

HE, SHE AND IT.

It did not surprise me when Diana declared that she had started to study French. She had always done about as she pleased. So when the system of language teaching by phonograph came to her notice, she promptly made it her latest fad.

As for me, I was not particularly delighted. It took too much of her time—time, by the way, which heretofore she had devoted almost entirely to me. I felt slighted, and thought unutterable thoughts regarding phonographic linguistics. I fondly hoped that this fad would die, as the others had done. But I hoped in vain.

And then there was another drawback. She began to talk French to me—to me, whose knowledge of the court language was limited to the phrases I had occasionally seen in the appendix to the dictionary.

“Bon soir, monsieur,” she said, as I came in, one summer evening.

“Don’t mention it,” I replied. “The pleasure is all mine.”

Diana laughed. I noted for the thousandth time what a winsome smile she had. But I likewise understood that I had not understood.

“Yes, I suppose so,” I ventured to add, hoping to hit the proper response.

Her laughter brought tears to her eyes now.

“Hang it all,” I said, rather crossly, “why can’t you talk American?”

“You poor boy,” she soothed. “I was only saying good evening.”

“Indeed,” I returned. “I’d never have recognized it.”

Diana pouted. She is bewitching when she pouts.

“Oh, it was said very nicely,” I hastened to assure her, “and it was accented just right. But I am such a numskull.”

The smile returned to her lips. Her moods are like shadows