

table in utter dejection and her head lowers as the tears come again fast and thick.

SERVANT. [*Entering Left.*] Yes, madam?

BECKY. [*Controlling her emotion and hiding as best she can the traces of it.*] Tell Perkins to pack my small trunk and hand-bag. I am going to Baltimore to spend a day or so with my father.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

BECKY. And then come back, please.

SERVANT. Very good, madam.

[*Goes out.*

BECKY. [*Takes up the telephone.*] Hello! 708 Plaza. [*As she listens for the answer she looks about the room, the control goes from her face, and the tears come once more; she brushes them away and tries to speak in a conventional tone without displaying her emotion, which is however plainly evident.*] Hello, I want Miss Fraser, please. . . .