

SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE, whose parents were well-known vaudeville actors, is in New York looking for work. Sheila is a dancer. She has been offered a part in a new play on the stage, first traveling with her parents, and then, later, in a vaudeville and road show. Sheila lives at 10 MA. LOWELL'S theatrical rooming house.

MYRTLE, a vaudeville performer also out of work, also lives there. Over the breakfast table one morning Sheila confides to Myrtle that her great ambition is to marry and have a home like those she has seen in small towns in which she has played.

Ma Lowell interrupts them to announce that a telephone call has come for Sheila. She goes off for her to Bill in for DAISY GLEASON, another dancer, who has obtained her ankle. Sheila agrees and sets off for JOE PARIS' office to rehearse.

At about the same time two wealthy young men, TREVOR LANE and DICK STANLEY, are in the office of the party lane is to give that night. They decided to go to Sheila's office to hire some entertainers.

Sheila is about to arrive. BILL BRADY, dance instructor, begins to teach her the new steps.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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, never 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 fairly white blouse, hardly a practice costume, but donned to impress the managers who would not have lifted an eyebrow had she arrived in plaid 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 and there's no use ruining a decent skirt."

Mabel was none too cordial. She was being interrupted for the third time that morning in a confidential telephone call 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 wailed, 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 graceful gyrations 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 sows. Unexpectably he stopped, one foot suspended in midair.

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

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, swung 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 praising 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 without practicing again, eh?"

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

"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 rapid face, once more went into the dance.

"Tum tu-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 thisside-down. You'll be a star some day."

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

lonely life, his struggle, his patience against adversity.

She leaned forward as she rose and touched his worn shoulder.

"When I'm a star, you'll be one, too, Timmy. Wait and see," she said.

"Then my future's made?"

The girl's eyes glistened. "You mean that, Timmy? You think I'm good?"

"I know you are!"

Brady nodded sarcastically toward them from the middle of the floor. "Lay off that stuff," he called, not unkindly. "Sure, both of you are going up in electric lights—some day. But there's work to do. Snap it into it now!"

DICK STANLEY glanced about the long room with unabashed interest. "Quite a place, isn't it?" he said. It was all new to Stanley. This was the world of Broadway where values were altered from those which governed his own sheltered life.

In Stanley's set it was what one had in his pocket. Here it was talent, that catalogued men and women.

From the practice rooms came the medley of strains—jazz tomtomming, wildly, crooning sounding gently, feet tapping briskly.

He could hear directions shouted, praise offered, abuse piled on the heads of famous entertainers by arrogant little dance arrangers of whose existence the public never would know.

Feet were briskly flying, clicking. Two girls in a sister act crooned in harmony. A heavy voice called, "That's fine, baby. You're coming. Slide, kick, da da-da! That's it. One, two, three!"

Little windows in each door permitted interested persons to gaze, Dick observed. That is to say, he observed the little windows. He did not know that they had been put there for two precise reasons—propriety, and to facilitate searching out a particular performer or an accompanist. They were not intended for idle spectators such as Dick Stanley.

Instantly the young man had become interested. This girl was good! Trevor should ask her to dance at the party tonight. Dick stood watching for several moments in sheer delight.

Indeed she could dance! Taller than many dancers, she nevertheless was graceful and winsome. Her hair danced merrily as she tapped, her body bending, her arms swinging, head tilted this way and that.

The girl was pretty too, darned pretty. Black hair, white creamy skin, blue eyes and red lips. Lipstick? Probably. These chorus girls weren't any different in that respect than the girls of his own set.

But if that coloring was artificial, Dick decided that it was more skillfully applied than most.

He watched the girl skim over the floor, clicking, pausing, swirling, oblivious to her surroundings. He watched the dance instructor rasping out commands, nodding approvingly and bringing a well-shod foot sharply to the floor in perfect rhythm.

He watched the accompanist, his hands pressing out the melody, a melody that sang.

Then suddenly the girl stopped. The dance instructor turned abruptly toward the door. The music ceased.

Dick could not catch the words, but he was certain the girl murmured something. Her lips moved and instantly the accompanist twirled on his stool and struck the piano keys with a single finger.

"Oh—say—can—you—see?"

That was for him! Evidently he had overstepped conventions. A dull flush crept into Stanley's smooth skin as he left the window.

Moving back along the corridor, he heard the tom-tom of the piano beginning once more. He could hear a shouted order, could hear the girl's feet—click, click.

HE wondered who she might be and knew just enough not to ask any one else around the place. If he was to further his interest in this girl, he must let it appear casual.

His heart, his very much overworked heart, jaded perhaps as only a 22-year-old heart in the breast of a good-looking, wealthy, college-bred man can be, took a surprising routine of action. Dick's heart was in a positive tumult as he made his way back to Trevor Lane's side.

Joe Paris was talking with Trevor at the counter. "We'll send up the Tapping Taylors, then, Mr. Lane. All right? Maybe Flossie Kent. She has a nice little song number. Good-looking, too. No Flossie's singer."

"I'd like the Melody Boys," Trevor was explaining. "They could drop in late after the show."

"Sure. The Melody Boys. They're playing in 'June Time,' but they could be with you by 11:30. Time enough."

"The party will just be starting," Trevor smiled.

"Sorry Flossie's playing," Joe mused.

"Is she far away?"

"Pittsburgh."

"Oh," Trevor smiled again and the telephone girl hoped to goodness he would leave his telephone number. She could take a message from Joe maybe and talk to him. He might try to date her up.

"You remember Bessie Leigh?" Joe asked. Trevor remembered her. A little whirlwind, fly-away dancer whom he had hired once as a performer and who had become something of a nuisance afterward. Yes, Trevor knew Bessie!

"I'd like an eccentric dancer though, Joe."

"There's a girl dancing down there," Dick put in hastily and Joe Paris nodded.

"That's right! Sheila Shayne—" Sheila Shayne! What a lovely name. Then Stanley remembered it probably was fake. They usually were. Nevertheless she was a lovely girl.

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



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 Olga, the spy.

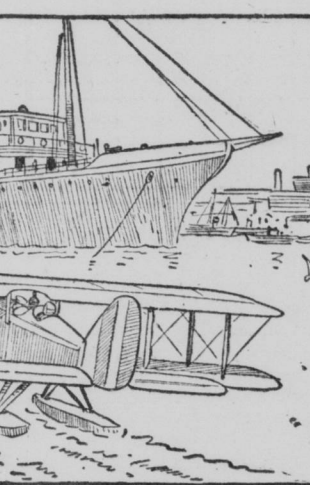
Where the girl was, doubtless too there would be Ivan Karzenoff, who was either her confederate, her sweetheart, or both. Finding the building, he considered entering and inquiring for those he sought.

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



BOY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BOAT...



AND FROM A PORTHOLE IN THE GALLEY...



VERY THIMBLE. THE CATHIE GUARD WILL BE CHORUTH GIRLTH...



WHY, SWEETHEART, IT WOULDN'T DARE!



THERE'S NO USE IN BOTH OF US WORRYING



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 a moment against the blind. Creeping closer, the ape-man heard a man speaking.

fresh as a new day

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

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