

Anne—"What about your old woman as you call her. Has she had her supper, or—"

Bob—"Not yet, but I'll fill her up—give her a good breakfast before we take off."

Anne—"That's real nice of you. Do you always take her with you?"

Bob—"Always. Couldn't move an inch without her. Got her under perfect control."

Anne—"You certainly are devoted."

Bob—"Nearly lost her this trip. Got her nose smashed up. I'll get it patched up though. She looks good to me."

Anne—"Naturally. Say, step uncle Bob, let me go out and meet her in the morning and—I'm just crazy to go up. Will you take me?"

Bob—"Sure I will. You won't be scared. She took a nose dive and ploughed up old Brown's pasture field to-night. Neat job, alright."

Anne—"Do you mean? Not your plane. How ridiculous."—(Both laugh.)

Bob—"I travel light, no encumbrances."

Anne—"But where is your wife?"

Bob—"I don't know, do you?"

Anne—"How should I know?"

Bob—"Well, you've put her on the map. What does she look like?"

Anne—"Well, if you don't know, I'm sure I don't."

Bob—"I fancy she might resemble my step niece. I'll tell you later. How's poor Rosie?"

Anne—"Aunt Rosie is rejuvenated and has made it up with her old beau."

Bob—"Ye winds, you don't say? How did you work it?"

Anne—"I didn't work it. I take nothing to do with other people's love affairs."

Bob—"What about your own?"

Anne—"I haven't any."

Bob—"That's good news."