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ENTIRELY IMPERSONAL

The young man with the maroon necktie was absentmindedly thoughtful amid the idle chatter. Suddenly he spoke.

"It's queer how time changes a fellow," he said. "I've noticed it in lots of my friends. They change their ideas, you know. I've noticed that if they don't get married ridiculously early they generally wait till it is ridiculously late."

"What a great truth!" cried the young man with the gray tie. "If it isn't dark it is sure to be light! Even so!"

"Let him alone!" ordered the hostess. "But why matrimony?" she inquired of the young man with the maroon tie. "We were talking of golf, you know!"

"Were we?" asked the absentminded one. "I don't believe a man really falls in love after he is 30, say. Do you? Lose his head and all that, you know—or be willing to fly to the end of the earth, regardless of his next week's business engagements. He uses sense. And you can't use sense about falling in love!"

"Few people do," observed the hostess. "Look at the individuals they pick out to fall in love with! You aren't doing it, are you, Richard?"

"Of course not," said the young man with the maroon tie, gruffly. "How absurd! I was just speaking generally. I observe things, you know. And a fellow doesn't feel sure he's got the right girl unless he does lose his head a bit, does he?"

"Why, I can remember," went on the young man with the maroon tie, "when I was 19 or 20 of two love affairs, in both of which I was clean crazy. I was so desperately mad over those girls—at separate times, of course—that life absolutely was not worth living contemplated apart from them! I remember I wanted to die and so avoid the dark and dreary future stretching before me when Evelyn turned me down. And it was actual anguish, too! Now, if I can laugh at anything as real as that just because a few years have intervened, how the dickens could I ever be sure any infatuation I might tumble into now wasn't just as ephemeral?"

"I thought," observed the young man with the maroon tie, "you said you weren't personally interested in the subject. It begins to look to me—"

"Rubbish!" interrupted the young man with the maroon tie. "It's farthest from my thoughts. I don't know anybody I care particularly about, though I do know some mighty nice girls! You just change, that's all! It becomes a matter of calm judgment and—and—er—all that. You stop to think whether the girl is really suited to you and consider her disposition and tastes, and her mother, and whether you like her brother."

"Now, that destroys all the romance, doesn't it? It makes the whole affair humdrum and casual. There's absolutely nothing spontaneous about it."

"Why, I remember when Evelyn was the light of the world to me I wouldn't have cared if her mother had smoked a pipe or made platform speeches, and as for Evelyn's tastes—well, to this day I know not whether she inclined to Wagner or ragtime, or preferred Shakespeare to Laura Jean Libbey. I didn't care—and that's the point. I would care now. You couldn't consider a wife without considering what your friends would think of her. And you want to be sure, too, that you really care!"

"This sounds suspicious," observed the hostess.

"Not at all!" protested the young man with the maroon tie. "Not at all! I just got started on this subject, that's all! No, I don't think I shall ever marry. In the first place, I'm not in love, and I don't think I ever shall be."

"I really can't take such an absorbing interest in any girl nowadays that I miss my meals in my abstraction. And, somehow, I wouldn't die for any of them. Yet I know two or three fascinating girls. I don't think it would be wise to run the chance of making yourself and the girl miserable when you weren't quite sure. Do you think there is anything in this theory of learning to care more after you are married? It doesn't seem rational to me. I suppose the only really happy man is the one who marries Evelyn when he is 20 years old and too young to know better."

"But consider what Evelyn might be when you were 30!" suggested the hostess. "Probably not at all a congenial person or the one you would then pick out!"

"That makes it all the more complicated, doesn't it?" said the young man in the maroon tie, mournfully. "A fellow doesn't stand much show anyway you put it. This falling in love is all nonsense, anyway! I'm glad I've kept out of it!"

"See here," said the hostess, "don't you feel blue. She's all right—the right one, I mean. You just go ahead!"

"Yes, go on and take the plunge!" advised the young man with the gray tie. "And meanwhile, tell us her name—among friends, you know!"

The young man with the maroon tie tried to look indignant, but succeeded only in looking foolishly pleased.

"Oh, come now!" he said. "I don't see why you two should think—well, maybe I will have something to tell you soon. That is, I rather hope so. I—I'm going to see her to-morrow night!"

Making Him Feel at Home

"It was perfectly dreadful!" said the girl with the imitation Irish lace collar, as she straightened the bolts of ribbon on her counter.

"It must 'a' been funny! What was it?" said the girl who was marking the price tags.

"I just shriek whenever I think of it!" pursued the girl who was straightening the ribbons. "Him calling me up like that when I hadn't seen him in such a time! You see, I've been keeping steady company now with Mr. Sykes for several weeks, so Art and me haven't seen much of each other."

"I think Art is better looking than James Sykes," interrupted the girl who was marking tags. "He has more style!"

"Well, he hasn't got the salary if he has the style!" said the young woman who was straightening the ribbons. "Not that money makes a particle of difference to me, but there's much more to Mr. Sykes than you'd think. And any one who makes fun of his nose doesn't know what she's talking about, and—"

"I ain't got no grudge against Mr. Sykes' nose," said the girl who was marking tags. "He can have any kind of a nose he wants and welcome. What'd he do?"

"Oh, Mr. Sykes didn't do anything," said the girl who was arranging ribbons. "You see, he generally comes over on Wednesday evening, so when somebody called me on the phone I s'posed it was Mr. Sykes."

"Hello!" he said. "Going to be home this evening? All right, I'll be over."

"I had on my blue dress and I got out the chaffing dish and the stuff to make fudge. You wouldn't believe how fond of chocolate fudge Mr. Sykes is! He likes it with nuts in it, and—"

"So does everybody else," said the other girl, ruthlessly. "He ain't so different from the rest of the world when you come right down to it, even though you may think so!"

"Well, anyhow," pursued the girl with the ribbons, "when I heard the bell ring I ran out part way down the stairs to meet him. He sort of likes to have me act as though he was welcome, you know."

"Huh!" said the other girl. "Why don't you have it woven on a door mat?"

"Maybe you think you're funny!" indignantly said the young woman at the ribbon counter. "Just as I made the turn in the stairs I ran right into him. And who do you suppose it was? It was Art!"

"Well," said the other girl, pausing in the operation of marking tags, "what'd you do?"

"If you could 'a' seen his face!" giggled the girl at the ribbons. "Sort o' bewildered and scared and uncertain! There was I rushing down the stairs in my eagerness to meet him, as he supposed, and I guess he thought at first I'd been just sitting at home all these months waiting to hear him ring the door bell! Why, I just hung hold of the newel post and burst out laughing, and after I started I couldn't stop! I simply shrieked! I wish you could 'a' seen him!"

"What'd he do?" asked the other girl.

"He got hold of my shoulder and shook me and wanted to know what on earth was the matter," giggled the girl at the ribbon counter. "And of course I couldn't tell him that I wasn't expecting him. He kept asking what was so funny, and whenever he did I'd start laughing again. When he saw the things out for the fudge it sort of proved that I did expect him, but then he'd get doubtful again."

"Lizzie," says he, finally, after figuring it all out, 'I bet you thought I was someone else!'

"Why, Art! I cried, just as mournful as I could, 'didn't you telephone you were coming?' And then I got to laughing again."

"He's bright, Art is. 'But I forgot to say who I was,' he insisted."

"Then I told him that I'd know his voice among a thousand and he told me I was just as much of a jollier as ever, and most of the fudge boiled over, and it was just like old times. Art got real cheerful until I took some of the fudge and put it away, because I wanted to save it for Mr. Sykes. I told him I was saving it for father."

"Father be blowed!" Art said then. "Your father'd rather have some fine-cut any day than chocolate fudge! You're stringing me, Lizzie—you've got some one else up your sleeve!"

"I thought I might as well make a good job of it, so I told him solemnly that there wasn't another man on earth but himself, honest!"

"Did he believe you?" inquired the girl who was marking tags.

"I think he had his doubts," giggled the girl who had finished assorting the ribbons. "But he is coming to see me again to-night."

Heraldry.

According to the highest authorities, heraldry finds its starting point in the totemism of prehistoric man. In the barbaric custom of painting or carving the totem on oars, the bows and sides of canoes, weapons, pillars in front of houses, etc., and in tattooing it on the various parts of the body, as we have the real origin of the insignia that are so precious to the upper-tension of to-day. It was in the ignorant superstition of the savage that he sprang from a crane or a bear or some other animal that the various "coats of arms" of the "big families" of the present time found their inception.—New York American.

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