

# The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES.  
(Copyright 1922)

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Elizabeth Rogers, a country girl, is visiting her cousin. They take her to a ball. She feels lonely and contrasted between her cousin's home and the other women. She wears the smartest clothes of the dancers, the girl who sits in a deserted room.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The band was playing a dreamy tune which—although Elizabeth did not know it—was the latest sensation. She was vaguely caught by the haunting swing of it, and her slim body, in its old-fashioned frock, began to sway a little and her feet to move restlessly. If only she could dance. She looked shyly round; the room was empty—only not try? \* \* \* she had risen to her feet to yield to the temptation, when there was a step outside the half-closed door that led to the ballroom, and a man walked in. He was whistling the waltz tune softly and broke off in the middle of a bar of light, cigarette.

The dimness of the room after the glare of light outside prevented him from seeing Elizabeth, and it was not until he had finished lighting his cigarette and glanced round, apparently in search of a chair, that his eyes fell upon her, standing there in her too-long frock, looking at him with scared eyes.

There was a moment of silence, then he took the cigarette from between his lips and smiled—quite a kind smile, and not in the least amused or contemptuous, as Elizabeth realized with profound gratitude.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know there was anyone here."

He waited, but Elizabeth said nothing, and with a comical air of embarrassment, he turned to go. She found her voice then.

"Oh, please don't go," she said, breathlessly. "At least—don't go if I want you to stay because I'm here \* \* \* only—if you want to stay, please don't go."

She was crimson with nervousness and the knowledge of her own incoherence, but, to her relief, the man did not look at all amused; he only said, "Oh, well if you're sure you don't mind my staying—it's so hot outside."

He looked at her with a little flicker of curiosity in his eyes.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Oh, thank you."

She sat down in the chair from which she had just risen, and he took one little waltz step, stretching his long legs with a sigh of contentment.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I don't mind anything; at least—oh, please go on smoking."

He produced his cigarette case again, and offered it to her hesitatingly.

"Will you have one?"

Elizabeth flushed scarlet and shook her head. "I—I can't smoke," she faltered.

He shut the case with a little snap and put it away in his pocket again.

"I thought not," he said.

Her lip quivered.

"You mean—because I'm too old-fashioned?" she asked, sharply.

He turned and looked at her for a moment in silence.

"No, I did not mean that at all," he said quickly.

She bit her lip to steady it; when she thought he was not looking she brushed some tears from her eyes.

There was a little silence, which the man broke. "You are not dancing?"

Elizabeth swallowed a little lump in her throat. "I—I can't dance," she faltered.

"Can't you? Don't you care about it?"

Her eyes glistened through their wetness.

"Oh, I should love it, but I've never had the chance. I live down in the country, in a little village, and I've never seen anything like—like all this." She spread her trembling hands vaguely. "I'll come to London; and I know I'm out of it—I know I'm old-fashioned—and—oh, you don't know how I wish I had taken Walter's advice and stayed at home."

In her earnestness she had lost a good deal of her shyness, and she half-turned in her chair and looked at the man appealingly.

"And—who is Walter?" he asked. She hesitated.

"Walter—oh, he's—well, he's just a friend. He's very nice, but, of course, he isn't a bit like you—not smart or anything."

"No." His eyes were very kind as they looked at her.

"Nobody is smart in the village, you see," she explained with a half sigh. "You see this dress, well, it was quite pleased with it when I made it—I thought it looked awfully nice—I thought—her voice trembled—I thought it would be quite good enough for any dance my aunt might take me to, and now—look at it!"

She rose to her feet, catching the sides of the full white skirt and standing before him, forlorn and pathetic in her disappointment.

The man had forgotten his cigarette; it had gone out and hung listlessly between his lips as he scanned her slender figure.

He knew—better than she did—that the frock was half a century behind the times; he knew—better than she did—that every woman in the room had been laughing at her; he had even smiled himself when he first saw her sitting solitary on the big couch in the ballroom, but there was no smile in his eyes now as he answered kindly.

"I don't know a great deal about frocks, but if it's not the right thing I suppose it can be altered, can't it?"

She shook her head and went back to her chair.

"Nothing would ever make it smart," she said wistfully. "Any more than anything could ever make me smart—," she broke off, to look at him with anxious eyes. "I suppose I am boring you," she submitted timidly.

Unconscious of the eagerness in his eyes, he threw the dead cigarette into the empty grate and sat up with sudden energy.

"At any rate, there's no reason on earth why you can't dance," he said. "It's the easiest thing in the world when you know how."

The color flew to her face.

# Bishop Branded as "Bootlegger" Visits in Omaha

## Head of Episcopalian Diocese in Tennessee Assailed by Prohibitionists for Casual Remark.

A casual remark was dropped last summer by Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, bishop of Tennessee, while in Los Angeles.

And since then prohibitionists have branded him a "bootlegger."

Bishop Gailor was in Omaha yesterday, visiting at the home of Bishop E. V. Shayler. He is president of the executive council of the Episcopalian church.

**Too Much Hurry.**

"It wasn't a question of whether or not I was opposed to prohibition," Bishop Gailor said. "I remarked that I was of the opinion that putting prohibition into the constitution of the United States in the hurried manner in which it was done was a mistake and had aroused a great deal of antagonism to the law all over the country, even among our most intelligent and thinking people."

"I have been denounced by prohibitionists as a 'bootlegger' and called other uncomplimentary things, but I think every man is entitled to express his opinion," the bishop continued. "Wouldn't it have been better for congress to pass a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor and then submitted to the vote of the people? Instead of that it has been made permanent and irrevocably a part of the constitution."

"I haven't discussed the question from the platform."

**Church Awakens.**

Bishop Gailor, who has his headquarters in New York for three years. He has traveled in every state in the union.

"The Episcopalian church has had a great awakening in the last year and is now realizing its responsibility to the nation at large," the bishop said. "Our church is in a special sense a national institution. It is the one protestant church that was not split by the civil war, and immediately following the war, although the feeling was high, delegates wearing the blue and the gray sat on the same bench at the general council, at which the laity votes as well as the clergy."

"There is not a country in which the American flag flies that the Episcopalian church hasn't a bishop. We have 2,500 people in missionary work and two of the delegates from China to the disarmament conference were

graduates of the Episcopal university at Shanghai.

"If there ever was a time when we should appeal to the church people to wake up to their privileges and their responsibilities, it is now. This great republic is as yet but an experiment in government. It is only about 140 years old and now is a period when it especially needs the support of the church people. It needs the development of the Christian character of its people as a guarantee of its permanence."



**SLEEPY-TIME TALES**  
THE TALE OF MASTER MEADOW MOUSE  
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

**CHAPTER IV.**  
The whole Meadow Mouse family enjoyed swimming. They liked to live near water. That was why they made their home in the low meadow where Broad Brook ran deeper and more quietly than in the hillside pasture. And Black Creek, too, was nearby, so the Meadow Mouse family never had to travel far when they wanted a cool dip.

Almost as soon as he was able to waddle about the meadow alone, Master Meadow Mouse began to swim. He didn't have to be taught, any more than he had to be taught how to walk.



"Kind!" Mrs. Meadow Mouse spluttered. Swimming came to him as easily as eating. And his mother never worried about his being drowned. But when he went for his first swim in Black Creek, Mrs. Meadow Mouse couldn't help feeling a bit anxious.

"Look out!" she warned her son. "Look out for the Pickered! They're the most dangerous fish in the creek."

"Yes!" said Master Meadow

Mouse. "I know that, I've been told about them already."

"You have?" his mother exclaimed.

"A greenish gentleman with a very wide smile and queer, bulging eyes," Master Meadow Mouse replied.

"That's Ferdinand Frog!" Mrs. Meadow Mouse cried. "He's as dangerous as any Pickered that ever swam. Where did you meet him?"

"I stood on the bank of the creek one day and saw him among the lily pads," her son explained. "We had quite a long talk together—I forgot to mention it to you," he added.

The news made Mrs. Meadow Mouse turn slightly pale. She shuddered although the day was warm; for she feared and detested Ferdinand Frog.

"Don't you ever go near that slippery villain!" she warned her son. "If you ever see him when you are swimming in the creek, make for the shore at once."

Now, Master Meadow Mouse sometimes thought that he knew more than his mother about certain matters. And he was inclined to take her advice lightly.

"Ferdinand Frog was very pleasant when I met him," he remarked. He cracked jokes. And he laughed at them himself.

"Oh, he's pleasant enough," Mrs. Meadow Mouse agreed. "He'd grin

and swallow you at the same time with that great mouth of his. That's what makes him so dangerous."

"Well, he's a fine swimmer, anyhow," her son declared.

"Another reason why you should avoid him!" his mother retorted.

"You ought to see him dive," said Master Mouse. "He promised to teach me to dive if I'd join him in the water."

"It's a mercy you didn't," Mrs. Meadow Mouse gasped. "I'm glad you had sense enough to stay on the bank."

"Oh, I knew better than to take a swim in the creek that day," Master Meadow Mouse said. "The Pickered family were nosing about among the pickered weeds around the bend of

the creek. I saw them myself. And Mr. Frog told me I should beware of them. He was very anxious—so he said—about me and the Pickered. He said he didn't want them to catch me. He was very kind, I thought."

"Kind!" Mrs. Meadow Mouse spluttered.



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# Table Rock Army Store Is Destroyed by Fire

Table Rock, Neb., Feb. 21.—(Special Telegram.)—A disastrous fire broke out in the Marble block in Table Rock between 4 and 5 this morning. The west part of the building, occupied by Lew Webb with army goods, where the fire seemed to have originated, suffered the greatest loss, nothing being saved. The cause of the fire is unknown. M. H. Marble, owner of the building, carried insurance to the amount of \$3,500.

It is said that Mr. Webb carried insurance on his goods, but the amount is not known.

A solid brick wall through the center of the building saved the eastern part of the building and the Odd Fellows' block adjoining on the east. The town hall on the west was slightly damaged but is covered by insurance.

# Fremont Business Men Fail to Change Time of Train

Lincoln, Feb. 21.—(Special Telegram.)—The state railway commission denied a petition of Fremont business interests to change the schedule of Northwestern train No. 309, known as the Scribner branch, so it would leave Fremont at 3:50 in the afternoon instead of 1:38.

Under the present schedule business men desiring more time to get orders filled from Omaha jobbers were the principal complainants. Towns demanding continuation of present service were Elgin, Petersburg, Loreta, Newman Grove, Lindsay and Howells.

# A Silly Song

By A. CUCKOO BIRD.

If Washington could step outside his weather-beaten tomb, and take one look around, he'd think it was the day of doom. When George was here if he had seen a plane, up in the air, he would have crossed a lot of things besides the Delaware. If he had seen a fliver full of flappers on a spree, his hatchet he'd have thrown away, and climbed that cherry tree. If Washington could see his child, 'twould fill him full of gloom and he would promptly beat it back, and crawl into his tomb.

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A well known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through the hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful.

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