

"My second partner had an idea he was a teetotum, and I was the stem he was rotating around. My skirts flew out and I couldn't see, we were revolving at such a rate. I got so dizzy I had to shut my eyes, but the motion did not seem to bother him any.

"The third was a long kangaroo sort of man, and he ambled about in a swinging, aimless sort of way, and drove up against couples who the minute before had been at the extreme end of the room. He tread on everybody's toes, and punted them in the ribs, and said 'beg pardon,' but never seemed to know what a terror he was on the floor."

"My aunt says it is immoral to dance," broke in Amy. "She says that you are contaminated when you allow a man to put his arm about you, and she quotes Burns and other highly 'moral' people to sustain her point. She says waltzing should not be allowed.

" 'Why, auntie,' I said to her one day, 'waltzing is a mild kind of dance compared to the whirl-wind. Did you ever see the whirl-wind?'

" 'No indeed,' she said. 'I have not and I do not wish to, if it is any worse than the waltz.'

" 'Oh, it is simply immense,' I yelled at her, in a highly excited voice. 'Your partner flings his arms about you, and whirls you around and around at a