

C. R. KING

SPECIALS

Jello, all flavors, extra special	5c
Navy Beans, 10 lbs.	23c
Navy Beans, 100 lbs.	$2.25
Great Northern Beans, 10 lbs.	39c
Great Northern Beans, 100 lbs.	$3.50
Pinto Beans, 10 lbs.	39c
Pinto Beans, 100 lbs.	$3.50
Franks, per lb.	11c
Sugar Loaf Pork & Beans, No. 2½ can	10c
Sugar Loaf Red Kidney Beans, No. 2½	10c
Large can Tomatoes, 2½ size	10c

We buy Country Hams, Eggs and Chickens

SEXTON'S CASH STORE

Always Specials At TILTON'S FOOD MARKET

Money Saved You On Magazines and Newspapers in clubs with The Mercury

Get Our Prices

TILTON'S GROCERY

Bargains For Men

We are giving some special bargains to the men folks this week end. Substantial goods, worth a great deal more. Goods you need

Corduroy Pants, extra heavy, good materials in brown, reindeer and blue	$1.75
Men's Guaranteed solid leather horsehide gloves, sold for $1.00	49c
Men's Hats, first quality, grey, tan and black	98c
Men's High Top Boots, 16 inches, Peters Diamond Brand; guaranteed quality	$3.48
Men's Overall Jacket, 8 ounce denim, with extra heavy quality lining. The best $2 jacket	48c
Overalls to match	98c

JOSEPH GORDON