THE DANCING MASTER

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "A Bachelor Husband," "The One Unwanted," etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Elizabeth Convers, a demure country girl, pretty in spite of her olding in the pretty in spite of her olding in the pretty in spite of her olding is visiting jushionable relatives in London. At grand ball she is a disconsolate wellflower. A handsome young man each her to dance and she has to confess she knows none of the up-to-fess sheps. He is Pat Royston, and seaches Elizabeth to dance. Her smobbish aunt and cousin rebuke her, so he is only a dancing master. Elizabeth hears her uncle, with whom she made her home in the country, is dead. She is met by Walter Bresth, a solid but not very vivascus country lad, who loves her and proposes marriage in her plight. She refuses him and determines to go to London to carn her living by dancing on a legacy of £100 her uncle left her. She is grudgingly taken in by her sent, and sets out to find a place to sake dancing lesson.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

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TWOULD cost a lot of money to I take it, she was sure, but she was wet through and shivering, and her one idea she was to get away from this particular spot as quickly as possible. She sit for her purse to make sure it was sits and a cold shudder went through the from head to foot, for it had gone. The houndred pounds in the sporting rain and shook it, but without avail. She had lost her purse had every penny she possessed in the sport; then she started to run back is way she had come, never stopping will she reached the porch of the Primas School of Dancing.

The bluntness of the question startled Elizabeth into a reply. "I've came to learn dancing! Good Lord!"

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Learn dancing! Good Lord!"

Elizabeth flushed.

"Why not? I suppose you think because I'm not smartly dressed or anything it's absurd to try; but I can dance. I know I can."

"Of course, you can! Why not?"

the other said hastily. "Who are you learning with?"

"Nobody yet; my aunt is against the whole idea. I'm the poor relation, you see." Elizabeth added bitterly. "I've only got a hundred pounds in the world, and they're afraid they'll have to keep me when it's gone, so they want me to take a situation as a lady help or something, but I'm not going to. I'm going to learn to dance if it takes every penny I've got," she ndded fiercely.

There was a little silence; then, "What's your name?" asked the girl interestedly.

"Elizabeth flushed.

"Und you've only got an aunt?"

"And you've only got an aunt?"

"And a cousin."

world.
For a moment she was too terrified to gove: then she started to run back is way she had come, never stopping will she reached the porch of the Primas School of Dancing.
She had forgotten her dread of meeting Royston in the face of this greater tragsdy. She pelted up the stairs trasthlessly, and pushed open the door of the small outer room.

"My purse—I've lost my purse." She was incoherent and almost crying, but her vas incoherent and almost crying, but the broke off with a stifled sob as she not the amazed eyes of Pat Royston.

The music from the inner room had The music from the inner room had eased, and the dark-haired girl had apparently gone, for there was nobody die about, although the doors were all wide open, and for a moment Elizabith stood helplessly staring up at Roygon, the rain dripping from her hat and the tears running down her cheeks.

"My purse — I've lost my purse!" the said again. "I thought—I hoped that I had dropped it here."

"Here!" He looked amazed. "When the looked amazed. "When the looked amazed and didn't wait to see me?"

"Tes, I—I didn't want to see you. I ealy came—I mean—I shouldn't have

Tes, I—I didn't want to see you.
I enly came—I mean—I shouldn't have come if I'd known I'd got to see you.
I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought; but I've lost my purse, and—"She broke off crimson and distressed, and for a moment Royston regarded her gravely; then he took something from his pocket.

"Is this your purse? I found it on the floor a moment ago."

Elizabeth snatched it from him with

s glad cry.
"Oh, thank you! I thought it had

had taken any, but it's such a relief.
Thank you ever so much."
She tumbled the money back anyhow, and rose to her feet. "Good-by,
and thank you so much," she said,
turning to the door.
But he barred the way.
"Please wait a moment."
Elisabeth looked up with scared
tyes. "I can't wait—I must go—
please!"
"You shell so when you have teld."

"You shall go when you have told me why you came here just now and then went away as you did."
The color deepened in her cheeks.
"You know me today, then," she

tremulously. He echoed the word vaguely.
"Today! What do you mean?"
Her cheeks burned, but she met his

res bravely.
"The other morning at Paddington you pretended you did not know me,

There was a little silence.
"I thought you would prefer that I lid not recognize you," Royston said with a touch of sarcasm. "After the way your cousin took you from my your cousin took you from my mination the other night, I natmily supposed that you had been sid that I am not a fit person to as-

Elizabeth looked up at him, then own at her wet clothes.
"You're much cleverer than I am." he said painfully. "I could not have thought of an excuse like that."

He colored hotly.
"I beg your pardon; that is not an acuse, but the truth."
"Oh!" said Elizabeth blankly. She not believe him, but she felt it passible to argue further. She stood or a moment twisting the recovered surse in her hand; then she turned tain to the door. "I think—I think will are the control of the control will go now," she said.

Royston kept his fingers on the han-"Why did you come here?" he asked There was something in his voice

compelled an answer, and Elizsald slowly: "I want to learn to dance: I saw splate outside. I did not know it anything to do with you."

You mean that if you had known would not have come?"

She could feel his eyes her; then quite suddenly he led the door for her to pass out. Good afternoon," he said formally.

bood afternoon," he said formally. Elizabeth's heart gave a quick throb disappointment, but she moved at mee. Oh—good afternoon," she said elplessly, and without another glance at him. she went down the stairs and into the street. The rain had stopped, and a cool reeze had arisen, and she shivered a she walked slowly along, the preduct of the preduction of the preduc

her heart was hot with a sort of nument which she could not under-It had only been an excuse, she was when he said that he thought she prefer not to be recognized. If ad been smartly dressed, like the

irl in the gray shoes, he would have alsed his hat to her readily enough. And then came another thought. She ald told him that she wished to learn dance; why, then, had he not offered teach her? teach her?
Perhaps because he thought she was table to pay. Perhaps because he push she would have no suitable than

the rain commenced again, and sabeth awoke from her bitter ughts to seek shelter once more. There was a shop entrance close by another girl was already standof the rain, and Elizabeth

"Beastly afternoon," she said slangily. "Yes; I'm wet through," Elisabeth

"Yes; I'm wet through," Elisabeth said.

There was a little silence; then she asked timidly: "I want to get to Albany street—can you tell me the nearest way?" She hesitated, then added: "I don't know much about London."

"I thought you didn't;" the other girl said, not unkindly. "You're going a bit out of your way, but I'll show you, if you like."

"Thank you very much," said Elisabeth, and smiled with more confidence.

dence.
The other girl was watching her in-You've come from the country," she

said.
"Yes."
"What for?"
bluntner

"And you've only got an aunt?"
"And a cousin."
"Nobody else?"
"No."

"Nobody else?"
"No."
"And they don't want you?"
"No; they certainly don't," Elisabeth said emphatically.
She looked up at her companion with troubled eyes.
"I suppose you've got lots of people belonging to you?" she hazarded.
The elder girl laughed.
"Have I? I'll take good care I haven't," she said. "I like being on my own. I like to be independent, but I was just thinking, if you really want to learn dancing, and don't mind paying for it, I know some one who'll do the trick for you—a friend of mine."
Elizabeth's eyes grew eager. "Really! Oh. do you, really?"
The other girl nodded.
"I do. Here, I'll give you my address." She rummaged in a shabbily smart bag she carried. "My name's Enid Sanger, and I'm a mannequin in the daytime, if you know what that is, at Leonore's, the Court dressmakers. It's a rotten job, rotten pay and rotten treatment, but it's all I con

is, at Leonore's, the Court dressmakers. It's a rotten job, rotten pay and rotten treatment, but it's all I can do. Here's my address, there's nothing smart about it. I've only got a small flat, but if you like to come along one evening—tomorrow, if you like—I'll fix you up. I do a bit of dancing myself in the evenings."

"Oh, you are kind."

'I've Got to Shift for Myself'

"Oh, thank you! I thought it had gone forever. I was so frightened—it's all I've got in the world."

She sat down on the nearest chair, stant. "Am I? Oh, well, we'll cut the darkened eyes wavered for an instant. "Am I? Oh, well, we'll cut that out. I've got to shift for myself, same as a great many have. There's only one thing—don't tell your people, that aunt and cousin, or they'll be sure to queer the whole show. Promise?"

She looked up.

"Of course."

"Good! See you tomorrow, then.

"Good! See you tomorrow, then.
It's stopped raining. I'll show you your way back if you like."
They walked up the wet road together, the one cheaply smart, the other hopplessly dowdy.

hopelessly dowdy.

"There's one thing," the elder said presently. "You'll have to pay in advance—can you do that?" "Yes, I can get the money in two days. I think."
"That'll do. That's your way—to

the right, and the second turning takes you into Albany street."
"Thank you, thank you ever s

much." Elizabeth's eyes glowed, and she held out a grateful hand. Enid Sanger colored in embarrass-

"You've no need to be so mighty grateful," she said laconically. "I on't know what your folks are thinking of, letting a country cabbage like you run wild in London. By-by." She waved her hand carelessly, and, after waiting for a scared ten min-utes on the curb, Elizabeth rushed wildly across the road and turned into Albany street.

Her spirits had risen again. She clutched Enid Sanger's card tightly in her hand. The way of escape had come; it would only be a question of days before she could leave her aunt's house forever.

She lost herself in exciting dreaming. She would learn to dance more quickly than any one had ever learned before; she would practice so hard, make herself perfect; and then, then, perhaps some day she and Pat Royston would come face to face again, and she would show him that she was not the dowdy, countrified girl he had believed her to be.

Her aunt and cousin were both still out when she got back home, and she was very glad of it. "You're wet through, miss," the maid said who admitted her.

Elizabeth laughed excitedly. "Am 1? I forgot. But it rained so She went up to her room and hanged her clothes. She must not take a chill now, just when everything was beginning to look so rosy for her.

As she brushed her hair, she made wonderful plans for the future. Presently she put the small looking glass, which stood on a chest of drawers, on the floor, and in front of it tried a few of the steps Royston had shown

her.
It was not very successful, as the glass was so small she only caught a glimpse of her feet now and again; but the old intoxication rushed back into her blood, making the future seem very near fulfilment.

Presently she heard Dolly's voice downstairs, and that made her think of last night and the money she had

lent to her cousin.

She would want it back soon for the lessons Enid Sanger had promised to arrange for her; she had no idea how much lessons cost, but she supposed vaguely that the sum would run a long way into her small capital.

When she heard Dolly go to her room she went downstairs and knocked "Come in."

Dolly was standing by the dressing table reading a letter which she thrust hurriedly out of sight when she saw Elizabeth. 'What do you want?" she asked

sharply. Elizabeth flushed. "Nothing much-at least, I wanted to know if you could let me have that -that money back in two days' time.

Dolly colored angrily. CONTINUED TOMORROW



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Boy Has a Weak Back Registered U. S. Patent Office. ID MOVE BUT POPPER! I CAWAT DO YES REGGIE - THAT'S A GOOD BOY, MOW REGGIE- IF YOU'LL A MOUNTAIN WELL-I THAT HEAVY WORK IN THE TAKE THAT MACHINE DOWN TO THE HM MOVE MY DESK SO FOR HALF STOCK ROOM! I REALLY DON'T WANT TYPEWRITER COMPANY TO BE FIXED IT'S OUT OF THE SUN MINK YOU TO KILL AM NOT BUILT FOR IT. AND BRING ME UP TO WEAK. TLL BROADCAST YOU YOURSELF. A WINK SOMEDAY! VERY THOUGHT. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLEASE KEEP ME IN THE WAS SICH A OFFICE ! WEAKLIN'! A.E HATWARD - 15 Goges by Robe Ladger Co



The young lady across the way says it must be a great relief to the traction companies to have the busses and trucks take so much of the work off their shoulders.







