

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

FRIDAY: Tim has been absorbed in his own unhappiness over Iris DeMuth, to notice Buff's unhappiness over her parents. Buff breaks down and confides in Tim. He advises her to lead her own life.

Chapter Seven

New Arrivals

TIM and Buff noticed a car driving up. It stopped by the side of the house and several persons alighted from it: a thin, oldish woman, a plump, handsomely dressed man, a girl who was much too fat. They began taking suitcases from the back of the car, dozens of suitcases, it seems to Tim, who looked on from the window above.

Atkins appeared suddenly. "Well, here we are!" said the thin man. "A day earlier than we expected, but it worked out that way."

Atkins murmured something. "Nonsense! Nonsense! We paid our rent in advance, didn't we? We agreed on the date? Well, what else is there to understand? Help me with these suitcases. My wife and daughter are tired. We'd like to go upstairs at once."

Buff was unconscious that she had seized Tim's arm in a vise-like grip.

"He's done it again," she whispered. "He's rented the ranch again."

He answered her thoughtfully. "Such a good month is up to-morrow. He must have dated them at the same time he put the advertisement in the Denver paper." A rare sound broke upon the air. Tim was chuckling. "Able man, Atkins! Shall we go down and deal with him, Buff?"

A few minutes later, Buff and Tim Corliss faced the foreman accusingly.

"Well, Atkins!" said Buff. "Ain't much I can say," muttered Atkins. "You know everything, don't you?"

"I wonder if I do! Have you rented the place, month by month, throughout the winter?"

The foreman shook his head. "I put an ad in a Denver paper. Mr. Corliss and this man Hunt answered it. Mr. Corliss wanted it right away but Mr. Hunt, he wanted it through October. I didn't see no partikler harm in it, Miss Buff. Honest! Just letting them stay here. I was going to look the bills for supplies, and Mr. Corliss was gettin' tired havin' only me to cook for. When you stop to think of it," he continued mournfully, "it ain't really no crime. How could I know you'd come back here, or Mr. Corliss would hurt himself and stay on after his month was up?"

Tim regarded him with cynical amusement. "And what are your plans now, Atkins?"

Atkins made his accusers a present of the entire problem. "I got my things packed and I'm leavin' this afternoon. You kin do what you like about the Hunts. They don't seem to want to take no for an answer."

Buff considered. Atkins might as well go, she thought. He would have to eventually. Dr. Westland had assured her he could get another man.

"All right, Atkins," she said, thereby surprising the man who had expected protest. "But let me be sure of one thing: is this the last in your series of tenants or will they keep on turning up here, month after month?"

Tim struck in: "You know Miss Carroll could prosecute you, Atkins, I suppose?"

Atkins' eyes narrowed, menacing lines cratched his mouth.

"Maybe she could, but she'll have to catch up with me first!" He turned on his heel and was gone. Almost at once his car roared past the house.

"Let him go," Buff said. "I'm glad to be rid of him. I'll call Dr. Westland and ask him to send out the man he recommended. Meant while there are these people—Hunt, didn't he say their name is—I shall have to talk to them."

The opportunity came almost at once. The husband and father descended the stairs, glancing about him with an air of taking possession of his own. Buff moved forward to meet him.

"I'm Miss Carroll, Mr. Hunt, and I understand that Atkins, my father's foreman, rented you this place for October. He had no authority to do so. I shall give you back whatever you paid him, of course. I'm very sorry you should have been the victim of a fraud."

Mr. Hunt smiled tolerantly. "My dear Miss Carroll, how do I know that it was a fraud? I answered an advertisement; paid cash in advance; acted in entire good faith. Now you tell me Atkins had no right to rent this ranch. Until you can prove it we shall stay on, my wife and daughter and I. I'm not in the habit," he told her impressively, "of being fooled."

Tim took quiet charge of the conversation. "You were this time, Mr. Hunt. So was I. I rented the place for September. I'd been here only a few days when Miss Carroll arrived to close up the house. It's too bad, but Mr. Carroll is the real loser since he's refunding the rent that Atkins has gone off with."

Mr. Hunt spoke three sentences, all indicating a mental process which moved somewhat creakily but logically.

"So Atkins has gone, eh? And

it's the last day of September and you're still here? If Miss Carroll honored you—er—reservations, to speak, why not mine?"

"Mr. Corliss had a motor accident," said Buff. "I've a little stuff. Also I have no intention of keeping the house open during October. I'm sorry," she said again, "but I'm afraid you'll have to make other arrangements. It's not worth your while to unpack."

"I beg to differ with you. As a matter of fact, we are unpacked. I shall telephone my lawyer in Denver to look into this matter. I have my receipt"—he touched his coat pocket—"and I think you'll find it will be difficult to—er—to evict me." He was so pleased with the word "difficult" that he repeated it. "Miss Carroll. No, I feel quite sure I'm legally secure in my position."

"Buff," said Tim, "may I handle this for you? I'll do a little telephoning myself—to a lawyer I know in Boulder. I think we'll get pretty well satisfied."

"May I ask your own position here, young man? You came as a tenant—a stranger to Miss Carroll, or so I understand. You were slightly injured, and you remained in spite of the—er—so you'd have carried on—legal proceedings compelled by Atkins. You now address your landlady by her first name. May I ask if the household has consisted during this time of you two young people—alone?"

"Yes, alone," said Buff. "I'm afraid I can't help you."

"I should think all you'd have to do would be to call the sheriff," he told him.

He shook his head. There was no time for further talk between them. Mrs. Webb had done her best—or her worst—for the new arrivals. Platters of fried chicken, mounds of fluffy mashed potatoes mixed with cream, a great bowl of crisp salad, homemade jam and pickles, a green apple pie which melted in the mouth—from beginning to end it was a triumph of culinary art. Mr. Hunt and his wife ate with openly expressed approval. Maudie May settled herself cozily to the task of consuming as much food as was possible without actually bursting. Buff thought, Her fascinated gaze lingered on the fat girl. Tim also could not tear his eyes away from the absorbing spectacle.

There was no hurry, no temperamental skipping from this dish or that, Maudie May was out to make a workmanlike job of dinner—by no stretch of the imagination could it be called luncheon—and make it she did. She neglected nothing. Crisp stalks of celery were given the same consideration as the savory chicken. Sorts of filler to occupy whatever crevices there might be in the meal. Her jaws moved rhythmically, tirelessly, stopping only when Maudie May drank from the tall glass of iced tea beside her plate, a glass which was several times refilled.

Buff began to feel choked with food, though she herself ate very little. Tim too gruffed with his meal. Occasionally the blond father of this remarkable diner swept a glance at the table as though to call attention to his daughter's alimentary achievements. There was no need. Neither Buff nor Tim could have looked away if the house had caught fire.

Even Mrs. Webb passed from delight to this appreciation of her efforts in definite appreciation. When Maudie May asked for and received a second piece of pie, drenched it liberally with thick cream and consumed it with the same earnest attention she had given her first mouthful, the housekeeper's worried glance sought Buff. The girl shook her head slightly.

"Pretty good lunch!" It was the first time Maudie May had spoken save to request that the biscuits be passed or her plate replenished. "Hope dinner is as nice." She yawned without bothering to cover up a mouth as frankly open as a sleepy puppy's. "Guess I'll go up and lay down a while. Ma. Kinda tired with so much driving."

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial:

KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640. Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane, KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJH, 870, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Friday

5:00—Music for Listeners. KGO, KEX, KJR, Concert, KOMO, Melody Time. KPO: Order of Admiralty. KFI, KGW.

5:30—Etcetera in Brass. KGO, KJR, Now and Then, KGW, Quiz Program. KPO.

6:00—Plantation Party. KGO, KEX, KJR, Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, Prof. Quiz, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Concert. KGO, KEX, KJR, KPO, KFI, KGW, First Nighter, KXN, KSL, KOIN, News, KJR.

7:00—Drama. KXN, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:30—Business Frontiers. KPO, KFI, KGW; Heidt's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Young Man With a Band, KXN, KSL.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroo, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KOIN, KSL.

8:30—This Moving World, KGO, KEX, KJR, Concert, KOMO, Melody Time. KPO: Order of Admiralty. KFI, KGW.

5:30—Drama, KGW; Havana's Orch., KFI, Tucker's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Drama, KGO, KEX; Master Singers, KPO.

6:00—Drama, KPO, KFI, Drama, KXN, KOIN; From Hollywood, Today, KGW; Maurice's Music, KGO.

6:30—Musical Program, KEX, KGO; Brazilian Band, KPO, KFI, KGW; Run Brown, KXN, KOIN, News, KJR.

6:45—Saturday Night Serenade, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Organist, KPO, KGW.

7:00—Symphony Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN, News, KSL.

8:00—Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KEX, KJR, News, KSL.

Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Kelly's Program, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith's Hour, KXN, KOIN, KSL; James' Orch., KPO.

9:30—Remember When? KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KJR.

10:00—Basil's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KXN, KSL; News, KOIN.

10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KPO, KGW; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KFI.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Basil's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Organist, KEX, News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Saturday, 8:00—Dance Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KJR.

8:30—Drama, KGW; Havana's Orch., KFI, Tucker's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Drama, KGO, KEX; Master Singers, KPO.

6:00—Drama, KPO, KFI, Drama, KXN, KOIN; From Hollywood, Today, KGW; Maurice's Music, KGO.

6:30—Musical Program, KEX, KGO; Brazilian Band, KPO, KFI, KGW; Run Brown, KXN, KOIN, News, KJR.

6:45—Saturday Night Serenade, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Organist, KPO, KGW.

7:00—Symphony Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN, News, KSL.

8:00—Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KEX, KJR, News, KSL.

KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aloha Land, KGO, KEX; This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Heidt's Orch., KOMO; McCune's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Hit Parade, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Shaw's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:30—Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Lee's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Nagel's Orch., KSL, KXN; Madriguera's Orch., KPO, KGW; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KFI, KOIN.

10:30—News, KGO, KJR; Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Pasadena Dance, KOIN, KXN, Dance Orch., KSL.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Robbery Confessed

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 13.—(UP)—Police said today Irving Bicknell, 37, had confessed robbing a Tule Lake, Cal., billiard parlor 10 days ago. Bicknell was arrested on drunkenness charges. He also was said to have admitted serving a prison sentence at San Quentin.

TOKYO, Oct. 13.—(AP)—Vice Foreign Minister Masayuki Tani offered his resignation today, thus assuming responsibility for a foreign office controversy which precipitated notices of resignation by more than 150 persons.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

SALESMAN FLIES VAST TERRITORY

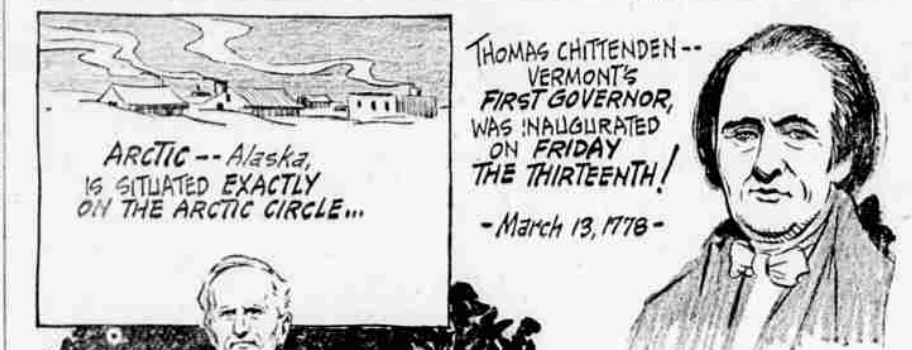
CLEVELAND, O.—(UP)—E. W. Cleveland, who prefers to be known as "Pop," is perhaps the country's foremost flying salesman. Pop, who sells airplane struts, has a territory that would make most salesmen hand in their resignations.

He covers the United States and Canada—and he covers them in a plane which has a top speed of 187 miles an hour and cruises at 185. "I've been flying my territory since 1927," the aerial drummer said. According to "Pop" there are hitchhikers for airways, as well as highways. "There's just one thing I demand of a passenger when I give him a lift," he said. "If there's no schedule to meet, and I see a spot that suggests good trout streams, he has to be willing to land with me and fish for a while. I always carry my tackle with me."

Veteran Dies
STEARLING, Ill., Oct. 13.—(AP)—Nicholas G. Van Sant, Civil War trooper, veteran of front line action with the Salvation Army in the World War, law student at 89, traveler and writer, died today. He was 92 years old.
SALEM, Oct. 13.—(AP)—A hearing on proposed standardization of wooden potato boxes was set by the state department of agriculture to be held at Redmond on October 19. The six potato containers on which uniformity has been requested range from 15 to 30 pounds.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ARCIC--Alaska, IS SITUATED EXACTLY ON THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...

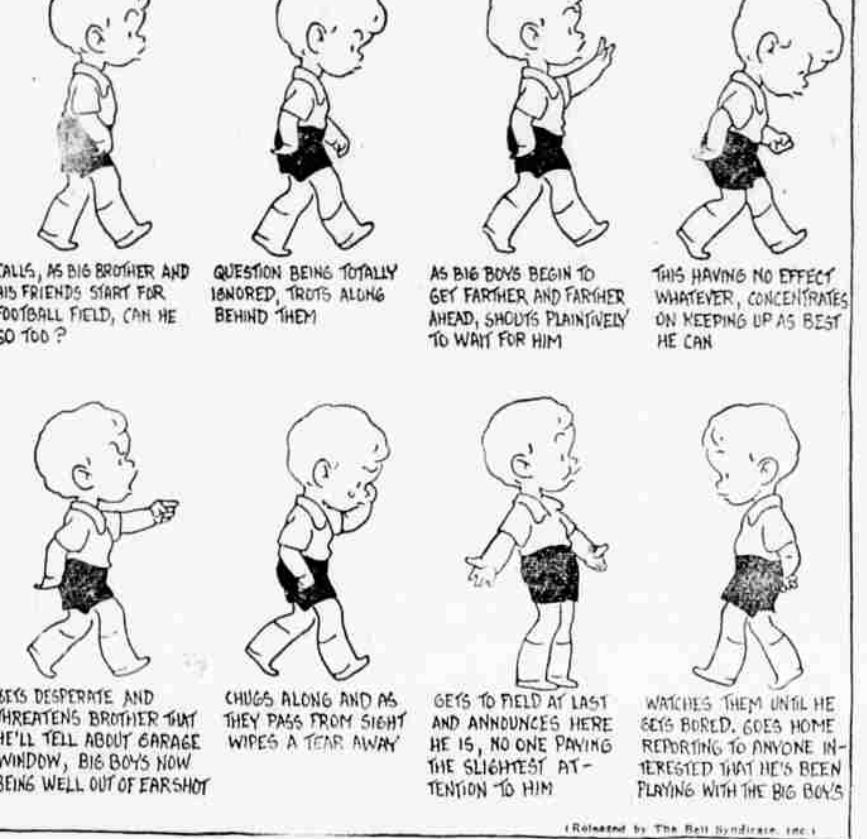
HE FOUGHT FOR THE NORTH-- AND THE SOUTH TOO!
"UNCLE DAN" LAWSON, 95, of Weston, W. Va., WAS BOTH A UNION AND CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR...

TWO-ARMY SOLDIER
Daniel Lawson was 18 when he left home at Weston, W. Va., to enlist in the Union Army. Becoming ill, he was captured by the confederates and spent nine months in southern prisons, finally escaping with a comrade. For 14 days and nights he hid out in Georgia swamps, but was recaptured and taken to Milledgeville. He then joined the Confederate Army to avoid the unbearable hardships of the southern prisons. He refused an appointment as corporal to desert and rejoin the Union forces. Eventually his chance came.

TOMORROW: Coincidence in Death!

TAGGING ALONG

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CALLS, AS BIG BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS START FOR FOOTBALL FIELD, CAN HE GO TOO?

QUESTION BEING TOTALLY IGNORED, TROTS ALONG BEHIND THEM!

AS BIG BOYS BEGIN TO GET FARTHER AND FARTHER AHEAD, SHOUTS PLAINLY TO WAIT FOR HIM!

THIS HAVING NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER, CONCENTRATES ON KEEPING UP AS BEST HE CAN

GETS DESPERATE AND THREATENS BROTHER BUT HE'LL TELL ABOUT GARAGE WINDOW, BIG BOYS NOW BEING WELL OUT OF EARSHOT

CHUGS ALONG AND AS THEY PASS FROM SIGHT WIPES A TEAR AWAY

GETS TO FIELD AT LAST AND ANNOUNCES HERE HE IS, NO ONE PAYING THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO HIM

WATCHES THEM UNTIL HE GETS BORED, GOES HOME REFERING TO ANYONE INTERESTED THAT HE'S BEEN PLAYING WITH THE BIG BOYS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Quentin's Explanation Doesn't Satisfy!



YOU THINK ONE OF THEM SHIPS FIRED REAL BULLETS AT YOU, TAILSPIN?

WE'LL SOON SEE, SKEETS! COME ON!

WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN' BUDDY?

I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE MACHINE GUN ON THIS CHARIOT!

OH, YEAH? WELL MEBBE I CAN CHANGE YER MIND!

WHAT'S THIS? LAY OFF, YOU MUGS!

SORRY MY MEN WERE SO ROUGH.. THEY HAD ORDERS TO STOP ANYBODY FROM GETTING TOO NEAR THESE SHIPS.

AFRAID SOMEONE MIGHT SEE TOO MUCH, MR. QUENTIN?

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Steplock's Plea



FELLOW RESIDENTS OF HAPPY VALLEY, THERE IS BUT ONE ISSUE IN THIS CAMPAIGN AND THAT IS TO DRIVE THE NOISY, LOATHSOME OIL WELL DRILLING FROM OUR MIDST!

CANDIDATE BALLINGER PROMISES TO DO THIS WITHIN THIRTY DAYS OF HIS ELECTION—WHY THIRTY DAYS? DOES HE HAVE TO SEE SOMEONE IN THE MEANTIME? DOES HE AWAIT A SECRET VISIT FROM SOME HIGHER UP? AT NIGHT? UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS?

AH, MY FRIENDS, DO NOT BE MISLED! DO NOT FALL FOR THIS BALDERDASH! ELECT ME MAYOR AND I PLEDGE YOU THAT I SHALL ACT, NOT IN THIRTY DAYS, BUT IN—

-THIRTY SECONDS! 'RAY FOR STEPLOCK! YIPPEE!

GEE, HE'S GOT 'EM, BEN!

WOW! YES, LOOK AT THE CROWD!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBES—Han or Mouse?



FANNY IS HAVING A LOT OF FUN AT RUDY'S EXPENSE— SHE PRETENDS TO BE VERY BURNED UP ABOUT THE HECK-SARAH INCIDENT

WE WERE SUCH SWEETHEARTS WHEN I GOT HOME—NOW FANNY IS MAD AT ME AND IT'S ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THAT POSTAL CARD THAT THAT NIT WIT HECK SENT

SAY, I'LL BET SHE WAS DOING SOME DANCING TOO AT THE VAN MIDASES—THEY ARE ALWAYS GIVING DANCING PARTIES

I'M A PEACE-LOVING, CONFIDING, TRUSTING HUSBAND BUT IF SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO ME AGAIN ABOUT THAT POSTAL, I'LL GIVE HER A MOUTHFUL THAT WILL MAKE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE SOUND LIKE AN APOLOGY!

By SOL HESS

U. OF O. MAY HAVE DRUM MAJORESS

EUGENE, Oct. 13.—(AP)—University of Oregon leaders may soon see a bare-kneed hip-swinging drum majoreess leading its parading band. It was indicated on the campus today. The Associated Women students and their dean of women, who last year pushed efforts to place a class

before the band, have voted to accept "go mosey" with the other college bands. Only the vote of the student council remains in the way of putting the majorette on the field. Backers of the movement declare a coed has been training for the job since the university opened.

Fire Causes Smashup
TACOMA, Oct. 13.—(AP)—James P. Kelly, 28, Seattle metal cleaner, whose face and hands were burned when his car blew a tire and overturned on the Seattle-Tacoma highway. The burns resulted when the steering coil containing an acid, spilled on Kelly.