

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Constance is saddened by the treachery of her brother's telegram. She decides to stay several days, and goes to Beachport to interview the family lawyer, Judge Franck.

Chapter 10

Dairy Farm

THE old man leaned forward and stared anew. "You are no Cabrillo," he said. "No, I've known three generations of them. Courtesy, that's what a Cabrillo gives you; old world courtesy, all excepting Bridget, but then she wasn't born a Cabrillo."

"Ah, but she was a woman." His voice faded and slowed as he rose and came across to Constance. "That's it... that's what you are... a Mahoney. Put some meat on those bones of yours... what did you say your given name was?"

"All right," agreed Constance, wearily. "I'm no Cabrillo. I'm the old Mick done over in skirts. In other words, Judge, I'm a throw-back."

Judge Franck pounded the arm of her chair and roared. "Well, bless my soul and body, a throw-back; a Cabrillo who turned into a Mick; come on close to my desk. There child, sit down; now tell me again, what is your name?"

"Call me Michael," suggested Constance. "Fine. Now, Michael, tell me all about yourself. I think I might give you the answers. By gad, girl, it's good to see you. I suppose you came out to see about selling the ranch. Well, sir, you couldn't do better than sell to the Taylors. Fine men, both of them, and they've named you a fair price."

"I have no intention of selling El Cabrillo ranch." Until Constance heard her own voice, she had not realized how firmly she had reached this decision.

"If the Taylors can find a way to make money out of somebody else's property, then a Cabrillo who turned out a mick, can do the same thing."

The afternoon waxed and the afternoon waned. Constance pounded one side of the desk and the judge pounded the other. And then, when they were both tired, the judge paced the room and held a lengthy verbal argument with himself.

"Michael," he came to a stop before her, "you could talk me into giving a kidnap a suspendent sentence."

"Meaning?" Constance kept the triumph out of her voice. Judge Franck sat down heavily. "There is no ethical reason. I shouldn't tell you what I know. There is a moral reason. The Taylor's plans are generally known; however, there isn't a man in this country who wouldn't keep them from an outsider."

"And a Cabrillo is an outsider?" asked Constance. "The present generation of Cabrillos are outsiders," affirmed the judge. "The Taylors have won the right to be natives by their integrity; their untiring efforts to put another family's ranch on a paying basis."

"The Cabrillos have lost these same rights by their assumption of ranches running themselves; by their complete lack of interest in their land and their community."

"And the initial efforts of the Cabrillos mean nothing?" asked Constance. "We Cabrillos haven't inherited any consideration? The original Don didn't leave anything to us in consideration when he started this very city? And Mickey Mahoney didn't contribute anything when his money paid for that courthouse and he laid the cornerstone? Hasn't his memory any value?"

Judge Franck sighed and nodded. "It has, and if Old Michael Mahoney wasn't looking out for my eyes, I'd be struck dead for telling you what I am about to tell."

Their Present Plans CONSTANCE had argued well. She had admitted the Taylors had earned certain rights. "But why," she had demanded, "must we pay with all we have left for a service we didn't demand? Surely there is other land they can purchase if they must own land."

It was here Judge Franck had capitulated. "Not and carry out their present plans," he had objected. Constance edged nearer her chair, waiting for him to reveal these plans.

"If you've looked over the ranch, you'll remember there are heavy stands of timber beyond your eastern boundary. Now, El Cabrillo is shaped like a new moon, its horns as wide as its center. It holds this timber within its broken circle. It is practically inaccessible to the railroad without hundreds of miles of trackage."

that understanding killed her faith in the Taylors. They had wanted to rush the sale of the ranch and, probably, get half of the cost of the land back by selling a right of way.

Blue eyes focused on the gray cornerstone of the court-house. Michael Mahoney had laid that. She was a throwback. The Judge had been telling her about "the old pirate." Michael had played fair with his friends. He had outwitted his enemies before they were aware of it.

Then why did it feel like this? As though half the joy in possessing El Cabrillo had gone? "Sick, Michael?" asked the Judge anxiously. "You look pale."

"Not exactly," she managed, with a thin smile. "It was just that I thought the Taylors were planning something constructive... not planning to double-cross us."

"But dear child, they are planning something constructive," offered the Judge, quickly. "This spur running through El Cabrillo makes it possible."

"Michael," he leaned across and took her young hand in his old one. "El Cabrillo, without the spur, isn't worth fifty thousand to anyone but a Cabrillo."

"I want you to hear me through, and maybe from your own family's history you can understand how we must adjust ourselves to change."

"Let me go back to the Don Cabrillo we know the most about. He came of the leather age. He raised cattle, like his father before him, for their hides; lean, tough steers that grazed on thousands of acres and needed only his peons to herd them to market."

Michael's Vision HE had top markets in Russia, the Orient and Europe. Then other countries began negotiating for that trade and prices dropped. He had saved no money, he had thought he had no need of it, and his children, despising ranch life, spent all of their time, and his money, in New York, Vienna, and Paris.

"About this time Michael Mahoney came over from Ireland; came at first, to cross the plains looking for gold. He finally landed in San Francisco with the need of a beefsteak under his belt; but beefsteak was only for men who struck gold. There was no beef in this cattle country that a man could put his teeth into."

"So Michael went prospecting for gold to buy his beefsteak. He hired out on a wagon train going to Oregon, and when the train broke up before it even reached the line, he cut over to the mountains to prospect."

"He came upon El Cabrillo, run down, the old Don defeated. "Michael looked at the steers and had a vision. He saw them replaced with fat, sleek beef cattle... tender meat."

"Michael bargained. He offered to buy the forty-five thousand acres of ranch land and cattle, the ranch proper was not included, for thirty-five hundred dollars gold."

"But how could he?" asked Constance, "if he couldn't even buy a steak?"

"You don't know your great-grandfather," opined the judge. "Michael came up to Beachport, a landing it was then. He bargained a barber into giving him a shave and hair cut, and then he met Simon. He bargained Simon into giving him a suit of clothes and five hundred dollars gold. And Simon, who dealt in human integrity, looked into the eyes of Michael Mahoney and gave him the gold."

Constance was thinking, I have no gold. When I reach home I'll be nearly broke until my next commission. But if Michael could do it, I will!

"What did he do then?" she asked eagerly. "There were pirates in those days. They sought the coves of El Cabrillo for shelter and trade. Michael now owned the cove and he wasn't afraid of the devil himself, so he went down and forced them to pay for their shelter."

"He bargained with them. He traded steer for beef cattle, sleek, fat kine from Europe. Once the ranch was stocked, he sold these beefsteaks on the hoof at top prices, to cafes in Frisco, and made the pirate ships deliver them."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNA, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 820, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 928 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KNL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday
5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW, Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.
5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Willson's Musical Revue, KPO, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—News, KGO, KEX, Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, Miller's Orch., KOIN, KEX, KSL.
6:30—Easy Aces, LGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Arno and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; McCreary's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Hudson's Orch., KGO; Treasure Island Tours, KOMO; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Symph. Orch., KPO, KGW.
9:30—Scott's Orch., KGW; American Treasure Chest, KPO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL.

Wednesday
5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Song of Your Life, KGO, KEX, KJR; Paul Carson, KGW.
5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Concert Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Quartet, KGO; Kyser's Pgm., KPO, KGW; News, KEX, Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO, KJR; Arno and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meet, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sports News, KGO.
8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Jim's Question Box, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Venuit's Orch., KGO.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO.
9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW.
10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW.
10:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Richards' Orch., KPO; Lucas' Orch., KEX.
11:00—Busse's Orch., KOIN, KSL.

Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, News, KGO, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

CAPONE'S INCOME TAX BILL SIGNED
Chicago, Aug. 27.—(AP)—Federal Judge John P. Barnes stated today he would sign a summary judgment of \$201,347 against Al Capone for taxes, interest and penalties on his income for the years 1924 to 1929.

Abraham Tietelbaum, counsel for the former Chicago gang lord, tried unsuccessfully to obtain a continuance on the ground that Capone couldn't afford to pay such a judgment and that a compromise offer was still pending in the internal revenue department.

But Judge Barnes ordered the judgment drawn up, informing Assistant U. S. District Attorney Paul Ziffren that he would sign it this afternoon.

Capone is recuperating from an illness on his Palm Island estate off the coast of Florida.

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

WOULD LET JONES KEEP BOTH JOBS

Washington, Aug. 27.—(AP)—The White House announced today President Roosevelt would ask congress for legislation permitting Jesse H. Jones to retain his present position as federal loan administrator if he becomes secretary of commerce.

Stephen Early, presidential secretary, said Jones was "very anxious" to accept the cabinet post, but his nomination would not be sent to the senate until the proposed legislation has been acted.

The legislation will mention Jones by name and will provide that he be permitted to hold both offices notwithstanding existing prohibitions against a man holding two federal offices. It also will provide that the total compensation shall not exceed the \$15,000 provided by law for a cabinet member. Jones now gets \$12,000 as loan administrator.

Gov. Stassen to Speak
Spokane, Aug. 27.—(AP)—Gov. Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota, keynote of the Republican national convention at Philadelphia, will be the principal speaker at the northeast Washington Republican rally at natatorium park here tonight, party officials said today.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

HOTEL AND JAIL UNDER THE SAME ROOF!
WINDHAM COUNTY HOTEL -- NEWFANE, VT.
ALSO HOUSES THE COUNTY JAIL!
CHARLES E. WHITNEY, HOTEL PROPRIETOR, IS OFFICIAL JAILER...

MINIATURE CATHEDRAL -- MADE IN 7 YEARS FROM 100,000 BEADS, 500 RAZOR BLADES, 36 BOTTLES, 24 PIECES OF TILE AND 70 TUBES OF CEMENT!
By Charles Henningsen, Woodbury Heights, N.J.

AN ORANGE -- NATURALLY ENGRAVED WITH A BIRD!
Found by Norman Jacobson, Glendale, Calif.



OFF AND ON

FEELS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE OFF THE SOCKS MOTHER JUST PUT ON

LOSES GRIP ON IT, KNEE FLYING BACK AND GIVING HIM A CRACK ON THE CHIN

GETS TO WORK AGAIN, DETERMINED AND A LITTLE MAD

LOSES GRIP AGAIN, GIVING HIMSELF A POKE ON THE NOSE

RUBS NOSE RUEFULLY, WOULD LIKE TO ABRANDON THE PROJECT BUT DOESN'T WANT TO BE A QUITTER

COMPROMISES BY GETTING ONE SOCK OFF AND THEN LOSING ENTIRE INTEREST IN FOOTWEAR.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Dangerous Decision!

"WHENOS BEGAN TO POP ABOARD THE CLIPPER SHIP! AFTER IT'S FORCED LANDING ON THE SEA NEAR A SUBMARINE BETTY-LOU PREVENTED COUNTLESS LAYOFFS FROM SHOOTING TOMMY; TOMY SILO MET VIOLENT DEATH, SKEETER CAPTURED BARON VON HAPSEG, AND NOW...

LOOKY, MISTER BARON! WE'RE GOIN' OUTTA THIS COCKPIT! WE'RE WITH YOUR 'PLAYMATES'... AN YOU BETTER HAVE TH' RIGHT ANSWERS OR ELSE.....

HELLO! NICE OF YOU BOYS TO DROP IN ON US... BUT TH' BARON WANTS YOU TO DROP YOUR GUNS, SO'S WE WON'T KILL 'EM... DON'T YOU, MISTER BARON?

SOMEONE JUST CALLED FOR HELP! HERE'S MY GUN, BETTY-LOU! YOU GUARD THE COUNTESS! I'M GOING OUT THERE!

BUT YOU'LL NEED THAT GUN, TOMMY! THEY'LL KILL YOU IF YOU'RE UNARMED!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Detour

TIM, I CAN TAKE BRIAR ALONG CAN'T I?
SURE! WELL... NEXT STOP, SKEETERSBURG!

WHEN DO WE REACH HAIRPIN CURVE?
NOT UNTIL WE GET INTO THE MOUNTAINS, BEN, BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

AWY SMOXES! THAT'S THE BEGINNING OF HAIRPIN CURVE AHEAD THERE... AND THEY'VE GOT THE ROAD CLOSED!

DETOUR, ROUTE 307—
GOOD-NIGHT! THAT'S AN UNIMPROVED ROAD THROUGH TH' MOUNTAINS!

THE NEBBS—The Dam Burst

GWINKINS IS MAKING IT UNBEARABLE FOR RUDY WITH HIS TAUNTS -- RUDY HATES TO SHOW THE WHITE FEATHER BY LEAVING THE PLACE.

JUST GOT A LETTER FROM MY MANAGER... HE WRITES THAT BUSINESS IS COMING IN SO FAST THAT THE LARGE ADDITION TO THE FACTORY WERE BUILDING WON'T BE LARGE ENOUGH!

SAY! IF YOU'RE BUILDING THIS UP FOR THE FELLOWS AROUND HERE YOU MIGHT AS WELL STOP EVERYBODY IS ON TO YOU... YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

ON TO ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM... A CROOK? MAYBE THIS WILL SEAL THAT GAB OF YOURS! ON TO ME!!

GET BACK!! LET ME GET TO HIM! NOBODY CAN INSINUATE IM CROOKED... AND THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU... THERE'S NOT A NICKEL'S WORTH OF DIFFERENCE IN ANY ONE OF YOU!

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS, By HAL FORREST, By EDWIN ALGER, By SOL HESS



of Hugh O'Brien was found hanging in his downtown furniture store basement in his own handwriting. Officials had suspected the note, admitting suicide, might have been forged.

London, Aug. 27.—(AP)—The death of the Duke of Guise, pretender to the French throne, at Larache, Spanish Morocco, was reported from Madrid today by Reuters, British news agency.

EUGENE 'SUICIDE' NOTE NO FORGERY

Eugene, Aug. 27.—(AP)—State police handwriting experts in Salem today certified Coroner Charles P. Poole that the note found last week after the body