

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY: Buff finally succeeds in starting out the disagreeable Hunts. Just as they leave Maudie May bares Tim's secret. She says he is the man Iris DeMuth tricked into buying a worthless silver mine.

Chapter Nine George's Story

AS THE Hunts drove off, Tim was very white and his big hands were shaking.

"It's true," he said presently. "Every word of it's true. Buff! Now you know the kind of person I am!" He rose to his feet and went upstairs before she could answer.

Buff sat where she was for a long time. She heard Webby stirring in the kitchen and thought vaguely that a good dinner would help the entire household; but above every other sensation she was conscious of pity for Tim Corliss. The bald little story had held glimmers of tragedy which had been underlined and made acute by the look of suffering on Tim's face.

After a time she went into the kitchen. Mrs. Webb was furiously busy. Something gave off savory odors from the big range oven, a double boiler simmered on top. The fat housewife was creaming butter and sugar in a bowl.

"A nice state you left my kitchen in, Miss Buff!" she said severely. "And if the stuff that was left on the table is a sample of what you gave those poor Hunts to eat, I don't wonder they left. Lumbago? I suppose you and Mr. Tim had your reasons, and after all I'm getting paid to do what I'm told; but layin' in bed without good nourishin' food didn't do me any good, and I sh'd say I hadn't helped you either, by the looks of you!"

Buff wandered about for another hour. When she heard the sound of a car approaching she strolled down to meet it. George Weekes stopped and grinned at her.

"Here again," says she. "Wonder how much longer that guy is going to keep on coming?"

"It happens I'm extra glad to see you today," said George. "And I'd like to talk to you before you see Tim. Suppose you drive under those pines and let's confer a bit. Okay?"

"And then some," he agreed heartily. He steered his car under the clump of trees which marked the boundary of the ranch. "Tim not so well, or is it these Hunts he called me about?"

"Both, in a way. The Hunts left right after lunch—a fleeting smile touched her mouth at the recollection of that meal—but not before the daughter had—had spilled the beans about Tim."

He frowned. "How'd you mean—spilled the beans?"

She told him briefly of Maudie May's accusations. "Tim said it was all true, and more. Then he shut himself up in his room. I think you'd better tell me all about it, George."

"I suppose so. Poor old Tim! Where shall I begin?"

"With—the girl, Iris DeMuth, isn't that her name?"

"That's her name. She blew into Boulder one fine day and dropped into our office. Had some specimens she want'd assayed. For silver, silver in 'em all right—plenty of it, Tetrahedrite—"

"Don't waste time being technical," she commanded. "Where did she get the ore?"

"From a mine she owned up in the mountains. Oh, she owned it all right. I looked it up, of course. She wanted Tim to buy up a lot of land around it; she had a New York company willing to back any development. If there was actually silver there—"

"And was there? The specimens might not have come from her mine."

"He nodded his appreciation. "Good point! Naturally the same idea occurred to Tim and me. So he went up himself and took some specimens from the mine to assay. You know silver ore exists in veins, and if a bit were taken from the vein itself even an expert couldn't tell whether it contained silver until he had assayed it. Tim brought home a tidy lot."

"Wait a minute. Did she go along—show him where to get the bits he took?"

"An accomplice."

"Dear. He took his specimens where and how he chose to. The thing is, he had to go to Idaho Springs before he could test them. Was gone ten days, in fact."

"On an," she bade him.

"When he got back, he went to work on the ore. It was darned good. We were all excited about it. Iris and Tim and I. She . . . did I tell you that before all this developed she and Tim had fallen head over heels in love with each other?"

"No, you neglected that interesting item," she said dryly. "However, I inferred as much. Proceed."

"She said the more land we owned, the more interested the company would be. So we—"

"You didn't just take the company on trust?"

"No, it's a bona fide development firm. We sent along specimens for their own man to assay. But after Tim had come back—keep that in mind, Buff!—from Idaho Springs—"

"And the specimens he had taken from the mine?"

He sighed gustily. "You've put your finger on the rotten spot in the scheme. Iris, of course, had access to Tim's office while he was gone. Not much of an office; just the little outer room, and then the

laboratory. No secret about anything. She drifted in and out whenever she pleased. What she did was to substitute ore containing genuine silver for the stuff Tim had taken from her mine. Same size and about the same shape. After ten days, and of course having no suspicions whatever—I hadn't either, if it comes to that! don't lose sight of that—it never occurred to him they were not the same. It sounds screwy but any mining engineer will tell you how easily it could be done if the whole thing seemed open and above-board. Being in a mining country, you see, and assaying ore being all in the day's work, we weren't looking for any funny business.

"Where did she get the other specimens—the ones with silver in 'em?"

"She had an accomplice," was the grim answer. "Guy named Latslaw. Owned a mine that layed out, and had kept some of the ore he'd taken from it. Anyhow the whole proposition looked so good that Tim and I took our money and bought up as much land as we could; not only surface rights, you know, but the whole business."

"And then—"

"It was Latslaw's land, of course, only we'd never met him or Latslaw. He wasn't a swindle on a large scale; I mean—we didn't form a company on our own and sell shares—anything like that. Latslaw merely unloaded a lot of land he didn't want at a price that netted him enough to make it worth Iris' while to play Tim for a sucker."

"But—but—I don't see why that should have floored Tim so completely! Even if his bank account was wiped out, it was only money—his money—"

"And mine," he reminded her. "Quite a bit of mine, as it happened. My own fault, of course, but Tim took it hard because he thought he should have looked up the ore . . . or made another series of tests, or something. Also, there was Iris. He thought she was heaven's gift to him, d'you see? And the publicity. The papers got hold of it, and it made quite an interesting story; lovely advertisement, trusting expert, direct substitution of ore—you'd have to live in these parts to understand what thrilling reading it was."

"Tim Cracked Up?"

"WHAT became of—of Iris?"

"Did a fade-out, of course; as soon as the land was bought and the deeds recorded. Oh, yes, and she left a note for Tim, too. She couldn't resist telling him how she'd worked the deal. Now you have the whole story."

"Not quite, I think," said Buff. "What happened then?"

"Nothing. Tim slugged away as usual. Business dropped off, of course, and that didn't add to his hilarity. Everything gone at one fell swoop; his bank account and mine, his faith in women, something of his professional prestige. Not all of it, as a matter of fact, though he thinks so. I wanted to move on where we wouldn't encounter knowing grins wherever we went; or at the very least, I wanted old Tim to take a vacation somewhere until the whole thing blew over. He wouldn't. He swore he'd stick it out right there; build up his reputation again—"

"He wouldn't," the girl said. "He darn' near did. People knew him—trusted him. The trick didn't do us as much damage as you might think. But Tim cracked up after a while and the doctors ordered him away. He wouldn't go; not, at least, until he'd measured his length a couple of times in the laboratory. And then I had to talk to him like a Dutch uncle; tell him it wasn't fair to me for him to keep on in the condition he was. I loved him, of course; made him afraid he'd make some gosh-awful mistake."

"I saw the advertisement of this place in a Denver paper, and persuaded him to take a month off out here. I had a nice picture of Tim loafing in the sunshine, going for long healthful tramps, swapping yarns with Atkins—and coming back in October fit as a fiddle. If you—"

"If I hadn't come along, it might have turned out that way. Is that what you're thinking? As it was, he hurt his ankle, driving over our road after dark, and got into a worse condition than he'd been before."

"Don't you believe it! You've done him worlds of good. I'll bet these Hunts have helped even more. I could wish for Tim's sake that a long succession of tenants would arrive, one after another, to distract his mind. As it is, he's almost well again. Westland says he's improved a lot. Of course he's still remorseful about my money, and he's still upset over Iris . . . poor old Tim!"

"He's never messed around much with girls, you see. His father died when he was a kid and Tim supported his mother; put himself through college besides. That didn't leave time for anything else. His mother was a lovely person and Tim sort of founded his ideas of womanhood on her. And Iris, plague take her, was pretty swell to look at; appealing, too. She had Tim eating out of her hand almost from the first. Personally," concluded Tim's partner in a level voice, "I could get a lot of enjoyment seeing her sweet face peering from behind some good stout bars. It's not the money; it's what she did to old Tim. Now you know. Poor Tim!"

"Poor Tim," Buff echoed. And thoughtfully, "Poor Tim."

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, 790; San Francisco; KGW, 620; Portland; KJL, 970; Seattle; KXN, 1030; Los Angeles; KOA, 930; Denver; KOIN, 940; Portland; KOMO, 935; Seattle; KPO, 630; San Francisco; KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Monday
5:00—Party, KPO, KFI, KGW, We. Present, KGO, KEX, KJL.
5:30—Time and Tempo, KFI, KGW. The Almanac, KGO, KFX, KJR, Master Singers, KPO.
6:00—Both's Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Quiz Prog., KPO, KGW, KFI.
6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KFI; Martin's Orch., KEX; News, KJR.
7:00—Contested, KPO, KGW, KFI; Gordon's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Lombardo's Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.
7:30—Blondie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Clinton's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR.
8:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN; KSL; Do's Music, KEX, KGW, Aloha Land, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:15—Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI; KGW; Do's Music, KGO, Lum and Abner, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:30—Margaret Speaks, KPO, KFI; KGW; Model Minstrels, KXN, KSL.

Tuesday
5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Organist, KGO, KEX, KJL.
5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, KSL; Heidi's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—Keley's Orch., KGO, KEX; Melody and Madness, KGO, KGW, KFI.
6:30—Pibber McGee, KPO, KFI; KGW; Crosby's Orch., KXN, KSL; KOIN; Literature, KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:00—News, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW; Calling All Cars, KXN, KSL.
7:30—Sports, KXN, KOIN; If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.
8:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN; KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:30—Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI; KGW; Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Big Town, KOIN, KXN.

SHAW SWINGS AT FEEBLE SPEECHES

LONDON, Oct. 16—(AP)—George Bernard Shaw Saturday criticized the addresses of Prime Minister Chamberlain and declared wartime Britain should have a national orator to match the "very able speeches" of Hitler and Stalin.

Shaw also recommended establishment of a council of British policy whose duties would be "to censor and explain to Mr Chamberlain any speech he might deliver in parliament."

The 83-year old playwright's criticism was contained in a letter read at the opening of a conference on war aims by the Fabian society, a socialist group.

Shaw said Chamberlain's conclusion in speeches was that it was for Germany to make her choice and added: "We have had enough of leaving the initiative to Herr Hitler. He invariably takes it."

Tuna Price Drops
ASTORIA, Oct. 16—(AP)—Although tuna fish catches declined, the price held steady today at \$135 a ton. Reports from Seattle said quotations to fishermen dropped to \$122.50 compared with the \$150 offered during

the recent price war between northern and California buyers.

Weather
Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday but cloudy in extreme north portion; local fogs on the coast; little change in temperature; moderate north-west wind off the coast.

Oregon: Cloudy tonight with rain in northwest portion and on coast; Tuesday cloudy with

rain in west portion; little change in temperature; increasing southerly wind off the coast becoming fresh.

Justice Douglas 41
Washington, Oct. 16—(AP)—Justice William O. Douglas, the youngest member of the supreme court in 127 years, became 41 years old today. Douglas has been on the bench since April 17.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



STOROR COLLEGE -- Harbor's Ferry, W. Va., GRANTED ITS FIRST DEGREES IN 1939 -- YET IT HAS HAD POWER TO DO SO SINCE IT OPENED 72 YEARS AGO!

Answer to Saturday's question: WHAT ONE-SYLLABLE WORD BECOMES A TWO-SYLLABLE WORD WHEN 3 LETTERS ARE REMOVED? Answer: PLAGUEY -- AGUE



CHINESE LIE DETECTOR! SUSPECTS WERE MADE TO CHEW RICE WHILE QUESTIONED... IF THEY SPAT IT OUT DRY THEY WERE GUILTY! (Lying supposedly inhibited saliva flow)

CHAMBERLAIN'S UMBRELLA -- SYMBOL OF HIS GOVERNMENTAL POLICY, IS ALSO ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST UNIVERSAL EMBLEMS OF SOVEREIGNTY!



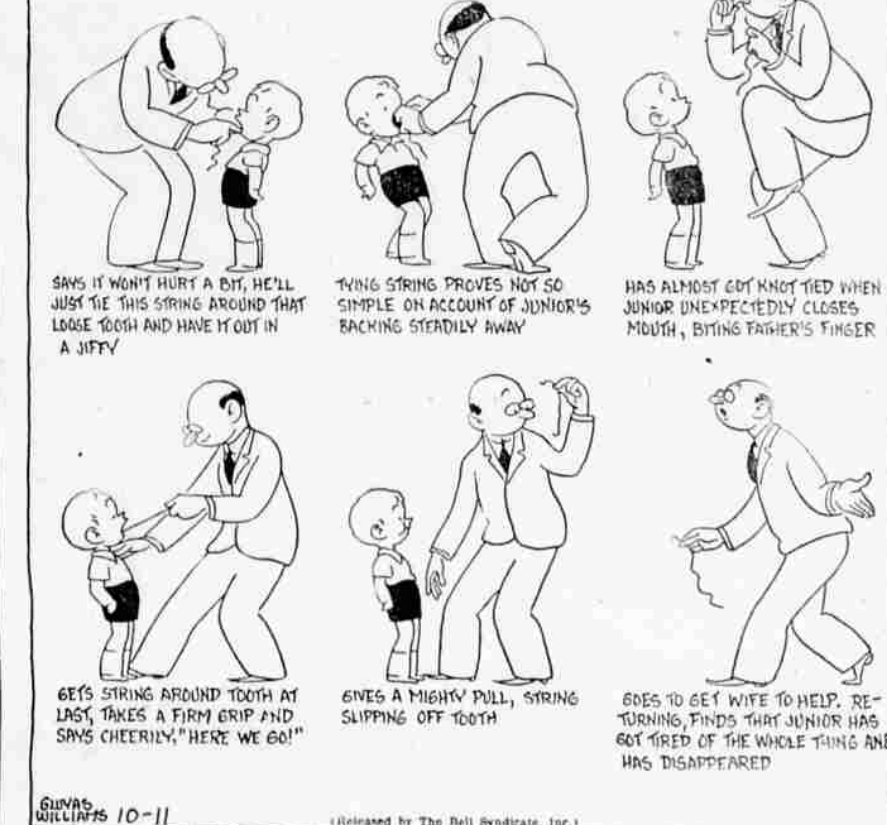
UMBRELLA MAN
Neville Chamberlain's tightly rolled umbrella (Britishers call it "main gamp") has become the symbol of the Prime Minister's ideology.

But, strange as it seems, the umbrella is one of the oldest and most universal emblems of sovereignty. In parts of Asia and Africa the umbrella is so highly respected that a European visitor carrying one immediately assumes royal rank! In Siam the king is known as the "Possessor of the Four and Twenty Golden Umbrellas."

From the days of Ashurbanipal of Assyria to modern times Eastern monarchs have displayed the Royal Umbrella.

Tomorrow: Mayor of Ghost Town.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SAYS IT WON'T HURT A BIT, HE'LL JUST TIE THIS STRING AROUND THAT LOOSE TOOTH AND HAVE IT OUT IN A JIFFY

TYING STRING PROVES NOT SO SIMPLE ON ACCOUNT OF JUNIOR'S RACKING STEADILY AWAY

HAS ALMOST GOT KNOT TIED WHEN JUNIOR UNEXPECTEDLY CLOSSES MOUTH, BITING FATHER'S FINGER

GETS STRING AROUND TOOTH AT LAST, TAKES A FIRM GRIP AND SAYS CHEERILY, "HERE WE GO!"

GIVES A MIGHTY PULL, STRING SLIPPING OFF TOOTH

GOES TO GET WIFE TO HELP. RETURNING, FINDS THAT JUNIOR HAS GOT TIED OF THE WHOLE THING AND HAS DISAPPEARED

WILLIAMS 10-11 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Third Warning!



WELCOME TO THE "SQUADRON OF THE DOOMED," KID! I'M BILL LARKIN, NEVADA TO MY FRIENDS!

HOW'DY! BUT WHY THE GRUESOME TITLE FOR THE SQUADRON NEVADA?

JUST SEEMS PECULIAR THAT THREE ACE PILOTS, WHO KNEW THEIR STUFF, SHOULD ALL CRASH THE SAME WAY!

DO YOU HAVE ANY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THOSE CRASHES?

I'M GIVING YOU A TIP, KID! ARTURO RITIS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET A GOOD SHOT! THE MAN ISN'T HUMAN. YOU SAW HOW HE GRINNED WHEN POTTER WASHED OUT?

MR. RITIS WANTS YOU, NEVADA!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! BE SURE TO DOUBLE-CHECK ANY SHIP YOU TAKE INTO THE AIR!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Who's Winning?



NOW, LOOKIE HERE, STEPHOCK! YOU'VE GOT TO WIN THAT ELECTION FER ME! THEY CAN'T BE NO SLIP-UPS! UNDERSTAND?

YES, MR. MOOCHEM.

ALL RIGHT, HERE'S SOME MORE MONEY—GIT SOME SOUND TRUCKS OUT—OPEN A COUPLE O' MORE FREE FEEDIN' STATIONS—LAY IT ON THICK!

MEANTIME, THINGS WERE PRETTY GLOOMY AT BALLINGER HEAD-QUARTERS WHERE BEN AND RUSTY WERE IN CHARGE....

RUSTY, J. FAGIN STEPHOCK'S MAKING REAL PROGRESS?

PROGRESS?

SAY, BEN, THAT GUY STEPHOCK'S GOT HAPPY VALLEY BY THE EARS!

LET'S GO OVER TO SEE MR. BALLINGER.

THE NEBBS—Sarah



THERE'S A YOUNG LADY TO SEE YOU, MR. NEBBS

WHO IS SHE AND WHAT DOES SHE WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?

THE WOULDNT TELL ME -- JUST SAYS SHE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF YOURS AND WANTS TO SEE YOU

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CANT FIND OUT PEOPLE'S BUSINESS BEFORE BOTHERING ME. WELL SEND HER IN

SARAH! WHAT ON EARTH BRINGS YOU HERE?

I BORROWED THE MONEY FROM PAW AND I COME DOWN TO WORK FOR YOU-- HAD A FIGHT WITH HECK-- GUESS HE WROT YOU ABOUT IT. HE BLAMES YOU BUT YOU AINT TH ONLY CAUSE

By EDWIN ALGER

By HAL FORREST



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By EDWIN ALGER

More Women Police.
LEEDS, England.—(AP)—The police force will be invaded by women shortly when plans for enrolling women as special constables or as women's police auxiliary corps are completed.

Receptive Gas Masks.
LONDON.—(AP)—Lady Astor and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, wife of the American ambassador, have sections in the side of their gas mask boxes for lip stick, compact and other feminine incidentals.

Air Mission Arrives.
QUEBEC, Oct. 16.—(AP)—An eight-man British mission headed by Lord Horewood arrived in Canada Saturday to discuss plans for making the Dominion the air training center of the British empire.

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