

PS 3539
.R47 P5
1910
Copy 1

POST FREE
[In Great Britain only] **6d.** OR **15 CENTS.**

FRENCH'S ACTING EDITION

THE PICK OF OAKHAM

(LEO TREVOR and JOHN HARWOOD)

The AMATEUR FEE for each representation of this piece is 21s., payable in advance to SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd., 26, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

LONDON :
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
26, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND.

NEW YORK :
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
28, WEST 38TH STREET.

BELFAST—
J. NICHOLSON, 26, Church Lane.
BIRMINGHAM—
JAMES GUEST, 12, Snow Hill.
W. H. SMITH & SON, 34, Union St.
BRADFORD—
W. H. SMITH & SON,
5, Dale Street.

BRISTOL—
E. TOLEMAN, 2, Rupert Street.

DUBLIN—
MORROW'S LIBRARY, 12, Nassau St.

EDINBURGH—
H. ROBINSON, 111-115, Leith St.

GLASGOW—
WM. LOVE, 221, Argyle Street.

LEEDS—
R. JACKSON, 18, Commercial St.

LIVERPOOL—J. BURKINSHAW
& SONS, 28-30, Colquitt Street.

MANCHESTER—
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate
and Ridgefield.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—
THOMAS ALLAN, 18 & 20, Blackett
Street.

PLYMOUTH—
W. HEARDER, 195, Union St.

PRESTON—
J. WATKINSON, 41, Cannon St.

SHEFFIELD—
GEO. SLATER, Fitzalan Sq.

BOMBAY—
THACKER & Co.

CALCUTTA—
THACKER, SPINK & Co.

MADRAS—
HIGGINBOTHAM & Co.,
165, Mount Road.

SIMLA—
THACKER, SPINK & Co.

CAPE COLONY—
J. C. JUTA, Cape Town.

CAPE TOWN—
MESSRS. DARTER & SONS.

DURBAN—
VAUS SLATTER & Co.

MELBOURNE—
WILL ANDRADE
201, Bourke Street.
E. W. COLE, Book Arcade.

ADELAIDE—
E. S. WIGG & SON.
CAWTHORNE & Co.

NEW ZEALAND—
J. BRAITHWAITE, Dunedin.
WILDMAN & AREY,
Auckland.

SYDNEY—
S. J. KIRBY,
561, George Street.

NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE

NO BOOKS EXCHANGED.

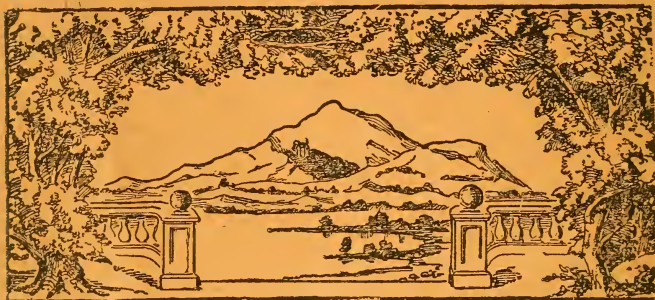
6,000 Plays, 10,000 Recitations. Send for Catalogues Post Free.

The Guide to Selecting Plays is now published annually—entirely revised and brought up-to-date. Price 1s.

SCENERY.

With a view to obviate the great difficulty experienced by Amateurs (particularly in country houses) in obtaining Scenery, &c., to fix in a Drawing Room, and then only by considerable outlay for hire and great damage caused to walls, we have decided to keep a series of Coloured Scenes Mounted on Canvas with roller, or they can be had unmounted on thirty sheets of strong paper and can be joined together or pasted on canvas or wood, according to require ment. Full directions, with diagrams shewing exact size of Back Scenes, Borders, and Wings, can be had free on application. The following scenes are kept in stock.

GARDEN.



Kept in two sizes. The size of the back scene of the smaller one is nearly 10 feet long and 6½ feet high, and extends with the Wings and Border to 15 feet long and 8 feet high. The back scene of the large one is 13 feet long and 9 feet high and extends with the Wings and Border to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. It is not necessary to have the scene the height of the room, as blue paper to represent sky is usually hung at the top.

	£	s.	d.
Small Size, with Wings and Border complete, unmounted	1	10 0
Ditto, mounted	3	3 0
Large Size, with Wings and Border complete unmounted	2	0 6
Ditto, mounted	4	4 0
Blue Paper 20 inches by 30, per sheet	0	0 2

WOOD.



Kept in two sizes, same as the Garden Scene. and at similar price.

THE PICK OF OAKHAM

THE PICK OF OAKHAM

OR

The Girl with the Bad Habit

*A SPORTING MELODRAMA
IN FOUR ACTS*

By

LEO TREVOR and JOHN HARWOOD

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH LTD
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

PS3539
R47 P5
1910

THE PICK OF OAKHAM

Produced on Tuesday, June 28, 1910, at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, London, with the following Cast :—

ACT I.—Scene : *The Hunting Breakfast-room at Castle Glanders.*

ACT II.—“*In full cry.*”
Scene : *A Drury Lane near Bluemarket.*

ACT III.—“*Tried in the Balance.*”
Scene : *The Weighing Room.*

ACT IV.—“*Killed in the open.*”
Scene : *Upsom Downs.*

THE EARL OF LOWATER.	An impoverished Peer.	Mr. E. M. Robson.
JACK CHOLMONDELEY.	The hero . . .	Mr. Kenneth Douglas.
MAJOR SUTTON D'ETHE.	The villain . . .	Mr. Cyril Maude.
NED SNAFFLE.	A Trainer . . .	Mr. John Beauchamp.
TINY PULLAM COCKY BANTHAM	} Jockeys.	{ Mr. Lennox Pawle.
COCKSURE . . .		
ODDSON . . .	A Bookmaker . . .	Mr. Fred Lewis.
BINNS . . .	Butler and huntsman to Lord Lowater.	Mr. Lionel Rignold.
HON. GWENDOLINE MORTGAGE.	The Heroine . . .	Miss Hilda Trevelyan.
FAITH MERCY . . .	The Villain's Victim.	Miss Maidie Hope.

THE PICK OF OAKHAM

ACT I

“ A HOT SCENT ”

SCENE.—*The hunting breakfast-room at Castle Glanders. An oak chamber decorated with trophies of the chase. A stuffed rabbit or two. Seated at the table spread for the usual hunting breakfast (champagne bottles and glasses, and very little else) are the EARL OF LOWATER, JACK CHOLMONDELEY, NED SNAFFLES, and TINY PULLAM. BINNS goes round with the bottle and stations himself behind his lordship's chair. All are dressed in red coats, except CHOLMONDELEY (his lordship having huge gold buttons with coronets on them), white trousers tucked into sea boots, except BINNS, whose trousers are finished off by painted tops.*

As the curtain rises they are all singing an old English hunting song—

CHORUS.

The Mummerset Hounds.

'Tis a fine hunting day,
Though they're making the hay
And the sky is a midsummer blue,
Yet the hounds have come out
Just to tickle a trout,
Or mop up a stray Kangaroo.
There's a coon up a gum tree, they say;
We'll catch him if only he'll stay.
So we'll hollo and shout,
And ride hard for the snout,
For we must go a-hunting to-day.

(*At the conclusion of the chorus LORD LOWATER turns to BINNS.*)

LORD LOWATER. Have hounds brought round to the front door directly after breakfast.

BINNS. Very good, my lord. Which 'ounds will you 'ave to-day?

LORD L. Which hounds?

BINNS. We 'ave all sorts in the Mummiesetshire kennels, Bassets, Bloods and Dachs. Take your choice of 'ound.

LORD L. Loose a few of each.

CHOLMONDELEY. Yes, let's have a mixed grill.

BINNS. Very good, your Grace. I'll just pop round and see they 'ave got their collars on, your worship. We don't want no trouble with the police.

(*Exit, singing Hunting Chorus.*)

LORD L. Do so, Binns.

CHOL. An invaluable servant, my lord. One of Beecham's People.

SNAFFLE. Worth a guinea a box.

LORD L. He's been butler and huntsman in the family over fifty years. No man can draw covert or cork better than old Nimrod Binns.

(GWENDOLINE MORTGAGE'S voice heard off giving the "View.")

CHOL. Listen!

LORD L. (*listens and then sighs*). Her mother's voice.

(*Music.*)

(GWENDOLINE MORTGAGE runs on cracking a whip and carrying a dead rabbit. She is dressed as a female ring attendant of the circus, red coat, tights, top boots, etc.)

GWENDOLINE. Dad, I've had such a scamper on "Rat Catcher."

CHOL. Sweetheart, you are too venturesome.

GWEN. And see, I was in at the death.

CHOL. (*taking rabbit*). A warrantable white tufter.

LORD L. He will make a lovely pie. You must be hungry, child. What will you take—a plover's egg—omelette, or snipe's liver?

GWEN. No, thank you, dad. I am reserving myself for the first *meet* of the season (*all laugh*).

(*Chord.*)

SNAFFLE. Ah! there spoke a Mortgage. Her father's own child.

(GWENDOLINE *seats herself at table.*)

(TINY PULLAM *begins to run round the table.*)

LORD L. Tiny!

PULLAM. My lord!

LORD L. This is not a circus—cease!

CHOL. What is he supposed to be doing?

LORD L. Getting his weight down to ride my horse, the Tortoise; he is my jockey, the crack light weight.

CHOL. If he keeps this up, I shall begin to think he is a "*cracked*" light weight.

LORD L. Tiny, desist—

PULLAM. Yes, my lord (*wipes his face, buttons his waistcoat closer, takes out a tape measure and measures stomach*). Lost a couple of pounds.

(*Enter BINNS.*)

LORD L. Where is Oddson—the bookmaker?

BINNS. In the pantry, your highness. He's just laid the stillroom maids ten to one against the Tortoise for the Derby.

LORD L. Ten to one—impudent fellow! He shall lay me twenties.

CHOL. Tortoise has never yet won the Derby, has he?

LORD L. No; the only Classic race he's missed—

winner of the Oaks four years in succession and, as yet, not a single Derby. It's the luck of the Lowaters.

CHOL. We'll change the luck (*holding up the glass*). Here's to the master of the Mummersetshire Hunt—as fine a horseman as ever headed a fox, or grasped a pommel.

(*Music—Villain.*)

(*A fearful row is heard without—D'ETHE quarrelling with ODDSON.*)

ODDSON (*without*). Well, pay me my money, Major.

D'ETHE. When the Earl pays me.

ODDSON. The old Earl *never* pays. He's a gentleman of the old school.

D'ETHE. A gentleman—a proud, stuck-up, swindling old card-sharp.

LORD L. We have friends without—admit them, Binns.

BINNS. Certainly, Excellency.

(*Exit BINNS.*)

CHOL. (*to the EARL aside*). That man again. I thought you would not receive him.

LORD L. I cannot help myself. I lost four thousand to him in the harness-room last week at shove halfpenny.

CHOL. Four thousand pounds!

LORD L. Yes—or fourpence? I can't remember which. My affairs are fearfully involved.

BINNS (*announcing*). Major Sutton D'Etche, Royal Muffineers—

CHOL. The fellow's not worth his salt.

(*D'ETHE enters dressed in full uniform, with the exception of a hunting crop and top boots.*)

(*Music stops.*)

D'ETHE. Morning, my lord; we were kept late on

Parade. (*Turning to GWENDOLINE.*) And *how* is the Hon'ble Gwendoline?

GWEN. Nicely, thank you, Major.

LORD L. Sit down and fall to.

CHOL. From what I have seen of the Major's riding, my lord, he'll find the falling easier than the sitting.

D'ETHE. Ah, Cholmondeley! I knew you were here; I saw your hat hanging on the rack by the Earl's garden coronet. It will want dusting before wearing.

CHOL. How so?

D'ETHE. It has been hanging there some time.

CHOL. What mean you? (*Fires revolver.*)

(*Chord.*)

D'ETHE (*laughing cynically*). Nothing; if the cap fits you, wear it. (*Fires revolver.*)

CHOL. I have—for years.

D'ETHE. It looks like it.

CHOL. Better to wear one old hat than three.

D'ETHE. Ah!—would you insult me? (*Fires revolver once or twice.*)

GWEN. Gentlemen—gentlemen—fair play's a Joel and there is ladies present.

D'ETHE. Mille pardons—mademoiselle (*bowing low*).

PULLAM. No bad language. Shame!

LORD L. (*rising*). Gentlemen of the Mummersetshire Hunt—we are met to-day to celebrate not only the opening day of the Mummersetshire hunting season, but the betrothal of my daughter to Jack Cholmondeley.

(*Enter BINNS, goes to LORD LOWATER.*)

BINNS. Beg pardon, your Grace—the brokers.

(*Chord.*)

LORD L. My broker! How dare he interrupt me

at my country seat? No nobleman ever meets his broker except in the City. My broker here—how singular!

BINNS. Plural, my lord—not broker, but brokers.

ALL. Brokers! (*Music.*)

LORD L. (*fiercely to D'ETHE*). This is your work. (*Chord.*)

D'ETHE (*defiantly*). Yes.

GWEN. Father, can you pay?

LORD L. Alas! no.

BINNS. Don't be downhearted, my lord. I 'ad 20 to 1 this morning from old Oddson about Worcester Source for the Garrick Stakes, and my nephew, Cockey Bantham, is riding the favourite, Fat Head.

LORD L. He is bound to pull it off. (*Music stop.*)

BINNS (*in a whisper*). Yes, my lord. He's standing in with me. It's a dead cinch and you are welcome to 'alf.

LORD L. You are an honest fellow, Binns. (*Offers hand.*)

(BINNS *steals* LORD L.'s watch and *exit.*)

D'ETHE. Enough of this. Let the brokers broke immediately. (*Music—Love theme.*)

GWEN. One moment, father. I know why this man has done this thing. I have felt his eyes scorch me like a flame. Indeed, so much so, that I have not worn a transparent blouse all the summer. But the old name must not be dishonoured. The dead Lowaters must not be disgraced.

CHOL. Hush! you don't know what you are doing.

GWEN. Yes, to-day is my birthday, not yesterday. I know what I am doing. (*Exit.*)

CHOL. Gwendoline, Gwendoline.

(*Rushes out after her. Music stop.*)

LORD L. (*to the others*). Leave me, good people, naked—I mean alone with my enemy.

(*All exit excepting* LORD L. and D'ETHE.)

LORD L. Major, I owe you money ?

D'ETHE. E'en so.

LORD L. You desire my daughter's hand in marriage.

D'ETHE. Drop it, I am not carting rubbish. Your daughter ! Not much.

LORD L. I cannot enter into any partial arrangements. You must take the Hon'ble Gwendoline entirely—or——

(CHOLMONDELEY *comes silently through window at back, conceals himself beneath table and listens.*)

D'ETHE. No, my lord, keep your daughter.

LORD L. I have done so for many years ; the expense is considerable.

D'ETHE. I won't have your daughter at any price. What I want is your horse at starting price.

LORD L. The Tortoise—the Derby favourite !

D'ETHE. Yes ; hand over the Tortoise and out go the brokers.

LORD L. Sir, you forget yourself. It was presumptuous for a major in a marching regiment to ask a nobleman for his daughter's hand, but when you ask for his horse——

(CHOLMONDELEY *from under table pinches his leg and whispers.*)

CHOL. Let him have it, my lord. Tortoise was tried yesterday with my nag, "Sir John." Sir John can give him pounds.

LORD L. Is this true ?

CHOL. Gospel. Give him your old bit of cat's meat and put your shirt on Sir John.

D'ETHE. Well, what do you say ?

(*Music tremolo, hurry.*)

LORD L. You shall have the Tortoise.

D'ETHE. It's a bargain ?

LORD L. Yes.

D'ETHE. The Blue Ribbon of the Turf is mine.

LORD L. You think so ?

D'ETHE. You wouldn't care to lay against him ?
(*Produces book.*)

LORD L. I'll bet you two dollars to one.

D'ETHE. Done with you. Would any one else like a bit ?

CHOL. (*jumping up and flinging over table*). Yes—
I.

D'ETHE. You ?

CHOL. Yes.

D'ETHE. Come on. What'll you do it in—
dollars ?

CHOL. Dollars be damned. Four ponies to two.

D'ETHE. Done.

CHOL. And three monkeys to one ?

D'ETHE. Not on the nod.

CHOL. I have got the ready. (*Pulls out bank notes from all his pockets and chucks them at D'ETHE like snow.*)

D'ETHE. Right. Three monkeys to one (*entering bet*). Do you want to do any more ?

CHOL. Yes, six to two.

D'ETHE. Monkeys ?

(*Music stop.*)

CHOL. No, monkeys are muck. Four elephants to a dormouse—Sir John——

D'ETHE (*biting his pencil*). Four elephants—four million pounds. Curse his elephants. I'll be a man or a mouse. Done with you.

(*Chord—Enter PULLAM.*)

CHOL. Done !

PULLAM. Good, guvnor ! And I'll ride Sir John for you, and with my feather weight I'll get 'im 'ome.

'Ere's luck to the Lowaters and may the best 'oss win.

(All but D'ETHE sing Hunting Chorus.)

(The curtain falls with CHOLMONDELEY still raining notes. A few stray ones drift towards LORD LOWATER who puts them in his pocket.)

ACT II

SCENE.—*A Drury Lane near Bluemarket. Small tree to hide behind.*

(Enter D'ETHE reading telegram—looks round. Villain music.)

D'ETHE. This is the place—"Mug's Lane, by the big oak"; this is where Oddson is to tell me who has won the great trial. I don't like the rumours about Sir John; if he wins the race I shall lose a couple of million and be nearly ruined. Ah! here he is.

(Enter PULLAM muffled up in huge box cloth coat.)

What's this I hear about Sir John?

PULLAM. The blue ribbon of the Turf is his.

D'ETHE. What about "The Tortoise?"

PULLAM. He's in the soup.

D'ETHE. Curse you! . . . You tell me this, Oddson?

(Music stop.)

PULLAM. I'm not Oddson.

D'ETHE. Who are you, then?

PULLAM *(throwing off his coat and disclosing himself in racing silk)*. Tiny Pullam, Mr. Cholmondeley's jockey and an honest man.

(Chord.)

D'ETHE. Curse it—who the devil but a book-maker would wear a coat like that? Well, man, I made a mistake; here's a fiver for you.

PULLAM. I want no five-pound penalties from you, Major Sutton D'Ethe.

D'ETHE. Then what d'ye say to a tenner?

(Offers him ten-pound note.)

PULLAM. Thank you very much, sir. Have you seen Mr. Cholmondeley, sir? I have to meet him here by that there haw-tree. (*Points to tree.*)

D'ETHE. That is not a haw-tree——

PULLAM. It is the naked truth.

D'ETHE. I have not seen Mr. Cholmondeley, but I will tell him you are here.

PULLAM. I must be going now, sir. Thank you, sir. (*Aside.*) He ain't up to no good. I'll keep my eye on him. I'll hide in this sprig of His Majesty's.

(*Hides in tree. Enter ODDSON.*)

ODDSON. Good evening, Major. No one about?

D'ETHE. Not a soul.

(*PULLAM sneezes behind ODDSON.*)

ODDSON (*feeling his neck*). What's that?

D'ETHE. Only the wind.

ODDSON. I thought it was raining. But to business. (*Music, pizze.*) Sir John's Stable last week put their shirts on the horse for the Derby, and to-day they've put on their vests and pants.

D'ETHE. Only the men, I suppose.

ODDSON. Miss Gwendoline put something on, but I can't say what.

D'ETHE. She has made a bloomer.

ODDSON. Bloomer—no blooming fear—their horse is a cinch! The Tortoise has got as much chance of winning as a celluloid dog in Hell!

D'ETHE. Death and fury—we must stop this.

ODDSON. But how?

D'ETHE. How? How me no hows, there are a thousand ways. Bribe Captain Coe to nap Sir John; that will cook its goose. Or stay, get all the Lowater household and stable hands to meet at some fashionable rendezvous, such as the *Welsh Harp*, and then nobble the horse in their absence.

(*Chord.*)

ODDSON. 'Tis dangerous.

D'ETHE. We know not danger in the Muffineers. (*Draws revolver and fires it. Music stop.*) Listen, I have another way. Cholmondeley, my hated rival, the owner of Sir John, is coming along here shortly. (*Draws sword.*) We will smell blood, what odds?

ODDSON. I'll lay you seven to four, I—(*trembles*). Oh, Major, I don't like murder.

D'ETHE. Shh! see who comes! (*Dying child music.*) Faith Mercy, we are in luck to-night. Hide yonder behind that gnarled elm. When I whistle thrice, come.

(*Exit ODDSON.*)

(*Enter FAITH MERCY dressed in petticoat and stays.*)

FAITH. I heard my Sutton's voice. Is it you, Sutton?

D'ETHE. Suttonly. (*ODDSON applauds off—D'ETHE bows.*) You have stepped out a little previously.

FAITH. I was in my bedroom. Girls like me spend a lot of time in our bedroom now. They call me the bad girl of the family. You have come back to me, Sutton, back to be introduced to Papa and Mamma; then the girls will not look askance at me when we dance the two-step on the rink. It was at the rink I met you—at the rink I fell.

D'ETHE. Yes, my darling, but first I want you to prove your love for me.

(*Music stop.*)

FAITH. Yes, yes.

D'ETHE. You know Castle Glanders, the seat of the Earl of Lowater?

FAITH. Yes.

(*Chord.*)

D'ETHE. There is a scaffolding round the stables, and a horse in one of them is dying for want of pro-

fessional assistance. The old earl is poor and cannot afford a vet.

FAITH. Poor brute.

D'ETHE. I want you to climb through the window and make the horse swallow these two small articles. (*Hands newspaper cuttings.*)

FAITH. What do you mean? you frighten me. These articles are from the *Daily News*. Nor man nor beast could swallow these—a single paragraph spells death.

D'ETHE. Nonsense, girl. Will you do it?

FAITH. No.

D'ETHE. Fool, fool—have them yourself, then! (*Seizes her by throat.*)

FAITH. Help, help!

(*Chord.*)

D'ETHE. Swallow this. (*Reads.*) “No sensible man can have a shadow of doubt but that the Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to treat the licensing trade with strict impartiality.”

(*FAITH collapses and lies still.*)

D'ETHE. Poor devil! She swoons and now to finish her. (*Draws his sword and stabs her four times.*)

(*Chord.*)

(*PULLAM rushes out.*)

PULLAM. Villain! Murderer!! Girl choker!!!

(*Chord.*)

D'ETHE. Stand back—I have another loaded article. (*Reads.*) “The man who imagines that the Home Secretary's political opinions are not as constant as the Northern Star——”

PULLAM (*staggering and gasping*). Or the *Evening Star*.

D'ETHE. “Is not worth convincing. The Home Secretary with a noble disregard of self-advancement——”

(PULLAM falls prostrate.)

Shall I give him the rest? No, poor fool, he has got his *Harmsworth*. (Chord) Hist, who cometh? Cholmondeley, as I am an honest man. He must not see these carrion. (*Props them up behind tree.*)

(Enter CHOLMONDELEY.)

Ah! Cholmondeley!

CHOL. I do not know you, sir, let me pass. I have an appointment with my jockey.

(Chord.)

D'ETHE. A truce to this, my friend. Let me call you friend. I am the bearer of a message from your jockey Pullam. He says he couldn't wait, but will be back shortly. (*Aside.*) I'll keep him here, send a sleuth hound from Scotland Yard, and he will be arrested for killing the unhappy pair behind that tree. (Chord.) (*To CHOL.*) Good-bye, dear friend, and good luck with Sir John, but you will see I shall win. (*Exit.*)

(PULLAM comes from behind tree and staggers about the stage.)

PULLAM. Help, help—foul play—foul, foul, chicken-hearted, ruffian—foul, chicken-hearted foul. (*Swoons again.*)

CHOL. This is not a poultry yard. Wake up, man.

PULLAM. Oh, Mr. Cholmondeley, see to your horse, Sir John. Quick, while there is time. He means to nobble him and win the race. Quick—tarry no longer.

CHOL. You speak truth, man?

PULLAM. I am a jockey and always speak the truth.

CHOL. Let's have no MAHER of it.

(Enter COCKSURE. Music—"A Policeman's Life.")

COCKSURE. What's this. I heard voices. Ha, ha! Who are you?

CHOL. I am Mr. Cholmondeley, the owner of Sir John, the winner of the Derby.

COCK. Thanks, my lord, for the tip, but what is this? (*Sees the two bodies.*) I don't like this, it looks suspicious. (*Feels PULLAM'S heart.*) He breathes.

(PULLAM snores.)

Heavily, too. He's drugged. Mr. Cholmondeley, I must arrest you.

CHOL. Arrest me for what?

COCK. For the murder of what looks like an Aldwych female and a poor little, inoffensive jockey.

CHOL. Arrest the owner of the Derby favourite? You're mad—Nat Gould wouldn't do that.

COCK. Are you coming quietly or shall I call for assistance?

CHOL. Do your worst, rude fellow.

(COCKSURE whistles three times.)

(Enter ODDSON, running.)

ODDSON The Major's signal, I'm here—yes——(*draws back*). Why, what is this?

COCK. Help me to arrest this man. He has committed double suicide—I mean murder.

ODDSON. Mr. Cholmondeley! (*delighted*). Yes, with pleasure, and then to blazes with Sir John.

(*Struggle music.*)

(*Terrific struggle between the three men; finally CHOLMONDELEY tears the tree up by the roots and fells them both with it. Music changes to "Conquering Hero."*)

CHOL. Virtue triumphs, and I am free. Base villains, do your worst, there will be black deeds yet, but I will carve my way to a golden crown of victory. Good-bye, you noisesome scum. I go to save Sir John. (*Rushes out. Music forte.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III

The weighing-room at Bluemarket.

On the scene a large pair of scales, such as are used for weighing coal with a dial at the top.

Music—"Going to the Derby."

Discovered, LORD LOWATER, GWENDOLINE and CHOLMONDELEY.

LORD L. No sign of PULLAM.

(Music stop)

CHOL. None.

GWEN. Then all is lost.

(Enter D'ETHE and COCKY BANTHAM; the latter is eating buns and drinking ginger beer.)

D'ETHE. Ha! ha! You thought not to see me again; thou craven loon; you see that a soldier of His Majesty's can survive the blow from a tree.

CHOL. Go back to your kennel, you spouting spawn, your heart is as black as the hand that wears that baubled circlet.

D'ETHE. Enough of this, I want to weigh in.
(Calling.) Steward, steward!

LORD L. I am a steward of the Jockey Club, sir, and this is the weighing-room at Bluemarket, not the deck of a channel steamer.

D'ETHE. I want to put my man in the scales.
(To Cocky.) Have another bun or you'll never draw the weight. *Your* jockey has not weighed in yet.
Chol-mond-ley.

CHOL. My name is Chumley.

D'ETHE. Then why not spell it Chumley?

CHOL. Because though *poor* I am a gentleman, and

I would rather starve in the luncheon-room at Lords than bear a name that is pronounced as it is *spelt*.

LORD L. Brave boy!

GWEN. My hero!

(*Enter SNAFFLE and ODDSON.*)

SNAFFLE. The numbers are up.

CHOL. Good gracious! Oddson?

ODDS. Yes! Mr. *Chol-mon-del-lay*, you thought my number was up too; but there, it was a fair fight, and I forgive you—and now for the race. Weigh your man in, Major.

D'ETHE. Have another bun, Cocky.

COCKY. This is my forty-ninth.

D'ETHE. Make it a Jubilee. You *must* draw the weight.

LORD L. Jump in.

(*COCKY does so and it won't move.*)

That's no good, my man.

D'ETHE. Put in his whip and martingale and see if it will take it then.

(*They do so and it doesn't move.*)

Cocky, eat ten more buns; try a Diamond Jubilee.

(*COCKY crams a bun in his mouth, and as he masticates the machine moves.*)

Yes, yes, it would not take the martingale but see, it takes the bun.

LORD L. Oh, cake to that! He can't draw the weight, so he can't ride.

ODDSON. Done like a dinner.

SNAFFLE. Three cheers for "Sir John."

GWEN. We shall have a walk over.

CHOL. If only Pullam would arrive!

D'ETHE. Walk over? I'll ride *myself*. Weigh me in, Lowater.

(*Jumps on scale, and indicator moves round furiously.*)

The weight is just right. Give me your spurs, Cocky.

ODDSON. Bravo, guvnor ; we shall win. Pullam is missing, and there's only one other man in England can ride Sir John, and he's lost his licence.

OMNES. Not one ?

CHOL. Yes, ONE.

OMNES. Where ?

(*Music—Love.*)

CHOL. Here ! Hand me my trusty whalebone and silken coat.

GWEN. Think of the danger ; it is years since you mounted anything but photographs.

D'ETHE (*hissing through his teeth*). You're mad. The Upson Downs course is no child's play. Why, you never rode a race in your life.

CHOL. Liar ! I've rowed many a race and won by many a length.

D'ETHE. Where ?

CHOL. (*throws open his coat and discloses boating costume*). On Father Thames. I rowed in the winning Oxford boat for five and twenty years.

LORD L.)

GWEN.)

SNAFFLE.)

Hurray !

(*Bell off.*)

CHOL. The Bell ! Once let me get my feet in the Stretcher and Hey for Tattenham Corner and Putney Bridge !

(*Music stops.*)

(*Rushes off, followed by LORD LOWATER, GWENDOLINE and SNAFFLE.*)

ODDSON. Curse him, he will thwart us yet.

D'ETHE. Not if you are a man. (*Takes pistol from his pocket.*) Take this and hide behind a fat

policeman in the Straight; if Sir John is winning, shoot him like a dog.

ODDSON. A grand idea! Right you are. 'Tis a pretty weapon.

(Exit.)

(Bell heard again and noise of bustle.)

D'ETHE. They are going to the post, if I don't hurry I shall miss it. (About to go, and meets COCKSURE.)

COCKSURE. Stay, I arrest you in the King's head—I mean name.

D'ETHE. What for?

COCKSURE. Reading spurious literature to an unprotected female.

D'ETHE. Liar!

COCKSURE. You Stamboul dog.

(Chord.)

D'ETHE. Dog! Then taste my barker. (Shoots and COCKSURE's wig flies off.) Scalped.

COCKSURE. Your barber is a Granville and is out of court. I am bald—but bold. Drop that toy—

(Chord.)

D'ETHE. 'Tis dropped. (Hits him on his bald head—it is made of wood and COCKSURE takes it off, disclosing hair underneath, and throws scalp on the ground.)

COCKSURE. Fool, I am a policeman, you can only kill me with kindness. (Holds out his hand for a tip.)

D'ETHE. Out of my way, menial.

(Hurry music.)

COCKSURE. Dog in your teeth again!

D'ETHE. I am a dog, and if my barker's bark is but a puppy's puling, we shall see how you like the puppy's bite. See, base minion of the law, see this row of milk-white molars (shows his teeth and smiles),

the envy even of the Odol—I mean idol—Gertie Millar; each priceless pearl contains a little chasm, within of each I have a poisoned pellet. See, see, you pantomime policeman, how you will like my burning bite.

(They wrestle and sway to and fro. D'ETHE bites COCKSURE in the neck and he drops dead. Voice off, "Any more for the Sicilians, any more for Tottenham Court Road Corner?"

D'ETHE. Yes, one, and if I ride crooked and Oddson shoots straight, not the last passenger either.

(Music forte and CURTAIN.)

ACT IV

Upton Downs. The Great Race for the Derby.

As curtain rises, murmurs, shouts, whistles, banging of drums, etc. LORD LOWATER, GWENDOLINE, SNAFFLE, etc., etc., are discovered standing on orange boxes. LORD LOWATER is looking through a telescope. Scene shifters are at back of stage, each man holding small pieces of landscape scenery. When the horses come on the men begin to move with the scenery, making a moving panorama.

(Music—"Post Horn Gallop.")

LORD L. See, see, they are coming round the bend, they are nearing Tattenham Corner—I don't like the look of the Grey—who is that riding?

GWEN. Why, it's Tiny Pullam; has he sold us?

SNAFFLE. No, Pullam turned up at the last moment and is making the pace for Sir John.

LORD L. They're here——

(Music f.)

(Enter D'ETHE, CHOLMONDELEY and PULLAM, riding wooden horses; as they gallop round the stage the men with scenery move.)

GWEN. Go on, darling, go on——

(CHOLMONDELEY raises his hat and bows to the people on the stand. The horses trot off again. Great excitement.)

LORD L. Here they come up the straight!

(OMNES shout. Enter the three horses, it is a neck and neck race. D'ETHE is leading a little—a man walks on with a long white post, another man with

an umbrella and a ball of string, they tie the string to the post and umbrella and form a winning mark.)

GWEN. Jack, dear, oh, Jack, ride, ride. (*Hits his horse with her parasol.*)

(*As the horses gets near the post, CHOLMONDELEY shoots his horse's neck out—it is on a broom handle—and takes it past the others by nearly a yard.*)

ODDSON. The Tortoise is beat, he's beat—now for it. Heaven send I shoot straight.

(*He shoots at CHOLMONDELEY, misses and hits D'ETHE, who falls with a clatter, and CHOLMONDELEY wins amidst great cheering.*)

GWEN. We've won, we've won. My love, my love.

(*Music changes to "Cheer, boys, cheer."*)

CHOL. (*takes her hand and leads her to footlights*).

It was a race, a race for life.

I've won great wealth likewise a wife.

Cheers, boys, cheers,

Good wine shall soak 'em;

Cheer, oh cheer

The Pick of Oakham.

(*Music, cheers and Curtain.*)



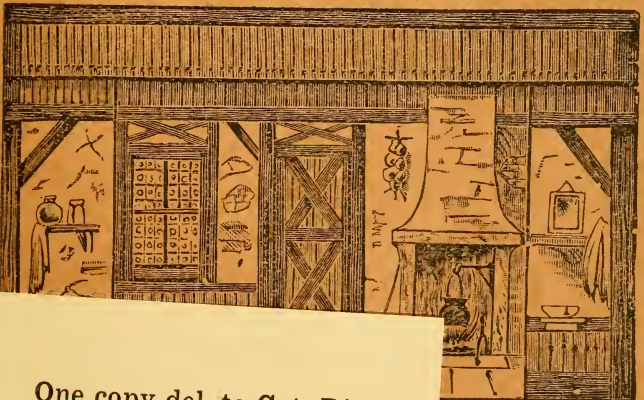
DRAWING ROOM.



Only kept in the large size, the back scene is 13 feet long and 9 feet high and extends with the Wings and Borders to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. In the centre is a French window, leading down to the ground. On the left wing is a fireplace with mirror above, and on the right wing is an oil painting. The whole scene is tastefully ornamented and beautifully coloured, forming a most elegant picture. The above is a representation of a box scene consisting of 38 sheets of paper, the extra sheets being used for the doors each side.

	£	s.	d.
Back Scene, Border, and 1 Set of Wings, unmounted	2	0	0
Ditto, mounted	4	4	0
Back Scene, Border, with 2 Sets of Wings as above to form Box Scene, unmounted	2	10	0
Ditto, mounted	5	5	0

COTTAGE.



One copy del. to Cat. Div.

is a door leading outside.
 The above is a representation of a Box Scene (but a Box Scene), but a Box Scene
 Prices and size same as

FRENCH'S ACTING EDITION—7s. per

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 928 660 5

- VOLUME 150
- 2236 The Dentist
2237 Taken for Granted
2238 Just as Well
2239 Hogmany
2240 Pansy
2241 A Doctor's Engagements
2242 A Duet
2243 My Milliner's Bill, 1s.
2244 My Aunt from California
2245 His Life for Hers
2246 The Meeting
2247 The Umbrella Duologue
2248 The Late Lamented
2249 Woman Triumphant
2250 Angelina's Lover

- VOLUME 151
- 2251 Chrysanthemums
2252 My First Client
2253 Punctured
2254 Old Pals
2255 Honeymoon Tragedy
2256 Commission
2257 Hal, the Highwayman
2258 Dinner for Two
2259 Ninth Waltz
2260 Human Sport
2261 Collaborators
2262 Mere Man
2263 Packing Up
2264 Paying Guest
2265 'Enery Brown

- VOLUME 152
- 2266 The Jilt
2267 'Op-o'-Me-Thumb
2268 A Marriage Has Been Arranged
2269 Carrots
2270 Conversion of Nat Sturge

- 2271 Clerical Error
2272 Aubrey Closes the
2273 Workbox
2274 Two on a 'Bus
2275 Bridget's Blunders
2276 That Brute Simmons
2277 Well Matched
2278 Maker of Men
2279 Gutter of Time
2280 Game of Chess

- VOLUME 153
- 2281 Mr. Steinmann's Corner
2282 Ella's Apology
2283 Colour Sergeant
2284 Helpless Couple
2285 First Aid to the Wounded
2286 Correct Thing
2287 Their New Paying Guest
2288 Domestic Entanglement
2289 Salt of Life
2290 Time is Money
2291 Wally and the Widow
2292 Deceitful Miss Smiths
2293 Holly Tree Inn
2294 Up-to-date
2295 Bit of Old Chelsea

- VOLUME 154
- 2296 Wrong Side of the Road
2297 The Open Door
2298 Prima Donna (Pemberton)
2299 Lights Out (Pemberton)
2300 Mirror of Time
2301 Three Blind Mice (Muskerry)
2302 Privy Council
2303 Snowed up with a Duchess

- 2306 Compromising Marriage
2307 Rest Cure
2308 Misses Primrose's Deception
2309 Ejection of Aunt Lucinda
2310 Uncle Dick's Darling

- VOLUME 155
- 2311 That Horrid Major
2312 Bardwell v. Pickwick
2313 House of Nightingales
2314 Turtle Doves (der
2315 Superior Miss Pellen-
2316 His Good Genius
2317 Martha Plays the Fairy
2318 Dumb Cake
2319 Proposing by Proxy
2320 Phoenix
2321 Boatswain's Mate
2322 Final Rehearsal
2323 Two Aunts at a Time
2324 Nelson Touch
2325 Convict on the Hearth

- VOLUME 156
- 2326 Grey Parrot
2327 Ghost of Jerry Bundler
2328 Bishop's Candlesticks
2329 Peacemaker
2330 Changeling
2331 Wire Entanglement
2332 Pride of Regiment
2333 "1588"
2334 Man on the Kerb
2335 O'Dowd
2336 Impertinence of the Creature
2337 Dramatist at Home
2338 Martha the Soothsayer
2339 Old Martha 1s.
2340 All Through Martha 1s.

1s. 6d. net Edition

- AN AMERICAN CITIZEN
BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE
AFFAIR
BRACE OF PARTRIDGES
BRIXTON BURGLARY
CAPTAIN SWIFT
CASSILIS ENGAGEMENT
CHARITY THAT BEGAN
AT HOME
COUNTRY MOUSE
DR. WAKE'S PATIENT
FACING THE MUSIC
FASCINATING MR. VAN-
DERVELDT
IDLER.
IMPORTANCE OF BEING
EARNEST
IN CHANCERY
JEDBURY JUNIOR

- LADY HUNTWORTH'S
EXPERIMENT
LADY WINDERMERE'S
FAN
LIBERTY HALL
LUCKY MISS DEAN
MARRIAGE OF KITTY
MICE AND MEN
MISS ELIZABETH'S
PRISONER
MISS HOBBS
MOLLENTRAVE ON
WOMEN
MR. HOPKINSON
NEW BOY
NIOBE
OH! SUSANNAH!
ONE SUMMER'S DAY
PARVENU

- PASSPORT
PERFECT LOVER
PETER'S MOTHER
PILKERTON'S PEERAGE
PRIVATE SECRETARY
RETURN OF THE PRO-
DIGAL
ROCKET [DOM
SNUG LITTLE KING-
SQUIRE
SUNLIGHT & SHADOW
TWO MR. WETHERBYS
WALKER, LONDON
WHEN WE WERE
TWENTY-ONE
WILDERNESS
WISDOM OF FOLLY
WOODEBARROW FARM

2s. 6d. net Library Edition

- BARRIER
BUILDER OF BRIDGES
CAVE OF ILLUSION
DANCING GIRL
HYPOCRITES
JOSEPH ENTANGLED

- JOHN GLAYDE'S
HONOUR
MANŒUVRES OF JANE
MASQUERADERS
MIDDLEMAN

- MOLLENTRAVE ON
WOMEN
MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE
PERFECT LOVER
SILVER KING
WALLS OF JERICHO