

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Constance asks John Raskthorne to arrange a loan of \$50,000.

Chapter 16 Backed To Win

"LOOK!" Constance drew a rough map of the ranch. This section would be of value to a real estate investor; this a total loss. And the man who saw the place as a ranch wouldn't be interested in cutting the extra land into a vacation tract. The natives have no use for summer people."

Raskthorne stood up, walked to the window, stood back to his desk and shook his head. "Constance, no one would lend you money to carry on such a venture, with no security but your word. You're not even full owner."

Constance gathered her purse and gloves together. "I know it seems a wild scheme, John, but I believe in it. I came to you first because I thought you knew more about the value of El Cabrillo than another would. However, I still have an ace up my sleeve. So goodby, and thank you for giving me so much time."

"Chita!" John stopped her before she reached the door. "Listen dear, what makes you think you, a twenty-four-year-old girl, can run a dairy farm? I doubt if you could tell a Brahmin from a Holstein."

Constance gave him a gamin grin. "If a Brahmin can produce as much milk as a Holstein, I'll buy a herd of them."

"A Brahmin," pronounced John eruditely, "is the camel of the beef family; a bison-headed steer with a hump on his back."

"Imagine you knowing that," breathed Constance in mock awe, and started again for the door.

"Chita," he was holding her by the arms now, "dear, give up the ranch. Marry me, today, tomorrow, next week, I'll take care of the family."

Constance jerked away, cheeks scarlet. "The Chamberlain-Cabrillo," she said bitterly. "Only then they would be charging it to my husband. No, John! And I won't marry you or any other man until we Cabrillo can stand on our own feet."

"So that's it!" At the tender triumph in his voice, Constance looked back.

"Come back and sit down," John seemed jubilant over something. "Come on, here in this chair, close to mine. Constance, I'm going to back you. I am going to lend you the fifty thousand. I'm going to bargain with you. If you will give me your word, and a written promise to one or two provisos, I'll back you to win."

So sudden was the change in John Raskthorne's manner, that Constance found herself seated before she fully realized what had occurred.

Still bitter over his light acceptance of her family as an obligation attendant upon anyone marrying her, and piqued at his assumption that she would fall with El Cabrillo because she was a girl, and a young one, she waited.

And as she waited her resentment faded. This John was new to her. She'd never before seen him against his business background. For a moment she let fancy picture her as his wife, coming up perhaps to meet him for lunch; her pride in this man who had won the silver band about his head which matched his business tweeds of silver gray; almost, she might say, matched his eyes of gray with their silver toning.

"Constance, tell me how you arrived at the figure of fifty thousand?"

She was ready. She drew a typewritten sheet from her bag. "The Taylors planned to borrow twenty thousand. They believed it would take three years to restock the ranch and start it running at a profit. I would have to hire an expert dairymen. I found, through Mrs. MacKelvey, that there was one available at four thousand a year."

"Your dairymen comes high," interposed Raskthorne.

Personal Loan

AND now Constance could give John a superior smile. "Do you realize this man must know not only how to buy dairy stock, but how to buy feed; which food combination is right for what breed? And he must know how to till and plant and harvest the acres so that all the food need not be purchased? And he must know how to rebuild stables, install machinery, handle men, control the marketing, maintain accounts—"

"Wait a minute," begged John, laughing at his defeat. "Four thousand isn't too much for such a superman. You are counting on paying him out of the loan for three years, that is twelve thousand dollars. Say it would take twenty thousand to convert the ranch into a dairy farm, you still have twelve thousand—"

"Oh no, the family have been receiving nearly that much from the ranch, and I must figure on paying Peter Taylor's salary if he decides to stay on. I can't fire him you know."

Raskthorne nodded. "Conchita, with your brains and my money, we can't lose. Now, I'll be frank with you. After I listened to you last night, I decided to talk to Judge Franck. Reached him by telephone this morning and

pledged him to secrecy. I had an idea you would talk me into this and I'm not a man to throw money away to satisfy the whim of even the woman I love. "He believes in you. He feels you can make a success of the ranch if you will take the advice of experienced people."

"But John!" Constance's eyes were bright with tears of joy. "don't you see, dear, that is what I am planning to do. I know my limitations, but I think I'm smart enough to hire men who have none."

John nodded at her soberly. "And you will help me with the bank?" she asked eagerly. "No. Give me a month and I'll make this a personal loan."

Constance jumped up and stared at him, doubt in her eyes. "It's rather not have personal loans?" "John, why are you doing that?"

Raskthorne was beside her. "Because I love you, Conchita. And because I'm beginning to understand you and admire you even more than I did before."

"But mostly because I know I have a rival and I'm going to fight for you, against him, in my own way."

"A... a rival?" faltered Constance. "El Cabrillo. You've made the ranch an entity, given it a body and a soul."

"To me it's as though it were another man, a profligate rascal, romantic, inconsistent, a veritable Don Juan."

"I can't win you until you've found it out for what it is; until you've seen for yourself that it has a treacherous heart."

Constance listened, half frightened because his words were translated in her heart. John was not speaking of El Cabrillo rancho, he was speaking of Pedro, describing him: Pedro the inconsistent, romantic Don Juan.

"Girl In Love"

"YOU'RE like a young girl in love for the first time," John went on, "no one can tell you you're wasting your love, you're going to have to learn that yourself."

"But John!" she smiled up at him, wondering if he knew why her cheeks were suddenly flushed, wondering if she could hear the thick beat of her heart. "Suppose, while I was wasting my love, I married the rascal; lost the investment?"

"That is where the Joker comes in," John answered smoothly. "I don't intend running any risks. I'm going to protect you from yourself."

"Here is my proposition." They sat down and Constance remembered another conference. Here again she was facing a shrewd man, only this man's eyes were suddenly iced with a hard, silver sheen.

"Upon receipt of the loan, you will agree, in writing, that, if you have not shown a small margin of profit the last year, you will return here to place the property in my hands for sale, your legal consent being required."

"And you will agree to marry no man, other than John Raskthorne, until the fifty thousand has been repaid with interest. Marriage to any other will give me the right to call in the loan without notice."

Constance thought for a moment, then thrust out her hands, eyes starry.

"That's easy," she assured him. "It was. She had no intention of marrying any man but John. And, if she failed, she had the ranch, as she had no intention of failing, there was no one whom she could trust to handle it to a better advantage than Raskthorne."

John gripped her hand, then bent down for a quick kiss. "Now we're going home to break the news to the family."

"Oh," moaned Constance. Of course they had to be faced, only John, who did not have to shoulder that, she protested.

"I'm just getting into practice," he told her grimly. "I sent word for them to be ready for us at five o'clock."

Constance found nothing heartening in the first swirl of the season's snow which met them at the door of the building. All of the buoyancy she had felt in winning John over to her support, fled: all of her indignation at the family's extravagance, melted.

She allowed John to hold her arm tightly, even leaned on him a little as they made their way to the cab he had called.

Lamson's face was dour when he opened the door to them. Mrs. Cabrillo would see them in the nettle salon.

Constance swallowed with difficulty. Her mother was an unconscious psychologist. No one could be altogether ruthless in that Dresden china room; no one cruel to the little golden-haired shepherdess who awaited them.

Constance felt as an alien might feel stepping into a strange land. Mrs. Cabrillo, in egg-shell satin negligee foaming with lace, sat in a dven chair of coral pink, flanked on one side by Donna, on the other by Dea.

They presented a picture complete, and she was an observer standing outside their gilded frame. She felt it keenly, but it aroused no antagonism, only a vague wistfulness.

For a moment Mrs. Cabrillo's eyes rested hopefully on John. Constance knew what was in her mind. She was wanting John to say that Constance had consented to their marriage.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 840, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 1360, San Francisco; KGW, 1300, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KKN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 890, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 830, Seattle; KPO, 430, San Francisco; KSL, 1230, Salt Lake.

Tuesday 5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR. 5:30—Kent's orch., KOIN, Musical Revue, KPO, KGW. 6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's orch., KOIN, KEX, KSL. 6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; War anniversary, KEX, KOIN, KSL. 7:00—Amos and Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW. 7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presenta, KPO, KGW; Luncheon's orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL. 8:00—Musical Americana, KPO; We, the People, KEX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Morton's orch., KPO, KGW. 9:30—Scott's orch., KGO; Treasure Chest, KPO. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dance orch., KEX, KSL. 10:30—Garber's orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Richards' orch., KOW; National Defense, KPO; King's orch., KSL, KOIN. 11:00—Nottingham's orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Luncheon's orch., KSL, KOIN, News, KGO.

Wednesday 5:00—Summer Show, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Song of Your Life, KGO, KEX, KJR; Paul Carson, KGW. 5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO, Coocort Orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN. 6:00—Barber Shop Quartet, KGO; Kyser's Prgm., KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN. 6:30—Easy Aces, KEX, KJR, KGO; News of the War, KEX, KOIN, KSL. 7:00—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos and Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGO. 7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KPO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KGO, KOW; Dr. Christian, KEX, KSL, KOIN. 8:00—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KEX, KSL, KOIN, News, KGO. 8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Question Bee, KEX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Family Man, KOMO; Paul Sullivan, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO. 9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW. 10:00—Dance Orch., KEX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW. 10:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Richards' orch., KPO; Lucas' orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Heidt's Orch., KPO, KSL; Nottingham's orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR, News, KGO.

CENTRAL PT. FARMERS SEND PRIZE PRODUCE TO SENATOR McNARY

Salem, Ore., Sept. 3.—(AP)—Five Central Point growers have signified their support of Sen. Charles L. McNary's farm program by sending him a shipment of prize produce grown in the district.

The five farmers, Otto and John Bohner, Robert Field, Harry Dubuge and Edward Carlton, filled the Republican vice presidential candidate's larder with Rogue River grown tomatoes, cantaloupes, watermelons, Bartlett pears and J. H. Hale peaches.

The shipment arrived at Fircone, McNary's ranch home four miles from here, by auto-freight Friday.

G. P. Folk in Smashup Corvallis, Sept. 3.—(AP)—An automobile left the highway 12 miles south of here yesterday, injuring Mrs. W. P. Brocken and her son, of Grants Pass.

4 CRAB HUNTERS TRAPPED BY TIDE

Iiwaco, Wash., Sept. 3.—(AP)—Shores of the Long Beach peninsula were watched today for the bodies of four persons who drowned while crab hunting yesterday off Leadbetter Point.

The victims lost their lives when they attempted to wade 250 feet to shore after a rising tide trapped them on a sand spit. Two others remained on the spit and were rescued by boatmen.

The dead: John Dufur, Portland; Mrs. Alice Dufur, his wife; Stathis Argereous, Portland, and Angelo Angelus, Long Beach, Wash.

Jim Alts, Astoria, and Ann George, Portland, were rescued by Carl Andrews, Oysterville, and Park Nelson, Ocean Park.

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

Snag Kills Fire Fighter

Portland, Sept. 3.—(AP)—A falling snag killed Arthur Bowman, 35, of Cascade Locks, a forest service fire fighter, yesterday. He was cutting the snag which was fired by lightning.

Weather Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday, but scattered morning cloudiness on the coast; slowly rising temperature in interior; gentle north-west wind off coast.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

PHOTOGRAPHY WAS DISCOVERED BY 3 MEN WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN TWO DIFFERENT COUNTRIES WITHIN A 3-MONTH PERIOD!

Louis Daguerre of France made a preliminary announcement of his discovery on January 9, 1839, while Fox Talbot communicated his findings to the Royal Society of London on January 30. On March 14 Sir John Herschel, noted astronomer, appeared before the same body with a report called "Note of the Art of Photography."

Tomorrow: All-Negro Town.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Strange as it seems, within the first three months of 1839 three noted scientists, working independently and in two different countries, announced the birth of photography, each rightfully claiming the invention as his own!

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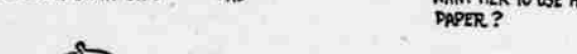
Tomorrow: All-Negro Town.

THE WEARING DOWN PROCESS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



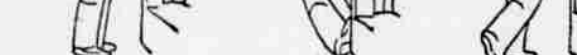
CALLS TO MOTHER, WHO IS RESTING, MAY SHE USE A SHEET OF HER GOOD NOTE PAPER TO DRAW ON?



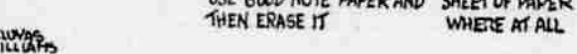
IS TOLD CERTAINLY NOT, TO USE A PIECE FROM THE YELLOW SCRATCH PAPER PAD



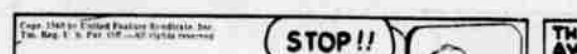
RETURNS PRESENTLY TO SAY SHE CAN'T FIND THE YELLOW PAD AND WONDER WHY SHE CAN'T FIND IT?



RECEIVES DIRECTIONS THAT YELLOW PAD IS IN LEFT HAND DESK DRAWER



REPORTS SHE CAN'T GET DESK DRAWER OPEN AND WHAT SHALL SHE DO?



IS TOLD TO LOOK FOR SOME OTHER PAPER AND COUNTERS WITH PROPOSAL SHE USE GOOD NOTE PAPER AND THEN ERASE IT



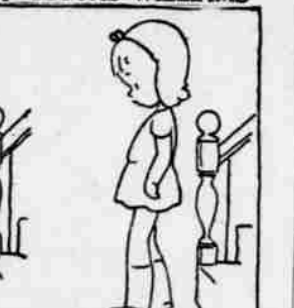
COMES BACK AFTER A WHILE TO SAY SHE CAN'T FIND A SINGLE SOLITARY SHEET OF PAPER ANYWHERE AT ALL



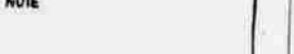
MOTHER WEARILY TELLS HER TO USE A PIECE OF THE GOOD PAPER, AND RESUMES TRYING TO REST

9-4

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Lou Ought To Know!



AT TOMMY'S SHOUT, THE COUNTESS TURNED HER HEAD... AND AT THAT INSTANT, BETTY LOU, BEING HER QUICK ADVANTAGE, KICKED OUT WITH BOTH FEET.



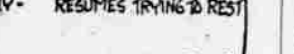
THE COUNTESS FALLS HEAVILY, AWKWARDLY AGAINST A DIVAN, ONE ARM BEHIND HER... AND A RING OF DEATH PIERCES HER BACK!



O-OH! STOP TOMMY! DON'T GO NEAR HER!



WHY?? SHE CAN DO NO FURTHER WARM.



IT'S A TRICK, I TELL YOU TOMMY! SHE WANT YOU TO GET CLOSE... SO SHE CAN POISON YOU WITH HER DEADLY RING! STOP! STOP!



WATER! I AM CHOKING.

9-3-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Recognition!



GEE, TIM, THIS TRUCK SURE DRINKS UP A LOT OF WATER.



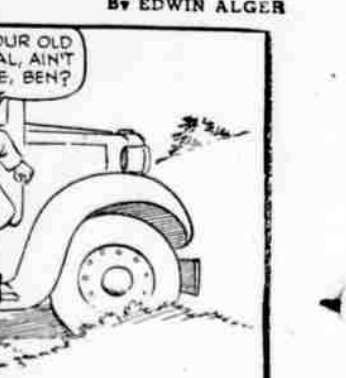
RUSTY! RUSTY!



RUSTY! THIS IS BEN! GOLLY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?



LEMME ALONE... I DON'T KNOW YOU... I'M LUNKIE.



YOUR OLD PAL, AIN'T HE, BEN?

THE NEBBS—It Was Ever Thus

5-24

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By HAL FORREST

By SOL HESS

By HAL FORREST

By SOL HESS

By HAL FORREST

WELL, WE'RE BACK NOW I'LL HAVE TO SPEND A COUPLE OF BUCKS TO TAKE THE WRINKLES OUT OF MY WARDROBE AND I'VE GOT MY TIPPING ON THE WAY OUT TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN



9-3

DRAGGED YOU? YOU CAN'T DRAG ANYTHING THAT KEEPS AHEAD OF YOU... AND WASH THE ARNICA OFF YOUR KNUCKLES... YOU JUST WANT FOLKS TO ASK WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HAND SO YOU CAN ANSWER 'OH, I SOCKED A GUY'... HOW I HATE THAT WORD 'SOCKED'!



9-3

DOPEY INSPIRATION DIES OF HEART ATTACK

Los Angeles, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Eddie Collins, who was the inspiration for the dwarf "Dopey" in the Disney motion picture and who portrayed the original "Jiggs" on the stage, died. It was disclosed that the noted comedian died of a heart attack at his home in Arcadia Sunday.

Ex-Cabinet Member Dies

New York, Sept. 3.—(AP)—David Franklin Houston, 74, insurance executive and former secretary of agriculture, died yesterday of heart disease. Houston was board chairman of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York. He served as agriculture secretary from 1913 to 1920 in President Wilson's cabinet.

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