

## HIS AFTERNOON CALL.

"She will be glad to see me," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, as, holding the hair brush suspended in his right hand he studied for some moments the effect of wearing his hair parted in the middle. Finding the result disastrous, he carefully replaced his locks in their former position, sighed, and set himself about the arduous task of selecting a tie.

"She has the reputation of being the most cultivated and aesthetic young lady in the city," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, "and I doubt not that her aesthetic taste and appreciation extends to matters of dress as well as to conversation." So saying, he discarded tie after tie, large plaid ones, delicate, figured ones, four-in-hands, windsors, the whole category, until finally deciding to follow his favorite principle of contrast, he selected an immaculate white one as the fittest foreground to his countenance. Adjusting it with some difficulty, he made a pilgrimage into a corner after his missing cuff, donned his neatly fitting coat, and threw himself negligently into a chair to think. He had decided to make the call at four. It was now two.

"Yes, Anemone Walker is certainly a very advanced and intelligent young lady," said to himself Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson. "It was only last week that she told me as I was leaving that I had made three epigrams, four aphorisms, and two *bon mots* during my call. She is indeed very intelligent, and I seem to be growing to admire her. Neither of those others, Dardanelle Durham or that Watson girl, ever used to be—or could be—so observing and appreciative; but comparisons are odious. This afternoon, besides keeping up my reputation as an *homme d'esprit*, I must help Anemone to say a few good things herself; for a co-ed, like sugar taffy—"

Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson bounded from his chair, seized his fountain pen, and wrote carefully in his memorandum book:

A co-ed is like sugar taffy—at her best after she has been drawn out.

"I doubt if the apostle of epigrams himself could do much better than that, off hand," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, rubbing his hands and reading it over. "Now for a few more."

After some minutes, and with the memory of those two others, these blinded ones, the blonde and the brunette, still before him, he wrote,

In their love of change, co-eds can outvie the meanest misers.

And

The smiles of your ex-co-eds, like bad claret, soon turn to vinegar.

In a minute or so more, catching sight of something in the morning paper, and thinking gratefully of the analytics class for the inspiration, he added this

'Spiritual Proportion.'

An oratorical prize : a college man : : castoria : infants, children, and misses.

With a sigh of mixed pride and relief, Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson, satisfied with the number and the quality of his efforts, put back his fountain pen and closed his note book; but he soon had them out again.

"Ah, I had forgotten. There is that album of hers I was told about. She will ask me to write in it. I will throw myself on the sofa, bury my head in my hands for a second, rise, grasp the pen, and dash off a neat and appropriate sentiment," said Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson.

Mr. Charles De Peyster Thompkinson rose, locked the door, closed the shutters, and drew a rhyming dictionary cautiously from beneath his bureau. Then, taking a copious draught from a pitcher of water, he seated himself at his table, glanced over a few volumes of the poets for ideas, and set to work. At the end of about forty minutes he copied into his memorandum book the following "polished sentiment," and