

Mrs. Rosengarten—Dat boy is so wit his fun burrstring!

Miss Rosie—Oh motter, vy can't you him hush up?
So noisy he is!

Mr. Doerflinger—Fritz, mine young frent, if you couldt SING, you might sing. But it ees not proper boetry at table hoylend, to outspeak.

Mr. Rosengarten—Der Henker! All de people will tink he's tronk! And de beer has not efen come yet, moch less any brantwine!

Fritz—(Bursts out again.)

“Mine heart is full of grief and woe,

I see dy face wairair I go;

I would, alas! it were not so,

For effer and for effer!”

Mr. Rosengarten—I know not wot your heart is full of, Tropf! But your head is full of folly, and your mou't is too full of feesh for any bropper talking. Bunch his head, Maurice! If he were gloser to me, I would bunch it fine!

Mr. Doerflinger—Your fadder say, bunch your head, Fritz. So I bunch it! (proceeds to punch Fritz' head which kind deed Fritz returns with interest.)

Mrs. Rosengarten—Maurice you let Fritz alone! Fritz is he hurt your head?

Miss Rosie—Oh, mine moother, Fritz he haf hurt Maurice too. Dey are all de two on one ladder. You can not bush down de one witout you bush down de udder too.

Mr. Rosengarten—Dat is a goot pheelosophee. But who dese are? A barty, a big barty comes dis way in!