

## SCENE III.

[Enter the first party, after their seabath and return to the hotel for dry clothing. They are talking as they enter.]

Mr. Pritchard—Ah, what a delicious smell!

Grace—Won't we enjoy our breakfast!

Mr. Preston—But who are these?

Mrs. Courtenay—Why, they are eating OUR breakfast!

Mr. Pritchard (indignantly)—You are eating——

All The New-Comers—Our breakfast!

Mr. Rosengarten (imperturbably)—Well, we shust eat it all up, for it was last night we haf ordered it.

Miss Julia—Oh, I shall DIE of hunger!

Mr. Preston—I will not stand it. SOMEBODY will have to get hurt!

Miss Euphemia—I just do not understand it at all. How do these people get our breakfast? Where's the waiter? Oh, Cousin Robert, you must be be so hungry! You were almost ready to eat that ray stranded on the beach!

Fritz—(sings from STRANDED, words by Edward Oxenford, music by Humphrey J. Stark.)

“Dere's nought, my lads, to liff for now,

Mine vurts are plain and candid,

For she I luff mine life abuff,

Has left me lone and stranded!”

Mr. Preston—This insolent young madman deserves a swipe over the head, and I'm going to [give it to him! (Gives Fritz a pretty sharpe tap on the head with a cane.)

Mrs. Rosengarten—Ach! Mine Himmel! See you dat!