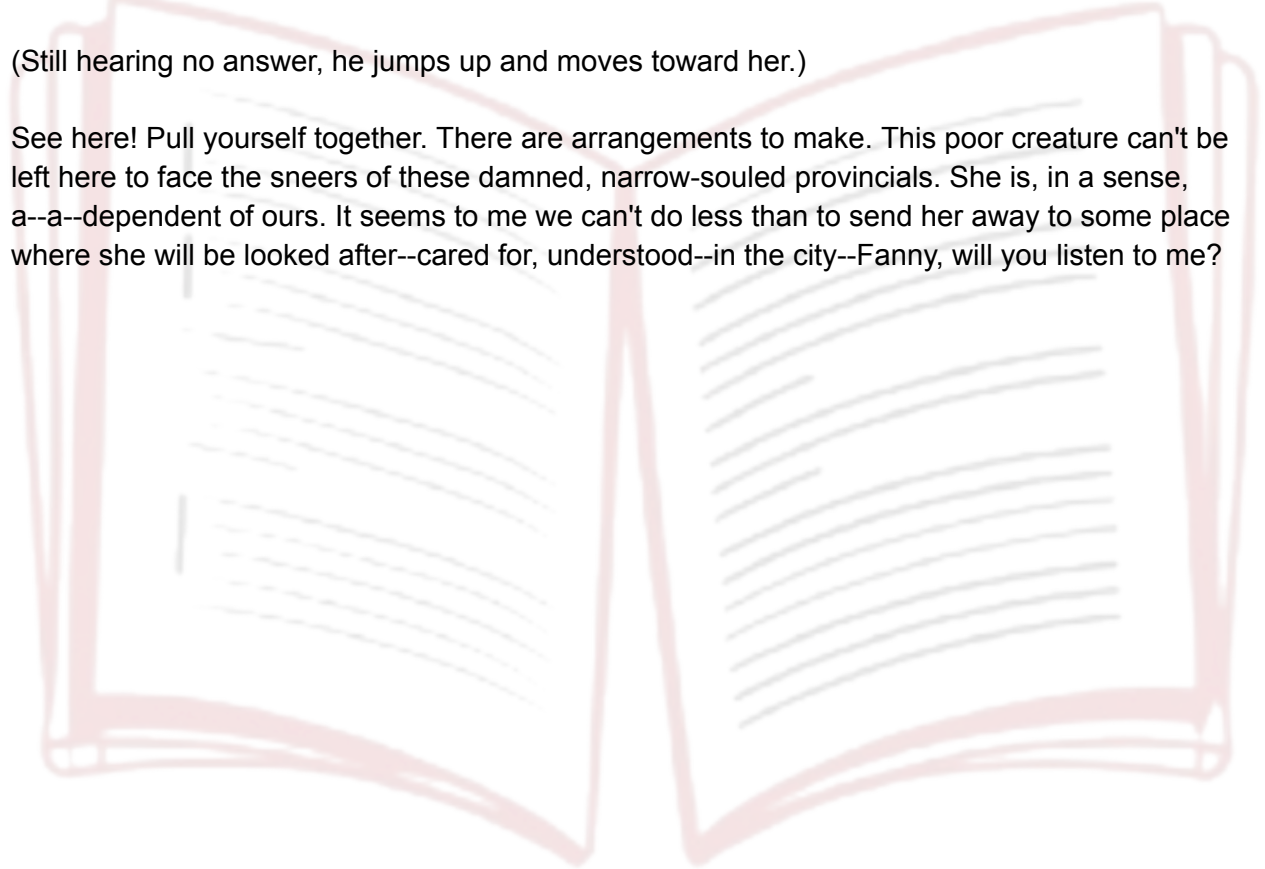


Milo says

Frances! Ten minutes ago I would have called the man a liar who told me that you, my wife, had such a low--suspicious--mind. Do you hear me? Good God, Fannie! The world is full of low minds, I suppose--eternally ready to suspect the worst--licking their lickerish lips for a chance at a man's good name. Pah! ... Of course, the girl must be gotten away from here immediately. Fannie!

(Still hearing no answer, he jumps up and moves toward her.)

See here! Pull yourself together. There are arrangements to make. This poor creature can't be left here to face the sneers of these damned, narrow-souled provincials. She is, in a sense, a--a--dependent of ours. It seems to me we can't do less than to send her away to some place where she will be looked after--cared for, understood--in the city--Fanny, will you listen to me?



TABLEREAD

EVERY GREAT SHOW STARTS HERE