

BISHOP:—(*Smiling*)—Nonsense—! But now I hope you understand I haven't *quite* what it feels like to be young—and although it's true I always read the Evening Post, I still can sympathize—and even presume to offer some occasional advice.

HARRY:—I know it—I appreciate it—!

BISHOP:—(*Very solemnly*)—My dear, dear boy—unless your love is big enough to forget the whole world and yet remember Heaven—you have no right to make this girl your wife!

(*Brief pause*).

HARRY:—(*Rising abruptly*)—Grandfather I have been an ass! (*He puts his hands in his pockets and walks away*).

BISHOP:—(*Whimsically, as he wipes his glasses*)—I suppose you have, Harry—I suppose you have!

HARRY:—(*Turning back again*)—I've been an ass to hesitate one single minute! However, it's all right now—Lucille and I are going to get married as soon as ever we can!

BISHOP:—(*Thoroughly startled*)—God bless my soul! But *that* isn't why I told you my story! I wanted to get this nonsense out of your silly young head.

HARRY:—(*Laughing affectionately as he stands behind the Bishop's chair and taps his shoulders*)—Quite different, and it's too late now to change.—(*Suddenly*)—Have you any engagement for tomorrow afternoon?

BISHOP:—(*Still flustered*)—I—I can't say that I recall any at this moment—

HARRY:—Then don't you mind if we make one now—?

BISHOP:—Well—well—! I declare—! (*He takes out his spotless handkerchief and passes it nervously over his brow. The door opens and SUZETTE appears smiling brightly*).

SUZETTE:—(*Standing at the door*)—Happy New Year, grandpa!

BISHOP:—Happy New Year, my dear!

SUZETTE:—(*Coming to his chair*)—Well—?

BISHOP:—Suzette, I want you to order some white flowers and a cake—

SUZETTE:—(*With a wriggle of delight*)—Oh—!

BISHOP:—(*Very sternly*)—For tomorrow afternoon—4.30—I believe.

SUZETTE:—(*Flinging her arms around his neck*)—You duck! I just *knew* Harry could get around you!