

examining it with ill-concealed excitement.) The idea!
What a superstitious old woman you are! Where are my specs?

MRS. WHITE. Let me open it.

MR. WHITE. Don't you touch it. Where are my specs. (*He goes to R.*)

MRS. WHITE. Don't let sudden wealth sour your temper, John.

MR. WHITE. Will you find my specs?

MRS. WHITE (*taking them off the mantelpiece*). Here, John, here. (*As he opens the letter.*) Take care! Don't tear it!

MR. WHITE. Tear what?

MRS. WHITE. If it was banknotes, John!

MR. WHITE (*taking a thick, formal document out of the envelope and a crisp-looking slip*). You've gone dotty.—You've made me nervous. (*He reads.*) "Sir,—Enclosed please find receipt for interest on the mortgage of £200 on your house, duly received."

(*They look at each other. MR. WHITE sits down to finish his breakfast silently. MRS. WHITE goes to the window.*)

MRS. WHITE. That comes of listening to tipsy old soldiers.

MR. WHITE (*pettish*). What does?

MRS. WHITE. You thought there was banknotes in it.

MR. WHITE (*injured*). I didn't! I said all along

MRS. WHITE. How Herbert will laugh, when I tell him!

MR. WHITE (*with gruff good-humour*). You're not going to tell him. You're going to keep your mouth shut. That's what you're going to do. Why, I should never hear the last of it.

MRS. WHITE. Serve you right. I shall tell him. You know you like his fun. See how he joked you last night when you said the paw moved.

(*She is looking through the window towards R.*)