Masked Longing

BY HOWARD ROCKEY — A ROMANCE OF RADIO

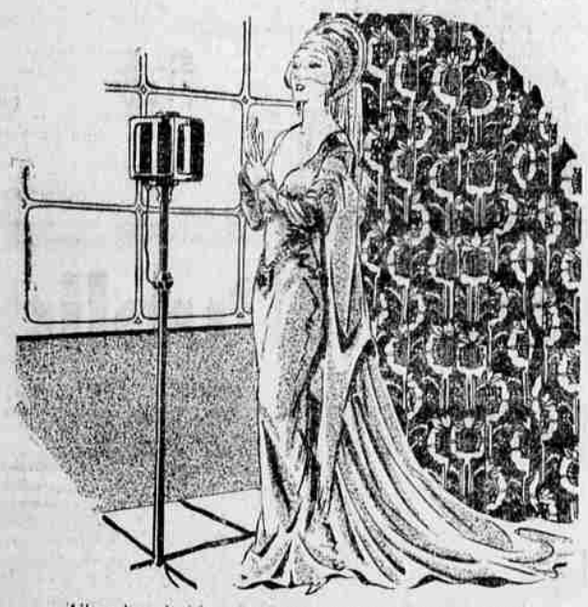
SYNOPSIS: Radio brings a new chance to Aileen Gray, whose musical comedy career is ended when she is disfigured by an accident. Dwight Channing, artist, makes a porcelain mask for her to wear in her new character as a "mystery" singer of the air. Jimmy Cruse, Broadway press agent, who loves Aileen, helps stage her "arrival" from Europe. A masked woman shoots Arnold Kronberg, movie magnate, in his private office just as he is making advances to Vivienne Aileen's sister. Kronberg recovers but says nothing. A telegram to Aileen signed "Adrastia" indicates its sender may be the woman who shot Kronberg, and that, knowing Aileen wears a mask, she will throw the blame for the shooting on her if necessary. Still alarmed by the telegram's veiled threat, Aileen prepares for her debut on the air amid a glamorous setting staged by Channing and Cruse.

Chapter 9

A MOMENT OF HORROR

HER magic day over, Aileen was thankful to be alone in the bedroom of her suite. She was loath to remove the mask and see herself. Before she undressed she switched off the lights—all except the shaded lamp which glowed by the bedside table. Its faint softness made her pair or a little more indulgent.

Tenderly she put Channing's mask away. From that moment on it would be her veil between the world



Aileen launched her opening song with glorious abandon.

and her fears. Probably they were groundless. It was no more than mistaken chivalry that had prompted Gluck to express the hope that she would unmask for him. But unless Gluck could be told the truth, the desire he had voiced in courtesy might become an obsession with him.

Her physical weariness began to assert itself. She drifted off to sleep. Then, in her dreams, it seemed to her that she was the favorite of the Prince that Channing had told about. She felt the great surge of longing that stirred the unseen wife.

For a moment she fancied herself in the clasp of strong, possessive arms. She could only faintly see the features of her ardent lover, but as his lips were drawn to hers the adoration in his eyes suddenly changed to horror. She could feel his fingers about her throat—choking, stifling her passion—could hear a cruel, relentless voice saying with brutal finality that love was not for her.

She awoke with a start and leaped out of bed. Trembling, she stood in the darkness. Mechanically, her fingers touched the switch of the table lamp. Aileen put her hands to her throat, looked about her in terror. Of course she was alone in the room, except for her own image in the dressing-room closet mirror. It leered at her like the face of a fiend—laughed with the ghastly distortion of her poor scarred features. With an agonized scream she caught up the lamp, ripped the cord from its socket and hurled it at this specter.

In the darkness the tinkle of falling glass mocked her, like the echo of another shattered door. Nora Nolan found her in a pitiful heap on the rug.

It was with a sense of shame that Aileen awoke in the morning. While still in the clutch of her horrible dream, she had not fully realized how childish she had been. It had seemed as though she was fighting a bondage that was stifling the insistent cry of her youth.

No matter what fame she might attain, there was one great happiness from which she was barred forever. Never, so long as she might live, would she dare let a man who loved her peep beneath her mask. She fully realized now that she must never love.

Perhaps such knowledge had come too late. From now on she would need to take drastic steps to kill whatever hope of love Aileen knew she had kindled in Jimmy. No one else could share the burden she must bear as best she might. Certainly no man!

As Aileen sipped her coffee something else occurred to her. There must be no suspicion of why that glass was broken.

"I have it!" she said to Nora. "Tell the floor-clerk I was in a rage. Say that when I have such fits I throw everything about. Make me as horrid as you can—and see that the story gets out. I want to be the sort of person no one could possibly —love."

By the time of her first rehearsal with the orchestra and Lezinski, Aileen had almost forgotten herself in the business of getting ready for her bow to the radio public. When the night of her debut arrived her brain was in a whirl.

Intriguing photos and sketches that Channing had made of her looked out from the evening edi-

tions with an inviting smile. Literally, millions would tune-in on this newest feature.

Jimmy and Channing called for her shortly after nine. It seemed to Aileen that she floated on air as they taxied through the streets. In the cathedral-like studio everything was ready. Like the chorus of a stage play, the members of the ensemble were grouped about a grand piano.

Colored lights of varied shades lent a note of restful beauty. There was none of the back-stage tawdriness Aileen had always known. She was radiant as she took her place at Lezinski's side.

A stop-watch indicated the approach of Aileen's hour. Faces were tense as Lezinski tapped the director's stand with his baton. Somewhere a warning voice commanded, "Quiet! You're on the air!" The mechanical ears of forty-odd stations from coast to coast could have heard a pin drop.

Then the first program of *La Parfum Masque* swung into its stride. In a few more minutes her radio reputation would be made or lost.

Aileen carefully placed herself and stared with some misgiving at the microphone. In the front row of guests she could see Emile Gluck and Channing. Jimmy was not visible, but he was watching her eagerly through the control-room window. Trained to the stage from childhood, Aileen had never until now been nervous before her entrance.

As she began to sing she was supremely conscious of the unseen millions who would soon pass judgment on her. Would her voice go over, she wondered. Would the nation like her?

She was certain that Vivienne would be listening at that moment. And she wanted Viv to like her! That hope drove everything else from her mind. Aileen sang to Viv alone as she launched her opening song with a glorious abandon.

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Arnold Kronberg reappears in Vivienne's life tomorrow. What are his intentions?

CHINATOWN CURBED BY IRISH BOSS

Detective Manion Celebrates Ten Years of Peaceful Rule in Frisco Oriental Section — Tong Wars, Opium Dens Wiped Out.

By L. E. Claypool.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—(AP) While some communities were deploring gangsters, racketeers and hoodlums, San Francisco's Chinatown is rejoicing informally at 10 years of peace under an Irish boss.

The occasion is the tenth anniversary of Dectective Sergeant John J. Manion's assumption of control in that community, the largest oriental settlement in the western hemisphere.

Until ten years ago opium selling, tong wars and the sale of slave girls were rather common in Chinatown. Policemen did not last long. It was not uncommon for one of them to work in Chinatown a few months and blossom out with a house full of oriental furniture inlaid with jade and mother of pearl.

Manion Called.

When Dan O'Brien, now chief of the state department of penology, became chief of police he called a tall, husky, smiling Irishman who years before had induced him to come into the police department. That man was Manion. He always had been poor, and for this and other reasons everybody figured he must be honest. His fists had cuffed so many crooks, despite their guns, everybody knew he was fearless.

Said Dan to Jack: "You're it."

"O. K., chief," was Manion's reply, and Manion was given the rank of detective sergeant and placed in charge of the Chinatown police detail, the "toughest job in the department."

With his big smile and his hands in his pockets, Manion wifked up into Chinatown with its 30,000 inhabitants, and had a confab with the "big shots" and the business men.

Ultimatum Issued.

"Boys," he said in effect, "it's all off. There's a new deal. No more killings, see? No more opium, no more slave girls. Business men must be safe. No more shakedowns. If you do you will be arrested and probably deported."

It was hard to believe. The "highbinders" or killers were so surprised they did not unleash their guns until 1924, three years after Manion "took over." Then the Manion smile turned to a frown and Chinatown shuddered.

Just as he said he would do, he rounded up the leaders. Many were jailed, some were deported. Again the head men were called together, this time at the Wo Ping Woocy or temple of peace. The Irish sergeant read them the riot act in English and Gaelic and all understood.

Peace Reigns.

Peace has reigned since. In 1926 a Chinese settled an old grudge by shooting another Chinese. But he did it outside of Chinatown. And when he found out it was on Manion's night off he apologized.

Since then there has not been even a good fist fight.

Today Manion walks up Grant avenue, with Y. M. C. A. buildings, churches, Boy Scout halls, girls' clubs and movie palaces on all sides. The most exciting place in the community is the telephone exchange. If it wasn't for tourists who want to go places and see things under Manion's de luxe direction, he would almost have nothing to do.

Everywhere the Irish overlord goes, people greet him with a "Hello, Sarge Menyen," and children follow him like a Pied Piper; his advice is asked about marriages, divorces, funerals and even christenings.

"Cohens and Kellys" Is Craterian Show

Searching for ivory in darkest Africa to supply keys for their pianos forms the background of the latest adventures of those two partners in slapstick, Charles Murray and George Sidney. Their picture, "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," opened yesterday at the Fox Craterian, and will not disappoint anyone who has enjoyed previous comedy efforts of the Irish and Hebrew team. Vera Gordon and Kate Price appear as their much harassed wives who suffer no end of terror and indignity before their lords and masters win their way to fame and fortune.

'Once a Gentleman' Coming to Holly

Lois Wilson in "Once a Gentleman."

Playing stellar roles in three hundred plays at one theatre—the Majestic in Los Angeles—is the unique record of Edward Everett Horton, famous stage and screen comedian, whose latest laugh riot "Once a Gentleman" will be presented on Tuesday at the Holly Theatre for a two days' run. Practically every play of importance produced in America has been seen at the Majestic, and Horton became Hollywood's most popular stock actor.

Horton has successfully alternated between stage and screen appearances, although he often remarks that he's the only actor who went to Hollywood to appear on the stage. Among his photoplay hits were "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Beggar on Horseback. Francis X. Bushman, Sr., has had a long and varied career on the stage and screen. His latest role is that of Bannister in "Once a Gentleman." It will be interesting to see this fascinating character of the screen. After playing 400 roles on the screen and considered one of Glmdom's wealthiest men, Francis X. Bushman has retired from the screen and is now broke. He is appearing with a small stock company in Chicago. His many admirers will welcome the opportunity to see him in the film coming to the Holly tomorrow

Don't Go to Extremes To End Constipation

When bad breath, or a coated tongue, biliousness or headaches warn of constipation, don't take violent purgatives. There's no use when a candy Cascaret will stop the trouble in a jiffy; will cleanse your system pleasantly, and completely.

The relief you get so promptly from Cascarets is lasting. Cascarets are made from cascara, a substance which medical authorities agree *actually strengthens the bowel muscles.*

So Cascarets are a blessing to old folks with weakened bowels; to children; to anyone in need of establishing regular bowel habits. Ten cents a box—all drug stores.

Betty Compson Now Starring At Rialto

To say that "She Got What She Wanted," the James Cruze production that is the attraction at the Fox Rialto theater until Wednesday is a riot, a scream, a howl, a panic—that it is hilariously funny—is just using all the superlatives we can think of and giving no idea just what sort of a funny picture it is. But to do that is hopeless!

It isn't just the plot that makes it funny, for it is an utterly absurd affair that just wouldn't be possible at all if it weren't played in exactly the right key. It isn't just the dialogue that makes it funny, for the same dialogue wouldn't be funny without the situations and without just the right characters in these situations. It is the combination of all these elements, made perfect by the very clever directing of Jim Cruze and the finished work of every member of the cast.

Betty Compson is Mahyna, the Russian ballet dancer who went hunting for beauty, romance, life and art. Her first step in the search was to marry Boris, played by Gaston Glass, with the proviso that either should be permitted to seek happiness with another should they feel a mistake had been made.

PRINCESS BEATRICE RALLIES FROM ILLS

LONDON, Feb. 2 — (AP) — The Princess Beatrice, King George's aunt, who is seriously ill of bronchitis, rallied today from a setback yesterday and her physicians reported her condition as "rather more satisfactory."

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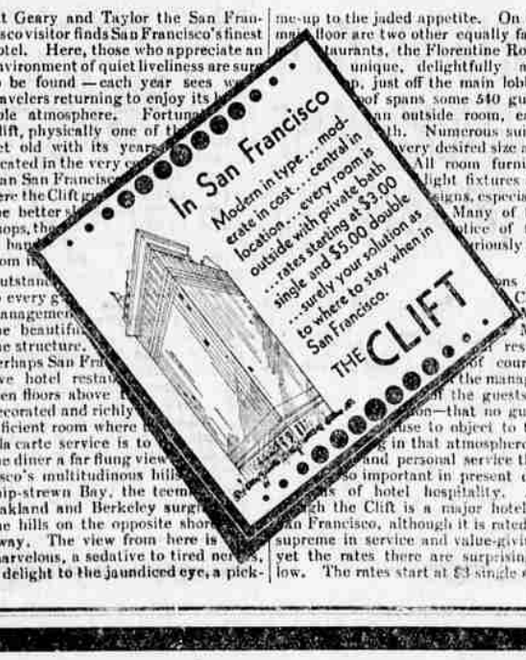

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IDAHO SOLON OUT FOR SHEEP, VOTES

BOISE, Idaho, Feb. 2.—(AP)—It is going to be tough on bear in Kootenai county soon if Representative Taylor has his way.

He introduced a bill in the statehouse eliminating Kootenai from the list of north Idaho counties in which the bear is a protected animal.

"Bear killed 240 head of sheep in our county last season," he said. "When the sheepmen discovered they could not kill them they just about ate me up. I almost lost the election on account of it.

"Those bear got so bold they would come down into the back yards."

VETERANS HOSPITAL FOR IDAHO SOUGHT BY SOLON

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—(AP)—Representative Smith, Republican, Idaho, has introduced a bill to authorize erection of a $150,000 veterans' hospital at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

Dr. Carl's Discovery Stops Gas, Constipation

In his private practice, Dr. Carl Woschek first perfected the simple mixture now known as Adlerika. Unlike most remedies, Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old poisons you would never believe were in your system. Stops GAS bloating in 15 minutes! Relieves chronic constipation in 2 hours! Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel! It will surprise you! Heath's Drug Store.