

STAGE MANAGER. We've got a factory in our town, too – hear it? Makes blankets. Cartwrights own it and it brung 'em a fortune.

(The CHILDREN dash in and take their places at the tables. Right, GEORGE, about sixteen and REBECCA, eleven. Left, EMILY and WALLY, same ages. They carry strapped school-books.)



(MRS. GIBBS crosses to stove for coffee pot, pours coffee for GEORGE, replaces pot on stove, crosses to cupboard to pour glass of milk, places it on the table for REBECCA, goes to cupboard for butter.)

MRS. WEBB. Children! Now I won't have it. Breakfast is just as good as any other meal and I won't have you gobbling like wolves. It'll stunt your growth, – that's a fact. Put away your book, Wally.

WALLY. Aw, Ma! By ten o'clock I got to know all about Canada.

MRS. WEBB. *(She sits and eats.)* You know the rules well as I do – no books at table. As for me, I'd rather have my children healthy than bright.

(WALLY puts book into bag, annoyed, then eats.)

EMILY. I'm both, Mama: you know I am. I'm the brightest girl in school for my age. I have a wonderful memory.

MRS. WEBB. Eat your breakfast. *(rises and crosses for milk; returns to pour for both, replaces milk and sits)*

WALLY. I'm bright, too, when I'm looking at my stamp collection.

MRS. GIBBS. *(crosses to table and sets down butter)* I'll speak to your father about it when he's rested. Seems to me twenty-five cents a week's enough for a boy your age. *(crosses to stove to pour her own coffee)* I declare I don't know how you spend it all.

GEORGE. Aw, Ma – I gotta lotta things to buy.