

BOS

I won't say no to that. (*lowers himself rheumatically into a chair.*) Yes, Knier, my girl, we are getting older every day. Good day, Jo.  
 [*Holds out his hand.*]

JO

'Day, meneer. You see. . . .  
 [*She shows her dirty hands laughing.*]

BOS

Are you going to a ball with those little black gloves?

JO (*nods impudently—dances a step or two*)  
 The hornpipe and the schotsche drij.

BOS

Hahaha! You are a cheeky little black eyes! Now, let's have a look, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE (*impatiently*)

No. You don't know anything about such things.

BOS

Oh, thank you! Raise a daughter till she's grown up—have her taught drawing, but keep your nose out of it. Come! Don't act so childish!  
 [*Takes hold of the drawing.*]

CLEMENTINE

No. When it is finished.

BOS

Just a look.

CLEMENTINE (*pulling the drawing away*)

Now, father, don't bother me.

BOS

Always I get a scolding, hahaha!

BAREND (*coming in hesitatingly*)

'Day, meneer.

BOS

Barendje, you come as if you were called.

BAREND

Me?

BOS

We have need of you, little fellow.

BAREND

Good, meneer.

BOS (*touching his lip*)

The deuce, something is beginning to grow here.

BAREND (*embarrassed*)

Yes, meneer.

BOS

You're getting to be a big fellow. How long have you been out of work now?

BAREND

Eight months.

KNIERTJE

He is lying. It is more than a year.