I. Do you, dear? Well, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly, positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasms, but it's every bit as nice. And our professor! You should hear him enthuse about it; he's perfectly bound up in it. And such a nice fellow. This is a differentiation scarf—they've just come out. All the girls wear them—just on account of the interest we take in differentiation.

L. What is it, any way?

I. Mull trimmed with Languedoc lace, but-

L. I don't mean that—the other.

I. Oh, differentiation! That's just sweet. It's got something to do with species. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the funniest things. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world

L. What do they look like, dear? Did you ever

see one?

I. Oh, no; nobody ever did but the dear professors; they say they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they must be just too lovely for any thing.

L. Did you learn anything else besides?

I. Oh, yes. We studied common philosophy, and logic, and metaphysics, and a lot of those ordinary things, but the girls didn't care anything about those. We were just in ecstacies over differentiations and molecules and the professor and protoplasms and ascidians. I don't see why they put in those common branches; we couldn't hardly endure them.

L. (Sighs). Do you believe they'll have a course

like that next year.?

I. I think maybe they will.

L. Dear me! There's the bell to dress for dinner.

How I wish I could study those lovely things!

I. You must ask your father if you can't spend the winter in Toronto with me. I'm sure there'll be another course of Philosophy next winter. But how dreadful that we must stop talking about it now to dress for dinner. You are going to have company, you said; what shall you wear, dear?

L. Oh, almost anything. My pink skirt is lovely. I. Have you one? Oh, let me see it. (Exeunt).

W.