

Doctor—(confused, jumps up)—“I—I hope, sir, you don’t think I’m looking for—”

Mr. Oldays—“Looking for a wife. Well if you’re not you ought to be. A man that can’t keep a roof over a woman’s head is not worth his salt—and if you get some cash thrown in so much the better.”

Doctor—“Time enough, Mr. Oldays.”

Rosie—“But you must have love and romance too, father, dear.”

Mr. Oldays—“Well, what’s to hinder?”

Doctor—“Supposing I settled my mind on—on one and she turned me down.”

Mr. Oldays—“Suppose nothing. She’d think herself mighty lucky to get you—(Dr. laughs and slaps his knee)—if—if my son hadn’t brought disgrace on—”(puts his head in hands.)

Rosie—(cries)—“Don’t, father—I—can’t stand—”

Doctor—(stands up)—“Mr. Oldays—at the risk of losing our friendship—I want to say this again—I believe that no matter what the charge is, that your son Robert Oldays is all white.”

Mr. Oldays—(jumps up excited)—“I did not ask you for your verdict, sir. I have conclusive evidence—my son—”

Rosie—“Oh, father, father, don’t”—(gets weak spell. Dr. brings water.)

Mr. Oldays—(cools down)—“These weak collapsible women make me tired. Now I’m in for a double dose.”

Doctor—“Well, let’s look on the bright side. When is the little girl to arrive? As I said before, if I can be of any service.”

Mr. Oldays—“You’ll see service before you are through—or I’ll lose my guess.”

Rosie—“You are so kind Doctor. I wonder—could you meet the train and bring the child in safety to the shelter of her grandfather’s roof?”

Mr. Oldays—“Guess you’d better fetch her. We’ve got to get our shoulder under this job, but I’d rather go over the top any day than tackle it.”