

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY: Life goes smoothly for two months. In January Iris DeMuth returns Tim angrily accusing Buff of being philanthropic by buying his worthless land for what he paid. He won't listen to her denials.

Chapter 16 Lightning Strikes Again

TIM NOT especially anxious to see you—ever again," Buff told Tim when he telephoned. "I don't wonder. But honestly, Buff..." "Hurry up!" she said, a crackle in her voice. "I've only another two minutes."

"Will you let me come some time today—any time? When I can see you alone?" "Sorry, I'm full up for today. Tomorrow, too. In fact, my time is pretty well taken up for weeks."

Nevertheless he was waiting for her when she returned at lunch time. "And you have to be polite to me because I'm a guest," he said. "Webby invited me to stay. She's set a place for me."

Her expression of austerity did not soften. "I suppose," she said, "you've discovered the smug philanthropist who paid the exact sum for your slice of mountain, and have come around to apologize."

"How do you put your finger on the truth?" she was admiringly commending. "I have; more than that, you rang the bell a second time. It was Iris."

"Iris!" This startled her despite what she had said the day before. "You mean to say Iris DeMuth—the girl who tricked you into buying up a lot of useless land—Iris bought it back? But why?"

"She says..." "Says? Do you mean to tell me you've talked to her?" "For hours, last evening. At the hotel."

Her knees gave way beneath her and she sank into a chair. "Has she experienced religion, or did her partner in crime discover there really is silver in that mine after all?"

"Neither. She... I know it sounds screwy, Buff. It did to me. In fact, it was a long time before I could believe it! But it seems Iris was well, it was really Latslaw who thought up the scheme and he had sort of a hold over her."

"Sort of? What sort of? Blackmail?" "You'd have to know Iris to understand." A softened note crept into his voice. "She's... trusting, innocent sort of a girl; not independent and self-reliant like you. Buff. She... well, it's almost made her ill all these months—knowing that she'd been the unconscious partner in a fraud, I mean. She..."

Tim had been called to the telephone soon after dinner the night before. Buff, of course, he thought, to say she was sorry for their quarrel of the afternoon. Buff, thank heaven, never held to a resentful mood long. Her anger flared white and quick, and died almost before the beholder knew it had been kindled, save that he was apt, for days after and his intense surprise, to discover he had received rather painful burns.

Tim made his way to the hall where the telephone stood with a lightness of heart which astonished him. He had not known how much he had suffered beneath the girl's displeasure until he believed it was to be lifted by this call. He was dazed when he heard a voice, which was not Buff's but was still undeniably familiar, speak his name.

"Tim?" "Yes? Who is it, please?" "Oh, Tim," sighed the voice sorrowfully. "Iris!"

IT WAS then his knew. No one else in the world spoke with the same wistful sweetness, the same little curling upward inflection of his name.

"Iris!" "Yes, it's Iris, my dear! Come back to undo—so far as I can—the great wrong I did you last summer."

He stood dazed and silent, the receiver at his ear. For weeks after Iris had left Boulder, and before he himself had shown signs of collapse, he had dreamed, sleeping and waking, of just this thing; of Iris returning to say it was all a mistake; that she loved him, that there was a reason for her seeming treachery.

Now it was coming true, and instead of the wild ecstasy he had thought to feel he was merely numb with bewilderment.

"Are you there, Tim? Why don't you speak?" "Surely, he thought impersonally. Iris had the sweetest voice in the world; not low like Buff's, with little gruff and boyish notes in it but musical, throbbing; the kind of voice which awakens emotion in the most practical of listeners.

"I'm here," he replied. "Will you come—at once? I'm at the hotel. And of course there are millions of things I must say to you."

He cleared his throat. "Iris, I don't think..." "No, dearest, I'd rather you didn't—until after I've seen you, at any rate. All sorts of things have taken place since I... since

we last met. For example—do you know your land—yours and George's—had been bought back?" "Iris? Lightly suddenly? Booden the subject?" "Yes, you were; the only one who knew how much we paid for it!"

"Of course it was I, you silly boy!" Laughter and tenderness combined in the lovely voice. "It took me some time to get enough money together, but when I did, of course I bought it. Now will you come and see me?"

"I'll come," he promised, and hung up. In ten minutes he was being shown to the private sitting room Miss DeMuth had engaged. She came toward him with outstretched arms. They were white, arms, bared by flame-colored draperies which fell away as she lifted them. He recognized the gown she wore. It had been one of his favorites. Perhaps too elaborate for a January evening in a quiet hotel, nevertheless it served the purpose for which its wearer had chosen it. It bridged the months of unhappiness since he had last seen Iris as perhaps nothing else could have done; made him feel that he stood again in the presence of the only girl who had the power to make his heart beat quickly, his big frame tremble with happiness. Still, he retained enough recollection of the past to take only one of those outflung hands, and to give it a perfunctory clasp before dropping it.

"To Kill Your Love?" "Tim"—the word was almost a sob—"you aren't angry with me—still? But I forgot you don't know—the whole story. Come sit down beside me, dearest, and let me tell you." She slid a soft hand into his and led him to the big couch. For nearly fifteen minutes she talked, her extraordinary voice pleading her cause as much if not more than her words did. In brief her story was that Latslaw, a man whom she had known from childhood, had pretended to sympathize with her love for Tim Corliss and to want to help him financially. He had proposed the neat plan to fool the Eastern promoters, "for Corliss's benefit." She had not known until the deal had gone through that Latslaw owned the land he had sold to Tim Corliss and to want to help him financially. He had proposed the neat plan to fool the Eastern promoters, "for Corliss's benefit." She had not known until the deal had gone through that Latslaw owned the land he had sold to Tim Corliss and to want to help him financially.

Tim clutched at his vanishing common sense. "But that note you left for me, Iris!" She let her long lashes droop until they almost touched the pearly whiteness of her cheek; then swept them swiftly upward to show him a mist of tears in her dark eyes.

"That was to—make you hate me, Tim," she whispered. "I told myself that after you'd found out about Latslaw and all, you'd never want to see me again, so it would be—the kindest to complete the job—to stab deeply enough to—to kill your love for me. You'll never know what courage it took to write you that note, Tim!"

He reflected that he knew little about girls, and that little gave him small ability to analyze their motives. Dimly he felt that there were discrepancies in Iris's story; yet her presence here, the undoubted fact that she had bought up the land she had tricked him into—well, perhaps tricked was not the word for what she had done—she had persuaded him to buy, bore out the truth of what she was saying.

"Where," he demanded, "did you get the money to buy all the land?" She said evasively that she had saved some of it, and some had been left her by a great-aunt.

"What does it only to show you that I realized what a horrible person I must have seemed to you, Tim, and perhaps this—a tangible thing might help to convince you I wasn't so bad as you thought."

"It was good of you, but unnecessary," he told her. "If the land was Latslaw's..." "If?" She pressed her hands to her heart in a gesture of anguish.

"Tim, does that mean you still doubt me? After I've come back to you? After I've done all I could to make reparation? Tim, don't you love me at all?"

It surprised him that he could not answer this question. Certainly the old allure was there, Iris's hair, the satin black hair which grew from a widow's peak on her forehead, the grace with which she moved, the way she used her hands, even the faint perfume with which he associated so many happy hours, all combined to work their spell upon him. But dimly he realized that his reaction was purely emotional; that some part of his mind sat coldly and clearly in judgment, and found Iris's story lacking in truth; not all the truth, perhaps. He tried to believe that she was holding back only some girlish deception, some pretty feminine guile which she knew instinctively he would disapprove.

"Honestly, Iris, I don't know," he said after a silence. "It was wonderful of you to buy back that land; but I hate the feeling that Latslaw—well, benefits. And it's been nearly five months that I've lived through hell, trying to put you out of my mind. I... you must give me time to get used to having you here again."

Continued Monday.

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, 630; Portland, KJH, 970; Seattle, KXN, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 926; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake

Thursday,
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR, Sunset Shadows, KGO.
5:30—Organist, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFL.
6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KGW, KFI; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Galloch's Orch., KGO, KJR; Sports op Orfs, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGO, KFI; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR, Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Ballot Box, KNX; Dance Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.
9:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures in Rhythm, KGO, KEX.
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Naughty Marietta, KNX, KOIN; James' Orch., KGW; Powell's Orch., KSL; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX, KEX; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Organist, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Friday,
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR, Sunset Shadows, KGO; Melody Times, KPO; Organist, KGW, KFL.
5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR, KEX; Now and Then, KGW, Quiz Prim, KPO.
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Walts Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quila, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Jesse's Variety Progm., KPO, KGW; First Nighter, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Who's in Town Tonight, KGO, News, KJR.
7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; A Thousand and One Wives, KGO, KJR.
7:30—Drama, KGW; Order of Adventures, KGO, KJR; Young Man With a Band, KNX, KSL; Big Town, KPO.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN.

Airliner Forced Down By Flames

New York, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Eastern Airlines said today one of their 14-passenger planes, bound from Tallahassee, Fla., for Memphis, Tenn., had landed in a field 25 miles southeast of Memphis when a small fire was discovered in the baggage compartment. No one was hurt, the line said. It carried seven passengers. The line said the origin of the fire was not determined.

Swedes Order Planes

Stockholm, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The Swedish parliament today approved an appropriation of 36,000,000 crowns (about \$9,000,000) for the purchase of 102 military planes of various types. (Norway yesterday doubled her order for American high-speed fighting planes, raising it to 24.)

Lumberman Dies

Portland, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Robert Moore, 49, assistant manager of the Shevlin-Hixon Lumber company at Bend, died at a hospital here today. He became ill Saturday after returning from an eastern business trip.

British Cleric Sees War Guilt near Home

London, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Dr. A. W. F. Blunt, bishop of Bradford, in a letter to his clergyman today termed the war "an appalling sin against God" and declared "we can not disclaim all share in the guilt which has brought it about."

ARMSTRONG CO., S. Dak., 339,200 ACRES IN EXTENT, IS SO THINLY POPULATED (14) THAT IT HAS NO ELECTION BOARD

IRONY OF WAR! A STRAY SHELL--KNOCKED THE STATUE OF VELASQUEZ, Spanish painter, FROM ITS HORSE--WITHOUT HARMING THE HORSE! -Madrid-

MAN WHO COULDN'T LOSE William Phips, New England ship's carpenter, went fortune-hunting to Boston and learned to read and write. There he married a rich widow, built a ship and engaged in commerce. In 1667, Phips led an expedition to the successful recovering of 300,000 pounds of Spanish treasure, sunk off the Bahamas. Gaining favor in England, he was knighted by James II and made sheriff of New England. In 1690, with eight vessels he captured Port Royal. Returning to England, he gained further titles, including first Royal Governor of Massachusetts and Captain-General of Connecticut and Rhode Island, before he died. TOMORROW: The Spy Newspaper.

LOYAL ROOTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GIVES AN ENCOURAGING CHEER AS BROTHER'S TEAM KICKS OFF

OPPONENTS RUN KICK-OFF BACK FOR A TOUCHDOWN

STARTS TO CHEER AS BROTHER RECEIVES ENSUING KICK-OFF, CHEERING AS HE FUMBLES, OPPONENTS SCORING AGAIN

BROTHER THROWS A FORWARD PASS WHICH OPPONENTS INTERCEPT FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN

GOES WILD WITH JOY AS BROTHER'S TEAM MAKES A FIRST DOWN

SUBSIDES AS OPPONENTS, BY RECOVERING FUMBLES, INTERCEPTING PASSES AND BLOCKING KICKS SCORE SIX TOUCHDOWNS IN A ROW

WILLIAMS 10-21 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Insurgents!

TOMKINS, EET EES MY WISH... TO EXAMINE THE CARTRIDGE BELT OF YOUR MACHINE GUN!

OKAY, MR. RITIS! HERE IT IS!

THE CLIP... EES EMPTY, BUT EEF WAN MORE SHELL HAD REMAINED INTACT FOR EVIDENCE, WELL...

ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT... I... KILLED NEVADA? WHY, HE WAS MY FRIEND!

I'M JUST AS ANXIOUS AS ANYONE TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF NEVADA'S DEATH!

WHY... YOU CONCEITED, INSULTING... TAKE IT EASY, TOMKINS! WATCH WHOM YOU ARE THREATENING!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Everything Going Nicely!

THERE, BOYS! THERE'S SOME MORE MONEY FER THE CAMPAIGN OF OUR WILLIS! CONTRIBUTIONS IS COMIN' IN JEST HANDSOME!

WOW! WOO! WOO!

GOODNESS ME, AIN'T IT A CAUTION HOW THINGS KIN CHANGE IN A CAMPAIGN? THE HULL TOWN'S COMIN' 'ROUND TO WILLIS AGAIN!

RUSTY TURNED THE TRICK, GRANDMA WALTERS!

AW, I JUST PULLED THAT DATE ON STEPLOCK. IT WAS WONDERFUL!

SO LONG AS OUR WILLIS KEEPS FIRIN' THAT QUESTION AT HIM, AN' HE DON'T ANSWER IT, WE'RE 'WAY OUT FRONT IN THE LEAD!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Oh, Heck

HECTOR!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?!

I WALKED IN. AN' YOU GO MY POSTAL SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO NO GUESSIN'!

YOU SEPARATED SARAH FROM ME. YOU GOT HER TO COME DOWN HERE TO GIVE HER A JOB. YOU MADE MY LIFE BITTERER THAN ALUM. YOU'RE A WOLF HIDIN' IN A LAMB'S SKIN!!

I DIDN'T SEPARATE SARAH FROM YOU. I DIDN'T ASK HER TO COME HERE AND SHE ISN'T WORKING FOR ME EITHER!

RELIEFERS MUST DISPOSE OF CARS

Cleveland, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Cleveland relief clients must give up their motor cars.

Recipients of relief, except in certain cases will get no more aid until their automobile license plates have been impounded at relief headquarters.

Relief officials said the move would be an incentive for clients to leave public rolls. Supervisors estimated between 8,000 and 10,000 automobiles were

owned privately by persons in relief families.

"Almost every person getting the moderate relief allowance we are forced to give must be cheating somewhere along the line if he is running a car," said Frank G. Jones, city relief commissioner. "From our experience, the presumption is he is skimming on food for his family, or has hidden, undeclared assets."

Plan Big Sheep Ranch

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