Bu Sidney Smith

THE DANCING MASTER By RUBY AYRES

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

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

ILLEADTH CONVERS, a demure country of her doudiness, so she went on carelessly, still farmer; so she went on carelessly, still turning the leaves of the paper.

"He is ill, so some one tell me! He had anothed on a fashy, so had now he ill again. Poor man! Very ill."

"The who develops into a fashy, soldid in the country of th

WID. who develops into a flashy, soldid with whom he cannot live,

ITA. Royston's dancing partner, who also
leve him and is jeatous of Elizabeth.

ILI MASON. Elizabeth's exobbish cousin,
who loves

ELI FARMER. a rich man about town,
who loves

ELI FARMER a rich man about town,
who sproses to Elizabeth and finances
who sproses to Elizabeth.

What a change!" And she laughed and

UT for three days Elizabeth heard

What a change! And she laughed as Elizabeth was almost too strong to resist.

What harm was there in it? It was been cruel.

Then on the fourth day Netta sent penciled note. "You'll think me a log for not keeping my promise, but haven't had a second to spare. Pat was taken bad again the other night, and they at me see him this morning for a few minutes. He looks awfully bad, bless lim, but I think he'll be all right. His list then it will be true enough, if a saks, to say that you don't know, promise faithfully. "They let me see him this morning or a few minutes." Those were the lay words that seemed to touch Elizabeth in that it is seened to Elizabeth in that it is seened to Elizabeth in that it is seened to Elizabeth in that is considered as change! And she laughed as Elizabeth walked away without answering. What a change! And she laughed as Elizabeth walked away without answering.

What a change! And she laughed as Elizabeth walked away without answering.

She went to her room and stood over by the window in the darkness, her cheek pressed to the cool pane.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" Over and over again the question seared her heart.

Once the wild thought came to her that she would throw everything to the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we life a winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we life a winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we life a winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we live winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we leave the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we leave the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we leave the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we leave the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counted in her world. Ambition, we leave the winds and go to him; after all, he clone counte

an't—oh, Elizabeth, you promised:
"Very well." The color died from
he girl's face, her hend drooped.
"It's only for his sake, I'm asking."

Jetta said harshly. "He needs the
honey, you know he does. It will be
her cloak when Farmer came, and they
drove away together.

Farmer looked terribly nervous; he
kept biting his mustache and fidgeting
with his gloves. When they reached
the duchess' house he held Elizabeth's tetta said harshly. "He needs the loney, you know he does. It will be reeks before he can work again, and re've had to close the studio and reuse heaps of offers for engagements, tried to keep going by myself, but was no use—it's not me they want, ut him!"
"Yes, yes. I know."

That was the last time Elizabeth sked to see Royston: the last time ally the two girls drifted apart again, all the french Mmc. Senestis.

The Frenchwoman kept hovering round, twitching a fold of her frock into place and whispering a last instruction.

"You will remember all I told you, petite: you will not fail me. It is a great day for you. I am proud, proud!"

"Yes," said Elizabeth. She was no longer nervous, and her pulse was steady; she felt as if it was somebody else's great night, and not her own at all.

Madame went on:

"Every one is here—all the great ones of London. They will love you, they will fall at your feet, little one: That was the last time Elizabeth

It wanted but ten days to the char-

y ball at the Duchess', and Mme.
enestis was almost beside herself
lith excitement. She would not allow
lizabeth to speak the word failure.
"Fall! Never, never, never!" she
hrilled at her, "You cannot! I will
of haf it! I had never a failure no "Fail! Never, never, never!" she brilled at her, "You cannot! I will to that it! I haf never a failure, no o, no!" But Elizabeth's nerves were adly racked as the day drew near. She could not sleep for thinking of that lay ahead of her; over and over gain she went through the steps of he dances madame had chosen for that night; even in her fitful ours of sleep she was practicing hem hard—nlways.

Farmer was kindness itself, cheering and encouraging her in every way, but

nd encouraging her in every way, but a the last night Elizabeth spoke to him

'Oh, if I should fail tomorrow," she

"Oh, if I should fail tomorrow," she aid shakily when Farmer was hidding er good night.
"There is no such word in your voabulary or mine," he told her. He issed her hand gently. "Good night, by queen; tomorrow I shall be the roudest man in London."
He made Elizabeth smile before he ft ber and made her promise not to ft her and made her promise not to

"Madame has never had a failure." e said. "She is far too clever a woman have one now.

"I hope so," said Elizabeth. "Oh, I ope so!" She was sorry to see him go. While was with her she felt more confi-ant. How could she fall when he as so sure that she would be a suc-

As so sure that she would be a suc
ses?

Mme. Senestis smiled archly when
ilizabeth went to her in the gay little
oudoir. She caught the girl's left
and, looked at her ringless finger and
hugged her shoulders.

"He wait till tomorrow, hey?" she
sked significantly. "He got his reward
omorrow? Ah: That is good."

Elizabeth did not answer, though the
new quite well to what the French
yoman alluded. Madame took up a
ewspaper and yawned over it; she
efused to discuss the event of tomorow when Elizabeth tried to speak of
i she talked on every other subject.

But Elizabeth hardly listened; she
ald yes or no in the wrong places, and
was only when suddenly madame
poke of Pat Royston that her wanering attention was arrested..

She turned her head sharply. "Mr.

Madame to ke and there was an impressive silence before the music started.

Elizabeth knew every note of the
music to which she was to dance; she
had practiced scores of times with the
orchestra accompaniment, and a vague
wonderment went through her as she
realized that after all she was not in
the least nervous.

"You cannot fail." so madame and
Neil Farmer had declared, and now
she was sure of it herself.

A little confident smile curved her
lips as she sank down in the first
sweeping bow of recognition to her
audience, and for the first time a thrill
of enjoyment warmed her heart as she
rose slowly, her bare white arms
wreathed about her head, and pirouetted
almost the length of the room on the
tips of her toes.

She moved like a fairy, her feet
had practiced scores of times with the
music to which she was to dance; she
music to which she was to dance; she
had practiced scores of times with the
orchestra accompaniment.

"You cannot fail." so madame and
Neil Farmer had declared, and now
she was sure of it herself.

A little confident smile curved her
ips as she sank down in the first
iwe alizabeth krewled and now
she was some of it herself.

She was only when suddenly madame
sweeping bow of recognition to her
ips as she sank down in the
ferse day of the turned her head sharply, "Mr.

oyston?"

Madame was not looking at her, and
amazed could she Madaine was not looking at her, and could have been amazed could she are seen the girl's agitation; she firmly colleged that any little attraction which reads and interested and the sea of faces around her—able to the sea of faces around her arou

Elizabeth's heart was numbed with agony and, thinking she was not interesting madame, said no more. She kissed the girl warmly when Elizabeth went up to bed and patted her cheek.

temorrow so triumphant. So proud! What a change!" And she laughed as Elizabeth walked away without an-

there was nobody of whom she could never the first words that seemed to touch and the seemed to Elizabeth in that seemed to Elizabeth and wrote every day, and occasionally he girls met for a few moments.

"He looks awfully had." Netta said, "He looks awfully had." Netta said, and totaly he managed to persuade the seed to let him sit up for a few mines, though I know he ought not to see dank so work."

"Has—has his wife 'been to see im?" Elizabeth seed he so. He keeps on saying that a must get back to work."

"Has—has his wife 'been to see im?" Elizabeth seed he so. With the word die: he would have if she does not see head.

The girls were having tea together Netta's rooms, and both of them oked strained and unhappy. It was fornight since Royston's operation, and it seemed months to Elizabeth at ast; she felt herself to be years left. Herself to le

"Good luck! The best of luck, my queen!" he said hoarsely; then he

went on up the big staircase to mingle with the guests, and Elizabeth went to the room that had been set apart for her with Mmc. Senestis,

they will fall at your feet, little one;

they will fall at your feet, little one; you will wake tomorrow, after a long sleep of happiness, and find yourself famous, is it not so?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth again. She wished she could show more enthusiasm, she felt vaguely scornful of madame's excitement; even when the call came for hea her heart heart did not seen the call came for hea her heart heart did not seen the call came for hea her heart heart did not seen the call came for hea her heart heart did not seen the call came for hea her heart heart did not seen the call came for heart heart heart did not seen the call came for heart call came for her her heart beats did not increase; she looked at madame in-

The Frenchwoman nodded; she was too excited to speak, but she caught Elizabeth's hand as she passed her and

kissed it hysterically.

"My little one! My brave little one!"

Elizabeth went out of the room, across the wide hall, and into the great ballroom, one of the most famous in

For a moment the hundreds of lights dazzled her, and she faltered at the doorway, her thoughts flying again to the one night she had danced with Royston, and the happiness it had been then. She walked on mechanically, vaguely

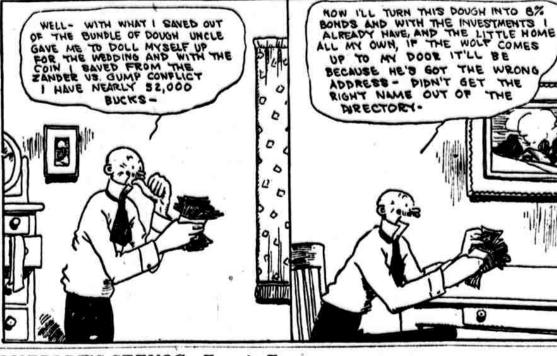
She walked on mechanically, vaguely conscious of the throngs of people surrounding the space which had been cleared for her; of the flash of many diamonds, and the chatter of tongues that ceased as she entered.

A round of applause broke out, increasing in volume as her exquisite daintiness and charm were slowly realized by the hundreds of persons present. She looked like a fairy doll from a child's Christmas tree as she from a child's Christmas tree as she stood there in her white, filmy frock, alone in the great cleared space of floor, and there was an impressive silence be

wreathed about her head, and producted almost the length of the room on the tips of her toes.

She moved like a fairy, her feet hardly seeming to touch the ground, and with each moment her ease and confidence seemed to grow until presently she found herself able to look at the see of faces around her—able to

THE GUMPS—To Have and to Hold



ANY STOCK IN SOMETHING THAT ISH'T-BUY OIL IT WILL BE IN A CAN-COPPER IN KETTLES AND PANS - AND GOLD IN JEWELRY- I'LL BUY NOTHING THAT'S HIDDEN IN THE LARGE- A LITTLE SPADE AND A BIG EARTH - YOU MISS IT TOO OFTEN-

HOBODY'S GOING TO SELL ME

THEY CAN CALL ME ANYTHING THEY LIKE - THE MAN WHO STOOD STILL - OR HE WHO NEVER TOOK A CHANCE - WHAT DO I CARE? I'LL BE BASKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL SUNLIGHT OF EASE AND CONTENTMENT WHEN SOME OF THESE WISE GUYS ARE SHOPPING AROUND FOR STRYCHNINE, BOPE AND REVOLVERS-

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Face to Face Registered U. S. Patent Office OH YES Y'DO! YOU ASK AND YOU PUSHING TRIPLETS! WHY I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! WE ISTHAT SO! GERTIE IN W-WHY CAM! HELLO DEARIE-OH IM BOTH OF YOU DECEIVIN' THE OTHER! BOTH OF YOU PROBABLY MARRIED BEFORE AND HIDING THE FACT FROM THE OTHER! BOTH TAKE CHARGE OF SOME ME TO BE MAID OF HONOR GOOFLE I NEVER GETTING SO EXCITED AS WHAT'S THE MATTER? AND GET ME MIXED UP BABIES FROM THE ORPHAN'S HOME KNEW YOU WERE OUR WEDDING DAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND WITH ALL YOUR CROOKED EVERY DAY, JUST TO GIVE THEM DRAWS WEAR! SUCH A DECEIVIN YOU ! GOIN'S ON! PERCY SEEN AN AIRING! OH YOU SILLY CAT: T AND PERCY OH . WHAT A ROTTEN MESS! WHEELIN THING! HEE HEE . HEE ! 115 SO DEAR BUINT AN NERVOUS



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says it's rather galling to a patriotic American to know that a country like Russia can still afford to give several thousand rubles for

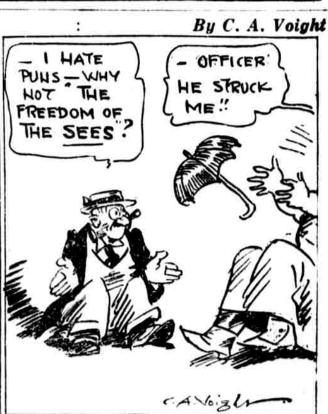


that shot out of the Sand Trapo.

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS THAT BOTTLE TO BUST LABORATORY __

PETEY—Just Before They Put Them Both Away





GASOLINE ALLEY—A Jinx for Walt

