

DANCING MASTER

By RUBY AYRES
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WHO IN THE STORY
ELIZABETH CONYER, a demure beautiful girl, beautiful in spite of her plainness, who, on the death of her father, goes to London to make her living by dancing. She falls in love with Royston.
ROYSTON, a handsome young man, who, after the war, turned to professional dancing. He has no money, as he had been trained to no profession. In a year romance he has developed into a flashy, successful dancer, with whom Elizabeth is dancing.
MRS. MASON, Elizabeth's snobbish mother, who lives in a small cottage.
MR. FARMER, a rich man about 50 years of age, who proposes to Elizabeth and gives her lessons with a view to her becoming a noted ballerina.
MRS. SENESTIS, a country girl, in love with Elizabeth.

"What do you want?" he asked curiously. She blew a cloud of smoke into his face. "What do I generally want? Money, of course, and it's no use saying you haven't got any. If you don't get it, that's all," she added calmly. Royston's eyes flamed. "If you do you know what to expect," he said hoarsely. "I—I—!" Then he stopped with a bitter sense of his own impotence. Nothing he could say or do would alter this woman, he knew; she had driven and harried him until he would have given her his last shilling for peace. "I'll send you a check in the morning," he said, and would have left her, but that she followed once more. "Have you heard about the row here tonight?" she asked with roll. "Farmer and your country miss, Elizabeth Conyer? Harold Spenser saw part of it. He tried to kiss her and she boxed his ears or something. Little fool! As if a kiss or two matters when a man's putting up money for her like this. I wish he'd take a fancy to me, that's all. Why, where are you going?"

Royston did not answer, and when he turned and walked away there was something in his face that was a warning, even to her obtuseness, not to follow him. It was past midnight when Elizabeth got home. At first glance she thought the house was dark, but when she saw the taxi stopped at the door it opened and she saw Mrs. Senestis standing in the hall. She came forward eagerly. "Yes," Elizabeth's voice sounded faint and exhausted. Her face in the light from the lamp which the French woman carried was white and weary. "I've no money to pay the cabman with," she said. Madame interrupted. "I'll take care of that here an hour—half an hour—ago, and he'll tell me all about it. I was very angry, but there, what would you? All is fair in love and war, little one, and I think he loves you very much." Elizabeth looked up with incredulous eyes, a bitter smile twisted her white lips. "Love me? That man?" she said. Madame nodded her head. "There are ways of love and ways of love," she said wisely. "One man he love one way, another he love another way, and you so young! You do not understand—is it not so? Bien, you forgive him, cherie. He tell me everything; he is very sorry; tomorrow he ask your pardon."

"The Hard Study is Almost at an End!" "I never wish to see him again," Elizabeth said passionately. "If it means he has got to pay for me any more—well, I will go out as a servant first and earn my own living." She looked ill and overwrought, and Mrs. Senestis, who had been to bed, fetched a glass of wine and some biscuits and made Elizabeth eat and drink; then she gave her some white mixture in a tiny liquor glass and sent her to bed. "You sleep well now," she promised, nodding her queer head. "No, it does you no harm. You sleep well tonight and tomorrow we talk. Good-night, cherie." "If Mr. Farmer comes here tomorrow I will not see him," Elizabeth said excitedly. "Oh, but, of course not!" Madame humored her; she stood on tiptoe and lightly kissed the girl's cheek. "She is so young," she cooed, as if to herself, and slipped away, leaving Elizabeth alone.

Elizabeth began to undress with slow weariness; her arms felt as heavy as lead; she was worn out with emotion; she would have given anything for the relief of tears. She did not imagine that she would sleep at all, and yet as soon as her head touched the pillow sleep came, and it was late morning when she woke. Sunlight was streaming into the window, and she could hear some one playing the piano in the next room. It was the sound of the music that brought back the events of last night, and a wave of such intolerable anguish swept over her heart that she hid her face in the pillow, her hands clenched above her head. She was never to see Royston again; he had shut her out of his life.

Her heart cried out in bitter rebellion that she would not submit. But she knew that she must. His will was stronger than hers, and it would be his will that would keep them apart. She thought of Neil Farmer, but his treatment of her seemed a small thing now in comparison with the parting which had followed; a kiss exchanged in a moment of passion—what were they, after all? All the kisses in the world were worth less to her than the clasp of one man's hand. Madame came tapping at the door, and Elizabeth roused herself with an effort. "I am awake; I am just dressing. I will come in a moment." She got up and dressed and went to the music room. Madame was at the piano, her elbow resting on the keys, a worried look on her queer face. She held out a hand to Elizabeth. "Come here, cherie." Elizabeth obeyed mechanically. "I have news for you, little one; good news. The hard study, it is almost at an end. Soon, in a month, you dance and show the world what you can do—how wonderful you are. Tien! that is good news, eh?" Elizabeth looked away. "I don't think I want to dance any more. I know it sounds very ungrateful, but—"

Continued tomorrow
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THE GUMPS—An Revolt!

THE OLD GUMPS ARE ALL PACKED—UNCLE BIM LEAVES TODAY FOR AUSTRALIA—BACK TO THE HARNESS— HIS OLD PAL LEE SPATLIN PLACED A SPECIAL TRAIN AT HIS DISPOSAL— THE GREAT ENGINE IS THROBING IN THE SNED— THE ROAD'S CRACK ENGINEER IS AT THE THROTTLE— CLEAR TO THE COAST THE LINE IS KEPT OPEN— BIMBO GUMP IS GOING THROUGH— AT THE DOCK A HUGE LINER IS HELD TWO DAYS FOR HIS CONVENIENCE

WELL, LITTLE CHESTER BIM— YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE TO YOUR UNCLE WHEN HE'S GONE— TELL HIM ALL ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL— BRUSH UP ON YOUR ARITHMETIC— LEARN TO ADD UP BIG FIGURES— YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF MONEY TO HANDLE SOME DAY— I WANT TO GO TO AUSTRALIA AND LIVE WITH YOUR UNCLE BIM—

GOOD BY CHILDREN— I DON'T LOOK DEAD YET DO I? YOU KNOW SHE CALLED ME THE OLD AUSTRALIAN HANGAROO— WELL MY SKIN IS TOUGH— IT TAKES MORE THAN A POP GUN OR A PEA SHOOTER TO MAKE A DENT IN ME— YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING IN OUR FAMILY— A GUMP MAY BE DOWN BUT NEVER OUT—

GOOD BY EVERYBODY
 GOOD BY UNCLE
 OVER THE RIVER!
 HAPPY DAYS!
 TOOT! TOOT!

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss O'Flage Is Breaking Under the Strain

TWINS AT TWILIGHT
 TWINS AT TWILIGHT
 THESE WOODS KEEP BURIAL THEMSELVES INTO CAM'S BRAIN!
 THINK OF IT! (DON'T STRAIN)

OH, POP, DO BE STILL!
 OH, SOMEBODY UNDERSTANDS! I'D GIVE MY RIGHT HAND IF I HADN'T SEEN PERCY RIPLEE WHEELIN' THOSE TWINS IN THE PARK AT TWILIGHT— I MUSTN'T ACT HASTILY— BUT— OH— GERTIE MUST BE TOLD!
 LOOK OUT!

TO THINK OF THAT POOR GIRL BEING DECEIVED IS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR!

SHE'S SO HAPPY IT WILL BREAK HER HEART!

MAYBE HE HASN'T ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE TWINS— MAYBE THEY'RE JUST HIS GRANDCHILDREN— BUT THAT WOULD'N'T LET HIM OUT WOULD IT?— OH I GET SO TIRED THINKING!
 HOW COMPLETELY UNSELFISH OUR HEROINE IS! OBVIOUS TO SELF, SHE THINKS OF NOTHING BUT HER FRIENDS' HAPPINESS.

The Young Lady Across the Way

AW SHUCKS! I GOTTA FIX UP THIS RECEIVING STATION

"THE WIRELESS DISTURBANCE"

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY SAYS WE SHOULD BE CAREFUL TO EAT FOOD WHICH IS RICH IN CALORIES, VITAMINES AND POTASSIUMS.

SCHOOL DAYS

SEE MY MITALS? THEM MITALS RIGHT OVER MINE IS MY FATHERS MITALS HE CARRIED EM THERE WHEN HE WAS LEBBEN— IN 1862 HE GET HERE AT THIS DESK
 I USED THE SAME BARROW— HE GAVE IT MY LAST BIRTHDAY
 YOU DONT LEAVE NO ROOM FOR YOUR SON
 YOU HAVEN'T GOT I DONT

IN HIS FATHERS FISTPRINTS

IN HIS FATHERS FISTPRINTS

PETEY—Golosh! What a Life!

SAY, MABEL AIN'T YOU READY YET?

JUST A MINUTE UNCLE PETEY, I MUST PUT THIS RUBBER CAP OVER MY HAIR
 —WELL, I'LL BE DOWN THE BEACH WAITING FOR YOU
 VERY WELL

—WOMEN ARE THE LIMIT!—AFRAID OF GETTING WET!!— IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST TO SEE EM WEARING RUBBER BOOTS THIS YEAR!

—BUT IT DID!!
 —HERE I AM UNCLE PETEY

GASOLINE ALLEY—The Wives Hold a Session

HER JANITOR'S WIFE TOLD ME SHE'S A GRASS WIDOW AND GETS A LOT OF ALIMONY

WHY, THE PIANO TONER'S SISTER SAID SHE WAS A SOD WIDOW AND HER HUSBAND WAS A GAMBLER
 I HEARD SHE'S BEEN MARRIED TWICE AND HER LAST HUSBAND ELOPED WITH A CHORUS GIRL
 I DON'T BLAME HIM!
 SHE DOESN'T WEAR A WEDDING RING!

IF SHED SNEEZE THE ENAMEL WOULD CRACK OFF HER FACE LIKE SOAP CHIPS
 IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN'T STAND IT'S HENNA HAIR!
 I CAN'T SEE WHY ANYBODY AS OLD AS SHE IS WANTS TO WEAR SUCH EXTREME STYLES!

GIVE ME JUST ONE GUESS WHAT THOSE GIRLS ARE TALKING ABOUT!