After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YESTERDAY: George Weekes tells Buff to be kind to Tim because he had an unfortunate love affair. He tells Tim to be nice to Buff, because she seems to have the blues, also.

Chapter Six
Buff Breaks Down

THE letter had come; the letter Buff had expected and dreaded. She had known what it would be like. Eleanor was slow to make up her mind, but when she did she acted with decision and entire thoroughness.

Her daughter caught her breath when she took the fat envelope from Atkins. She was far too preoccupied to observe that the foreman's manner was odd; that he fidgeted, cast a glance toward her which was a mixture of appeal and defiance, and in the end stalked away without opening his mouth.

Up the stairs Buff flew with her letter. Tim's door was open and he roused himself to mark those flying footsteps. And noticed that they dragged forlornly and surprisingly just before the girl went into her room and closed the door behind her.

Minutes later — or perhaps it was hours—he caught the sound of muffled sobbing from somewhere. He had been so far away from the ranch, been with Iria, hearing her hauntingly sweet voice, dwelling on the soft radiance in her uplifted brown eyes, that it took him some time to realize that what he was really listening to was little Buff Carroll crying in her room.

"An ther love affair gone wrong," he concluded grimly. "Nothing I can do about it either. Or can I? Shall I hobble ... and invite her to weep on my shoulder? Did I want to weep on George's shoulder when — when — no, of course I didn't! The only thing I wanted was to be let alone. Still, girls are different—queer. Maybe she'd like a bit of brotherly sympathy." He scowled. "Oh, lord! Hate to barge in and risk being told to mind my business. Confound it! The child'll tear her own throat to pieces if she doesn't let up."

He considered the man who, presumably, was responsible for all this woe.

"What more does he want?" he demanded angrily of his injured leg. "Money—I suppose Carroll's got something, and this girl's his one and only; looks — George seemed to think she's not too homely — the prestige of being a famous cartoonist's daughter. Maybe he's one of these men who resent brains in a woman," he decided. "That stuff she writes—maybe he holds it against her. But he needn't read it!" he said somewhat fiercely. "Anyway I'll bet his own past is nothing to frame and hang on the wall of the living room."

He looked at his watch. "I'll give her five minutes more; then, if she doesn't stop that crying I'll make a nuisance of myself and offer sympathy. Maybe she'll be so furious it'll distract her."

It was the shortest five minutes he had ever known. The long hand of his watch seemed to race. When the limit was up, he hobbled resignedly toward the door. His hesitant tap on Buff's went unnoticed and he knocked; a good loud knock this time. There was a moment's silence and then Buff's voice, curiously muffled, replied.

"Who is it? What d'you want?"

"Tim."

Without further ado, he opened the door and limped inside. He frowned again, seeing her in a tight, unhappy ball on the bed. "Don't do that!" There was acrid protest in his tone. "It doesn't do any good. He isn't worth it, Buff, though I know you won't believe me. As a matter of fact, he's an egotist of the first water. Confound it, why shouldn't you write if you want to, if it amuses you? It's your life, after all."

"W-what do you mean?" Her breast rose and fell stormily. "He doesn't mind my writing. It was his idea in the first place."

"Oh, it was!" Another explanation dawned on him. "Jealous, eh? Invading his own field? Well, all I've got to say is he's a louse."

Slight Misunderstanding

SHE jerked herself up to one elbow, swept the loose waves of hair from her wet eyes. "You shan't call him that, Tim Corliss! He's the dearest, the finest . . . and what do you know about him, when it comes to that? You've never laid eyes on him!"

"Nor wish to," he informed her coldly. "I know the kind of guy he is: absorbed in his own concerns—I suppose he calls it his work!—and paying no attention to anyone else unless he feels his supremacy is threatened. You're darned well rid of him, Buff, if you'd just face it."

"But I don't want to be rid of him! And you're simply silly about his being jealous. Anyhow, he didn't write; it was she—Eleanor!"

He made frenzied motions with his hands. "So there's an Eleanor in it, is there! I might have known. Always a triangle of some kind from that in the Garden of Eden straight down through the ages. And Eleanor wrote you! H'm. Doesn't that show you? Doesn't it Buff?" he urged.

Tears welled into her drowned blue eyes, spilled over the swollen lids.

"Of course it does," she admitted forlornly. "I knew it before, though. It's just seeing it put into words——"

"Here!" He tu[rned] forward and wiped her face with his own handkerchief, thoroughly and matter-of-factly. "I don't believe crying helps. It'll only give you a headache, I should think. However——" Resignedly he put his arm about her. "Howl on my shoulder, my dear child! You've certainly earned the right to."

She took full advantage of the handsome offer. She was homesick, lonely and unbearably depressed. She wanted Lance's big arms about her, Eleanor's soft voice to speak soothing words. Failing these, Tim did pretty well as a substitute. When she raised her head at last she looked definitely more cheerful. She blew her nose, gave a final mop to her eyes and leaned back on her pillows. Then it occurred to her to ask:

"How did you know? Did he—they — write you? But, no, of course they didn't. They don't even know you're here. That you exist so far as that goes. How did you know?" she repeated.

"I heard you crying. I figured out the rest. It wasn't hard. A girl—a pretty girl—at least, George says you're pretty. What does a pretty girl usually cry about? A love affair gone wrong. So I came to offer my sympathy."

He got to his feet with the air of a man who has performed his whole duty.

"Wait a minute! You're wrong—you've got it all wrong. The letter's from Eleanor——"

"Yes, you told me. I suppose he thinks he's in love with her now?"

"Well, of course he's in love with her! She's his wife!"

"Look here," he began sternly. "You don't want to be mixing up in a think like that. If he's married to her, you keep out. I'm surprised at you, Buff. I didn't think you were that sort of girl."

'They Don t Want Me'

"WILL you let me explain?" It is difficult to be icy when one's eyes are puffed and red, and one's cheeks still glazed with tears, but Buff managed it. "Eleanor's my mother. The man who encouraged me to write is Lance, my father. Now will you stop this idiotic babble of triangles? You've been seeing to many movies," she said disapprovingly.

"Mother?" he said, astounded. "Father? But why are you crying?"

"They've gone off on a motor trip." It was the only explanation she could think of but even to herself it sounded woefully inadequate.

"Good gosh!" he commented slowly. "Good—gosh. So that's it!"

"What's what?"

"You've stayed here to look after me; given up something you'd set your heart on doing. Buff, I—I——"

"I've done nothing of the kind," she snapped. "You could have stayed here with Mrs. Webb and Atkins to look after you. It's just that—that——" She felt her chin beginning to quiver and she took herself resolutely in hand. She had cried enough for one day. "They don't want me!" she burst out. "That's what Eleanor said in the letter. They want to be by themselves for a while longer."

He sat down again, puzzled gaze on her. "Let me get this straight. There seems to be more here than meets the eye. Why shouldn't they like to be together? Why should you weep buckets of tears because your father and mother . . . Was it a trip you specially wanted to take?"

"Not that! And of course it's silly of me to go on like this. It's only that I thought they needed me—that they'd be unhappy without me; and Lance does put off things and Eleanor's headaches are so bad when they come——"

"I see." The first smile she had ever beheld on his face twitched at his lips but he suppressed it manfully. "Well, that's pretty bad, my dear, but it might have been worse. You'll all be better, I think, for a little change from each other. People often are."

"That's — that's what Eleanor said."

"What do you plan to do when this trip is over? When you've fired or re-hired Atkins, whichever you decide?"

"I don't know," she told him in a small voice. "Something — something that keeps me busy, that's—that's independent of them. I know they're right; I know I should be leading my own life. The question is: what shall I do?"

He gave the matter frowning attention. "Write? You could take an apartment somewhere and devote yourself to writing."

"I suppose I could. Sounds pretty dreary though. Eleanor says they'll be in Chicago in three weeks and I'm to meet them there: that we'll stay all winter in an hotel apartment. But Lance won't stay all winter there. He'll get a yen to sketch something in some outlandish place—shadows on the snow in Maine, or humming birds in Peru—and off they'll go."

"Off you'll go, too?"

"No. That's partly what I was crying about. I . . . I'm homesick for them for next winter, if you can understand what I'm talking about. I mean, it's no good going through this separation and then joining them again; like—like water closing up over a stone thrown into it. I shall have to stay put, making a life for myself. I can, of course," she said proudly. "It's just the—the getting used to the idea."

"I know what you mean." His voice and eyes were kind. "We'll have to talk——Hello! there's a car coming in."

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, KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Songs, KGO, KEX, KJR.
5:30—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Vagabonds, KPO, KGW, KFI.
5:45—Piano Duo, KGW; Drama, KPO; Streamline Headlines, KNX, KOIN; News, KFI.
6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:00—Columbia Workship, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Address by James A. Farley, KGO, KJR; Pop-Offs, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Chester's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO; Drama, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX.
9:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures, KGO, KEX.
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; James' Orch., KGW; Powell's Orch., KNX, KSL; Basle's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KSL, KNX; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Carl's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KEX; Basle's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Friday

5:00—Music for Listening, KGO, KEX, KJR; Concert, KOMO; Melody Time, KPO; Order of Adventures, KFI, KGW.
5:30—Fledglings in Brass, KGO, KJR; Now and Then, KGW; Quiz Program, KPO.
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Concert Orch., KGO; Jessel's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.
7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Business Frontiers, KPO, KFI, KGW; Heidt's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Young Man With a Band, KNX, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroos, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Kelly's Program, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith's Hour, KNX, KOIN, KSL; James' Orch., KPO.
9:30—Remember When? KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; News KJR.
10:00—Basie's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN.
10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KPO, KGW; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KFI.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Basle's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Miriam Hopkins Is "Renovated"

RENO, Nev., Oct. 12.-(AP)-Slipping quietly into District Judge William McKnight's courtroom at 8:30 a. m.—an hour or more before most court sessions begin—blonde Miriam Hopkins won an uncontested divorce on grounds of cruelty today from Antole Litvak, film director.

The actress was given the right to resume her former name of plain Miriam Hopkins after the brief, private hearing.

Blast Kills Torchmen

PORTLAND, Oct. 12.—(AP)—A carbon explosion which occurred while an acteylene torch generator was being loaded killed two "torch men" at the Alaska Junk company today. Dead were Andrew D. Beer, 63, and William H. Stevens, 51, both of Portland.

BUCKY HARRIS SIGNS TO MANAGE SENATORS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—(AP)—President Clark Griffith, of the Washington Senators, today announced he had signed Stanley (Bucky) Harris to manage the Senators in 1940. No mention of salary was made.

Harris, who brought Washington its first pennant, in 1924, finished sixth with the Senators this year.

SPECULATORS TAKING ALL TURKEY SUPPLIES

PORTLAND, Oct. 12.—(AP)-Speculators absorbed turkeys as quickly as they were available today at prices the lowest on record at this period of the season.

Carload movements east gained. A number of interests were inclined to hold for larger holiday profits.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

GRANTS PASS FARMER DIES OF SHOT WOUND

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 12.—(AP)—A C. Ford, 79, Perrydale pioneer, died Tuesday a few hours after a shotgun blasted off his left hand and forced removal of his right eye.

His widow said he had been carrying packages with the gun and that she believed one of the packages had fallen, striking the trigger.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

HURRY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

SHADES OF ERIN

More than 150 years before Columbus was born, an Icelandic Viking named Bjarni Herjulfsson got lost en route to Greenland and discovered America, in the spring of 987.

Thirteen years later Eric the Red's son, Leif Ericson, reached Newfoundland.

Strange as it seems, these early Vikings were about 60 per cent Norwegian, 30 per cent Irish and 10 per cent European stock. The Irish discovered Iceland about 800 and intermarried with the Vikings, who arrived a half century later. Norsemen themselves vouch for the story.

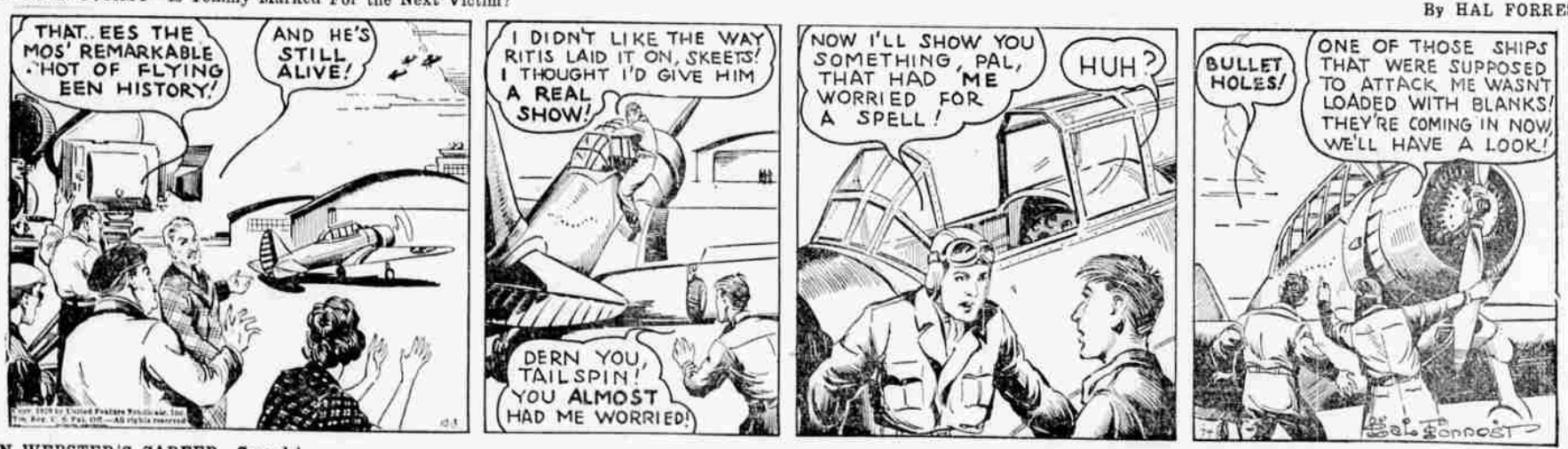
LABEL COLLECTOR

Hague Johnson's collection of 3,000 beer labels reveals many odd brands, including: Giggle Beer, Bull Frog Beer and Pink Eelephant Ale.

TOMORROW: Soldier or Two Armies.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Is Tommy Marked For the Next Victim?

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Speech!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Peace Offering

By SOL HESS

BUSY MRS. ROOSEVELT AT 55TH MILESTONE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.-(AP)-Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt had a birthday anniversary yesterday—her fifty-sixth—but the busy first lady's activities went on as usual.

Two of her four sons, James and Elliott, "just happened" to be in town on business, Mrs. Roosevelt explained, and hence could see her cut a birthday cake with 21 candles—the maximum at family parties.

Otherwise there was nothing in the way of celebration.

TOWNSEND THREATENS TO BUILD OWN RADIO

AUSTIN, Tex., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Dr. Francis E. Townsend, nationally known old age pension figure here to confer with Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, said today his organization would "build our own station in Mexico if we are kept off the air in the United States."

Dr. Townsend has been informed of action by the National Association of Broadcasters barring him from paid radio programs.