THIS BEGINS THE STORY Elizabeth Convers, a demure coun-Elizabeth Conyers, a demure country girl, pretty in spite of her old-fashioned dowdy dressing, is visiting fashionable relatives in London. At a grand ball she is a disconsolate wallfower. A handsome young man eaks her to dance and she has to confess she knows none of the up-to-date steps. He is Pat Royston, and teaches Elizabeth to dance. Her mobbish aunt and cousin rebuke her, as he is only a dancing master. Elizabeth hears her uncle, with schom she made her home in the country. Elizabeth hears her uncle, with whom she made her home in the country, is dead. She is met by Walter Eneath, a solid but not very vivacious country lad, who loves her and groposes marriage in her plight. She refuses him and determines to go to London to earn her living by dancing on a legacy of £100 her uncle left her. She is grudgingly taken in by

AND HERE IT CONTINUES "I'd Like Some Smart Clothes"

His eyes grew auxious; with all his careful saving, his own capital was very little more than a hundred, and be dreaded lest Elizabeth, with her poor

really smart clothes." She flushed, do what I like then."
He looked a little nonplussed, and tried reasoning from another standthen go right away somewhere-even if point. only a week or two-and have a real good holiday. I've never had a real holiday like other people, only just day world. You must at least consult your aunt, and see what she says. She is your only living relative now."

I'm not going to do any more cooking or housework. I'm * * '' She hesitated, then added with a rush: 'I'm

going to teach dancing."
"Teach—dancing!" Walter echoed.
"But—how can you? You don't know these new dances, do you, and they are ill different, aren't they, from the ones

re know?"

Elizabeth nodded. "Yes-oh, so different!" And she thought of that dreadful hour during which she had sat alone on the couch in the ballroom, and tried in vain to escape from her myriad reflections. "So different!" she said again. "But I can learn—I can soon learn, I know. I was at my aunt's that—that I was a born dancer, that I could dance like a fairy. So you see! And every one wants to learn nowadays, Walter * * * erers one in London-almost every one in the world, I should think," she added

"And—you mean * * you would go to Londou * * * alone?"

"And—you mean " " you would go
to London " " alone?"
"Of course!" Elizabeth sounded
braver than she felt. "What narm can
happen to me, and what else can I do?
My aunt doesn't want me; I'm too
dowdy and nwkward for her." She
bit her lip on a puinful memory. "Oh.
Walter, some day I'll show her that
I'm not such a hopeless frump after all;

Mrs. Mason almost screamed.
"Dancing! That girl! She cannot
dance! She has no appearance. Heavcns! Who will go to her for lessons?"
Mr. Junkers shrugged his shoulders.
"Perhaps you can persuade her to
change her mind." he said mildly.
"She's a little fool." Mrs. Mason
said viclously. "but I suppose she will
have to come to me for the time being. I'm not such a hopeless frump after all:
some day——' She laughed excitedly.
"Oh, some day I'll be even with them

She had almost forgotten that she was not alone; her eyes flashed and the color deepened in her cheecks; she was more than pretty at that moment, in spite of her badly dressed hair and ugly frock.

And a sudden flash of illumination penetrated the slow brain of the man who loved her, and there was a spark of fire in his eyes as he took a quick "Elizabeth, if you had never gone to London would you have married me?" he asked.

She tried to meet his gaze, but her lids fell, and he saw how her lips trembled when she tried to speak.
"I-I don't know • • I • • oh. don't understand myself! I can't explain."
He put a hand beneath her chin,

"Elizabeth, is there any one elseany other man who-who has cut me

She managed to laugh at that, but it was a shaky little laugh that carried no real conviction.
"Anybody else!" she echoed. "When told you that nobody wanted to dance with me—nobody spoke to me, hardly anybody, the whole evening.

But he was not satisfied.

"You said that somebody told you

"It was a dancing master who told me that " . only a dancing master." But she could feel the suspicion in his eres still, and her anger broke out.

"How absurd you are! Questioning me like this. I told you that nobody looked at me in London." Her voice sank. "I only wish they bad," she sank. "I only added hoarsely.

He hardly seemed to hear.

"If you go to London, as you say you mean to do," he insisted doggedly, "it will be the end of everything. I shall ever see you again. She laughed.

She laughed.
"Of course you will! You will come back here and see me, and I shall come back here His face whitened.

Once you go you will never come His distress angered her even though

what little she had to hope for she was all anxiety to begin the life which she had chosen for herself while she sat the she had to show Mr.

Junkers out of the house lunkers out of the house. It was the first time in her life she ad ever come to a swift decision, and t left ber rather afraid.

But she did not mean to change her mind; she knew she could never go back to the drudgery of a household, and she was sure that she could have body had felt it in every nerve of her body had felt it in every nerve of her a even before Pat Royston showed her a step, and now nothing on earth should ever turn her from her purpose.

A hundred pounds would teach her all it was a step or the step of the step of

lit was necessary for her to know, or o she believed : and when that had gone the would earn her own living as he did, and as thousands of other men and maind if I put on the light?"

No."

At the back of her mind her deterination was faintly connected in some vague fashion with Royston, though she could not have explained in what way. He was married, and he had passed her without a look of recognition in his eyes, and yet * * It was a sert of comfort to know that she meant

to fit herself for his life—that she was going to London where she would, at least, be near him, and perhaps sometimes see him.

She was young and romantic, and Walter Sneath, honest fellow, had never touched her heart.

She was glad when at last he left her; his presence hampered and irritated her; yet when she was alone in her room her fresh courage and high de-

her room her fresh courage and high de-termination began to waver. Supposing she was a failure! What would she do when all her money had gone and there was no home upon which

And the dread of loneliness and an inknown future shook her anew. Dur-ing a wakeful night she decided a dozen times to write to Walter Sneath and say that she had changed her mind, but when the morning came she knew it could never be.

She did not love him; she did not want to be his wife. Even the vague terrors of an unknown future were preferable to the monotony which was all she would ever find in Dilbury.

She went to see Mr. Junkers the next day, and told him of her decision. be dreaded lest Elizabeth, with her poor mowledge of the value of money, should be contemplating throwing her legacy away.

"What I should really like," she said slowly, "would be to buy some clothes—really smart clothes." She flushed, meeting his reproachful gaze. "And the listened quietly, the faintest smile on his lips before he said smoothly:

"My dear child—do you know that you are not of age?"

Elizabeth flushed.

"Not of age? My birthday is next week, and I shall be twenty-one; I can do what I like then."

He looked a little nonplussed, and tried reasoning from another stend.

"It is impossible for you to make

she gave a hard little laugh.

"But I'm not going to waste it like that. I can see you think it would be waste. Walter. So I'm going to teach myself to earn a living with it."

He cchoed her words, not undergranding.

"Teach yourself! But you know how to cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook, how to look after a house. If you were to get somewhere with a nice tamily a cook of the end she had to consent to go. Mr. Junkers went himself to see Mrs. Mason. He told her very strongly that it was her duty to prevent Elizabeth from carrying out her plan.

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"She is enly a child." he said proudly, "and do not want to go to her house again."

Mrs. Mason did not want Elizabeth.
"I cannot afford to keep her," she said plaintively. "I think my brother behaved very badly in not leaving her or us any of his money. Why in the world all that fortune should go to endow some wretched hospital when his own relatives are practically in want I cannot see. He was always selfish; he never cared for any of us."

Mr. Junkers knew the type of woman with whom he had to deal. He cut her

short.

"Then I may tell your niece that you "Then I may tell your niece that you will receive her?"

"For the present; only for the present." Mrs. Mason said firmly. "Elizabeth must look out for some work. Goodness knows, I have worked hard enough in my time. I suppose, though, she is not fitted for anything but housework." work.

Mr. Junkers smiled. "She seems to have got some idea in her head that she would like to teach dancing." he said.

Mrs. Mason almost screamed.

So Elizabeth can.e.

Elizabeth went back to her aunt's house on a Thursday afternoon, and in wenty-four hours she was seeking desperately for a means of escape from it Mrs. Mason received her coldly, making it plain beyond a doubt to the girl that she was not wanted.

"It is as much as I can do to make step toward her and laid both hands both ends meet for myself and Dolly." she said. "If I were a rich woman you would be more than welcome; but now, naturally, I am anxious to do everything in my power for my own child. You must take a post, Elizabeth; it is an ordinary thing for girls who have been well educated to earn their own living nowadays, and a hun-dred pounds will not keep you for any length of time."

"I didn't expect it to." said Eliza-beth helplessly. "And," she added, with a touch of courage. "I did not want to come to you at all. Mr. Junkers said I must, and that's the only reason I came."

"You are an ungrateful girl." Mrs. Mason said. She swept out of the room, leaving Elizabeth to the tender mercies of a

She was shown to her room—a small ne on the second floor. "I am to one on the second floor. you were a born dancer; that some one said you could dance like a fairy." His jealous eyes searched her face.

Elizabeth wriggled free of his hands.

She laughed tremulously. "Oh!" she said, with a little catch in her voice.

"It was a dancing master who told me."

The said that somebody told you maid said, rather apologetically. "Mrs. Mason and Miss Dolly are going out to a dance."

She wondered afterward at the sudden flame of eagerness that crossed the girl's face, but it died down quickly. "It was a dancing master who told me." bring your supper up here, miss," the maid said, rather apologetically. "Mrs.

nd Elizabeth only said q Thank you; I am not bungry

When she was left alone she looked round the room despairingly. She was not wanted here; if she had been smarr and well dressed and rich she might have found a welcone; but, as it was, her one longing was to escape.

She ate her supper in solitude, her mind full of plans by which she could

Dolly had looked into her room for a few minutes before she went to the dance; she wore a new frock that made Elizabeth's heart ache by reason of its

In her wildest funcies she had never droamed of anything half so beautiful. She looked at Dolly almost with rever-

"I hope you will have a good time." she said when her cousin turned to go.

boy." Oh!" said Elizabeth blankly.

was longing to ask after Pat Royston, She was still awake when the clock struck 2, and she heard her aunt and Dolly's return from the dance; heard Dolly's tired, fretful voice and her aunt's sharp reply.

She was amazed when presently Dol-

ly's voice whispered her name.
"Elizabeth—are vou awake, Elizabeth?" Elizabeth sat up in bed. "Yes." she whispered back. she whispered back, is anything the matter?"

Dolly found the switch, and closed the door behind her. She looked very pale and tired as she stood there at the foot of the bed. There was a pink rose dying in her frock, and her eyes were heavy for vant of sleep.

CONTINUED TOMORROW



EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUE

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Skipped the Old Man By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office THIS BOOK ON HEREDITARY
INFLUENCE SAYS SOMETIMES
A TRAIT SKIPS ONE THERE'S TIMES WHEN I THINK I'M A NUT MESELF! I TAKE THAT FOOL SON OF MINE BACK TO WORK GENERATION AND SHOWS HERE WHEN I KNOW BLAMED OUT IN THE NEXT! WELL HE'S WEAK-MINDED WHEN WELL I KNEW I WAS IT COMES TO A PAIR OF EYES MEVER SUCH A BLAME AND A BLONDE HEAD! JACKASS:



The young lady across the way says she saw by the paper that one of the big tinplate companies had gone into bankruptcy and the American standard of living is so high that she supposes there are very few people who don't cut off of some kind of china.







