

SPOTLIGHT

H.W. CORLEY
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE is, whose parents were well-known vaudeville actors, is in New York looking for work. Sheila is dancing on the stage, first traveling with a troupe and now working in vaudeville and road shows. Sheila lives in MA LOWELL'S theatrical rooming house.

MYRT, a vaudeville performer also out of work, also lives there. She's been trying to get a job, and she's been successful. She's been in small towns in which she has played.

Sheila has interrupted them to announce that a telephone call has come for Sheila. It's from DAISY GLEASON, another dancer, who has married her ankle. She's been in small towns in which she has played.

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CHAPTER THREE (Continued)

Here she was, delighted to be filling in for Daisy Gleason whose only claim to the "profession" was that she had married Roscoe.

There was a happy couple for you in the stage world! Roscoe and Daisy! One said Roscoe and Daisy as if the names had grown together, were syllables of the same name. Never a quarrel, never a cross word between them as far as any one knew—which was pretty far in the show business!

Sheila had tossed off her coat and stood in the little suit skirt and frilly white blouse, hardly a practice costume, but donned to impress the managers who would not have lifted an eyebrow had she arrived in plain pajamas, so hardened were they to unusual costumes and feminine charms.

"Listen," Bill stopped scowling long enough to say. "Hop out to the desk and ask Mabel to give you a suit of rompers. I've got some lively kicks coming along there's no use ruining a decent skirt."

She was being interrupted for the third time that morning in a confidential telephone chat with her young man. She had ridden to work with him that morning on the Bronx subway and would see him at lunch, but love is love!

"Oh, honey," Sheila waited, handing back a size 40 suit of practice clothes. "I can't wear that! Give me a break, will you? What on earth do you think I've reduced ten pounds for?"

"I'll ask the prince of Wales," replied Mabel haughtily, but presently she flung a suit of blue, just Sheila's size, at her from the collection in the lower desk drawer.

Dressed for work, Sheila watched Bill move through graceless gait with elephantine skill. She did not dream of smiling, even inwardly.

These steps, shorn of Bill's quaint, earnest interpretation, were suave, fascinating. His routines were known—and copied—up and down Broadway.

"You take a couple slides here, see?" said Bill between scowls. Unexpectedly he stopped, one foot suspended in midair.

"Now you try, sister," Bill Brady ordered.

CHAPTER FOUR

HER face upturned, her hair flapping, her feet tapping like rain drops on a roof, Sheila slid into the dance routine. She twirled and fluttered. She skimmed over the floor on which a few moments before Bill Brady had lumbered.

But it was the same routine. It was the same music. Timmy's nodding head spelt approval as he listened for the "click-click" of her feet. Brady, seated in a tilted-back chair, swing a pencil and hummed loudly, "Da da daa!"

Accustomed as he was to skill, to grace and beauty, even Bill Brady held his breath.

"That's the stuff, baby. You're a comer!"

"I told you she could dance, Bill!" This from Timmy, working at the keys, his face beaming.

"Listen, Sheila, just because we're used to you, don't fake that last turn!"

"Got it?"

She had it. She skimmed, she twirled, she kicked, she slid. She was still smiling, but a little less spontaneously now. Her muscles had begun to shriek at her, clamoring for cessation.

She fluttered, continued with the dance without allowing her spectators to become aware of her torment. Bill knew, nevertheless, and Bill grinned.

"Guess you won't go so long with practicing again, eh?"

"Guess I won't," agreed Sheila finally.

"Well, I think this job'll keep you busy for a while! Gleason isn't much of a dancer."

That was rare praise from Brady. To tell her another dancer "wasn't much" meant that he approved of her.

"Once again, now baby. That last shuffle—"

THE melody began to flow like liquid from the keys and in spite of agonized muscles, crying out with every step, Sheila, with rapt face, once more went into the dance.

"Tum-tum, ta ta ta-ta!" howled Brady. "That's the stuff, kid."

A moment of rest, panting, heart pounding.

Bill threw himself into action again on the second measures of the routine. Seated near the piano where Blind Timmy's smile cheered her, Sheila watched Bill's flying feet.

Timmy's music followed Bill, too, Timmy's head cocked to catch the "tap tap" of Bill's agile feet, and catching it so perfectly it was difficult to believe the pianist couldn't see.

"You're getting along fine!" Timmy murmured to the girl without turning toward her.

"Think so, Timmy?"

"Sure. Not a lost beat, not an extra sound. It's a little hard, following you, Sheila, just as if you was thistledown. You'll be a star some day."

His face took on a shade of wistfulness and Sheila thought of his

(To Be Continued)

fresh as a new day
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
M-191
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Those who passed Tarzan now, never guessed that beneath his stolen uniform beat a savage heart filled with relentless hatred for the Reds. First he wanted to locate the hotel where he believed he would find Oiga, the spy.

Where the girl was, doubtless too there would be Ivan Karzenoff, who was either her confederate, her sweetheart, or both. Finding the building, he considered entering and inquiring for those he sought.

His better judgment prompted him to reconnoiter first. Looking into all the lighted windows and seeing neither of those for whom he had come, he swung lightly to the veranda's roof and continued his investigation through the windows of the second story.

In a rear room the blinds were drawn. He heard voices within, and once he saw what appeared to be a woman's figure silhouetted against the blinds. Creeping closer, the ape-man heard a man speaking.