



A FRIEZE OVERCOAT.

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 FITZALAMONT, 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.

Mr. Jinkins sitting in a moody reverie before the grate. As curtain rises, Mrs. McMurphy is discovered dusting the furniture.

MRS. McM.—Well, there's yer residince tidied up wance more for ye, Misther Jinkins, an' now I'm aff till me next engagement to do a bit av washing at an up-town establishment, (*Anxiously*) Are you not feelin' well, Misther Jinkins?

MR. J.—About as usual, Mrs. McMurphy; why do you ask?

MRS. McM.—Sure I thought you must be sick or unwell or aillin' or somethin' whin you sit there so sthll all the whoile, niver spakin', but sittin' loike a hin in a packin' box sittin' on eggs.

MR. J.—A striking smile, Mrs. McMurphy. Did I appear to be so very rapt?

MRS. McM.—Rapped, is it? Sure, I'm thinkin' it wud take a purty good rap to rouse you. Wor you lookin' at the little sodiers foightin' for the castle in the foire, loike what we used to do whin we wor childer?

MR. J.—No; I can't say that I saw anything particular in the fire. In fact, now that I notice it, it's pretty low. I was just—er—musing, as I often do. It's a habit I've fallen into.

MRS. McM.—Musin'? Thinkin' av your best girrul, av coorse?

MR. J.—Pray don't jest on such a subject, Mrs. McMurphy. No. I have no girl, good, better or best. I have no one in the world to care for, or who cares for me. That is practically what I was thinking of at the moment.

MRS. McM.—No girrul? Thin, why don't you get wan? Sure there's thousands to be had for the axin'.

MR. J.—Pray don't speak of it, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—Why shuddn't I spake, an' spake freely, bein' that I'm married myself?

MR. J.—It isn't that; I don't misconstrue your intentions. But I have long since dismissed the subject from my mind—banished it from a heart that—but no matter.

MRS. McM.—Nonsense, Misther Jinkins (av I may be so bowld). Fwat's the raisin you shud have so poor an opinion av yourself? It's a nice, dacint gentleman you are, which I may say it before your face fhat I've said manny a toime behind your back.

MR. J.—Thank you, Mrs. McMurphy. It's very kind of you. When I speak of having no friends, I make one exception—yourself. I'm much obliged to you, but—

MRS. McM.—But fwhat, thin? I suppose you wud say you're too owld to get married; or that you're not good-lookin' enough. Nonsense! Mr. Jinkins, sor, (av I may be so bowld) I've known uglier men than you to get married. An' oulder min, too, wid more biliousness, an' more angles, an' less substance an' less hair on their heads, so I have!

MR. J.—You flatter me, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—Sorra a flather, Mr. Jinkins. It's the gospel thruth I'm spakin'. Take ould McSpadden, for instance. D'ye know ould McSpadden? No, of coorse you don't. He's me own uncle's cousin, an' a perfect scarecrow, so he is. Ould, an' thin, an' bald-headed, an' no teeth, an' wan oye, an' wan fut, and sivinty-foive years ould av he's a day, an' I hope to doie av he didn't get married last spring to a shlip av a girrul not more nor out av her teens. Cheer up, Misther Jinkins, sor, there's plenty av hope for you!

MR. J.—No, Mrs. McMurphy, the fires of Cupid have gone out in my nature, and the ashes are scattered on the hearth. It is madness to think of it.

MRS. McM.—Madness? Not at all. Sure you don't know what you're talkin' about—(av I may be so bowld). I'm a married woman mesilf, an' the mother of sivin, an' you can have no idea of the joy an comfort av it.



HEWITT—"Well, Stewart, there's our consolation for us—we know that we've done our duty."

STEWART—"In resigning? Yes."