

you? I thought you had sworn off on reading criticisms! I would smile at such rot—smile philosophically, Gam.

*Gamboge.* Teach me your philosophic smile, will you? So you have seen his notice of your Jephtha's 'laughter?'"

*Moddle.* No! where? what does he say?

[*Takes the paper from GAMBOGE and reads.*]

*Moddle* [*in a rage*]. Why hang this idiotic drivel! He has mixed me up with another man. [*Slaps the paper furiously.*] Here he says my Jephtha's daughter looks like a pickle-eating graduate of the public school, a cadaverous female that ought with my Bacchus to make a pair—(my Bacchus!) exhibited last year at the Academy, which had the appearance of being modeled from Pork and after re-named Jack Spratt and wife, the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals should demand that both be ground to powder for the culture of cabbage—why the d— fool Chizzle did Bacchus. Now Gam, what the devil are you making that face for?

*Gamboge.* I was not aware that I was making a face. I was watching for the first beam of your philosophic smile.

*Moddle.* H'm, well you must admit that compared with myself he has let you down easy. But I swear—by all the Chizzles and chisels—animate and inanimate, I'll be even with Brown before snow is on the ground.

*Gamboge* [*seizing his hand*]. And I'll help you.

[*A knock is heard.*]