

NOBODY. He writes too for the Press, the great
"Diurnal."

He'll put your parties in the new Court Journal.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I'll stick to port, can't swallow a
reporter.

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) I'll talk to them, you go
ahead and court her.

OGRESS. No doubt your friend is quite a man of 'ton.'

NOBODY. Moves in the best society, (*aside*) he does—
"move on."

He plays divinely on the flute.

OGRESS. He'll please us.

I dote on music. Is he rich?

NOBODY. As Cræsus.

His rent's enormous, (*aside*) so it is—behind.

OGRESS. I'll send a card at once.

NOBODY. You're very kind.

OGRESS. He's quite a lion, and they're rare these days.

NOBODY. He isn't proud, he's got such easy ways.

OGRE. (*Pointing to TIM behind, who has his arm around
PRINCESS.*)

His ways *are* easy, I should say.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) The dunce!

(*TIM turns to OGRE and talks, OGRE laughs.*)

(*Aloud.*) His *way's* to make himself at home at once.

OGRESS. Her *waist's* at any rate no *waste* of time.

NOBODY. These foreigners don't think that any crime.
It's all politeness, why, he'd go and do

The very self-same thing next week to you.

OGRESS. (*Simperingly.*) Dear me, these foreign ways
are odd.

(*OGRE comes down with TIM, laughing;
he slaps him on the back.*)