

SPOTLIGHT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE, whose parents were well-known vaudeville actors, is in New York looking for work. Sheila is a dancer who has spent almost her entire life on the stage, first traveling with her parents, and later with Sheila, lives at MA LOWELL'S theatrical rooming house. Ma Lowell's son, Dick, is a dancer, and of work, also lives there. Over the breakfast table one morning Sheila confided to Dick that she had always wanted to marry and have a home like those she has seen in small towns in which she has played.

Ma Lowell interrupted them to announce that a producer had come for Sheila. It is an offer for her to fill in for DAISY GLASS, who is ill. She agreed to go to Paris' office to interview the producer.

"Sheila, you are a real dancer. You're good. You can go wrong."

Dick held his breath, watching Trevor's face. Was he going to say to Joe, "No, thank you, I guess the others will be all right"? Just because he had never heard of Sheila Shayne?

"Shayne," Joe continued, "she's a good girl. You can't go wrong."

Perhaps Trevor caught the expression on Dick's face. Trevor was skillful at mind reading.

"Shayne? Sheila Shayne?" he said. "Never heard of her, but that doesn't mean anything. Maybe we will some day. Let's talk to her."

CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

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JOE PARIS moved toward the practice rooms, followed by the other two men. "Miss Shayne is booked at Jackson Heights tonight," he said.

Without preamble, Joe opened the door. This time there was no halting of step or cessation of the music. It was Joe, the great Paris, and welcome indeed!

Joe's presence in a practice room always meant something. Sheila continued with the difficult routine. She was dancing beautifully.

Her eyes met Dick Stanley's as, without stopping, she glided swiftly down the room. She smiled guardedly, a trifle mischievously. So he was a friend of Joe's! Maybe he had brought Joe back. Maybe he was a producer!

She decided against this almost immediately, tapping energetically, skimming like a bird across the room, breaking into kicks, tapping again. It wasn't that the newcomer was too young to be a producer! They could be as young as they pleased, provided they had money.

This young man was too interested in the things about him. He didn't look bored. And a producer has to learn very early to look bored and unimpressed if he doesn't want to be besieged by would-be hangers-on at every turn.

Sheila didn't think the other man was a producer, either. Had he been filling the cast of a show he would have watched her for a few minutes and then disappeared. Instead, he was talking to Joe and beckoning to Bill Brady.

It was clear, however, that Sheila was the subject of the conversation. Tapping, whirling, twirling like a flower in a brisk wind, she smiled gently, eyes on the ceiling, and danced on.

"This girl's a real dancer," Bill began affably. And again Sheila smiled. Not five minutes before, when she muffed a turn, Bill had called her hopeless.

Five minutes more and he would make her the world's leading dancer. That was show business for you.

Timmy reached the end of the theme and began again, but Bill cut in briskly. "That's all, Tim. You, Shayne—come here!"

SHE was going to meet Joe Paris! He had noticed her! Equally marvelous, she was going to meet this boy who had been watching her.

She must look a sight now, her hair every which way, her face beaming. With a crumpled little handkerchief, Sheila attempted to repair the ravages of the last two hours. What a moment to come face to face with any young man!

"Well, if he liked me this way, he'll like me dressed up. That's one comfort," she thought despairingly.

Oddly it did not occur to her to wonder if Joe Paris liked her—Joe, whose approbation could mean instant recognition.

Bill was beaming at her as though she were one of his own prize pupils and drew her into the circle.

Miss Shayne, Joe, Miss Shayne, Mr. Lane, and—er, your friend there—I didn't catch the name? Oh, yes, Stanley! Mr. Stanley, Sheila," Bill's voice was important. His eyes were on Joe Paris' face.

"Shayne," repeated Joe meditatively, acknowledging the girl's bow with a curt nod. "Shayne. You're Johnny Desmond's daughter, aren't you? How come you changed your name?"

"I wanted to make good on my own, Mr. Paris." Her voice was low. "I didn't want managers to hire me or agents to book me on my parents' account."

"You see, if I get anywhere I want it to be because I am a dancer, not because my mother and father were."

The big man nodded approvingly. "Still that doesn't keep you from inheriting Johnny's spunk," Sheila thought ruefully. "Seventy-five dollars is a lot of money. And he said reflectively, "And you can dance all right."

"Good! You can dance all right." Such words as those from Joe Paris! If Joe troubled to praise a routine it meant something. Always considerate, always helpful to an actor in trouble or a down-and-out, Joe never scattered undue praise.

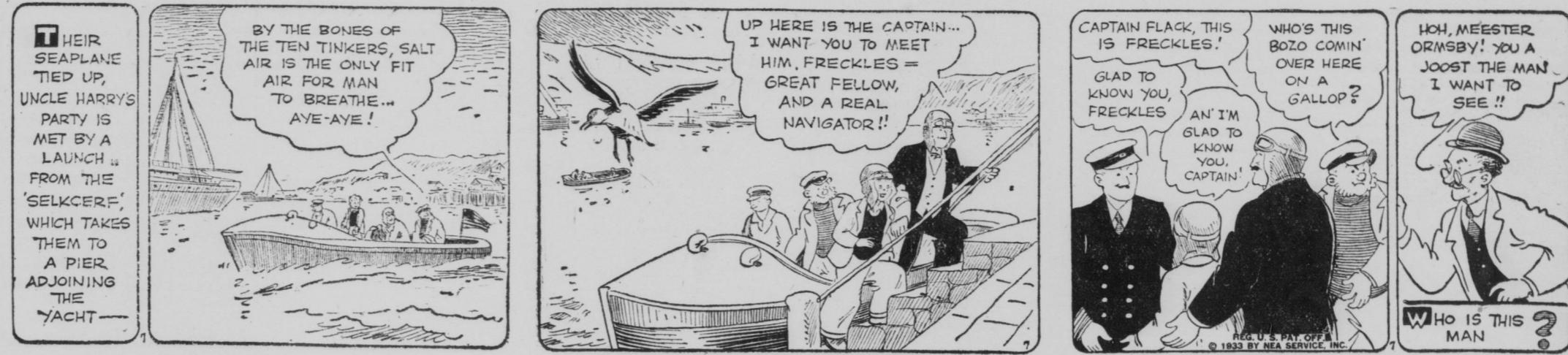
"The kindest thing," he would repeat firmly and frequently, "the kindest thing you can do for some of them is to send them back to the five-and-dime stores. But if they are good, tell them so!"

BILL glowed at the tribute. "Mr. Lane here," he said, indicat-

(To Be Continued)



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



Although Tarzan could not distinguish their words, he distinctly heard a man and woman speaking. The next room was dark, its window unlatched. All quiet within, the ape-man slipped into the vacant room.



—By Blosser

—By Crane

—By Martin

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"So give me the papers and let me go." The man's reply was so low Tarzan could not catch the words. Then the woman spoke again—a note of scorn and perhaps fear in her voice. "You would not DARE, Ivan Karzenoff!" she said.

"Do not touch me! Take your hands from me!" It was then that Tarzan of the Apes opened the door and stepped into the room. He saw a huge, bull-necked officer and a girl futilely struggling against the fellow's unwelcome advances.