

SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE, dancer, refuses to marry DICK STANLEY, son of wealthy parents, who is in New York trying to make a name for himself.
Sheila's idea of marriage is a cozy little home far from Broadway. Although she has spent all her life in the stage, she would be glad to leave the theater. She acquires a partner in a road show and in a little midwestern city meets JERRY WYMAN, who seems to be a hard-working, young man with little money. Sheila does not know Jerry's father owns the factory where he works.
For a time Jerry is attentive and Sheila falls in love with him. Soon his affections seem to cool. He writes infrequently and this makes Sheila unhappy.
Back in New York she gets a job in a fashionable night club. She sees Jerry there with some friends.
He tells her he has tried to call her, but she does not believe this and refuses to make an engagement with him. She joins another road company and after several months they play in Jerry's home town. She hopes to hear from him, but no word comes. Finally she telephones to him and agrees to come to see her after the matinee performance.
At first he is casual, then becomes the affectionate suitor again. He promises to come to see her the following Wednesday in a nearby town.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE (Continued)

All at once it was over. Once more Sheila stood beside him. Her breast rose and fell in long, deep breaths.
"All in?"
She nodded and sank into a chair without speaking.
"It's a tough life," he remarked, sympathetically.
She smiled back at him. "Yes." But life would be easier. It was easier for those girls who had seen sitting out in front, watching her. It would be easier—some day—for her.
Sheila was not deceiving herself, however. How could life be happier with Jerry Wyman so changeable and insincere?

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE company arrived in Burton next morning. Sheila found the little café where she and Jappy had eaten their meals on last year's routing.
She remembered that in Burton Jappy had lost a signet ring, a precious possession, and a sharp-hand had found it. The two girls had discovered a dressmaker there to remodel some of their frocks.
Sunday, the first day in town, dragged interminably. There was no Sunday performance, and Sheila did not venture out of her hotel room except for a walk in the late afternoon.
She gave herself a shampoo and a manicure. She wrote a long letter to Jappy, out of a job now, and enclosed a bill.
Monday was uneventful. Preparations for the evening show kept the company busy. The performance passed without a hitch. "You're looking fine tonight," the comedian told Sheila the next evening. "I believe you've fallen in love."

"Something like that."
"Glad, what is like that?"
Fifteen minutes after the final curtain Sheila was back in her room at the hotel. The clock in its little green leather case on the dressing table pointed to 11:30. Almost any time now the telephone might ring. Jerry had said he would telephone Tuesday after the performance.
Sheila undressed, bathed, brushed her hair and slipped into pajamas. The telephone stood beside the bed and, throwing herself down on the pillow, she watched it, gleaming, black and silent.
A wonderful thing—a telephone! Through its medium she would soon, in spite of the miles between them, hear Jerry's voice.
She would imagine him smiling at her, thrill to the tenderness of his tone. If only the call would come!

THE other members of the company were having a party somewhere. Maybe the telephone operator thought Sheila was with them and would not put the call through.

Sheila took down the receiver and instantly the operator's voice responded. "Number, please?"
Sheila said, "This is Miss Shayne."

If there is a message for me, I'll be here in my room."
"Yes, Miss Shayne."
Some explanation seemed necessary. Feeling rather foolish, Sheila continued, "I had planned to remain later at the theater. I thought perhaps some one might have asked you to transfer a call."
"If there's a call I'll ring you, Miss Shayne."

Well, the operator had probably encountered anxious guests over the wire before. "You'll ring me right away?" Sheila urged.
"Of course, Miss Shayne. I'll see that the message reaches you."

Sheila put down the telephone. Fifteen minutes passed without interruption. She decided to try to read, but the magazine she selected proved uninteresting.

Why did magazine stories always turn out well when life was so unkind? Why didn't Jerry call?

The hands of the clock pointed to 12 o'clock now. Maybe if she counted off the seconds they would pass more quickly.

Maybe she had something to eat, occupied herself at something like arranging the dresser drawers, time would go more quickly.

Taking up the telephone again, Sheila asked for room service and ordered milk toast and tea sent up. It occurred to her that Jerry might have been on the wire while she was giving the order.

Well, that would be all right. She did not want him to guess how anxious she was. When the telephone did ring she would count 10 before she took down the receiver. She would make her voice sound casual.

"That's right—you did say you'd call!" She would say that to Jerry and pretend to be surprised.

THE little clock ticked away for another quarter of an hour. Then there was a light knock at the door.

Springing to open it, Sheila confronted the waiter, a carefully laid table swung from his shoulder. She stared in amazement, then understood.

"Put it down there," Sheila said, smiling.
Taking a coin from her purse, she gave it to the man, scribbling her name at the foot of the bill he proffered. Tea and toast with a little silver pitcher of hot milk.

If she ate slowly, drank the tea in sips, it would help the time to pass. Why, oh why, didn't Jerry's call come?

Twelve-thirty arrived and then 1 o'clock. The telephone maintained its sullen silence. Sheila remembered that Jerry had said he might not call her. He said that he would be sure to come Wednesday whether he talked to her again or not.

That was it. He was coming anyhow. More than likely he had been delayed, thought that a message would disturb her, and decided not to call.

She snapped out of her elation and nestled beneath the soft down quilt. If she were to drop off to sleep would she hear the telephone ring? Better not chance it. Sheila turned on the light, arose and moved about the room. Finally she sat down at the little desk.

She would write letters. But to whom? Not to Jappy, because she had sent her a note on Sunday. Not to Myrt. There was nothing she could say to Myrt in such a mood. Besides Myrt owed her two letters.

She must write to someone, though. Must keep herself busy. Suddenly Sheila drew a sheet of paper toward her. "Dear Dick," she began. "How is the second act coming?"

JERRY WYMAN did not telephone nor did he appear at the theater the following evening. Sheila tried desperately to conceal the hurt in her heart.

She reproached herself for her foolishness, worked harder, made every effort to forget.

The tour continued with good weeks and bad. The weeks stretched into months and still she did not hear from Jerry. There was no way she could have heard from him, because he would not know how to reach her.

The company reached the middle-west, circled and headed toward New York again. Then the bookings were cut short and presently they were back there.

On the first day in Manhattan Sheila met Jappy tripping along 46th street. Jappy said that Tommy Sloan was holding a try-out at the Halcyon Club. Did Sheila want to come along?

"I'm resting," Sheila smiled. "Going to look around soon, though."
"I didn't think you'd be interested in this job," Jappy admitted. "Just wanted to do Tommy a good turn."

"Then take the job yourself," Jappy laughed a little bitterly at this. "Sure. If I get the chance."

They walked along together past the tiny shops, the laundries, intermingled with garish doors of night clubs, silent and gloomy at mid-day.

"How was the boy friend of last year?" asked Jappy idly. "The one who gave you such a rush in Spencer?"
"You mean Jerry Wyman?"

"That's the one. You know I thought he was really serious. For a while I thought you were serious about him, too."

Jappy's level eyes were on her friend. Sheila carefully shifted her gaze and looked across the street.

"Jerry was a nice boy," she answered finally.
They walked on. Presently Jappy's hand closed over the other girl's. Their eyes did not meet, but their steps timed together perfectly.

"Let's go inside here, Sheila," Jappy indicated a coffee shop just ahead. "I've got something to tell you, honey, before someone else does."
She drew the other girl after her into a tiny shop and ordered coffee for two.

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



OUT OUR WAY



INDEPENDENCE



—By Crane



—By Small



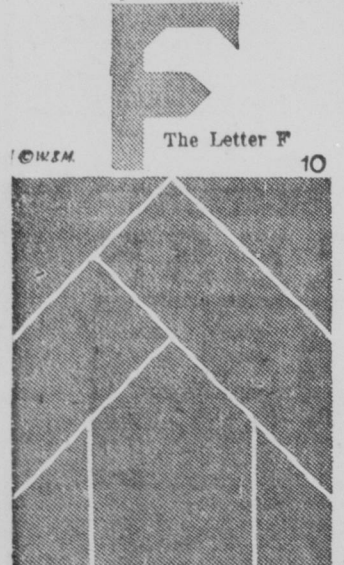
—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

HI-HO

AND now the letter F to test the wits of Hi-Ho puzzlers. If you have trouble it probably will be on top. Cut out the seven pieces and see if you can put them together to form the letter F pictured here.



Feathers are soft until you try to make them with Hi-Ho puzzle pieces. Here's how to make "head and tails" of the peacock's silhouette



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