

# After A Man's Heart

By JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY Buff suggests that George offer to buy back the land at the price Iris said if Iris accepts, she's on the level, but if she refuses, she probably has another buyer.

## Chapter 25 The Drama

BUFF hated her task. Her open, forthright nature rebelled against that amount of spying upon Iris. But Tim, she reminded herself again and again, had to be saved from this second and far more dangerous plot.

"And after I've yanked him out of her clutches, he can sink or swim, lose his way or keep to the straight and narrow path," said Miss Carroll with a fine scrambling metaphor. "He'll have me even more than he does now if he knows I've snatched him from the burning well, that's all right too. I'll spring the trap before it closes on him. It doesn't matter about me." She rather spoiled the beautifully altruistic sentiment she was trying to express by a sigh that seemed to rise from her small custom-made brogues.

She had known Iris from the first to be almost pitifully lacking in brains, entirely lacking in subtlety. She was like a movie actress who went through her small part with conscientious accuracy. For two days she was very much the engaged girl, staying close to the hotel save when she appeared radiant and shyly happy in Tim's car. Buff kept doggedly behind them, feeling herself to be a cross between an international spy and a jealous schoolgirl.

But the third morning brought important results. Tim's car was parked near the hotel when Buff arrived. Evidently he had left it there for Iris to use. About ten she came out, wearing the new fur coat which had made its appearance in the last few days, and headed for Denver. Buff trailed her excitedly.

Iris drove in character, the younger girl thought: putting on little spurts of speed exactly at the wrong time, slowing down in the midst of busy traffic, making use of hand signals which would have puzzled the most expert motorist; but eventually she drew up in front of a small hotel in the city, miraculously finding a parking place.

Buff was not so fortunate. By the time she had disposed of her car and entered the lobby, Iris was nowhere to be seen. There was nothing for it but to wait for her. Buff selected an inconspicuous spot behind a clump of dusty palms and kept one eye on her watch, the other on the elevator. She suspected her quarry was in a parlor on the mezzanine, but felt it was too dangerous a business to follow her.

It was nearly half-past one before Iris came down. There were two men with her, one unmistakably Latahew. Buff silently blessed George. Weeks' clever sketches. There were the nouches beneath the eyes—eyes coldly gray now—the little jut to the big nose, the thin lips. He kept close to Iris, not a word nor gesture of hers lost on him.

The other man was bluff and genial. Only the expression of his face betrayed him to the watching girl. There was sly triumph in it, the look of having put something over on a woman; a sly and unexpecting woman, at that. Buff's fennium almost rose in revolt at what she read in his eyes, his full-lipped mouth. For a moment even Tim's safety hung in the balance. Then Iris turned her head with a coquettish smile, and Buff hardened her heart.

### The Curtain Rises

SHE was uncertain of what to do. It was patent that she could not follow Iris about Denver. Yet she felt the crisis of the situation to be upon them. Unwittingly it was Iris herself—stupid Iris who could not even obey orders without blundering—was Buff's scornful thought—who gave her the help she needed.

"Shall we all lunch together and then meet at Nesbit's office?" It was late, she went on plaintively. "I'm starved. And"—this time her arch glance rested on Latahew who returned it without expression—"I do think I've earned something rather special in the way of food today."

"Where?" demanded Latahew. "Oh, the Shirley-Savoy! And the kind of luncheon that's a real celebration." Latahew opened his thin lips to protest, thought better of it, and the three moved toward the revolving door. Buff flew toward the telephone, praying silently that George Weeks had returned from his own lunch, and that he was not out on a surveying job. To her vast relief his cheery voice answered "Hello!"

"George, this is Buff," she began rapidly. "Will you do exactly what I ask you to do?" "Yes, I suppose so. But where are you?" "Denver," she snapped. "And don't begin asking questions I'll do the talking. You get Tim—handcuff him and gag him if you have to, but get him—and drive here as fast as you can. Park where you can watch the front entrance to the Shirley-Savoy. Or if you can't park, get out, and stand

around until you see Iris and Latahew and another man come out. Then—" "Latahew?" George howled. "Holy smoke! Buff, you're— " "If you listen!" he demanded coldly. "You all but shattered my eardrum then. Watch till you see them come out, then follow them. They'll head for Nesbit's office. If by chance you lose 'em—I mean if it gets to be about three o'clock, you go on to Nesbit's anyway. Iris has just started out for who she called a celebration luncheon at the Shirley-Savoy. From there the three will go to call on Nesbit. Need I be more specific?"

"You needn't," was the solemn assurance. "The game is in the bag; or would be," he added on a sudden uneasy note, "if I knew how certain I am to get Tim to Denver. He'll certainly balk at spying on Iris."

"Get him here by telling him she's in trouble and going to need him," said the gruff old child at the other end of the line. "And heaven knows that's going to be true as soon as Latahew finds what is happening. If he begins to get restless about waiting for her at the hotel, or suspects something amiss, then bully him into staying. Tell him it's your right to know what's going on; that there's such a thing as loyalty to one's friends; and business partners, as well as to—Iris. Your tongue is nimble enough, George. Use it!"

She was oddly excited when she turned away from the booth. She had had an early breakfast the strain of her discovery was beginning to tell upon her. She longed to head her car back toward Boulder and leave the rest of the affair to Weeks. But Buff had not sacrificed her pride, given up her beloved lecture course, spied on another girl, invited—and received!—Tim's cold fury at her efforts on his behalf, only to abandon those efforts at the last minute.

### Act One

"MEN" she thought, "will never do the right thing. If it's humanly possible to do the wrong one, George has a lot at stake, but how do I know he won't get tired waiting, or think it's a wild idea on my part—anything. No, I've got to see it through. I'll have a cup of coffee and a sandwich and then I'll skulk about the Shirley-Savoy and see what I can see. Oh, Lance—Eleanor! If you could behold your only child at this minute!"

An hour and a quarter later the small person drifting to and fro in the busy crowd before the big hotel was rewarded by the sight of George and Tim, the former driving the shabby car they owned jointly, the latter sitting grimly by his side, neither speaking. Buff could not forbear a chuckle at the picture they made. It was evident to the most casual spectator that they had had a row; that Tim had yielded, reluctantly and angrily, to whatever argument George had put forward. He was in the mood, Buff knew, to rush to Iris's rescue even if he saw her in the company of Latahew.

"But that's only Act One in this thrilling drama by Buff Carroll, starring Miss Iris DeMuth and featuring the Unknown Buzzer. Act Two will do the business. And, from her eyes, 'Act Three will throw the playwright out on her ear, however successful the play has been from the box-office standpoint."

It all worked with unexpected smoothness. George was wheeling his car by the hotel entrance for the first time in a week. The car came out: Iris with a gardenia pinned to the shoulder of her new coat, Latahew looking like a cat about to spring on a mouse, the second man smiling. Buff had a glimpse of Tim's startled face before George sent the car out as rapidly as he could with safety. Buff felt oddly breathless when she got her own car from the parking lot and drove it toward the big building which housed Nesbit's modest office. The delay was sufficient to show her the first party going in at the entrance. She waited until she saw Tim white and plainly furious, and George anxious but stern, follow; then she circled the block and turned back toward Boulder.

It was her hour of triumph, but no victor ever experienced less exultation than she. Her very flesh seemed sore and bruised, and her heart, she decided with a gulp of misery, was merely a cold, aching lump in her breast. She wanted nothing but a hot bath and a bed: Weby to bring her a tray at supper-time perhaps, and to answer the telephone and doze off with the information that Miss Carroll was—what? Ill? Gone to Little America? In the hospital at Denver with a fractured skull and critical internal injuries? Anything, anything that would keep people away!

She didn't want to see George. She hated him as a fellow conspirator in what she now felt to be a piece of treachery on her part. "Because, look," she adured herself. "Why should I offend all my principles, practically starve and freeze myself, run the risk of being arrested for vagrancy in Denver, miss a couple of motor accidents by a half of a split hair, just to prove to a dumb-bell that he is a dumb-bell? Especially when he'll probably come around and brain me when I have proved it."

Continued tomorrow.

# On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 590, San Francisco; KGW, 650, 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.

Friday:  
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR, Sunset Showdown, KGO, Melody Time, KPO; Organist, KFI.  
5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quia, 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; Heald'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; Burkaros, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
8:30—Dorsey's Orch., KEX; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI, John-

ny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Political Talk, KGO.  
9:00—Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith, KXN, KOIN, KSL, KEX; University Explorer, KPO; News, KJR.  
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KXN, KSL, KOIN.  
10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Eclipse of the Moon, KXN, KSL.  
11:00—Nightcap Yarns, KOIN, KXN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Saturday:  
5:00—Fifth Quarter, KXN, Dorsey's Orch., KPO; Master Singers, KPO; News, KFI.  
5:30—Drama, KPO, KFI, KGW; King's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Youth Vs. Age, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
6:00—Aurandt's Orch., KOIN; Hall of Pain, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
6:30—Organist, KGO; Prelude to Dark, KPO, KGW; News, KJR.  
6:45—Saturday Night Serenade, KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO.  
7:00—Goodman's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.  
7:30—Sports Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN; What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.  
8:00—Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, John-

ny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Political Talk, KGO.  
9:00—Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith, KXN, KOIN, KSL, KEX; University Explorer, KPO; News, KJR.  
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KXN, KSL, KOIN.  
10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Eclipse of the Moon, KXN, KSL.  
11:00—Nightcap Yarns, KOIN, KXN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Washington Faces Financial Trouble  
Olympia, Wash., Nov. 3.—(AP) Disbursements exceeded receipts by \$2,000,000 for the week ending October 31, and state finances took another nose-dive, the treasury cash balance showed today.  
The general fund overdraft increased \$129,707 to \$4,362,776, and the cash balance decreased from \$10,623,127 the week previous to \$8,593,022. Receipts for the week totaled \$663,432 and disbursements amounted to \$2,693,537.  
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.  
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

# FREIGHTER COULMORE ELUDES GERMAN SUB

Washington, Nov. 2.—(AP)—The coast guard heard today that the British freighter Coulmore was safe, but it continued the search just to make sure.

The Camperdown station in Nova Scotia advised the coast guard cutter Bibb at 2:30 a. m., EST, that she had heard directly from the Coulmore that she had eluded the submarine threat, which had caused her to send a distress signal.

eral of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, was found guilty in justice court today of permitting the operation of a lottery in the consular offices and fined \$400 or 100 days in jail.  
G. P. Pair to Wed.  
Reno, Nev., Nov. 3.—(AP)—Marriage license: Willie J. Rackley, 34, and Myrtle Leatherman, 34, both of Grants Pass, Ore.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**MOVIE FAMILY**  
THE 9 CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. COY WATSON—Hollywood, Calif.  
HAVE PLAYED IN OVER 1000 MOTION PICTURES!

ALASKA—PAYS A BOUNTY ON TROUT... (The Dolly Varden)

A STARLING—PARKED—HER NEST ON A "90-MIN. PARKING" SIGN, Miami, Fla.

16 SUCCESSIVE CONVERSIONS—WERE KICKED IN THE SAME GAME BY GLEN PERRY, Walla Walla High School, Vs. Yakima, 1917... (Walla Walla won 118-0)

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# READY TO GO By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SHOUTS TO COME ON NOW, THEY'RE ONLY WASTING TIME, THEY'VE GOT TO QUIT FOOLING AND START PRACTICE

LINES PLAYERS UP, READY TO GO, AND DISCOVERS THAT STAN BRADLEY HAS BROKEN HIS BELT AND CAN'T KEEP HIS PANTS UP

REPAIRS DAMAGE WITH A PIECE OF STRING AND CALLS, "ALL RIGHT, NOW LET'S GO"

FINDS THAT EARL WILLIS HAS MEANWHILE SIPPED OVER TO EDDIE SELLER'S FOR A DRINK OF WATER... SHS DOWN TO WAIT

ON EARL'S RETURN, LINES TEAM UP, AND DISCOVERS THAT EARL CAN'T FIND HIS HELMET

HELMET BEING FOUND HUNG UP ON A BUSH, BEGS EDDIE AND BUD BEMIS TO STOP WRESTLING, SO THEY CAN START

GETS PLAYERS LINED UP AT LAST AND GIVES THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN

FETCHES UP AT BOTTOM OF PILE, BECAUSE AT LAST SECOND HE CALLED TO WAIT, HIS SHOES UNLIT, NOBODY HEARING HIM

10-30 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Signs Off!

EET EES TRUE... FOUR PILOTS 'AVE DIED EEN THE PICTURE 'AERIAL INVASION,' BUT I DO NOT KNOW THE SECRET OF WHY THEY CRASHED! I MUS' 'AVE MORE PROOF...

YOU SHALL HAVE IT!

AND MR. JACKSON NOT ONLY RE-HIRED BEVERLY... BUT YOU'RE REPLACING NEVADA!

WOW-EE! NOW I'LL GIT A CHANCE TO SEE MORE OF BEVERLY!

SURE! TAKE A LOOK, SKEETERS!

THAT'S TH' WAY WITH WIMMIN! THEY'RE ALL FICKLE! 'OUTTA SIGHT, 'OUTTA MIND'... I'M GONNA BE A HERMIT!

NOT YET, SKEETS! YOU'VE GOT A JOB IN THE MOVIES!

AND... AT THREE POINT

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Deluge?

FILM FAMILY  
Coy Watson went to Hollywood as a boy in 1900, became a prop man, then worked as assistant director and in 1919-22 as casting director for Fox Comedies.  
Watson's oldest son, Coy, Jr., 26, started in pictures at nine months; Vivian, his oldest daughter (24) started at three weeks with the old Selig company. The other children, Gloria, 22; Louise, 19; Harry, 17; Billy, 15; Delmar, 13; Garry, 10; and Bobs, 8, have all been or still are actors.  
BOUNTY ON TROUT  
A joy to sportsmen is Alaska's strange bounty on the fine Dolly Varden trout, offered because of the damage they do by eating salmon eggs.  
Tomorrow: Surrender by Mistake.

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Deluge?

NOW, LISTEN! THINGS LOOK WORSE THAN EVER, BUT LET'S NOT LOSE OUR HEADS!

THAT WOULDN'T HURT ME, BEN, THE WAY IT'S 'ACHIN' RIGHT NOW!

HERE'S MY BALLINGER BADGE AN' CREDENTIALS! I'LL HAVE NO PART IN ASSASSINATIN' THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD MAN! I'M THROUGH!

MR. DURNO? OH, HELLO! MR. GEORGE DURNO, EH? WHY... AW, GEE, MR. DURNO, WE DIDN'T...

THAT WAS GEORGE DURNO RESIGNIN' AS HEAD OF THE BALLINGER YOUNG MEN'S CLUB!

IT'S THE END!

THE NEBBES—Going Away?

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

# THE NEBBES—Going Away?

I GOT A FELLER BY THE NAME OF HECK SPRY LOCKED UP FOR VAGRANCY. HE SAID HE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS

I TOLD HIM HE GOT THROWN OUT OF YOUR HOTEL AND YOU DON'T TREAT FRIENDS THAT A WAY

HE'S A GOOD KID. LET HIM OUT AND HERE'S SOME MONEY FOR HIM TO GET BACK HOME

BUT YOU BUY A BUS TICKET FOR HIM AND GIVE HIM MONEY FOR THREE MEALS AND SEE THAT HE GETS OUT OF TOWN—TELL HIM I GOT MORE FRIENDS LIKE HIM THAT I CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT

By SOL HESS

# ARLINE JUDGE IN SEPARATION QUEST

New York, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Arline Judge, once heralded by Hollywood as "the girl with the most beautiful figure in the world," has started a separation action against her socialite husband, Dan Topping, but Topping's attorneys today held out hope of a reconciliation.  
Miss Judge charged Topping, owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers' football team, had been

"cruel and inhuman" during their two and a half years of marriage and had abandoned her. She asked \$35,000 annual alimony, custody of Daniel Topping, Jr., born in February, 1934, and \$50,000 for attorney fees.

SEATTLE ORDERS 135 TRACKLESS TROLLEYS  
Kent, Ohio, Nov. 3.—(AP)—An order for 135 vehicles costing more than \$2,000,000, was placed with the Twin Coach company today by the municipal railway of Seattle, Wash.  
The order included 135 forty-passenger trackless trolley coaches and 34 thirty-passenger motor coaches.