

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

"...JAY. Buff and George were suspicious of Iris, but can't figure what her game is. The land she bought back is worthless, but they think it will soon leave her possession."

Chapter 21 Scientific Study

"I'LL BACK you to do whatever needs to be done." George rose and rested a friendly hand on her shoulder for an instant. "Of course I know you were joking, Buff, when you used to talk about marrying Tim; but golly, how swell it would be if it really happened! I couldn't wish anything better for old Tim—and he's one of the best, though I admit he's acting like seven kinds of a fool just now—than to pick himself a wife like you."

"She looked steadily ahead of her. 'I wasn't fooling, George, I'm not now. I'm going to marry Tim.'"

"He knew it!" demanded the startled Mr. Weekes.

"No." Her mouth drooped a little sadly. "That is, I've told him often enough but he refuses my offer."

"He—why, the silly so-and-so, the—why, I'll make him marry you if I have to bash his head in!"

"Calm yourself, George dear. You sound like the father of the wronged maiden in a dialect poem—in Texas, down on the Rio Grande, or something like that. I'll handle this matter myself, and thank you so much! Is that clearly understood?"

He opened his mouth, shut it, opened it again to say, "Clearly, most clearly indeed, my dear Miss Atlas. Any other little jobs you've laid out for yourself? Like showing Long's Peak a mile or so nearer to Pike's, for example?"

"You consider my task so difficult?"

"Well, Tim—if Tim's made up his mind either to do or not to do something, he's not what you might call easy to influence. And with this Iris complication again to the fore—but my money's on you, Buff, every time. And may heaven bless you!"

Buff set herself to the study of Iris DeMuth with the cold detachment and concentration of a scientist. She wanted to know two things about her: first whether the newcomer was sincere in her protestations of innocence about the affair of the summer; second, in just what lay the charm she exerted over Tim, as well as over most of the men she met.

The second question was more easily answered than the first. Iris was sex-conscious. It was not in her to allow anything to pass, whether it was Boulder's most eligible young lawyer or the freckle-faced urchin who brought cigarettes to her room, to depart without having her mark put upon him. She did it automatically, perhaps instinctively, and she was not alone.

"She was lovely little girl," ran Buff's thoughts. "Graceful, pretty, with that white skin and those wistful dark eyes. She probably flirted in her kindergarten days. In her teens she got real results. It's occupation with her just as Lance must concern himself with the reaction of his public to every new character he puts in his cartoons."

There was nothing spiteful in this analysis. Buff was honestly trying to understand a nature distinctly foreign to her. Her life with her parents had given her a large tolerance of humanity's foibles. Somehow the discovery that most of Iris' affairs were impersonal, merely the artist's display of talent before an audience of one and that invariably masculine, served to soften her fault toward Tim in the younger girl's eyes.

She discovered that Iris had a bag of tricks, as professionally necessary as that of a conjurer. The drooping of long lashes against a petal white cheek, the sudden wide and radiant smile which so transformed her, the appealing hand on a man's arm, the caressing little upward inflection in the lovely voice—Iris used them, one after another, impartially. Buff came to know them all, to watch for them. What mystified her was that Iris' victims remained unaware of her technique no matter how often and automatically it was used.

Lance Carroll's daughter, gifted with his own ability to burlesque anything and anybody, took sober counsel with herself on the subject. She knew how delicately but effectively she could exhibit Iris to Tim as she was, not as he saw her. The faintly accented note of that coquettish appeal could not fail to make it ridiculous.

"But I shan't do it until I've proved—not just guessed or believed, but proved that Iris does not love Tim. One part of my mind says she does—how could she or any girl help it, and Tim? The other reminds me coldly that when all is said and done, she did him the greatest possible injury last summer. And I don't think she's such a fool as she wants us—particularly Tim—to believe. She knows too much about men to have let that Latschaw deceive her. Let that business of switching over specimens on Tim—it sounds dis-

unctly phony to me. However, I'll wait to be sure!"

So Boulder was treated to the unusual sight of Buff Carroll and Iris DeMuth. Tim's erstwhile fiancée and his present friend and comrade, going everywhere together. Buff lunched at the Boulderado with Iris, with Tim and George—a George who exhibited an unexpected suavity toward the girl he disliked and distrusted—dined with Buff at her apartment. The quartet took in a weekly movie together. They drove, when the roads were clear of snow, up into one after another of the several canyons opening out of the University town.

Tim in Buff's living room became a daily function; with Iris, always lovely, always a trifle mysterious and remote, lying back in the chair which best framed her dark head, while Buff presided over the table, and the town's younger set came and went.

"No chance at all to see you alone, my dear days," George grumbled. "I've been wanting to tell you that the land still stands in Iris's name. Whatever her game is she's going to play it slowly and cautiously this time. She needs to, in view of the rumpus that business kicked up here last summer."

"You're still convinced she's playing a game?" They were talking in undertones in the small dining room. Buff had slipped away to stick her head through the swinging door and ask Webby for more sandwiches. George had followed her, and detained her in consultation.

"What else?" he inquired simply. "It's not in her to love Tim, or any other man. She might be devoted to a bully, the sort of man Latschaw is, for instance; but it's more fear and admiration, the thrill of danger, than it is affection she feels, even for him. She has no inner resources, for you understand what I mean. Two steps lower in the social scale and she'd be the typical gangster's moll." She loved the feeling of power it gave her to be catspaw for Latschaw—golly, it rhymes! Sorry, Buff! If she had more brains she'd make a dandy spy for some European country. As it is, she's not bad, she's not clever. She's a darned sight closer to being the sweet clinging vine she's always portraying than she realizes."

"You think this man Latschaw sent her back here? Gave her instructions to make it up with Tim?"

"Exactly. They figured he fell so hard for her last year that it wouldn't be a big job to get hold of him again. It's exactly the sort of thing to flatter Iris's vanity. Latschaw knows that and is making use of it. For some reason best known to himself, he wants that land back. I wish to heaven I knew why! If it is merely to get possession of it legally, he could have bought it at the price Tim and I had set on it. But no, Iris must needs pay what we'd lost, and therefore renew her hold on Tim. Tim's the keystone of the deep dark plot—if plots have keystones. Latschaw needs him for something."

"He scowled all the way up to his rapidly retreating hairline. 'But I know what you're thinking. 'Buff put a question she had long hesitated over. 'Tim... what do you think about Tim, George?'"

"You mean, is he back in Iris's toils?—We sound like characters in a melodrama, Buff!—That's hard to say. If I had had the sense in the beginning not to sail into her, that infernal chivalry of his wouldn't have been aroused. As it is he's looking for trouble every time I open my mouth about her. You two are queer," he mused.

"You and Tim, I mean. Neither one would be happy unless you are protecting somebody. Tim's doing a knight-in-armor act for Iris, you're on guard for Tim's sake. I wish," he finished plaintively, "somebody would yawn to look after me a while. Is it because Tim's not tall and portly and smiling, like Tim? Or is it because his hair is so thick and curly? Why does no one long to rush to my defense?"

"She patted his arm soothingly. 'You belong to the League of Defense yourself, George dear! When saw Tim through that happy time in August? Who came out to the ranch and fussed anxiously about his health, his mental state? You're worrying now, you just said so!'"

He grinned sheepishly and Mrs. Webb appearing at that moment with a replenished sandwich plate, he took it from her and went about the living room, offering sustenance to Buff's guests.

The first part of Buff's problem was solved for her unexpectedly, and by Iris herself. It was a bitter day in February, with a wind that howled like an angry soul about the campus, hard pellets of snow driven down from the high peaks making walking almost impossible. The two girls had lunched together in Buff's dining room and afterwards Iris had appropriated the best chair and drawn it close to the fire. She had a cat's talent for making herself comfortable; also a cat's daintiness about her person. Buff thought, watching her touch her hair with deft fingers, smooth the folds of her wine-colored corduroy velvet, relax in just the position which best displayed the crossed slender ankles.

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial

KEX, Portland, 1180; KPL, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1470 Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830 Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 970, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake

Monday
5:00—Party, KPO, KPL, KGW; Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO

5:30—Time and Tempo, KGW, KGO; KEX, KJR; True or False, KOMO; Master Singers, KPO

6:00—Solists, KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KPL

6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KGW; KPL; Youth Questions, KGO, KEX, KJR

7:00—Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Music, KPO, KGW, KPL; Lombard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR

7:30—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Musical Sentations, KPO, KPL, KGW; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX

8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Doe's Music, KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KPL

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KPL; Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL; KOIN; Political Talk, KGO; Songs, KEX

Derby

Derby, Oct. 30.—(Sp)—Mrs. Omid Chambers, school clerk, was out taking census Wednesday. Her daughter, Mrs. William Dunlap of Butte Falls, accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Clark and family visited in Derby Tuesday.

Mrs. Bert Chambers and mother, Grandma Brown, made cider Monday.

Ted Arnold of Sacramento, Vernon Haynes family Friday.

Urge Hitch-hiking Ban

Tillamook, Ore., Oct. 30.—(P) The Northwest Oregon Peace Officers association passed a resolution asking rigid enforcement of Washington and Oregon laws against hitchhiking Saturday night at its quarterly meeting. Corvallis was awarded the January meeting.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A EUROPEAN STATESMAN—
GEORGE CANNING,
Foreign Minister of Great Britain,
INSPIRED THE
MONROE DOCTRINE—
"THE KEYNOTE OF WHICH IS
KEEP EUROPEAN POWERS
OUT OF AMERICAN
AFFAIRS!"
—1823—

A BANTAM HEN—
LAID HER FIRST EGG
ON A PLATE IN THE CLIPBOARD
OF THE A. H. DAVIS HOME,
Seaside, Ore.
—1938—

**THE MILWAUKEE
Y.M.C.A. --**
SUELED TO CLEAR TITLE
ON A ONE-INCH STRIP
OF LAND!
—1938—

MONROE DOCTRINE
Strange as it seems, the efforts of a European statesman were responsible for America's formulation of the Monroe Doctrine, the keynote of which is keeping Europe out of American affairs!
George Canning, Great Britain's foreign minister, in 1823 four times proposed that the United States join England in a declaration to check invasion of the western hemisphere by Spain and Russia. England was interested in unrestricted trade with the Spanish-American countries and was opposed to the Holy Alliance.
President Monroe was inclined to accept, but after lengthy discussion John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, convinced Monroe of the worth of an independent declaration.
Tomorrow: Original Witch of Salem.

RESTFUL MEAL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SERVES CHILDREN THEIR LUNCHEON, AND PICKS UP HER FORK, LOOKING FORWARD TO RESTFUL MEAL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LAYS DOWN HER FORK IN ORDER TO BE JUNIOR'S NAPKIN ROUND HIM AS A BIB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PICKS UP FORK AGAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



DROPS IT AND RUSHES TO MOP UP AS JUNIOR, GETTING BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, UPSETS HIS MILK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THINGS GET STRAIGHTENED OUT AT LAST, PICKS UP FORK AGAIN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LAYS IT DOWN ONCE MORE AS JUNIOR AND SISTER ANNOUNCE THEY CAN'T CUT THEIR MEAT, CUTS IT FOR THEM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

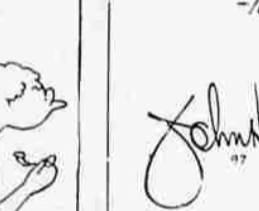
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PICKS UP FORK AGAIN AND SIGNS TO ADMINISTER FIRST AID TO SISTER WHO IN PICKING UP DROPPED CRACKER HAS BANGED HER HEAD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BEGINS EATING AT LAST, A FEW SECONDS BEFORE BOTH CHILDREN REPORT THEY ARE READY FOR MORE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Startling Information!

By HAL FORREST



"MARKED FOR DEATH" NEVADA TOLD YOU? THEN BEVERLY... ERR MISS LARKIN WAS RIGHT!

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DID SHE SAY? I'VE GOT TO SEE HER, SKEETS!

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



MISS LARKIN, WE'RE TRYING TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF YOUR FATHER'S DEATH! DO YOU SUSPECT RITIS HAD ANYTHING.

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



RITIS DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE... TO KILL THE PICTURE WITH DELAYS!

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



BUT RITIS WOULDN'T STOOP TO MURDER JUST TO RUIN JACKSON...

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



HE'D DO ANYTHING TO PRODUCE SUPER-SHOTS!... HE ARRANGED... THOSE CRASHES.

By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST



...SO THAT WHEN GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS ABSORBED JACKSON'S EQUITY... THEY WOULD HAVE A BOX OFFICE PICTURE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Pending Developments!

By EDWIN ALGER



WHEW! JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! STEPLOCK HAS AN ANSWER—

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER



AND THERE'S MR. BALLINGER—HE'S READING IT—

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER



BEN, THIS IS MIGHTY SERIOUS! IF HE'S GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF AN ANSWER, HE'LL HAVE ME EATING CROW!

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER



BUT WHY HAS IT TAKEN HIM A WEEK TO ANSWER IT?

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER



THAT IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY HIS REMARKS TONIGHT WILL REVEAL, BEN—AND I DREAD TONIGHT!

THE NEBBES—Scareditis!

By SOL HESP



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? WHAT ARE YOU SCARING AROUND HERE FOR? AREN'T YOU FEELING GOOD?

By SOL HESP

By SOL HESP



I DON'T FEEL GOOD—GUESS I GOT A LITTLE FEVER COMING ON

By SOL HESP

By SOL HESP



MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR—YOU HAVE NO FEVER, YOU HEADS AS COLD AS A WELL DOG'S NOSE

By SOL HESP

By SOL HESP



WELL, AH, ER, TO TELL THE TRUTH THE NITWIT HECK CAME DOWN HERE I EMMA HAD TO GO AND TELL HIM THAT WE HAD SARAH ALL DOLLED UP

By SOL HESP

By SOL HESP



AND THAT I GOT HER A JOB WITH FLINT—HIS HIP POCKET IS STICKING OUT LIKE IT WAS HIDING A SUN AND HE'S Madder THAN A MAD DOG

By SOL HESP

By SOL HESP



SO HE'S GOT YOU SCARED HAS HE? YOU JUST TALKED A HORNET OUT OF HIS NEST WITH THAT LIBERAL GAB OF YOURS! DON'T YOU THINK I'D BETTER BUILD YOU A NEST UNDER THE BED UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER?

Thompson Creek

Thompson Creek, Oct. 30.—(Sp)—Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Vestus of Pittsburg, Cal., visited Mrs. Vestus' son Clarence Gassan way, recently.

Edward Kubli of Applegate was a business caller on Thompson creek Wednesday.

Lester Hill of Provoist called at the Clarence Gassan way home October 23.

The Cox home is being reshingled and the porch rebuilt.

Miss Barbara New was absent from high school Thursday with a bad cold.

Mrs. Clyde Norris and son Walter Mervin, left October 27 for San Francisco to visit her sister, Mrs. Gladys Corfene, and also see the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fields visited at the Frank Decker home October 26.

John Busch and Mr. Vanderramp of San Francisco were week-end guests at the Clyde Morris home.

Appropriate Home Economics club met at the home of Mrs. Bessie Elmer October 25 with a good attendance.

Carl Lentz, barber of Gold Hill, called at the Bud Thornbrough home October 22.

Frank Wilkins of near Beche Post purchased three Christmas cows of S. L. Johnston October 28.

P. J. Robinson, also of Eagle Point, the fox farm here bought a pure-bred Greyhound of S. L. Johnston October 28.

Mrs. Naomi Gossaway visited Thompson Creek yesterday Wednesday.

Closing time for 1939 Late to Classified Ads is 1:30 p.m.