

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

ERDAY. On her return she finds that her family as published reports that the ranch will be sold and has received credit. They are entering lavishly. Constance, keeping her arrival secret, is nabbed by detectives.

Chapter 15

Appeal To John

THE French doors opened from the solarium and John Raskthorne stepped out, intent upon lighting a cigar.

"John!" Raskthorne wheeled—"Constance! Conchita what are you... take your hands off that girl, he snapped at the detective.

Constance, released, fled into the security of John's arms. "Will you tell these idiots that I am a Cabrillo? And John, make them keep still; I don't want the folks to know I'm home until after the party."

The idiots didn't need to be told anything, they had started fading into the darkness even before John bought their silence with bills; and Constance leaned for a few moments against John's shoulder, then straightened.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "I... they frightened me and I'm tired, I couldn't sleep on the plane, and I guess I forgot to have any dinner."

John patted her shoulder. "Wait until I find my coat."

Five minutes later, Constance's little coupe, with Raskthorne at the wheel, swung out of the tradesmen's entrance.

Constance sat back watching his hands on the wheel; watching his face, reliving her feeling of restful security as she leaned against his shoulder, wondering at her feeling for John.

"I'm taking you to one of my pet hide-outs," John offered. "They'll give us a steak two inches thick."

Constance closed her eyes to shut out the vision of a little waterfront cafe and a dark-eyed man threading his way between tables, of a voice saying: "Hi, Michael."

John's "pet" was unpretentious. They went through a side door to be conducted to a private booth where curtains were immediately drawn.

"Now tell me all about it," ordered John, when the obsequious waiter had disappeared.

"Oh, John... it's wonderful! El Cabrillo, I mean. I can't give it up. It's like part of me; my blood and my flesh and my bones."

And then the words tumbled out. The waiter brought smoking platters but still Constance talked, and when John found she wouldn't stop, he took her knife and fork, cut small sections of the steak and held them to her lips.

"Oh, John," she sighed, "you are good to me. You do care of me."

"Some day," he threatened. Constance looked at him and saw him as other women must see him. A stalwart, handsome man, barely thirty but with the air of a man who has seen his share of life.

"What do you see in me that makes you say some day? Why do you wait?" The light gray eyes in their surprising frame of jet lashes widened. "Conchita," he confessed, "I've asked myself that question a thousand times. And then I go back to our first meeting; do you remember that meeting, Chita?"

She remembered. But had six years passed since that night when she, awaiting the escort her mother had arranged to accompany her to the Casino Ball, had seen her little sister in stolen clothes flash in front of her; announce that she was Miss Cabrillo, and whisk off with the waiting man?

Father, Brother, Counselor SHE had "whisked" only as far as the elevator; then the escort had returned. "Now that the child has retired, Miss Cabrillo, shall we go on?" John Raskthorne had asked.

And to her query: "How did you know?" He had replied, "When your mother telephoned she was too ill to accompany you, father told me to look for the girl with the most beautiful eyes in the world."

It had been him to the eighteen-year-old heart of Constance, just as other rescues, since that time, had soothed her heart and her pride.

It had been John who had helped them move from hotel to apartment, apartment to hotel, hotel to house. John who had taken the place of father, brother, counselor.

"I thought then," said John, handing Constance her cup of hot milk, "that you'd need someone to help you cope with your family. I elected myself."

"John, were you coping with Donna when the detectives started coping with me?"

"Yes," he admitted. "To be frank, I was giving her merry bades for throwing this party."

"Then you do agree something must be done to check them?" "Unquestionably."

"John, then will you help me raise the money I will need to make El Cabrillo a modern, paying ranch?"

Because John Raskthorne was not a man to make promises he could not fulfill, or so Constance thought, he did not commit himself. She drove to secluded bank and watched the river wind its way between jeweled shores, and Constance talked. She told of Mrs. MacKelvey and her success of the railroad; of the history of Old Michael Mahoney and of Peter Taylor, senior.

Not until she had slipped into the house with no one yet aware of her return, did she question her failure to speak of Pedro.

John had said he would see her at his office at three o'clock and they would discuss business in a business setting. Constance crept wearily to bed with assurance that somehow John would manage.

She'd stay away from the family until after that business conference. They wouldn't be difficult. They would sleep until noon, then meet in negligee and lounging pajamas to have brunch together and discuss the previous evening at their leisure.

Constance dressed for the conference carefully. A flock of dull gray, its ornaments a lobular pendant at the trim collar, shoes of the same shade and a Robin Hood hat with a gay scarlet feather. Her fur cape was cut down from a discarded coat of Donna's, though no one seeing her swing down the avenue would have thought it.

"Jaunty but business-like," she decided, looking into every shop window for reassurance as she made her way to John's office building.

An impersonal office boy turned her over to an impersonal secretary, who took her in to confront an impersonal John Raskthorne.

She sat in the indicated chair, waited a moment to acclimate herself to the change in the man since the previous evening, then spoke: "As I said last night, I need fifty thousand dollars."

"What security have you to offer?" asked Mr. Raskthorne. "None," admitted Constance frankly. "However, I will give my bond to the effect that should I fail to make a success of El Cabrillo, I will agree to the sale of it."

Fighting For A Chance RASKTHORNE fingered a paper knife for a moment, then looked directly at Constance. "The only offer ever made for El Cabrillo stands at fifty thousand. How would you propose to pay your interest? And should you fail, how would you pay the other members of the family their share of the ranch and still be able to repay the loan?"

In her eagerness Constance moved closer. "But after the railroad goes through the property; and after I have converted it to a dairy ranch and infused it with fresh capital, it will be worth more than fifty thousand."

A little smile played around Raskthorne's lips. "Have you computed the interest?" he inquired.

"Naturally. It is less than half the present profit on El Cabrillo." "And you would expect the other members of the family to reduce their expenses to half of what they are now enjoying?"

Constance laughed. "Not my family. I'd set aside their present portion at the very beginning."

"Conchita," John dropped his business barrier. "On what do you base your belief that El Cabrillo could be sold for more than the present offer, say, after a period of three years?"

Constance relaxed. "That's simple," she told him. "El Cabrillo is the last long stretch of coastline in that section. There are fifty miles of it. Suppose, in an extremity, we should cut that into mile wide sections and sell it for summer homes. We could command and receive much more than a thousand for each section and wouldn't be touching the ranch proper. The ranch has no need of the coast-line as long as it retains enough for right of way to the highway."

Raskthorne looked at Constance, then looked away quickly, drew a pad to him and began jotting down figures.

"Suppose," he said, "I were to offer you fifty thousand for the ranch, with the proviso that upon ownership I would divide the coast into summer tracts and give you Cabrillo fifty per cent of the profit?"

"No, no, John!" Constance jumped up. "Don't you see? I'm fighting for the chance to hold El Cabrillo as it is. Cutting it up would be like... like carving bits of a body I loved."

"Why, John, why the Taylors wouldn't consider that!" They wouldn't, she knew and for the first time realized that they loved the place as she did. It wasn't stewardship that had caused them to keep it as they had, but a driving urge to preserve something beautiful in its entirety.

She hated them for this, as a woman might hate another woman, for finding in her man the same qualities she loved.

Raskthorne tapped his pencil on the desk. "Wonder why no one else has thought of the ranch as an investment," he mused.

"They couldn't," explained Constance. "You know the terms of father's will. We can't sell less than the whole; and no real estate firm, or individual, would buy two thousand acres to sell less than half of it."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGIA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KIIW 1250, Portland; KJR, 670, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KQA, 820, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 920 Seattle; KPO, 530 San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday 5:00—Forecast, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW; Chamber Music, KEX, KJR. 5:30—Martin's Music, KJR, KEX; String Serenade, KPO. 6:00—News, KEX, Hour, KPO; KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KSL. 6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Blonchy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO, KEX. 7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Cutler's Orch., KGO, KEX. 7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KOIN. 8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little of Hollywood, KEX; Classics for Today, KPO. 9:30—Biltmore Boys, KGO, KEX; Luncheon's Orch., KNX, KOIN. 10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Richards Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Dancing With Clancy, KPO; This Morning World, KEX; Heidi's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Tuesday 8:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR. 8:30—Kent's orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KGW. 8:50—News, KEX; Dorsey's orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO, Millers' orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL. 9:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; War anniversary, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW. 7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Luncheon's orch., KNX, KOIN. 8:00—Musical Americana, KPO; We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Moti's orch., KPO, KGW. 9:30—Scott's orch., KGW; Treasure Chest, KPO. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dance orch., KNX, KSL. 10:30—Garber's orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Richards' orch., KGW; National Defense, KPO; King's orch., KSL, KOIN. 11:00—Nottingham's orch., KPO; This Morning World, KEX; Luncheon's orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KOW, KNX.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

EXCESS PROFITS BILL A PUZZLER

Washington, Sept. 2.—(P)—Indications that the senate finance committee would revise the house-approved excess profits tax bill increased today with a statement by Senator George (D., Ga.) that "Nobody can apply the bill accurately and that goes even for the experts from the treasury."

The committee will start hearings on the measure Tuesday and Chairman Harrison (D., Miss.) said he hoped it would be ready for senate action a week from Monday. Harrison said it was the "most intricate tax bill ever presented to congress."

Model Plane Winner Spokane, Wash., Sept. 2.—(P)—First prize for gas-engined planes in the Pacific Northwest model airplane contest was won yesterday by Fred Burckhardt of Portland. He also won the stunt event. Elmer Roth of Salem was second in class C and Charles Crawford of Salem, third.

DEATH V. SCOTTY FACES GRUB SUIT

Los Angeles, Sept. 2.—(P)—Death Valley Scotty, who has intimidated from time to time that he knew there was "gold in them thar desert hills," is faced with a "grubstake" suit.

Julian M. Gerard of New York City claims in a federal

action that beginning in 1902 he advanced Walter Scott approximately \$10,000 and says he wants a showdown and an accounting. Gerard, brother of former ambassador to Germany James W. Gerard, charges that A. M. Johnson, named as Scotty's mining partner and a defendant, told him in April that Scotty had located valuable mining deposits but that neither would ever reveal their location or pay him any proceeds from them.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Killed by Truck

Pendleton, Sept. 2.—(P)—Marilyn Halfmoon, 5, of the Umatilla Indian reservation, was killed by a gravel truck yesterday. Authorities said she ran in front of the truck, which was hauling gravel to the new round-up grandstand.

Albino Grouse Enterprise, Sept. 2.—(P)—An albino grouse—a rare form of avian albinism—was shown here today by Warne Davis, who said he found the bird at the head of Corral creek.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT REALLY DIDN'T HELP MATTERS MUCH THAT WHEN FRED PERLEY, WHO HAD THE PROVISIONS FOR THE ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE COMMUNITY CLUB IN HIS CAR, FINALLY DID ARRIVE, HE COULD PROVE THAT THE MISHAP WHICH HAD CAUSED HIM TO SPEND FOUR HOURS IN A GARAGE GETTING HIS CAR FIXED WAS ENTIRELY THE OTHER DRIVER'S FAULT

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 9-3

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

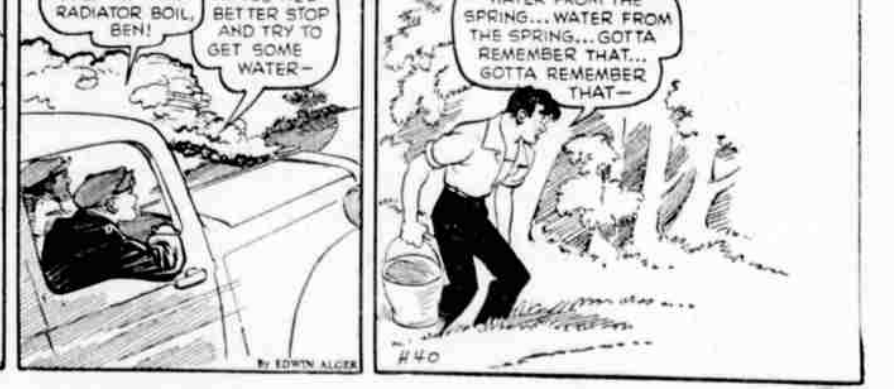
TAILS TOMMY—The Ring of Death!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Will They Meet?

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Oh, Ky!

By SOL HESS



Woman Heads Frat

San Francisco, Sept. 2.—(P)—Delegates to the triennial convention of Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic society, broke precedent today and for the first time chose a woman to head the united chapter—Dean Marjorie Hope Nicolson of Smith college.

Belgian Ship Hit

eNew York, Sept. 2.—(P)—MacKay radio picked up a message today stating that the Belgian passenger ship Ville De Haselet, a former American liner, had been torpedoed. No details were given in the message, which was sent by station KGT in England.

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