

(*Enter ROOSTER THE AUDACIOUS, a big bundle of papers tied with red tape, under his arm.*)

Roos. Miss Coquettina, is your Ma'. within ?

(*Pulls out enormous watch from fob pocket.*)

I've twenty minutes left to woo and win.

Coq. To woo and win ! Upon my word that's funny !

ROOSTER. Business is business, Miss, and time is money.

All night I sat up on affairs of State.

I had to shave the King at half-past eight.

At nine to black his boots and brush his hair.

By ten, as President, I took the chair

Of the Society for Reforming Cats—

R. S. R. C. At twelve I sat on "Hats."

Coq. Hats !

Roos. Yes, and hatters, 'twas a much *felt* question.

At one I had some lunch, and—indigestion.

At two I had to meet a deputation—

"Was it, or was it not, good for the nation

That folks should be allowed beef with their mustard,"

It was a serious matter.

Coq.

Were you flustered ?

Roos. Oh, not at all, I said—If they could get it.

At two 'twas going on.

Coq.

So's time.

Roos.

Well, let it !

Till eight—three meetings ; a foundation stone.