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ALCAR. I thought you'd like me to. Mr. Ebag took charge of Mr. Texel. Your cousin Cyrus was extremely upset.

JANET. What did she say?

ALCAR. Who say?

JANET. Lady Alice Rowfant, of course. Oh! You needn't pretend! As soon as Mr. Ebag asked me to go out I knew he'd got her up his sleeve. (*Weeps slightly.*)

ALCAR. (*Very sympathetically.*) My dear young lady, what is the matter?

JANET. (*Her utterance disturbed by sobs—indicating CARVE.*) He'd do it for her, but he wouldn't do it for me!

ALCAR. I assure you, Lady Alice Rowfant has not been here.

JANET. Honest?

ALCAR. No. The mere mention of her name was sufficient.

JANET. That's even worse! (*Rushing across to CARVE and pettishly seizing his necktie. CARVE submits.*) Here! Let me do it—for goodness sake! Great clumsy! (*Still tearful—to LORD LEONARD ALCAR as she ties the necktie.*) Somehow I don't mind crying in front of you, because you're so nice and fatherly.

ALCAR. Well, if I'm so fatherly, may I venture on a little advice to you two? (*To CARVE.*) You said you didn't want to be Ilam Carve.