

# After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

**YESTERDAY:** Atkins, the diabolical former who rented Tim the Carroll's ranch for September, has rented it again for October. The new arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and daughter Maudie May, whose appetites know no bounds.

### Chapter Eight

#### The Siege

ALONE in the dining room, Tim and Buff were joined by Mrs. Webb. "Should I take her up some sodas?" asked the anxious cook. "Or maybe we'd best get Dr. Westland out right away." She added the exclamation she employed only in times of crisis. "My goodness, graciousness!" Tim mopped his forehead. "I shall burst myself, just thinking about it."

"Oh, don't!" Buff pleaded. "I feel absolutely suffocated. Still, her parents didn't seem alarmed. And she hasn't put on all that poundage nibbling away on a lamb chop and pineapple diet. Tim, I'm sorry to leave you alone, but I've got to get some exercise—at once! I shall take a long tramp—climb Auldubon and Long's and Pike's, perhaps."

He caught her arm. "No, you don't! I can get about pretty well on these infernal crutches, and I'm not going to be left alone here with that—that anaconda. It might occur to her to come down for a mid-afternoon snack. Take me along, Buff, of your charity. Mrs. Webb—"

The cook had sunk into a chair and was staring at the table. "I wouldn't a-believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! Four chickens, and a good size they was, too—besides all them vegetables and things. You sure ain't going to make money off these boarders, Miss Buff!"

"No," the girl assented, "I sure ain't! Webby, about supper now—I hope you heard me say supper!"

Webby nodded, her eyes glazing as she made a mental inventory of the food consumed. "I ain't no murderer, Miss Buff."

The Hunts were still in possession when Buff and Tim returned late in the afternoon. Mrs. Webb reported that there had been several calls for Tim from Boulder. He applied himself to the telephone and came away, looking troubled.

"We can do nothing about it this afternoon, Buff. Worse than that, it looks as if Hunt has a real case, if you try to put him out. He rented the ranch in good faith, as he says, from a man who was, to all intents and purposes, your father's legally constituted agent. Johnson says—"

"Johnson was the name of the lawyer—that it will be a couple of weeks before you can get rid of them—if you can at all. However—"

"He comes closer and sank his voice. "There are more ways to kill a cat than by choking it with butter! If the table you set fails to satisfy Maudie May—"

Mischief danced across her face. "I get you!" She flashed out of the room and into the kitchen.

When the strangely assorted family assembled for the final meal of the day, Maudie May looked about her in pained surprise. There was a bowl of bluish milk at each plate; crackers—and none too many of them—in a bowl on the table. Nothing else.

"Where's the soup?" she demanded. "I never heard of starting dinner with crackers and milk."

"No more food?" BUFF explained pleasantly. "We dined at noon. We're simple ranch folk, you know, and keep to country ways."

Maudie tipped her bowl and swallowed the last drop. "I hope there's plenty to make up for this silly start!"

"Have you all finished?" Buff was urbane. "Then shall we go into the living room?"

"But—but—" Maudie May's eyes were popping. "We haven't had dinner—supper yet!"

"Oh, yes! I thought you understood. We have our first meal in the middle of the day, as I told you. Just a snack at night."

"No more food?" The Hunts were plainly incredulous. "But this is outrageous! Maudie May's hungry," her father announced as one explaining that his child had been on a forced starvation diet for days. "She'll be ill if she doesn't have solid food."

"I'm sorry! I thought this morning you wouldn't like staying here. Mr. Corliss" went on Buff primly, "has a bad case of dyspepsia. He's refused to eat his breakfast since he was surprised—and Dr. Westland prefers that he have a light meal at night. I have to watch my own diet, too, so that's all right. I've a tendency to stoutness," said Buff. Buff who was as slim as one of the aspen trees now shaking its leaves outside the window. She led the way into the living room, and the Hunts trailed disconsolately behind her.

"There, pretty, there! I've just remembered," Mrs. Hunt lumbered awkwardly to her feet. "There's almost half that box of chocolates left. I'll go up and—" She

stopped, sending a suspicious look about the room. "Perhaps you'd better come upstairs with me," she finished.

At bedtime Buff was conscious of the pangs of hunger. Dinner had gone practically uneaten, supper had been on cracker and the bowl of bluish milk. Her healthy young body cried out for sustenance. She put on her bathrobe and soft-soled slippers; crept down to the kitchen. A light burned there.

"I thought you'd be down," Tim assured her. "Webby, bless her, apparently thought so, too. Look—"

He pointed proudly to the kitchen table. A large baked chicken glistened; half a baked ham was yielding up its savoriness under his sharp knife. A glass pitcher of milk showed blobs of cream.

"Fall to!" he bade her. They ate in companionable silence.

The siege lasted but two days. Tim, after another talk with his friend Johnson, convinced Buff that it was far better to make the ranch an uncomfortable abiding place for the resolute Hunts, than to resort to law in the matter.

"It's not important enough for that," he argued. "And what's more, I think Hunt is staying more out of sheer obstinacy than because he wants the place. Let me manage this for you, Buff, and we'll see their retreating backs in a day or two."

With Mrs. Webb she struggled for a couple of meals, her aim being that her outraged soul could not be brought to setting the kind of table he ordered. He informed her she had a bad case of lumbago and must stay in bed until further notice.

The farce turned into abrupt tragedy as fat as meals were concerned. Whatever else Buff had picked up in the course of her nomadic life with her parents, a knowledge of cookery was not included. She struggled with grim convulsions in the kitchen, burning, under-cooking, burning biscuits that would have made Webby actually ill if Tim had not prudently hidden what was left of them.

"This," announced Mr. Hunt the second day, "is unbearable. He flung his napkin down and glared at his plate. On it reposed a bit of tough and scorched beefsteak; a potato which had baked so long it was shriveled within its skin; green beans which were dry and flavorless. "If this Webb woman is actually sick, why don't you get another cook?"

"It's really Miss Carroll's affair, isn't it?" Tim said gently. "We can hardly advise her about her own household."

"It's a plot to drive us away!" Hunt asserted. "Well, if you succeed, of that you may be sure. I've paid for a month's board and room here and a month I shall have."

"I really am sorry about dinner, Mr. Hunt," Buff nursed a burn on her wrist the while she gazed with genuine shame at the ill-cooked food. "I tried my very best! Mrs. Webb said even I could bake potatoes, but it seems not."

Maudie May settled the question. "You make her give your money back, Pa, and we'll leave this afternoon. I'm hungry! Tears came into her small green eyes. "I haven't had a decent thing to eat since that first meal. Are you going to let us all starve to death just for the principle of the thing? I don't care a hoot about principles, I care about my stomach."

"I know who you are," she said directly and simply to Tim. "You're the man who sold DeMuth made a fool of. You used all your money and your partner's to buy up a lot of good-for-nothing land that she'd tricked you into thinking was a silver mine. You were engaged to her, and all the time she was playing around with somebody else. The papers were full of it. If I was Miss Carroll I'd sure watch my step with you!"

She waddled to the door, paused to fire a parting shot. "Everybody says you have a nerve to try to keep on a business right in Boulder after what happened. As if any company would trust you now!"

"Ready, Maudie May? Car's at the door. Goodbye, Miss Carroll. I shall see to it that this little transaction gets plenty of publicity."

Mrs. Hunt sailed through the hall without a glance at the two left behind. The sound of the car soon died, leaving the silence unbroken behind them.

Continued tomorrow.

# On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS**  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 730; San Francisco, KGW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KXN, 1650; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 920; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

**Sunday**  
5:00—Adventure, KOIN, KNX, KSL; Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KFI;  
6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI; Sunday Evening Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN;  
6:30—Brazilian Band, KGO, KJR, KEX; Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, KFI;  
7:00—Playhouse, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Voice of Hawaii, KGW; Sleep Sereenade, KPO; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI;  
7:30—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KGW; Cheerio, KGO, KJR, KEX;  
8:00—Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN; News, KFI; Week's Record, KGO, KJR; Night Editor, KPO, KGW;  
8:30—Jack Benny, KPO, KGW; KFI; Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR; Dance Orchestra, KNX;  
9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI; KGW; Ben Bernie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX.

**Monday**  
5:00—Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR;  
5:30—Time and Tempo, KFI, KGW; The Almanac, KGO, KEX, KJR; Master Singers, KPO;  
6:00—Both's Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Prizes, KPO, KGW, KFI;  
6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KFI; Martin's Orch., KEX, News, KJR;  
7:00—Contented, KPO, KGW, KFI; Gordon's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Lombardo's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Clinton's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI;  
7:30—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR;  
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Doe's Music, KEX, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI;  
8:15—Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI; KGW; Doe's Music, KGO, Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL, KOIN;  
8:30—Margaret Speaks, KPO, KFI; KGW; Model Minstrel, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Morning World, KGO, KEX;  
9:00—Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI;

# Radio Highlights

**By Associated Press**  
(Time is Pacific Standard)  
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—(AP)—The non-partisan committee for peace through revision of the neutrality law announces that 15 or more of the 44 stations which carry Father Charles E. Coughlin's talks have indicated they will provide time on Sunday for a reply by Monsignor John A. Ryan of Catholic university and Prof. Charles G. Gewick of Bryan Mear college to Father Coughlin's comments on the neutrality law.

The reply will be made from recordings, which also have been sent to other stations in the radio priest's hookup. Stations which advised the committee they would carry the broadcast were announced as WAAB, WCOU, WEAN, WJR, WLBZ, WJAS, WTJL, KSTP, WHR, WIBA, WICC, WKZO, WIRE, WSAR and WHTT. Exact times the records will be broadcast were not announced as the individual stations are expected to use hours which fit their schedules.

In addition, Father Ryan is announced for a WABC-CBS broadcast next Tuesday night on the neutrality question.

Sunday brings: Neutrality, WABC-CBS, 10:40 a. m.; William Allen White, WJZ-NBC, 3:30 p. m.; Sen. Alexander Wiley, WOB-MBS, 8:00; American Forum, Sen. Charles L. McNary and Claude Pepper, WRAF-NBC, 11:30 a. m.; Chicago Roundtable, "International Law."

# WRECK BLAMED ON BRITON 'BLACKOUT'

LONDON, Oct. 14.—(AP)—The first serious train wreck during Britain's war-time "blackout" sent steel-helmeted air raid precaution forces into action today.

At least four persons were killed and 84 others injured in the accident last night when the second section of the Scottish Express from London ran into the first to Hetchley station, 45 miles north of there, in "blackout" darkness deepened by a heavy rain.

Rescuers worked in the rain, smoke and steam, aided only by dim blue lights, until authorities lifted the blackout restrictions in the vicinity of the wreck.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**DEATH'S COINCIDENCE!**  
NANCY JANE ALLEN AND NANCY JANE ALLEN-- both of Mountain View, Mo., LIVED 8 MILES FROM EACH OTHER FOR 17 YEARS-- BUT NEVER MET UNTIL DEATH BROUGHT THEM TO THE SAME MORTUARY THE SAME DAY! --July 20, 1939--

**FOUR CONSECUTIVE SCORELESS TIES--** WERE PLAYED BY THE DARBY CAESARS VS. YEADON DONS, -Philadelphia, 1937-

**WHAT WORD OF ONE SYLLABLE-- BECOMES A 2-SYLLABLE WORD WHEN 3 LETTERS ARE REMOVED? --Answer Monday--**

**THE BEAR IN CALIFORNIA'S STATE SEAL HAS BEEN PICTURED ASLEEP STANDING UP EATING AND CHASING ITS TAIL**

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY SPENT MOST OF THE AFTERNOON UP A TREE, BECAUSE WHEN HIS WIFE, ON HER WAY TO HER BRIDGE CLUB, MET DEAF OLD MR. LAPPETT WANTING TO BORROW THEIR LADDER, SHE TOLD HIM TO GO RIGHT AHEAD AND TAKE IT, COMPLETELY FORGETTING THAT FRED WAS ENGAGED IN PUTTING OUT THEIR BIRD FEEDING STATION

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Quentin Warns Tommy!



THEN HOW DID THOSE BULLET HOLES GET INTO THE FUSELAGE OF MY SHIP, MR. QUENTIN?

LOOK HERE, TOMKINS! I EXAMINED ALL OF THESE SHIPS BEFORE THEY TOOK OFF! NONE HAD REAL BULLETS IN ITS MACHINE GUNS!

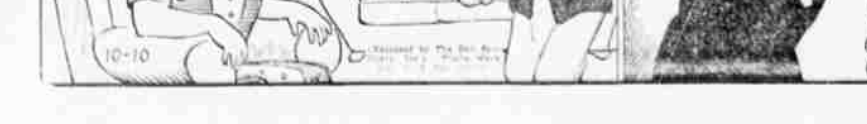
LISTEN! THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS ABOUT THIS PICTURE! TAKE MY ADVICE AND QUIT IT. WHILE YOU HAVE A CHANCE!

YOU'RE THE SECOND PERSON WHO'S TOLD ME... THAT!

THREE PILOTS HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF ORDERS THAT RITIS GAVE! THE MAN IS EITHER A JINX...OR... OR... A MURDERER!

I'M NOT MAKING ANY ACCUSATIONS... BUT I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT RITIS KNOWS MORE ABOUT THOSE CRASHES THAN HE'LL TELL!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Political Philosophy!



ANYONE SEE YOU COME IN, STEPLOCK?

NOT A SOUL, MR. MOOCHEM-IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, YOU KNOW--

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

# CANADIAN TROOPS WILL SAIL SOON

OTTAWA, Oct. 14.—(Canadian Press)—Informed sources reported today that Canada's first overseas division probably would proceed to England within two months to complete training and receive service equipment.

It was said that, like the first contingent in the World War, it was probable the division of about 16,000 men would spend the winter—or a large part of it—in England.

# BREAKDOWN SEEN FOR NAZI PLANTS

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—(AP)—A breakdown of Germany's industrial system within four to eight months for lack of raw materials was forecast today in the "Iron Age" steel trade publication, by Felix Boyer, described as a German economist who came to the United States recently.

The article, entitled "The coming collapse of German industry," suggested the sullen knowledge of industrial conditions in Germany may explain the military inaction on the western front.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows responsibly. Trowbridge-Castelli-Wozza.

# THE NEBBS—Just Fooling



THIS QUIET, UNINTERESTING LIFE MUST BORE YOU AFTER THE WILD LIFE OF THE NORTH WOODS AND YOUR RITIOUS NIGHT LIFE. I'LL BET YOUR FEET ARE LONGING FOR A DANCE

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! I LIVE MY LIFE AND I DON'T WANT ANY SARCASTIC REMARKS! GET THAT THROUGH YOUR TANGLED UNDERSTANDING.

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS