

about the hall. Then he at once becomes lost as to how to start. He must have introductions to the ladies before he can secure dances with them, and to get those introductions is another problem he has to solve, and with not much time to do it. He finally decides to stroll down around the groups and fish for an introduction. Accordingly he assumes a bold face, puts his hands in his pockets, and tries to appear a veteran "society man." He paces up to a small crowd of ladies with their beaux, halts within a step or two of them, and listens attentively to what they are talking about. Finding no one will notice him, he walks around on the other side, keeping about his usual distance from them. If he is not noticed after he has taken several new positions, he walks off to another group, going through the same maneuvers. Sometimes this worthy Freshman has to visit in like manner nearly every group in the hall before an opportunity presents itself for an introduction; and frequently he is on the point of giving it up, when a more experienced cadet friend sees him and comes to his rescue. Stepping aside he gets his Freshman by the arm, pulls him up before the fair maiden he was talking to, at the same time saying, "Miss ——, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr.——." The awkward Freshman makes a great bow, forces a smile to his face, and begins to ransack his brain for something to say. He has thus far been successful getting into society, but this is the hardest part yet; what shall he talk about? If the lady appreciates the position of the one she is talking to, she comes to his rescue, and finally gets the bewildered