

BISHOP:—(*Twinkling*)—Oh, did you? Well, now that you two have arranged everything to suit yourselves, would you please mind reading me my paper and then going to bed? (*He leans back comfortably and closes his eyes.*)

SUZETTE:—(*Going to desk*)—Where is it? Oh, yes! Wait till I turn on the lamp—(*She switches on the electricity at desk, sits down in a comfortable chair, crosses her knees, sighs, and unfolds the "Post" reading head lines.*)

BISHOP:—Is there any foreign news?

SUZETTE:—(*Sleepily*)—Oh, just some uprising in Portugal—a new Chinese loan—(*turning the page*). Why Cavallini's dead! I thought she died a long time ago, didn't you?

(*A slight pause.*)

BISHOP:—What does it say?

SUZETTE:—Oh, it's just a cable. (*Reading*)—"Milan—December 30.—Mme. Marguerita Cavallini died this morning at her villa on the Lake of Como."

BISHOP:—Is that—all?

SUZETTE:—There's a whole column of biography stuck on underneath. Shall I read it? (*Suddenly*)—Oh, of course! I forgot! She and Patti were your two great operatic crushes, weren't they? Well, she was born at Venice in 1841. That makes her—(*Looking up thoughtfully*)—Let me see—

BISHOP:—Don't tell me how old she was!

SUZETTE:—(*Smiling*)—All right. (*Running her eyes down the column*)—Debut at Milan in 1859—Sang prima donna roles under the direction of Rossini—success in London—hm!—brought to this country by Strakosch—appeared as "Mignon" at the Academy of Music—(*Looking up*)—Everyone went mad over her, didn't they? (*Resuming*)—Opera and concert tours over all the civilized globe. Retired in 1889—numerous charities—founded and endowed a home in Paris for poor girls who came to study music—in 1883 created Marchese Torregianchi by King Umberto I—the intimate friend of Rubenstein, Grieg and Paderewski—never married—That's funny, isn't it? (*Turning the page*)—Well, no matter what you say I bet she wasn't a bit more wonderful than my divine Geraldine! (*Reading*)—"Anglican Congress at Detroit—Federation of Churches—Further plans." (*Bored*)—Oh dear! There's the old Conference again. (*She yawns and looking up*