

*Moddle* [*aside to GAMBOGE*]. I thought his conversion was mighty sudden. What is the best thing to say to comfort the girls?

*Gamboge*. We must marry them at once.

*Alfresco* [*very proudly*]. Doctor Floyd, you have been a kind, good brother to us, but do not think that we are going to remain a burden on you—Maud and myself are willing to work, and we will go out as governesses, or tend a shop, if we can't do any better. Won't we Maud?

[*Puts her arm about her sister and begins to cry.*]

*Enter BOBBIN unobserved.*

*Gamboge*. Dearest Allie, don't cry.

[*Goes to her.*]

*Moddle*. Maud, don't cry, we'll take care of you.

[*Goes to MAUD.*]

*Gamboge*. Yes, we have made up our minds, as we cannot live by Art respectably, we will make the fair creature a profound bow, and only remember her as a coy acquaintance. I can get Moddle a position in a clothing store as salesman, and as for me, I'll work for a photographer.

*Bobbin* [*coming forward*]. Hold your horses. How do you all do? I know you're all glad to see Uncle Bob, or if you ain't, I'll make you glad before I go. [*Mrs. Floyd rushes into his arms.*] How d'y do? So little Connie's married. How do you like it?

*Mrs. Floyd*. Oh, Uncle, I'm so glad you have come! We are in such trouble! Papa has eloped, and Allie and Maud want to get married, and—