

All, dad? If you'd only cleared the debt on the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you? (*Laughing.*) Well—go ahead!—wish for the two hundred pounds: that'll just do it.

MR. WHITE (*half laughing*). Shall I?

(*He crosses to R.C.*)

HERBERT. Go on! Here!—I'll play slow music.

(*He crosses to the piano.*)

MRS. WHITE. Don't 'ee, John. Don't have nothing to do with it!

HERBERT. Now, Dad! (*He plays.*)

MR. WHITE. I will! (*He holds up the paw, as if half ashamed.*) I wish for two hundred pounds.

(*Crash on the piano. At the same instant MR. WHITE utters a cry and lets the paw drop.*)

MRS. WHITE } (*together*). What's the matter?
HERBERT }

MR. WHITE (*gazing with horror at the paw*). It moved! As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.

HERBERT (*goes down R., and picks the paw up*). Nonsense, Dad. Why, it's as stiff as a bone. (*He lays it on the mantelpiece.*)

MRS. WHITE. Must have been your fancy, Father.

HERBERT (*laughing*). Well——? (*Looking round the room.*) I don't see the money; and I bet I never shall.

MR. WHITE (*relieved*). Thank God, there's no harm done! But it gave me a shock.

HERBERT. Half-past eleven. I must get along. I'm on at midnight. (*He goes up C., fetches his coat, etc.*) We've had quite a merry evening.

MRS. WHITE. I'm off to bed. Don't be late for breakfast, Herbert.

HERBERT. I shall walk home as usual. Does me good. I shall be with you about nine. Don't wait, though.

MRS. WHITE. You know your father never waits.