

SPOTLIGHT



SHELLA SHAYNE, dancer, is discharged from the show because MARION RANDOLPH, the star, is jealous of her. Sheila searches for work and finally secures a part in a minor role. She asks her old friend DICK STANLEY, rich and socially prominent, to give up this job and marry her. She is asked, "Her idea of marriage is a home in some little town." Sheila is friendly with JIM BLAINE, another actor in the company from whom she has learned that Jim tells her one day that he unintentionally has offended Miss Randolph. Sheila thinks that he may lose his job, as **NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

(Continued)

"There's the little home Glena Grayson built for her mother to keep her out of Hollywood." Jim remarked one day, motioning toward a house not far from the road. "But mothers are in fashion in Hollywood now."

"Yes, mothers of the duchess type. Glena's mother isn't like that. We stopped there once to inquire about the road and spoke to Mrs. Grayson. Thought she was the cook!"

"She's a nice old lady, though. And she looked comfortable in her cotton dress and house slippers, sitting in a rocker out in the yard."

Sheila laughed. It was fun to be with Jim. It was less of a strain talking to him than to Dick. There was one subject that came between them, though. Jim was a success.

Not only did he have a job, but he was receiving \$250 weekly. Jim was making good and not a struggle like himself.

"I want you to meet my mother some day soon," he told her soberly. They were seated beneath a tree near Long Island sound. The splash-pash of the water reached them and they could see the creaming of the breakers. The air held a faint salty tang.

Sheila looked dreamily toward a white sail far out on the horizon. "I'd love to," she said.

"She'd love to meet you," Jim's voice was nonchalant. "I've told her about you. She is at Montauk Point just now. I wonder if you'd like to drive down with me next Sunday?"

"That would be fine."

He looked at her steadily but Sheila, still gazing seaward, was unconscious of his scrutiny.

Jim wondered if this girl knew what was in his mind—what meeting his mother meant. He wouldn't introduce every girl to his mother.

HE threw himself on the soft pine needles at her feet and, raising on one elbow, refilled his pipe.

"What did you think of Tillie Lee when you dropped in on the show?"

"What could I think of her—since she is my successor?" Sheila laughed a little unsteadily. "I think she just isn't too good-looking to suit Marion Randolph. Oh, I don't mean I'm such a beauty! Heavens, no!"

"But I can dance and I can put over a song—better than Tillie Lee anyhow. Marion Randolph rather would have her in the company. She didn't like me."

"But, Sheila, that's rotten luck. I think it's the limit that you have to go with a road show. Just because a catty, jealous—"

Sheila held up a warning finger. She was grateful for Jim's loyalty, but he was being reckless.

"Be careful who hears you say such things," she caustoned. "Marion Randolph can cost you your job just as she did mine."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I know! Don't ever say anything critical of Marion in the hearing of any member of the company. In the first place, it can't help me. In the second, whether you think so or not it can harm you."

"You never can tell what obscure chorus man is headed straight for her apartment with a lot of backstage gossip."

"She'd better not try to monkey with my job," Jim said, his eyes narrowing. "Why, only last night—"

"What about last night?"

"She invited me to a party. I didn't go."

"You didn't?" Sheila shook her head. "Oh, Jim, that was foolish! You shouldn't have done that!"

And Sheila was right. At that very moment Marion Randolph was saying to the gentleman whose money was behind the play in which she was starred, "Get me another leading man, honey. I don't think I like Jim Blaine."

(To Be Continued)

A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE gentleman whose money was backing the play in which Marion Randolph was starred was Craig Abbott. As it happened, Abbott was feeling weary. He was weary of financial responsibilities, but was practically no returns.

He was weary, too, of Miss Randolph's pouting and petty tyranny.

When things went wrong—and they did frequently—Marion was quick to let everyone know it.

Craig Abbott had begun to think of sailing dates and ocean liners. A long leisurely cruise, alone and unhampered, to parts unknown. For an indefinite period. That would be delightful.

He was rather new to this business of "angeling" plays. He was rather young. He was unfamiliar with the tempestuous whims of leading ladies, but during recent weeks he had been learning rapidly.

What he had learned had considerably changed his viewpoint. Abbott realized now that he had been making mistakes. Numerous mistakes. There was that girl he had seen the other evening! Clever youngster. Talented.

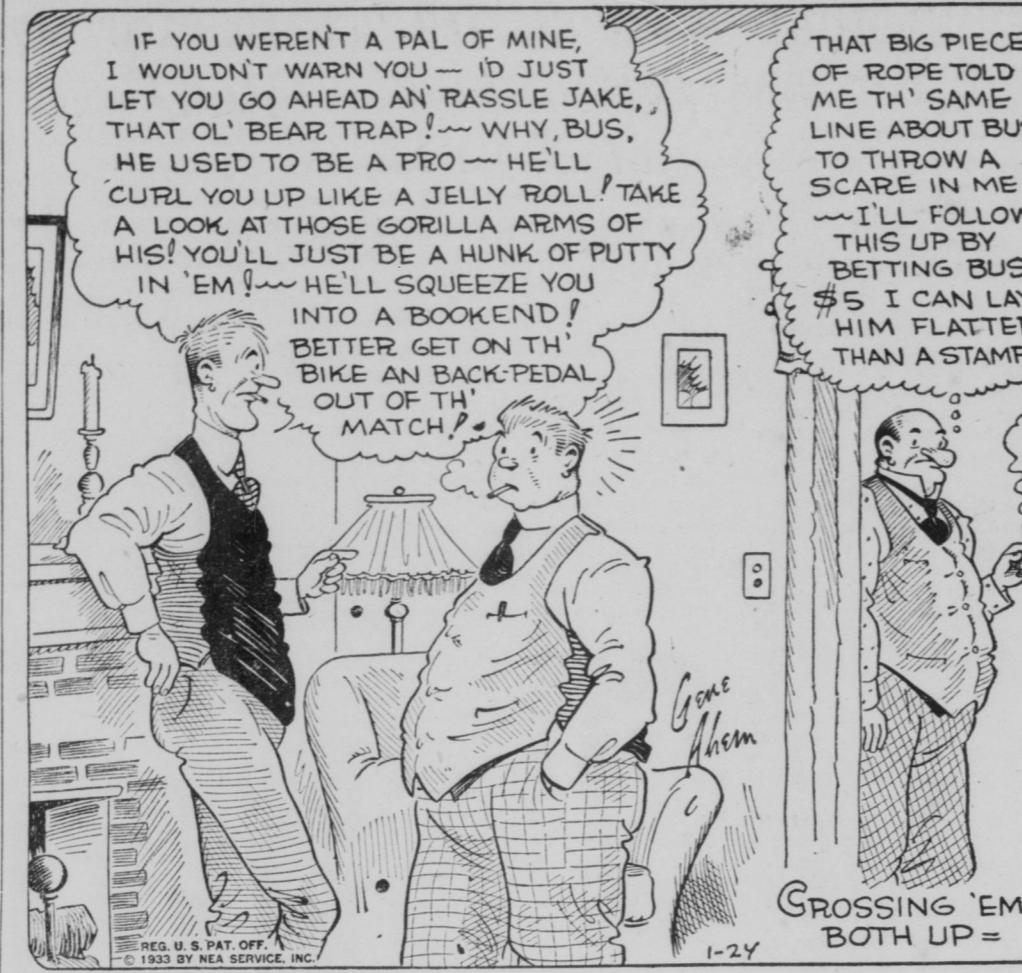
And he had allowed Mandrake to put her out of the show simply because Miss Randolph so desired. Yes, dropping Sheila Shayne from "When Lights Are Low" had been a serious mistake.

All this was in Abbott's mind as Marion Randolph spoke. He sat on a divan in the living room of her apartment. Marion, nearby, was standing, because the lines of her tea-time pajamas were better when she stood.

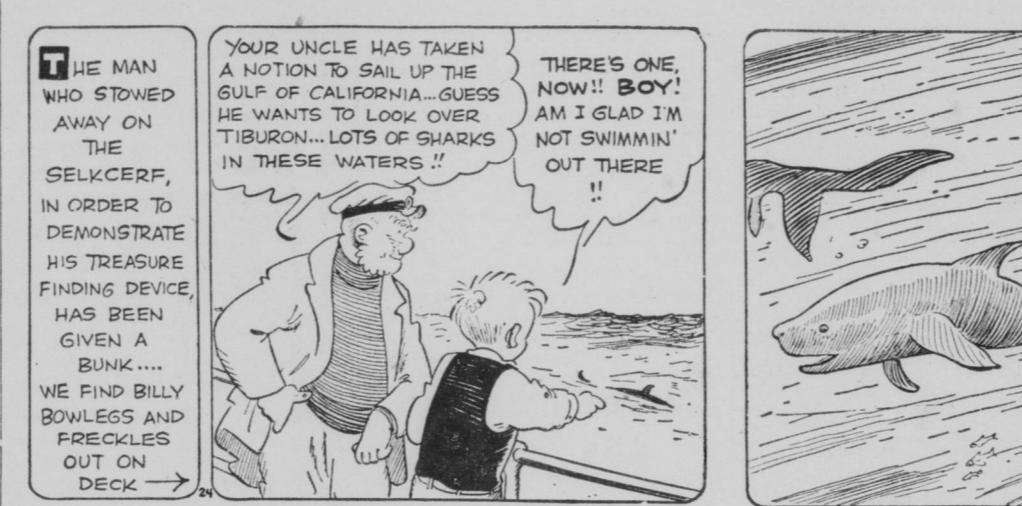
Marion might take little thought for the morrow, but she took

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

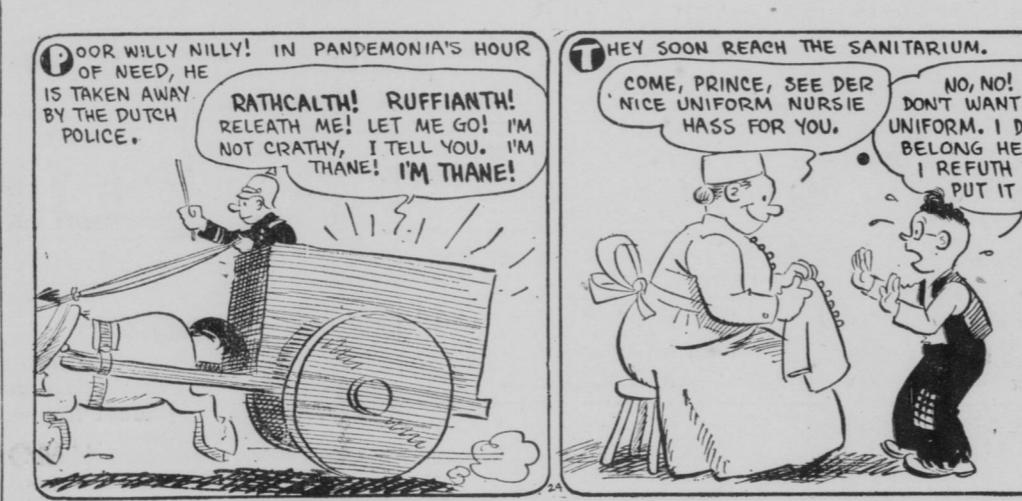
—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



For awhile Olga's captors seemed to have forgotten her existence. No one came near the hut, not even to bring her food. She could hear them at the other end of the village, laughing and yelling, and knew that they were celebrating with native beer and food.

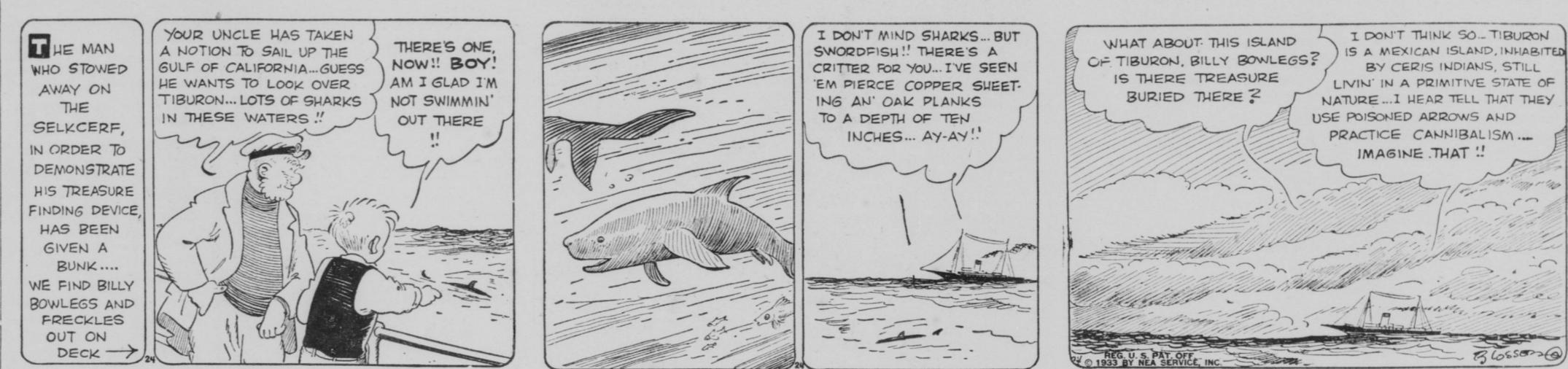
To be prisoner in a native village in the heart of an unexplored region of Central Africa—the only white woman among a band of drunken barbarians! The very thought appalled her! "Courage!" she told herself.

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Small



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"You have escaped from blacker outlooks than this!" she mused. Darkness had fallen and still no one came. She wondered if she dared venture forth in search of Naratu, Usanga woman, who was least cruel toward her. Cautiously she left the hut.

She found her way to where the revelers made merry. She saw them performing a grotesque dance, eating greedily and drinking themselves stupid. Only Usanga was half-sober, waiting the moment when he could go alone to the captive's hut.

