

"Hi! Polly! Where are you?"

Back to Polly and Galloway.

"Gee Whiz--theres my brother! Bet he's hungry as hell. We'll have to be rolling along".

Galloway tries to detain her.

"Where do you live?"

"Whats your name?"

"When can I see you again?"

He asks eagerly.

Polly tabulates the questions.

"Where do I live?"

She makes an expressive motion as if to say the entire country was her home.

"Whats my name. Just Polly----er---say, mister--whqts yours?"

He beams down upon her.

"Just--Tad!"

Sandy is hollering loudly, his hands at his mouth.

"When shall I see you again--Polly?"

Polly is a natural born coquette--not easily to be won.

"Well--I can't say exactly. I'm a pretty much dated up person and----but I suppose you'll be at the T Bar T barn dance?"

"I've not been invited yet".

"Psha, you don't need an invitation in this country. Guess you must be a stranger. Everybody comes to the round