



GRIP'S CALENDAR.

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 FITZALTAMONT, 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.)

MRS. McM.—Indade? Not her fault, wasn't it? Poor thing. Who was it done her out av a good, thrue husband, thin? Some divil av a scallawag, I'll be bound!

MR. J.—It was her mother. Her thrifty and respected mother, who had preferences for a man in the lumber trade. Melinda simply obeyed maternal monitions, and took him. O, fair but lost Melinda!

MRS. McM.—Fair, you call her? I don't think it was a fair shake she gev you!

MR. J.—She was young, Mrs. McMurphy, she was young—and she was a most dutiful daughter. She was mindful of the injunction, "Children obey your parents;" it was the wish of her mother that she should marry this person—a man of substance who had a flourishing business in the lumber-yard way. But her heart was true to me, I'm sure, Mrs. McMurphy, and she was divinely fair!

MRS. McM.—It's too bad, entoirely, so it is, Misther Jenkins, sor. It's loike fwat you rade about in books, isn't it?

MR. J.—Such things have been known to happen in fiction, I believe. But it was a cruel, cruel stab all the same, though the dagger was held in an innocent hand.

MRS. McM.—She was young, you say? And was she purty? Av coorse she was, I'll be bound.

MR. J.—Her beauty was heavenly, Mrs. McMurphy, that is all—only heavenly. Her eyes were large and blue and surprised looking; her hair was fluffy, and of the delicate shade of the canary; her cheeks were rounded and soft and tinted like the peach, Mrs. McMurphy, and her mouth was sweet, and wore a placid, persistent smile that haunts me yet. I will never get over Melinda. Never! never!

MRS. McM.—(wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron)—It's too bad entirely, Misther Jenkins, sor, so it is. Sure I'm sorry I axed you the question that's fetched it all back on you an give you such a turn. But there's good fish in the sea yet, Mr. Jenkins! Plenty of them! An' it's a fool you are (av I may be so bowld) to think any more about this ship av a girrul that was wance, but is mebbey be this time the mother of sivin.

MR. J.—Don't speak unkindly of her, Mrs. McMurphy. It wounds me. She is in all likelihood the mother of seven now—and the grandmother of a few.

MRS. McM.—Thin cheer up, man aloive, an' take a friend's advice, an' find some other beautiful crature an' marry her, an' be happy loike Misther Fitzaltamont on the ground floor.

MR. J.—It can never be. Never.

[He resumes his seat.]

MRS. McM.—Well, that's all I can do for you, anyhow. Think it over, Misther Jenkins. Don't be an ould lunatic any longer—(av I may be so bould.)

MR. J.—You are very kind, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—I mane well, anyhow. But I must lave you now, as I have a washin' engagement up the street. Think it over, Misther Jenkins, sor, an' thry an' have some sense—(av I may be so bould). Good mornin' Misther Jenkins.

MR. J.—(wearily)—Good morning, Mrs. McMurphy. [Exit Mrs. McM.]

Good soul! She means well, but her poor simple mind is not competent to grasp the situation. (He rises and paces the floor.) She has never known anything of such a passion as has laid waste my life. Fitzaltamont! Yes, he is happy. I have no doubt of it. He looks it. But he is not—he



DICTATING THE TERMS.

MR. BULL.—"I am pained and surprised, Sir Hibbert, to read your recent remarks about me. They were only worthy of my worst Fenian enemy."

SIR HIBBERT.—"Well, Mr. Bull, if you wish to secure my good opinion, you'll have to drop that ridiculous Free Trade Policy."