

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

YOUNG LANCE, BUFF'S parents come to Boulder to find out what she is up to. Buff confesses to her mother that she is "head over heels about Tim."

Chapter 14 A Father's Advice

NEITHER woman was surprised to have Lance arrive early with Tim, bewildered and a little angry, in tow.

Lance triumphantly exhibited a notebook crammed with sketches. "Got 'em hanging around Corliss's office," he explained. "Wonderful place. Corliss types Elcanor. I think we'll stay on here a week or so. Too bad Buff hasn't room for us, but then the hotel's comfortable enough. Corliss has promised to show me some types that will fit right into my plans for the new series."

Buff was demure and quiet all through the meal. Lance's exuberance made any other attitude impossible, and it pleased her to see Tim thawing out minute by minute, under the genuine interest the older man displayed in his work.

Confronted by Buff's father, and feeling an apology due for his long stay at the ranch, Tim had tried to put in words something of what had happened to him.

He was halfway through his second stumbling sentence when the cartoonist gripped him excitedly by the arm.

"Look at that fellow outside! Tim, my boy, go out and engage him in conversation for five minutes, will you? Five will do though if you could make it ten... get a move on!"

Toward the end of the afternoon, when Lance firmly annexed him for dinner, Tim made a second and more determined effort.

"Mr. Carroll, about Buff, I think you ought to know—"

"I know Buff, and that's all that's necessary," Lance chuckled. "If she's picked you as her partner for the march up a church aisle, my boy, you might as well give up first as last. What that daughter of mine wants she gets—regardless. It's simpler to yield than to fight, I've found."

Tim's jaw set stubbornly. "You must do as you think best, of course, sir, but remember I'm not her father; I'm not related to her in any way. I want to make it clear to you that Buff is staying in Boulder because she chooses to, not because of any persuasion on my part."

Lance nodded, turned his head to view with admiration a grizzled man who might be either a WPA worker, or a miner, Tim thought with grim amusement.

The Denver and Boulder papers were highly excited by his presence and he was generous with interviews. Buff did not know whether it was by chance or by intention that each newspaper story contained some mention of Timothy Corliss, friend and recent guest of the famous artist. Whatever the motive, the effect was beneficial.

George caught Buff alone and told her smiling radiantly, that Tim was now the town's white-headed boy, his recent escapade with Iris DeMuth apparently forgotten by popular consent.

The evening before her parents left, they had a serious talk with their only child. Quietly, enough it was Lance who began, "Buff, that young man of yours is all right," he announced. "She said wryly, 'If he only were my young man! But he behaves as though I had a peculiarly loathsome form of leprosy, or something.'"

Burned Child

CARROLL shook his head indulgently.

"Defense mechanism. He's a lot more attracted to you than he knows himself, or would admit if he did know. He's a burned child just now and doesn't realize that when winter sets in a fire is going to afford a grateful warmth if used in moderation. Stick around, Buff! Cold weather comes early up here."

"That's honestly your advice, Lance?"

Father and daughter exchanged a long look; a look which made Elcanor feel momentarily isolated. She reminded herself that Buff had always been more Lance's child than her; touched with his genius, endowed with his ability to get his own way, gifted with his happy-go-lucky charm.

"My advice—honestly. At least for a few months. Between us, we've had I have hauled him out of his shell—for the time being at least."

To her amazement he tossed his notebook of sketches onto the table. "No earthly use to me, of course; but priceless as a means of putting Tim in touch with his fellow men after last summer's debacle. He's out now—of his shell, I mean. It's up to you to keep him there, my little one."

Buff, grasping the significance of these ten days—wasted as far as Lance's own work was concerned—laid her cheek against her father's hand.

"You're—you're pretty swell, darling," she told him huskily. "And if I can't carry on from where you're leaving off, I don't deserve him."

"Or he doesn't deserve you!" Eleanor could not forbear the comment.

Lance disposed of the subject so far as he was concerned.

Tim's all right. What happened to him might have happened to any young fellow. The thing is that he's not played enough—got around to see people. He's made a fetish of work and responsibility. When he thought he'd failed at both, and lost his ideal woman besides, the sky fell—or so he believed. Give him a little time to regain his sense of proportion."

He rose, stretching his big frame in relief. "You're perfectly safe here with Mrs. Webb. You ought to have enough spare time to do a little writing. We'll hurt Tim to realize you have other interests, you know. I think your mother and I will go to Bermuda. Early enough to escape the tourists. Kiss your fond parents goodbye, dear child, and don't forget to write!"

"Letters, stories or one-act plays?" Buff called after him.

"All of 'em!" He swept his wife from the doorway where she lingered, gazing mournfully at Buff. "Come along, sweet! Remember that our train leaves at an ungodly hour tomorrow morning!"

Popularity

THE friendly little town of Boulder took Buff to its heart almost overnight. Tim Corliss, coming dutifully and reluctantly to pay a late afternoon call on his erstwhile hostess, was arrested by sounds of hilarity from the living room.

"I didn't know Miss Buff was having a party," he said to Webby, who had admitted him. "No more she is; unless you call every afternoon a party. Miss Buff and me, we decided we might as well serve tea every day. These here young folks that drop in are always hungry. You got right on in, Mr. Corliss," she urged hospitably. "Miss Buff'll sure be glad to see you!"

If she was, she restrained her delight admirably, he told himself. He found her the center of a laughing group of young people, some from the University, some older.

They sat upon the floor, they filled the couches and armchairs to overflowing, they were very much at home, he thought with a trace of resentment. One of them in particular aroused his disapproval.

"Mr. VanLander, Mr. Corliss," said Buff demurely. "Van's a neighbor of mine, it turns out; lives in the apartment just above. He surveyed the neighborly and appraising eyes and was far from liking what he saw.

Young VanLander—Tim gravely doubted that he would ever see the late twenties again—had hair a shade too long, lashes like a movie actress, and a vocabulary which was evidently his own pride and joy but which fell harshly upon the ear of the young assayer. "Cup o' tea?" Van inquired brightly. "Ogle-dogle! Get it for you in a sec!"

He ceremoniously presented his own chair to Tim; "If I were ninety, or thereabouts," Tim mused with hostility. When the tea was brought, Van doubled his long legs perilously close to the other man's feet. ("If he only knew how they itch to kick him!")

"Covet little Timmy here, eh, what?" he began. "Nice child, our hostess, in spite of having brains. Personally I prefer women to be as nearly devoid of gray matter as is compatible with making a man comfortable. But Buff—"

"Are you speaking of Miss Carroll?" inquired Tim coldly.

Van stared. "None other; but why the formality? Buff is much easier to say, believe me! Lucky break for me, having her move in to this apartment. I'm perpetually out of groceries—'I'm my own housekeeper, you see—and Buff and dear old Webby come to my rescue."

"What else do you do besides housekeep?"

An expression of deep gravity settled upon the other's face.

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KPL, 640.
KOA, 1470, Spokane.
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 420, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle.
KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland.
KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Monday

5:00—Party, KPO, KFI, KGW, Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR.
5:30—Time and Tempo, KFI, KGW, Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Singers, KPO.

5:00—Both's Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KXK, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:30—Vocalist, KGO; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI; Sunday Evening Hour, KXK, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Organist, KGO, KJR, KEX; Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, KFI; 7:00—Playhouse, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Sleep Serenade, KPO; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI, Humber's Orch., KGW.

7:30—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KGW; 8:00—Week's Orch., KGO, KJR; Hobby Lobby, KXK, KOIN; Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI, News, KEX.

8:30—Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KFI; Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR; Master's Orch., KOIN.

9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI, KGW; Ben Bernie, KXK, KOIN; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX.

9:30—Aryes' Orch., KXK; Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX; One Man's Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KEX, KOIN.

10:30—Lorenz's Orch., KOIN, KXK; Noble's Orch., KGO, KJR, Bridge to Dreamland, KPO.

11:00—News, KGO; Songs, KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KXK.

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10:30—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Pianist, KXK, KOIN; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KFI, KEX; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00—Bavanna's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Organist, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KXK, KGW.

French Evacuate Towns Near Line
Luxembourg, Oct. 21—(AP)—In the rain and mud the residents of the French part of two villages on the Luxembourg frontier were removed today.

The villages are Mondorf and Evrange on the southern border of the grand duchy.

Observers were uncertain whether the step was taken as an ordinary precaution or in anticipation of a German drive.

Detroit, Oct. 21—(AP)—Ignoring previous rebuffs, two members of the state labor mediation board today joined in negotiations aimed at settlement of the "slow-down vs. speed-up" dispute between the CIO-United Automobile Workers' union and the Chrysler Corp.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE
10-17

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE SQUAD BECAME A HERO WHEN HE MADE A SENSATIONAL OVER-THE-SHOULDER INTERCEPTION OF A FORWARD PASS THAT WON THE GAME; AND HE NEVER LET ON THAT HE HAD MERELY BEEN HOLDING OUT HIS HANDS TO SEE IF IT WAS SPRINKLING, ON ACCOUNT OF HAVING STRICT ORDERS TO COME HOME IF IT RAINED.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ritas Exults . . . Beverly Prays!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Information, Please!



THE NEBBS—The Coward?



LEAFLET SHOWERS FOR NAZIS ENDED

With the British Royal Air Force Somewhere in France, Oct. 21—(AP)—Passed by R.

A.E. Field Censor.)—Britain's Royal Air Force may soon be ordered to abandon their leaflet warfare and go into bombing action for the first time since the first week of the war, if German air raids continue on Scotland.
It was reported tonight that the situation on the western front may soon demand swift concentration of first line aircraft for a mass raid on military objectives in or near the German lines.
The actual decision to abandon leaflet warfare and fill the bomb racks with explosives is a matter of high policy and would be taken by the British cabinet in consultation with the French.
Closing time for Too Late to Classy Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

FIRST AT THE POLE

Sought for 2,234 years, since the Greek Pythias first crossed the Arctic Circle in 325 B.C., the North Pole was conquered in 1909 when Commander Robert E. Peary, four Eskimos and an American Negro were first at the world's top.

Peary chose Matthew A. Henson to go with him because he considered the powerful youth the best dog-driver living. Peary ordered Henson to precede him and on April 6, 1909, Henson found he had crossed the top of the world and was heading south.

Forty-five minutes later Peary caught up with him and the party returned about one mile. Henson is alive and well today. He lives in New York City.

MONDAY: Painters' War.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



FAIR DEBT ORDER FILED TO CHECK COLLECTION SUIT

San Francisco, Oct. 21—(AP)—The world's fair on Treasure Island did a brisk business at the same old stands today, but it was operating under a federal court restraining order preventing anyone from suing to collect \$4,608,914 in unpaid debts.
The exposition board of managers filed proceedings in federal court yesterday under a special section of the emergency bankruptcy law—a section dealing particularly with unsecured creditors. It issued a brief statement saying the move was made to insure "an orderly and equitable liquidation of its affairs."
Attorneys explained that the bankruptcy section, chapter 11, could be invoked only when the debtor was threatened with involuntary bankruptcy proceedings against it.
Federal Judge Harold Loud-erback issued the temporary restraining order permitting the fair to continue operating up to its announced closing date of October 29 under the present management and prohibiting filing of any collection suits against it.
Meanwhile, the exposition which started with the hope 20,000,000 persons would pay to see it, and which has garnered high praise from visitors the world over for its scope and beauty, was registering attendances still under 10,000,000.
Undaunted by developments, a group of business men promoters went ahead today with their efforts to raise a needed \$1,640,000 to re-open the fair next year "under new management."
Monticello, N. Y., Oct. 21—(UP)—A partridge flew through a window in the city hospital operating room today, and when first aid was rushed to it the frightened bird crashed into another window, cutting its throat and dying.