

SCENE IN SITTING ROOM.

(Aunt Rosie in rocking chair. Anne in pretty sleeveless afternoon dress, seated at her feet.)

Anne—"Now tell me all about it, Auntie. What happened between you and June's Uncle Jim. He is perfectly adorable. I may consider taking him myself since you didn't want him."

Rosie—"It wasn't that, dear—not that I didn't return his sentiments. Of course it is not considered maidenly to allow a suitor to see that you favor him."

Anne—"All bunk—excuse me Auntie—but he doesn't strike me as faint-hearted. I imagine he must have told you how he felt toward you."

Rosie—"Oh, yes, dear—excuse my confusion—but this is a very delicate subject."

Anne—"I can't see it, but go on, dear."

Rosie—"He did explain to me the state of—of his feelings, although it seems unmaidenly of me to speak of it. You girls are so different now. I have noticed it so much the months you have been here."

Anne—"I'll say we are, you soft little thistledown puff."

Rosie—"I don't mean, you aren't sweet and wholesome, but you see I was romantic. I thought he would love me better if I was—was cold—and held off."

Anne—"I see, Auntie. Never a wise course. Honesty in love is the best policy."

Rosie—"Yes, dear. But you see things might have come right, but we had so much trouble at home—(wipes eyes)—such crushing sorrow—and—then the back line fence."

Anne—"The back line fence. How ever did you get tangled up with your romance?"

Rosie—"I didn't, dear. It was father who—"

Anne—(Confidential air)—"Tell me the whole thing, Auntie. You can trust me. I knew from the first there was a family skeleton. I heard the rattle of its bones."

Rosie—"Oh, don't, child, you frighten me so. I would tell you—but I'm so afraid of father."