

Dwight/Monona/Ina

D: What! You don't mean you're in time for supper, baby?

M: I ain't a baby.

D: Ain't. Ain't. Ain't.

M: Well, I ain't.

D: We shall have to take you in hand, mama and I. We shall-have-to-take-you in hand.

M: I ain't such a bad girl.

D: Ain't. Ain't. Ain't.

(Enter INA)

I: Dwightie! Have I kept you waiting?

D: It's all right, my pet. Bear and forbear. Bear and forbear.

I: Everything's on the table. I didn't hear Lulu call us, though. She's fearfully careless. And Dwight, she looks so bad- when there's company I hate to have her around.

D: My dear Ina, your sister is very different from you.

I: Well, Lulu certainly is a trial. Come Monona.

D: Live and let live, my dear. We have to overlook, you know. What have we on the festive board to-night?

I: We have creamed salmon. On toast.

M: I don't want any.

D: *What's this? No salmon?*

M: No.

I: Oh now, pet! You liked it before.

M: I don't want any.

D: Just a little? A very little? What is this? Progeny will not eat?

I: She can eat if she will eat. The trouble is, she will *not* take the time.

D: She don't put her mind on her meals.

I: Now, pettie, you must eat or you'll get sick.

M: I don't want any.

I: Well, pettie- then how would you like a nice egg?

M: No.

I: Some bread and milk?

M: No.