

FAN. Well, you're as simple as a baby! Do you suppose Charlotte is looking after your interests or mine?

JUNE (*innocently*). I don't know.

FAN. Charlotte is just trying to insinuate herself into Aunt Midge's favor.

JUNE. Charlotte! Do you think so, sister?

FAN. Do I think so? Anyone not born blind could see that. I'd like to know why she waits on her day and night, if she doesn't expect to gain something by it. You remember when the two weeks of her visit were up. Well, she had planned to visit Clarisse Holden, her greatest friend. She intended to spend the rest of the summer there.

JUNE. Yes, and I know she was dying to go, for the day she received the letter she hesitated a long time, and then went in a hurry and telegraphed that she couldn't go.

FAN. She has been crafty enough to gain the good graces of Aunt Midge.

JUNE. Well, I'd just as leave she'd gain them. I don't love Aunt Midge hard enough to be jealous.

FAN. You little goose, who's talking about love? Don't you see that if she takes a notion to Charlotte she'll win her all the money, and we'll be left out in the cold.

JUNE. Why, could she leave her money to anyone else, I thought—

FAN. Thought! You thought! You never do think, that's the trouble. Why, don't you know that the money is her's, and she can do what she wants with it? We think we are badly off as it is, but what would we do if we hadn't a shelter, nor a house to stay in.

JUNE. Oh, Fanny, 'tis our own fault. Why weren't we good and nice to Aunt all the time?

FAN. She never would have liked me, she hated me from the first.

JUNE. And I know I never could learn to wait on her. Once when Dobson sent me up with the tray, I spilled gravy all over the counterpane. You should have heard her order me out of the room.

FAN. June, do you know what the doctor says of her?

JUNE. That she has the "brown-creatures," or something of that sort.