

model to Verboeckhoven. We'll have a fresh menu. I might get soup, ten cents; corned-beef hash, ten cents; sweet potatoes, five cents, and one beer—that's the ticket! but hold, hold my heart, where's my supper to come from? I might drop in Vandyck's about that time—no, that won't do, I was there three days ago, and it's too thin—or to speak less vulgarly, it's not sufficiently opaque and it's hardly a week since I took a meal at his expense. Now I'll begin all over again. Beef's a necessity—greens a luxury, so I'll say beef stew, fifteen cents (*they give bread with it*), and one beer—twenty cents, ten cents left for supper and four cents for postage stamps—I trust to Providence for breakfast, don't give up the ship old fellow! Commune with your muse; and *dine* on Art; [*makes a face*] I felt like telling Miss Brown that my muse is a coy damsel, that comes only to me after the studio rent is paid, that my inspiration is helped by a good dinner. Dine on Art—What rot! [*A knock is heard*] Oh—the deuce—who is that? [*Opens the door.*]

*Enter a MOTHERLY PERSON, a YOUNG BRIDE, an ÆSTHETIC MAIDEN, a WOMAN REPORTER, BROWN of the Fog Whistle and a CHILD of ten years. They smile at and nod to GAMBOGE or ignore him, and walk about the room looking at the paintings.*

*Motherly Person.* And so you're a painter, why where's your parents?

*Gamboge.* They are dead, madame.

*Moth. Per.* Oh, I understand. How much can you make a week at this business?

*Gamboge.* Well, really, madame, I—the fact is I can't say—