

Father—Oh, don't interfere in this, daughter, it is the one thing that I have left in common with my boyhood days.

Alice—Reba is only talking, father dear, have some of this nice cake, do.

Father—Thanks, Alice, I will.

Reba—You will never learn to move in society.—(Alice laughs).
(Father picks up letter and examines it, opens it, reads it, then laughs heartily).

Girls—Why, Father. What can it be.

Father—Well, if here isn't a letter from Aunt Susan of old Pepper's Corners. Well, well. That carries me back—listen. 'My dear nephew John Thomas' (laughs and slaps his knee). Dear old Aunt Susan, that reminds me of old times when I used to go barefoot for the cows and get a hand-out of a half pie from Aunt Susan by way of reward—rewards and punishments were both dealt out religiously by my dear old aunt.

Alice—That was the aunt with whom you lived when grandfather and grandmother died, wasn't it, father? She was so good to you, wasn't she?

Father—Yes, children. I owe all I have and am to Aunt Susan, bless her.—(Reads further).—Well, what do you think? Your Aunt Susan is coming to the city to visit us.

Alice—Oh, how lovely, we will be so good to her, how I long to see her.

Reba—Just wait till you see what mother says.
(Enter mother).

Mother—I do envy you girls and your father, you must be so strong to be up so early after our late hours last night, my nerves are so upset, I really should have stayed in bed.

Father—Why did you not stay in bed, Elizabeth, and rest up?

Mother—Me stay in bed? I'd like to know who would look after the house if I did not drag myself around over the meals, sick or well, it makes no difference.

Alice—Go back to bed, mother dear, I can help Caroline.

Mother—Help. You mean hinder.

Alice—Drink your coffee, mother dear.