

*Miranda* [*folding her wrap around her*]. O dear me, mar, we've made a mistake, I want to take lessons of the same teacher Eveleen Naptha does.

*F. O. L.* Laws—a-me—that's too bad; we've got in the wroug place and raised your hopes, young man. Hope we haven't taken up your time. Mirandy, lift your dress goin' down them dirty stairs. [Exit.]

*Gamboge* [*throwing himself in a chair despondently*]. The same old story! People think no more of an artist's time! [*A knock at the door.*] There it goes again; another infernal bore I'll bet my dinner—if I have money enough left to get it.

[*Opens the door.*]

*Enter the MISSES ALFRESCO and MAUD BROWN, accompanied by a SLENDER YOUNG MAN sucking the end of his cane.*

*Alfresco.* How do you do, Mr. Gamboge? Pray don't let us disturb you—commune with your muse—just as if we were not here, we have only come to stay an hour or so and look at the pretty things.

*Gamboge.* I am honored, Miss Brown.

[*ALFRESCO stands in a rapture before a landscape, meanwhile SLENDER YOUNG MAN and MAUD walk about the studio criticising audibly.*]

*Alfresco.* How sweetly pretty. Isn't it a love! I think Papa was severe on you in the paper this morning, but he means it for your good—we must not murmur at immolation on the shrine of