

Freshman to talking.

When the time comes for the dance to begin another problem confronts this cadet. How can he get his dances filled. His fair partner has deserted him, and everyone is hurrying here and there, eager to have his or her dances well filled. He has now to compete with older cadets, and with citizens in dress suits, veterans of many such occasions. Indeed his chances are few, but after all he generally secures several dances on the side. These are enough to satisfy his aspirations. Having reached this point in the occasion, this persevering Freshman is ready for the dance. The only other thing that troubles him now is his feet. They seem to him larger and heavier than ever. He thinks now if he can only go through, he will be doing well for the first time. The musicians announce themselves ready and begin one of their favorite waltzes. The mixed and mingled mass begin to pair off and wheel about to the sound of the music. The vital moment has arrived for the Freshman and turning to the lady beside him he says: "I— I—I guess me might as well start." "Yes," says she. Grasping her dainty hand he squeezes it in a most uncomfortable position in his big club, then he throws his other arm around her neck and is about to whirl his fair partner into the dance, when she apprises him he is not holding her right. In his embarrassment he begs to be excused, and the lady shows him how to use his arms and hands in dancing. Having learned this he starts again. His feet trouble him more. He forgets when to bring them back and when to place them forward.