

# SPOTLIGHT

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Sheila Shayne, 18, whose parents were well-known vaudeville stars in New York looking for work. Sheila is a dancer.

She has spent almost her entire life on the stage, first traveling with her parents, now dancing in vaudeville and road shows. Sheila lives at 1212 Lowell street, and is a native of New York.

MYRT, a vaudeville performer also out of work, also lives there. Over breakfast table one morning Sheila confided to Myrt 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 Lovell interrupts them to announce that a telephone call has come for Sheila. It is an offer for her to fill in for DAISY OLSON, another dancer, who has sprained 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 discussing plans for the party Lane is to give that night. They decided to go to Paris' office to hire some entertainers.

They arrive while BILL BRADY, dance instructor, is teaching Sheila the new routine. Stanley sees her dancing and is impressed with her skill and beauty.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)**

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 never had heard of Sheila Shayne?

"Shayne?" Joe continued, "she's a comer. You can't go wrong."

Perhaps Trevor caught the expression on Dick's face. Trevor was skilful 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 FIVE**

JOE PARIS moved toward the practice rooms, followed by the other two men. "Miss Shayne is booked at Jackson Heights to-night," 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 the 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 routine, and a 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, topping 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 void 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 danseuse. 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!"

HE 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—I wanted to make good on my own, Mr. Paris." Her voice was trembling. "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 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," he said reflectively. "And you can dance all right. You're good."

"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, indicating that gentleman, "is looking for talent."

Sheila's eyes widened expectantly. "For a party he's giving this evening."

The girl's face fell.

"We thought perhaps you'd dance for him," Joe Paris added. "Just a number or two. I know you're booked with Roscoe Moody in Gleason's place."

Sheila showed her surprise. So Joe Paris knew that! That he had known her father did not seem so unusual as did this exciting bit of news.

"We are playing Jackson Heights," Sheila murmured in confusion. "I've been resting lately. I'm—well, pretty stiff."

Joe grinned broadly. If he thought sore muscles a joke, Sheila decided, it must be because he had never experienced them. Or, had he?

"Mr. Lane," Joe said, while Bill stood by attentively and the others remained silent. "Jackson Heights. That's Bailey's theater? Well—you could make it in a taxi. After the show. Just a number or so. Is that right, Lane? Or a song."

Bill leaned forward confidentially, though his lowered voice reached and was meant to reach every corner in the room. "Shayne puts over a song number in great style."

Dick Stanley's pleading eyes met the girl's for an instant as she wavered.

"I would like to accommodate you," she began, then added hastily, "but I haven't been dancing. I'll be awfully tired, I'm afraid."

"You seem in excellent practice," Trevor Lane began politely.

"It's not that!" Sheila flushed.

"I may be too stiff by that time to dance well. Maybe you've ridden horseback—and know how difficult it is?" She laughed ruefully. "Perhaps some other time!"

HER heart was pounding, saying loudly, "You little fool! Why are you saying that? Mr. Stanley will be there! You'll see him. Maybe he will take you home. Tell him you'll be glad to fill in."

"We pay 50—"

"Seventy-five!" announced Dick briskly, slyly nudging Trevor. "And," grinning broadly, "we guarantee you an awfully good time. For you'll stay for the party, of course?"

This, she knew, was irregular. Unbusinesslike. They got things from you they didn't pay for—extra songs, maybe dances, even a lesson or so.

The men gathered around, considering a chorus girl fair prey. The girls snubbed you if you were good-looking, or if you were clever they said caty things.

No, the wisest thing was to keep away. Still \$75 is \$75—a full wardrobe with careful buying! A new evening gown, new hat, new suit, shoes!

But why put herself at a disadvantage? Why appear beside society girls, wealthy young women of this man's own set, with the comparison all in their favor? Meticulously groomed, born to luxury and ease, never a worry or thought for tomorrow.

"I'm sorry. I'd love to some other time. It's awfully nice of you to ask me."

"Some other time, then," Trevor Lane said simply. He did not appear even vaguely disturbed. Dick Stanley looked crestfallen. Joe Paris regarded her doubtfully and Bill glared.

"Can't I persuade you?" Dick asked in a low tone as the others moved away.

"No, really I can't do it. Not to-night."

"Suppose I leave the telephone number with the girl? Will you use it if you change your mind?" She shook her head. "No. Well, maybe, yes, leave it. But don't be disappointed."

"Please change your mind. I'll expect to hear from you."

Why hadn't he asked for her telephone number, Sheila wondered as he disappeared in the direction of the others. Didn't he know she had burned the bridges? That she couldn't telephone him now?

He thought he could find her in the telephone book, perhaps. As if she could afford her own apartment in these days!

Sheila sighed. An opportunity had vanished. But work remained. Doggedly she went into the routine, her clicking heels beating out the rhythm as faithful Timmy played.

**CHAPTER SIX**

THE ride to Jackson Heights in the subway was tiresome. Sheila had practiced all day, hardly stopping for lunch, her muscles becoming more painful as the hours progressed.

She knew that a dancer already known as a success never would have hesitated to fill in this way after weeks without practice.

Of course there were few dance instructors like Brady. This Sheila understood. Brady had been patient and she had intelligence and talent, but no one, not even Brady, could turn out a really finished number in so short a time.

Next week, some time—Bill had been rather vague about it—there would be another lesson. Three routines for \$50 was his price and Roscoe probably had not overpaid him for rushing Sheila through the paces.

Her muscles did ache fearfully. If she had had the money to spare, Sheila would have taken a cab. She did not have the money and her little overnight bag, with makeup and a book to read during waits, stood at her feet in the subway car where fare was only a nickel.

"Maybe I should have gone to Mr. Lane's party after all," Sheila thought ruefully. "Seventy-five dollars is a lot of money. And he said I could sing."

But she had not telephoned the number Dick Stanley had left for her. Neither had he called back to remind her that the opportunity still was open. He might have done that. She hardly had expected it, yet was disappointed because he didn't.

(To Be Continued)

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



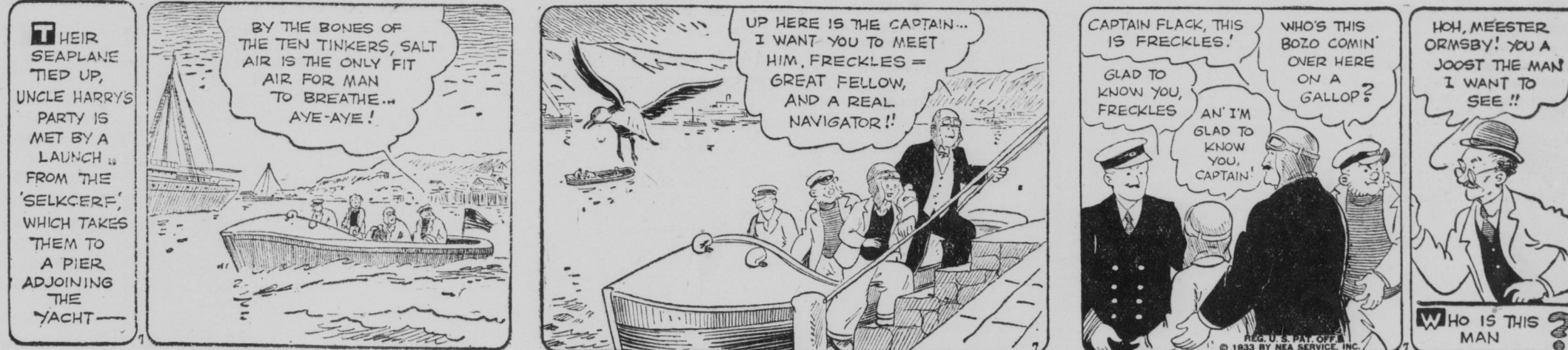
## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



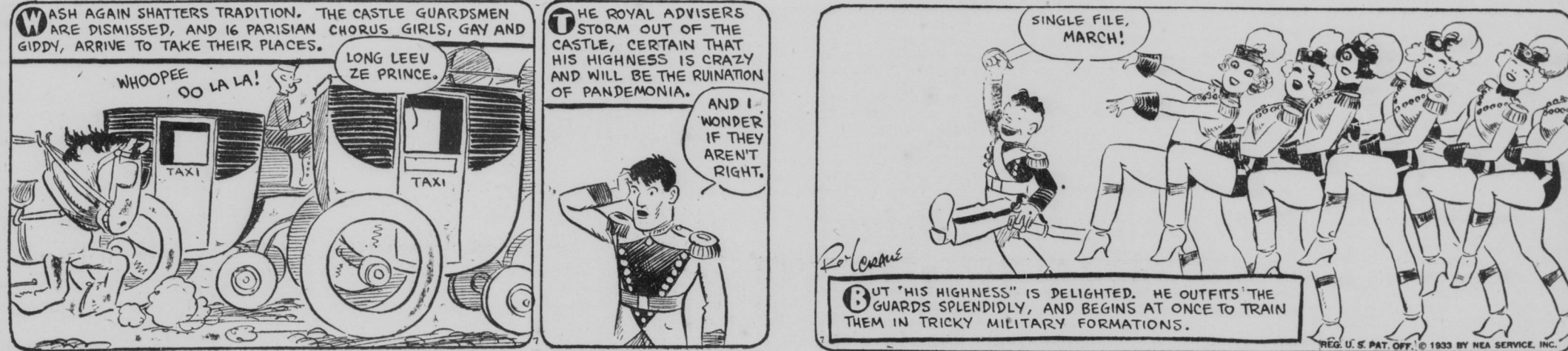
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



**WRIGLEYS' DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM**

**AFTER EVERY MEAL**