

Fritz—Dat's the second time dis mornin' dey hits mine head! (Picks up a chair, and charges down on Mr. Preston.)

Mr. Pritchard—Give me my breakfast! (rushes up on Mr. Rosengarten and upsets him from his chair to the floor.)

Mr. Rosengarten (struggling to rise, knife and fork still in hand)—Donner and Blitzen! Dis is our breakfast! Wot you mean? You robber! You assassin!

Mrs. Rosengarten (rising in great excitement)—Yes, dis is OUR breakfast!

Fritz (clinging to Mr. Preston, and dancing around him frantically)—You dakes de chair, but I hav you by de cravet! Mine Himmel! I chokes you goot! You mad wit us, wen we eat our own breakfast? You shoost plumb ittiot!

Miss Rosie—Oh, part dem! part dem! part dem!

Miss Euphemia—Yes, oh please part them!

Mr. Doerflinger—You shoost let me get mine hand in!

Mrs. Courtenay—He's rolling up his sleeves. He's going to fight too! Where is the waiter?

Miss Julia—Yes, where is the waiter!

Miss Rosie—Now Maurice, you shust be quiet! (pulls him back by the coat-tails.)

Mrs. Courtenay—Waiter!

Miss Rosie—Fritz, you let him go, and you be quiet!

Grace—Waiter! Waiter! Waiter!

[Cyrus enters, bringing dumb waiter with pitcher of beer, glasses, and cheese.]

Mr. Rosengarten (sits down again)—You all shust be