

*Doctor Sam.* Connie, you little witch—I shall have to punish you—have either of you two ladies such a thing as a silver and Niello Damascened bowie-knife about you?

*Alfresco.* Sam, you're as bad as she is. Let us change the subject.

*Doctor Sam.* With all my heart—by the way, if it is not an impertinent question, when are you four people going to be married?

*Moddle.* Why the fact is—[*hesitates*].

*Gamboge.* The fact is—[*hesitates*].

*Maud.* Oh, dear, I wish I was rich!

*Doctor Floyd.* So do I, Maud, but what has that got to do with my question?

*Moddle.* Why you see—

*Gamboge.* The fact is, we have not got any money. I have pictures, and Moddle has got statuary, but they won't do us any good until we can turn them into dollars and cents. To come down to stern facts, what with the twaddle in the newspapers and the twaddle out of the newspapers, an American artist can't sell a picture unless he goes to Europe to do it, for rich people who are weak enough to be led by everything they see in print, had rather refuse to buy what their own innate good taste would lead them to purchase, than not put child-like faith in flimsy newspaper articles on Art, and so the "tolerably well to do" people buy chromos, and the artists starve.

*Alfresco.* Could not we live in the studio and save renting a house?