

# After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY, Without honor herself, but trusting in Buff's honor, Iris confided that she tricked Tim and now intends to marry him. Shortly after, Tim tells Buff he is engaged.

## Chapter 22 Sacrifice

TIM'S reproach was a tidal wave which carried away the final barrier of Buff's self-control. "Tim! Tim! Listen to me! I know you'll hate me, don't expect truly!—that you'll ever speak to me again. That doesn't matter. What matters is that you must be protected against—against falling into the same trap twice. Oh, it's dreadful of me, but my loyalty is due to you, my friend, rather than to her!"

"Tim, she told me in so many words, right here in this room and just the day before yesterday, that she knew perfectly well what Lashaw was doing; that she was a willing party to the fraud. She said—that a woman could always make a nice profit if she was pretty and would lend her scrupulously honorable."

He had risen and was gripping the back of his chair with rigid fingers.

"You expect me to believe this? That Iris would confess to you?"

"Oh, don't you see, Tim?" She bent forward, her tear-filled eyes on his. "She relied on my not revealing what had been said to me in confidence. She said she was relying on it! She told me it was a good thing I was scrupulously honorable, or I'd give her away to you!"

"And now you have? Or think you have?" His voice was icily courteous.

"And now I have. It's the only sensible thing to do, don't you see, Tim? All this talk of keeping a confidence when I hadn't asked for it, agreed to make it one?—Is it silly compared to saving you from marrying a woman like Iris?"

He spoke in a flat tone.

"I don't believe you, Buff. Not a word of what you've said."

In her turn she rose, her small head thrown back proudly. Anger threatened to put an abrupt stop to her efforts on his behalf. But Buff was accustomed to controlling her anger. Lance had taught her from her babyhood that her will should be stronger than her emotions. She drew several long, deep breaths. She consciously relaxed her small clenched hands. When she spoke it was in a steady, even a casual way.

"Use your good sense, Tim," she urged. "What I'm doing tonight will erase me from your life. Whether you marry Iris or not, you'll always hate me for what I've told you. Would I make such a sacrifice—for surely even you know it is a sacrifice, Tim!—unless I believed it was for your good?"

Because he still entertained a tiny, squirming doubt of Iris, because he realized he had been swept away last night by the tide of passion which had curled over his head from the minute he entered her warm, fragrant room, and found her infinitely lovely and desirable, waiting to slip into his arms, he resisted the patent frankness of this queer child. Iris needed defense, needed his help; she had told him so, weeping and clinging to him with desperate arms. Buff was a strong little thing who could always look after herself.

### Masculine Pride

BESIDES his masculine pride was up in arms at the idea of Buff's protecting him. Well, he knew what George would think of his marrying Iris after—after last summer. That he could meet, man to man. But Buff's wading into the fray on his behalf was too much. He wished in the depths of his unhappy heart that he had never seen her; never seen Iris either, he thought, and then, instantly rebuked himself for heresy.

"The sooner we bring this painful scene to a close the better," he announced. "I'm sorry you feel as you do toward Iris. I'm sorry we can't all be friends. But in the circumstances—"

She let him go with his sentence unfinished. For once in her life, the fight had gone out of her. She curled herself into an unquiescent ball by the fire and tried to plan—for Tim. It was of no use. Tim was no longer hers to plan for! Not that he had ever been, but she had believed she had a friend's fight, the right of a woman's wisdom to rescue him from a difficulty into which his simple masculinity had led him.

She could picture the quiet triumph of the other girl; her slow curling smile, the upward sweeping lashes, the sweet humility of her voice as she discussed her engagement with Tim's friends. Almost she knew the exact words Iris would use.

"The course of true love never did run smooth, you know, and Tim and I were no exception. It was just because I loved him so much, so terribly much, that all that misunderstanding came about last summer. It's all cleared up now and Timmy and I are too lappy for words, aren't we, Timmy?" "She called him Timmy," muttered the weebe gone little figure

in the deep armchair. "I just know she'll call him Timmy! And not even that will convince him of the kind of girl she is!"

Webby looked in on her way to bed. "It's past eleven, Miss Buff. Hadn't you ought to be getting your sleep?"

"Pretty soon," she said absently. "I'll come pretty soon."

But the clock on the mantel chimed midnight, and one, and two before she stirred. She had worked to do tonight, had Buff Carroll. First of all, she must conquer her emotions; anger, jealousy, love, outraged pride. How could she think when her mind was tossed about by these forceful passions?

It took a long time to overcome them. Buff had recourse to many an aid which would have astonished her parents. She thought of the mountains; the snow-capped peaks which had looked down on so much human misery and uncertainty. All the wild passion in the world could dash itself against their grim sides and move not so much as a small rose-colored boulder from its appointed place. This knowledge steadied her. Quite literally she could tell herself: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Help did come from contemplation of the unchangeable, the immutable, she knew Iris's puny deceit. Tim's foolish chivalry, even his own yearning love for the big mistaken man, seemed small and unimportant, measured against the mighty range.

### Lesson Of Patience

THEN there was time. She was young to have learned the lesson of patience, but somehow she had learned it. "Give it a few weeks, or days, Buff; or even a few hours. It's wonderful how time brings out the true value of things." Thus Eleanor, restraining her impetuous child. The restless cartoonist and his gentle wife had not done so badly for their daughter, after all, even though her formal education had been frequently interrupted.

"Iris will try to hurry the marriage. What Tim's reason back of all this," thought Buff, her alert brain once more at work on the problem. "I know she isn't marrying because she cares for him or because she wants to be safe from anything or anybody. It's all tied up, this buying back that useless land. Iris, returning her determination to be engaged to Tim."

Her small face was sagged with fatigue. The fire had burned itself to ashes and the room was cold. But slowly into Buff's eyes the light of hope dawned. Hope and resolution.

"I'm going to find out what all this is about! Tim, the old foolish, may go on being noble and waving his eyebrows at me all he likes. I'll drop my lecture course—darn! did I ever try to get educated that something didn't interfere?—and haunt Miss DeMuth until I discover what she's up to!" She made a childish face, moved her foot and found it asleep, stamped on it to restore the circulation. "So there," Tim growled. "You may be just like that young man they used as an example to teach me grammar years ago. I'll drown and no one shall help me! And so he drowned because he couldn't get his auxiliary verbs right. But you aren't to drown, my darling idiotic Tim, though heaven knows you've got all your verbs, nouns and adjectives—especially your adjectives, Tim!—about as wrong as they can be."

She moved her stiff body cautiously.

"I wonder if I'd wake Webby if I took a hot bath? I'll risk it, anyhow. I'll never get thawed out except in a tub of boiling water."

The announcement of the engagement which appeared in the next day's paper, Buff had a bad time when she saw the words in print. Upheld though she was by her conviction that there was still time to save Tim, and accustomed by years of Lance's work to view newspaper stories and announcements with little of the awe accorded them by most people, still those black letters set her to trembling, gave her a sinking feeling at the pit of her stomach.

Not for long, however, George, rushing up while she was still at dinner, did much to restore her composure. George was in a fine roaring rage. Tim Corliss was a fool and he, George Weekee, didn't care who heard him say so. For a Canadian dime, he'd bust up the partnership and let Tim go to hell, where he'd his soft heart and soft head led him! And thus and so, and double it and treble it, and then some!

"Sit down and have a turnover and a cup of coffee," Buff soothed him. "You'll feel a lot better afterwards. George, do as I say!" she added sharply. "You and I must talk, and I want you to be calm, not upset, during our conference."

He brightened at that. "Then you think there's still some hope?" "You bet your sweet life there's hope," the girl answered, indignantly but firmly. "You wait till you hear, George!"

Greatly cheered, he ate two turnovers and drank three cups of coffee; then he followed her into the living room where she poured out the story of her last talk with Iris.

Continued tomorrow.

# 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, 630; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KXN, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 936; Seattle, KPO, 330; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Wednesday: 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO, Warling's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI, KGW; 5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; 6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Musical Soiree, KFI, KOW; Safety First, KPO; 6:30—Martin's Music, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Convention, KGO, News, KJR; 7:00—Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyers Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR, KEX; 7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Boxing, KJR, KGO; 8:00—News, KPO; City Opera, KEX; News, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, K; 8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lun and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN; City Opera, KGO, KEX; 8:30—Waltman's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Program, KGO.

KJR, KEX; Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; 9:00—Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Composers, KGO, KJR; Fred Allen, KFI, KGW, KPO, News, KEX; 9:30—Noelle's Orch., KGO; News, KJR; 10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Sullivan, KNX, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KOIN; 10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KFI, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW; 11:00—Organist, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Morning World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

9:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KEX; Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Operetta Series, KNX, KOIN; James' Orch., KGW; Powell's Orch., KSL, News, KJR; 10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KSL, KNX; Fox's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN; 10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Gray's Orch., KSL; 11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Organist, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

# NAZI MOUTHPIECE CRITICAL OF U. S.

Berlin, Nov. 1—(AP)—The foreign office mouthpiece, Deutsche Korrespondenz, today criticized the United States for a policy of a "two-fold yardstick" in relation to the European conflict.

It cited as "symptoms" the City of Flint case and "differentiating treatment" of armed commercial ships and submarines by President Roosevelt with its "dangerous obliteration of the character of war and trade ships."

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY, TRYING TO DO THE LADIES A GOOD TURN BY HELPING TO CLEAN UP THE GROUNDS AT THE COMMUNITY CLUB BEFORE THEIR BRIDGE AND TEA PARTY, WAS SO COMPLETELY TAKEN ABACK WHEN THE NEW MEMBER, MISTAKING HIM FOR THE CHOREMAN, THREATENED TO REPORT HIM IF HE DIDN'T INSTANTLY GET HIS STUFF OFF THE DRIVEWAY, THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE FRED WAS SPEECHLESS

10-27 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Offers a Solution!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Some Answer, Too!



THE NEBB'S—Sarah



# SENATORS ENJOY RETER PEAR GIFT

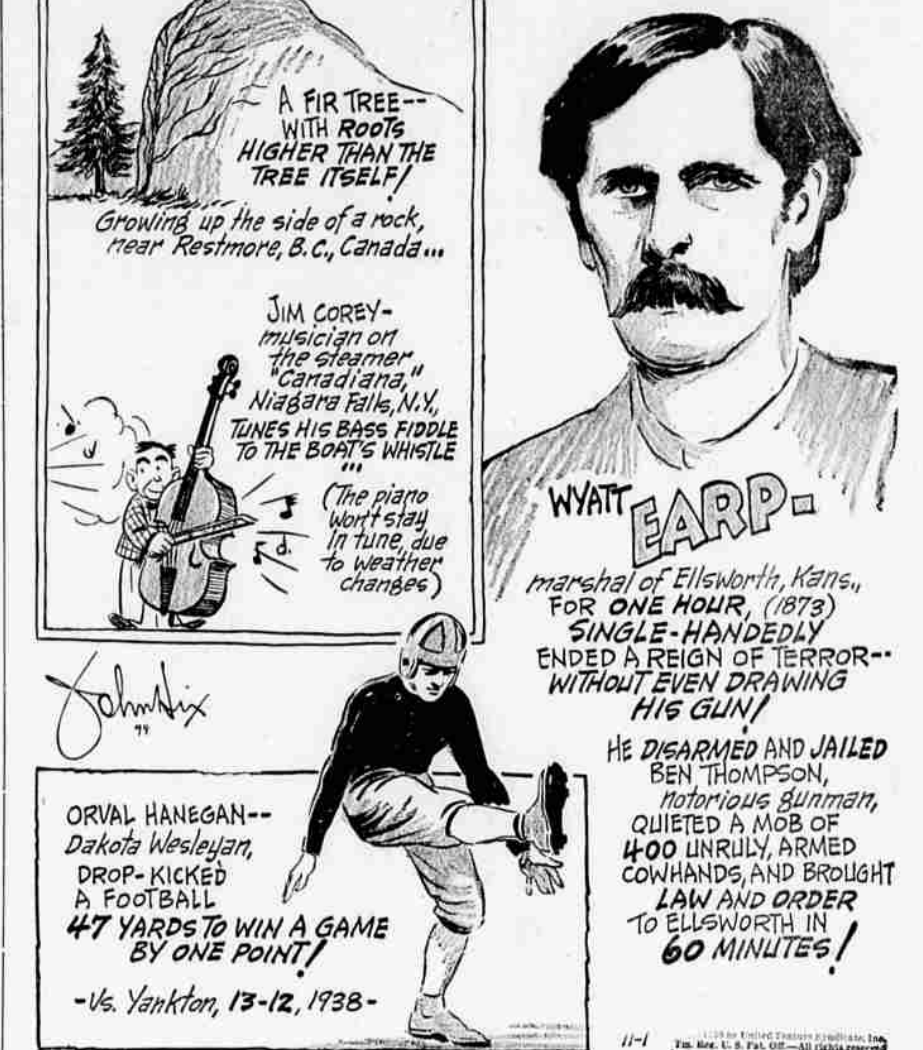
Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.—(Sp.)—Most pleasing interlude in the debate on the neutrality

bill was when practically every member of the senate ate Comice pears from Rogue River valley. Raymond Reter sent a shipment of pears to Senator Charles L. McNary and the Oregon senator placed the boxes in the democratic and republican cloak rooms. When the senators learned of the delicious treat, they sneaked out of the senate chamber, more interested in pears than in munitions of war.

Senator Harry Byrd, one of the most extensive apple growers of the east, declared he had never eaten anything so luscious, a sentiment echoed by other lawmakers. Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m. 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.



FRONTIER MARSHAL Leader of a band of lawbreakers in Ellsworth, Kas., in 1873, was Ben Thompson, who had killed a sheriff and defied arrest. His men offered \$1,000 to anyone who would "kill a marshal." In desperation one day, Mayor Miller offered the job of marshal to young Wyatt Earp, 25. Earp accepted and strapped on two six-shooters. Immediately he strode into the street and faced Thompson, who was backed by an unruly mob of some 400 riders. Earp ordered him to throw down the shotgun he carried. Strangely, Thompson did and Earp led him to the town jail and fined him \$25 for disturbing the peace. One hour after assuming the office of marshal, Earp turned in his badge. TOMORROW: Wrong-Way House.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEPP

# WAR PROSPERITY FELT ON COAST

San Francisco, Nov. 1—(AP)—Force of war impact on Pacific coast industrial activity so far has been stimulating. Extensive studies by the federal reserve bank of San Francisco, reported today, showed the September impetus carried over into October. The bank's report described the "net effect" of the war jolt as "toward a rise in production, employment and payrolls."

That rise came atop a creeping advance during the summer.

A notable coast example of an industry galvanized into action by hindrance to foreign supplies, the bank pointed out, was the pulp and paper industry. This industry was reported nonreciprocity operations, with many Puget Sound plants running full blast.

Other industries prodded into fresh activity were lumber, steel, canned foods and sugar.

Newspapers Merge. Moscow, Idaho, Nov. 1—(AP)—The consolidation, effective tomorrow, of Moscow's two daily newspapers, the Star-Mirror and the News-Review, was announced today.