

SPOTLIGHT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE started refuges to
marry DICK WYMAN, son of wealthy
parents, who is in New York trying to
learn to write plays. Sheila is a
little girl far from Broadway. Although
she has spent all her life on stage,
she seems to have lost her theater
spirit. She secures a part in a road show and
after a little time in the city meets JERRY
WYMAN, the seemly, hard-working
young man with little money.
Sheila's father, Jerry, is a
factory owner where he works
and the factory where he works
affection seems to come. He writes infre-
quently and this makes Sheila un-
happy.

Back in New York, Sheila gets a job in
a fashionable night club. She sees Jerry
there and he has tried to call her.
"You'll ring me right here in my room."
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 in-
terruption. She decided to try to
read, but the magazine she selected
proved to be dull.

Why did magazine stories always
turn out well when life was so un-
kind? 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.

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 tele-
phone 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.

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 she 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?

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE COMPANY ARRIVED IN BURTON
TOMORROW. Sheila found
the little cafe 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 stage-
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. Prepara-
tions for the evening show
kept the company busy. The per-
formance 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."

"Girle, 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 tele-
phone might ring. Jerry had said
he would telephone Tuesday after
the performance.

Sheila undressed, bathed, brushed
her hair and slipped into pajamas.
The pajamas 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 could imagine him smiling at
her, thrill to the tenderness of his
tone. If only the call would come!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COM-
PANY 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 re-
sponded. "Number, please?"

Sheila said, "This is Miss Shayne."

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
H.I.-HO
Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

AND NOW THE LETTER F TO TEST
THE WITS OF HI-HO PUZZLERS.
IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS 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.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
F
The Letter F
10

FEATHERS ARE SOFT UNTIL YOU TRY
TO MAKE THEM WITH HI-HO PUZZLES.
HERE'S HOW TO MAKE
"HEAD AND TAILS" OF THE PEACOCK'S
SILHOUETTE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
F
Bakelite sets of Hi-Ho now are
on sale in many city stores.

(To Be Continued)

**fresh as a
new day**
**WRIGLEY'S
SPERMINT**
THE PERFECT GUM
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
H.W. CORLEY

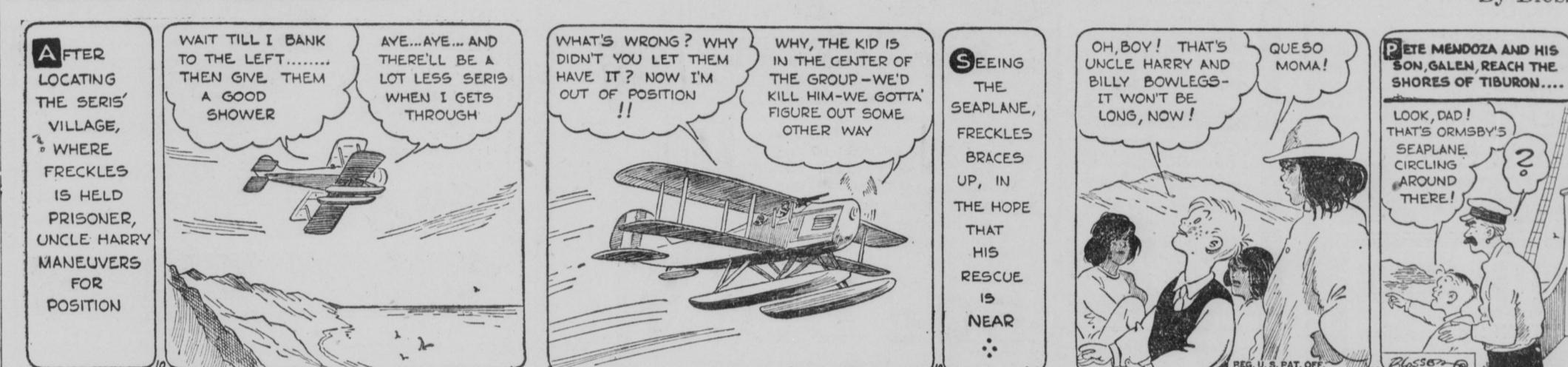
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PEX MAXON

There, back of Olga, blazing in the reflected moonlight, shone two great, yellow-green eyes. The moon was so close that it might have reached out and touched her with a great, taloned paw. There was no time to think.

Impulse was her guide as, with a loud scream, she leaped from the tree into the clearing. Instantly the apes, now maddened by the effects of the dancing and the moonlight, turned to note the cause of the interruption.

They saw this she Tarmangani, helpless and alone, and they started for her. Sheeta, the panther, knowing that not even Numa, the lion, unless maddened by starvation, dares meddle with the great apes at their Dum-Dum, had silently vanished into the night.

He sought his supper elsewhere. Tarzan, turning with the other apes toward the cause of the interruption, saw the girl, recognized her and also her peril. Here again might she die at the hands of others; but why consider it! He hesitated one brief second.