THE DANCING MASTER

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

more to Mine. Senestis, and she began to grow almost fond of the French-woman.

"Bh, who develops into a flashy, sorted eife, with whom he cannot live. The class loves him and is jealous of Elizabeth. Royston's dencing partner, who also loves him and is jealous of Elizabeth.

BOLLY MASON. Elizabeth's snobbish cousin, who loves cousin, who loves with the flash of the first partner is the first partner in the world. The first partner is the first partner is the first partner in the world. The first partner is the first partner in the dark she was saying over and over again in her heart in a frantic ND as she let herself into the silent house and stumbled upstairs in the dark she was saying over and over again in her heart in a frantic set of way: "It isn't good-by really! I shall see him again tomorrow before I go; it isn't good-by really." It was the only means by which is could beat down the despair that urestened her.

But when Mime. Senestis came the blowing afternoon Royston had not invest, and madame declared that was in a desperate hurry and could set not one moment.

was in a desperate nurry and could att not one moment.
"Hurry! Hurry, mon enfant!" she alled shrilly to Elizabeth. "Heavens! time you English people waste in the sying good-by!"
Netth was in tears.
"I shall miss you horribly." she wiled. "I wish you weren't going. He. Silcum means all right, but she is you, and the doctor says I may have to die here for weeks and weeks

lare to die here for weeks and weeks

it."

I'll come and see you often."

Blisabeth said quickly; but Netta shook
her head.

"They won't let you," she prophesied, "and after a little while you won't
wast to. Oh, I know what it will be!
There, run along; that woman's shrieking for you again. They kissed hurriedly. "I think Pat might have looked
into wish you good luck." Netta added;
"it's like a man to forget all about it.
I shall tell him what I think of him
when I do see him."

"It doesn't matter," Elizabeth said;
but the tears were falling when she
im downstairs to Mme. Senestis.

The Frenchwoman looked at her
with a comical expression in her queer
the. but crying!" she said, with an
heredulous drawl. "And why for, may
see he permitted to ask? Is it not
that the good times come now for you.

When I do see him."

"They won't let you," she prophetim coldly when he arrived. He had
brought his own car, an extravagantly smart affair enameled in palest gray
and upholstered to match.

Elizabeth thought it perfection; she
told him that she had never ridden in
such comfort in her life. "It must
be wonderful to have one of your very
own," she said.

He looked down at her. "Well, why
not?" he asked. "There are others
to be got, I assure you, or you are
only too welcome to the use of mine
whenever you like. I will teach you
to drive."

There was an air of ownership in
the way he spoke, and Elizabeth shrank
from him a little.

"Oh, no, thank you." she said quickly, "I should be too frightened to drive,
anyway."

He laughed. "I shall ask madame

from him a little.

"Eh, but crying!" she said, with an heredulous drawl. "And why for, may one be permitted to ask? Is it not that the good times come now for you, petite?" She learned over and tried to moe up Elizabeth's tears with her absurd lace handkerchief. "Ah! she is too tender-hearted, the poor baby: We must forgive her, is it not so?"

Elizabeth was ashamed. She stopped crying, but her heart was bursting with pain and bitterness.

He might have come, she was telling herself broken-heartedly, he might have come!

The next few days were the unhap
The next few days were the unhap
from him a little.

"Oh, no, thank you." she said quick-ly, "I should be too frightened to drive, annyway."

It alughed. "I shall ask madame if I may not give you lessons." he said. "After all—" he stopped abrupt-ly, struck by a certain coldness in the girl's face, and hurriedly changed the subject, asking how the dancing was progressing.

Filizabeth sighed.

"I do my best, but it's much more difficult than I thought," she admitted.

"They are not working you too hard?" he asked. "I will not have you worked too hard." and again the litt.

hard new come!

The next few days were the unhappiest Elizabeth had ever spent. Everything seemed a burden, everything and worked too hard," and again that little note crept into his voice which Elizabeth vaguely resented.

"Oh, no," she said. She glanced back at Mme. Senestis, who had taken back at Mme. Senestis, who had taken the back seat of the car uncomplainthead it was possible for a walts tune brought all foolish are to her eyes; she longed with all les soul to be back with Royston. The could not get used to the erratic

the could not get used to the erratic ways of the house; there was nothing regular in its management. Mme. Senetts had a French housekeeper who accred her, and who thought everything she did and said perfection, and they were both thorough Bohemians amo muddlers. Meals were at the oddest times, and at any times. Some mornings madame would take it into her had to rise at 6, and make Elizabeth to the same, in order to practice before breakfast, and at other times she is sain. In order to practice be-fire breakinst, and at other times she did not appear until late in the day.
"You think I am mad—eh?" she and to Elizabeth once. "Pouf; What would you? I do as I like, that

But she made Elizabeth work; she mould allow no half-measures, no face dancing, only the dreary monotous of physical exercise. Swedish drill and interminable ground work.

"You wish to run before you can walk," she accused the girl once ansalk," she accused the girl once ansalk, "Mr. Roysten, we have him to thank for this, key? But no. You so back! You learn again, one step at a time, like a leetle baby, or you learn nossing at all from me."

There were times when Filizabeth could have thrown herself down and wept; times when she felt she could have struck Mme. Senestis in sheer erasperation: times when she was so tired that sleep seemed the only desirable thing in the world, and yet, in spite of it all, she knew she was progressing; knew that Royston had

in spite of it all, she knew she was progressing; knew that Royston had been right when he called the French woman a marvel.

All sorts of queer people came and went in the house; madame seemed to know almost every one in London, or so Elizabeth thought. There were titled people and danslitted men; beautifully dressed women and women with more paint on their faces than they had clothes on their backs; rough, common sort of men who argued about they had clothes on their backs; rough, common sort of men who argued about money with Mmc. Senestls and with whom she usually succeeded in getting her ewn way, but sometimes she would comea in to Elizabeth raving angrily, her mop of hair on end, a bright spot of color in the dead white of her face. Then she would storm up and down the room and talk at a tremendous rate in her own language, throwing her arms wildly above her head and calling upon heaven to witness that she would be ruined before she would consent to lower her fees.

"I must live! What would you!" he would say and glare at Elizabeth with her queen.

must live! What would you!"
see would say and glare at Elizabeth
with her queer eyes till the girl felt
as if she personally were responsible
for whatever had annoyed madame.
Neil Farmer had not been to the
issue again, and Elizabeth had almost forgotten him when one morning, a morning when madame had
fleen at 6, she came to Elizabeth all
salles.
"Today

alles.

"Today we have a day," she said. 'Mistaire skind! So rich! He take us to lanch.'

Elizabeth flushed; she did not want hut was afraid to say so. She madame nearly three once had she bear man. Elisabeth flushed; she did not want to go, but was afraid to say so. She been with madame nearly three weeks now, and never once had she been allowed out alone. Either madame level out alone. Either madame thereof or the old French housekeeper thays accompanied her. The girl had titerly resented it at first, but now it longer seemed to matter. Royston had said she would soon need to the new mode of living, and supposed that was what she was

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

ISABETH CONYERS, a demure
shoulders and consigned it to the
shoulders and consigned it to the
waste paper basket. Royston did not
enter at all into her scheme of things.
The same fate befell the only letter Elizabeth wrote to Netta, and she
iseith
ROYSTON, a handsome young
leman, who, after the war, turns
leman, who, after the war to make a
grofessional donoing to make a
grofessional for the waste paper basket. Royston did not
enter at all into her scheme of things.

The same fate befell the only letter Elizabeth wrote to Netta, and she
imagined that they had not been
answered because Royston and Netta
had no more time to waste over her.

And the fact made her cling the
worse to Mine. Senestis, and she began
to grow almost fond of the Frenchwoman.

"You are too pale, too triste. Where are your roses, ma petite?"

She considered Elizabeth for a moment with her head on one side, and then went off like a whirlwind to her own room, returning with some rouge. When Elizabeth objected, she stamped a high-heeled shoe at her. "And who is the mistress, I ask you?" she demanded. "Is it you, or is it I? Very well; then you do as I tell you." She put a little color into the girl's cheeks, and seemed well pleased with the result. "Ah, now! Mistaire Farmer he recognize his country rose, is it not?" she said, nodding her head vigorously.

vigorously.
Elizabeth glanced at herself in the

Elizabeth glanced at herself in the glass and quickly away again.
What would Pat Royston think if he saw her? she wondered.
She cared less than nothing what Farmer thought of her. She greeted him coldly when he arrived. He had brought his own car, an extravagantly smart affair enameled in palest gray and upholstered to match.

subject, asking how the dancing was progressing.

Elizabeth sighed.

"I do my best, but it's much more difficult than I thought," she admitted.

"They are not working you too hard?" he asked. "I will not have you worked too hard," and again that little note crept into his voice which Elizabeth vaguely recented.

the back seat of the car uncomplain-ingly, and wished it was possible for them to change places. She never felt at her ease with Farmer.

He saw the glance and misinter-

'How Did you Get to Know Nell?" "She cannot hear what we are say-

"She cannot hear what we are saying," he said in an undertone, "and I want to talk to you. Will you lunch with me alone one day?"
She flushed nervously.
"Oh, I couldn't."
"Why not?" He frowned. He was not used to having his invitations so emphatically refused.
Elizabeth shook her head.
"I don't know—at least, I don't think madame would like it." I will manage her," he said lightly, "if that's all you're worrying about." It was not all that she was worrying about, although she did not like to say so, but they reached the restaurant before there was time for further conversation.

ther conversation.

Elizabeth kept close to Mme. Senestians they walked down the lone room; her nervousness increased when she saw at a table quite close to theirs her cousin Dolly, lunching with the same rather vapid youth who had escorted her to the dance.

Dolly saw Elizabeth at once, and a

flush of amazed anger crossed her face. Mme. Senestis touched Elizabeth's

"Sit down, petite," she said sharply.
"At what is it you are looking?"
"My cousin—she is over there at the next table."

Farmer laughed.
"Yes, I saw her. I fancy that nelther you nor I are in her good books
just at present, Miss Conyers." He paid Elizabeth extravagant attention during lunch; he hardly spoke to Mme. Senestis, and, to Elizabeth's amazement, the Frenchwoman did not

Once, when Farmer had left them to answer a message that was brought to him, she spoke rather sharply to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth.

"You are not nice to Mistaire Farmer. You must be! I insist! Think what he does for you."

Elizabeth drew back in amazement.

"Not nice to him? Why, I—I don't like him." she stammered.

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"You like, or you do not like, what does it matter?" she asked coldly. "He pay, that is all to trouble you."

A waiter came to Elizabeth just then; he carried a note on a tray. "For you, please, miss."

Elizabeth flushed as she took it up; she knew it was from Dolly before she read the penciled lines.

she read the penciled lines.
"I want to speak to you. Will you come to my table for a moment, or will you meet me somewhere after-ward?"

Mme. Senestis was watching curiously, and Elizabeth handed her the note.
"What shall I do" she asked.
Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"She is your cousin, you say; go and speak to her." Elisabeth crossed the room reluctantity; the vapid-faced youth had gone, and Dolly indicated his empty chair. "Please sit down."
"I can only stay a min...—if you want to speak to be the control of the

want to speak to ind.

Dolly flushed. "You can sit down, anyway, can't you, unless you want all the room to stare."

Elizabeth obeyed. Farmer had rejoined Mme. Senestis, and she knew they were both watching her.

Dolly knew it, too, and her lips trembled when she began to speak.

"What are you doing with Neil Farmer?"



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Explanations, Happiness and a Loving Father

OF COURSE NOT! HOORAY FOR PERCY THERE'S THE LETTER THEM-IT'S MOT RIPPLE - LOAG YOU'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO YOU WHO'S GOIN' I'M TO BE MAID OF GET ALL WEEK.I MAY SHE WAVE! -HONOR AT GERTIE TO BE MARRIED? BOUGHT A DRESS FOR GOOFLES WEDDING AND IT'S NOT MY A JUNE WEDDING CAUSE TO PERCY RIPPLE SON - YOU ARE F GERTIE WROTE AND LEAVE ME ? ASKED ME TO BE MAID OF HONOR, SHE IS TO MARRY PERCY

MY GOSH! - I FORGOT! MY BOY - MY POOR BOY - I'VE KEPT HIM LOCKED IN THE SAFE 7 ALL THIS TIME! OH MY POOR INNOCENT BOY ! Greez, by Robbic Ladger Co.

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office. DEAR POPPER - I KNEW BY THE EXPRESSION IN YOUR EYE WHEN I ASKED YOU FOR MONEY THAT YOU WOULD HELP ME, I KNOW IT WAS JUST! YOUR PLAYFUL WAY WHEN YOU KICKED ME MITO THE SAFE, I UNIDERSTOOD TOU, POPPER YOU JUST MEANT I WAS TO HELP MYSELF. YOU'RE A CORNER. THANKS - WILLIE. E HATWARD - 3

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says one thing her father has learned is that he needs plenty of sleep and there are few nights when bedlam doesn't reign with him after 10 o'clock.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG BICYCLE: WERE YOUNG, MAGGIES

PETEY—The First Day at the Beach







GASOLINE ALLEY-It Hands Walt a Laugh







