

MRS. RAND. What about our clothes?

TERESA. I'll attend to everything in the morning.

[TERESA and DON go out together.]

MRS. RAND. I think I'd rather be alone with you, George, to-night, if the things are off between you and Eleanor. At a time like this, there is no excuse for her going back on you —

GEORGE. Hush, mother! You don't understand. She has every excuse. I'll tell you about it afterward.

MRS. RAND. No, tell her for me not to stop. I wanted her, because I thought she loved you — and was to be one of us — that's all! [*Enter ELEANOR.*] Thank you for coming back, Eleanor, but good night. George will explain.

[*She goes out.*]

ELEANOR. What is the matter with your