

Rosie—"He would not have any publicity and wanted it kept from the servants and the public."

Anne—"Auntie—I'm going to see that picture!"

Rosie—"Oh don't—don't I implore, your father would," (Tries to hold Anne)

Anne—"On behalf of justice I'm going to; Grandfather is just an old tyrant, and worse."

Rosie—"Oh hush, how can you."—(Hides face. Anne looks behind picture for some time and puts it back.)

Anne—"And you agree with Grandfather that a man with a face like that would be guilty of a low down trick like you have described?"

Rosie—"No, no, I never believed it. But I was so afraid of father, and then—then there was the back line fence trouble."

Anne—"Whatever had that to do with it?"

Rosie—"Well you see Father quarreled with Jim, who--who was my--my lover. He said Jim moved his fence onto his property and Jim was angry and denied it. And he made me write and tell him I could never marry a man—who—who had no principle."

Anne—"Well of all the washouts. Pardon me Auntie. Well you certainly are a peculiar people. I'd like to see any backline fence I couldn't get over if I cared enough for anyone."

Rosie—"You can't understand, Anne."

Anne—"Well, I can't at present, but believe me I soon will. I believe I have a direct mission to this household."—(Enter Mrs. Chubb.)

Mrs. Chubb—(Nervous—glances at picture)—"Your father wants you to read to him, Miss Rosalind."

Rosie—"Oh, I had forgotten. Are my eyes red? He won't like me being late, poor Father."

Anne—"You look lovely, Auntie. Run along. Mrs. Chubb and I will have a little visit."

Mrs. Chubb—"Oh, I'm too busy—that is— I."

Anne—"Sit down, Mrs. Chubb. I feel like talking.—(Mrs. Chubb sits down reluctantly).—That's fine. Now tell me, Mrs. Chubb, you've been in this family a long time. Tell me what kind of a boy was this Bob, who apparently has disgraced himself."