

Grandma—Oh, I must go and look after Janie and poor George hasn't a good home knit pair of socks to his feet.

Lawyer—(clears throat)—Why not make it a double wedding, Mabel?

Mabel—Oh, don't you think—

Jack—Say, yes, quick, Mabel. He might change his mind. I see where the whole family's going to be wiped out. I'm the last survivor.

Mabel—We'll have to do something about Marie. We'll take her on a good trip as soon as we can, Jim—eh!—She may meet some one.

Dad—I wish she would.

Lawyer—Alright, Mabel. You can look after that. I am better at making wills than making matches.

Richard—(Slaps him on back)—No, Flinty, matchmaking is your job every time. See what you have done for Jane and Mabel.

Grandma—Well, time will tell and the best honeymoons are the ones at the end of the journey—(sighs).

Jack—Come, Grandma—cheer up.

Mother—Well, if I had it to do over again, I would act differently, Grandmother. I blame myself for Marie.

Grandma—Best to have stayed just plain and simple like you were raised, Betsy.

Jack—Don't you forget any of you that I gave you a lift along the matrimonial road.

Jack—Hello there, Marie. Just in time to see us pair off—(Some one plays march. All stand in couples. Marie near piano alone. If possible Grandma and Jack do a Minuet. Any idea or programme can be introduced here should time permit—at last all stand in front, Richard and Jane in centre as Wedding March is played.

CURTAIN FALLS.