

isn't dead, I'm sure. What? Oh, no, I'm Mrs. Joseph W. Edwards, not Mrs. Jacob Edwards. Oh, all right. Good-bye. (*Sits.*) My, how it scared me when she said my brother was dead. She got me mixed up with the other Mrs. Edwards. (*Sews.*)

*Enter Hannah:*

The packages have come that Johnnie ordered! What? Johnnie? Why, Johnnie didn't order anything! He did! What did he order? A box of chocolates, did you say? and a dozen bananas! and a package of dates! For goodness sake! The idea! I'll give that boy a good spanking. You put those things away in the dining-room closet where he can't find them.

Well, it seems that a telephone is too handy sometimes. I'll have to tend to Johnnie. Now, I must get some sewing done. (*Starts to sew. 'Phone rings.*) Dear me. What now? (*Goes to 'phone.*) Hello. Yes, this is 770. Yes, I am Mrs. Edwards. What? Oh, the missionary tea? This afternoon? Ye-es, I suppose I can come. Bring a cake? Ye-es, I guess I can. Good-bye. (*Sits.*) Dear me, how provoking. I didn't want to have to go to that missionary tea. If we hadn't had the 'phone they wouldn't have bothered to ask me. Now, I'll have to make a cake. Well, I must sew or I'll never get this done. (*Starts to sew. 'Phone rings.*) Oh, bother. (*Goes to 'phone.*) Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Edwards. Why, Johnnie, is that you? What do you want? Nothing? Then what did you call me up for? Just for fun! The idea! Well, good-bye. (*Sits.*) The idea of his calling me up at