MOON of DELIGHT
by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: At the Cranshaw dinner with Kirk Stanard and the marquesa, her chaperone, Juanita sees Eric Ledbetter will identify her as the veiled cigarette girl—Moon of Delight—he had insulted in Divitt's gambling house. Then her pose as Senorita Flores would collapse, and with it, she fears, would die the love Kirk pleads despite the marquesa's false report of Juanita's Spanish engagement. When the guests discuss the Fouché and other robberies, Juanita does not know that the marquesa had engineered them—may now be planning to rob the Stanard home, where they are visiting. Meanwhile Eric's friend, Fitz, warns him that Dick Preston suspects him of an affair with Mrs. Preston. Eric, ending an extended trip, had come directly to the Cranshaws from the train.

Chapter 30

ERIC'S UNEXPECTED TRIP

ERIC LEDBETTER considered Fitz' advice not to go behind the scenes of *La Petite Theatre* to see Naida Preston.

He decided not to act the fool. Perhaps Fitz was right in saying that Dick Preston was "behaving like the devil." Husbands did sometimes.

And so Ledbetter sat during the play between Doreen Larkin and the Marquesa de Cabrera. He wanted to sit next to Señorita Flores that he might unearth the memory of her voice and eyes, but Kirk Stanard had maneuvered that the señorita sit next to him with Bobby again on her left.

The Marquesa de Cabrera, however, was the señorita's duenna, and talked quite freely about her charge during the intermissions. The señorita had never been in the Orient, said the marquesa, nor anywhere in America, as yet, except New Orleans. Perhaps he had seen her in Madrid. . . .

No, it was not Madrid. Memory was clarifying its images sufficiently to assure him of that. . . . Things like that worried him. He so seldom forgot a pretty woman.

"Do not let it trouble you," said the marquesa. "Come to Seville in June. The señorita is to be married then."

Trigger's play came to a close. Naida as a sinuous and languid siren had stolen a political secret from the man she loved to enrich the interests of her husband whom she loved not, and rise with him to power. Naida and the cast took seven curtain calls. Trigger himself came out in response to cries of "Author!" bowing and smiling nervously.

Ledbetter decided not to go to Antoine's for his after-theater supper but to his own rooms. During an intermission he called up Ibo, his half negro, half Chinese servant, bidding him go out to the apartment, air it and make things ready.

To the surprise of the crowd, Ledbetter did not go behind the scenes to congratulate Naida, nor were Naida and Dick among those who drove out to his apartment. The marquesa too was omitted from the party, by her own request. She did not feel well, she said, had not slept the night before. Would they drop her at Mr. Stanard's house?

Kirk and Juanita offered to remain there with her—Juanita urgently, Kirk abetting her—but the crowd would not listen. "Shame on you, Juanita. You're the guest of honor. Besides, the marquesa only needs sleep, and you two would keep her awake."

So Kirk had gone in with the marquesa, had seen her safe in the hands of the drowsy Sadie, and returned to the car.

At Ledbetter's apartment Ibo admitted the party as it arrived in relays. The place had been aired and queer incense filled the dimly lighted rooms. But there were no signs of a feast.

Ledbetter had picked up his bag on the way and came in with it about to go through to the bedroom. Ibo stood before the bedroom door, his yellow-brown face impassive, his narrow eyes for a moment meeting Ledbetter's. Then he stood aside that Ledbetter might pass, and instantly shut the bedroom door. After another moment he too went into the bedroom, reappearing to go up to Fitz.

"Mist' Ledbarr wan' you," he said in his smooth idiom. Fitz went into the bedroom.

Ledbetter stood nervously in the center of the room. The drawers of his desk were open, their contents strewn about him on the floor.

"What in—" began Fitz. "You had a burglar, too?"

"A burglar," answered Ledbetter, "who took nothing but Naida's letters."

"My God!" Fitz spoke under his breath. He stared at Ledbetter. "Dick!" he whispered.

Ledbetter turned abruptly.

"I warned you," said Fitz. "I wired you not to come back."

"Shut up," Ledbetter answered. "My trunk's at the station. My bag's packed. Get rid of the crowd somehow."

"You off?"

"New York," said Ledbetter. "Turkey. I've got 20 minutes. Get rid of the crowd."

Fitz came out, looking as disturbed as he felt.

"There was a cable," said Fitz. "Eric's sister. They think she's dying. He's leaving tonight."

"But that's Paris," whispered Emmy Jean. "Poor Bess! Will he make it?"

"We hope so," said Fitz.

He opened the door and they went out into the hall, buzzing, whispering. "Say good night to him for me." "Say good-by." . . . "Poor Eric! And he'd just got home."

Emmy Jean and Trigger rode home in Kirk's car. Emmy Jean they dropped in town. Trigger lived next door to Kirk. "Great success, Trigger," Kirk managed to say at parting. He would have had the ride alone with Juanita if they had not climbed into the car.

He was alone with her in the dark hall. Silently he caught her to him, firmly, thinking she would resist. She did not resist. Her kiss met his. In the dark and silence she clung to him.

"Juanita—you are crying!"

She shook her head. Again she kissed him. "Good-by," she whispered.

"Good-by?" he questioned huskily. "Why did you say that?"

"I don't know," bewilderedly. "It said itself. Let me go, dear. I hear some one moving."

"You couldn't. The marquesa's in bed, and the servants sleep in the yard. . . . Let's not go up yet."

"I must . . ." whispering against him. "I'm afraid tonight."

"Afraid?" his arms tightening. He himself was a little afraid. That word "good-by." Had she really not meant it? "Afraid, Juanita?"

She nodded. "I'm afraid sometimes."

"What are you afraid of, honey?"

He thought she would say, "Of going back to Spain." But she said, "Of you."

"Why of me, Juanita?"

"Because I love you. . . . Let me go, Kirk, dear. . . . No, let me go. . . . You must."

"I'll never let you go, Juanita."

"You—see why I am afraid of you," she whispered. "You try to hold me. It will be hard—because I love you. But you can't hold me. I ought to have known that at the start. I did know. I only forgot. . . . Good night, darling. . . . If you love me, let me go. . . . I'm so tired. I'll see you in the morning."

He released her. In the dark they went up the stair, their steps noiseless on the deep carpet. At her door he kissed her again—gently. She was tired. She would see him in the morning.

Juanita in her room, stood an instant leaning against the closed door, feeling Kirk's kiss still on her mouth. Somewhere back in her mind moved the singing thought that Ledbetter was gone—gone before he had remembered. Kirk would not know now—ever—anything.

She put on the light beside her bed, a shaded light that would not disturb the marquesa whose room was connected with hers by a short arched passage without a door. She moved about, preparing to undress.

Suddenly she paused, hearing a sound. Once before—standing with Kirk in the hall—she had heard that sound, a sound as of some one walking in stockinged feet. Then it had seemed to be in the upstairs hall. Now it came from the room on the other side of theirs—Nelly's room. The marquesa had a way of walking about in her stockinged feet. Perhaps the sound really came from the marquesa's room.

Juanita entered the arched passage. "Marquesa!" she whispered. There was no answer, and she switched on the light. The bed was empty, the bath also.

Juanita, who had done no more than take off her wrap, stepped noiselessly into the hall. Nelly's room did not open into the main hall, but fronted a separate passage. Juanita, remembering the way, felt along the wall in the dark, till she reached that passage. Nelly's door had not been tightly closed, and opened softly. It was dark in here, but light filtered beneath the door of the dressing room beyond. There was the sound of a drawer being shut.

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What Juanita sees tomorrow clears up many things, and leads her—and the marquesa—to the surprised Divitt.

TRANS-PACIFIC FLIERS LOST NINE DAYS FOUND SAFE

Several hundred miles off their course, Cecil A. Allen and Don Moyle, California aviators who with slight previous air experience essayed a flight across the Pacific, were found on an uninhabited island in the bay of Olyutorski. They are shown standing beside their plane, the rebuilt "City of Tacoma" just before the takeoff at Tokyo. Map at left shows the scheduled Tokyo-Seattle route and location of island where they landed. At right, above, Mary K. Allen, wife of one of the daring adventurers and, below, Miss Frances Bresson, Moyle's fiancee, who were over[illegible] news of the rescue.

RESCUED FLIERS TELL ADVENTURE IN ALEUT STORM

Plane Tossed Like Leaf for 20 Hours—Held On Island for Seven Days—Second Landing in Siberia

TOKYO, Sept. 18.—(AP) First details of what happened to Don Moyle and C. A. Allen, California fliers who were found on a Siberian island yesterday, nine days after they had taken off from Japan on a projected nonstop transpacific flight, were published today by the newspaper Asahi.

The article, signed by Moyle and Allen, said they had been forced to turn back toward Siberia by a storm after they had circled over the Aleutian Islands for about twenty hours.

The fliers, who transmitted their story from their rescue ship, the Russian steamer Buriat, to Tokyo via the Ochiishi wireless station at Nemuro, Japan, recounted their experiences after leaving the Japanese mainland at Cape Erimo, 110 miles from Samushiro, their takeoff point.

Encountered Gale

They were last sighted at Cape Erimo, 70 minutes after taking off on September 7. Their story to Asahi said weather conditions had been favorable until they neared the Aleutian Islands, where they encountered a gale.

Asahi quoted the fliers as saying their plane was tossed "up, down and side to side like a leaf" by the Aleutian storm.

"For nearly twenty hours," they said, "we kept the plane up only by almost superhuman efforts."

The dispatch said Moyle and Allen flew for 34 hours after leaving Samushiro beach (they had a fuel supply which they had estimated would last them about 47 hours) and managed to land on an uninhabited Aleutian island without damaging the plane.

Second Take-off

The storm, they said, continued to rage and for seven days they were unable to continue the flight. On the eighth day, they related, the weather improved and they took off from the Aleutian island, flying in a northwesterly direction and finally landing near Miano Pilgino, Siberia.

"We went through a trying ordeal," said the fliers, but added that they were in good spirits. They said they planned to start for Seattle tomorrow (Saturday) but did not mention where they got gasoline to continue their projected flight.

Moyle and Allen did not mention how they existed for seven days or more on the uninhabited island. However, they had a food supply upon leaving Samushiro beach which included five roast chickens, ham, thickly buttered sandwiches, a vacuum bottle of coffee and some tea and drinking water.

Sally Eilers Star Craterian Picture

"Bad Girl," Vina Delmar's profound study of motherhood as it affects a typical young couple of New York's working class, sensational best seller among recent novels of youth, and smash stage hit of the past season, has now reached the screen with Sally Eilers and James Dunn in the co-featured leads.

Frank Borzage, known as the master interpreter of pathos and human emotion, directed this production, which will be the featured attraction at the Fox Craterian theatre, beginning next Sunday. Much of the emotional appeal of the film is said to be due to Borzage's aptitude for portraying the intense drama of life and love.

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HOLLY

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South Sea Romance Rialto Attraction

Life and love among the Polynesians are strikingly depicted in the late F. W. Marnau's silent film production, "Tabu," playing today and tomorrow at the Fox Rialto. This handsomely photographed picture, filmed entirely among the islands of the tropical Pacific, is reminiscent of such other notable pictorial achievements as "Moana" With its many magnificent scenes in the faraway island paradise . . . here, indeed, is something upon which the cinema lover may feast his eyes. "Tabu," however, is not merely a camera nature study, though the loveliness of its land and seascapes has probably not been surpassed.

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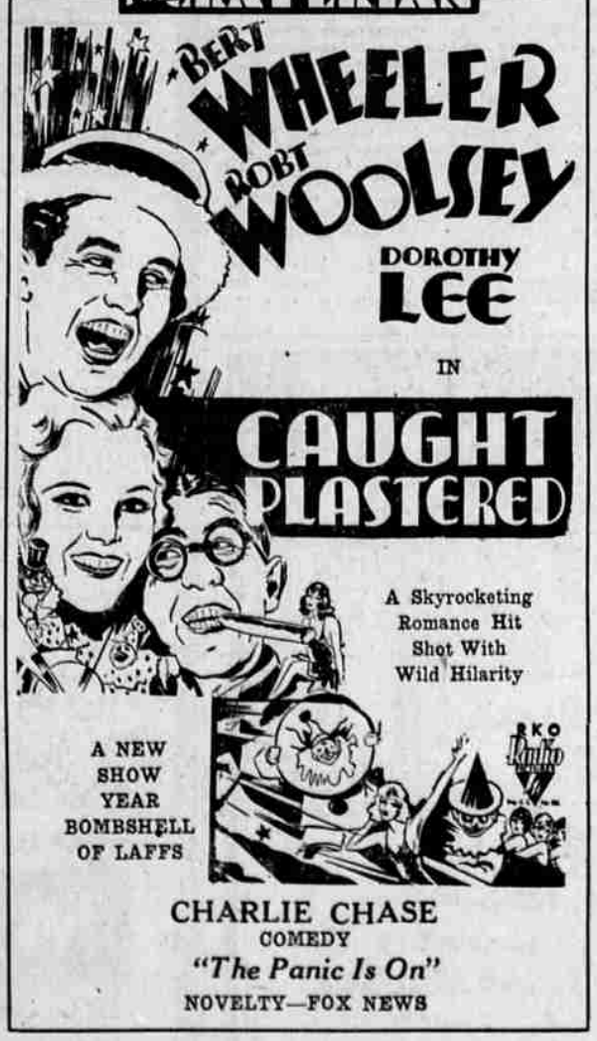

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