

## SPOTLIGHT

H.W.CORLEY  
C. A. NEA SERVICE, INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
SHEILA, a stage star, is discharged from a new play because MARION RANDOLPH, the star, is jealous of her. Sheila, however, finally secures a part in a musical show soon to go on tour.

DICK STANLEY, the rich and socially prominent, asks her to give up this job and marry him, but Sheila refuses. Her love, JAPPY, is a member of the same road company far from Broadway. Jim Blaine, Sheila's friend with whom she is financially associated, and CRAIG ABBOTT, who is backing the show financially, to discharge Jim.

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 befit.

Actually Jappy, born Mildred Gross, in Passaic, N. J., was thoroughly American. She was in the chorus now because she could find no other 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 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 crave and milk were his rule for every ill.

"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 don't like the road."

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

You could be a headliner instead of just a 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 you're paying you. Go at the rate 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.

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



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## OUT OUR WAY

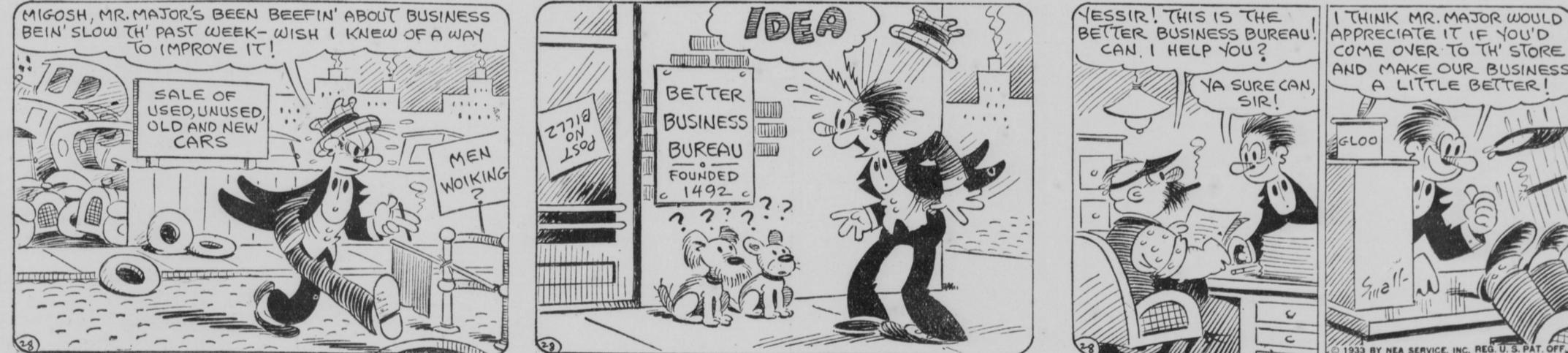
—By Williams



—By Blosser

—By Crane

## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## TARZAN THE UNTAMED



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

