

# FINANCIAL MATTERS

A Humorous Reading

by  
Edward Streeter



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

FINANCIAL MATTERS  
A Humorous Reading

Edward Streeter

From the book, "Father of the Bride." Copyright, 1938, 1949, by Edward Streeter and Gluyas Williams. "Father of the Bride" is published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

From the time that Kay had revealed herself to the social world, minus a mouthful of braces and plus a permanent, leggy adolescents with porcupine hair had begun to beat a path to 24 Maple Drive. Mr. Banks regarded these inarticulate sufferers with a jaundiced eye.

Nature had endowed Kay with what amounted to a season pass to every dance, sporting event and weekend party that her strength permitted--and she had the stamina of a six-day bicycle rider.

However, the youths who fluttered around her seemed callow to her beautiful blue eyes. Lord Byron and Leonardo da Vinci being dead, the field had struck her as limited.

And so the tender years had slipped by. With their passing Mr. Banks' emotional pendulum had swung the other way. He found himself wondering what was wrong with the child. She couldn't go on being a bridesmaid until she was an old lady!

Then suddenly--without warning--the fashionable deadpan expression that Kay usually wore for home use was replaced with a radiance that made her, at times, almost a stranger to Mr. Banks.

Buckley's name had crept into Kay's chatter with increasing frequency. Mr. Banks felt a resurgence of his old attitude. This new moth, which was flying so close to the flame, became definitely distasteful. "I don't think much of that fellow," he said to Mrs. Banks.

"Dear, why don't you just let Kay work things out for herself?"

"I'm not interfering. You're the one that's always worrying."

Then one evening at dinner Kay announced her intention of marrying Buckley. She continued to work on her soup. Her tone had been so casual that her words did not immediately register, then Mr. Banks felt his neck begin to push against his collar.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---