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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



SUITED AT LAST

or, Sauce Bordelaise

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

ELIZABETH URQUHART

Fitzgerald Publishing Corporation
SUCCESSOR TO
DICK & FITZGERALD

SOME NEW PLAYS

★**MOLLY BAWN.** 35 cents. A comedy drama in 4 acts, by MARIE DORAN. 7 male, 4 female characters (or by doubling, 5 male and 3 female). Time, about 2 hours. Based upon incidents from a story by "The Duchess." The story is woven about Eleanor Masserene (*Molly Bawn*), whose mother eloped with a young Irishman, which has so embittered her grandfather that he disinherited her. After many years of loneliness he sends for *Molly*. How the coquettish heiress wins the hard, old man, is worked out in the play sometimes in a comedy setting and again in strong dramatic tenseness. \$10.00 royalty per performance by amateurs.

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★**WIVES ON A STRIKE.** 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by LILLIAN SUTTON PELÉE. 6 male, 7 or more female characters. Time, 3 hours. 3 interior scenes. Costumes varied. At a meeting of the Wives Welfare Club, it is decided to "go on Strike" and *Jane Spink* is to make the test case. The wives' grievances greatly amuse *Betty*, a bride of 30 days, who boasts of her husband's angelic qualities. Her first offence of having supper late causes such a row that *Betty* also decides to "go on strike." *Betty's* scheme to make her husband change his set ideas about woman's rights is the cause of all the mix-up. How the strike is won and the husbands taken back is cleverly depicted in the play. A parrot who swears at the right moment adds to the funny situations.

★**HIS SISTERS.** 25 cents. A farce in 1 act; by BEULAH KING. 1 male, and 8 female characters; or 9 female characters as the male may easily be impersonated by a female character. 1 interior. Time, 30 minutes. Three sisters, who adore their handsome older brother, secretly plot to have him marry their particular friends. How their plans are all upset and matters finally smoothed out is cleverly told in this play.

★**SUITED AT LAST.** 25 cents. A sketch in 1 act, by ELIZABETH URQUHART. 7 females and a discharged soldier. 1 interior. Time, about 40 minutes. *Dorothy*, a newly-wed wife, is in search of a cook; her mother, her chum, her Aunt Jane give much advice as to how she shall interview the various applicants, in fact, so much so, that *Dorothy* is utterly confused and finally engages just what her husband has advised from the beginning.

★**ENCORES AND EXTRAS.** 35 cents. A collection of short monologues suitable particularly for encores, but are available for any occasion to fill in for a few minutes; contains black-face, Hebrew, a fond mother, a rube monologue, etc.

★**GORGEOUS CECILE.** The. 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by BEULAH KING. 4 male, 5 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. Max, the son of a wealthy widower, notwithstanding the schemes of his father and aunts, has remained obdurate to all of their matrimonial plans. Upon his return home for a visit, he finds, as usual, a girl whom it is hoped will subjugate him, but the hopes are frustrated, as it is "The Gorgeous Cecile" to whom he turns. The parts are all good and well contrasted, with sparkling dialogue and plenty of action.

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OR

Sauce Bordelaise

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By

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NOTE.—The Moving Picture and Professional Acting Rights of this play are expressly reserved by the publishers, to whom theatrical managers or others who wish to produce it should apply. Free to amateurs.

Suited at Last

Or

Sauce Bordelaise

CHARACTERS

DOROTHY.....	<i>A bride in need of a cook</i>
DOROTHY'S MOTHER..	<i>Frivolous, fashionable and modern</i>
AUNT JANE.....	<i>A housekeeper of the old school</i>
GERALDINE.....	<i>Dorothy's friend, breezy and outspoken</i>
MISS SIMPKINS.....	} <i>Cooks applying for a situation</i>
MISS NOBBY.....	
A COLORED MAMMY AND HER TWO CHILDREN.....	
A RETURNED SOLDIER.....	

TIME.—The present.

LOCALITY.—Any city.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About forty-five minutes.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

DOROTHY, a young bride, wearing a pretty summer dress.

DOROTHY'S MOTHER, a middle-aged woman, frivolous and very fashionable, wearing a light summer dress and hat and carrying a parasol.

AUNT JANE, a middle-aged woman, stiff and uncompromising; she is dressed in a very old-fashioned style.

GERALDINE, a young girl, pretty and stylishly dressed.

MISS SIMPKINS, a cook; grotesque and old-fashioned.

Suited at Last

MISS NOBBY, a young woman, cheaply dressed in the extreme of fashion, high heels, tight skirt, very airy.

COLORED MAMMY, wears bright colors.

SOLDIER, wears the uniform of a private, carrying an overseas cap.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; C. D., center door; L. D., door at left; UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

Suited at Last

Or Sauce Bordelaise

SCENE.—*Living-room of DOROTHY'S new home. Door at C. of back, and door DOWN L. Window R. of D. Small table UP L. A stand on which there is a pretty plant. Open piano, divan with cushions, table with shaded lamp. Phone, books, magazines, pad and pencil on table; or, if desired, the phone, etc., can be arranged on a small desk. Arm-chair at table. A straight-backed chair and easy-chairs, as desired. Mirror hanging wherever it is most convenient. Pictures hanging on walls. Wedding gifts displayed everywhere. If desired, a dog may be kept somewhere on the stage. DISCOVERED DOROTHY bustling about.*

DOROTHY (*putting things in their places, arranging books on table, moving chairs, etc. When finished she clasps her hands, and head on one side*). There! (*Takes up phone*) Hello—Sunset 9205—Mr. Hanford's office? Oh, is that you, Larry dear? (*Smiles and sits down on arm of chair*) I have just this moment finished putting the room in order, and everything looks simply adorable, and, oh, Larry! I changed that colored photograph and hung it on the other side, just a little lower down. It looks so much better! You don't mind, do you, darling? No? And oh, Larry, no one has answered our advertisement yet, and I'm getting nervous—Sure to get some one? I wish you could help me interview them; I haven't the least idea how to go about it. What did you say? Just talk up to them? But, Larry,

I don't know what to say! If you were only here! What is it? (*Hopefully*) Oh, Larry, suppose I send them down to the office, so you can see them too! You haven't time? Well then, I'll do my best. (*Bell rings off stage*) There!—I hear the bell! Oh, Larry, I do dread it! Good-bye! (*Puts down telephone, looks around nervously, and opens C. D.*)

ENTER DOROTHY'S MOTHER C. D.

DOROTHY (*much relieved*). Oh, mother, it's you! I thought it was the new cook!

MOTHER. No, not any kind of a cook, thank you! Haven't you got the agony over yet?

DOROTHY. No, our ad. only came out this morning. Sit down, mother; how do you like everything?

MOTHER (*looking around*). Well, haven't you overdone it a little?

DOROTHY. Oh, do you really think so? The things are so dear, and we have only this one room for them. The dining-room is full of silver and cut glass and fancy china, or I might put some things in there.

MOTHER (*pointing to picture with parasol*). Who gave you that horror?

DOROTHY. Oh, mother, don't you like it? One of Larry's friends sent it.

MOTHER. I am not crazy about it. By the way, are you going to the Allens' this afternoon — Bridge?

DOROTHY. No, I don't think so. Larry said he would be home early, and he likes to find me here.

MOTHER (*smiling, aside*). Indeed!

DOROTHY. And besides, there's the new cook. Oh, mother, do tell me what to say to her!

MOTHER. I'm sure I don't know—just ask her if she knows how to cook, and tell her you'll try her. Be sure to ask her if she can make good entrées and salads. And ask her if she knows how to make Sauce Bordelaise—that's always the test of a good cook.

DOROTHY. How do you spell it?

MOTHER. S-a-u-c-e B-o-r-d-e-l-a-i-s-e. And tell her she must wear a cap and apron when she waits on the table—and don't give her more than one night out a week. She must be on hand to answer the door-bell; and she can serve at card parties and afternoon teas.

DOROTHY. What ought she to do besides cooking and waiting?

MOTHER. Well, everything, I suppose. Oh, I don't know, Dorothy. Delia and Mary always look after things. (*Getting up and going to mirror*) How do you like this hat?

DOROTHY. Oh, very well! But, mother, how shall I do about the ordering?

MOTHER (*still looking in mirror and arranging hat*). You don't think it makes me look too old, do you?

DOROTHY (*impatiently*). No. Of course not. Shall I leave everything to her, or ought I to order everything myself?

MOTHER (*carelessly*). Oh, leave it to her. Delia always telephones from the kitchen. What time would I have for my social duties if I bothered about housekeeping? Just tell her to plan the meals, and order what she wants.

DOROTHY (*doubtfully*). It doesn't seem just the right way to begin somehow—Larry says——

MOTHER. What did you put that table in the corner for? It would look ever so much better farther out in the room, and this chair would be better nearer the piano, I think.

DOROTHY. Do you think so? Well, perhaps it would.

MOTHER. Try it and see! (*Moves table and chairs*). DOROTHY *rather reluctantly helping her*) There now! Don't you like that better? Now I'll have to be going; I have a luncheon engagement. Don't worry about the cook, Dorothy. Put on plenty of dignity when she comes. Let her see you are mistress in your own house. And don't forget about the entrées and salads, and the Sauce Bordelaise, and one night out a week. You're sure this hat doesn't make me look too old? (DOROTHY *shakes*

her head) Well, I'll run in again and see how you get on. Good-bye. [EXIT MOTHER C. D.]

DOROTHY (*closes door; sinking in chair*). Well, I don't see that mother has helped me very much. (*Takes pencil and pad and writes down notes*) Entrées—salads—Sauce Bordelaise—One-night-out-a-week—cap-and-apron—(*Replaces furniture as it was before*) There! it's my house! (*Bell rings. DOROTHY hastily turns and assumes great dignity of manner and advances slowly and haughtily to C. D.*)

ENTER GERALDINE C. D. *The two girls exclaim and fall into each other's arms.*

DOROTHY. Oh, Geraldine! I thought you were a cook—such a relief!

GERALDINE. Oh, you dear thing! Just think of coming to see you in your own house! Where's Larry?

DOROTHY (*with dignity*). Down-town, of course.

GERALDINE (*sitting on arm of chair*). So he's gone back to work, and the honeymoon's over!

DOROTHY (*still dignified*). We never expect it to be over!

GERALDINE. But, Dot, it's bound to wane and go out, like any other moon! Of course it will come again, and—go again! You and Larry are not different from other people!

DOROTHY. Oh yes, *our* love is different! We are quite sure no one else ever loved just as we do!

GERALDINE (*jumping up*). Oh, well, you'll come down to earth after awhile! Show me your things, do! Is this the piano your dad gave you?

DOROTHY. Yes; Larry loves to hear me play.

GERALDINE. You'll be having a victrola after awhile.

DOROTHY. Oh no, Larry says—

GERALDINE. Mercy, *Dorothy!* (*Pointing to cushion*) Who on earth gave you that? Help!

DOROTHY. That's the pillow Aunt Jane made.—Isn't it too dreadful?

GERALDINE. Why do you keep it in here?

DOROTHY. I have to—she might drop in any day. But I keep the wrong side out, and when she comes, I can just turn it around, and there it is—sitting up to be admired, all ready for her. Larry *will* shy it behind the piano, though.

GERALDINE (*solemnly*). It is really the most appalling thing of its kind I ever saw. I couldn't sleep in the same house with it. If I did, I'd moan in my sleep!

DOROTHY. Do you like the way we've arranged the things? I put Larry's chair near the table, so he can drop into it at night to smoke and read his paper.

GERALDINE. Well, *I* should let him find his own chair to drop into! It looks altogether too comfortable—he'll go to sleep in it some night. Now *I* like chairs scattered around more—vis-à-vis, you know, as though people had just been sitting there talking. More like this—(*Moving table and chair out again to same position MOTHER had them*) And really, Dorothy, that plant is quite hidden by the piano—it doesn't show up!

DOROTHY (*not much pleased*). Possibly!

GERALDINE (*moving out plant, then stepping back*). There, that's better! Now, you see your room has more the air of a drawing-room. It doesn't look so much like a family sitting-room. Larry should never feel encouraged to sit in here in his smoking-jacket and slippers. You'll entertain a lot, I hope?

DOROTHY. Oh, I suppose so. But Larry says this must be a *real* home just the same.

GERALDINE. Oh, of course! Will your new cook be equal to it?

DOROTHY (*looking anxious*). I don't know. I haven't interviewed any one yet. How shall I talk to her, Geraldine? Did *you* ever see a cook engaged?

GERALDINE. Oh, I've seen mother do it once or twice. You must look very haughty—have you a lorgnette? That helps a lot. Look her over, and keep her standing up while you talk to her. You must make her respect you from the start.

DOROTHY. But, Geraldine, I don't know a blessed thing about housekeeping! However am I going to tell her what to do?

GERALDINE. Oh, she'll probably be worse scared than you are. Rattle off a lot of things you expect her to know—bluff!

DOROTHY (*looking at notes*). Mother says I must be sure she understands entrées and salads, and Sauce Bordelaise, and she must wear a cap and apron in the dining-room and she mustn't have more than one night out a week, and ——

GERALDINE (*nodding her head at each item*). Put down fancy cakes for afternoon teas, and tell her she will be expected to bathe and brush Topsy. It is always best to have these things understood in the very beginning.

DOROTHY (*writing notes*). Well, I am very grateful for any suggestions, I'm sure. Cakes—afternoon tea—Topsy ——

GERALDINE. And teach her to come to the door of the drawing-room and announce dinner.

DOROTHY. Larry says the cook ought to be on the same footing as a business employee—new ideas, you know. He says she ought to have certain hours off and certain hours on just like a man, and the work ought to be standardized.

GERALDINE. Whatever does he mean by that?

DOROTHY. I don't know! He got me a book on Household Engineering and I tried to read it—but it's rather dry.

GERALDINE. You can't keep house out of a book—it just comes naturally.

DOROTHY (*mournfully*). It doesn't to me. Larry says men make better housekeepers than women, anyway.

GERALDINE. Why?

DOROTHY. Oh, he says they don't fuss about little things, and they have more system.

GERALDINE. Yes, and I read about a man that kept house while his wife was away—and he had a green Swede for a cook, and he gave her the recipes like chem-

ical formulas, and he organized the kitchen, and had things running on schedule—and when he got her all trained, and his wife came home, she left for higher wages. There you are!

DOROTHY. Larry says a house ought to be run like an iron foundry or a shoe factory.

GERALDINE. It simply can't be done! (GOING *leisurely to window*)

DOROTHY. Larry is strong for efficiency—he even suggested a man for a cook! He says it is the only solution of the servant problem.

GERALDINE. What an idea! He's wheeley!

DOROTHY. Listen! I hear some one! Who is it, Geraldine, can you see?

GERALDINE (*looking out of the window*). Mercy, Dorothy! It's your Aunt Jane! How can I get out?

DOROTHY. Don't go, Geraldine! She won't stay long—help me out!

GERALDINE. Not on your life! She might want to kiss me! Good-bye, I'll run over to-morrow. (EXIT

D. L. DOROTHY *hastily rearranges furniture and opens C. D.*)

ENTER AUNT JANE C. D.

AUNT JANE (*embracing DOROTHY, and offering both cheeks to be kissed*). My dear child! What a pleasure to see you in your own home and well away from the frivolities of your mother's house.

DOROTHY (*hastily turning the sofa cushion*). Sit down here, Aunt Jane; this is Larry's own chair, and I will bring you a footstool.

AUNT JANE. Don't give me that chair, child, I never lolled in a chair in my life! I was taught to sit on the end of my spine when I was young. (*Selecting a straight chair*) No footstool, thank you! Now tell me all about it. How do you get on with housekeeping?

DOROTHY (*embarrassed*). I haven't really begun, Aunt Jane. I have just been unpacking the wedding gifts and arranging the house, and we have been dining

down-town; but I am looking for a cook this morning, and then we shall really begin to keep house.

AUNT JANE (*sniffing*). If you were a sensible girl, you would dispense with a maid entirely and be your own housekeeper for a while.

DOROTHY. But, Aunt Jane, I don't know anything about it!

AUNT JANE. I never supposed for a moment you did! How could you learn anything from a mother who is always on the go, and spends half her time playing cards!

DOROTHY. Could you tell me some of the things I ought to say to the cook? I don't want her to find me out right away!

AUNT JANE (*settling down to enjoy herself*). Well, you must have a system from the first. There must be regular days for doing everything; Monday, wash-day; Tuesday, ironing day; Wednesday, cleaning the silver and kitchen; Thursday and Friday are sweeping days; Saturday, baking day. (*During this recital DOROTHY clasps her head in both hands in despair, and hastily seizes pencil and note-book*)

DOROTHY. Mother says she must know how to make entrées and salads, and Sauce Bordelaise.

AUNT JANE. That sounds like Amelia! Entrées and salads! Sauce Bordelaise! You had better feed your husband on good soups and roasts and not bother about such stuff!

DOROTHY. But they are for entertaining, and—(*Reading from notes*) The cook must always wear a cap and apron in the dining-room and be here to answer the bell every afternoon and every night, but one.

AUNT JANE. Humph! You may find a down-trodden slave who will give up all her time that way, but I doubt it.

DOROTHY. Who brushes and bathes your cat, Aunt Jane?

AUNT JANE (*jumping*). Sakes, child! she does it herself! What on earth do you mean?

DOROTHY. Nothing; only Geraldine said the maid ought to wash and brush Topsy.

AUNT JANE. Well, it seems to me you might attend to that yourself. How much time is she going to have to fool with that dog? You had better set her to work putting up fruit in her spare moments! But if she keeps this house as it should be kept, she isn't going to have any. Are all your floors bare, with just rugs?

DOROTHY. Yes, Aunt Jane.

AUNT JANE. That will take all of one woman's time then. And I suppose you have silver enough to fill a bank vault?

DOROTHY. We have a good deal, and we have it all out; we believe in using things. It looks so well arranged around the dining-room!

AUNT JANE (*groaning*). Think of the rubbing! And I suppose you have a lot of brass too?

DOROTHY. Oh, yes. Fenders and candlesticks and jardinières, and wood-boxes.

AUNT JANE (*grimly*). She will have to be an early riser!

DOROTHY (*writing*). I'll just put that down too, so she'll understand.

AUNT JANE (*getting up, walking about and picking up things*). What a curiosity shop you've got here! Oh, I see you have my wedding gift there. (*Pointing to pillow*) And very well placed too!

DOROTHY (*patting it and shaking it up*). Isn't it? I was wondering if it might not fade, keeping it out this way. Perhaps I had better —

AUNT JANE. No, leave it where it is; the sun doesn't strike it. I am glad it gives you so much pleasure, child.

DOROTHY. Yes, Aunt Jane.

AUNT JANE (*walking toward door*). Well, Dorothy, I don't know what other instructions to give you. But don't forget to speak right out in the beginning about gentlemen friends. Cooks usually have policemen and cousins enough to eat you out of house and home. (*DOROTHY tries to write notes, but cannot keep up with*

the flow) And don't forget to have her save all the fat to make soap. (*She opens and shuts door after each sentence*) And let her understand she is to bake bread at least twice a week. And don't let her forget that she will soon have to begin making mince-meat. If she doesn't know how, I will send you your grandmother's recipe. I can't think of anything else—(*Turning back*) Oh, yes, make her wash out the brooms every week and stand them on end in the sun. And she must always wash out her dust-cloths. (DOROTHY GOES TO C. D.) Good-bye, dear, I will run in from time to time and see how you get on. You may kiss me good-bye! (*Offering first one cheek and then the other*)

[EXIT AUNT JANE C. D.]

DOROTHY (*closes C. D. and throws herself into a chair, exhausted*). Oh, heavens! All that! (*Knock D. L.*) Oh, it may be the ice-man! (*Opening D. L.*) No, thanks, you needn't leave any ice.

VOICE (*off stage*). It's going to be a hot day, lady!

DOROTHY. Yes, but we don't need ice—we have a refrigerator! (*Bell rings as she closes door*) Oh, there she is now! (*Smooths gown, seizes lorgnette, walks slowly to C. D. and opens it*)

ENTER COOK C. D., a grotesque, old-fashioned figure.

DOROTHY. Did you come in answer to my advertisement?

COOK. Yes'm, I just did, and I had an awful time finding your house. (DOROTHY *seats herself in large chair, while COOK remains standing. She looks around for a chair, but is not asked to sit*)

DOROTHY. What is your name, please?

COOK. Miss Simpkins.

DOROTHY. But your other name?

COOK. You can call me Daisy!

DOROTHY. Well, er—Daisy, I—have you brought any references from your last place?

COOK. Well, I can't say as I have, ma'am. You see,

I was working in an Insane Asylum and before that I cooked at home.

DOROTHY (*startled*). Insane Asylum! But I want a cook—a woman for general housework!

COOK. Oh, I can cook all right! Just two in the family?

DOROTHY. Yes; but can you make Sauce Bordelaise?

COOK. What's that?

DOROTHY. I don't know! (*Looks at notes*) We expect to entertain a great deal, you see, and we want home-made bread, and the brooms must be kept out in the back yard, and all soap is made from fat, and Mondays you iron what you wash on Tuesdays; no, I mean Tuesdays you iron—and then you clean—let me see—one day it's silver and brasses, and the next all the hardwood floors, and you must wear a cap in the dining-room, and do you understand entrées and salads, and serving at afternoon teas and card parties?

COOK (*looks overwhelmed, and fans herself with handkerchief*). Excuse me, ma'am, but if I might sit down, maybe I might understand better. (*Sits down on edge of chair*)

DOROTHY (*continues reading from notes*). Oh, yes, Saturday you bake, and Topsy has his bath too, on Saturday. (*Looking up to observe effect*)

COOK. And who's Topsy?

DOROTHY. My dog!

COOK (*moving uneasily*). Oh!

DOROTHY. And every other Wednesday my card-club meets here, and you must be all ready to serve tea and cakes, and one Thursday a month my Luncheon Club meets here, and we always have five courses, and ——

COOK (*rolling her eyes*). Mercy! Excuse me, ma'am, how many help do you keep?

DOROTHY. One, of course—there are only two of us! And you have one night out a week, because the other nights you must sit up to answer the bell, and Aunt Jane says on no account must we keep policemen on the premises.

COOK (*looking uneasy and edging her chair away*).
Policemen!

DOROTHY. Yes, policemen and cousins, and you must announce dinner—and, oh, yes,—mince-meat! Grandmother comes in on that, so we needn't bother, and Aunt Jane said something about putting up fruit, and getting up early —

COOK (*rising*). Excuse me, ma'am, but was you ever in an Insane Asylum?

DOROTHY (*moving toward telephone*). Horrors! No! Why?

COOK. Well, I've seen a good many that rattled on just as you're doing now. What do you think I am anyhow, lady? Do you know you've laid out enough work for three women? I ain't any up-to-date vacuum cleaner to do the house up in half an hour, nor yet a washing machine, or a mangle or a fireless cooker! I'm just human, and I'd like to see any born human being do the things you expect!

DOROTHY. But—Aunt Jane —

COOK. Aunt Jane, indeed! I thought I was coming to a nice little family in a nice clean new house to do old-fashioned housework, but I'd rather go back to the Asylum, and listen to the poor foolish things talkin'. They don't mean nothing, but you mean every blessed thing you've said, even if you haven't sense enough to understand what you're talkin' about. (*During this speech and the following COOK advances angrily toward DOROTHY, who GOES back timidly, taking refuge behind furniture*)

DOROTHY (*surprised*). But—I only—told you what Aunt Jane —

COOK. Don't Aunt Jane me! I ain't no machine, ma'am, that you wind up and keep going! I'm just human, and I guess I'll be going—it's a machine you want, and I'll hope you'll find it! Good-day, ma'am! The Asylum for me!

[EXIT COOK c. d.]

DOROTHY (*wringing her hands and hurrying to telephone*). Sunset 9205. Is this you, Larry? Oh! it's

been too dreadful, Larry—a cook came and now she's gone. Why, mother came in and told me some things I must say to her; and she moved the furniture around. Then Geraldine came and she told me a lot more, and *she* moved the furniture around too. And then Aunt Jane fairly poured out things to me—and I wrote them all down, and when the cook came, I just told her everything! I don't think I left out anything, but she went up in the air and she said I didn't know what I was talking about, and now she's gone—and, oh, Larry,—what did you say? I told her too much? Let her do some of the talking? But she did! I know—but mother and Geraldine and Aunt Jane—let their advice go hang? But—I didn't know! (*Motor horn is heard, then bell*) Oh, there's the bell! It's another one! Good-bye! (*Looks through window*) Of all things! This one has a Ford! (*Opening c. d.*) Good-morning!

ENTER MISS NOBBY C. D.

MISS NOBBY (*looking around and not waiting to be questioned*). How many in family? Do you do your own reaching? What time do you have breakfast? How many nights off do I get? I don't do any washing, nor ironing either, and I don't clean windows. Is it a nice neighborhood? I have to have every Wednesday afternoon for my singing lesson, and I'll want the use of your piano an hour a day. I hope it's in tune! Do I get every other Sunday—and is your husband good-natured? I don't like waiting on table, but if I do—I get sixty!

DOROTHY (*staggered, leaning against door*). Really—I—can you cook?

MISS NOBBY. Sure!

DOROTHY. Can you make Sauce Bordelaise?

MISS NOBBY. I wouldn't bother with it! The best families don't use it any more.

DOROTHY. Well, I really couldn't think of engaging any one who cannot make Sauce Bordelaise.

MISS NOBBY (GOING toward C. D.). Oh, all right! I can get sixty-five any day! Good-morning!

[EXIT MISS NOBBY C. D.]

DOROTHY (GOING to telephone). And I never told her a single thing! She did every bit of the talking! Hello! 9205—Larry, is that you? But, Larry, I didn't know you were busy! I just wanted to tell you about the other cook—I thought you'd be so interested! No—she—but, Larry, it's tragic going through all this alone—I wish you'd come up—please, Larry! Hello—Hello—he's rung off! (*Sitting down in great dejection. Bell rings*) There's the bell again! Heaven help me! (GOES to C. D.)

ENTER COLORED WOMAN C. D. *with two small children.*
Sits down.

MAMMY. How de do, ma'am. I heard 'bout your advertise, and I come right over. (*While she is talking, the children scamper around room, handling things*) Come here, Chlorindy, leave dem things alone.

DOROTHY (*dismayed*). Are these your children?

MAMMY. Yas'm, bof of 'em—Chlorindy and Esmeraldy—I brung 'em along, 'cause I allays has 'em wif me when I takes a place. They're powerful bright, Mistus—you'll just love to have 'em 'round. Esmeraldy, leave dat dog alone! He'll bite you li'l' haid off! (NOTE.—*If inconvenient to procure a dog, the last two sentences can be omitted*)

DOROTHY. Can you cook?

MAMMY. Yas'm, I'm a sure 'nough cook.

DOROTHY. But I haven't room for your family!

MAMMY. Oh, dey don't take up no room, Mistus, dey can just play in heah mawnings! (*CHLORINDA bangs on piano*) Chilluns, come 'way from dere!

DOROTHY (*rising and looking around desperately*). Oh—can you make Sauce Bordelaise?

MAMMY. No'm, I ain't no hair-dresser, I'm a cook!

DOROTHY. Well, I'm afraid you won't do! (EXIT MAMMY and CHILDREN C. D. DOROTHY shuts door)

and moves to telephone—stops and thinks—puts it down) If any one else comes, I'm not going to open the door! (*Bell rings*) I'm not at home! I can't stand any more of it! (*Bell rings again*) I'll just take a peep! (*Opening door a crack and speaking to invisible applicant*) You needn't come in unless you'll cook and wait on the table and be sensible about things—and make Sauce Bordelaise, and take forty dollars!—All right then—Good-bye! (*GOES to telephone in determined manner*) Sunset 9205—Larry! I don't care if you *are* busy—I'm busy too! And I'm a nervous wreck! They are all impossible—and we'll have to go and live in a hotel! What is it? Get a man? I don't *want* a man! I won't *have* a man! (*Knock at C. D. DOROTHY jumps nervously*) There—I'll call up later—Good-bye! (*Crosses room and opens C. D.*)

ENTER SOLDIER C. D., *wearing a private's uniform with overseas cap in hand.*

SOLDIER. Good-morning, madam! I saw your ad. in the paper this morning—and I thought I'd come around and see about the place.

DOROTHY (*overcome with surprise*). But I advertised for a cook!

SOLDIER. Yes, ma'am, I know, but you didn't say what kind of a cook. You said: Wanted—a cook, willing to do general housework in small family.

DOROTHY (*sitting down, while SOLDIER still stands, cap in hand, near door*). But you can't cook, can you?

SOLDIER (*turning his cap over and smiling*). Oh, sure, lady! I did Kitchen Police in camp for three months before I went over—and after I'd been in the trenches six months I was glad to do it again! Since I came back and been discharged I tried to get my old job back—but they'd given it to a woman and she wouldn't give it up—and I've tried for about everything I was fit for—and waited weeks for vacancies—and found about ten men after every job —

DOROTHY. But you don't understand—I really want some one to do all sorts of things—cook—wait on table—clean house —

SOLDIER (*advancing a few steps*). For God's sake, Madam—give me a chance! I've got to do something—I'm down and out—and that's the truth! I'll show you my discharge papers—I can clean anything on earth that has to be rubbed or scrubbed—I'll work in your garden—I'll brush your husband's clothes—I'll clean the windows—(*Coming nearer*) I'll keep the knives sharp—and that's something a woman never does! I'll go to market every morning and keep your bills down—I'll bathe the dog—and I *can* cook for sure! I got on to a lot of things over there I'd never even heard of before! I can make Omelette Soufflé—and Chicken Croquettes—and Frangipanni patés—and I can make Sauce Bordelaise!

DOROTHY (*clasping her hands*). Sauce Bordelaise! (*Then with solemn impressiveness*) You're engaged! (*Motions him to D. L. He turns at door, salutes, and* EXITS D. L. *as she returns the salute.* DOROTHY *dashes to telephone and speaks as curtain goes down*). Oh, Larry, I've something to tell you—really something this time! (*Curtain goes down and rises again, DOROTHY still at telephone*) WHAT do you think is out in the kitchen? A real, honest-to-goodness COOK—and oh, Larry, she's a MAN, and we are suited at last!

CURTAIN

PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

Unless Otherwise Mentioned

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2½h
Bundle of Matches (27c.)	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
Her Ladyship's Niece (27c.)	Comedy	4	4	4	1½h
Just for Fun (27c.)	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	" (27c.)	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl (27c.)	Farce	2	3	3	1½h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1¼h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders (27c.)	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises (27c.)	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles (27c.)	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family (27c.)	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators (27c.)	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night (27c.)	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D. (27c.)	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn (27c.)	"	3	0	6	1¼h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis (27c.)	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	" "	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	" "	1	21	0	2h



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PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

For Schools and Colleges

Twenty-five cents (Postage 2 cents extra)

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	8	6	2h
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4	2¼h
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1	1h
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4	2½h
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3	2h
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	8	1¼h
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4	2½h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	2h
New England Folks	Drama	3	8	4	2¼h
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4	2½h
Riddles	"	3	3	3	1¼h
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9	1¾h
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4	2½h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4	2h
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5	2h
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3	50m
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1	1¼h
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1	25m
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2	1h
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2	30m
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1	1h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7	2½h
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4	50m
Alice's Blighted Profession	Sketch	1	0	8	50m
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.	1h
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15	1½h
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12	1h
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17	1h
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13	1¼h
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	8	¾h
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10	1¼h
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	8	40m
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	2¼h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	1½h
Bubbles	"	3	4	3	1½h
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3	1½h
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5	½h
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3	20m
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1	20m
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4	2¼h
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
College Chums	"	3	9	3	2h
Delegates from Denver	Farce	2	3	10	¾h
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4	2½h
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3	1¼h
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6	1½h
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1	45m
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11	2h
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.	1½h
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11	1½h
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.	1½h
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.	2h
Rainbow Kimona	"	2	0	9	1¼h
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14	1½h
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12	1h