



LIFE SKETCHES

By W.E. Hill—An Artist Who Senses Spirit Of The Day



THE DANCE FLOOR

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(LEFT)

A little cooling off between foxtrots.

Roscoe and Mae, and Eddie and Gladys, are having a beautiful time dancing around bumping into each other. They call themselves "the big four," and what Roscoe and Mae don't think of Eddie and Gladys do.



Don't you get it into your head for one minute that all the good dancers grow in the city. Just look at all the tricky exhibition stuff Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herring of Halibut, Indiana, are putting over! See all that lovely fringe on Mrs. Fred's sweater, and learn once and for all that country folks can be just as to-date with their sport clothes as city people.



Gentleman with something on the hip about to be very gay with a toy balloon.



A section of any dance floor. The couple at the extreme left are trying the light fantastic for the first time since the year they were married—about the time the maxixe was all the rage. They're not getting on very well. In the background is the young man with the fascinating line. Oh the killing things he's saying to Bernice—The rascal! Next, is the very large man and the very little girl. The very little girl is fond of singing with the music. The man doesn't sing, he just perspires and perspires. And, lastly, there is the flapper with the bobbed hair, who tosses her head and gets her hair all over her partner's face, thereby running the risk of bringing on his hay fever.



If looks could kill, the buyer who stepped on Hattie's new slipper would never again see the light of day!



"Well, did you ever?" Mrs. Walrus and her maiden sister, Miss Rhoda Buck, have just been asked for a dance by a strange gentleman half seas over and their evening is made. What won't they have to tell about the dangers of the big city when they get back to Rodney Centre? Rhoda, bless her little heart, thinks that maybe the young man really thought he'd been introduced, but Mrs. Walrus knows better. "It's Rhoda's new earrings did it! Earrings always give one a fast look," is Mrs. Walrus's opinion.

(LEFT)

No. 1. Max is one of those single-track dancers who recognizes no obstacles and makes way for no man. Sadie is busy watching out for the bumps.

(RIGHT)

No. 2. Leader of the orchestra, forgetful for the moment of the wife and kiddies, sights something pretty good looking across the way.