



ANSWERED.

TEMPERANCE ORATOR—"Friend, you wouldn't be out of work only for the saloon."
SOAKE—"But you would."

THE EDISON DOLL.

A FARCICAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatised by J. W. B., from a humorous poem by F. Anstey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. JINKINS, a Bachelor.
MRS. MCMURPHY, a Charwoman.
FLOSSIE FITZALMONT, a Juvenile Patrician.
BOODLES, a Shop-boy.

SCENE—A scantily furnished lodging for a single gentleman. Grate, with smouldering fire, R. table, C. Shelf on rear wall with a square parcel in brown paper upon it. A few chairs, pictures, etc.

(CONTINUED.)



MR. J.—I will love you, Dolly
—I will love you! What heart could steel itself against such an appeal! It comes from a phonograph I know—but, heaven forbid that I should treat it lightly on that account. It is the voice of my long-lost love, as thou art the image of her! I will love you, Dolly. Speak to me again. Tell me once more that you love me. See, I touch the little spring. Speak with that voice which thrills my soul.

[The Doll repeats the words again.]

You are my Dolly—and I will be "always very kind to you."

I will pour out for you the burning affection so long pent up in this blighted bosom. I bless the hand—friend's or foe's—that sent you to me. Come, rest, nestle in this desolate bosom next my heart, and let me recall the blissful days of long ago when—

He is standing with the Doll in his arms. Re-enter Mrs. McMurphy. Mr. J. hastily conceals the Doll beneath his coat-tails and puts on an air of elaborate indifference.

MRS. MCM.—You'll excuse me, Misther Jinkins, sor, for shteppein' in widout knockin', but I thought mebbey ye moight be takin' a nap. Sure, me mimory is failin' me, so it is, an' I clane forgot to take me parcel wid me.

MR. J.—(much embarrassed and alarmed)—Your parcel? MRS. MCM.—Yis, sor. A bit av a parcel me daughter Norah gev me to lave at Mrs. Bradley's, that kapes the fancy-work shop beyant, bein' that I must pass the dure.

MR. J.—Er—what sort of a parcel was it, Mrs. McMurphy?

[He is nervously concealing the Doll beneath his coat.]

MRS. MCM.—A bit av a pase-boord box, I think it was, wid floss an' fancy work in it, to be returned to the shop. It was covered wid paper, so I couldn't say, but it had the feel av a box.

MR. J.—Are you sure you brought it with you this morning?

MRS. MCM.—Oh, I'm sartin. Niver a doubt av it. Sure, Norah handit it till me whin I was lavin' home, an' "drop that in at Mrs. Bradley's as you pass," sez she, "an' tell her I'll be in to see her this avenin'," sez she. Have ye happened to notice it in your apartments, Misther Jinkins, sor?

MR. J. (nervously)—No, Mrs. McMurphy—I'm quite sure I—

MRS. MCM.—(suddenly seeing the box the Doll came in)—Sure, there it is now, roight forninst me oyes! *(She rushes and seizes the box.)* But, saints defend us! Av it isn't open an' impty!

MR. J.—Er—er—are you sure that's—

MRS. MCM.—(vehemently) Sure! Av coorse I'm sure! Call the police, Mr. Jinkins. There's thaves in the primises!

MR. J.—Thieves, Mrs. McMurphy?

MRS. MCM.—Yis, thaves! Oh, the blaggards! Norah'll murder me!

MR. J.—I'm very sorry, Mrs. McMurphy, very. I can't imagine what—

MRS. MCM.—(suddenly inspired)—Oh, I see it all. It's your little joke, Misther Jinkins—though it's little I wud expect you to play sich a prank.

MR. J.—Me, Mrs. McMurphy?

MRS. MCM.—Yis, you—though whin I left you a while ago I thought ye wor feelin' more like weepin' for yer blighted heart nor playin' a lark loike this on a poor lone widdy that never did ye a bad turn.

MR. J.—Me, Mrs. McMurphy? I assure you I—I—

MRS. MCM.—Oh, it's the straight face ye can kape! But sure, sor, I'm in a hurry, an' don't kape me waitin'. It's choild's play, entoirely. Give me what ye tuk out av the box.

MR. J.—What I took? Do you really believe I—

MRS. MCM.—Av coorse ye did, ye shly ould joker! Ye have it in yer hand there behoid yer back.

MR. J.—Mrs. McMurphy, I assure you, you are mistaken. I haven't even seen your box or fancy work.

MRS. MCM.—Worse an' worse! Sure it's carryin' the joke too far whin a dacint gentleman loike you wud tell a barefaced loy—av I may be so bould. Not seen me box, whin it's there on the table forninst ye, an' the contents in yer hand, there? Come, now!

MR. J. (showing a hand)—On my honor, Mrs. McMurphy—see for yourself.

MRS. MCM.—Ah, but let me see the other, you shly fox—av I may be so bould!

MR. J.—(withdrawing his hand after exchanging Doll into the other.) There it is.

MRS. MCM.—Oh, be done wid your foolery—show me them both at wance, thin!

MR. J.—Er—you'll excuse me—I really—ahem—there are reasons—er—er—