

Rebecca—Preposterous creature, I simply can't and won't endure her, mother.

Mother—Whatever are we going to do? Oh, dear, dear. (Rocks and wipes eyes in distress). And we must endure her for your father is very determined and would resent it if we did not treat her well, and besides she has lots of money and we can't afford to offend her.

(Enter father and Alice, father laughing).

Father—Well, mother, isn't Aunt Susan a tonic, I declare I feel ten years younger already.

Alice—She is such a dear and so natural, wasn't it funny about the feather bed, daddy? (both laugh).

Mother—Well, she may be all that, but I simply won't be called Eliza Ann by anyone, and how absurd to call you John Thomas and load us up with so many names.

Father—No more than your own, Elizabeth.

Rebecca—Whatever will our friends say and Mr. Guy de Marchmont Coggs is to call on me to-morrow and some other friends (cries) she is impossible, father and will spoil all my chances (cries) you simply will have to take her away a few days, until after Senator Smith has been here anyway.

Father—Well, I can't arrange it at present, daughter, and you can't subdue Aunt Susan. She knows no social standard except honesty and helpfulness. She is a tower of strength in trouble and pure gold.

Alice—Don't worry daddy, it will be alright.

Father—Well, let us put out lights, (winds clock) to-morrow is Sunday, I will have a good rest. I do wish Senator Smith would use his influence to secure that contract for me.

Mother—Well, he won't do much for you if you don't keep your aunt out of sight.

(Piano or orchestra, *old fashioned hymns* for five or ten minutes during interval).

(Sunday morning).

(Enter father, stretches out in easy chair with pillows, props up feet and opens green sporting paper. Rebecca plays popu-