

# SPOTLIGHT

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
SHEILA SHAYNE, whose parents were well-known vaudeville entertainers, is now looking for a job. After much discouragement she turned to substitute for DAVEY GLEASON, another dancer, who has secured an agent.  
While rehearsing at JOE PARIS' song room Sheila meets TREVOR LANE and DICK STANLEY, who are to appear in the program of entertainment at a party for the evening.  
Sheila declines but Dick comes to the rescue, later and persuades her to come. At the party she meets several celebrities including GORDON MANDRAKE, well-known producer. She seeks Dick's help to get a part in the show. He tells her Mandrake is interested in her and is going to give her a part in a play. However, Mandrake does not go.  
Presently Davey Gleason is able to dance again and Sheila finds herself out of a job once more.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER TWELVE

SHEILA reached home one afternoon after a 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 telephoned? Dick had been out of town for some time, writing Sheila a careless line now and then.

She descended into the odorless, tidy kitchen which was ma's lair, only to find it empty. The kettle on the cold stove was dead. Curtains blew on 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 afterthought, 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 rounded aloof, noncommittal. "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.

Rules 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 "sorry" she could not 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 poetry 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 recently

ly departed and for whom the telephone rang constantly.

Of course it couldn't be a message for Sheila herself. Dick never called in midafternoon. Phil Short was away. An agent wouldn't call at such an hour.

But there was no help for it. Sheila would have to answer.

"Hello," she said indifferently. Then her face changed, brightened. It was Mandrake himself whose voice she heard. "Miss Shayne?"

the voice said. "This is Mandrake speaking. I called you this afternoon—from the club. You weren't in."

"Oh, Mr. Mandrake!" Sheila felt suddenly weak, her throat dry.

"I saw you at Lane's the other night," the man went on. (He had seen her fully three months ago, but that didn't matter.) "I liked those songs you sang. Clever. I wonder if we couldn't get together on a part for my new show?"

There was a pause. Mandrake seemed to be waiting for her to speak.

"I—I—that would be fine, Mr. Mandrake."

"You aren't signed, I take it? If you aren't, I'd like to talk to you this evening. Let me see"—there was a pause—"it's 5 now. We both have to eat. Why not have dinner together? Suppose I send my car for you at 7?"

Sheila drew a deep breath. "Thank you so much. I'd love to go."

"I'll bring a contract along and we'll talk it over. If we can come to terms, I'd like you to go into rehearsal tomorrow."

Sheila hung up the telephone in a daze. Mandrake—a job—and rehearsal tomorrow! Oh, could it all be true?

(To Be Continued)

## MALNUTRITION CAUSES EXPLOSIVE EYE DISEASE

Trachoma Also Developing Fast Among Needy of Mine States.

By Scripps-Bonard Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Malnutrition is causing trachoma to develop so rapidly among American children that schools have had to be closed in some of the coal mining states.

It also is causing a new eye disease in which a sort of explosion in the eye takes place, bringing about absolute blindness.

The senate manufacturers committee has been so informed by Clarence E. Pickett, secretary of the American Friends Service committee, during its hearings on the Coughlan-La Follette federal relief bill.

The Friends committee has been feeding school children in Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Illinois coal counties. At present its funds permit work only in Kentucky and West Virginia.

It is in Kentucky that eye trouble has developed most rapidly, according to Pickett. The committee found that if a child was fed butter for three weeks eyes affected by the new explosive disease regained their sight.

EDUCATORS TO MEET

Anniversary of Vocational Training Law to Be Observed.

Vocational education in the schools of Indiana will be stressed during the week of Feb. 19 to 25, the twentieth anniversary of the passage of the first vocational education law in the state, it is announced by George C. Cole, state superintendent of public instruction.

Dr. Charles A. Prosser of Duwoody Institute, Minneapolis, will make the principal speech at a luncheon Feb. 25 at the Columbia Club. The luncheon has been arranged by the state board for vocational education and vocational teachers.

Guests will include presidents of state organizations interested in vocational training and others concerned with vocational education.

A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

WHEN Spike Tracy's car ran out of gas on a lonely road in Vermont, and he sought shelter for the night at the nearest farm-house, he hardly could have guessed what he was letting himself in for.

Before morning the head of the household had been murdered, suspicion seemed to point equally to the two attractive daughters and Spike had been sworn in as a special deputy sheriff to help look into matters; and before he got through he found himself investigating one of the oddest murder cases any one could imagine.

All of this comes from "The Murder of Sigurd Sharon," by H. Ashbrook (Coward-McCann; \$2), a competently and ingeniously devised mystery that ought to delight all detective story fans.

The convention that a review must not give away the plot of a murder story makes it impossible for me to say much about this, except to remark that it utilizes what is, as far as I know, an entirely new device in detective story fiction—and just try to figure it out before you finish it.

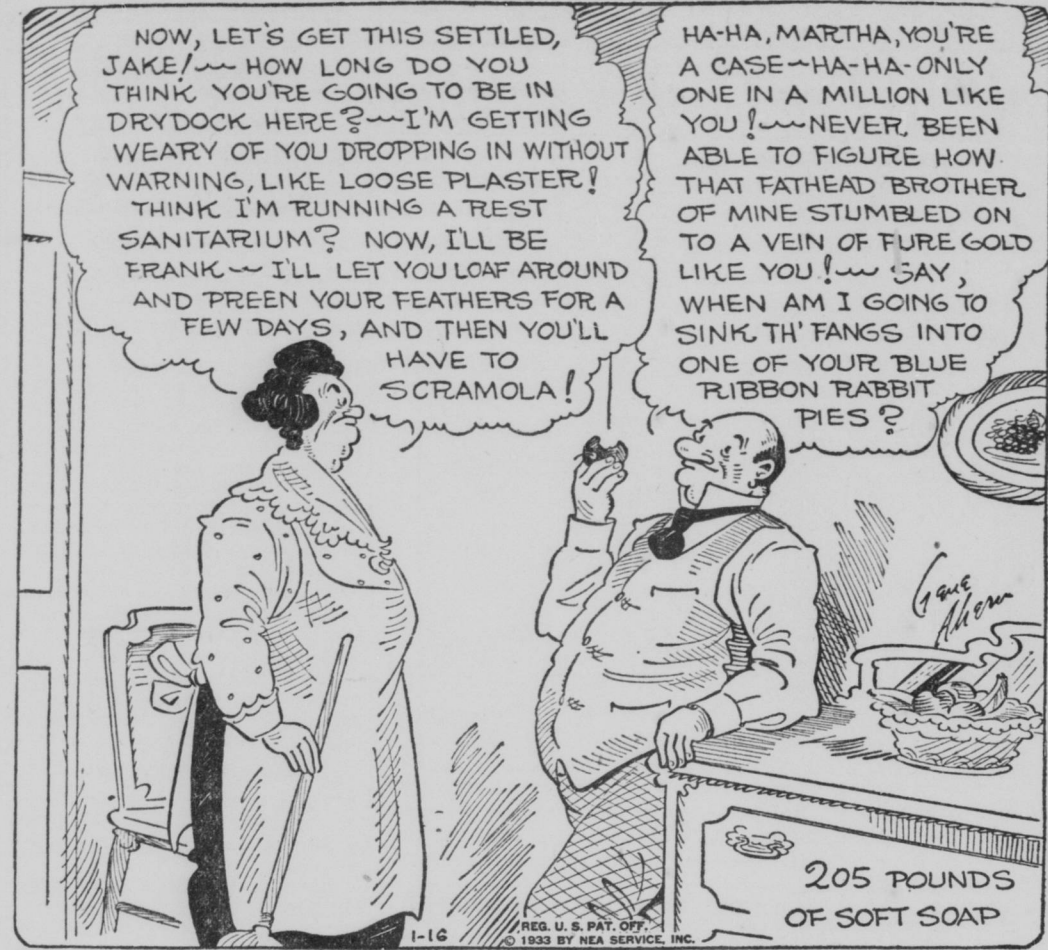
The book is well above the average of its type, and I think you'll like it greatly.

Another new one is "In Time for Murder," by R. A. J. Walling (Morrow; \$2). This is a confused and complicated tale of an attempted pay roll stickup in England followed by a murder in a country house.

It's suitably puzzling, and the murder is cleverly devised—but somehow it never gets very exciting. It is, in short, just another detective story, neither better nor worse than the average.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



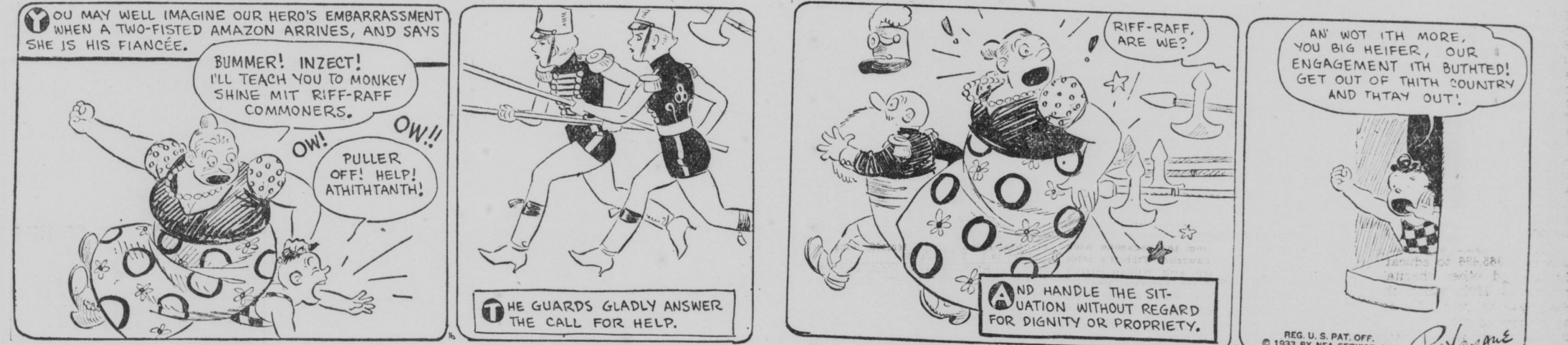
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



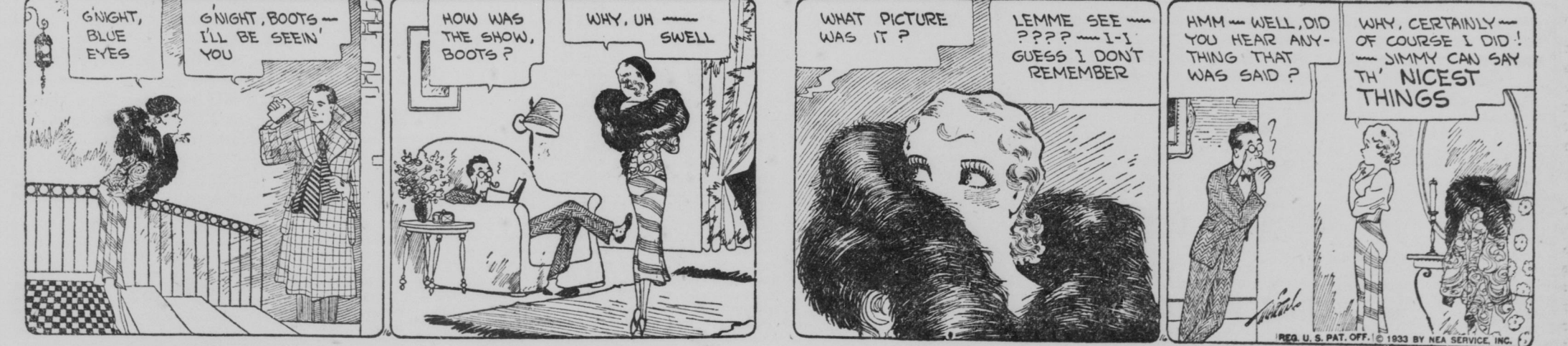
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



## TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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 throbs 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 above him. The vulture was waiting for him to die!

A WORLD OF FLAVOR  
W. G. LEY'S  
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE