

SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE—The entertainers were well-known vaudeville entertainers. In New York looking for a job. Sheila is a dancer and Mandrake is a singer. Sheila is hired to substitute for DAISY GLEASON, another dancer, who has sprained an ankle.

While rehearsing at JOE PARIS' song room, Sheila and Mandrake, and DICK STANLEY, rich and socially prominent, Dick urges Lane to include him in the party of entertainment. A name he is giving.

Sheila declines, but Dick reminds her that she must go to the party to come.

At the party she meets several celebrities, including GORDON, a well-known producer. She seeks Dick frequently during the next few days and Dick promises to help Sheila. She is going to offer her a part in a play. However, Mandrake does not do this.

Presently, Daisy Gleason is able to do the job one more.

Sheila and Mandrake finds herself out of job one more.

Now ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE

SHEILA reached home one afternoon after fruitless round of agents' offices weary, hot, yet with that unmistakable feeling that sooner or later something pleasant was going to happen.

Could it be that Dick was back and had telephone? Dick had been out of town for some time, writing Sheila a careless line now and then.

She descended into the odorous, tidy kitchen which was Sheila's, only to find it empty. The kettle on the cold stove was dead. Curtains blew in the mild breeze full of dead heat at the window.

Carefully washed milk bottles stood in an orderly row. The clock ticked importantly.

Sheila sank into a chair and fanned herself with her hat. Ma Lowell was "down the block" probably, seated in a rocker in some one's back yard, idly and innocently gossiping. Times were slack in summer among theatrical rooming house keepers.

But Ma always left a pitcher of iced tea in the refrigerator and, pouring herself a glass, Sheila lingered gratefully.

Then suddenly she spied it. A scrap of paper propped against the sugar bowl on the red checkered table. A telephone message, a nickel carefully placed in a prominent spot lest Sheila might not have the change.

Dear ma! She knew that lack of a nickel could spell downright disaster!

THE note read: "Sheila call Mr. Mandrake at Bryant 0025. It may be a job—Ma."

Ma had taken messages before. Scrawled in the corner, as an after-thought, Sheila found, "Must of phoned around 2:30."

It was hardly 3:30 now. If Mandrake wanted to see her that afternoon, she had time to reach his office even allowing a half hour in which to freshen up.

She was trembling as the nickel chimed in the pay telephone in the street floor hall. Sheila gave the Bryant number without looking at the paper in her hand. Early in the season she had memorized it. "Mr. Mandrake's office?" This is Miss Shayne calling. "I have a message asking me to phone."

The telephone operator's voice sounded aloof, uncommunicative. "Paine? What do you want to talk to Mr. Mandrake about?"

Sheila frowned unhappily. This seemed a bad omen. The entire office should, she felt, have been electrified to receive her call.

"Shayne!" she repeated patiently. "Sheila Shayne. Mr. Mandrake called me an hour ago."

After an interminable stretch of heart beats and telephone clicks, another more decisive click sounded in the receiver. A voice.

BUT it was not Mandrake. It was a woman's voice, clipped and haughty this time, asking what Sheila wanted.

"Mr. Mandrake called me at about 2:30 and asked me to call. This is Sheila Shayne speaking."

There was silence.

"Mr. Mandrake was in conference from 2 until 3," the voice announced as if that settled the matter. Ruses to reach great producers are not uncommon and it is a secretary's business to keep such calls away from her employer.

"The time may be wrong," Sheila stammered. "But that was the message I received—"

"Sorry!" This time the voice dismissed her. "Mr. Mandrake has gone for the day." The connection severed sharply. In a daze Sheila hung up the receiver.

Whatever the chance that had dangled before her for a brief instant, she had lost it. Lost it by a few hours, while making useless rounds among useless agents!

"Well," Sheila thought, trying to laugh. "I wanted a shampoo and I can wash my hair now."

But it wasn't funny—losing the chance of a job with Mandrake. No matter how she tried, Sheila couldn't persuade herself that it was.

Flitting downstairs, she lighted the gas under the water tank, waited fifteen minutes, turned it off and flitted upstairs again with an armful of towels.

The next hour she devoted to splashing, rubbing and rinsing her dark hair diligently.

Outside the bathroom on the second floor was a roof. Ma allowed an occasional roomer to sit there on a chair taken from the bathroom and view the beauties of a dozen back yards while recently shampooed hair dried in the wind or hosiery fluttered from a line.

Sheila belonged to the elect and she clambered through the window. Her hair, already half-dried, curled in tight ringlets about her forehead.

THE telephone rang, sharply, insistently.

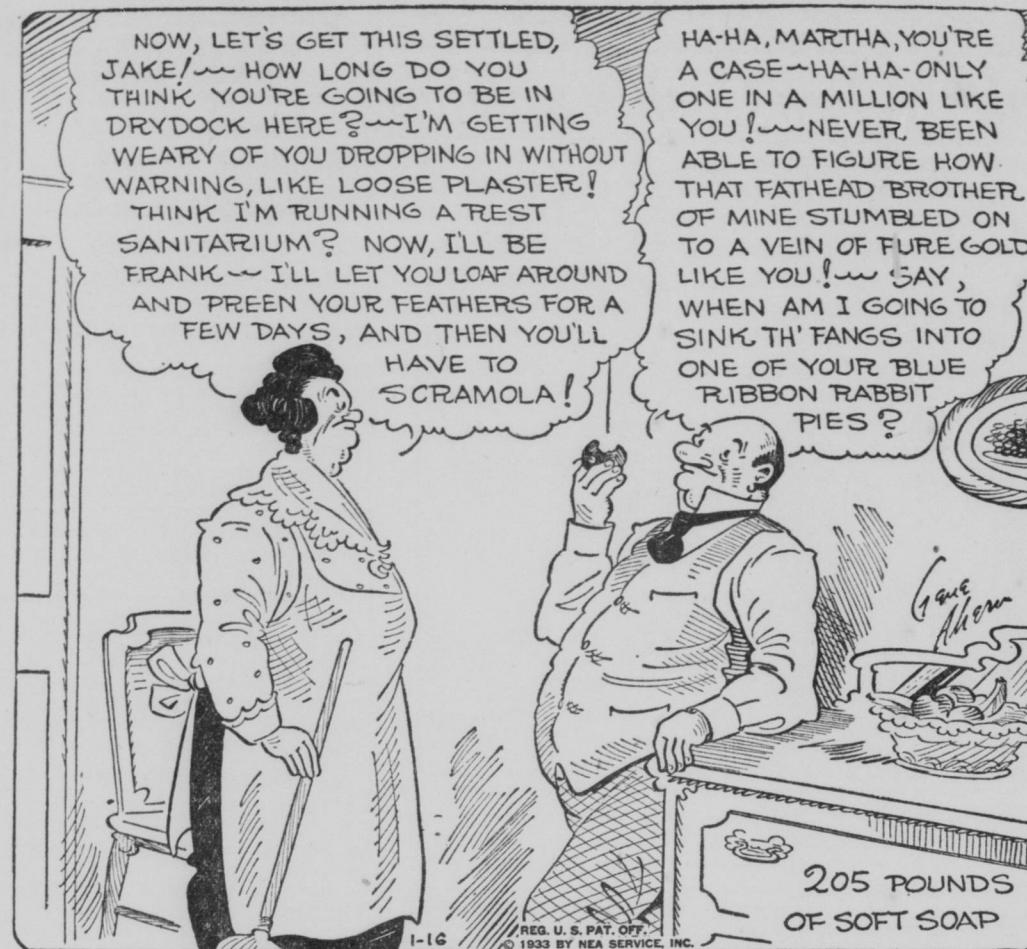
There was no one else in the house—unless that young man who had just taken the parlor floor had come in. Another sharp peal sounded.

"Gee, I hate to go down there just to tell some one that Miss Bell isn't here any more!" Sheila grunted. Miss Bell was a popular young woman who had recent-

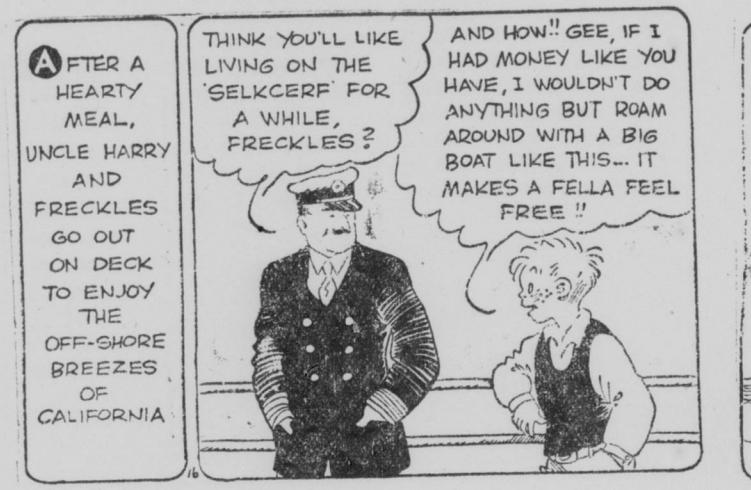


OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Ahern

SALESMAN SAM



—By Ahern

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Ahern

TARZAN THE UNTAMED



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Ska, the vulture, still circled above the ape-man. The grim bird of evil aroused Tarzan to renewed determination until, finally, he dropped exhausted. He realized his great strength was waning. The depressing silence settled upon him.

It was a horrible place. But at length he made his way down the canyon and started toward the opposite cliff that he must scale. If this be his end, he determined to die still fighting.

He would fight the fates until the last throb of his savage heart. Slowly he dragged his weakened body upward, again and again slipping back. Only the merest chance kept him from falling to the canyon floor. He was weak and gasping.

At last he pulled himself over the top, too spent to rise or even move a few inches from the perilous edge of the chasm. It was then that he heard the flap of dismal wings close by above him. The vulture was waiting for him to die!