

(Enter Fanny and June at bar.)

FANNIE. Down to the river to get cat-tails.

KATIE. I'd like to cat-tail you.

JUNE. Just try it once!

KATIE. Why haven't you been at your work all the afternoon?

FANNIE. We can't work all the time.

JUNE. Aunt Midge is an old slave-driver; just as soon as we finish one job she has another ready. She's too mean anyhow.

DOBSON (*reproachfully*). Now, now, you ought'n't to talk that way about your aunt, that's taking care of you.

FANNIE. Humph!

JUNE. I'm sure I don't want her to take care of me, I'd just as soon go to the orphan asylum. There I'd have a holiday once in a while.

FANNIE. And we could go to school and learn something.

JUNE. Oh, I'm not so anxious about that!

KATIE. Did you know your aunt was looking for you?

JUNE. Looking for us? What for?

DOBSON. She wants to see you both, so go and wash your faces; I'll gather up these. Hurry now—(*looking at June's shoes.*) Why child, what a condition you are in! Mud up to your knees! How in the world did you do that?

FANNIE. She fell in the water. Oh, Dobson, you should have seen us! I had to climb up in one of those big willows and bend down the bough so she could catch it and pull her feet out. They were stuck tight in the mud. Ha, ha, ha!

JUNE. Well, you needn't laugh so hard! You wouldn't think it so funny if it was you.

DOBSON. Now, what shall I tell your Aunt? That means a pair of new boots, of course,—these are ruined.

JUNE. I'd just as leave go barefoot.

FANNIE. She can hold them under the pump and hang 'em to dry. They'll be as good as new.

KATIE. Well, what will you two be up to next? One would think you had lived in the wilds of America.

FANNIE. Don't I wish we did!

DOBSON. Come, come, children!

KATIE. Here comes Miss Fairfax, girls.