

THE IMPORTANCE OF

ACT III. ALGERNON

Well, not till to-day, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though - was out of practice. [*Shakes hands.*]

GWENDOLEN

[*To JACK.*] My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become some one else?

JACK

Good heavens! . . . I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose?

GWENDOLEN

I never change, except in my affections.

CECILY

What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!

JACK

Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me