

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY. Trying to show Tim what Iris is like, Buff tells him Iris's confession. He regrets Buff's interference, and refuses to believe a word of it. Buff is determined to discover what Iris is up to.

Chapter 24

Tricking The Tricksters

BUFF poured out to George the story of her last talk with Iris. "But look here!" George exclaimed excitedly. "If she practically admitted she did that last summer, there's nothing to it. All we have to do is to tell Tim and he—"

She shook her head. "I told him last night. It didn't do the least bit of good. It only made him more determined to defend her. No, George, we've got to work from the other angle—from Iris herself. She's up to something, and the published announcement of her engagement to Tim is what it all hangs on. Don't ask me how I know. Part intuition, perhaps, and part cold reasoning. The point is, I do know. Now here is what I want you to do, George. Go to Iris and offer to buy back that land at what she paid for it, at what you bought it for from Latschaw."

Horrified astonishment took possession of him. "Are you crazy, Buff? Just when Tim and I are on our feet again, when I've convinced myself all over again that there is a Santa Claus who puts nice fat checks in my sock, Christmas or no Christmas, now you want to barge in and ruin everything. She'll snap at the offer, of course."

"If she does, it'll prove that she's straight, George, and will make Tim a good wife. Surely you'll be willing to pay that much for his happiness. But"—her most urchin-like grin deepened the corners of her mouth—"ten thousand dollars says she isn't straight, George, that she won't sell it. I mean, she went on, seeing his face vacant with a wilder dream, 'that's what you'd lose if you bought it. I'm betting you exactly that sum she won't sell it. Take me up!'"

He thought a long time, his hands on his knees, his forehead corrugated with puzzled consideration.

"I get you!" he announced at last. "And, by golly, I believe you're right! No, of course I won't take your bet, Buff. I hope I'm as good a sport as you're proving yourself to be. I'll offer to buy the land. Tim certainly can't object to taking his half of it, considering the circumstances. If she accepts, I lose ten thousand dollars and you—"

"Lose Tim," she said steadily. "But we're not going to lose George. That land is the other half of his scheme. The announcement of her engagement to Tim completes it. Things'll begin to happen very soon. Tomorrow you hustle around to her, tell her you're happy about the trouble between her and 'Tim being ironed out' he exploded.

"You do as I say! Act like a nice polite young gentleman. Then tell her you want to buy the land back; that you have a conscience as well as she, and you can't be the idea of her being landed up with all that useless land. Don't threaten, and don't come right out and tell her that your acceptance of her as Tim's wife—no as his fiancée—depends on her selling out to you. Then watch her. I predict she'll protest that she's never, never rob you consciously as she did unconsciously last summer. The more closely you press her, the more she'll retreat. You'll walk out without any deal having been made. Which proves—"

"That there's dirty work afoot," he interrupted with rising excitement. "And I sort of think I could look into my crystal—supposing I had a crystal and powers of prophecy and was the seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul—and outline the shape of that work. But where Tim comes in I don't quite see."

"Marry Me!"

"DON'T you? Supposing there was a—"

"New buyer for the land!"—and Latschaw or Iris, or both working together, had convinced him by fake tests that—

"—the minds were what we thought 'em last August."

"But one last bit of proof was needed, one thing that would clinch the deal so that our imaginary buyer would not call in other experts—"

"—and our buyer, who's not so darned imaginary at that! knows Tim by reputation."

"And Iris says carelessly that Tim paid twenty thousand for it as a pre-nuptial gift to her—"

"—having, of course, the deed in her possession to flourish before his credulous eyes."

"Then the only thing lacking would be the absolute, direct proof that they are engaged! And here," she said simply, laying her hand on the paper, "is the proof in black and white."

Weeks gave a whoop of pure joy. "What a stupid as I've been not to see it! Stupid than Tim because of course he's trying to believe Iris is straight, and I've known all along she isn't! Oh, Buff,

Buff! What a gal you are! Hey, marry me, Buff, and we'll go places in this world!"

"Sorry, lamb, but I love another's three times as much as I love you. To get on with our idea of this business, why, says the imaginary buyer to himself, would a man pay twenty thousand dollars for a couple of holes in the ground, plus some acres which bear only scrub pine and kinnikinnick, unless he knew it was worth all that and more; and a mining engineer and assayer usually knows—not believes, he'll reason, but knows it is worth it more? So he walks into the Latschaw-Iris trap, baited with the same piece of cheese which caught you and Tim last summer."

"Yep! But what'll be Iris's excuse for offering him the land—if it's an engagement or wedding present from Tim to her?"

"Sweet, foolish Iris doesn't realize what she's doing, don't you see? Our buyer thinks he's putting something over on her—on Tim. She prattles girlishly about wanting the money for her trousseau, or a house which she, in turn, will give Tim for a wedding present—something like that. Yes, I know that presupposes the buyer is a trifle off color. Of course he is! Would Iris and Latschaw be doing business with anyone who wasn't?"

George winced, "Tim and I," he suggested.

"Oh, well, the strictly honorable and innocent fall into that class too," Buff assured him. "I know! Lance's father—has often told me that the really honest business man is the one who's been taken in a time or two by scoundrels. Before that he thinks everyone is as scrupulously honest as himself. Lance should know!" his daughter concluded with a grin.

Sketch

"ALL right. We've sketched the plot of this business very nicely. What happens next?"

"Nothing—so far as you are concerned. You go about your business as usual, for it's you Iris and Latschaw—who is Latschaw who is working with her—will be watching. But I'll be on the job. By the way, could you get me a photograph of Latschaw? So I'd recognize him if I saw him?"

Fraid not. He didn't go in for having himself photographed during his brief stay here. But I can do better than that for you. He drew toward him several sheets of paper which he coolly took from her desk. "Didn't know I could sketch, did you? I darned near came in on it myself. Wish to thunder I had now! Look! Here Latschaw full face. Notice the thin lips, the little pouches beneath his eyes. I fancy they'll be emphasized now. He's a hard drinker, you know."

"Here's his profile. See the tiny jut in the nose? Broke it, perhaps years ago. Dark brown hair, getting a bit thin on top." He touched his own sadly. "Eyes sometimes hazel, sometimes gray; gray when he's keyed up, always fanned—well, that was last summer, of course. But I rather think he'll show traces of it yet. He feels about mining regions even in the winter, and you know what the winds can do in high altitudes. Think you'd recognize him from these?"

She studied the hasty sketches with half closed eyes. "Sure of it, George, you can draw! Van would give his ears to have your talent."

"He'd look better without 'em," she said. "I mean, Oh, yes, I can draw well enough. That's not the trouble. The trouble is I haven't any imagination. I was born to be an engineer. I adore surveying out-door work of all kinds. All right, Buff. You're running this affair. I'm taking my orders from you. It's going to be infernally hard for me to be decent to Tim about this engagement, but if you think—"

"I not only think, I know! No body's asking you to wring Tim's hand in joyful congratulation; or to go around chortling with delight over it all. But you can—and must—be civil to him, keep your friendship as it is. I'd just as soon, she went on thoughtfully, "that you weren't too cordial to Iris about it. She'd be on her guard if you suddenly changed your attitude toward her."

Buff was not surprised to have Iris call her that same evening. She had counted on Tim's silence in regard to his last talk with her. She had been a little puzzled, in fact, that Miss DeMuth had not called before. Buff Carroll was a card she no longer needed in her hand; but it was not like Iris to overlook the slightest advantage. Her first words to Buff explained the day's silence.

"Did you see it in the paper?" she asked triumphantly. "Darn! I would have told you this morning but I had to be in Denver all day. Just got back, in fact. I suppose you've been trying to get hold of me. Well, was I right, or was I right?"

"You were right," was Buff's meek reply. "I hope you'll be happy, Iris, whatever comes to you."

They chatted in this vein for a few moments, then Iris brought the conversation to a close. "Tim's here, and the old foolish is jealous even of you!"

Buff hung up with a wry little face.

Continued Monday.

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; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO.
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI.
6:00—Major Jones, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Gallie's Orch., KGO, KJR; Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN; News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Baldy Box, KXN; Cutler's Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask It—Basket, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.
9:00—Strange As It Seems, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Adventures in Rhythm, KGO, KEX.

Friday

5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Melody Time, KPO; Organist, KFI.
5:30—Eichings in Brass, KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waite Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Jesse's Program, KPO, KFI, KGW; First Nighter, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Who's in Town Tonight, KGO; News, KJR.
7:00—Drama, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KGO, KJR.
7:30—Story Behind the Headlines, KGW; Held's Orch., KGO; Young Man With a Band, KXN, KSL; Big Town, KPO.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroo, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Dorsey's Orch., KEX; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Political Talk, KGO.

DOMESTIC TIES

10-28



ASKS WIFE IF SHE CAN FIX HIS TIE A LITTLE, HE CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT SET RIGHT



STANDS MORE OR LESS QUIETLY AS WIFE UNTIES IT AND BEGINS OVER



BEGINS TO WRIGGLE AS HE FISHES IN HIP POCKET FOR BILL FOLD



AS WIFE TELLS HIM FOR PITY'S SAKE TO STAND STILL, MUTTERS HE JUST WANTS TO MAKE SURE HE'S GOT THE TICKETS



SUBSIDES FOR A SECOND OR TWO AND THEN BEGINS WEAVING AROUND, TRYING TO LOOK IN MIRROR OVER WIFE'S SHOULDER



THIS DISARRANGES TIE, FORCING WIFE TO BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN. TUGS AT HIS WATCH



GETS IT OUT AND CRIES DOES SHE KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? THEY'VE GOT TO TEAR



WIFE FINISHES, LOOKS IN MIRROR, GIVES TIE A LAST PAT OR TWO, AND THUS BRINGS IT BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Battling Against Intrigue!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Omit Flowers!



THANKS, MISTER JACKSON!



OH, BY THE WAY, TOMMY! SKEETS MILLIGAN CAN TAKE NEVADA'S PLACE! TELL THE CASTING DIRECTOR!



BUT YOU'VE SEEN HOW THE DEVICE WORKS! ALREADY FOUR PILOTS HAVE CRASHED TO THEIR DEATHS!... WHAT MORE PROOF DO YOU WANT?

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBES—Exit



OH, THERE YOU ARE!! TRYIN' TO HIDE, EH? YOU'RE GOIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR ME, YOU DID FOR SARY OR I'LL DO SOMETHIN' TO YOU!!



I GOT IT COMIN'! I GOT IT COMIN'! ME, THE BIG WISE GUY, WITH THE TRICK QUESTION! OH, I'M WISE ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!



AND GET OUT OF TOWN, BUM! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND DO YOUR HOWLING THERE!

By SOL HESS

KIDNAPERS START PRISON SENTENCE

Walla Walla, Wash., Nov. 2—(AP)—Dr. Kent W. Berry and his three co-kidnapers of Irving Baker, former coast guard officer, near Olympia last year, began their prison terms at the state penitentiary yesterday.

The four, Berry, Robert H. Smith, James Reddick and William K. McAloon, were transferred here secretly from the Thurston county jail.

Twins Arrive for Prolific Mother

Cadiz, O., Nov. 2—(AP)—Twin boys—her 24th and 25th children—were born yesterday to Mrs. Clyde Dunlap, 45, wife of a miner.

Dr. Foster Dye, her physician, reported 15 of the 25 children were living.

Rachmaninoff Tired Minneapolis, Nov. 2—(AP)—Sergei Rachmaninoff, celebrated Russian pianist declared today he was fed up with tramping over the world and would retire to his country home in Connecticut at the close of the present concert season.

BRITAIN WILL RATION BACON, BUTTER SUPPLY

London, Nov. 2—(AP)—The British government announced today rationing of bacon and but-

ter would begin some time next month due to "reduced imports" from European sources.

This will be the first rationing of foodstuffs since the war started on this island which normally produces less than half of what its inhabitants eat.

Food Minister W. S. Morrison said the exact date for start of

the plan would be announced later. Each consumer will register with a retailer and receive ration books.

"Friendship" church at Plyler, N. C., is so called because the original sign on the church was so misspelled and the congregation adopted the name rather than correct the sign.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MISPLACED BUILDING

A London clerk's error, strange as it seems, caused the switching of plans for two buildings. The Civic Guards Barracks at Carna, Connemara county, Galway, Ireland, were designed from plans intended for a northwest Indian fortress, while from the Irish plans barracks were built in India.

ENDURANCE SKATER

Jack "Skates" Hyland, World war veteran, was given in 1929 but a few years to live. So he took up roller skating and during the next 10 years he skated 201,000 miles—and didn't die. He wore out 189 pairs of skate frames and 5,512 wheels. In Europe he skated before royalty; in Waco, Texas, he married and then skated with his wife to Los Angeles, where he pronounced himself "cured."

TOMORROW: The Movie Family.

By HAL FORREST