

# SPOTLIGHT

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

SHEILA RHAYNE, dancer, is discharged from a new day because MARION RANDOLPH, the star, is jealous of her. Sheila searches for work and finally secures a part in a musical show when she goes on to the city.

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

Sheila is friendly with JIM BLAINE, another actor in the company, from which she was discharged. When Jim offers her a job, she goes to him. But she is backing the show financially, to discharge Jim.

Abbott, tired of Marion and her demands, goes to see Jim and through him secures an introduction to Sheila. A few days later she hears that Marion is out of the show.

Abbott takes her to tea and offers her the part Marion had. Sheila says she does not want it. Then Abbott asks her to marry him. Sheila knows that Abbott is not in love with her. A few days later the road company sets out on its tour. Dick takes Sheila to the train on with the story.

### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

SHEILA slipped into the routine of the road tour with alacrity. Still there were difficulties. She was a principal, without the aloofness of a principal. Nor was she of the chorus.

Her salary made it unnecessary for her to skimp along as the girls in the ensemble did. All this made life rather lonely for her. For company she turned to Jappy.

Jappy was a chorus girl who had won her name for obvious reasons. She had been a dancer, billed as an oriental half-caste, an appellation which her slanting eyes did not belie.

Actually Jappy, born Mildred Smith, in Paterson, N. J., was thoroughly American. She was in the chorus now because she could find no better job.

Sheila liked Jappy. Even when she had believed the press agent's tale that the other girl was half Japanese, Sheila had been drawn to her.

They were in a small city in Pennsylvania. It was Friday and they were to play there two nights, making a jump on Sunday for another split week.

Jappy shared the chorus dressing room. Sheila missed that a little. Girls, laughing and gay, at long dressing shelves, mirrors, and cretonne covered chairs all about.

She liked the crowded, brightly lighted rooms with knots of girls, dressing, powdering, flexing, scolding, rustling.

Sheila's dressing room was half as large as that into which the thirty chorus girls were crowded. Her costumes hung, as always, against a sheet along the wall. She invited Jappy to join these quarters.

But Jappy shook her head. It would "get her in wrong" with the rest of the girls, she said. They would consider her "high hat."

However, after she had dressed, Jappy frequently would leave the gaiety of the dressing room and seek Sheila's. A month later she moved in.

NEITHER one of them was included in any of the chorus affairs—little parties given after the show—or in those given by the other principals.

Ralph McKee, the comedian, liked Sheila.

"Going out with him tonight?" Jappy asked.

"I thought I might."

"Alone?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

Jappy sighed. "I hope you aren't hungry. He'll buy you crackers and milk."

Later Sheila understood this. McKee had definite ideas about diet and crackers and milk were his prescription for every ail.

"I understand you turned down a chance to work in New York," was one of the first things he said to Sheila. They were seated at a table in a restaurant that remained open until late.

Sheila watched McKee's hands—long and slender—as they crumbled crackers into a bowl of milk.

He had ordered a steak for Sheila. She needn't diet, he said, just because he did. His humorous little eyes regarded her across the table.

Sheila had heard that McKee had a wife and five daughters somewhere on Long Island. He made an excellent salary and he was the show's best drawing card.

"I did," Sheila admitted. "I don't like to play in New York and I love the road."

McKee sighed. "But don't you know that a season there with your name in electric lights would give you a chance on the road later with a bigger salary?"

"You could be a headliner instead of just one step up from the chorus as you are now."

He regarded her thoughtfully. "I wonder if you know that your dancing is extraordinary?"

"Of course."

"I mean it! It's too good for the sort of part you have at the rate they're paying you. Go back to New York and try to land that chance to play Broadway again. That's my advice!"

Sheila told him, "I have a contract to play forty weeks."

"Well, forty weeks isn't forever. Save your money then and go back later. It's the only way to get ahead."

McKee, Sheila knew, was playing the road at a handsome salary. He was a headliner. She was just a dancer—not good enough for Broadway, managers might conclude, simply because they hadn't seen her there.

"I'll see about it," she told him. McKee offered more advice. "You ought to get married," he grunted. "It's not right for a girl like you to try to shift for herself."

The comedian might have been her father from the way he talked. Sheila wondered what it would have been like to play in a company with her own father. She felt suddenly very much alone.

And for several days this talk with Ralph McKee stayed in her mind. She talked it over with Jappy and they agreed to save their money.

They decided to do their own washing, to eat in cheaper restaurants, and room together.

"Let's go in for exercise, too," suggested Jappy, as though the strenuous dance routines they went through nightly—and on matinee days in the afternoons as well—were not exercise enough.

IN trim suits and smart hats, Jappy and Sheila went for long, brisk walks each morning.

"Did you ever live in a small town?" Jappy asked one day.

"I've never lived anywhere," Sheila said significantly. "I was born on the stage—practically—and I may be a queer sort of trouper, but I want a home like one of these."

"Well, I had one," returned the other girl. "And do you know these girls would give their eye teeth to have jobs like ours? I'd like, though, just for a little while, to be in a room I didn't expect to leave in a few hours."

"I'd like to feel I didn't have to worry all the time about money, too."

"Some of them probably worry about money, Jappy."

"It isn't the same. They don't go to sleep wondering where the price of a meal next day is to come from. They don't know anything about that."

"No. But they don't stand a chance of earning \$300 or \$400 a week next season either. It all evens up."

"Maybe," Jappy's voice was listless. And suddenly it occurred to Sheila that her friend's day of triumph had passed.

A year ago Jappy had been a featured player, stopping the show with her specialty dance. Now she was in the chorus and would probably stay there.

It happened so often in stage life.

There was Marion Randolph, for instance. Oh, yes, the stage had its disillusionments. Sheila determined she would not let it enslave her. To get out of it was the best plan. But could she? Down deep in her heart she really wanted it!

Ralph McKee met her at the door of her dressing room that night. He was holding a New York newspaper, which he thrust toward her. "Did you see this?" he asked.

Marion Randolph had committed suicide.

(To Be Continued)

## SEEKS PUBLICITY FOR INCOME TAX PAYMENTS

Norbeck Measure Would Lift Veil of Secrecy on Large Returns

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Great corporations and wealthy individuals suspected of tax evasion no longer will be able to hide behind the veil of secrecy thrown around income tax payments by the present law, if a new bill introduced by Chairman Peter Norbeck of the senate committee on banking and currency is enacted.

The Norbeck proposal, drafted as a result of the disclosures elicited by the stock market investigation by his committee, would make income, war profits and excess profits tax returns accessible to the public.

"The stock market inquiry has convinced me," said Senator Norbeck, "that unless income taxes are subjected to the fullest publicity, many of the 'big ones' will continue to escape their just share of income taxation."

## ORDER SPECIAL STAMP

New Issue Will Commemorate 200th Anniversary of Georgia.

A special 3-cent postage stamp commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Georgia, and in honor of General Oglethorpe, founder of the colony, will be issued soon, Postmaster Leslie D. Clancy said today.

The stamp will be on sale Feb. 13 at Savannah, Ga., and a short time later at other offices.

## A BOOK A DAY

BY BRUCE CATTON

THE romantic outlook on life is a tragic mistake in a scientific era. Follow it and it will lead you either to disaster or to futility.

That seems to be what H. G. Wells is trying to say in his new novel, "The Bulpington of Blup."

This book deals with an English lad, born about the close of the last century. By name, by the way, is Bulpington, and he is a dreamy, romantic youth, with his eyes focused on the figure he cuts in a romantic dream-world.

That figure he names, privately, the Bulpington of Blup—Blup being the name he has invented for his enchanted cloud-kingdom, and even after he grows up, he glosses over his imperfections in actual life by guiding the Bulpington of Blup through imaginary adventures of magnificence and glamour.

As folks for the Bulpington, there are two friends, a brother and sister, children of a scientist. They grow up with the scientific outlook. Where he evades harsh facts, they accept them and hunt for more. He escapes from the real world, they plunge into it with clear-eyed avidity.

And presently he comes to grief. The war comes and he is a shirker and an arrogant coward. After the war, he is a literary poseur, a verbose faker.

His friends go on to real accomplishment, he sinks into a state in which his romantic illusions blind him to his own shortcomings.

In the end, he is a sort of upper-class Major Hoople, persuading himself that his dreams are real, forgetting his failures, bragging of his make-believe adventures.

Published by Macmillan, this book sells for \$2.50.



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## TARZAN THE UNTAMED



## INCONVENIENT CONVENIENCES



## THE WAR OVER THE WHOOPEE



## IDEA



## YESSIR! THIS IS THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU



## WHY DID HE NOT REMEMBER SHE WAS A HATED RED—AND A SPY?



**WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM**

**AFTER EVERY MEAL**