

old fashioned schooling into the back ground. What with Esoteric Buddhism as a scientific *Theology*, Faith Healing in lieu of *Medicine*, and chinoiserie as the latest expression of *High Art*, we may well discard our old-fashioned university faculties.

*Mrs. Morris*—My dear Harry, I think we are fast losing our own.

*Henry*—Then all this physiology, sanitation and stuff, such studies must deprave her taste, and are not expected of a lady in good society.

*Mrs. Morris*—Quite my way of thinking. But let me repeat what I've already said to you. If you had taken her in hand yourself, you might have taught her what you desired her to know, and left out what you wished her to be ignorant of. Your present attitude is most contradictory. When your wife showed herself ignorant and frivolous, your absurd vanity was wounded. Now that she studies and takes all manner of pains to improve herself, your self-love is up in arms immediately. Do you want the child to lose her head? You are going the right way about it. You may lose her heart, too, by this conduct. I give you fair warning. You are not a fool. Take care what you are about then! (She rose to leave the room.)

*Henry*—Don't go, mother. Don't leave me in such a quandary. You are a sensible woman. Give me the benefit of your advice. I should like Bella to give up these studies and devote herself as before to me and the household. How can I make her do so, without hurting her feelings?

*Mrs. Morris*—Come down from your high horse, in the first place. Speak to her from your heart. This goes further with us women than anything.

(Bella returns with her arms full of books and drawings)

*Bella*—Here I am. Look! here's my matriculation certificate. (Shows it)

*Henry*—Give it me, dear, I will keep it as the most precious souvenir.