SPOTLIGHT

H.W. CORLEY

BEGIN HERE TODAY

SHEILA SHAYNE, dancer, is discharged from a new play because MARION RANDOLPH, the star, is jealous of her. Sheila searches for work and finally secures a part in a musical show soon to go tour.

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 Broadway.

Sheila is friendly with JIM BLAINE, another actor in the company from which she was discharged. When Jim offends Miss Randolph, quite unintentionally, she asks CRAIG ABBOTT, who 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 Sheila 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 refuses, knowing Abbott is not in love with her.

A few days later the road company sets out on its tour. Sheila becomes friendly with JAPPY, a chorus girl.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THERE were signs of spring in the air when the "Heigh-ho" company arrived in the small city of Spencer.

It was to be a full week's engagement and Sheila and Jappy were glad. They could unpack some of the things in their trunks and make their little hotel room seem more homelike.

Spencer was a factory town, but it had its social life also. The factories, it seemed, were owned by aristocratic families. Sons married and brought their wives back to Spencer as a matter of course.

Daughters went away to attend finishing schools, traveled, but when their fashionable weddings took place they and their husbands always returned to take their places in the family circle.

Spencer's leading citizens drew strict lines of social prestige. They were rather snobbish. They made ceremonies of every public gathering, and they particularly enjoyed the theater.

Business was good that week for the "Heigh-ho" company.

Sheila soon found herself becoming something of a celebrity here. Her dancing was applauded nightly. When she left the theater—usually with McKee's protecting presence—it was she and not the comedian who received the acclaim.

McKee took this good-naturedly. It mattered little to him that Sheila was registered a hit in this inland community.

By the middle of the week, people recognized her on the street, turned and stared as she passed.

"That's Sheila Shayne in the show at the Capitol," she would hear them say. "She's the girl who dances in that feather outfit, you know."

Sheila, with her years in the theater, didn't mind being stared at. She knew it was the price of success.

"Coming to walk?" she asked Jappy one morning, as she emerged from the bathroom and began rummaging in a suitcase for clean underthings.

Jappy, wrapped in a brilliant coolie coat, was catching a run in a stocking. She looked up and thrust back a cloud of dark hair from her face.

"Can't. I have to see Fletcher at 11."

"There are some bus rides," Sheila considered. "And spring seems to be in the air. I think I'll take a ride and see if I can find anything interesting."

"You could have taken a ride with us last night," Jappy observed reproachfully. She had invited Sheila on a blind date and the invitation had been refused.

"But I couldn't have looked around much. This seeing America by moonlight—"

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JAPPY wrinkled her nose in disdain. "You're not going Garbo on us, are you?" she queried. "Blue glasses wouldn't be becoming to a girl like you."

"Well, I don't care to be picked up," Sheila's tone was definite.

Jappy laughed. "My dear, we didn't pick those boys up. We did them a service. They'll talk about knowing girls from the show for months."

"That's what I mean—"

"And they bought us a grand supper. I was starved—hadn't eaten since breakfast."

Sheila moved toward the telephone. "Shall I order something sent up now?"

"Do."

They had found that by buying fruit and bringing it to their room they could order breakfast sent up as cheaply as it was served in the dining room downstairs.

Toast and coffee for two with oranges or grapefruit from the dresser drawer came to about the same price as a more substantial breakfast in the dining room would have cost.

By the time Sheila had dressed the waiter appeared with a tray. The girls ate, discussing plans for the day. Half an hour later Sheila boarded a bright yellow bus and soon was skimming along a road that appeared to lead to the country.

It was a sort of adventure, taking this bus with no clear idea where it might take her. Of course she would inquire when she left it how to get back to the hotel.

A new residence section of tiny homes, side by side and all alike, caught her attention. They were attractive houses. Instead of being monotonous, the street with its uniform dwellings was pleasing.

# # #

SHEILA was told by the obliging bus driver that these houses had been built by one of the large manufacturing companies as residences for their employes.

The driver added that the bus returning to Spencer did not follow the route they had covered, but that Sheila could hail it by walking a short distance through a lane leading to another main thoroughfare. The busses ran every twenty minutes, the driver said.

"I think I'll get off here," Sheila decided. The lane was flanked by a brook on one side and a baseball field on the other. It was a picturesque spot.

The trees were budding and the grass was a fresh new green. Long-legged bugs flitted over the water and sunshine shimmered through the branches of the trees. Sheila loved spring, even in New York, but she had never seen anything quite like this.

She decided to stay a while and enjoy it all. Sheila sat down beneath a tree, setting back against it, her hat in her lap, the breeze playing with the tendrills of her hair.

Yes, spring was definitely in the air. Oh, it was good to be alive on such a day!

It was late morning. Presently a whistle blew and from the brick factory far across the field men in overall uniforms emerged. Some walked to a building which, though Sheila did not know it, was a lunch room.

Others settled beneath trees to open lunch boxes. Still others ran immediately to the ball field and began a game.

Sheila smiled, sighed, and watched them lazily. These signs of brisk activity served only to increase her indolence. Presently she discovered that she was not alone.

A few yards down the brook a young man was lying full length on the grass, his clasped hands pillowing his head, his eyes staring at the branches above him.

"Probably one of the factory workers," Sheila thought to herself. "Maybe he hasn't the money to buy lunch—or maybe he wants to enjoy all this, just as I do."

(To Be Continued)

CONTRACT BRIDGE

BY W. E. M'KENNEY
Secretary American Bridge League

IT is a well-established principle of the one over one system that opening bids in third or fourth position may be weaker than a first or second position.

This applies particularly to third hand bids, and many experts now will open in third position with very weak hands.

It follows, as a corollary, that a player having opened in third position with a hand of even less than minimum strength is not obliged to recognize a one over one force when made by the original dealer.

The dealer, having passed at his first opportunity, thereby loses his rights to force.

North: ♠ K-10-6 ♥ J-10-4 ♦ K-5-4 ♣ K-8-6-4
West: ♠ J-2 ♥ A-7-6-5 ♦ J-9-7-6 ♣ Q-J-3
East: ♠ A-4 ♥ Q-9-3-2 ♦ A-10-3 ♣ 10-9-7-5
South (Dealer): ♠ Q-9-8-7-5-3 ♥ K-8 ♦ Q-8-2 ♣ A-2
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The Bidding

This hand was played in a recent duplicate match in Philadelphia. Many players passed the hand out, for they could not find the requirements for an opening bid according to their system.

However, when the North hand was held by a player familiar with the latest developments of the one over one system, he opened with a bid of one club in third position. East had two high card tricks, but no biddable suit and therefore was obliged to pass.

South responded with one spade which, strictly speaking, was a one over one forcing bid. West had no means of knowing whether he was between two rock-crushers or two minimum hands, and therefore was obliged to pass.

North was satisfied with the spade bid and in view of his weak third hand opening, he refused to recognize the one over one force. He passed and one spade become the final contract.

Bidding tactics of this kind are perhaps a trifle too advanced for the average player, and if not thoroughly understood occasionally may lead to misunderstandings and penalties.

However, expert players use them constantly without getting into trouble and many valuable part scores result.

The Play

West's natural opening was the six of diamonds. When North failed to cover, East finessed the ten spot.

South won with the queen and led a small spade to dummy's king. East winning with the ace. East then returned a small club, which declarer won with the ace in his own hand.

After drawing one more round of trump, he entered dummy with the king of clubs to try the heart finesse. When the jack of hearts was led, East and South both covered, West winning with the ace.

East and West now took in two diamond tricks and were abliged to concede the rest to the declarer.

South was successful in making 90 points on hand which, under almost any other system, would be passed out.

If any of my readers wish to try out weak third-hand bids, I would advise them to announce their intentions to both partner and opponents to avoid any unpleasantness or misunderstanding.

There is one very important thing to remember—make your opening bids of such a nature that they will not get your partner into trouble.

Notice that in the hand above North was prepared fully to pass any bid South might make, whether suit or no trump, and the player having opened such a hand, never must enter the bidding again.

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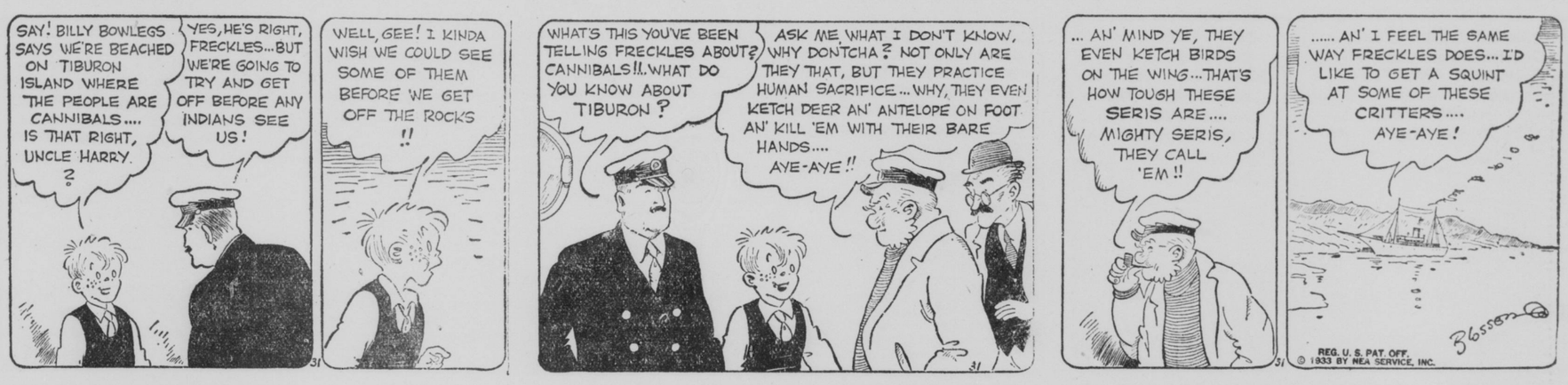
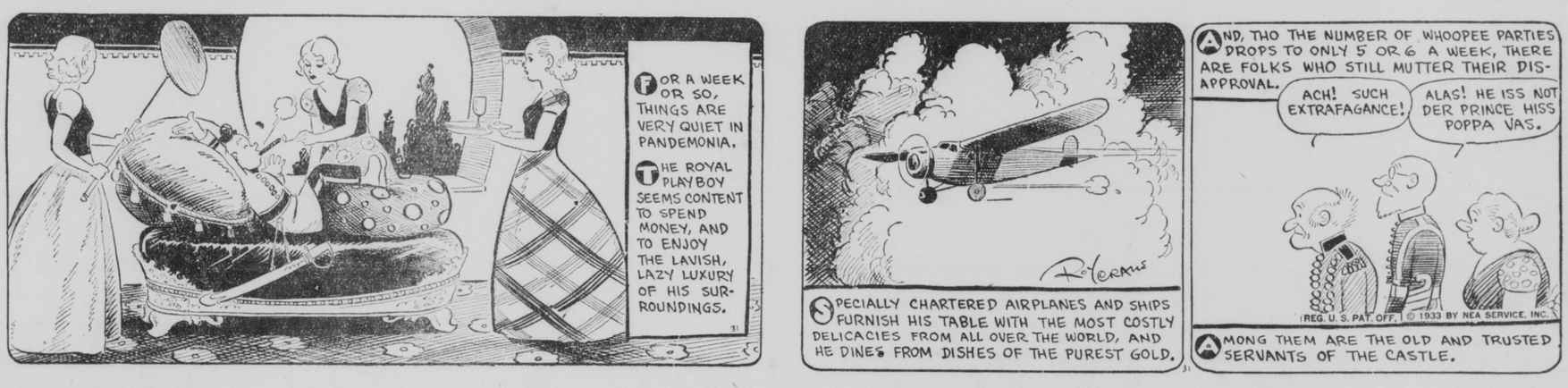
OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

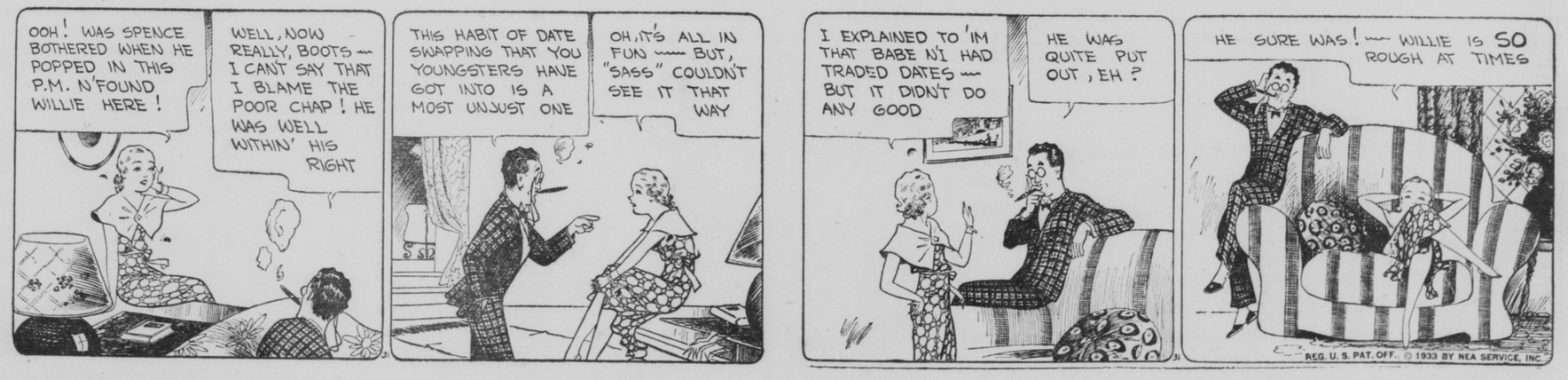


WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane



SALESMAN SAM —By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin



TARZAN THE UNTAMED —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Sure that the girl had been here, Tarzan silently entered the hut. Presently, in the gloom he saw an object outlined upon the floor. Stepping closer he leaned over to examine it—the dead body of a warrior, from whose chest protruded a spear.

Then he searched carefully the rest of the hut, returned to the body, stooped, and smelled of the weapon's shaft. A slow smile touched his lips—Tarzan understood what had happened in the hut before his arrival.

A rapid search of the village assured him the girl had escaped. He was again outside the palisade when faintly he heard an old, familiar sound. Balancing lightly upon a swaying branch he stood for a moment, a graceful statue of a forest god.

Tarzan listened intently. Then there broke from his lips the long, weird cry of ape calling to ape, and he was away through the jungle toward the sound of the booming drum of the anthropoids, whom he knew were dancing the Dum-Dum.