

Rosie—"Father, I implore you. Don't keep me in suspense. This is taxing on my nerves—ever since my operation."—(Doctor hands fan.)

Mr. Oldays—"Yes, yes—don't go into it. Save your nerves for the job we've got to tackle. Where's that letter gone?"

Rosie—"You had it, father—is it?"

Mr. Oldays—"Had it—of course I had it. Who ever said I hadn't?"—(All look)—Doctor picks it up from under table.)

Doctor—"Is this it, sir?"

Mr. Oldays—"Of course it is. How in the name of common sense did it get there? There's no holding on to anything in this house."

Rosie—"Not even your temper, father, dear."

Mr. Oldays (opening letter)—"Eh!—what? Now listen to this for a piece of modern up-to-date impertinence. Keep quiet now Rosalind. Don't get excited."

Rosie—"I'll try, father—just wait—my salts."

Doctor—"Here they are, Miss Oldays—inhale gently."

Rosie—"Oh, thank you, Doctor—you are so—so understanding."

Mr. Oldays—"Can't you two keep quiet long enough for me to read this notice that has been served upon me. Listen, this was written on Feb. 18th—this is—where's that calendar?—gone to be sure."

Rosie—"Do go on, father—the strain."

Doctor—"This is the 26th, sir."

Mr. Oldays—"The 26th—so much the worse. Now listen. Ah—
"Mr. John Oldays.

Dear Sir:—

You will have received word sent at an earlier date informing you of the fact that you have been appointed sole guardian to Anne Elizabeth Burns and will be required to hold her fortune (with the exception of a stated allowance) in trust for her until such time as she reaches a marriageable age."

Rosie (goes limp)—"A clinging, helpless young girl to shelter and protect."

Doctor—"Must have had faith in you, Mr. Oldays. Quite a compliment."