

cheese, we keeps in we pantry. But she sholy walk!

All—Den dat is goot!

Mrs. Rosengarten (to her husband)—Mine man, if de oldt darky wondt bring in fweeuf glass beer andt a big lot of pretzel, how we coudt our morgen meal enchoy!

Fritz—You haf pretzel, oldt man? And goot beer?

Cyrus—Beer and bretzel, oh yes! (Talking to himself) Great me, how de buckrah hab diffrence 'mung 'um! Po' buckrah, him call fo whisky an slapjack. Real true-true buckrah, him motion fo claret an bakah loaf, dese yah jummum, dey sing out fo beer an bretzle. (Exit.)

Miss Rosie—Dis shirred egg is goot. You try it, Karl.

Mr. Doerflinger—You call me Karl from dat song:

“I will not let dee kiss me ven awake,
But in my treams, Karl,
I cannot count de kisses dou dost take,
Despite my screams, Karl.”

But I radder you call me, Maurice.

Miss Rosie—Well, I'll call you Maurice, if you break dis crab claw for me.

Mr. Doerflinger—Oh, yes, I break it, Miss Rosie. Can one wit crab claw philopena eat?

Miss Rosie—Oh, yes! If you choose. But I will be sure to catch you. You know I always do.

Mr. Doerflinger—Yes, I know.

Fritz (his mouth full of food)—Sings:

“I dink of all dou art to me,
I tream of wot dou canst not be,
Mine life is cursed wit toughts of dee,
For effer and for effer!”