

Rebecca—(Has been looking over fashion books).—Father, I must have a cheque. I need a new suit and evening dress; I must look decent and all the girls have far nicer things than I have. I must have \$75.00 at the least, right away too.

Father—(Looks worried). I would like to give it to you, daughter, but money is a little slow, could you wait a week or so?

Rebecca—Why, father, that would be altogether too late, I want my spring suit now or not at all.

Mother—You can't expect to have Reba go into Society and marry well, father, if you won't dress her well.

Father—It is not that I won't dress her well, Elizabeth, but I haven't the money and I won't borrow it, no, not if I could. (Reba cries).

Alice—Oh, to change the subject, what do you think, Aunt Susan of Pepper's Corners, Daddy's Aunt, is coming to visit us. (Mother looks amazed).

Rebecca—(Has been wiping her eyes, looks up).—Aunt Susan! That old-fashioned creature. Between her visit and no clothes, no one will as much as notice us. (Cries again).

Mother—John, you must write and tell her she can't come. Why, I would not for worlds. Aunt Susan Tibbs of all people. Why we will be a laughing stock to our neighbours. I won't—I won't—why—

Father—No, Elizabeth. Aunt Susan is going to come, and I will have her shown proper respect, too. She gave me a home when I had none. She comes tomorrow. I might perhaps remind you, although it seems small and contemptible, that Aunt Susan could buy us and all our fashionable friends up and not miss the money. I also am her sole relative.

Mother—Oh, well, of course that alters it, well we will just explain that she is rich, but eccentric; but, oh, I do wish she had stayed in Pepper's Corners.

Alice—Oh, mother, we will try and give dear Aunt Susan a good time.

Rebecca—Well, I hope you will keep her out of sight when Mr. Guy de Marchmont Coggs calls on me.

Mother—I'll see to that.
(All rise to leave the room).