Whistler Will Be Featured on Bee Radio Event

Novel Numbers Arranged for Program—Orpheum Circuit Singer to Give Solos.

If radio audiences throughout the middle west hear whistling through their receivers tonight, they needn't fear it to be static, for no doubt 'twill be young Merwin Tilton entertaining with a whistling specialty from the Omaha Grain Exchange station, WAAW.

So well was Arthur Randall's Royal orchestra received by radio fans Wednesday night that The Bee has arranged another radio concert for tonight. Prof. Frank Mack of Omaha has arranged some novel numbers for this program. Accompanying young Tilton will be Philip Krasne, violinist, and Virginia Fair, pianist.

Miss Florence Ellsworth, Omaha singer, who recently returned from a vaudeville tour over the Orpheum circuit, will entertain radio audiences with several solo numbers. The selection, "Wake Up," that captivated her theatrical audiences, will be one of the features. Miss Ellsworth also will sing "I Wonder."

Other entertainment on The Bee's radio program will be a trio selection by Jeremiah Zachar, violinist; Bernard Culek, cessist, and Irene Stewart, pianist, followed by a violin solo by Miss Clara Schneider, accompanied by Miss Rowena Anderson.

Additional features of The Bee's radio program tonight will be two baritone song numbers, Van Dyke's "Home Again" and "On the Road to Mandalay," by George W. Campbell, accompanied by David C. Robel.

Bee Want Ads Are Best Business Boosters.

The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

She heard him say it over and over again, as if the words could never be spoken often enough; then he gently raised her, holding her face between his hands, looking into her eyes.

"I never thought I should hold you in my arms again," he said. "I thought—forgive me—that I was forgotten."

Elizabeth tried to answer, but her voice seemed to have gone; she lifted her arms and clasped them round his neck, then the tears came, and she cried her heart out in the shelter of his arms.

She was like a child in her grief, sobbing out how lonely she had been—how unhappy—how much she had wanted him—how she had thought he had forgotten her, and all the time her arms clung to him as if she could never let him go, and she kept her face hidden against his coat. Till at last, with a broken laugh, he picked her up and carried her over to the armchair by the fire, holding her in his arms as if she had, indeed, been a child.

And his own eyes were wet as he held her closely, whispering that he loved her, and again how dearly he loved her, till at last her sobbing ceased and she lay quiet.

And presently Royston put the ruffled hair back from her face with a tender hand and, bending, asked:

"Elizabeth, how much longer must I wait to kiss you?"

"Kiss me—please kiss me," she whispered.

"Say you love me then—say you love me."

"I love you with all my heart and soul," said Elizabeth faintly.

He drew a sharp sigh of contentment and their lips met in a long kiss.

"You'll never send me away again?" Elizabeth asked presently; she could not even now rid herself of the last doubt.

"Never—till the end of your life—or mine."

She raised herself, the shy color flooding her face; she tried to free herself from his arms.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing—only—I think I'm—afraid of you."

"Elizabeth!"

Her lips quivered.

"You thought I had forgotten you."

A look of pain crossed his face.

"Perhaps I thought I did not deserve that you should remember me," he said hoarsely. "Elizabeth, do you know how it has tortured me since—since that last night—because I—because I sent you away?"

The sensitive color burned her face.

"You were right," he whispered. "It was I who—who was wrong."

He lifted her hand, holding it against his lips.

"I wrote you a dozen letters asking you to come to me, and destroyed them all."

"Did you?" Her eyes were starry as she lifted them for a moment. "Your really wanted me, then?"

He drew her again into his arms.

"So much—I can never tell you."

"But over there—in Paris—you must have seen other girls—much prettier—" she whispered.

He laughed at that.

"There has never been any other woman in the world for me since that night—you remember?—when I first met you."

"In that dreadful frock!" she protested.

"I loved you," he answered.

She looked up and, meeting his eyes, put her hand over them suddenly, as if she could not bear their gaze.

"Don't look at me—like that," she said tremulously. "I—I'm so afraid that tomorrow—I shall find it isn't true—that you're not here—and that you don't love me."

He drew her hand down, holding it firmly.

"I've been thinking that, too," he said. "Ever since I kissed you—I've been thinking—supposing it's only a dream! . . . I've dreamed of you so often, Elizabeth."

There was a little silence.

"And . . . did Netta know you were here—when she brought me back?" Elizabeth asked presently.

"She knew that I was coming."

"And . . . did she tell you I was here?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"I don't think I said anything . . . I don't think I really believed her."

He crushed her suddenly to his heart.

"Oh, my darling . . . my own now—forever."

There was a silence broken only by passionate words and kisses, then Elizabeth said tremulously:

"I'm so happy . . . but it's like a dream still." She ran her hand down the rough cloth of his sleeve. "I used to look at you—and you seemed so far away from me . . . and now . . . you belong to me—don't you?" she whispered shyly.

"I always belonged to you." He put her from him with pretended severity. "That reminds me—didn't I hear that you were a woman of wealth?" he demanded.

"I had £10,000—I haven't got it all now," she exclaimed eagerly. "I paid Mr. Farmer the money he spent on me, and Mme. Senestis . . . and Mr. Junkers has invested the rest for me." She smiled and colored. "I shall make him give me some now, though, for . . ."

"Clothes!" Royston finished for her triumphantly. "I know you were going to say that."

"It's only—because I want to look pretty, for you."

"You shall buy your clothes in Paris," he said. "I am not such a poor man as I was, Elizabeth."

"I shouldn't mind if you were poorer," she told him. "Except"—she touched the lines in his forehad with a gentle finger—"except that I know it would worry you."

He carried her hand to his lips.

"I've been 21 again, since you kissed me," he told her. "Elizabeth I've got to go back to Paris on Saturday."

"And leave me?"

"No—I shall take you with me."

Her eyes fell in sweet confusion.

Oh, but—but—"

"Tomorrow I shall buy a special license." He stood up, drawing her to her feet with him. "Elizabeth, all the rest of your life belongs to me now."

"Yes—"

She looked up at him, her face transfigured with happiness. "Oh, I hope I live to be an old, old woman!" she said fervently.

The End.

A New Story by Ruby Ayres Begins in The Bee Tuesday Morning

3 Suspended From Exchange.

New York, June 1.—Three members of the New York Cotton exchange today were suspended for six months each for conduct detrimental to the best interests of the exchange. They are A. H. Lamborn, J. Marks and John F. Clark.