

Mrs. Courtenay—If they keep beer at these places, it's very refreshing and very restorative.

Grace—I thought that was only for invalids.

Mr. Preston—Bob Pritchard is a sad invalid. I order some for his health.

Mr. Pritchard—Thank you. Porter is my tippie. Waiter bring a sample of everything good you've got.

Miss Euphemia—How long, waiter, before our breakfast will be ready?

Waiter—'Specks you hab to wate tell hour frum now, mahm.

Mr. Pritchard—Good heavens! We'll die.

Grace—Oh, Cousin Robert, I'm so sorry for you! I do believe you are hungrier than anybody here.

Mr. Pritchard—I am.

Mrs. Courtenay—What are we to do meantime? We really will perish with impatience if we wait here. It would be too bad to have to hear—and—and—smell the preparations, while we sit starving.

Miss Euphemia—Oh, do let's go in the surf! It will be delightful, and we'll feel so refreshed and invigorated! Our breakfast will be twice as enjoyable!

Miss Julia (to Mrs. Courtenay)—What do you say, Cousin Livy? I hardly see what better we could do.

Mrs. Courtenay—You are right, Julia. Well, what is the vote of the party? Euphemia is enthusiastically for it. Julia agrees. What do you say, Grace?

Grace—Me, too!

Mrs. Courtenay (laughing)—Delicious grammar! What say you, gentlemen?