

While the worthy Freshman is sorely perplexed over the movement of his feet, his fair partner is also perplexed as to how to avoid them. He perseveres, hoping to get right after awhile; his lady partner becomes worried trying to follow him; he raises his number 8s high, hops, skips, and does everything but dance. Finally, when he is beginning to think he will get through all right, his little partner cries out, "Oh!" "D—d did I step on your toe," says he. She smiles and says softly, "yes." He begs her pardon and attempts to go on. She says to him: "I am becoming tired already." She then proposes to him to rest, and this the Freshman is always willing to do. Going aside they take seats, and while she thinks about her bruised feet, he wonders what kind of a success he has made as a dancer.

Such is the trial of many cadets who attempt their first dance in an A. & M. Hop.

---

### SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

---

R. B. BOETTCHER.

I know but little about Southern Literature, and have learned that since I quit school. All the schools I attended, and most of my teachers, were intensely Southern, but Southern literature had no place in the curriculum, and Southern authors had no expounders. They were not mentioned except perhaps incidentally.