

Art. But really, this is lovely. It makes me think of one of Prang's happiest bits—I think after the old masters, Papa dotes on Prang; you paint in sympathy with Prang, don't you think so? I am not trying to flatter you, I assure you. Those cows are *elegant*, and the tin pail in the milkmaid's hand is *so* true to nature! And Maud, just look! What a pre-Raphaelite effect that spot of verdigris on the pail handle has!

*Gamboge*. If your father is severe, you are certainly too kind.

*Alfresco*. What a clever fellow that *Hors Concours* is! And such a hard-working person, I see his paintings in almost every gallery I visit. I dare say he and you are fast friends.

*Gamboge* [*demurely*]. Oh yes, *Hors Concours* is a very distinguished man.

*Maud*. Don't you think, Mr. Gamboge, that the animals in your paintings are nearly all out of drawing?

*Gamboge* [*biting his lip*]. I beg your pardon?

[*S. Y. M. has opened a private sketch book of studies from the nude—he and Miss ALFRESCO start back shocked.*]

*Alfresco*. Oh dear! [*Faintly.*]

*Maud*. What is the matter, sister mine?

*Alfresco*. A sudden faintness, that is all—do not mind me, I shall be better presently.

*S. Y. M.* [*putting up his glass at Gamboge*]. Mr. Gamboge, I am surprised at you.

*Gamboge* [*angrily*]. Well, my dear sir, that is a private port-