

After A Man's Heart

by JEAN RANDALL

Chapter 29
Found!

HE SHOULD have reached the ranch before noon. Three o'clock found him still on the highway, his windshield wiper clicking with the regularity of a metronome, the snow whirling in great gusts before him. Occasionally he ran into a road almost dry where the wind had acted as a giant brush; but often he encountered drifts too great to venture into before making use of the shovel with which he had provided himself.

Steam from his breath frosted the windows and had to be removed again and again. Several times he missed the road entirely and felt the crackle of dried grass and sage brush beneath his tires. But for the first time since Buff's flight his spirits rose. He whistled as he got out and shoved the small car back onto the road. Here was something he could wrestle with; overcome. His mind was clear of emotion, the vapors of bewilderment, remorse, grief, and loss blown away by the icy wind. Even his love for Buff was translated into a determination to conquer the elements. He would reach the ranch or die in the attempt, he told himself, almost gaily.

And reach it he did, though not until the early darkness had fallen. He had dreaded that dangerous road which led to the house itself, had almost decided to leave his car and walk rather than risk hidden boulders. To his surprise he found that although snow lay here and there upon the road, it was evident daily work had kept it open. The new foreman, he thought with gratitude, was proving himself a worthy successor to Atkins.

Tim's car sped gaily along, up to the very porch on which Buff had found him sitting last October. How much had happened in that short space of time! How greatly he, Tim Corliss, had changed, thanks to Buff!

He chuckled to see the house brightly lighted. Evidently Webby and her fellow servant were taking full advantage of their isolation. And who was to blame them for his indulgent comment. Heaven knew it was dull enough for them alone out here through the winter. He hoped they had lighted as many fires, kept the radio on as many hours, cooked and eaten as many hearty meals as would help to lighten the months of their exile.

The front door was unlocked and he went in without knocking or ringing. He forgot that the steadily increasing wind drowned the sound of his car.

Webby was coming down the stairs as he entered; a Webby whose appearance strangely belied the jolly picture he had been building up in his mind. Her face was drawn and anxious. She bore a hot water bag in her hands.

Tim's head was down on her breast, listening to its tortured rise and fall. He knew plenty; could it be checked before it went into pneumonia?

"Does it make you pant to turn on your side?" he asked anxiously.

"No, Tim."

"There's no effusion then, thank God! Now listen, Buff. I've seen a lot of this kind of trouble—among the men in mines, you know, and elsewhere. I don't dare wait until I could make it to Loveland or Boulder for a doctor. Will you let me take care of you?"

"Anything—anything," she murmured, breathing as lightly as she could.

Tim took immediate charge of the situation. He set Webby to making mustard plasters and applying them faithfully. He watched Buff's temperature as well as he could by the throbbing of the little vein in her temple. The strong coffee the housekeeper had made for him. Now tell me, Webby, how long Miss Buff has been here? How did she catch this cold?"

Actual Hatred

"She came the day after I left Boulder," was the surprising answer. "She fixed it all up with me beforehand. She was taking Miss Iris to Chicago."

"To Chicago? Why?"

Webby pursed her lips. "She'll tell you what she wants you to know, Mr. Tim—about Miss Iris. I mean."

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't have asked. It's none of my business, of course. But Miss Buff is my business!"

The fat cook sent him a shrewd glance.

"Mebby—mebby not; that's for Miss Buff to say. But anyhow that's how we had it fixed. Miss Buff told me to stay on in the apartment till the first of the month, then come out here and she'd join me. And she done it!"

"All this time—out here!" Tim was dumfounded. He had thought of her in Florida, in New York, even abroad; if never entered his head that she might have sought refuge in a ranch house within a score of miles of him.

"All this time, out here. We got along real well, too. Miss Buff, she had some writing to do. I cooked for her and Simons, he kept the road clear of snow and done the chores. If it hadn't been for that letter—"

"What letter?"

Webby considered. "I guess I better tell you about it, after all. I'll save Miss Buff talking. It was that DeMuth girl again," she explained, bitter accusation in her tone. "Miss Buff got over a job in Chicago. Something to do with clothes. I don't know just what she wears her clothes real well. I'll say that for her. And you can bet Miss Buff didn't stop there either. She leased a little apartment for her, she introduced her to some of her friends. You'd think," she went on acrimoniously, "that was enough to satisfy anybody. But not that Iris DeMuth! She wired she was tired of working and was coming back to Denver. Miss Buff drove in to meet her."

"In this weather?"

"In this weather. Of course it wasn't snowing so hard then, but it was plenty cold. She stayed two days and got that Iris girl talked into going back to Chicago. Then coming back here it became snow and poor little Miss Buff had to fight her way to the house."

Tim shuddered, remembering his own struggle of yesterday. A twenty-year-old girl, alone in the storm, getting out, across the front from the windshield, battling with drifts, chilled through and through. The papers were filled with stories of travelers who had died under such circumstances. Buff, his little Buff!

And all to help Iris DeMuth! A diatribe for her which was all too actual hatred took possession of him. A hundred Irises would not be worth the risk of one Buff Carroll. Nor did he believe Iris needed help. She would always land, cat-like, on her feet no matter what the circumstances. He like her to abandon the comfortable apartment, the pleasant work Buff had secured for her, to come back to Denver, her unshakable egotism directing a new appeal to Buff, perhaps even to Tim himself.

Webby was watching his face.

Continued tomorrow.

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KJW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KNX, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 920; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

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, KNX; Safety First, KPO.
6:30—Radio Guild, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Convention, KGO; News, KJR.
7:00—Sketch, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyrer's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Magnolia Blossoms, KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Shield's Orch., KGO, KJR.
8:00—News, KPO; Breeding Along, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:15—1 Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNX.

KSL, KOIN; Quicksilver, KGO, KJR, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:00—Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KFI, KGW, KPO, KJR.
9:30—Noble's Orch., KGO; News, KJR.
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KFI, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KGW; Owens' Orch., KNX; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00—Organist, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KOW.

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 Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Workshop, KOIN; Music Hall, KFI, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR; Pop-Ops, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX.
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; James' Orch., KGO; Powell's Orch., KSL; Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KEX; Operetta Series, KEX, KOIN; News, KJR.

HYPNOTIC KISSER HEADED FOR PEN

San Francisco, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Jesse Ray Mowery, 43, whose two wives said he kissed with "hypnotic" power, was headed for Folsom prison today to serve two consecutive terms of from one to ten years for grand theft.

He was convicted of stealing \$3,000 from Mrs. Vivian Korth, 32, of Martinez; and \$2,000 from Mrs. Laura Alvina Smith, 41, of San Francisco, each of whom he wed about two years ago. He was sentenced yesterday.

The women testified his kisses had a strangely narcotic effect. A bigamy charge against Mowery was dropped.

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

OREGON POWER RATES WHITTLED DURING YEAR

Salem, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Oregon power companies have reduced their annual rates by \$342,000 so far this year, compared with \$137,000 during the same period last year, public utilities commissioner Ormond R. Bean said today.

Residential reductions so far this year total \$166,000, while commercial and industrial rates have been cut by \$156,000 and \$12,440, respectively.

Ex-Forester Dies
Grants Pass, Nov. 8.—(AP)—J. H. Billingslea, supervisor of the Siskiyou national forest from 1927 to 1931, died Tuesday in

St. Louis, Mo., where he had undergone an operation by a rain surgeon.

Father of 28
Conway, S. C. (U.P.)—Ed J. Roberts, who was elected mayor of Conway over 23 opponents, claims he will guide the citizens paternally. Roberts, aged 69, is the father of 28 children.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

McARTHUR
McARTHUR
McARTHUR AND
McARTHUR
WON THE AMERICAN
LAWN BOWLING ASSN
CHAMPIONSHIP
Chicago, 1937

NATURE'S ARTWORK—
A GIRAFFE
formed by a
NATURAL
ROOT,
found by
Frank Dunn,
Long Island,
N. Y.

CHAT—THE RAT-CAT!
2-YEAR-OLD CAT WHOSE
HIND QUARTERS AND TAIL
RESEMBLE A RAT'S

Belleville, N. J.

CARBURETOR INVENTION
Charles Duryea, who claimed to be the practical inventor of the modern motor car, in 1892—nearly half a century ago—was inspired to invent the spray injection carburetor while watching his wife using a perfume atomizer.

Duryea, strange as it seems, won the first automobile race in the United States (Chicago, 1895) with one of his own vehicles, traveling 54.36 miles at an average speed of 7 1/2 miles per hour.

RAT-CAT!
Chat, from the front, is much the same as any other cat. But his hind quarters are covered with sleek, gray hide and his tail oddly resembles a rat's. His paws have but four toes each. Mrs. Carmen Delegra of Belleville, N. J., is his owner.

TOMORROW: Man Who Won the War of 1812.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By LUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Beverly Is Worried

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Fact

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

TELEVISION SEEN PROSPERITY PROP

Chicago, Nov. 8.—(AP)—U. A. Sanabria, chief of staff of the American Television Institute, asserted today that the introduction of television as a popular entertainment medium would be the nation's greatest prosperity stimulant.

Once established, he said in an interview, the television industry would "easily employ 1,000,000 men and take care of 5,000,000 indirectly" and through its ramifications bestow benefits up on many other industries.

"Some 2,000 television stations," he continued, "undoubtedly would be needed to serve the larger population centers, which make up at least half of the country. Each of these stations would be a potential place of employment for 30 men, and that's taking into account only

UNCLE SAM'S WHISKY STOCK SEEN AMPLE

Portland, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Uncle Sam's whisky stock is big, big enough to prevent a war in increase in liquor prices, heads of the National Alcohol Beverage Control association declared yesterday.

Bernard E. Manley, association president declared that even if the war halted imports the reserve stock was still large enough to insure stationary prices for several years.

Mt. Angel Mayor
Mt. Angel, Ore., Nov. 8.—(AP)—Jacob Berchtold was reelected mayor yesterday, defeating Math Wagner 234 to 41.

Weather
Northern California: Fair and cool tonight; Thursday fair with lower temperature south portion; fresh northerly winds off the coast.