

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

Chapter 28

The Missing Maid

"YOU'LL have a devil of a time finding Buff," her father told Tim over the telephone. "If she's mad up her mind to leave you out on a limb, if you'll take my advice you'll stay in Denver overnight, at least. Tell me your hotel and I'll call you around ten. There may be some word of her then."

There was no alternative. Tim gave the name of an unpretentious hotel which he and George made use of when business kept them overnight in the city. He spent a long afternoon in his room, trying desperately to remember any reference Buff had made to the place she liked to stay. Gramercy Park in New York had appealed to her. Should he try her there? But she couldn't have reached Chicago by now, let alone New York.

In the middle of the afternoon he telephoned George in a forlorn hope that some scrap of news had reached him. It had; a rather surprising scrap, too.

"Iris has checked out at the Boulderado," Weekes said excitedly. "And what's more it looks as if Buff had taken her in her car. Latschaw was in the office today. He's pretty hot under the collar as you might expect. First we busted up his deal with that Detroit buyer, and now we've kidnapped his girl—so he says."

Tim was dumfounded. Buff and Iris together! He didn't know which seemed the more incredible: that Iris would go willingly with the girl who had exposed her deceit, or that Buff would want to take Iris. He replaced the receiver dazedly. But protracted thought—and he had plenty of time for thought, protracted or otherwise, before the call came through from Tucson at last—showed him that providing for Iris was exactly the sort of thing Buff might be expected to do.

"Taking care of people is a complex with her. And I thought she was going out of her way to look after me! All that talk of marriage was simply her idea of the best way to protect me from"—he winced—"the Irises of the world. She'd have done it as readily for George—for that fool VanLander. She selected me because mine seemed to her a more desperate case." He thought of his brotherly admonitions to her, of his stubborn resistance to her attempts to help him, and reddened. Buff seemed to stand before him, her blue eyes gentle, her small slim figure at once protective and appealing.

Somewhat the hours dragged along until ten o'clock. Tim leaped toward the telephone when Lance Carroll's call came through.

"I've heard from her," announced the artist. "You can stop your worrying. She's safe."

"But where is she?" Tim shouted.

"Where she prefers to be for a time, at least; without an address."

"You mean that I—"

"I'm afraid so. She said particularly that no one in Boulder was to know her destination. Sorry, but Buff always has a pretty good reason for what she does."

"But—but it's absolutely necessary that I—that I see her," stammered Tim. "Look here, Mr. Carroll—I—there are things I must say to her. A lot has happened since you were here. It's vital that I see Buff—communicate with her, anyway."

"Write her in care of my address," advised the older man. "But don't come down here. She isn't here—won't be here. No use to hunt her either. It's a fairly large country to hide in, you know, and Buff's a seasoned traveler. Put your troubles on paper and send the letter here. I'll see that it's forwarded."

With that, Tim had to be content. He wrote and re-wrote his letter; used up all the stationery in the hotel bedroom and rang for more. At one o'clock or thereabouts he came to the conclusion that the first letter was about as good as the last; neither represented adequately what he wanted to say. He sealed the envelope, tore his other efforts into shreds, and went wearily to bed. The next day he returned to Boulder to await Buff's answer.

Tim's Turn To Worry
IT WAS Tim's turn to speculate, to analyze, to worry. He turned over and over in his mind the events of the last few months. He tried to convince himself that Buff had betrayed a personal interest in his welfare instead of the characteristic helpfulness he really believed she had shown toward him. He thought of the soap sculptor and Buff's motherly care of him. He thought of the dozen or more University students who dropped in for tea and sandwiches, for small loans, for advice and help with their work.

Above all, he thought of Iris. Buff's action in rescuing the girl who had been the cause of so much trouble to everyone was proof positive to Tim of Buff's intrinsic kindness. Iris was in a tight place, Latschaw had turned snarling upon her in the real estate office, and accused her of betraying his plans to Tim.

The story of that hasty trip to Denver was sure to leak out, Tim mused. George's exultation was too great to expect complete silence on his part. "And Buff was quick to realize all that. While I was stunned with what had happened, and wild with anxiety to see Bu., she quietly picked up Iris and took her away. And I flattered myself that she was interested in me, as a man, rather than as a person who needed her friendship and encouragement!"

He was right about the story being known to Boulder. True, it was a garbled story, involving a summing of the police, Iris's flight from legal accounting, Buff's chagrin at discovering her friend to be an adventurer.

Tim learned that Mrs. Webb was returning to the ranch. He went into the kitchen of Buff's apartment to say goodbye. She had been good to him, and she had watched faithfully over Buff. Tim shook her hand cordially.

"No word, I suppose, from Miss Buff?" He did not pause for an answer but hurried on: "Webby, I want you to promise me something. You have my telephone number, both at the laboratory and the boardinghouse. I don't like the idea of your being alone at the ranch. You might fall ill. Will you call me if you need help of any kind? I'll come right out."

Her broad face, rigid at first with some emotion he did not understand, showed a wavering smile.

"I'll call you, Mr. Tim. You—I—you're a nice man no matter what they say."

He nodded absently. He was past caring what "they" said by now. The answer to his letter to Buff was due, and over due. Each night he searched the table at his boardinghouse, hoping to find the girl's small firm handwriting on one of the envelopes in the pewter plate; and each night he was disappointed.

He questioned George cautiously. "I don't suppose you happened to have heard—from Buff? I mean—it's only natural you would write you, considering how friendly you two were."

"Not a word!" was the crisp rejoinder. George's sympathy with his partner flamed as bright as ever, but he considered Tim needed to learn his lesson thoroughly this time. "Pretty dull old town without her, isn't it? No tea-time chats, no dinners. Worst of all, no Buff in that blue velvet thing she wore, curled up in the big chair to listen to us gab about our work. For such a young thing, Buff is pretty much of a person. A lot of us are just beginning to find it out."

I Can Do Nothing
TIM assented unhappily. He had passed the stage where he cared what Weekes thought of him—at least where Buff was concerned.

When it became evident that he could no longer expect an answer to his letter—that stiffly apologetic, almost incoherent letter he had written in the hotel room at Denver—he wrote Lance Carroll. He said simply that he owed Buff a great debt and would never be easy in his mind until he had at least acknowledged it. Would the artist give Buff's address since she chose to ignore both him and his apologies?

Carroll took his time to reply and when the letter came, it contained only two lines: "Sorry, but if Buff chooses to disappear from your life, I can do nothing."

Winter which had withheld its violence until now swept down on the little town. The snowdrifts were busy every day clearing the roads. The winds came straight from the peaks and were knife-edged.

There was little work for either of the young men. Tim had time on his hands; time to miss a straight little figure with blue eyes which looked directly into his, not drooping like Iris's dark ones; time to recall a dozen little gestures, a hundred inflections of the boyish voice, Buff's own contagious chuckle.

He missed her sorely, and as the winter wore on his longing to see her grew almost hourly. Iris faded completely from his mind, or if he remembered her at all it was with the instinctive recoil of a healthy mind from recollections of pain. Night after night he lay in his bed, his eyes fixed on the ceiling but his inward vision busy with Buff's level, little Buff, friendly and kind little Buff. Buff whose courage was great enough to offer herself in marriage to a man in trouble, since it seemed to her there was no other way to help him.

His infatuation over Iris DeMuth had given him a facility in terms of endearment. He had called her "darling" and "dearest," "sweet," and "heart's delight." Foam on the wave, he knew now. Even in his thoughts he could say no more than the crisp little nicknames: Buff, Buff! He threw into it enough agonizing longing to more than fill a volume of love poems.

He woke one morning with a strange purpose. He would drive out to the ranch and see how Webby was getting along. "You're crazy, man," George told him flatly. "I doubt if you can get through on the highway this early. It's a sure thing you couldn't make the road to the ranch. Webby would have called you anything was wrong. You told me yourself she promised."

"The line's down," Tim answered. "I tried last night to get her, tried again the first thing this morning. Even if she's well, she may have run out of supplies in that out-of-the-way place."

"Well," George sighed, "if you're dead set on going, I suppose I may as well go along."

"No, you stay here." There was a brusque note in Tim's voice which surprised the other man. "At the best, it'll be no pleasure trip. At the worst, I may get held up out there a couple of days or more. One of us had better be here." So Tim set off soon after nine, in a storm which rapidly assumed the proportions of a blizzard.

Continued tomorrow

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
Kex, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Tuesday
5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW, KFI, Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR.
5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Heidi's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Tuesday Night Party, KSL.

6:00—String Quartet, KGO, KEX; Bob Benchley, KPO, KGW, KFI.

6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.

7:00—Shield Revue, KGO; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KNN.

7:30—Sports Pop-Offs, KNN, KOIN; Fun With the Famous, KGO, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.

8:00—Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KNN, KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX.

KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KOIN, KNN.

9:00—Martin's Orch., KEX; Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KNN, Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Hour, KGO.

9:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KEX; Battle of the Saxons, KPO, KGW, KFI; We, the People, KNN, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNN, KSL; Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.

10:30—Poster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Owen's Orch., KNN.

11:00—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Pianist, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Wednesday
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; News, KGO; Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.

5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Music for Listening, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNN; Safety First, KPO.

6:30—Radio Guild, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Convention, KGO, News, KJR.

7:00—Sketch, KNN, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Magnolia Blossoms, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30—Burns and Allen, KNN, KOIN, KSL; Shield's Orch., KGO, KJR.

8:00—News, KPO; Breeding Along, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN, KSL.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW.

KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNN, KOIN.

8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN; Quicksilver, KGO, KJR, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Pearce's Gang, KNN, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KFI, KGW, KPO.

9:30—Noble's Orch., KGO; News, KJR.

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

10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KFI, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KGO; Owen's Orch., KNN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00—Organist, KOIN; Notting-ham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Punjab Backs Britain
Bombay, Nov. 7.—(P)—The assembly of Punjab province, predominantly populated by Moslems and Sikhs who furnish the backbone of India's army, adopted a resolution today supporting Great Britain and condemning "fascist and nazi aggression."

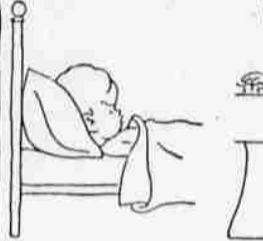
Finns Set Censorship
Helsinki, Nov. 7.—(P)—Finland imposed censorship on mail, telegrams and telephone calls today. A government spokesman said the danger of espionage was responsible for the decree, broadcast to the public on the radio.

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STAYING IN BED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

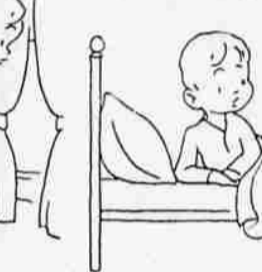
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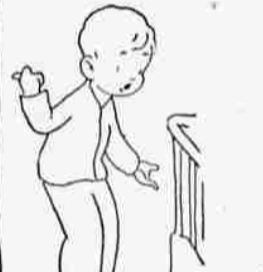
IS KEPT IN BED WITH A SLIGHT COLD. GETS VERY BORED



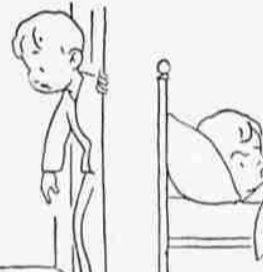
GETS UP AND GETS A DRINK OF WATER



ON WAY BACK TO BED, MAKES A TOUR OF BEDROOMS, LOOKING OUT OF EACH WINDOW TO SEE WHAT IS GOING ON



COMES TO HEAD OF STAIRS TO EXPLAIN HE JUST WANTED A DRINK OF WATER AND DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER HER



GETS BACK TO BED AND POPS OUT AGAIN AT ONCE BECAUSE HE THOUGHT SHE CALLED SOMETHING HE COULDN'T HEAR



ASKS, IF HE SHOULD WANT AN OTHER DRINK OF WATER, COULD HE GET UP AND GET IT? MOTHER WEARILY DECIDES HE MIGHT AS WELL STAY UP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Beverly Becomes Excited

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Defeat. Where is Thy Sting?



THE NEBBS—Who is He?



AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT AN'...



NOW, WITH ALL THAT OFF MY CHEST, I FEEL SWELL!



DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS, OBIE?



HE ORDERS A LOT OF WATER TO HIS ROOM. HE COULDN'T DRINK IT ALL IF HE WAS A CAMEL!



HE DON'T SAY ONE WORD MORE THAN HE HAS TO AND HE ONLY GRUNTS THEM—THERE'S TWO KIND OF GUY'S I DON'T CARE FOR—ONE WHO TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT HIMSELF AND THE OTHER THE ONE WHO TELLS YOU NOTHING



ILL FIND OUT ABOUT HIM—WHEN I GET CURIOUS IN SUCH PROPORTIONS IT DESERVES TO BE SATISFIED

JUNIOR HIGH P.-T. A. GIVING MYSTERY PLAY

The mystery play "Spooky Tavern," will be given Wednesday night in the Lincoln school

gymnasium. The play is sponsored by the Junior high school P.T. A., instead of the Lincoln school P.T. A., as erroneously announced previously. Members of the Young People's Circle of the First Christian church compose the cast. An evening of mystery and fun is promised for a small admission fee and a large audience is expected. The young actors have built an attractive reputation in former plays presented.

Chinese Consul
PORTLAND, Nov. 7.—(P)—Acting Chinese Consul S. C. Su said today Silving P. C. Au had been named consul for Portland and would arrive some time next week.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD! A GIANT CLUB-MOSS THAT GREW IN NEW YORK STATE OVER 275,000,000 YEARS AGO! (Restored fossil in N.Y. State Museum)

OLDEST TREE Far back on time's calendar a giant club-moss (Lepidodendron) grew in what is now New York State. It was in the Devonian Period, an age when strange, bony-plated fishes swam the oceans of the world.

Today this same tree stands in New York State Museum, a remarkable job of fossil reconstruction. Its age is estimated at more than 275,000,000 years.

CRIPPLE TO CHAMPION Four years ago Nancy Merki learned swimming to overcome the effects of infantile paralysis. Today she is an aquatic champion. At the National A. A. U. women's tournament at Des Moines in July, she swam away with honors. Two months later, at San Francisco, she bettered the 400-meter Olympic record.

Tomorrow: Rat-Cat!

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HEN

U. S. AND VENEZUELAN SIGN TRADE AGREEMENT

Washington, Nov. 7.—(P)—The state department announced today the signing at Caracas of a trade agreement between United States and Venezuela. The agreement is the 22nd negotiated by the United States and is the 11th to be concluded with American republics.

CCC Men Hurt

Bend, Nov. 7.—(P)—John Martin, Camp Brothers CCC man, was in a bend hospital today with a broken back and four other camp enrollees were nursing lesser injuries, the results of a traffic accident Sunday near Millican. A truck carrying 15 CCC men to the camp overturned.

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