

The Divine Phyllidia.

By Jeffrey Farnol.

The Cherub drifted into my room one evening with a woe begone expression on his usually placid face, and sinking into the most comfortable armchair, sat staring moodily into the empty fireplace.

"Liver?" I inquired in response to a long-drawn sigh.

"Don't you think you might try to be a little less objectionable?" he said reproachfully. "You see," he continued after a pause, "when a fellow wants to screw himself up to the point, you know, how the dickens can he when the girl as good as tells him she hates him—er—like the very—"

"Exactly," I put in. "It's not to be done, my dear chap."

"No, I was afraid not," said the Cherub; "that's why I came to ask your advice."

"Certainly," I said encouragingly. "Suppose you begin at the right end and tell me all about it."

Forthwith he plunged into a rambling account of his hopes and fears, what she said on this occasion, what she did on that, ending with the usual fulsome panegyric on her person and attributes.

As becomes a true cynic, I sniggered. "I thought you might perhaps give me a 'leg-up' with the affair," he said gloomily.

"My good chap," I said, "this sort of thing doesn't suit you; it never did—give it up. Love," I continued, warming to my theme, "love is a disease, an insidious disease, and should be treated as such. What you require is merely a change of air. Go down to your country place and you'll come back cured in a month."

The Cherub looked at me with a malevolent eye.

"I hope you'll get it jolly hard when

it comes to your turn, that's all."

"I shall immediately resort to medicine," I returned.

"Oh, it's easy enough for you to sit there and talk lightly of the matter, just because you never happen to have been hit, but I call it beastly low," and the Cherub ran his fingers through his

curls with an air of such utter dejection that even my cynicism was not proof against it. I reached down a favorite pipe, filled and handed it to him.

"Now," I began when it was well alight, "how long have you been in this state?"

"About a month now," he replied in a tone of dreary pleasure. We smoked for a while in silence.

"Tried flowers?" I inquired at length.

"Flowers!" he repeated.

"Certainly; they are the usual medium to start with, I believe."

"Well," he hesitated, "I gave her a rose once."

"M—yes; but did you stick it in her hair?"

The Cherub gasped. "Lord, no!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! you should have done so—in an off-hand, matter-of-fact, brotherly sort of a way, of course, but with a suggestion of hidden passion, you know—just to let her know you mean it."

The Cherub's speechless admiration flattered me.

"Gad! You seem pretty well up to all the moves, considering you pose as a—"

"My dear Cherub," I broke in, "I look on these things from a purely philosophical standpoint."

The Cherub became paternaturally thoughtful.

"Look here, Gip," he said suddenly, "you must tackle her for me—sort of lay the groundwork, talk me up to her, you understand. I fancy I could manage things then. It could be quite easy," he continued; "they are staying with mother at Down."

"They?" I inquired.

"She and her cousin. You and I might run over for a day or two—be quite a merry little party."

"House-parties are an abomination,"

I said.

The Cherub assented, and reached down a time-table.

"There's a train leaving in an hour," he suggested.

"Well?"

"If we catch that we shall be there in time for dinner." Now it is one thing to sit in one's own rooms and describe the right and proper way to carry so delicate a matter to a successful issue, but quite another to face the haughty "She" one's self. My mind was made up in an instant.

"Such an idea is not to be thought of," I said decidedly. The Cherub's smile was anything but cherubic.

"Meaning, that theory is one thing, and practice another."

"My good chap, don't be a fool," I

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,
And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done;
There's something sort o' thrillin' in the flag that's wavin' high.
And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by;
But when the shoutin' over and the fightin' done, somehow
We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade,
And through all the awful darkness that the smoke of battles made;
In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men debate;
In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great,
There is not a single person who'd be doin' bizness now
Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty heights;
We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're settin' things to rights;
We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run;
Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have done,
And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do now,
Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

—S. E. Kiser.

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