

MR. WHITE. What is the way?

MRS. WHITE (*moving away, up R.C. to the back of the table, and beginning to put the tumblers straight, and the chairs in their places*). Oh, don't have anything to do with it, John.

(*She takes the glasses on a tray to the dresser, L., and busies herself there, rinsing them in a bowl of water on the dresser and wiping them with a cloth.*)

SERGEANT. That's what I say, marm. But if I warn't to tell him, he might go wishing something he didn't mean to. You hold it in your right hand, and wish aloud. But I warn you! I warn you!

MRS. WHITE. Sounds like the Arabian Nights. Don't you think you might wish me four pair o' hands?

MR. WHITE (*laughing*). Right you are, Mother!—
I wish——

SERGEANT (*pulling his arm down*). Stop it! If you must wish, wish for something sensible. Look here! I can't stand this. Gets on my nerves. Where's my coat? (*He goes into the alcove.*)

(MR. WHITE *crosses to the fireplace and carefully puts the paw on the mantelpiece. He is absorbed in it to the end of the tableau.*)

HERBERT. I'm coming your way, to the works, in a minute. Won't you wait? (*He goes up C. and helps MORRIS with his coat.*)

SERGEANT (*putting on his coat*). No. I'm all shook up. I want fresh air. I don't want to be here when you wish. And wish you will as soon's my back's turned. I know. I know. But I've warned you, mind.

MR. WHITE (*helping him into his coat*). All right, Morris. Don't you fret about us. (*He gives him money.*) Here.

SERGEANT (*refusing it*). No, I won't——

MR. WHITE (*forcing it into his hand*). Yes, you will. (*He opens the door.*)