

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: Behind Juanita Basara's captivating disguise lurks a mysterious, intriguing pattern of the past. Her father, a physician, and her mother, a socialite, are both dead. She is more terrified upon seeing her father's ghost than she is when she is seen by her mother. Her grandfather, Rick Stavara, sends her the innocent Juanita follows Divitt's orders and, posing as a fortune teller, she is seen by Mrs. Belois and returns the necklace Divitt had stolen at the party. Her story is that she had found it on the street. Juanita refuses the proffered reward, but consents to Rick's calling. When he sees her at the hotel, he brings a ring belonging to his late mother, who Mrs. Belois said resembled Juanita.

Chapter 13

A TARNISHED TITLE

THE Marquesa Carlota de Luis y Cabrera took the seat that Divitt motioned her to and accepted a cigar.

"Well, Spike, I got your note," Divitt closed the door, turned to the marquesa. "Must I tell you again not to call me that?" he asked. "Do I call you 'Craps'?"

The marquesa shook her head, a head that would have been iron-gray had it not been dyed to more than its pristine blackness. Her rouged face with its heavy nose and fine black eyes lit with a smile, not without charm, not without irony.

"Excuse. I will remember. When we say 'Spike' so long, the tongue makes the word itself. Your note says to come. I hope you are gone pay me the money I lose on your roulette wheel."

"It was not my fault that you came here to play," said Divitt. "I hadn't even known you were in New Orleans."

"I didn't come to play roulette. I come to talk to you. When you see me you act like you don't know me. Oh, I understand—" with a slight dismissing gesture. "But when you will not talk, I play roulette and lose the money I have saved to take me back to Spain."

"I'll talk to you now," said Divitt. "But out out that 'Spike' business. What did you do after they raided us in Philadelphia? Soon as I knew what was up I gave you all the money and you went shinning up the fire escape. What did you do after that?"

"I go over to Jersey. I become a Gypsy and tell fortunes. I make money—enough to take me back to Spain."

"You didn't care what happened to me, did you?"

"Yes. I ask about you all 'round. At last I am told you are in New Orleans, so I say to myself, 'I can sail for Spain from there, and see him too.' . . . Was that your wife, Spike—that curly head one, passing cigarettes? I never believe you would marry, Mister Divitt. I never believe any woman can make you forget yourself enough."

"She is pretty like a curly doll. And she fix up this place, they say. Very different from our place in Philadelphia—si? Yes, I think about you, or I would not have come here to sail for Spain. And eef you need me I would not have sail for Spain. I would have stay right here, like I did anyhow, like I must after I lose my money to you. I ought know better than play roulette. But I tell myself I know the trick."

"Tricks are not the same," said Divitt, watching her.

It was not protestations of devotion that he wished from the marquesa, but merely to remind her of certain cards he held. . . . How old was she now—47? 49? . . . She had changed somewhat since that evening five years before when he had watched her vanish up the fire-escape.

In her role of enchantress, she had always been partial to red. He had rather liked it himself in those days. Molly had given him a subtle sense—in decoration and in women's clothes.

Perhaps it was with this sense that he now saw the marquesa. Perhaps she had not really changed. . . .

Yes, she was father—bold was the word. And tobacco was making her teeth ugly, and her fingers. Yet she was not alone in these disfigurements, would not be impaired for the thing he had in mind.

The marquesa was talking. She had a pretty blurring accent, like Juanita's.

"When you say that night you do not need me and will not talk, I go back to palm-reading. It is not so good here as in New Jersey. There are too many."

"So you've been reading palms the month you've been here."

Odd, that. She had been reading palms that first time he had seen her in the little back-street hotel in Philadelphia, reading them in

the lobby for fun; telling people all sorts of things about the future, their wives, husbands and affairs.

Divitt had not had his hand read, but he had stood watching the marquesa in her wine-colored dress and great Moorish earrings, waiting until the crowd withdrew to the dining room. He had talked with her then, discovering that her powers of divination had not served to avert calamities in her own case. The small fortune she had brought to America was gone. She had pawned everything she had except her heavy, crescent-shaped earrings with dull red stones. . . . Divitt wondered now if she had pawned the earrings since. She had not pawned them then.

When he knew her better his newly laid plans for their work-together appealed to her. Stressing its possibilities of wealth, he had learned in time that the marquesa loved danger as well. It was of this that he was thinking when he had written her to come.

The marquesa leaned toward him.

"You need me here?"

"Perhaps. But if people know you already as a fortune-teller—"

"They will not remember. I am so disguise. Like a Gypsy."

"This is ticklish business," said Divitt. "High society, and all that. You really did move in court circles at home, the scion of a noble family, though a black ewe?"

Carlota bridled somewhat. "I am nothing black. I—I go into business with you in Philly because I need the money. I am ready to help you here—"

"For the same reason," supplied Divitt. "But you really are a marquis—In case any one looks you up?"

"Let them look," said Carlota. "All right, I've got a girl from the Argentine. Came into my hands by accident. She has the job passing cigarettes. She got in trouble back home and she's hiding. I know nothing about her except that she's too straight to do what we want—if she knows it."

"We got hold of a necklace one of the well damed dropped, more or less accidentally. I sent Juanita to return it and refuse the reward. Had her give the name of Yabel Flores, which I made up myself. Told her to say she was from Seville."

"And she's from the Argentine?"

haughtily asked the marquesa. "No matter. She looks the part, and she's through with the Argentine. . . . That necklace was the entering wedge. They'll ask her to visit them in return for this courtesy—if they're assured she's real. They'll introduce her into other wealthy homes. It's a gold mine."

"No doubt you're the real thing too, Marquesa, but you could never have done that. Juanita has paved the way, and you can follow—as her duenna. She thinks I mean not to let her get away and squeal. She has no intention of getting away, though it won't hurt to let her know you've got an eye on her. The chief risk is that men will want to marry her. She may fall in love herself!"

"And want to marry?"

Divitt shook his head. "There's no danger of that. From what Molly has gathered, in her talks with Juanita, something has made the thought of marriage impossible to her."

"But her secret may not prevent her falling in love. You yourself are to forestall that."

"Me?" cried the marquesa. "Don't be a fool, Mister Divitt."

"I'm not such a fool as to think you can prevent her being impressed. But you can see when she is impressed, can't you? You can prevent the confidences that follow when the emotion is mutual. You know that she either will not, or can not marry. That should be your cue. Drop a word in the young man's ear—or that of his mamma. Check it before it goes too far. Nothing that would injure her."

The marquesa nodded. "I understand."

"But your main job," continued Divitt, "is to report all you see and hear as you go about with Juanita. Who's got the rocks and where they keep 'em. But tonight I'll have you meet Juanita. Her name is Yabel, remember—though if you called her Juanita it wouldn't matter much. But of course no intimation that she's ever seen the inside of this place. You're both from Seville, stopping at the Tljon—traveling. Yabel's first glimpse of the world."

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Her veil thrust aside in the dim court tomorrow. . . . Did he recognize her? Anyway, his face is

was not thought sufficiently important to place on the casting list, but whose performance merits a place near the top. All of these contribute to make a gripping drama of what might easily have been just another picture.

Completing the program are Chick Sales in his latest talking comedy, "The County Seat," a Paramount Talkercom and the Fox Movietone news.

VAN HOEVENBURG WILL OPEN PACKING HOUSE

RAMS VALLEY, Ore., Aug. 28.—(Special)—The Van Hoevenburg orchard has a crew of thirty-five pickers and workers employed this week harvesting D'Anjou pears. The packing house will also open up this week.

Corvallis.—Chat 'n Chew Sandwich shop opened for business at 116 North Third street in building with Coor's service station.

ALASKA ESKIMOS ENTERTAIN LINDBERGH AND WIFE



Natives were thrilled by the visit of Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh to Noms on their way to Tokyo. They staged their native games to entertain their distinguished visitors. Upper photo shows the Lindberghs mooring their monoplane in Safety Bay, 21 miles from Noms, and (lower) the two fliers ready for a ride over the tundra behind a dog team at Pt. Barrow.

Menus of the Day

Breakfast
Fresh Berries, Chilled Poached Eggs
Bran Gems Coffee

Dinner
Roast Beef and Browned Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Bread Butte
Cabbage Relish Salad
Peach Torte Coffee

Supper
Minced Ham Sandwiches
Iced Tea
Fruit Cookies

Cabbage Relish Salad
3 cups chopped cabbage
1/2 cup chopped celery
3 tablespoons chopped pimientos
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoon paprika
2-3 cup salad dressing
Mix ingredients and serve.

Minced Ham Filling
(For eight sandwiches)
1/2 cup chopped, cooked ham
1/2 cup chopped sweet pickles
2 tablespoons chopped olives
1 hard cooked egg, diced
4 tablespoons salad dressing
Mix ingredients.

Peach Torte
1-3 cup butter
2-3 cup sugar
4 egg yolks
1-3 cup milk
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sliced, fresh peaches
Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks, milk, flour, baking powder, salt and vanilla. Beat three minutes. Add peaches. Spread over buttered shallow pan. The batter should be 2-3 inch thick, so select your pan accordingly. Spread with meringue.

Meringue
4 egg whites, beaten
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
Beat whites and add sugar and beat until creamy. Add rest of ingredients and roughly spread over top of batter. Bake 30 minutes in moderately slow oven. Cut in bars and serve.

Tea Menu
Date Sandwiches
Chicken Salad Sandwiches
Tea
Salted Nuts
Candied Orange Peelings

Breakfast
Chilled Orange Juice
Cooked Wheat Cereal and Cream
Buttered Toast Coffee

Luncheon
Egg Salad
Sour Cream Date Cake Iced Tea
Dinner

Chilled Salmon
Creamed Potatoes and Peas
Bread Plum Jelly
Tomato Salad
Tutti Frutti Dessert Coffee

Egg Salad
(Serving six)
4 hard cooked eggs, diced
1 cup diced celery
1/2 cup sliced cucumbers
3 tablespoons chopped pickles
3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
stuffed olives
1 tablespoon finely chopped onions
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup salad dressing
Mix ingredients. Chill and serve on lettuce leaves.

Tutti Frutti Pie
1 baked pie shell
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
4 egg yolks
1/2 cup lemon juice
4 egg whites
1 cup diced pineapple.
Soak gelatin and 1-3 cup of juice (pineapple). Blend with sugar with the flour. Add egg yolks, lemon juice and remaining pineapple juice. Cook in double

boiler until mixture thickens a little. Beat steadily during cooking. Add gelatin mixture and stir until well blended. Allow to stand until lukewarm. Stir frequently. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten and blended with remaining sugar. Pour into baked pie shell and sprinkle with pineapple.

Sour Cream Date Cake
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup broken nuts
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
Beat eggs and add sugar. Add rest of ingredients and beat two minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan and bake 40 minutes in slow oven.

Walnut Maple Cake
(Small)
1-3c butter
1 c brown sugar
2 egg yolks
1 t vanilla
1 c chopped nuts
1 1/2 c flour
2 t baking powder
1/2 t salt
2 egg whites
Cream together the butter, sugar and egg yolks. Sift dry ingredients together and add one-fourth to creamed mixture. Alternate remainder with milk, add vanilla, chopped nuts and beaten egg whites. Bake in Tube pan 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

Chocolate Mashed Potato Cake
(Large)
1 c butter
2 c sugar
3 eggs
1 c mashed potato
1 t vanilla
1 1/2 c flour
2 t cocoa
1 t cinnamon
2 t baking powder
1/2 c sweet milk
1 c chopped nuts
Cream butter and sugar, add beaten yolks and mashed potatoes. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk, using some of the dry mixture before adding milk. Add vanilla and fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in two layers, or in a loaf at 350 degrees. 30 minutes for layers and 45 minutes for loaf.

Breakfast
Chilled Grapefruit Juice
Poached Eggs
Buttered Bran Bread Toast
Coffee

Luncheon
Stuffed Pear Salad
Butterscotch Rolls Butter
Iced Tea Chocolate Cookies
Dinner

Chilled Salmon
Cucumber Salad
Potato Chips
Bread Plum Jelly
Red Raspberry Tarts Coffee

Stuffed Pear Salad
1/2 halved canned pears
1/2 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup salad dressing
Chill ingredients. Arrange pears on lettuce. Stuff cavities with cheese and arrange pineapple slices (cut in fourths) around sides. Sprinkle with celery. Top with dressing. Serve at once.

Butterscotch Rolls
(Quickly made biscuit dough)
2 cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2.3 cup milk
Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in fat and slowly add milk. When soft dough forms, place it on floured paper and press until dough is 1/4 inch thick. Spread with caramel mixture.

Caramel Mixture
4 tablespoons soft butter
2-3 cup dark brown sugar
1/2 cup broken pecans
Mix ingredients and press into soft dough. Roll up until mixture

forms roll 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Use sharp knife and cut off 1/2-inch slices. Place flat side up, in greased pan and bake 12 minutes in moderate oven.

Red Raspberry Tart Filling
3 cups berries
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Mix berries, flour, nutmeg, and sugar. Pour into small tart pans fitted with unbaked pastry. Dot with butter and cover with crisp-crust strips of unbaked pastry. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

A July Sunday Dinner
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Roast Lamb Browned Potatoes
Minted Carrots
Bread Currant Jelly
Head Lettuce Variety Dressing
Peach Ice Cream Spice Cake
Coffee

Tomato Juice Cocktail
4 cups tomatoes
1/2 cup water
2 bay leaves
3 tablespoons chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped onions
4 whole cloves
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons lemon juice
Mix all ingredients, excepting lemon juice. Cover and cook slowly 20 minutes. Strain thoroughly. Add lemon juice and cool. Chill. Mix well and serve in small glass cups.

Minted Carrots
3 cups sliced carrots
4 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon chopped mint
Wash carrots well and add to water and salt. Cover and cook 15 minutes. Drain and reserve 1/2 cup of stock. Add to carrots and add rest of ingredients. Cook well and stir frequently until carrots are well glazed.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- Cast off
- Drunkard
- Intruder
- Molten rock
- Muse of lyric poetry
- African arrow poison
- Food
- Instrument for measuring amperes
- Distant
- Tring
- Stenographer
- Before
- Waigon
- One who encamps
- Grounds and buildings
- Religious songs
- Ascended
- Interpret
- Root Scotch
- Four
- Devices for rubbing off small particles
- The Greek N
- Son of Benjamin
- To be Latin
- Brother of Moses
- Cubic meters
- Those who make corrections
- Hasot sharp-eners
- Minute particle
- Franklin
- Nov. 17, 1773
- American
- Japanese ash
- Come together
- Divests of covering
- Poker term
- One who defies
- Blind the eyes
- Remainder
- Gambling
- Otherwise

DOWN

- Kill
- Citadel of light
- Manifests
- Artificial barrier in a stream
- Dogmas
- Worthless
- leavings
- Parent
- Day's march
- Fabricator of extravagant stories
- Perish
- Resident hospital physician
- Nobleman
- Withered
- Sinning
- Legend
- Souly French
- African flies
- Orgas of persons
- Contolled
- Metel fastener
- Historical periods
- Singing voice
- Readers unconscious
- Judge
- Reverberates
- In Turkey, a
- Takea offense at
- Shill
- Bustle
- Make over
- Sea eagle
- Dineta
- Narrow fold
- Mark of a
- Sharpening stone
- Rooms
- Honey cath-ers
- Small island
- Animal doctor
- colloq.
- Employ
- Synbol for ruthenium

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SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner

"Hurry," whispered the Little Black Clock as the children met him right on time.

"You only said one 'hurry,'" Peggy remarked.

"And usually you say 'hurry, hurry, hurry' when you turn the time ahead."

"That's so," agreed the Little Black Clock. "I'm not turning the time ahead this evening—or rather, I'm only turning it ahead a few hours, but we must hurry if we're going to see what I want to see."

It had been raining all day, but now a wind was driving away the rain and the moon was shining up in the sky.

"But the rain had not entirely stopped—there was still a bit of rain atoms, but it was a very light one, and it looked as though it would soon stop."

The Little Black Clock pointed up to the moon, and below it they saw something they had never seen before.

There was a rainbow—a moon rainbow. There were the glorious colors of a rainbow, and there was the arch shape of a rainbow as they knew it.

"Is it really and truly a rainbow?" Peggy asked.

"Yes," the Little Black Clock answered. "Only it is a moon rainbow instead of a sun rainbow."

"Sometimes they have these moon rainbows far down south, but this is the first one I've seen around this part of the world."

Peggy simply hugged the Little Black Clock with delight at the great treat he had given her, and John said:

"It was certainly a great sight, Little Black Clock."

And the moon looked down so pleased with itself as they went back the garden path toward the house.

Tomorrow—Sunflower's History!

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Talks To Parents

SUPERVISING PLAY
By Alice Judson Peale.

Children playing together should be permitted as much as possible to work out their own difficulties. The timid child must learn to assert himself, the bully to find that bullying doesn't pay, the selfish one that selfishness is a boomerang.

Yet in any particular group of children we cannot be sure that these lessons are being learned unless we take the trouble to keep a supervisory eye on their play.

Mother, busy in the back part of the house, can keep a seemingly casual but thoroughly observant watch on what is going on.

Frederic March to Appear in Film at Craterian Theatre

The cinema team of Nancy Carroll and Frederic March are at the Fox Craterian Friday and Saturday in "Night Angel." The story is not unusual, but its treatment and settings are and it gives Miss Carroll opportunity to demonstrate that she has climbed another step toward the heights of dramatic ability. Frederic March was an excellent actor before he came to the screen and he has lost none of his art in his migration.

There are several other outstanding performances, however, in "Night Angel." Among them Alison Skipworth, who plays the role of Nancy's caddy countess mother, and Alan Hale as a brutal bouncer in the countess' unsavory cabaret. Another is that of a pretty priest whose name

was not thought sufficiently important to place on the casting list, but whose performance merits a place near the top. All of these contribute to make a gripping drama of what might easily have been just another picture.

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