

Father—She no doubt, would give him a mental shake up, daughter; Aunt Susan is noted for speaking her mind and the truth on all occasions. Well, good-bye all. Go and rest for a while mother. Coming to the gate, Alice?

Alice—All right, father.

Mother—Rest. Isn't that just like your father? Well, I must go and get fitted for that new gown, how dreadful to have your father's awful old aunt coming, just when we were expecting a visit from John's senator friend—the Honourable Mr. Smith, so distinguished and wealthy. I did want him to notice our Reba.

Rebecca—Why, he never will look at me with such ordinary relatives as Aunt Susan at our house. You will just have to keep her in the background. (Goes out annoyed).

Mother—Well, since we can't alter it we will just have to endure it. We need her money badly enough anyway. (Sits down exhausted). Oh, sometimes I do get tired of living the way we do—I wish we could go back to simple life again—John hates it, too; but what can you do? One has to keep up appearances.

(Curtain falls).