

**Father**—All right, Aunt Susan, I will get my coat and umbrella, if I must I must, and I certainly have not been doing my duty. I can't strike the pace of those old Pilgrim Fathers, but I'll make a try.

**Aunt Susan**—Well, don't be long; if there is anything I can't stand it is walking into meeting late, disturbing people and upsetting the minister, it is bad manners and wicked to my mind. We have no right showing such disrespect. I'll step on and you can ketch up. Don't wait to fuss up, Mary Alice. Come on John Thomas, I guess if the minister is not afraid of the rain it won't hurt you being as you was raised to it.

(Exit).