

SPOTLIGHT



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE, dancer, is disengaged from her new play because MARION RANDOLPH, star, is jealous of her. Sheila searches for work and finally secures a part in a musical show to be given on the road.

DICK STANLEY, rich and socially prominent, asks her to give up this job and marry him. She refuses. Her idea of marriage is a home in some little town far from Broadway.

Sheila's friend, with JIM BLAINE, another actor in the company from which she was discharged, helps him secure an introduction to Sheila.

A few days later Jim calls Sheila and tells her that Marion has a basket of red geraniums. He takes her to tea that afternoon and offers her the part Marion had.

Sheila says she does not want it. The show begins. **NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE (Continued)

"Aren't you making a mistake?" she said slowly. "You see, I know that Marion didn't leave because she received a screen offer. Equity wouldn't let her do such a thing and Equity wouldn't let you dismiss her either. You must have come to an arrangement."

"Highly agreeable to both of us," supplemented Abbott. He did not look at the girl.

You needn't worry about that, Sheila," he went on. "Your contract will be secure enough. Do you want the part?"

Sheila was smiling. "You sent me red geraniums, didn't you?" she asked. "And you know what they mean to me. The home I want some day. You know I love the road. This other show means the road. It means life in small towns where the homes are real homes. Those flowers only served to strengthen my purpose."

She laughed a trifle shakily. "If you really wanted me to stay on Broadway and play that part, you shouldn't have sent them. They mean too much to me."

"Kindly omit geraniums," Abbott said soberly.

"I mean—"

"I know what you mean," His eyes, regarding her steadily, grew serious. "And you know what I mean. Or I hope you do!"

His voice lowered. "Ever since I saw you in that Italian garden, I've been planning this. I'm a small town boy, really, with more money than is good for me."

I haven't been very careful about what I did with it, but it's stayed with me pretty well—"

"Buying geraniums by the cartload, for example!"

He moved nearer. "Here's what I'm trying to say to you, Sheila. And I mean it! Will you marry me?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

SHEILA almost could hear her heart beating against her breast. "You're asking me to marry you and go back home?" she asked slowly.

Craig Abbott smiled. "Home for me," he said, "is wherever I hang my hat. I love Broadway. I've played up and down this street and played in luck, too. Every show I've been interested in so far has made money."

"Did you know 'Lucky Lady' was mine? It was, and it ran for forty weeks. Now there are two companies playing it on the road."

"Your play, 'Heigh-ho!' has been a big success. With you in the cast, it will be even bigger."

He took Sheila's hand. "I'm through. I'm sick of late parties, sick of the life I've been leading, hangovers, dinners and dancing. I want home. Every man does. I think, in his heart. Every woman, too. I want a home, Sheila, and I want you."

Still she did not answer.

"You can have any part in any show you want!" he urged. "Your name shining in electric lights! You can name your own company—be the top of Broadway."

"You mean that you'd be willing for your wife to keep on in the theater?" Sheila asked. She was incredulous for a moment and then she understood.

This man was in love with what he believed would be her fame. He was the sort to sit in a theater box and watch when his sweetheart appeared from the wings, admired and desired by all but her charms reserved for him alone.

He wasn't in love with Sheila at all, but with the fame she might win. After that fame had dimmed and the glamor had passed, his interest in her would fade as well. She would be like every other girl then."

"I'll make you the talk of New York," Abbott was promising. "I'll make you a figure in theatrical history."

"Another Duse?"

"A second Pavlova! I'll make your name go down in history—and—"

"And up in electric lights."

"Please, Sheila! I mean it."

"I'm thinking," she told him. Her cheeks were flaming and her eyes burned like dark coals. Craig Abbott loved her no more than he loved the theater. Probably not so much.

If she should accept his offer, it would mean only that Marion Randolph had been supplanted by Sheila Shayne. There would be a wedding ring, of course. That would be the only difference.

The girl lifted her head suddenly. "Craig," she said, "when I marry I don't want it to be that way. I want to marry some one who loves me—not my stage career. I—I guess it wouldn't work out very well for either of us."

Abbott looked at her curiously. Fifteen minutes later she was saying good-bye and hurrying toward the theater.

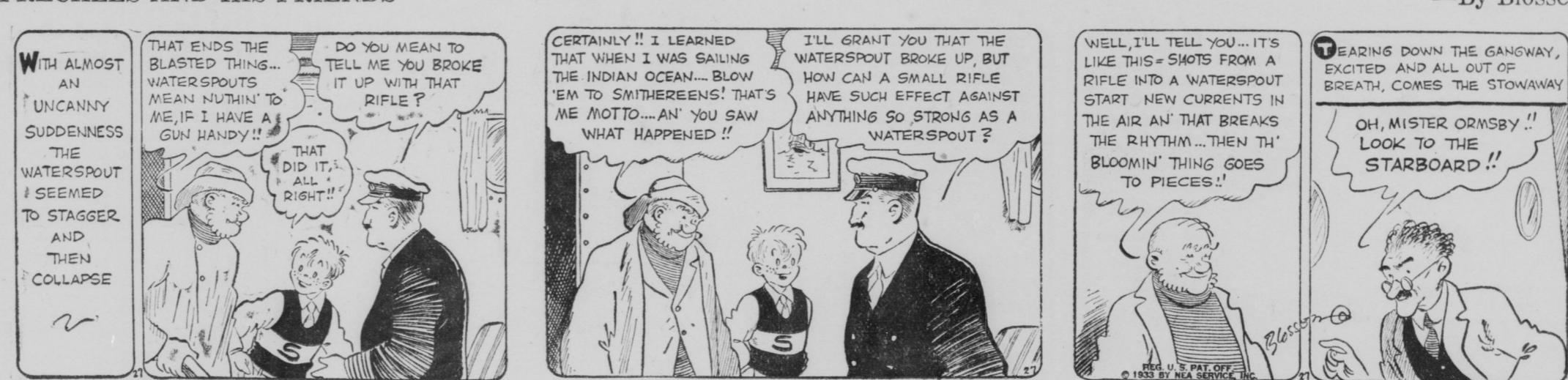
It was the next afternoon that Myrt asked Sheila with careful casualness, "How's the geranium boy friend?"

Sheila shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "I don't expect to see him soon."

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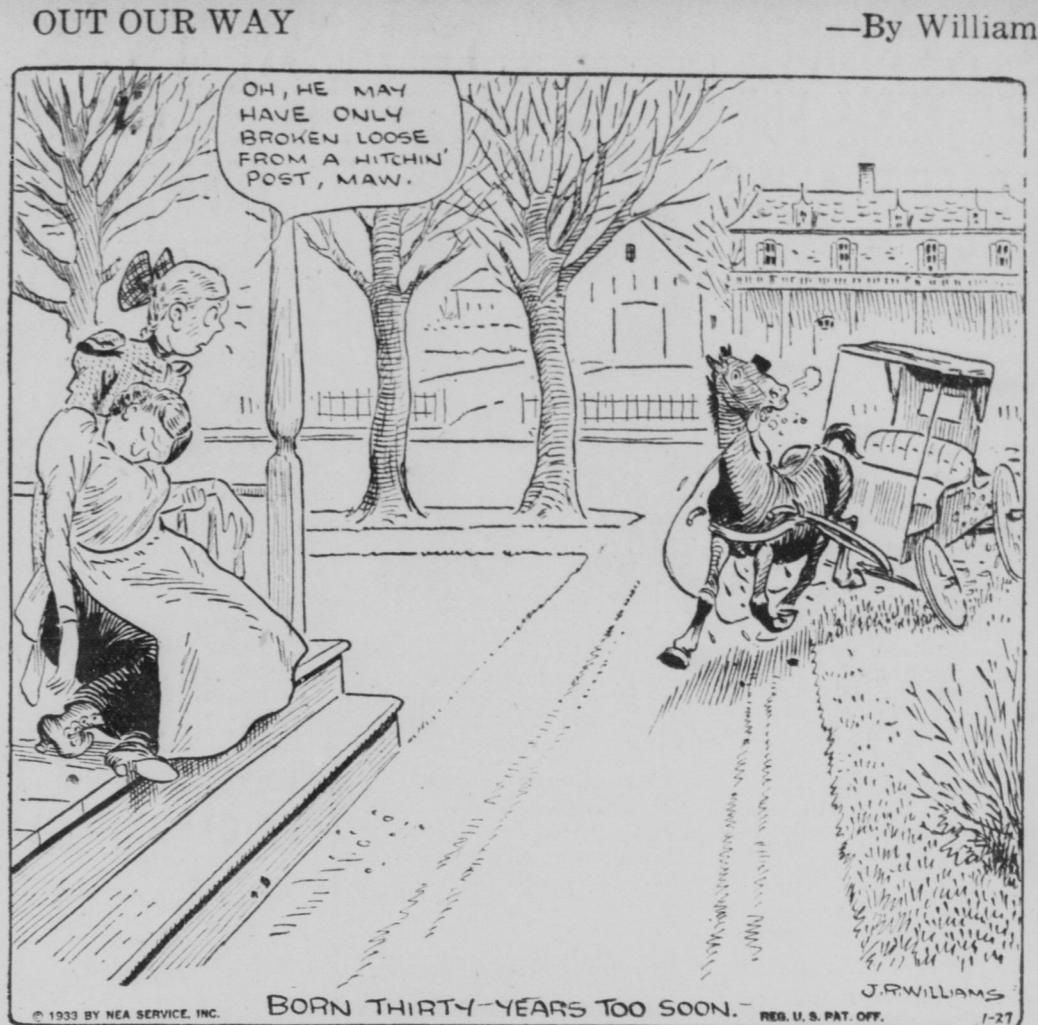


TARZAN THE UNTAMED



With clenched fists Olga tried to protect herself and drive Usanga away. And as the huge native struggled to capture the girl the warrior he had kicked out of the hut made his staggering way to the hut occupied by Naratu.

Just as Usanga roughly seized Olga again, there burst into the hut a raging demon of jealousy. Naratu had come. Kicking, scratching, biting and striking, she routed the terrified Usanga in short order. She was bent on vengeance.



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