

## MORE TRUE EXPERIENCES

*By Dorothy L. Warne*

### A Country Dance

Shortly after Christmas, three years ago, we received an invitation to a dance, to be given by the Squire.

The affair was opened with a polka. I do not profess to be a connoisseur in antiquities, but I am certain that the piano that wheezed out the tunes was one that Noah might have amused himself with in the Ark.

After the tune had progressed some time the floor was still destitute of couples, and our host whispered—"You and Miss E—— start; they are too shy." We gave exhibitions for a space, then dissolved partnership to find new partners. And the dance went merrily on.

Diverging from strict rules of ballroom etiquette, I went up to a burly fellow who was propping up a corner of the room. "Won't you dance?" I asked. His eyes sought his boots, and his fingers clutched a stray wisp of hair that had escaped the richly perfumed pomade. He giggled, and a loud guffaw went round the corner, while comments reached our ears. "Look at old Jim a-gettin' off," etc., etc. "Do try," I urged. With the expression of a criminal about to be led to execution he came forward, and soon we were falling over each other's feet round the room. Out of which malee my thin shoes came rather badly damaged, to say nothing about my toes.

Next came a galop. Just as it was beginning I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard a masculine—"Can you do this 'ere, Miss?" Replying in the affirmative, a huge arm was tucked about me. The start was really graceful. Then the pianist was facetiously requested to "turn the 'andle a bit quicker," He did so, and developed into a running accelerando. My partner and I finished artistically on the floor, with our extremities in a somewhat complicated knot. As he led me to a chair he volunteered, "Well, y'know, Miss, I believe you'd do it alright after a bit o' practice, like."

After a romping barn-dance a young couple came and sat near to me. The boy used a red-bordered handkerchief to mop his steaming forehead. The girl, too, looked worn out, and presently gasped, "Will, I shall faint if I don't get cool somehow." Will looked frantically round, but saw no near means of cooling his lady. Someone went in search of lemonade, and meantime the young man turned to her and said—"You shut your eyes, Lil, and I'll cool you in a minit." She leaned back and closed her eyes, while her fiance cooled her by the somewhat primitive method of inflating his sun-burned cheeks and blowing in her face!