

"It is so stupid," I declared, vindictively.

She looked angry. She is irresistible when she is angry. Then she softened.

"I am going to punish you for that," she announced. "You shall listen while I recite my next lesson."

She grasped me by the hand and pulled me into the study. I went unresistingly. It was better to be with Diana—and the French—than to be without Diana altogether.

We sat down on opposite sides of the phonograph. She slipped a cylinder of wax upon its mandrel and set the transmitter.

"Now listen," she cautioned, and touched a lever. There was the usual sputter at first, and then—chaos was present again.

I put my hands to my ears to shut out the awful jargon. Diana touched the lever and the cylinder stopped.

"Great Heavens, Di," I almost shouted. "Is that French?"

She enjoyed my evident dismay.

"All French," she replied. "Pure Parisian French. Don't you like it?"

I had to confess that I detested it.

"So much the better," she said. "Your punishment will be the more complete."

She removed the lesson record and replaced it with another cylinder. I held myself in readiness to beat a hasty retreat. Diana noticed my wary attitude.

"You need not be alarmed," she said. "I'm only going to recite my lesson."

She changed the trumpets, picked up a book, and pressed the lever.

And then Diana's voice began repeating that miserable gibberish into the phonograph. I put my fingers into my ears. Again the cylinder stopped.

"Don't Dian," I pleaded. "It's horrible."

She looked at me curiously.

"I must," she said, quietly.

"How silly," I remarked. I had never known Diana to do