

SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY

SHEILA, 21, is a blonde, is well-known vaudeville actor, is in New York looking for a job. She is a dancer.

In spite of the fact that she has spent almost her entire life on the stage, her ambition is to marry and have a home like those she has seen in small towns in which she has played.

On a few jobs she has been hired to take the place of DAISY GLEASON, another dancer who has been injured.

Sheila goes to JOE PAUL'S office and tells him that she is interested in the job. TRIVOR LANE and DICK STANLEY both like her.

Lane asks Sheila to dance at a party he is giving, but she refuses, knowing that after a day of rehearsing and the performance that night she will be too tired.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SIX (Continued)

"Well, \$75 is \$75, but a job is a job, too. And, for a while at least, Sheila had a job."

She had three numbers—the little eccentric dance, for which Bill had trained her so ruthlessly, a tap dance during which his well-shod foot and Timmy's head had nodded brisk approval, and a singing number, the steps for which Bill had said might just as well be improvised.

Daisy's costumes might be a little short, but they would do. Sheila had brought her own hose, her own slippers. No there was nothing she had forgotten.

LEAVING the subway she took a trolley car and after making two transfers arrived at the theater door. It was barely 6 o'clock. She had time to eat and make up, to say nothing of resting a little.

She would have time also to become acquainted with the other members of the company. There would be Roscoe's band, Lottie Blair and the other specialty numbers. Perhaps she knew some of them already.

Hadn't she heard somewhere that Phil Short was Roscoe now? He had played the saxophone with a radio orchestra on a commercial program. Yes, she was certain Phil would be there.

Sheila hoped the other dancers would like her and not regard her with that suspicious jealousy so frequently shown other members of their own trapezoidal band.

The Dancing Doilies were nice, though. She had met them on a bill in Atlantic City.

Roscoe, a rather fat, harassed-looking young man with a baby face and pleasing smile, met her at the stage door with a great shout of relief.

Roscoe already was dressed for the act. His careful tie and beautifully cut clothes bespoke a successful season.

"So you got here! That's great," was his greeting as he wiped a perspiring face and tucked his handkerchief into a pocket before holding out a hand in greeting.

"Sure," he went on. "I know Bill phoned you with the company, but this is a slip between Bill's say-so and a personal appearance at the theater. It's great to see you."

Sheila smiled and passed along. Roscoe, whom she scarcely knew by sight, had greeted her as an old friend or—as indicated she was—a life-saver.

By tomorrow night he probably would call her "sweetheart." That wouldn't mean anything either. Roscoe never would attempt to get fresh.

His friendliness showed simply that he appreciated her quick work in learning the routine and that he recognized her as a trouper.

At the door of the dressing room, Roscoe, who had caught up with her, confirmed Bill's rather sketchy ideas about her salary.

"We'll need you for six weeks, anyhow," was his comfortable assurance. "Maybe longer. Depends on how the kid's ankle behaves. Then maybe I can work in with my other band."

"That's great, Roscoe. About the other band, I mean, I'm sorry about Daisy."

"Yeah. Tough break." He waved room. "You're no prima donna, I behind him toward a dressing house, Sheila. He'll be put in with the rest of the girls."

He regarded her anxiously and Sheila's heart leaped. Then he did regard her as somebody and was apologizing for placing her in an unstarred room!

"That's all right, Roscoe. More for anyhow during the wait."

He breathed a trifle easier. "Bill said you were a trouper."

WITH this compliment ringing in her ears, Sheila pushed the door open and entered the dressing room. It was long, wide and mirror-lined. A wide board at right angles ran along the walls and formed the dressing tables.

Chairs were set at intervals in front of it, their backs hung with cretonne pockets. Some spaces were empty, others crowded with paraphernalia of the profession—powder puffs, curling irons, powder cans, rouge and cold cream pots, tins of cosmetics, even spools of thread set in orderly rows.

Lottie, who was "dressed like a Watteau shepherdess gone Ziegfeld," as she expressed it, sat in a rocking chair working at some embroidery and chatting affably with the feminine member of a kid act who had not, Lottie later confided (rather needlessly), been a kid for almost thirty years.

Lottie greeted Sheila languidly and presented Miss Kilcynne, who smirked and bobbed her curls in what was meant to be a nursery curtsy.

Out in front, Sheila reflected, Miss Kilcynne might seem to a not-too-critical audience "cute." High falsetto baby voice, curls, large, blue-lidded eyes, vacant stare and sassy swing of her brief starched skirts.

The act probably was a dud. Most of them were. Miss Kilcynne, apparently reading Miss Shayne's thoughts, began explaining to Lottie in a querulous voice that she personally thought she was too old to play kid parts, but Roy liked her in them. She continued to quote Roy's opinion at length.

Presently the girl's husband ap-

peared, wearing velvet Fauntleroy, to borrow some cold cream. He, too, was past the age when he need fear the Gerty Society.

Later, however, Sheila was forced to admit that, as kid acts go, this team was not bad. Not good either, but acceptable in small time houses.

The Kilcynnes were good scouts and she was to see them frequently at supper.

MOVING about, trying on Daisy's costumes which she found hanging against a sheet on the farther wall, Sheila tried not to groan aloud.

Her muscles were crying out in torture. How could she possibly go on? Of course she could. That was the thing to do. Sooner or later the soreness would disappear. But as she moved from the wardrobe to her dressing chair she thought she could not bear it. Every step and every movement was agony.

"Stiff?" asked Miss Kilcynne, watching her sympathetically. "Out of practice? Yes, I know. Listen. I've got some liniment. That is, Roy has it. Lie down over there (indicating a cot) and I'll give you a rub before you go on."

"Oh, no, I couldn't ask you to," Sheila protested feebly, but Miss Kilcynne was firm. She switched busily out of the room and the girls could hear her tapping at the other dressing room door, murmuring instructions. She returned presently with a large bottle half full of brown liquid.

"I'll have you feeling better in no time," she insisted.

Miss Kilcynne indeed was skillful. The small hands held a strength that was surprising. Sheila relaxed under the gentle yet firm manipulation, her muscles shedding their weariness with every stroke.

"That's fine," she sighed softly, relaxing. "I'll do something for you some time. Honestly, I will."

"I know what it is to be lame," Miss Kilcynne was saying, working vigorously, her baby skirts swishing importantly as she moved. "Roy and I used to do an act—" She chuckled on, busily.

Sheila lay relaxed, half-asleep, grateful. "How long have we, Lottie?" she asked.

"Oh, an hour. Lie still."

There was a sharp knock at the door. "Is Miss Shayne there? May I speak to her?"

A familiar voice. A familiar face, too, grinning, framed in curly brown hair. "Had your dinner, Sheila? Say, I'm glad you're going to be with us!"

It was Phil Short inviting her to dinner. So Phil Short remembered her!

(To Be Continued)

A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

"PAUL BUNYAN" by Richard L. Stokes, described as "a folk comedy in three acts," gives a swinging metrical account of how the legendary giant of the lumber camps lost his gianthood and became, for a decade, a more man subject to all the ills of ordinary mortals.

Paul Bunyan comes on the scene first in all his glory. He straightens out the Rocky mountains, paints the Grand Canyon, and then invents the logging industry—crying, "Let there be lumberjacks, earchawin' repletes, tooth-jerkin' scoundrels, eye-gougin' rogues." So, forthwith, there are lumberjacks, built exactly according to his specifications.

But soon war breaks out on the scene, and lead the lumberjacks away from the deep woods to the refinements of civilization.

Paul Bunyan himself takes a wife; he drinks a magic potion that causes him to shrink to ordinary human size, and presently, instead of being a rip-roaring, lusty giant he is—of all things—an international banker, trying to charm a depression out of existence by repeating honeyed phrases.

This, however, can't last. The long-awaited blue snow falls, finally, Bunyan resumes his giant size, and the lumberjacks march forth again, "hell-roarin' savages, hundreds and thousands uh great liddle men."

Mr. Stokes may not have had perfect success in his task of putting the Bunyan saga into verse. But his stuff is free-swinging and zestful, and more than a little entertaining.

Published by Putnam, "Paul Bunyan" sells for \$2.

Collapse Kills 23 Animals

ASTORIA, Ore., Jan. 9.—Collapse of a large dairy barn belonging to Herman Heikkala killed outright fifteen head of cattle and three horses. Five other cows were injured so seriously they had to be shot. Faulty construction was believed responsible for the barn's collapse.

Sow Bears 20 Baby Pigs

ASHLAND, Ore., Jan. 9.—Yep, the depression is on the run. Ray Spencer, local stockman, proudly exhibits a litter of twenty piglets, which he avers can squeal "m-m" to one sow. All save one of the litter thrived and were able to find a dinner spot.

Answer to Saturday's Puzzle

MONTREAL SAMARA
ARIA ANA ACARID
CALM SEW TOLEDO
KELLY PERT
ELATER CRENATES
NODES BRANS ERE
ZOOB BRASS SPAN
IMP SETINE EEESE
ESTACADE DOINCE
BEFORE HAM DIME
IRONER AGO OVEN
BREEDS

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

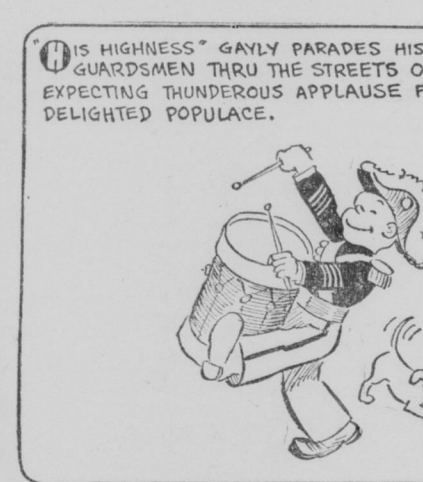


OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



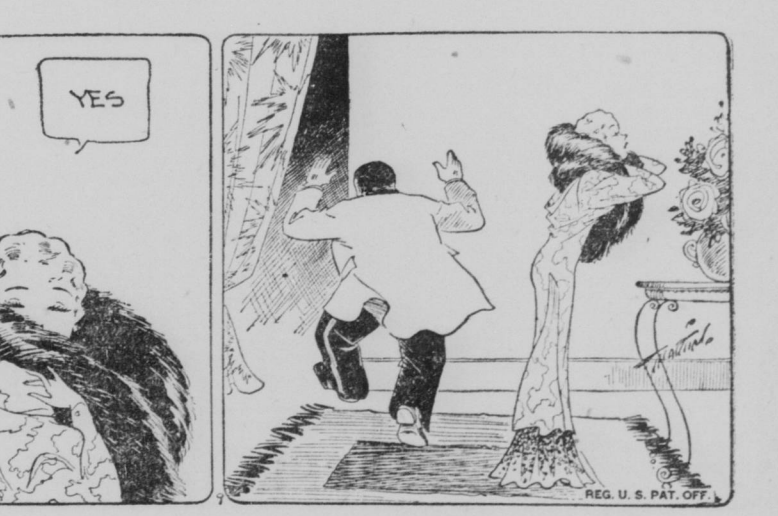
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



A WORLD OF FLAVOR

WIGLEY'S

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE