

**Mr. Oldays**—(mollified)—“Well, you show good judgment, young woman, anyway.”

**Anne**—“Who is the sweet daguerrotype lady that my presence has moved to tears?”

**Mr. Oldays**—“This is my daughter, Rosalind.”

**Anne**—“My prophetic soul—my really own step-aunt.”—(Goes over to her)—“Have you no welcome for me, Aunt Rosalind. We aren’t very nearly related—but you are the nearest real aunt I’ve ever likely to own.—(Aunt embraces her.)

**Rosie**—“Your aunt welcomes you child—but, oh you’ve been shamefully neglected. I can’t look at you. I must hide my face until—(louder and excited)—“Why you’ve forgotten your skirt.”

**Mr. Oldays**—“We wear skirts in this civilized country, Miss.”

**Anne**—“Do you, grandfather? How interesting. I hadn’t noticed.”

**Anne**—“By the way is this delightfully dour gentleman a step-uncle whom I should love and cherish after the manner of relatives three times removed?”

**Mr. Oldays**—“No, certainly not. This is Dr. Lochiel McCallum.”

**Anne**—“What a dream of a name. It reeks of heather, pipes and swaying kilts—(approaching him)—“Laddie, will ye gang doon the road and ca’ in the bonnie lassie that’s biding in the Kail-yard. Teli her to come awa in bye—and meet my ain folk.”

**Doctor**—“I wad fain bide here.”—(all laugh).

**Mr. Oldays**—“Well you’re the worst flibberty gibbet I’ve ever seen in my day. Haven’t you any proper respect or fear of man?”

**Anne**—“Why should I fear them? They won’t hurt you if you don’t hurt them.”

**Rosie**—“Don’t scold her, father, poor child—I’ll teach her gentle lady-like ways.”—(Anne runs and puts her arms round her.)

**Anne**—“You soft, helpless little white kitten. I’m hopeless, but”—  
(Enter June dressed in sporting costume like Anne.)

**Anne**—“Walk right up, June. I thought you might as well get acquainted; evidently my adoring relatives had not expected me, nor requested my early presence. I was just sending the Dr. out to invite you in.”—(calls at door—whoo—whoo Doctor,