

Dancing Animals

If you have never seen any dancing animals, stop reading immediately and attend a Homecoming dance at the Northwest School of Agriculture. There you will behold several types. Probably the first you will be able to distinguish is the squirrel. Hopping up and down the floor, he chatters incessantly while his dancing is a variation of the Highland Fling and the Schottische with a few original hops, skips, and jumps scattered throughout.

Looming above everyone is the elephant. Plodding along the floor, he stamps his feet, squelching everything in his path and waddling about the floor in a dizzy two-step, regardless of the rights of others.

And, too, the giraffe stalks about uncomfortably, trying in vain to dance "cheek to cheek" with a chattering squirrel. Neck protruding, he gazes about for a more suitable partner, "rubbering" in every direction possible, with his lengthy neck.

Next, the broncho, stampeding and prancing, threatens danger to anyone who dares to interrupt his high-spirited rumba, peppered occasionally by a dash of Charleston from his Mexican *senorita*, the jumping bean.

Now the fox, cunning and sly, sways in and out of the dancing couples, avoiding collisions with the more prominent persons by his calm, dignified waltz, which more than pleases his

partner, the boa constrictor, clinging like a lily upon his shoulder, but flirting with a soft-eyed fawn at the other end of the dance hall.

A blase lizard, crawling "the uptown lowdown" with a snail, basks in a shadowy corner. Eyes blinking, with a conceited air he boasts his accomplishments, scorned by the snail who immediately withdraws. But the worm comes to the rescue, snatches the snail from the lizard, and continues the dance.

The camel, chewing his cud contentedly in a corner, is reminded by a painted baboon that this is her dance. Reluctantly, but with all the arrogance of a desert sheik, he makes his way into the mass, churning first this way and then that in a Sahara Tango.

Scattered here and there over the floor, various other animals can be seen, the mouse with a rat, a 'possum with a jack-rabbit, a beetle swaying with a cricket, and last but not least, a flea strutting elegantly with a purple louse.

Suddenly the animals fade away, and lo, before your eyes are people swaying and hopping like dancing animals back and forth across the length of the gymnasium.

SENIORS—FIRST PLACE.

Willis Holland.

Nowadays

*I dare not go outside tonight;
The cold north wind doth sting and bite,
The snow flakes whirl and fly around,
They never try to settle down.*

*I know the drifts are deep and white,
They have been piling up all night;
And before this storm is o'er,
I fear they'll be higher than our dormitory door.*

*And in the morn when all is still,
Out we must venture to classes in Hill.
I would that some fantasy of old
Would usher in spring for snow and cold.*

—MARGARET LERUD.