



THE MODERN ANDROMEDA.

"Until the beginning of this century, womanhood, Andromeda-like, has been chained to the rock of custom, but now there is an advance."—*Magazine Writer.*

The original wore next to nothing, and was exposed to a sea monster for being too beautiful. The "New Woman" would frighten the stoutest-hearted sea monster out of a year's growth.

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.—How have I fallen! A liar, yes, a liar and—a thief. A positive, actual, literal criminal—I, Horatio Jenkins, hitherto a man of blameless life and spotless character! Yet, what wreck I, now that the deed is done, if fairly or foully. I've won the prize! It was my love that drove me to it—love which is as pure as an angel's! I could not let her go to the cold, mercantile embrace of that unfeeling little girl! 'Twere monstrous to think of such a thing! My darling is now mine—mine forever! Come from thy hiding place, little sweetheart, I am hungering for thee.

[*He takes the Doll from under the cushion, and goes into extravagant lamentations over her injuries.*]

Oh, cruel and thoughtless wretch that I am, thus to sit upon and crush thy delicate waxen nose and bulge this beautiful blue eye. O, Dolly, love, forgive me—forgive me! The beauty I worshipped is now a ruin, but I love thee none

the less—nay, I love thee more deeply, more tenderly, for the injury my thoughtlessness has caused. Speak to me, darling, say that I am forgiven. See! I touch thy little spring. Speak to me again in the voice that thrills my soul.

[*He touches the spring*]

The Doll (*in accents of contempt*):

Veave me! thafer I must be,
Oo's so—click—untind to me,
Best I yike a naughty boy,
Tick-tack—I'se a bwocken toy;
Hide from me, oo dwdedful liah!
An-an-ias an' Zafiah!
Never 'gain I'll 'peak it's too.
Dolly dud-dud-don't love oo!

MR. J.—Horrors! She hates me! She rejects me! She denounces me as a cruel liar! I have sinned in vain! I can never endure that voice with its click and stammer of damaged works and its utterance so discordant and harsh and blurred! I can never more meet unmoved that bulged blue eye, whose reproachful gaze pierces my very soul! That voice seems the voice of conscience I would have burked, and I cannot endure it. Oh! oh!

[*He goes into a frenzy of mad despair.*]

There is only one thing for it—only one. I must complete the ruin so involuntarily begun. I must put her out of existence, and at once, or make an end of myself. This world has not room for both of us! The fire in yon grate shall be her funeral pyre, but let the deed be done quickly or I shall go mad!

[*He seizes the Doll and throws her into the grate.*]

There, 'tis done! Farewell, Melinda, farewell forever!



A BUSINESS RATING.

SHE—"Mr. Lankdude has a highly poetical temperament, don't you think so?"

HE—(a rival)—"Yes; he has yearnings for the infinite and gropings after the unattainable—but he doesn't pay cash."