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No. 69.

MRS. OAKLEY'S TELEPHONE

A Comedy in Two Acts

BY
EULORA M. JENNINGS

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 W. 22D STREET

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COPY A.

MRS. OAKLEY'S TELEPHONE

A Comedy in Two Acts

MRS. OAKLEY, a bride.
CONSTANCE, her friend.
MARY, the cook.
EMMA, the maid.

NOTE.—*The telephone numbers, etc., can be adapted to any locality.*

ACT I

SCENE. *Passageway with telephone at back and left of center. Sofa right and small table left. Chairs right and left. After Curtain is up MARY is heard singing in adjoining room, left.*

MARY.

“O, Rory, be aisy, don't taise me no more,
That's eight times ye've kissed me, this day and before.
'Then here goes another,' sez he, 'to make sure.
There's luck in odd numbers,' sez Rory O'More.”

“O, Rory, be aisy, don't taise me no more—
(Telephone bell rings.)
That's eight times ye've kissed me this day, and be-
fore——”

(Any other song can be substituted if desired.)

(Bell rings again. Singing stops. Enter MARY, wiping her hands on her apron.)

Yis. Yis. It's comin' I am. Don't excite yerself. *(Takes down receiver.)* Hello! Hello! What? Hello! Which? Spake louder, plase. Och, it is not. No. I say it is not the Deke House. Don't mintion it, me boy. *(Hangs up receiver.)* 'Tis the pest of me life, this same tilephome. Since Master

Fred have brought the young bride—the Lord love the darlin'!—to keep house here durin' the summer, while his father and mother are in the Old Country, this bell do be goin' the livelong day. (*Enter EMMA, right, carrying a tray.*)

EMMA. Wass it for me, Mary?

MARY. No, Emma darlin', it was not. You're after expectin' a message from Adolph, are ye not? Troth, Emma, since ye've been an engaged girl, the tilephome have been hard-worked. But I suppose it can't complain—there's that much honey poured down its t'roat. Ye've not seen Adolph for ages?

EMMA. Not since day before yesterday evening. It gifs me much anxiousness. I t'ought for sure he call me up anyway yesterday. You t'ink he is not been sick, Mary?

MARY. Sure not. Sure not. Don't be after frettin' yerself. He'll be communicatin' wid yez this blessed mornin', I doubt not. (*Exit EMMA to kitchen. MARY takes down receiver.*) Derby, four, wan, t'ree, t'ree. Four t'ousand, wan hundred, and two t'rees. No. Four, wan— Oh, hello! Is this the ice man? (*Enter EMMA, with dustpan and broom.*)

EMMA. Does anyone want me, Mary?

MARY. No wan wants ye, me dear. (*Exit EMMA.*) I'm not talkin' to ye at all. Do ye think I'd be after callin' ye pet names? Och, ye do? Well, thin, me pet, sind up twinty pounds of ice, and sind it airly. Yis, Oakley,—twinty-t'ree, twinty-siven, Bird's-Eye-View Boulevard. Good-by yerself. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Och, me bread will niver get baked at this rate. (*Just as she reaches the door the bell rings. She goes back to the telephone.*) Yis. Yis. This is Mrs. Oakley's residence, Berkeley. Och, it's ye, is it? Yis. I'll call her. Hold the wire. (*Goes to door, right, and calls.*) Emma! Emma! The tilephome! It's the City wants ye. It's Adolph. It's him. (*Stops at telephone as she comes back.*) She's comin'. I hear her footprints. Good luck to yez. (*Enter EMMA. Exit MARY.*)

EMMA. Hello! Ja, es ist Emma. Du bist's, Adolph? Ja. Wie geht's? Ich sage, wie geht's? Hello! Hello! (*Enter MRS. OAKLEY. She has flowers in her apron, which she lays on table, and passes to kitchen.*) Adolph? Hello! (*Shakes telephone.*) Is dis Central? Central, I was connected mit de city and you have shut me off my conversation. You say de party at de odder end have left? You can't get him? Please try once more again. (*Enter MRS. OAKLEY, consulting a piece of paper.*) Excuse me, ma'am, do you wish to use the telephone?

MRS. OAKLEY (*takes telephone directory*). Are you through, Emma?

EMMA. Yes, ma'am, t'ank you. It was a call from de city, from a friend, b. t Central says she can't get them any more just now. *(Exit.)*

MRS. OAKLEY. Main 141. Is this Owen Bergold's grocery? This is Mrs. Oakley, twenty-three twenty-seven, Bird's-Eye-View Boulevard. *(MARY is heard singing outside:*

*"When first I saw swate Peggy,
'Twas on a market day.
'Twas on a low-backed car she druv,
And sat upon a truss of hay."*)

Will you please send me up—wait just a minute. *(Goes to door.)* Mary! Oh, Mary! *(Singing stops.)* Will you please stop singing just a moment? The telephone is so bad this morning I can hardly hear at all.

MARY *(in doorway)*. Sure an' I will.

MRS. OAKLEY. Hello! Will you please send me up some potatoes? Oh, I don't know. Yes, a sack. And some baking powder. A sack of baking powder. In cans? Well, a few cans, then. And a barrel of flour. A barrel of rice. R-i-c-e. And some onions. I think two will be enough. And butter. Two something—I think it is two bits' worth. And cayenne pepper. Two or three pounds. Yes, that will be enough. Oh, you say I don't want so much? One pound, then. I think that is all. Eggs? Just wait a minute till I see. *(Calls.)* Mary! *(MARY appears in doorway.)*

MARY. Yis'm.

MRS. OAKLEY. Mary, do we need eggs? They are not on the list.

MARY. Sure we do. They niver cost me a thought. There's not an egg in the house, and the cook next door was just over an' wantin' to borrow two of thim. *(Exit.)*

MRS. OAKLEY. Yes, send some eggs.

EMMA *(at door right)*. Miss Constance is here.

MRS. OAKLEY. Tell her I will be in right away. *(Exit EMMA.)* Two dozen eggs. Yes, that is all. Before lunch, please. *(Exit.)*

(Enter EMMA, with pile of towels on her arm. She lays them on the sofa and goes to telephone.)

EMMA. Please gif me Pine 279 in de City. Pine 279. Dis is Mason seven, double-six. I wish to speak mit Adolph Engelsfeder. You don'd get de name? E-n-g-e-l-s-f-e-d-e-r. *(Spells it in German.)* You will call me up when you get him? Don'd forget it, Central, please. *(Exit.)*

(Bell rings violently. Enter MARY, hands covered with flour.)

MARY. Hello! Is it what? What is it ye want? The French laundry? Ye've got the wrong number. I say no; we can't send home yer dress shirt by Wednesday night! Ye've got the wrong number. Oh, that's all right. I hope ye'll get yer shirt. Good-by. (Exit.)

(Bell rings. Re-enter MARY, left, and enter MRS. OAKLEY, right.)

MRS. OAKLEY. I'll answer it, Mary. (Exit MARY.) Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Oakley. Who is it? No, I can't imagine. No, I don't recognize your voice. The telephone is out of order, and probably that is why. Talk some more, and perhaps I can tell. Give me a clew. What? When? Oh, the best man? Of course I do. It's Mr. Colby. Now I recognize your voice. When did you return from Europe? Yesterday? To-day? I suppose you had a fine trip. We were so surprised at your going away so suddenly. Fred has missed you. We're all well—all two of us. How are you? Where are you now? What is your telephone number? Bush four-thirty. (Writes it down.) Fred will be so glad to know you have returned. By the way, have you any engagement for this evening? Won't you come over and dine with us? I shall surprise Fred. That's good. Seven o'clock. Till this evening, then. Good-by. (Hangs up receiver.) I shall have a great surprise for Fred. I shall not tell him that Harry Colby is home again till he comes to dinner. (EMMA appears in door, right.)

EMMA. Miss Constance says she must go. But you need not come in. She wishes not to disturb you.

MRS. OAKLEY. Ask her to please wait, Emma. I want to see her. Tell her I shall be in in one minute. Mary! Oh, Mary. (Enter MARY.)

MARY. Yis'm.

MRS. OAKLEY (pausing to think). Mary, will you telephone for me to the city? I can't stop to do it? I must see Miss Constance right away. Call up Mr. Oakley, and ask him to bring home six alligator pears and—let me see—four dozen oysters in the shell. The telephone number is Bush 420. And—oh, yes, Mary, there is a gentleman coming to dinner—Mr. Colby. I just had a message from him. I think I ought to have asked him to stay over night. So will you please call him up and say that Mrs. Oakley says for him to come prepared to stay over night?

MARY. And what may that telephone number be?

MRS. OAKLEY. Here it is, on this piece of paper. Bush

430. (*Takes paper and writes.*) There, Mary. There are both the numbers. Bush 430. That is Mr. Colby's. And Bush 420. That is Mr. Oakley's. I shall be ever so much obliged. (*Goes toward door, right.*)

MARY. Hello! Hello! Say, Central, I want the City. Long Distance.

MRS. OAKLEY. Mary, you had better call up Mr. Colby first, for fear he might not be in if you wait.

MARY. All right, mum. (*Exit MRS. OAKLEY. MARY consults paper.*) Central, give me—is this Central? Well, I want the City. Bush four, two, nothin'. Bedad, I've forgot the name. Say, niver mind the name, Central. Just give me Bush four-twinty. This is Mason, seven double-six—Oakley. (*Enter EMMA, darning stocking.*)

EMMA. Is it anyone to speak mit me, Mary?

MARY. No, me dear. It's mesilf that's for talkin' to a strange gintleman in the city. Yis. Hello! This is Mrs. Oakley's residence in Berkeley—Oakley—Berkeley. What? Hello! Hello! Where has he gone to? Oh, shake me 'phome, is it? Now can ye hear? (*Exit EMMA.*) This is Mrs. Oakley's residence. Beloike ye'll be after havin' yer dinner here to-night. (*Aside. He says "Certainly." That's him, sure.*) Mrs. Oakley wished me to give ye a message. Who is this? This is the cook. (*Aside. "Is that you, Mary?" How did he know me name?*) Yis, this is me. Mrs. Oakley wished me to say to ye that she will be pleased to have ye stay all night this evening. Well, I don't know if it's queer or not, but that's the message, that she will be pleased to have ye stay the night. Yis. That's all. Good-by. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Now the other wan. (*Consults paper and takes down receiver.*) Central, dear, I want another number in the City now. (*Aside. Wan is 420 and wan is 430; 420 I did call up, so now I want 430.*) Central, give me Bush 430. Is this Bush four-thirty? This is Mrs. Oakley's residence, Berkeley. Oakley. O-c-k-l-double-e. Oakley. This is Mary. Why, Mary, the cook. Mrs. Oakley wished me to ask ye when ye come over this evening to bring wid yez six dozen pears, alligators, and four oysters—och, no! 'Tis six alligator pears and four dozen oysters. Yis—that's right. Have ye got it wrote down? That's right. Good-by. (*Enter MRS. OAKLEY.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. Mary, Miss Constance will stay for lunch, and she must take the one-o'clock boat, so we want luncheon promptly at twelve.

MARY. All right, mum. I'll have it on the stroke.

MRS. OAKLEY. And, Mary, did you get the City?

MARY. I did. And the gintleman 'll be here all right and Mr. Oakley 'll be very glad indeed to bring ye the things.

MRS. OAKLEY. Thank you, Mary. (*Goes to telephone.*)

Central? Please give me Private Exchange, seven, Oakland.
(*Enter CONSTANCE.*)

CONSTANCE. Are you telephoning, Fanny?

MRS. OAKLEY. Central says the line is busy (*hangs up receiver*), so I shall have to wait.

CONSTANCE. Well, while you're waiting, will you show me how to start this pink? (*They seat themselves and MRS. OAKLEY takes crochet work.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. Sister Bess made me a fascinator like this when I was married. See? You throw the yarn over twice and put the needle in every other hole. (*CONSTANCE takes work.*) Does it seem possible that Fred and I have been married five months? We have, though. It is five months ago to-day since you were a blushing bridesmaid, Constance, and Harry Colby a blushing best man—though I can't say that I ever saw him blush, in point of fact. No, you are putting the needle in the wrong place, and you forgot to throw the yarn over.

CONSTANCE. Some way it seems years to me since your wedding. I can't realize it is only five months.

MRS. OAKLEY. No, skip that hole. Fred is very fond of Harry. And Harry had to go flying off to Europe just after our wedding. (*CONSTANCE drops ball of yarn, MRS. OAKLEY picks it up.*) Do you know, Constance, Fred and I thought that you and Harry were about to be engaged.

CONSTANCE. We were.

MRS. OAKLEY. You were? You were about to be engaged?

CONSTANCE. We were engaged. We became engaged five months ago to-day.

MRS. OAKLEY. On our wedding day! And you are not engaged now?

CONSTANCE. No.

MRS. OAKLEY. Something happened, I suppose.

CONSTANCE. Yes, we had a misunderstanding and the engagement was broken.

MRS. OAKLEY. I am awfully sorry. I hoped that you and Harry would— Tell me about it. (*Telephone bell rings.*) Mary! Oh, Mary! (*Enter MARY.*) Will you please answer the telephone?

MARY. Hello! Hello yerself! No. No. I tell ye it is not.

MRS. OAKLEY. Who is it, Mary?

MARY. A man wid a husky voice (*imitates voice*) wants to know if this is the powder works. Say, Central, yer wires is bad crossed. We're not a frat house, nor a French laundry, nor a powder works. Good-by. (*Hangs up receiver.*) That man was that mad I'm thinkin' he'll blow up the powder works when he gets thim; that is, if he ever do.
(*Exit MARY.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. What were you going to say, Constance, about you and Harry having a little misunderstanding?

CONSTANCE. It wasn't a little one. It was a very serious one.

MRS. OAKLEY. Constance, don't be foolish. Make it up with him.

CONSTANCE. Fanny, I know you are a good friend of mine, but please don't speak of this again. (*Rises.*) It is of no use. We have broken off forever. You know how proud we both are—Harry foolishly so. I am sure he would never take the first steps towards a reconciliation, and I would die before I would make the least advance myself. Indeed I would, Fanny. I would not for the world let him know I cared. Besides, I don't care—much. Anyway, he shall find that I am just as proud as he is. (*Sits herself.*) So now, Fanny dear, you see that that affair is over with forever, and let's talk about something else.

MRS. OAKLEY. I am so sorry about the misunderstanding. But if you don't want me to say any more about it, I won't. (*After a pause.*) I say, Constance, why can't you stay over till to-morrow?

CONSTANCE. I should like to, but I have an engagement in the city this afternoon.

MRS. OAKLEY. Then come back to dinner this evening, anyway. Will you? This is our wedding anniversary, you know—five-twelfths of an anniversary, at any rate. Do come. I'll tell you what I will do. I will call up Fred and ask him to meet you for the five-o'clock boat, and you come over with him. Will you? Say yes, that's a good girl.

CONSTANCE. "Yes, that's a good girl."

MRS. OAKLEY. Then you'll come? I'll call up Fred right away and say you will be at the ferry building, upstairs in the waiting-room, at ten minutes of five. May I? (*Enter EMMA.*)

EMMA. There is a gentleman at the door that wishes to speak mit you.

MRS. OAKLEY. Have you his card?

EMMA. Oh, no, ma'am. I t'ink it is the man mit the telephone bill.

MRS. OAKLEY. Will you call up Fred, Constance, while I attend to this "gentleman" at the door?

(*Exeunt EMMA and MRS. OAKLEY.*)

CONSTANCE. I wonder what the number is? (*Enter MARY, winding clock. Passes to door, right, looks through as if looking at a clock outside, and sets clock.*) Mary, do you know Mr. Oakley's telephone number? There doesn't seem to be a San Francisco directory here.

MARY. Sure; it's on that bit of paper on the telephone.

CONSTANCE. But there are two numbers. Which one is it?

MARY (*looks at paper*). Well, thin, it's the first. Because I called up the second first. And whin I came to call up the first second, I was thinkin', don't ye know, that if the second number had a been first I might have got thim mixed or the loike?

CONSTANCE. Then it is Bush 430. Is that it, Mary? Thanks. (*Exit MARY.*) Hello, Central! Please give me Long Distance, Bush 430. (*Enter EMMA, and arranges flowers that MRS. OAKLEY had left on table.*) It takes a good while to get the City, doesn't it, Emma?

EMMA. Yes, miss. I have been since early dis morning waiting for Central to get me a number.

CONSTANCE. Since this morning? Why, what is the trouble?

EMMA. I do not know, miss, but I am much afraid it is sickness.

CONSTANCE. Sickness? Oh, I hope not. I hope no one but the telephone is out of order. Hello! Central? This is Mason, seven double-six. Oakley. Hello! is this the City? Is this Bush 430? Oh! I didn't recognize your voice. You know it has been some time since I heard it. (*Aside. Not since Sunday!*) I say it has been a long time since I have heard you speak. Yes, this is Constance. Good guess. How did you know? I'm glad you're pleased. You will be better pleased than ever when I tell you I have a message for you from Fanny. Do you remember five months ago to-day? The happiest day of your life? Fanny wants you to do something for me. Wait till you hear what it is? Oh, well, it isn't such an arduous undertaking. She says you are to meet me at the ferry building, upstairs in the waiting-room, at ten minutes to five. How do you stand it so far? Thanks. Then you are to bring me over here to dinner with you. Yes, I'm at Fanny's now. She said she asked you to bring over some things. You are very glad to do it for her? (*Aside. Isn't he a model?*) I'll help you carry the packages. Good-by, then, till ten minutes to five. Good-by. Who are you afraid is sick, Emma?

EMMA. Oh, miss, it is Adolph. We are engaged, one to the other, Adolph and me. I have not seen him since day before yesterday evening. Dis morning he call me up, and just as I was saying, "Is dat you, Adolph? Dis is Emma." somebody was shut us off, and I don't know what he wished to tell it to me. I have call up the number where he works afterward, but Central said she could not get him no more, that the number did not answer already, and she tell me she will ring me up as soon as she can get him. Ach, I am sure he is sick.

CONSTANCE. You are very fond of him, aren't you, Emma?

EMMA. Oh, I am very much fond of him. I cannot

imagine me what he wished to tell me. If I know dis, I not feel so anxious.

CONSTANCE. Cheer up, Emma. I do not believe Adolph is sick. Perhaps he was out, or was at work in another part of the building, and they couldn't find him at the time and then forgot all about it. Tell me the number and I will try and get him for you.

EMMA. It is Pine 279, and t'ank you very much.

CONSTANCE. Central? I have a complaint to make. A party in the house here left a call for a number in the city before nine o'clock this morning, and you promised to call her up as soon as you got them. Thanks. The number is—— What is it, Emma?

EMMA. Pine 279.

CONSTANCE. Pine 279. This is Mason, seven double-six. Oakley. Who is it you wish to speak with, Emma?

EMMA. Adolph Engelsfeder.

CONSTANCE. Adolph Engelsfeder. Yes. Yes. City? Who is this? Here he is, Emma. Go ahead.

EMMA. Ach, Adolph? Du bist's? Wie geht's? Bist nicht krank? Ja. Ja. Was hast du mir sagen wollen? Ja. Ja wohl. Gewiss. Mit ganzem Herzen. Ach! Du Schapfkopf! Ja. Ja. Ade!

CONSTANCE. He isn't sick, is he, Emma?

EMMA. Oh, no, miss.

CONSTANCE. Was anything wrong?

EMMA. No, miss. He just wish to ask me if I love him. (*Enter MRS. OAKLEY dressed for driving, CONSTANCE'S wraps on her arm.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. Did you get Fred?

CONSTANCE. Yes. He said he would be happy to meet me for the five-o'clock boat, and I told him I would help him carry the packages he is to bring. (*EMMA assists in putting on wraps.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. Then come along: the automobile is at the door, and we have just time for a little spin before luncheon. (*Exeunt CONSTANCE and MRS. OAKLEY. EMMA picks up duster and begins to sing in German. Curtain.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

(Scene same as in preceding act. Evening. Curtain rises.
Enter MRS. OAKLEY.)

MRS. OAKLEY. Mary! Mary! (Enter MARY.)

MARY. Yis'm.

MRS. OAKLEY. Mary, here is Mr. Oakley home, and he never brought the oysters, nor anything. And he says he did not get any message to bring them. Didn't you telephone him this morning when I asked you?

MARY. Sure I did, mum, and he said he would be pleased to do so.

MRS. OAKLEY. But he says you never said a word about pears nor oysters. Think, Mary.

MARY. Mum, I said it, faith I did. I said alligators and I said oysters. I said both of thim, sure I did.

MRS. OAKLEY. Well, Mr. Oakley says he could not understand at all what your message was, but that he certainly heard nothing of pears nor oysters. And didn't Miss Constance call up Mr. Oakley?

MARY. Sure she did. I heard her callin' him.

MRS. OAKLEY. Well, it is the most mysterious thing! I wonder what can be the matter. (*Aside.* If Fred were a drinking man I should think—) Mr. Oakley says he had no message at all from Miss Constance. And he took the half-past-four boat. And there she will be looking for him, and as like as not wait for the next boat and then have to come alone after all. I cannot understand what is the matter. I know the telephone is not in order and it is hard to catch what is said, but that would not account for his not getting the message at all. You are sure you spoke to him?

MARY. Mum, I spoke to him, and Miss Constance spoke to him. I heard her say wid me own ears, I did, that she was askin' the favior of him and would he meet her for the five-o'clock.

MRS. OAKLEY. I cannot understand it.

MARY. Nor can I.

MRS. OAKLEY (*to herself*). I think I will just ask Dr. Hall to come over and see Fred. (*Goes to telephone and finds paper with the numbers.*) Mary! what number did you call up for Mr. Oakley?

MARY. Sure, I called the wan ye told me. (*Looks at paper.*) Bush, four, three, nothin'. That's the number that's wrote first on the paper. And I called up the other gintleman, Bush, four, two, nothin'. That's the wan that's wrote second on the paper. Just the way ye give thim to me.

MRS. OAKLEY. But, Mary, I didn't mean that you were to call them in the order I wrote them. I put them down

any way. You called the wrong numbers. Mr. Oakley's is Bush 420.

MARY. Well, this is the paper ye give me, me dear, and I was very careful not to mix thim up. First, ye sez to me, ye sez, "Call up Mr. Oakley," and thim ye sez, second, "Call up the other gintleman." But after ye sez, second, "Call up the other gintleman," ye come back, don't ye mind? And ye sez, "Ye'd better *first* call up the other gintleman; and ye give me the two numbers, and I t'ought I was callin' thim just as ye told me. But if I got thim mixed, I'm sure I beg yer pardon. And if it's the pears that's botherin' ye, niver ye mind. I'll get ye up a salad that the alligators won't be in it.

MRS. OAKLEY. Oh, it isn't the pears! Yes, it is the pears! Why, Mary, you must have asked Mr. Colby to bring them!

MARY. Yis'm, if I mixed thim,—and four dozen oysters.

MRS. OAKLEY. I am so mortified!

MARY. Sure, that's not the worst.

MRS. OAKLEY. Not the worst? What do you mean?

MARY. 'Tis dear Miss Constance, mum. I do be after givin' her the wrong number, too.

MRS. OAKLEY. No?

MARY. Av course. She asked me what be Mr. Oakley's number and I told her the wrong one. To think of her, so modest-like, a-tilephomin' to a strange gintleman to meet her at the fairy.

MRS. OAKLEY. (*Listening. Laughter is heard behind the scenes.*) There is Mr. Colby now, and Constance. She is laughing. That's a good sign. Here she comes. (*Enter CONSTANCE.*)

CONSTANCE (*taking MRS. OAKLEY'S hands*). Here I am, Fanny. I've brought your pears and things. You don't deserve that I should ever forgive you—but I will. (*Kisses her.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. Constance, you look very happy. Something has happened—something good, I see. I couldn't have wished for anything better. But isn't it absurd the way the numbers got mixed up? I am so mortified, though, about the pears. (*Enter EMMA, with two large paper bags. Passes over and converses in dumb show with MARY.*) Tell me about it. How did you meet Harry, and what did he think?

CONSTANCE. Think? Why, he was expecting to meet me, of course, after my pressing invitation to him to do so. When I found out what I had done I concluded I had better make the best of it.

MRS. OAKLEY. Sensible girl. What did you think when you saw him?

CONSTANCE. I was simply dumbfounded. There I was standing, gazing around for Fred, when who should walk up but Harry Colby! I hadn't even known that he had returned

from abroad. The first thing he said was that he was just writing me a note when he got my message. I asked him what message, and when he told me I didn't know for a minute whether to laugh or cry; but I couldn't get at my handkerchief, and, besides, it is so unbecoming to me to cry, so I decided to laugh. It was plain that Mary had given me the wrong number and she must have made the same mistake when she telephoned for the pears. I think the joke is on you, too, Fanny.

MRS. OAKLEY. I think it is, but I feel sure Harry will forgive me, considering the outcome. Mary is to blame for it all. She mixed the numbers.

CONSTANCE. Mary, my compliments to you. You're a jewel.

MARY. An' it's a jew'l I am? I'm thinkin' it must be an imerald, thin. (*Telephone rings.*) There goes that imp again!

EMMA. Maybe it is for me. (*Takes down receiver.*)

MARY. Here, I'll answer it. Hello! Who is it? (*To those on the stage.*) It's the people in the audience. (*In telephone.*) What is it ye want? What? (*To those on stage.*) They want the curtain.

MRS. OAKLEY. Constance, you answer.

CONSTANCE. No, indeed! I might ring the curtain up instead of down.

MARY. I'm thinkin' Miss Constance is too much engaged with other kind o' rings to answer the tilephone.

EMMA. Shall I say Miss Constance is engaged? (*Putting hand on the receiver.*)

MRS. OAKLEY. No. I will answer, Emma. (*Goes to telephone.*) Hello! Yes. Yes. We have the message. The curtain will be right down. We thank you for your patience. What is it? Congratulations for Constance? Thanks. Good-by.

(CONSTANCE at right, MRS. OAKLEY at telephone, MARY and EMMA left.)

CURTAIN.

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