After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY: George tells Buff Tim's story. Tim took ore specimens from the land Iris wanted him to buy, but Iris had an opportunity to change the specimens before Tim could test them. Tim bought the land, found it worthless. Iris faded out with her accomplice, Latshaw.

Chapter 10
A Girl Proposes

DINNER was early that evening for two reasons: Buff and Tim were faint with hunger, and George Weekes had to return to Boulder before nightfall.

"And even though the late lamented Atkins improved your road somewhat, I'd like a little light on my flying trapeze act," he told Buff.

He happened to be in the hall when the girl came downstairs, and he gave a low whistle when he saw her. For reasons best known to herself, she had changed into the one dressy frock she had at the ranch. Its material was chiffon, its color pale green, and its floating hem almost touched the floor.

Buff was transformed. Weekes told himself. He had seen her hitherto only in her favorite knitted suits, more often than not almost obliterated by one of Mrs. Webb's voluminous kitchen aprons. Also she had changed the style of her hairdress tonight. The severely plain knot was loosened a trifle, allowing silky little waves and tendrils to escape; and to top it all, she had used a knowing bit of lipstick, and clasped a sparkling bracelet about a slender wrist.

"Help!" exclaimed the visitor.

Buff extended a satin sandal toward the fire.

"Like the getup? It's to celebrate."

"Celebrate?" Tim put the question from the doorway where he had halted at the sight of her.

"Celebrate. First the rout—horse, foot and dragoons—of the Hunts—appropriate figure of speech, don't you think?—second, a good meal which, oh, rapture! I didn't cook myself. Though perhaps in the interests of accuracy, I should say I didn't try to cook. All in all, I thought the occasion warranted a bit of dressing up." She smoothed the folds of chiffon complacently.

"Gosh, I'd hate to see you when you *really* celebrated," George told her. "As it is, it's only the knowledge of my penniless condition that——" He halted abruptly, aware of the tightening of Tim's jaw.

It was a gala meal. Mrs. Webb apparently labored under the delusion that the three would have no opportunity to eat again for days, and supplied them with food accordingly. Buff was equally relieved by the departure of the Hunts and the restoration of the housekeeper to her proper duties. George gayly seconded her efforts at light-hearted badinage. Tim did his best to share their festive mood but Buff's eyes rested on him thoughtfully. Just so did her father look when life occasionally seemed too difficult for him.

George took his departure with effusive thanks and admonitions to his partner to "stay on as long as Buff can put up with you."

"Which will be no longer than tomorrow," Tim said. They had returned to the fire, Buff curled upon a fat pillow on the floor, Tim occupying the hardest and straightest chair the room afforded. "No use telling George so. All he'd do would be to argue—to quote the doctors, and so on."

"Well, but—but—you aren't really well, Tim! And if you go before I find another foreman, that will leave Mrs. Webb and me alone here!"

He smiled. "May I point out (a) that you are a singularly fearless young person? And that (b) I'm not much of a protector to anyone in my present state?"

"Aha!" she said triumphantly. "You admit then that your present state isn't normal?"

"I admit nothing. I merely announce that the sooner I get back to work the better for everybody, myself included. You've been heavenly good to me," he continued, "and with no reason on earth except that it appears to come natural to you to help lame dogs over stiles. Will you accept my most earnest thanks and—and goodby?"

'Tell Me About It'

"GOODBY—tonight?" She rose to a kneeling position on her pillow and looked at him with startled eyes. "Why tonight?"

"I thought it would be easier all round if I left before you were up tomorrow," he explained. "Mrs. Webb will give me an early breakfast. George," he went on, "thought he was being mighty careful and discreet, but it happens that I know what took him back in such a hurry tonight. The poor guy's been doing two men's work while I loafed and moaned around here."

Buff clasped her small tanned hands about one knee.

"Tim, you told me that what Maudie May said was true. George amplified the outline somewhat. But there's a lot yet that hasn't been said on the subject. Don't you think it would do you good to tell me about it? Every single thing, I mean?"

"What is there to tell?" he asked drearily. "I was a fool, and all of Boulder—perhaps most of Denver—knows it. George was the worst sufferer, but I hope to make it up to him. I *shall* make it up to him," he said with quiet firmness.

"Tim." The word came in the merest whisper. "We're both of us in—in a fix, do you realize that? How would it be if—if we joined forces?"

He turned a perplexed and frowning look upon her.

"How do you mean — join forces?"

"I need someone to take care of. You need to be taken care of," she said simply.

"Both your premises are false, my dear, but even if they were not, what could we do about it?"

"They're not false!" Stars of anger shone in her eyes. "I took a course in psychology—it lasted only four months because Lance had to go to England—or thought he had to—but I had my textbooks and I kept on studying. I discovered that I'm definitely the maternal type." A flush rose in her cheeks, either from the heat of the fire or from embarrassment. Tim could not decide which. "I'll always need someone to take care of. And it's simply rot for you to say that you don't need to be looked after. You do—you will, for months. You have," she finished proudly, "a scar on your psyche."

"Great guns!" was his startled comment. "If that's the sort of thing you learned in your course, I'd say you were definitely better without it. 'Scar on my psyche,' indeed! It sounds as if I'd had my appendix out, or had stopped a bullet!"

She said coldly and sweetly: "You're simply betraying how little you know of psychology! I shall pay no attention to you—any more than you would to me if I came in all excited over finding a bit of fool's gold in the mountains and declaring to you it was the real thing!" Then seeing his expression change, she hurried on: "What matters—the thing that really counts—is that we should, as I remarked before, join forces."

"Meaning——?"

"Meaning marriage," she said, though this time the fire could not be held responsible for the bright color in her face.

A Woman's Privilege, Too

"BUFF, you're crazy! I think it's you who have—what was it?"—a scar on your psyche. Good gosh! Marry you because I let a woman fool me! Dump my troubles on a child? Ask you to——"

"Child! I'm twenty years old, Tim Corliss!"

"And I, my dear, will be twenty-seven in November!"

"So what?" Buff demanded, striving to maintain her usual composure. She was remembering several conversations with her friends in which it had been decided that it was as much the woman's privilege to propose marriage as it was the man's. She had subscribed heartily to the theory, but no one had told her how difficult it would become in actual practice.

"So you will advertise for another foreman—or didn't you say that Dr. Westland could get you somebody?—and will run along to Canada or Chicago or wherever your parents are anxiously awaiting you; and I will hustle to Boulder and relieve old George. In a couple of months you will say—if someone should happen to mention the unlucky wight who put you to so much trouble here—'Let me see! What on earth was his name? Tim Something, I believe. A perfect nuisance,' but I did my Boy Scout good deed for months to come because of him.'"

"You seem to have forgotten the letter I had from Eleanor—from my mother. They—they want to be alone for a few months; perhaps for always. They'd be glad if I were—were married, or something!"

"Make it 'something' then," was his advice. "See here, Buff! I've never studied psychology but I seem to know more about its practical application than you do. It's plain that your father and mother want you to build up a life of your own for your sake, not for theirs. You're an odd sort of girl, did you know it? Modern to your finger tips in most things, but a regular old-fashioned daughter just the same. The kind that would forego matrimony and devote herself to the care of an invalid parent—that sort of thing.

"But your father and mother are both perfectly healthy people, so far as I can make out; amply able to take care of themselves. So forget all this duty business, turn over a new leaf, and go in for something on your own."

"As for instance?"

"Well—dancing and—er—well, dancing. Parties. New clothes. Isn't that what interests most girls?"

"None that I know. One of my friends lives in New York and has a good position in an advertising firm. Another is an interior decorator——"

He interrupted her wildly. "Whatever you decide on, promise me you won't interior decorate! Great Scott, the crimes that are committed under that head—especially by your sex! Seems to me their sole object is to make a room as hideous and uncomfortable as possible. Take this living room now——"

"What's the matter with it?" she asked belligerently.

"Nothing. That's what I'm getting at. Simple and restful. Nothing to be knocked over or off. Room for a man to stretch himself. Comfortable couch and chairs and a fireplace. My idea of what a room should be."

Buff smiled knowingly.

Continued tomorrow

SUB-STRATO PLANES TO START NEXT YEAR

Kansas City, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Transcontinental and Western Air Inc., today announced plans for sub-stratospheric travel next year and ordered five Boeing "stratoliners," the first four-motored airliners for a domestic airline.

The new planes, which will cost about $350,000 each, will carry 33 passengers on day flights and 25 at night, twice the passenger load of the largest sleeper planes now flying domestic airlines in this country. They will be able to cruise at an altitude of 20,000 feet at speeds of more than 200 miles an hour.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to our friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Ida Morris and Charles Morris.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830 Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Tuesday

5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Organist, KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, KSL; Heidt's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:00—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; Melody and Madness, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Literature, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00—News, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW; Calling All Cars, KNX.

7:30—Sports, KNX, KOIN; If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.

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

8:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Big Town, KOIN, KNX.

9:00—Martin's Orch., LEX; Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KNX; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Hour, KGO.

9:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KEX; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KJR.

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

10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Lorand's Orch., KNX.

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

Wednesday.

5:00—We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI.

5:15—Tom Mix, KGO, KEX, KJR; Melody Time, KPO.

5:30—Caprice a la Mode, KPO, KFI, KGW; Quicksilver, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Horse and Buggy Days, KOMO; Musical Soiree, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

6:30—Martin's Music, KSL, Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

7:00—I Want a Divorce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Prgm, KPO, KGW, KFI; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR.

8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW; Osborne's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

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

8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KFI, KGW, KPO; Cal. Composers, KGO, KJR.

9:30—Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KNX; News, KJR.

10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KOIN.

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

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Killed Going To Church

Hubbard, Ore., Oct. 16—(AP)—John Burke, 20, Hubbard logger who was riding to church on the running-board of Forrest Hartzler's automobile, was killed yesterday when another car brushed him off. State Police Officer L. R. Mariels said the other car was driven by Charles Gilmer, Canby.

Gordon V. Skelton

Corvallis, Oct. 16—(AP)—Gordon V. Skelton, 72, Oregon State college faculty member for 44 years, died last night. He had been ill for several months following a heart attack.

WIDE STATE POWERS OVER FARM PRODUCE CANNOT BE ENFORCED

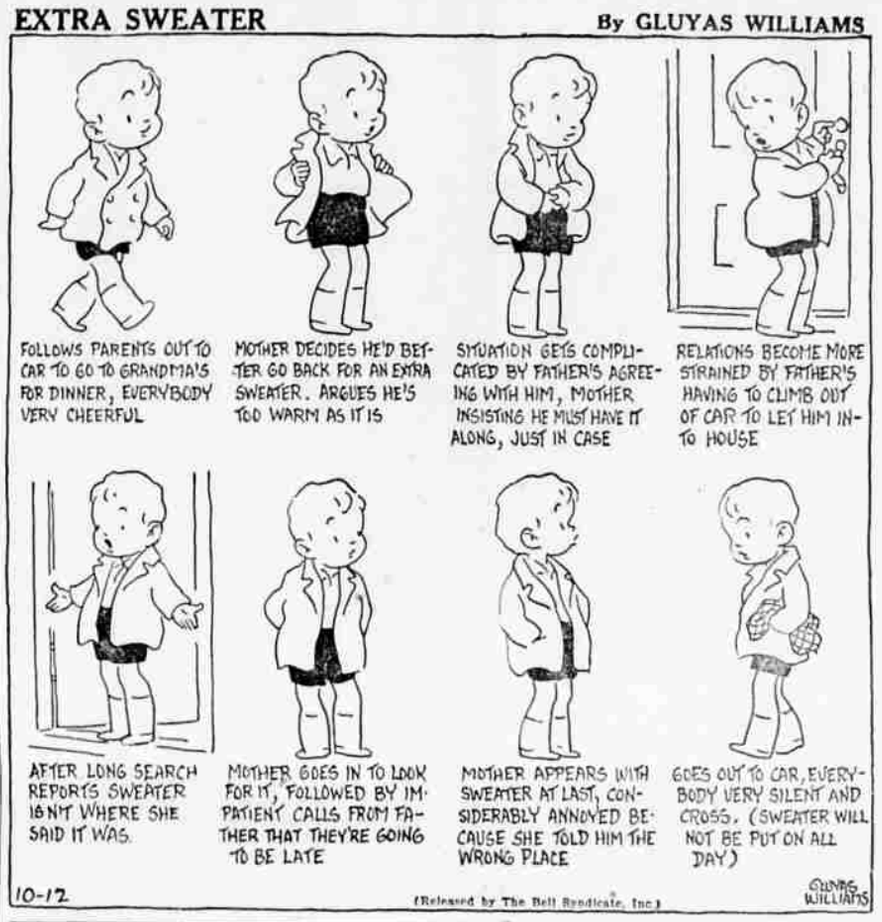
Salem, Oct. 16.—(AP)—The 1935 agricultural marketing act, which the state department of agriculture never has enforced and can't enforce now because the legislature did not appropriate any funds, permits the department to regulate the sale and marketing of fruit imported into Oregon, the attorney general ruled today.

The act, which has not been tested in the courts, gives the department such wide powers that it has been hesitant to use them. Under it, the department may fix prices, establish grades and standards, set up marketing agreements, license growers, regulate trade practices, and make investigations to determine whether farmers are getting fair prices.

Because there is no money for these purposes, none of the act's provisions will be enforced, the department said.

EXTRA SWEATER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE LONE MAYOR

Alcona, Mich., was a booming lumber town in the 1880's when Newton Edwards took oath as mayor. Then came the big fire—Alcona's main mill burned down and everybody moved away except Edwards. Today he lives there all alone—and is still Mr. Mayor, according to R. E. Prescott, publisher of the Alcona County Herald.

FIRST PIPE LINE

William Murdock gave London its first coal gas for lighting purposes in 1815 in a unique manner. As no suitable piping existed, he threaded old musket barrels and screwed them together in a continuous line.

TOMORROW: Ten-year-old Culinary Cutie.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Nevada" Objects!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Gloom Session!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Wild Flower

By SOL HESS