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PEPPERPOT'S
LITTLE PETS.

A COMEDIETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

By JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

AUTHOR OF

*"Box and Cox," "The Midnight Watch," "Slasher and Crash-
er," "First Come First Served," "After a Storm Comes
a Calm," "Which of the Two?" etc., etc.*

TOGETHER WITH

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5	5		111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	3	1	64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	2	1	67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		93. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3	3		52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	4	1	25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4	2	2
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4	4	2	152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	3	1	106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes....	8	1
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	2
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.... 5	5	2	17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2	2		31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3		
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... 4		
148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3		
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc.. 4	4	1	61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5	5	1	142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.... 3	3		23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5	1	1
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5	5	1	118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
83. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	3	1	3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6		
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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NEW YORK:
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CHARACTERS.

JACK PEPPERPOT, late H. M. 147th Foot, Mrs. TARLETAN,
 DOCTOR JACBOUS JOGTROT, JESSIE, her niece,
 MR. CHRISTOPHER CHIRPER, MARTHA, a servant.
 STEPHEN BLUNT,

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

SCENE.

Mrs. TARLETAN'S Villa at Hampstead. An elegantly furnished room, with French windows at back, showing garden beyond; doors c., R. 3 E. and L.; fireplace L. 2 E; table, chairs, sofa, etc.

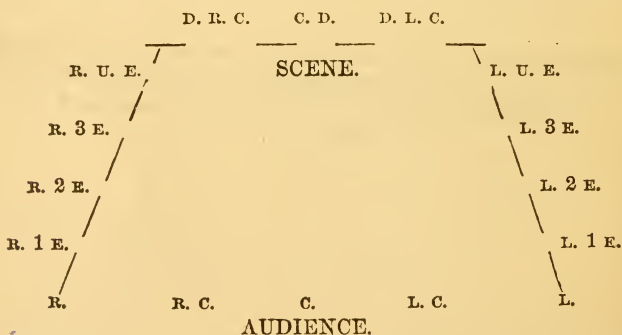
COSTUMES—Modern.

PROPERTIES.

A box covered with Chinese characters, and containing a porcelain tea-set and a Chinese fan, for JACK and BLUNT to bring on; photograph album and small hand-bell on table; large bouquet for MARTHA; portmanteau for BLUNT; small hand-bag for JACK; small hand-bell for JACK to ring.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C. Centre.
 R. Right.
 R. C. Right Centre.
 R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.
 R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.
 R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.
 R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.
 D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

L. Left.
 L. C. Left Centre.
 L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.
 L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.
 L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.
 L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance.
 C. D. Centre Door.
 D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

PEPPERPOT'S LITTLE PETS.

SCENE.—MRS. TARLETAN'S Villa at Hampstead. Elegantly-furnished room. French windows at back showing garden; doors R. 3 E. and L.; fireplace L. 2 E.; table, chairs, sofa, etc.

MARTHA discovered arranging furniture, etc. Bell heard without.

MARTHA. There's the gate bell beginning. Butcher for orders. I suppose. (*bell heard again*) I thought so. He's the most impatient young man I ever came across. Asked me if I'd marry him only yesterday morning when he called for orders, and was quite saucy because I hadn't made up my mind when he brought the meat. I must go and ask missus. [*Exit, R.*]

JACK PEPPERPOT is seen to cross at back beyond the French windows. He looks cautiously in at C.

JACK. No one to be seen; so much the better. (*calling off*) Now then, Blunt, come along. Take care how you turn the corner. That'll do. (*enters C., walking backwards, closely followed by STEPHEN BLUNT, in an undress military jacket and cap, carrying a box covered with Chinese characters*) Left wheel! Halt! (*takes the box carefully from BLUNT and places it on small table—opens it*) Nothing broken, I hope. No—I don't even see a chip!

BLUNT. That's a wonder too, your honor. Cups and saucers is rather a delicate sort of cargo to bring all the way from China.

JACK (*looking at watch*). Nine o'clock! I wonder if my dear excellent old aunt is still indulging in a horizontal position. We reached town so late last night, I was afraid to disturb the dear old soul. (*looking round him*) Blunt, it strikes me we shall find our quarters here very comfortable, eh? (*falling into chair and stretching out his legs.*)

BLUNT. I think so too, your honor. (*imitating JACK, then jumping up again and saluting*) Beg pardon, your honor; but when you say "our quarters"—

JACK. I mean our quarters. You wouldn't think of leaving me, you brute, would you? Haven't we spent the last ten years of our lives together—more or less respectably?—and if I have got back to Old England again, sound in wind and limb, who have I to thank? who but you, you faithful old dog you? (*laying his hand on BLUNT'S shoulder.*)

BLUNT (*deprecatingly*). Oh! oh!

JACK. If you forget a certain sabre cut I received in the Soudan, I don't.

BLUNT. Oh! oh! just a little bit of a scratch.

JACK. Exactly; a little bit of a scratch that began at the top of my

head and finished at the top of my nose. I was lying on my back faint and sick, when a noble lion-hearted fellow cut his way through the Arabs at the risk of his life, the idiot, threw me across his horse, and saved me. That noble lion-hearted idiot was Stephen Blunt—bless him! But enough of the past. By the by, Blunt, as long as you are stationed here you must make it a point of finding everybody and every thing about you charming, delightful, in short, first chop.

BLUNT (*touching his cap*). All right, your honor.

MRS. TARLETAN (*heard without*). If I am wanted, Martha, you'll find me in the garden.

JACK. Here comes my aunt; beat a retreat—quick, anywhere.

[BLUNT *hurries out* L.

Enter MRS. TARLETAN, R.

MRS. T. (*seeing* JACK). A stranger!

JACK (*smiling*). Not quite. (*going to her*) Don't you know me, aunt?

MRS. T. Eh? (*suddenly*) Jack, dear, dear boy! (JACK *claps her in his arms*) Kiss me again, Jack.

JACK. Again and again, till you tell me to leave off. (*kissing her again*.)

MRS. T. (*holding his head between her hands*). Let me look at you. It is ten long years since I have seen you, my darling boy; and has it come back from China? a dear!

JACK. It has, all the way!

MRS. T. (*pulling his cheek affectionately*). And is it glad to get home?

JACK. Is it? ain't it? Ah! after knocking about the world for ten years, you don't know how happy a fellow feels in getting back to his aunt, and having his cheeks pulled about. By the by, aunt, what d'ye think?—what with my prize money, the sale of my commission, and one thing and the other, I find I've managed to scrape together a matter of £10 000.

MRS. T. Ten thousand! That's a large sum, my dear.

JACK. An awful lot, isn't it? The puzzle is, what am I to do with it?

MRS. T. My advice is, invest in land; they say, "Stick to the land and the land will stick to you."

JACK. I know mud will—at least it did in the Soudan.

MRS. T. My dear Jack, do be serious. Now that you are worth £500 a year—

JACK. Five hundred a year! I shall never spend the half of it.

MRS. T. Then get a wife to help you.

JACK. A wife! Me? What for? Why, my dear aunt, here are no end of clever people complaining of the over-population of the country, and you want me to—(*shaking his head*) No, no!

MRS. T. Well, well, we'll say no more about it; though it's a pity—a great pity.

JACK. A pity! What do you mean?

MRS. T. Nothing; a fancy, a dream of mine—that's all.

JESSIE *is heard singing without—runs in from* R.

JESSIE (*running to* MRS. TARLETAN *and kissing her*). Good morning, aunty dear. (*suddenly seeing* JACK) A stranger! Really, sir—I—I—(*courtesying*.)

JACK (*bowing to* JESSIE). So do I, I'm sure, miss, very much indeed.

MRS. T. (*smiling*). "Sir"? "Miss"? Why, Jack, have you forgotten Jessie?

JACK. Eh? What—little Jessie!

JESSIE. Cousin Jack!

JACK (*taking both JESSIE'S hands*). Dear, dear, when I remember what a tiny little mite you were ten years ago!—about so high. (*measuring about a foot*) Why, I used to teach your A B C, didn't I?—and now I suppose you're quite an accomplished young lady?

JESSIE. Tolerably so, I hope, cousin.

JACK. Then you deserve a prize, and here it is. (*opening box on table, takes out a fan and presents it to her*) The reward of merit!

JESSIE. Oh, what a beautiful Chinese fan! Oh, thank you, cousin.

JACK. And perhaps our good aunt will give us our tea to-night out of her new porcelain service. (*showing contents of box.*)

MRS. T. A present for me too! So you found time to think of me, dear boy?

JACK. Think of you! Do you remember this? (*taking small case from his breast pocket and opening it.*)

MRS. T. My photograph!

JACK. Which you gave me the night before I left England. You've never left me. You've shared all my hardships, all my dangers, all my triumphs. Didn't we enter Cabul together, sword in hand?

MRS. T. (*smiling*). I enter Cabul!

JACK. Yes; rolled up in three of my flannel waistcoats to protect you.

JESSIE. Oh, Cousin Jack, I do so long to hear all your adventures.

JACK. Then you shall have them: not all at once; mustn't be greedy, little girl. Now for it. (*they seat themselves*) Ahem! (*in an impressive tone*) In order to make a first-rate brick—

MRS. T. *and* JESSIE. A brick?

JACK. Don't interrupt me. I repeat, in order to make a first-rate brick, they put it on the kiln and bake it. Well, in order to make a first-rate soldier, they send him to India and bake him. That was my case.

MRS. T. Well, from India you went to the Soudan?

JACK. Yes; and then back to China.

JESSIE. Poor cousin! how you must have suffered in your campaigns.

JACK. Tolerably; but we ate well, when we'd got anything to eat, and slept well when we hadn't to keep awake.

JESSIE. And you were wounded?

JACK. Nothing to speak of. I got rather a warm one at Abu Klea, but luckily it was on the head.

JESSIE. Cousin Jack, I really feel quite proud of you—that I do.

JACK. Then allow me to thank you in the name of the British army—allow the British army to salute you. (*kisses her. JESSIE joins Mrs. T., who has gone a few steps up the stage.*)

JACK (*looking after JESSIE and aside*). A remarkably nice little body. If ever I should marry, I really—

JESSIE (*to Mrs. T. as they come forward*). No, indeed, amnt—there's no necessity for anything of the kind.

MRS. T. I beg your pardon, my dear, Jack is one of the family.

JACK. Of course I am! What's the matter?

MRS. T. Well, the fact is, we are not unlikely soon to find a husband for Jessie.

JACK. A husband! Who is he? What is he?

MRS. T. I only know that he is a *protege* of Doctor Jogtrot.

JACK. And who's Jogtrot?

MRS. T. Jessie's guardian—a retired physician; a very eminent man in the scientific world.

JACK. Oh! ah! (*aside*) Confound Jogtrot!

MARTHA appears at c., followed by DOCTOR JOGTROT.

MARTHA (announcing). Doctor Jogtrot! (disappear.)

Enter DOCTOR JOGTROT, c.

JOGTROT (to MRS. T.). Pardon me, madam, if I am late.

MRS. T. Don't apologize, doctor. (introducing) My nephew, Captain Pepperpot—Doctor Jogtrot. (JOGTROT bows ceremoniously to JACK, who gives him a familiar nod in return.)

JOGTROT. I merely precede my esteemed young friend, Mr. Chirper, by a few minutes. Need I say, I should not presume to present him a competitor for the hand of this charming young lady (bowing to JESSIE) had I not discovered in his person qualities of the most solid description.

JACK. Solid, eh? I see—inclined to be stout, eh?

JOGTROT (after a stare at JACK and turning to MRS. T. again). In fact, I am proud to say that Mr. Chirper is, in the strictest sense of the word, a serious young man.

JACK (aside). Whew! I shan't be able to stand much more of Jogtrot. I feel I shan't.

MRS. T. No doubt I shall grieve to part with Jessie; but as my nephew has left the army, I shall not be entirely alone.

JOGTROT (to JACK). You are a military man, sir?

JACK (who has been showing a gradual irritation). I was—till I left the army.

JOGTROT. Left the army? Allow me to congratulate you on your having done so, sir.

JACK (trying to keep cool). May I ask why?

JOGTROT (in a supercilious tone). Because, between ourselves, sir, I consider the military profession—

JACK (bristling up). Well, sir, what about the military profession? Anything to say against the military profession? (advancing on JOGTROT, who retreats.)

MRS. T. (aside to JACK). Don't be so pugnacious, Jack. Recollect, you're not at the siege of Cabul now.

JOGTROT (overhearing them, eagerly). The siege of Cabul?

MRS. T. Yes, doctor, my nephew was there during the entire campaign.

JOGTROT (to JACK). Then, sir, it may be in your power to furnish me with the most interesting statistical information. Can you form any tolerably accurate estimate of the number of projectiles of various kinds and dimensions discharged from the enemy's batteries from the beginning of the siege to the end?

JACK. Frankly, my dear sir, I'm ashamed to say I never thought of counting them. (aside to MRS. T.) I wish to speak with all possible respect of this retired chemist and druggist of yours, but he's simply a inflated idiot.

JOGTROT. But to return to Mr. Chirper.

JACK. Yes, give us a little more about Dickey.

JOGTROT (astonished). Dickey?

JACK. Yes, same thing. Chirpers are all Dickies—Dickies, Chirpers, don't you see? Go on.

Enter MARTHA, L.

MARTHA. A gentleman, ma'am, sent in his card. (giving card to MRS. TARLETAN.)

MRS. T. (*reading*). "Mr. Christopher Chirper." Show the gentleman in. (MARTHA goes to c., shows in CHIRPER and then exits.)

Enter CHIRPER, c.

JOGTROT (*meeting CHIRPER and handing him forward and presenting him*). Allow me, Mrs. Tarletan—Mr. Christopher Chirper. Miss Jessie—Mr. Christopher Chirper. (*to JACK*) Sir, Mr. Christopher Chirper. (CHIRPER bows very solemnly to each.)

JACK (*aside*). A cheerful-looking youth, very!—one part waiter, three parts undertaker!

MRS. T. (*to CHIRPER*). The flattering terms in which Dr. Jogtrot has spoken of you more than suffice to insure you a hearty welcome.

CHIRPER (*bowing*). I trust, madam, I may merit the favorable opinion of my distinguished friend. Permit me to say, I'm not one of those giddy, thoughtless butterflies who consume their mental and moral faculties in mundane utilities.

JACK (*aside, after a long stare at CHIRPER*). He's not a man, he's a tract. (*aside to JESSIE as he goes up towards table*) Lively boy, isn't he, Jessie? (*sits and turns over leaves of an album.*)

CHIRPER. My mode of life is simplicity itself. I rise at seven—

JACK (*aside*). Oh, confound it!—hang it!—dash it! (*turning over leaves rapidly.*)

CHIRPER. Breakfast at eight—a slice of bread, a cup of milk—that constitutes my heartiest meal. I then walk for an hour in the square—dine at six.

JACK (*who has come down again*). Another cup of milk? You ought to keep a cow, Chirper, in the square.

CHIRPER. I then plunge into my favorite studies till I retire to my pillow. Such is my life, madam.

JACK. And a very jolly one too, I should say, Chirper.

CHIRPER. Ladies, I must now request permission to retire. I am due at the Philotechnic Institution.

MRS. T. (*to CHIRPER*). You'll return to luncheon, I hope?

JACK. Of course he will—of course you will. (*thrusting CHIRPER'S hat and umbrella into his hands*) I'll see there's an extra ha'porth of milk taken in for you. (*putting CHIRPER'S hat on his head.*)

CHIRPER and JOGTROT bow to JESSIE and exeunt c., MRS. T. going up stage with them.

MRS. T. (*coming down*). A very, very agreeable young man indeed.

JESSIE (*satirically*). Yes: so remarkably sprightly.

JACK. With about as much humor in him as a damp umbrella.

MRS. T. (*a little nettled*). I repeat, Mr. Chirper is a very agreeable person. I would put it to anybody to the very first comer.

JACK. Would you?—that's a bargain. (*seeing BLUNT, who appears at c.*) There's my man, Stephen Blunt—he'll do; you said the first comer. Here, Blunt, (*BLUNT advances*) tell me what's your opinion of the gentleman who has just gone out?

BLUNT (*aside to JACK, knowingly*). All right, captain. I haven't forgot. (*aloud*) Well, sir, I think he's charming, delightful, first chop.

JACK (*quickly*). No, no! I mean the other—the young one.

BLUNT. Well, sir, he's first chop too.

JACK. Ugh! triple dolt, brute, idiot! (*BLUNT about to speak*) Silence! get out. Stop—come and dress me. Ugh! pudding head. (*shakes his fist at BLUNT and hurries out L., followed by BLUNT.*)

MRS. T. Why, what's the matter with the boy?—such a temper all of a sudden.

JESSIE (*pouting*). No wonder; he sees well enough that you're tired of me—that you want to get rid of me—that you—oh! oh! oh! (*runs out crying R.*)

MRS. T. (*astonished*). There's some mystery here I must clear up. Jessie! Jessie! (*hustens after her, R.*)

JACK (*without, L., very loud and angrily*). Hold your tongue! don't answer me: don't be insolent. There, there! (*enters hurriedly from L.*) Whew! I'm better now I've let off some of the steam—ha, ha! Poor old Blunt! (*stopping suddenly*) But stop there's nothing to laugh at. I know I was a little bit out of temper—whose fault but his if I was?—with his infernal “first chop;” but I'd no business to strike the poor fellow, with my foot especially. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Ought to be? I am! Here he comes. (*seeing BLUNT, who enters L., looking pale and serious. After a little hesitation JACK walks up to him*) Stephen Blunt, I ask your pardon. There, that's settled—now shake hands. (*holds out his hand, BLUNT looks away*) I'm sorry. Blunt, very sorry; would you like to kick me? or shall I kick myself? I'll try if you like.

BLUNT. I'd rather you had blown my brains out, captain. If any other man in the world had—had—you know what I mean—I'd have knocked him down.

JACK (*quietly*). Then knock me down.

BLUNT. As you are now, sir? No—but in a fair stand-up fight I would—at least I'd try.

JACK (*with sudden excitement*). What's that?—stand-up fight?—this sort of thing? (*sparring and hitting out.*)

BLUNT (*with a broad grin*). That's it, sir. If you'd only just let me knock you about for a round or two I should feel like a man again.

JACK (*aside*). I rather like this—I do, by Jove! There's some fun in having one's head punched by one's servant. (*aloud*) All right, old boy—you shall have satisfaction after your own fashion. Look out for some nice quiet spot, and in ten minutes' time we'll have it out. In the meantime, mum, not a word.

[BLUNT runs out c., rubbing his hands in high glee.

JACK (*after a pause*). I'd better by half have stopped in China. I can't stop here! I can't look quietly on—probably with my eye bunged up—and see the woman I love married to a Dickey! No, no! I'll pack up at once.

MRS. TARLETAN and JESSIE have entered L. during the above.

MRS. T. (*overhearing*). Pack up!

JACK. Yes, aunty—I'm off. Good-bye!

MRS. T. Off! Where? where?

JACK. I don't know—somewhere or other; if not there, somewhere else. Good-bye!

MRS. T. John Pepperpot, you are deceiving me. I want the truth—do you hear, sir?—the truth!

JACK. Do you?—then you shall have it. I love Jessie! There, now you've got it.

JESSIE (*joyously*). Do you hear, aunty?—he loves me!—me, whom you are about to sacrifice—to immolate! (*in a tragic tone.*)

JACK (*in a similar tone*). On the altar of Chirper!

JESSIE. It's cruel!

JACK. Barbarous!

JESSIE. Inhuman!

JACK. Savage!

MRS. T. (*who has been trying to speak*). Will you let me speak? (to JACK) You say you love Jessie?

JACK. Awfully!

MRS. T. Well—unless, indeed, Jessie objects—

JESSIE (*very quietly*). But I don't!

MRS. T. In that case, the sooner you get married the better.

JESSIE. Oh, you kindest, best of aunts! (*kissing her*.)

MRS. T. Well, Jack, have you nothing to say to me?

JACK. Only this, that you can't form the faintest idea of what a trump you are.

MRS. T. (*suddenly*). But what about poor Mr. Chirper? He'll be here presently.

JACK. Of course, the sooner we put Dickey's pipe out the better.

MRS. T. I will speak to Dr. Jogtrot myself, and beg him to break the intelligence to his young friend.

JACK. Very well. (*seeing BLUNT, who crosses at back*) Blunt by Jove! (*exchanges a sign with BLUNT, who disappears*) Excuse me for a few minutes—I'll be back directly. (*hurries up towards C., running against JOGTROT, who enters*) Beg pardon! (*aside to him*) My aunt's got a little bit of news that'll rather astonish you. (*runs out C.*)

MRS. T. You had better retire, Jessie. (*aside to her*) Leave everything to me. [Exit JESSIE, R.]

JOGTROT. It seems, my dear lady, you have a communication to make to me?

MRS. T. I have—a very important one. I have just made a discovery which I confess has given me the greatest possible pleasure. In a word, my nephew loves Jessie, and Jessie loves my nephew!

JOGTROT (*very quietly*). In other words, Mr. Chirper is expected to resign his pretensions in your nephew's favor?

MRS. T. Exactly!

JOGTROT. My answer, madam, will be brief. I presented Mr. Chirper as a candidate for the hand of your niece, and my ward—you received him graciously. I cannot, therefore, become an accomplice in your inconsistency, not to say caprice!

MRS. T. (*impatiently*). But don't I tell you the young people love each other?

JOGTROT (*very quietly*). What of that?

MRS. T. (*indignantly*). What of that?

JOGTROT. I myself have loved, madam?

MRS. T. But perhaps the lady did not love you in return?

JOGTROT. She did, madam, intensely, and married her dancing master!

MRS. T. (*in a compassionate tone*). Dear, dear! Of course you were inconsolable?

JOGTROT. No, madam—I went in for trigonometry, and that cured me! Why should not your nephew do the same?

MRS. T. Jack go in for trigonometry—ha, ha! (*coaxingly*) Come, my dear doctor, you'll explain the state of affairs to Mr. Chirper, won't you?

JOGTROT (*very stiffly*). Certainly not, madam!

MRS. T. (*angrily*). Then I will! and in the meantime I beg to assure you that I consider you a very uncivil, unamiable, and intensely disagreeable person. [Exit, L.]

JOGTROT. Umph! a decided check for Chirper—who, if he loses the

young lady, will also lose the thousand pounds I owe him. But it isn't necessarily checkmate. No, no—as the young lady's legal guardian I shall have something to say yet.

Enter JACK, hastily, c., putting on his coat.

JACK (*laughing as he enters*). Ha, ha! poor old Binnt! he soon had enough of it. (*seeing JOGTROT*) Well, you've seen my aunt, eh? She rather astonished you, didn't she? But really now, (*taking JOGTROT'S arm familiarly*) you never thought your man had the ghost of a chance, did you?

JOGTROT. My man!

JACK. Yes, Dickey! Here he is! (*going up to meet CHIRPER, who enters c.; aside to him*) Our intellectual friend has something to tell you. Be a man, Dickey! (*slapping him on the back*) It's no use crying for spilt milk, my Trojan!

[*Exit c., CHIRPER staring after him in astonishment.*]

JOGTROT (*aside*). There are circumstances under which a fib becomes a duty. (*aloud and grasping CHIRPER'S hand*) I congratulate you. She's yours—at least she will be!

CHIRPER (*very quietly*). Oh, joyful tidings!

JOGTROT. But it is possible you may have a rival.

CHIRPER (*very quietly again*). Oh, maddening thought!

JOGTROT. But follow my advice and you will win her yet. Never leave her side. Say all sorts of tender things to her. By the by, have you brought her a bouquet? No? Then go and get one—the bigger the better. Go at once—recollect, the bigger the better. (*hurrying CHIRPER up stage, who goes out c., shouting after him*) The bigger the better!

JOGTROT (*coming down, then suddenly*). By no means a bad idea of mine: at any rate it's worth the trial. Surely this fire-eating captain must have some blemish, some small vice or other; I don't care how small—I'll undertake to stretch it as far as it will go. Here comes his servant; I may be able to squeeze something out of him.

Enter BLUNT, c., one of his cheeks much swollen.

JOGTROT (*beckoning to BLUNT*). Here, my worthy creature, I wish to speak to you. (*BLUNT touches his cap and advances*) A swollen face, I see. Toothache?

BLUNT. No, sir. I'll tell you how it was. I makes a feint with my left, (*hitting out, JOGTROT skips back*) when slap comes a right-hander straight from the elbow, (*hitting out again, JOGTROT skips back again*) and catches me on the—

JOGTROT. Yes, yes, exactly; but tell me, have you been long with your gallant master?

BLUNT. Better than ten years, sir.

JOGTROT. The more to your credit, my fine fellow. Here's a sovereign. (*gives money.*)

BLUNT. Thankee, sir. (*aside*) What's his little game, I wonder?

JOGTROT. I like the captain—I like him much. Rather a lively temper perhaps: a little bit quarrelsome, eh? slightly pugnacious—umph? and a sad fellow among the women. I'm afraid—ha, ha, ha! (*pointing BLUNT in the side.*)

BLUNT. Who? Master? Not he! Only bring him face to face with a pretty wench and see if he don't stand there a-stammering and blushing like a big lubberly schoolboy.

JOGTROT (*aside*). The scoundrel won't speak! (*aloud*) I gave you a sovereign just now; oblige me by getting it changed for me.

BLUNT (*aside*). So, so! wanted to pump me, did he? I'll bring him a pound's worth of coppers. (*goes up, meets JACK, who enters c., stops and whispers JACK, pointing to JOGTROT, then exits c.*)

JACK. So, so! my serious friend, you not only, as my aunt tells me, refuse to withdraw your man, but you have been pumping Blunt about me, have you? (*touching JOGTROT on the shoulder*) You can spare me time for half a dozen words? Thank you. (*very quietly*) It seem you are not over and above anxious that I should marry my cousin?

JOGTROT. Frankly, I am not.

JACK (*still very quietly*). May I ask why?

JOGTROT (*aside*). He doesn't seem very explosive; I'll go it a bit. (*aloud*) In the first place, from my limited acquaintance with military men, I confess—I— (*shrugging his shoulders*.)

JACK (*still very quietly*). Well, sir?

JOGTROT (*aside*). He doesn't seem at all explosive; I'll go it another bit. (*aloud*) And although you have left the army, you can scarcely have failed to contract certain habits and pursuits, which, in my opinion, are more or less antagonistic to happiness in the married state.

JACK (*aside*). I'm getting the fidgets in my right leg! (*aloud*) In short, you look upon me as a decidedly disreputable person? (*with difficulty restraining his passion*.)

JOGTROT (*alarmed and very quickly*). I didn't say so. (*aside*) I shan't go it any more bits. (*aloud*) But, seriously, you don't, you can't really believe you love your cousin. You've only just returned from China!

JACK. What of that, so long as I didn't leave my heart behind me?

JOGTROT. Still, this sudden, very sudden, remarkably sudden attachment some people might be ill-natured enough to—to—to—

JACK (*with increasing impatience*). When you've quite done "to—to—to—ting," perhaps you'll get on!

JOGTROT. I repeat, some people might attribute to the lady's fortune, rather than to the lady herself. (*with intention*.)

JACK. Fortune? What, Jessie? (*after a short pause*) Well, so much the better. Not that I was aware of it.

JOGTROT (*smiling significantly*). Oh, you were not aware of it, eh?

JACK (*checking his anger*). I have said so once, sir!

JOGTROT (*smiling satirically*). Yes, you said so, certainly.

JACK (*gulping down his anger, and very quietly*). Have you quite done? Then suppose we change the conversation? Now, if the thing were properly put to you, which do you think you would prefer? Having your nose pulled? (*JOGTROT retreats*) a sound horse-whipping? (*JOGTROT takes another jump backwards*) or a good kicking? (*swinging his right leg about*. JOGTROT rushes out c.)

JACK. Hah, ha, ha! (*suddenly stopping*) Zounds! these infernal little pets of mine will be the ruin of me. Of course he'll tell aunt—she'll scold—Jessie'll blubber—so shall I—at least I'll try—our marriage will be—but he can't have left the house yet. I'll run after him. Memorandum for the future—when you feel a sudden impulse to strangle a man, do it! (*runs out c., after JOGTROT*.)

Enter MRS. TARLETAN and JESSIE, R., followed by JOGTROT.

Mrs. T. Surely, doctor, you must be mistaken; the thing is impossible.

JOGTROT. I grieve to say that I have it from the best authority—an eye-witness. Half an hour ago, almost under this very roof, your

nephew was engaged in a low, vulgar, disreputable pugilistic encounter with his own servant!

MRS. T. A pugilistic encounter! But the reason?—the motive?

JOGTROT (*with malicious intention*). Is perhaps not very difficult to guess. Your waiting-woman, my informant, is a very comely young person; both master and man may have noticed it too—young men will be young men:—a little jealousy, perhaps. (MRS. TARLETAN *hastily rings small bell which is on the table.*)

Enter MARTHA, R.

MRS. T. Come here, Martha. You have informed Dr. Jogtrot that you witnessed a scene recently, which I need not describe, between Captain Pepperpot and his servant. Is this true?

MARTHA. Yes, ma'am; they were hard at it, ma'am, behind the summer-house, ma'am, a-fisticuffing one another. (*imitating absurdly.*)

MRS. T. Tell me, has this man—Blunt, I think his name is—ever given you reason to think that he admires you?

MARTHA. Only so far as saying I was a niceish sort of a girl. But lots have told me that.

JESSIE (*very eagerly*). And his master—perhaps he may have—

MARTHA. Well, miss, the captain has certainly chucked me under the chin once or twice; but lots have done that.

MRS. T. You can go, Martha.

[*Exit MARTHA, R.*

JESSIE. Oh, auntie, this is dreadful! I never could have believed it of Jack—never! (*stops at a sign from MRS. TARLETAN, who sees JACK enter L.*)

JACK (*as he enters hurriedly*). Can't find him anywhere. (*aside, seeing JOGTROT*) So, so! he's stolen a march on me. (*to MRS. T.*) Auntie, I suspect our serious friend here has been giving you his version of a certain little trumpery affair that—that—

MRS. T. (*coldly*). He has.

JACK. Well, I confess I was just a little hasty. One of my little pets, you know; but if you only knew the provocation—

MRS. T. (*satirically*). We do know the provocation.

JESSIE (*imitating Mrs. T.'s tone*). Yes, we do know the provocation.

MRS. T. Come with me, doctor. We must have a little conversation—serious conversation.

JOGTROT. At your service, my dear madam. (*aside*) I wonder how our gallant friend feels now.

[*Exit C., with MRS. T., JACK staring after them, bewildered.*

JACK. Jessie!

JESSIE (*very dignified*). Sir!

JACK (*astonished*). "Sir!" What's the matter? You seem annoyed—vexed.

JESSIE. I am!

JACK. Will you tell me why?

JESSIE (*with comic severity*). Ask your conscience, young man!

Enter MARTHA, C., carrying an enormous bouquet.

MARTHA. This beautiful nosegay, miss—just come—with Mr. Chirper's compliments. (*gives nosegay, and exit R.*)

JESSIE. What a lovely bouquet! How very polite of Mr. Chirper.

JACK (*sulkily*). There's plenty of it—looks more like a bunch of greens. Of course, Jessie, you won't accept it?

JESSIE (*coldly*). Why not? I'm fond of flowers.

JACK. Yes, but you are not fond of Dickey. Come, Jessie, you'll return that bunch of greens—I mean that nosegay—to Mr. Chirper, won't you?

JESSIE (*pretending to admire the flowers*). Certainly not.

JACK (*checking his rising anger*). Take care, Jessie! I ask you once again.

JESSIE. I shall keep it!

JACK (*tenderly*), Jessie!—Cousin!

JESSIE. I repeat, I shall keep it!

JACK (*furious*). You shall not! (*snatching bouquet from JESSIE and tearing it to pieces*) There, there, there! (*JESSIE screams.*)

Enter MRS. TARLETAN, C., followed by JOGTROT.

JESSIE. Oh, aunty! (*running to her*) and you sir! (*to JOGTROT*) protect me from the violence of my cousin. Because Mr. Chirper sent me a nosegay, he has snatched it from me and torn it to pieces.

JOGTROT (*advancing to JACK*). Young man, I'm amazed—

JACK. Go to the devil? (*furiously, JOGTROT retreats.*)

MRS. T. (*sorrowfully*). Oh, Jack, Jack!

JACK. Harkee, aunt—it strikes me I've been made to play rather a ridiculous part here. First it's all Dickey, then it's all me! Now it's all Dickey again! One would almost think I had been used merely as bait to catch bigger fish.

MRS. T. (*sorrowfully*). Oh, nephew, nephew!

JOGTROT (*advancing*). If you allude to Mr. Chirper, sir—

JACK. D--H Mr. Chirper! (*hurries up, giving nosegay a violent kick, and exit L., slamming door violently after him.*)

MRS. T. What a dreadful scene!

JESSIE (*half crying*). I'll never marry him—never! never! never! (*picking up the flowers.*)

MRS. T. Reflect, Jessie, reflect.

JESSIE. I have reflected. (*trying to restrain her tears*) Mr. Chirper may be a trifle slow—and too fond of milk—but he wouldn't be always chucking young women under the chin—and fisti—fisti—cutting—I mean cuffing.

JOGTROT. Then I may at once convey the joyful tidings to the thrice happy Chirper?

JESSIE (*harshly*). Yes, yes! the sooner the better. (*JOGTROT hurries out C.*)

MRS. T. Oh, my darling! I fear you have been too rash—too impetuous.

JESSIE. No! I—I—(*suddenly throwing herself sobbing violently into MRS. T.'S arms.*)

BLUNT (*heard without*). All right, captain.

Enter BLUNT, L., carrying a portmanteau.

MRS. T. (*to BLUNT*). Where are you taking that luggage?

BLUNT. To the nearest hotel hereabouts, ma'am. Master's off directly, and I'm going with him.

MRS. T. Oh, then you bear him no malice?

BLUNT. Malice! Me? What for, ma'am?

MRS. T. Pshaw! In a word, I know what has lately taken place between you.

JESSIE. Yes, the fisti—fisti—you know. (*with a lame imitation of sparring.*)

MRS. T. (*with intention*). And we also know the cause.

BLUNT. Do you? And do you think I'd leave the captain just because of a little—little bit of a kicking?

MRS. T. What! Then it wasn't about—her?

BLUNT (*surprised*). Her?

JESSIE. Yes. M—Martha!

BLUNT. What! me and master fall out about a petticoat? Ha, ha! Not we. I suppose I offended him somehow or other, and he got into one of his "little pets," and struck me—not with his hand, ma'am. It nearly broke my heart. He saw it, and like a true gentleman as he is, he asks me, with almost tears in his eyes, to give him a good hiding—and we set at it at once then and there—and that's all about it, ma'am.

MRS. T. (*suddenly*). Take that luggage away. Not a word. Remember I'm commanding officer here! (BLUNT *makes a salute*) In the meantime I'll see your master.

JESSIE. Yes—we'll see your master.

BLUNT. Do please, ladies; and if you'd only try just to cheer him up a bit.

JESSIE (*eagerly*). Is he unhappy, then?

BLUNT. All I know is, as he was ramming his things into his portmanteau with his fists—this sort of thing—(*imitating*) I saw a great big one hanging to the tip of his nose.

JESSIE. A great big what? A tear?

BLUNT. Yes, miss. He said it was a cold in his head, but I know better.

JACK (*heard from room L*). Blunt! Blunt!

BLUNT. Coming, sir! (*about to run to door L*)

MRS. T. (*pointing to c.*). That way, if you please. Remember, obedience is the first duty of a soldier.

[BLUNT *makes a salute and exit c., with portmanteau.*]

JESSIE. Oh, aunty! only fancy poor Jack with a tear hanging to the tip of his great big nose - I mean a great big tear! Why, why did you let me tell my guardian that I'd never marry Jack? Do run after him, and tell him that I've changed my mind, and that I'll never, never, never marry any one else! Do make haste, aunty dear. Do be a little impetuous like me. (*during this she has urged Mrs. T. towards c.*)

MRS. T. (*laughing*). Spoilt child! spoilt child! (*kisses her and hurries out c.*)

Enter JACK, L., dressed in Tweed travelling suit, an overcoat over his arm and a small bag in his hand.

JACK (*stops on seeing JESSIE*). A thousand pardons, Jes—I mean Miss Manvers. I expected to find my aunt.

JESSIE (*archly*). And you are disappointed at finding only me?

JACK (*aside*). What unseemly levity! (*aloud*) I cannot leave her roof without wishing her good-bye.

JESSIE. Of course not. But you're not going. (*smiling.*)

JACK (*assuming a very dignified manner*). I beg your pardon, miss!

JESSIE (*imitating JACK*). I beg yours, sir!

JACK. What! remain here and see you married?

JESSIE. Of course. How can I get married unless you do remain?

JACK (*indignantly*). You don't expect me to give Dickey away, I hope?

JESSIE. No; but I certainly do expect you will give yourself away, and to me who love you, oh, so dearly!

JACK (*throwing away his coat, etc., and clasping JESSIE in his arms*). Jessie darling! But what—what does it all mean?

JESSIE (*very rapidly*). That I know why you got fisti—fisti—you know—with your servant; that it wasn't about Martha at all; that all my guardian said about you was a great big story!

JACK. Oh! oh! So old Jogtrot has been poking his ugly nose into my affairs again, has he? (*sarajely*) I'll wring his neck off!

JESSIE (*holding up her finger*). Now listen to me, Cousin Jack; if you cannot and do not control that decidedly peppery temper of yours—

JACK (*very quickly*). But I will! I swear it by—by this. (*taking small hand bell off table*) Now, Jessie, if ever you see me getting the least bit frantic, you've only to—

JESSIE. I understand. (*taking bell and ringing it.*)

JACK. That's it.

JESSIE (*looking toward c.*). Here comes my guardian. Now do as I tell you. Go over there. (*pointing—JACK moves a few paces from her*) Further than that. Now cross your arms. (*JACK obeys*) Look sulky.

JACK (*putting on a sulky look*). This sort of thing?

JESSIE. Worse than that. (*JACK puts on a hideous grimace*) That's better. Now turn your back to me. (*JACK obeys, JESSIE also turns her back to JACK.*)

JACK (*looking round*). Isn't there time for just one kiss?

JESSIE. No, no!

JACK. Only a tiny one?

JESSIE. Hush! (*they both hastily resume their positions back to back.*)

Enter JOGTROT, c.

JOGTROT (*seeing them, aside*). Dos à dos! The lady pouting—the gentleman frowning! Then the storm I contrived to raise is still at its height. (*coming down touches JACK on the shoulder, JACK turns to him with an intensely sarajey expression of face, making JOGTROT start back.*)

JOGTROT (*in a soothing tone*). Cheer up, my gallant young friend; the sex, you know, is capricious, “sipping each flower, changing each hour.” It is sad—very sad!

JACK (*sulkily*). For me, not for you, who have always opposed my marriage with my cousin.

JOGTROT. I? On the contrary, not ten minutes ago I asked her if she had any lingering affection for you, and her answer was—

JESSIE. That I would marry Mr. Chipper.

JOGTROT. There, there—you hear!

JESSIE. Yes, but (*imitating JOGTROT*) “the sex is so capricious,” you know, “sipping each flower, changing each hour;” so now, guardy. I'll marry Jack, please. (*hobbing a courtesy, then running to JACK, who takes her in his arms*)

JOGTROT (*shouting*). Stop! that's all wrong. (*seeing MRS. TARLETAN and CHIPPER, who enter c.*) You're just in time, madam. There's a gigantic—a colossal mistake here!

Mrs. T. (*smiling*). A mistake? Not at all.

JOGTROT. Not at all! Am I to understand, then, madam, that after the deplorable—scandalous scene of this morning—

Mrs. T. Which has been fully explained, and will never be repeated.

JACK. Never! I've sworn it! (*looking at JESSIE and pointing to small bell on table*) No more tempers! no more “little pets”!

JOGTROT (*aside*). One more chance! (*aloud*) All I desire is my ward's

happiness—happiness! Poor girl! (*shrugging his shoulders and giving a deep sigh.*)

JACK (*bristling up sharply*). What's that?

JOGTROT (*sneeringly*). I believe, sir, I have already expressed my opinion of military men—as husbands!

JACK (*threateningly*). Take my advice, sir, and leave military men alone, or else—(*JESSIE takes small bell and rings it, JACK falls into chair laughing.*)

JOGTROT. In a word—

Mrs. T. Pardon me, doctor, you have said quite enough already.

JESSIE (*indignantly*). More than enough, Dr. Jogtrot! (*advancing on him, he retreats, she follows him up*) For the last ten minutes you've been insulting a better man than yourself, Dr. Jogtrot—a far better man, Dr. Jogtrot!

JACK (*aside*). Holloa! here's Jessie getting into a pet! (*takes second small bell and rings it—JESSIE and JACK fall into chairs, roaring with laughter and ringing their bells, JOGTROT staring at them in astonishment.*)

CHIRPER (*to JOGTROT in a sympathizing tone*). My dear respected friend—

JOGTROT (*turning fiercely on CHIRPER*). And you, standing there like a gaping idiot—ugh!

JACK. Oh, Dickey's all right! He's got his cow, hain't you, Dickey?

CHIRPER. And the Philotechnic—where, by the by, I am now due!

JOGTROT. So am I! Come along. (*slams his hat on his head, puts his arm in CHIRPER's, swings him round and drags him out c.*)

JACK (*taking JESSIE's hand*). Mine!—mine at last!

JESSIE (*smiling*). But remember, Jack, no more irritability—no more tempers.

JACK. No. Here, here I vow, protest, and declare is the last of Pepperpot's Little Pets. (*kisses JESSIE's hand as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

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308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	167. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... 7	3		52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Arca Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
158. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
237. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act..	4	2
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act..	2	2
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts.....	7	6
7. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	1
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts... 14	2	2	142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
206. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts... 5	2	2	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	7
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts..	13	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	186. Duchess de la Valliere play, 5 acts..	6	4
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act... 2	1	1	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	4	2
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	47. Easy Slaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act.....	8	1
1. Casto, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	11	5	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
119. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	3	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Diets, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
405. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	101. Fernando, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	7
141. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.--Continued.

	M. F.		M. J.
29. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	2
1 2. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	3	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1
4. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts.	10
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7
1 act.....	5	210. Mabel's Manoeuvre, interlude, 1 act	1
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.....	10
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts...	8	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act.	5
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,		249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3
farce, 1 act.....	4	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a.	3
203. Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act...	5	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5
28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.	38	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3
303. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act...	2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	912. More Sinned against than Sinning,	
246. High Life Below Stars, farce, 2 acts.	9	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11
51. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1
24. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5	103. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2	216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act...	3
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act.	4	193. My Walking Photograph, musical	
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13	duality, 1 act.....	1
225. Ici on Parle Français, 1 act.....	3	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.....	3
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts...	6	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts...	4
29. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,	
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act...	4	farce, 1 act.....	3
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts...	8	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act...	9	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	18
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts...	6	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act...	3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.	13
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts...	7	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,	
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	3 acts.....	5
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act...	3
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....	26	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts...	13
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts...	3	306. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts...	6	261. Object of Interest (An) farce, 1 act.	4
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act...	2	238. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	273. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act...	3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	277. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.....	5
37. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11	5. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act...	1
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.	12	33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	3
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3	3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act...	1	90. Oily a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2
253. Let Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4
111. Let's (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3
339. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act...	5	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18
48. Little Arnold's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16
32. Little Royal, farce, 1 act.....	4	172. Ours comedy, 3 acts.....	6
64. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8	45. Our Domestica, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act...	3	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts...	24
223. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
1. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts...	11 5	257. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, drama, 5 acts.....	8 2
2. Pan of Snares (A), farce, 1 act.....	4 3	146. There's no Smoke without Fire, comedy, 1 act.....	1 3
20. Partners for Life, comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4	83. Three Married, personation piece, 1 act.....	6 1
150. Peace at any Price, farce, 1 act.....	1 1	245. Thumping Legacy (A), 1 act.....	7 1
22. Peep o' Day, drama, 1 act.....	12 4	251. Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.	9 3
17. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.....	3 10	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, 1 act.....	15 24	27. Time and Tide, drama, 4 acts.....	7 5
293. Philomel, romantic drama, 3 acts...	6 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act	4 2
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.....	7 2	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1.	3 2
133. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1a.	10 3	222. Toodles (The), drama, 2 acts.....	10 2
217. Poor Pillicoddy, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	235. To Oblige Benson, comedy, 1 act	3 2
110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1a.	3 6	238. Trying It On, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.....	3 2	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act. .	5 3
59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.....	5 3	214. Turn Him Out, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
55. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce.....	3 0	138. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts..	4 5
280. Pretty Piece of Business (A), come- dy, 1 act.....	2 3	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6 3
181. 182. Queen Mary, drama, 2 acts... 37	7 1	234. 'Twixt Axe and Crown, play, 5 acts.	24 12
196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act.....	1 1	198. Twin Sisters, comic operetta, 1 act.	2 2
255. Quiet Family, farce, 1 act.....	4 4	235. Two Bonnycastles, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
157. Quiet at Home, comedy, 1 act....	5 2	120. Two Buzzards (The), farce, 1 act....	3 3
132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.....	10	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act....	3 3
237. Regular Fix (A), farce, 1 act.....	6 4	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.....	4 5
183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.....	12 2	238. Two Roses (The), comedy, 3 acts... 7	4 4
38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.....	10 2	222. Two Thorns (The), comedy, 4 acts..	9 4
77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts... 8	4 4	294. Uncle Dick's Darling, drama, 5 acts	6 5
316. Romeo on the Gridiron (A), mono- logue, for a lady.....	1	162. Uncle's Will, comedy, 1 act....	2 1
195. Rosemi Shell, burlesque, 4 scenes..	6 3	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act	6 2
247. Rough Diamond (The), farce, 1 act.	6 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.....	7 4	317. Veteran of 1812 (The), romantic mil- itary drama, 5 acts.....	12 2
13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6 6
229. Sarah's Young Man, farce, 1 act....	3 3	91. Walpole, comedy in rhyme.....	7 2
158. School, comedy, 4 acts.....	6 6	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	2 1
201. School for Scandal, comedy, 5 acts..	13 4	231. Wanted, One Thousand Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Re- gions, farce, 1 act.....	3 7
264. Scrap of Paper (A), comic drama, 3a	6 6	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts	5 4
79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1a.	7 5	311. What Tears can do, comedy, 1a.	3 2
203. She Stoops to Conquer, comedy, 5a.	15 4	105. Which of the Two? comedy, 1a.	2 10
37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act,....	3 2	266. Who Killed Cock Robin? farce, 2a.	2 2
35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2 1	98. Who is Who? farce.....	3 2
213. Single Married Man (A), comic ope- retta, 1 act.....	6 2	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 4
43. Sisterly Service, comedy, 1 act....	7 2	213. Widow (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 6
6. Six Months Ago, comedy, 1 act....	2 1	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, bur- lesque.....	8 2
221. Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act... 5	2 1	{ Window Curtain, monologue....	1
10. Snapping Turtles, dialogue, 1 act....	1 1	{ Circumstantial Evidence ".....	1
26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 4 acts.....	6 2
207. Sold Again, comic operetta, 1 act... 3	1	161. Woman's Vows and Masons' Oaths, drama, 4 acts.....	10 4
204. Sparking, comedy, 1 act.....	1 2	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2a	4 4
78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3	290. Wrong Man in the Right Place (A) farce, 1 act.....	2 3
215. Still Waters run Deep, comedy, 3a.	9 2	54. Young Collegian, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
256. Sweethearts, dramatic contrast, 2a.	2 2		
232. Tail (Tale) of a Shark, musical mo- nologue, 1 scene.....	1		
31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3		
150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedy, 1 act....	1 2		
129. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act	2 1		

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	26. Rival Tenants, sketch	4	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	1	138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene	6	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.	2	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes	5	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes	3	3
60. Lost Will, sketch	4		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes	6	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3	2	84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes	7	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene	3		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes	5	
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes	4		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene	3		46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene	3	1	69. Squire for a Day, sketch	5	1
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene	5		56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc	2	1
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene	6	1	72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene	1	2
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	2	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc.	6	
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes	4	5	16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene	5	
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1	7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene	2	
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.	4		121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene	3		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene	3	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene	6	
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes	3	1
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	4		34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5		122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene	3	
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene	2	1	2. Tricks, sketch	5	2
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch	7	1	104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene	5	
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio	4	1	5. Two Black Roses, sketch	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch	7		28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc.	3	1
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1	134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene	7		62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6	1
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene	5		32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch	3	
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene	2	1	39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene	4	
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	5	1	75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene	7	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene	4	1	93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene	7	1
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7		29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene	3	1
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc.	6		97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene	4	
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene	6	1	137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	1
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1	143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene	4	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene	2	3	99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5		85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene	3	
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc.	3	1	116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene	5	
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6				
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc.	3				


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