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FADS AND FANCIES

A COMEDY FOR GIRLS

BY

ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

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PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	6
HARVEST STORM. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	10
CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours....	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.....	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	24

# FADS AND FANCIES

## A SKETCH FOR GIRLS

BY ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

*Author of "Just for Fun," "Men, Maids and Matchmakers,"  
"A Pair of Idiots," "A Regular Flirt," "When a Man's Sin-  
gle," "Next Door," "A Little Savage," "Billy's Bunga-  
low," "The Rainbow Kimona," "Peggy's Predica-  
ment," "In the Ferry House," "Ye Village  
School of Long Ago," "The Bachelor Maids'  
Reunion," "Fun in a Farm House," Etc.*

No tragedy, nor comedy, nor yet a farce is here—  
A bit of fluff, a scrap of lace,  
A passing whim, a maiden's grace,  
A mirror held before your face  
To catch a picture clear.

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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
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# FADS AND FANCIES

## CHARACTERS

*In the order of their appearance.*

- GENEVIVE PRESBY.....Saleslady
- MARGARET FULTON.....Saleslady
- MISS CHRISTINE MOORE.....Customer
- MISS THORN.....Designer of exclusive models
- FLORELLA.....Cash girl
- MISS MARY MILTON.....College graduate
- LOBELIA LOVE.....Moving-picture star
- DOROTHY DAVIS.....High-school girl
- JULIA HORTON.....High-school girl
- MRS. ROSAMOND DREW.....Dashing young widow
- MRS. MIDDLETON.....Young mother
- DORIS MIDDLETON.....Spoiled child
- MILLICENT RAY.....Bride-to-be
- EVELYN RICHARDS.....Society girl
- LOUISA LAWRENCE.....Artist
- BRIDGET O'BRYAN.....Irish woman
- VERA.....Attractive Russian girl

NOTE: *This sketch is so arranged that the number of characters may be cut to accommodate a small cast, or increased to permit the introduction of specialties, local hits, or native talent. Parts may readily be doubled if desired.*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—Fashionable millinery establishment.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour.

*\$ 0.25*

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## COSTUMES

SPEAKER OF PROLOGUE. Wears an old-fashioned costume, preferably a low-neck, short-sleeve bodice with a fichu; full gathered skirt with panniers of flowered cretonne; large picture hat tied with black velvet ribbons. She should carry a band-box covered with flowered cretonne and tied with pink ribbons and artificial flowers.

GENEVIVE, "Jennie" } Up-to-date costumes, with  
MARGARET, "Maggie" } elaborately dressed hair.

MISS THORN should be a distinguished-looking girl in a very fashionable gown.

FLORELLA wears a black dress with white collar and cuffs.

MISS MILTON wears a severe tailor-made suit.

LOBELIA LOVE is decidedly sensational in style and dress.

DOROTHY } Middy blouses and blue serge skirts.  
JULIA }

LOUISA LAWRENCE, rather eccentric or startling in design.

BRIDGET, preferably in a vivid green dress.

VERA should wear a riding-habit and carry a crop.

The other characters should wear costumes in the present prevailing style.

## PROPERTIES

Order-blank, pencil, pair of nail scissors for MAGGIE. Vanity-bag with powder-puff and mirror for JENNIE. Lorgnette and square of chiffon for MISS THORN. Autograph book and fountain pen for FLORELLA. Telephone book off stage for FLORELLA. Hand glass, bag containing newspaper clipping for MISS MOORE. Fancy bag containing visiting-cards for LOBELIA. Teddy-bear and small bonnet for DORIS. Small box of candy in bag for MRS. MIDDLETON. Fancy bag, gloves for MILLICENT. Hatpin for EVELYN. Large pocket-book for BRIDGET. Riding-crop, wrist-watch for VERA.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS

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

# FADS AND FANCIES

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The Prologue is spoken by any one of the characters desired.

## PROLOGUE

When the curtain is drawn, a hat-shop you'll see—  
This is Vanity Fair, as gay as can be;  
With its fancies, its follies, its fine furbelows,  
With its scandals, its gossip, its belles and its beaux,  
But the latter are all of ribbon and lace—  
They are airily shaped, and worn with much grace  
By my lady, who steps from her rich limosine,  
Of her rouge and her powder-puff undoubted queen—  
She's a rival, ah, yes, the little cash-maid,  
Who apes her apparel, and appears unafraid  
The next day in costume quite wondrous to view,  
It's so like my lady's from bonnet to shoe.  
There's the widow so gay, and the sweet bride-to-be,  
And the dear gushing school-girl you shortly will see,  
There's the soul of the artist, seeking ever its mate,  
There's the maid fresh from college, the fair graduate,  
There's the Pride of the "Movies," and the Emerald  
Isle  
Has sent her fair daughter to capture your smile—  
So away with your worries, away with dull care—  
Every heart must be light in our "Vanity Fair."

## FADS AND FANCIES

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SCENE.—*Fashionable millinery establishment. Time, afternoon. Lights up. Entrance from street UP R. Door or entrance UP L. hung with portiere. Small tables DOWN R. and DOWN L. upon which have been placed a hat or two and a hand-glass. Chair back of each table. Long table UP C. containing hat stands and an assortment of hats in the extreme of the present style. Several attractive hat-boxes under C. table. A couple of long mirrors hang upon walls R. and L. DISCOVERED GENEVIVE PRESBY DOWN L. placing hat carelessly on MISS CHRISTINE MOORE'S head and talking to MARGARET FULTON, who is standing DOWN R.*

JENNIE (*to MISS MOORE*). There, Madam, that model might have been made expressly for you. (*To MARGARET*) Yes, Maggie, I went. I didn't expect to go. In fact I said positively I wouldn't. Wild horses couldn't drag me.

MAGGIE (*manicuring her nails carelessly*). I must say I never noticed any wild horses about when you stepped out of that trolley car.

MISS MOORE (*seated at table DOWN L., vainly trying to remove the hat which JENNIE is balancing upon her head*). Just a minute, if you please——

JENNIE (*to MAGGIE, not noticing MISS MOORE*). Frank and Jim insisted and (*Shrugs her shoulders*) well, my dear, you know Frank and Jim.

MAGGIE (*smiling to herself*). Yes, I know Frank and Jim very well—too well. It's what I don't know about them that worries them.

MISS MOORE (*takes up hand-glass from the table before her and tries to get a side effect*). This is not the hat I wanted to see.



JENNIE. They just wouldn't take no for an answer, so I simply had to give in and go. You understand.

MAGGIE (*with sarcasm*). Sure, I understand. You're a regular "Vampeer" when it comes to the men.

MISS M. (*putting down the hand-glass with a sigh*). It was the hat in the window I wanted to try on.

JENNIE (*to MAGGIE*). You flatter me. But, oh, I was so glad I went. I had the time of my life.

MISS M. (*impatiently*). I beg your pardon, Miss, but will you take your hand away? This is *not* the hat I asked you to show me.

JENNIE (*removing her hand in surprise and looking at MISS MOORE as if seeing her for the first time, then speaking decidedly*). What did you say, Madam? Why, this is the hat, I am sure of it. And believe me, it's the hat for you all right. (*Raises her voice*) Miss Thorn, Miss Thorn, will you step here a minute, Miss Thorn? (*ENTER MISS THORN, D.L., a hat in one hand, a bit of chiffon in the other. To MISS THORN, pointing to MISS MOORE*) Miss Thorn, did you ever see anything more chick than that model on madam?

MISS THORNE (*looking at MISS MOORE admiringly and shaking her head*). Ceertainlee not. Eet ees ravishing. Vraiment. (*Walks away backward, studying MISS MOORE as she goes, her head first on one side and then the other*) [EXIT D. L.]

JENNIE (*triumphantly*). There, what did I tell you? Miss Thorn's our designer and she's the last word on hats, positively. Her mother's second husband is a Frenchman. That's where she gets her beautiful accent and her wonderful taste. She's an artiste. A real artiste. She says so herself and she knows. Don't she, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Sure. Everything she designs is so—so—à la carte—so to speak.

MISS M. (*doubtfully*). But I'm afraid it's too youthful for me.

JENNIE (*in surprise*). Youthful? Too youthful? Impossible. Why, my dear madam, nothing is too youthful for nobody these days. I can assure you we sold

the very duplicate of that hat to a woman at least 85 years old, only yesterday.

MISS M. (*takes off hat quickly*). I didn't know you sold duplicates here.

JENNIE (*takes up hat and places it upon MISS MOORE'S head again at another angle*). Did I say duplicate? Really, Madam, you must have misunderstood me.

MISS MOORE. You said duplicate—as plain as the nose on my face.

JENNIE (*impudently*). As plain as that? Well, really, if I did, I didn't mean by duplicate the identical same thing. Did I, Miss Fulton?

MAGGIE. Certainly not. You just meant along those lines so to speak. Words are so misleading. They always give the wrong impression.

JENNIE. If that isn't the truth. You never can tell what a person means by what they say. Never. Why, my sister-in-law has the ugliest baby ever happened. Positively it's the limit. When our minister saw it he looked desperate, for everybody was hanging around waiting to hear what he'd say. And he just gasped out—"Well, that *is* a baby!" And would you believe it, they took it for a compliment?

MISS M. (*hesitatingly*). But I don't think I care for this shape. It's too high.

JENNIE. Everything's high this year, Madam, and still going up. That's the gospel truth. Hats, skirts, boots, higher, higher, higher.

MISS M. But I don't think it's becoming——

JENNIE (*with an exasperated look at MAGGIE*). People don't buy hats because they're becoming, Madam, but because they're smart. (*Turns her back on MISS MOORE*) And speaking of smart, Maggie, you should have seen how I dolled up last night. I wore my rose-colored chiffon over orange satin with a purple pansy arrangement in a sort of porte-cochère effect here (*Her hand at her shoulder*)—you know what I mean.

MAGGIE. Sure. Must have looked fine with your new bronze shoes.

JENNIE (*in disgust*). Them? I didn't wear those

old things. Why, I've had them four weeks. I got a brand new pair. Gold uppers over patent leather with silver heels.

MAGGIE. Some class!

JENNIE (*proudly*). Twelve dollars and a half. But then, as Frank says, while you're about it you might as well get them right.

MISS M. (*after several vain attempts to speak*). What did you say was the price of this?

JENNIE. I don't believe in doing this sort of thing halfway. So I just pick out my favorite actress and copy her down to the ground.

MISS M. (*rising*). Well, if you do not care to wait on me it is useless to waste any more time. (*Places hat on table*)

JENNIE (*quickly turning*). I beg your pardon, Madam, what can I do for you?

MISS MOORE. I have been trying for five minutes to find out the price of that hat. Perhaps this young person can tell me. (*Turns to MAGGIE*)

JENNIE (*shrugging her shoulders and turning away with a toss of her head*). Well, I never. She should do her shopping at the ten cent store.

MISS M. (*holds out hat to MAGGIE*). Can you tell me the price of this hat?

MAGGIE (*consults card*). Seventy-five dollars, Madam.

MISS M. What—what—what did you say?

MAGGIE. Seventy-five dollars.

MISS M. (*dazed*). Where?

MAGGIE (*points to hat*). There in your hand.

MISS MOORE (*drops hat and puts hands behind her*). Good gracious! I thought it was marked seven-fifty.

MAGGIE (*scornfully*). Seven-fifty? My dear Madam, we haven't a hat in the shop at such a price.

MISS M. (*taking paper clipping from hand-bag*). But you advertised. It was in this morning's paper. I saw it.

MAGGIE (*smiling and shaking her head*). Not here, Madam; perhaps you mean that place next door. I believe they do sell some of their stuff for seven-fifty.

MISS M. (*looks at clipping and gives it to MAGGIE*). No, it was here. Camille's. Isn't this Camille's?

MAGGIE (*takes clipping and looks at it, turns it over, examines it closely, then calls*). Miss Thorn? Miss Thorn? Have we any hats for seven-fifty?

ENTER MISS THORN D. L.

MISS T. (*coming forward impatiently*). What is it, Miss Fulton. You have just interrupted a most elusive symphony I was composing.

MISS M. (*clasping her hands*). Oh, are you a musician, too? I just adore music.

MISS T. (*scornfully*). My compositions, Madam, are worked out entirely with chiffon. I take a handful of colored balls—so. (*Takes up imaginary balls, pretending to roll them*) I roll them—so. A color scheme strikes me. A revelation. I compose a masterpiece—so.

MAGGIE. Excuse me, Miss Thorn, but we haven't any hats for seven-fifty, have we? This lady insists that we advertised. (*Gives advertisement to MISS THORN*)

MISS T. (*looks carelessly at advertisement*). I believe there are some in the stockroom. Tell Florella to ask Miss Leach and don't call me again unless it is absolutely necessary. You have completely ruined a marvelous pièce de résistance. Bong jour, Madam. (*Bows to MISS MOORE*)

[EXIT D. L.]

MAGGIE (*calls as she studies back of clipping*). Florella. Florella. Florella. Where is that girl? Florella.

ENTER FLORELLA, a little cash-girl, D. L.

FLORELLA. Did you call me, Miss Fulton?

MAGGIE (*with sarcasm*). No, sweet child, I didn't call you. I simply whispered your name. (*Changing her tone*) You go to the stockroom and ask Miss Leach if there are any of those seven-fifty hats left.

MISS M. (*as FLORELLA exits D. L.*). If it will take very long I'd rather not wait. I have an appointment this morning.

MAGGIE. It won't take a minute. Then you don't care to consider this? (*Extends hat*)

MISS M. Not at seventy-five dollars. If you have any like it reduced?

MAGGIE. From seventy-five to seven-fifty? Well, hardly. We might make you up one for fifty dollars by removing this and this and this. (*Takes off trimming*)

MISS M. Thank you, but I'll look at your seven-fifty model first.

MAGGIE. Very well. (*To JENNIE, as MISS MOORE turns away*) Did you hear that, Jennie? The idea of asking if we reduced from seventy-five to seven-fifty! Some women are the limit. Did you have it made décolletée?

JENNIE (*all enthusiasm*). Did I? You should have seen it. Not even shoulder straps. Just a marabout scarf. Very resuméé and éclat. Oh, dear! (*As MISS MARY MILTON ENTERS D. R.*) We are going to have a trying morning. You wait on her, dear, I'm all frazzled out. She doesn't look as if she expected to buy any way. Just some copy-cat. (*Takes powder-puff and mirror from pocket and carefully powders her nose*)

MAGGIE (*advancing to MARY*). Did you wish to see some hats, Madam?

MARY. Do you suppose I came in for a pair of rubbers?

MAGGIE. I beg your pardon, I didn't know.

MARY. It's your place to know. Show me what you have and look sharp. I've no time to waste.

MAGGIE (*her hand on chair-back*). If Madam will sit here.

MARY (*interrupting*). Miss, not Madam. Plain American is good enough for me. And I don't want to see any of those chitty things that make one look like a fliberty-gibbet school girl. No, you needn't show me any of those fire-extinguishers that put out both eyes. Are these all you have?

MAGGIE. No, indeed. We have some very exclusive models in the next room. I'll get them.

MARY. You needn't. I'm not an artist! I'm not looking for a model. I want a hat.

MAGGIE (*indicating JENNIE*). Miss Presby, perhaps you can suggest something that will please this young lady.

MARY. She can't. If there is any suggesting to do I'll do it myself. You don't have to wait on me. I'll look around and if I see anything I like, I'll let you know. That is, if your nails can spare you long enough to wait on a customer.

MAGGIE (*to JENNIE as MARY walks away*). Did you hear her hand me that? I wouldn't like to be the poor benighted husband of that pickle.

JENNIE. Don't you worry. She's the kind that falls so flat for a man that you have to pick her up with a shovel. I'll sell her a hat yet, see if I don't.

MAGGIE (*excitedly to JENNIE as the latter picks up hat*). Here comes Lobelia Love, Jennie. She's the star of the Flim-flam Film Company. Isn't she just grand?

ENTER LOBELIA *brightly*, D. R.

LOBELIA. Hello, girlies! I'm looking for a hat. Something for a sensation.

JENNIE. Certainly, Miss Love. We have just what you want. (*Holds up a hat*) How's that?

LOBELIA (*looks at hat held up by JENNIE and shakes her head*). Too conservative, dear. I want something that will make Mary Pickford sit up and take notice.

MAGGIE. Is it to go with anything special?

LOBELIA (*laughing*). Sure. It's to go with me and I guess I'm something special. What's that Harlem Hash arrangement you have over there? No, no, that's not me. I have to feel my hat or I can't wear it. I'm very tempermental. Tell you what, you make me up something and I'll see that you get publicity.

JENNIE. An order, certainly. How do you want it?

LOBELIA. Well, straw, of course, with velvet. I could stand a touch of fur and just a suggestion of chiffon wired. You know what I mean. Kind of military and swagger and original. Above all, original, like Margaret Clark's last picture.

ENTER DOROTHY DAVIS *and* JULIA HORTON, D. R.

DOROTHY (*to* MAGGIE). Have you any Panama shapes? (*Catches sight of* LOBELIA) Miss Love! How perfectly delicious. Julia, this is Miss Love. Don't you remember we saw her in "Her Heart's Desire" last week at the Stranded Theatre? Oh, Miss Love, tell me, isn't it just grand to have a man like Bobby Thornton at your feet every night?

LOBELIA. Bobby Thornton's a miserable, conceited ape. He just spoils my best scenes. As for his wife—she's a jealous little cat. As if I cared a rap for her little idiot of a husband. Let her keep him at home, tied to her apron strings if she's so afraid of losing him. Do you know what she said last night? Well, I'm a lady so I can't repeat her language, but the next time she comes my way I shall poke my umbrella straight into her eye, and then I shall say, "Oh, I beg your pardon, dearie, did I hurt you?" Just as if it was an accident.

JULIA. Does he really kiss you before you take that fatal leap?

LOBELIA. Yes, and if he doesn't stop eating onions I shall strike for a new leading man. It's a shame what we have to put up with.

DOROTHY. Weren't you terribly afraid when they rescued you from that burning building? Suppose those firemen hadn't come in time?

LOBELIA. Then the smoke would have all died down again. We were nearly choked as it was and we had to rehearse that scene six times. But, (*Turns to* MAGGIE) oh, my dear, did you see the diving scene in the last episode? It's great. That's where I got even with Bobby Thornton. I ducked him and held him down until he nearly drowned. And he couldn't say a word, for it made a ripping film. Everybody's crazy about it. (*To* JENNIE) Did you say you would make me up a hat?

JENNIE. We'll have to ask Miss Thorn. Will you tell her Miss Love is here, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Do you think I want to be scalped? Break the news to her yourself, cutie.

JENNIE (*calling off L.*). Florella, Florella! Where is Florella? I believe she takes a nap every time she is sent on an errand. Florella!

ENTER FLORELLA, *slowly*, D. L.

FLORELLA. Yes, Miss Presby, I'm coming. Miss Leach says we had some hats for seven-fifty, but she thinks they are all sold. Anyway, she just can't lay her hands on them.

JENNIE. Never mind that now. You tell Miss Thorn that a customer wants to see her.

LOBELIA. And hurry, will you, dear? I've an appointment at three and it's half past now.

FLORELLA (*clasping her hands*). Oh, Miss Love! I didn't know it was you. Will you write in my autograph book? I've carried it in my pocket for a month hoping you would come in. Listen, Miss Love, do you think I could get into the "Movies"? I got lots of ver-ver-versatility and I can make awful funny faces. I practice every night before the glass. Like this, and this, and this. And I just love doing dangerous things like jumping from runaway engines and leaping from off roofs, and I wouldn't care if I did break a few bones if only they'd take me. Won't you ask them, Miss Love, please, please. I'd work for almost nothing and I can dance and recite, too. I know most of the "Vampire." Do you want to hear me say it? "A fool there was and she dyed her hair, even as you and I."

LOBELIA. My dear child, that's not the way it goes.

FLORELLA. Doesn't it? That's the way I learned it from the funny page. Oh, Miss Love, I don't want to be a cash girl all my life or even a stuck-up saleslady. I want to be something exciting like the "Female Detective" or the "Golden Crook" or—or a villainess. I know I'm young, but lots of girls are in the "Movies" littler than me. And they do real well, too. Won't you give me a try? That's all I ask. Just a try?



LOBELIA. You poor kiddie, you certainly have got it bad.

FLORELLA. You *will* help me! Oh, Miss Love, I's so happy, I—I could hug you. May I? Miss Jennie, Jennie, what do you think, I'm going to be a moving picture star.

JENNIE. No picture you were in would ever move. It would be still life.

LOBELIA. No, no, child. I can't do that. I haven't any pull. You'd have to see managers and wait in line until your hair turns gray. It's fiendish up-hill work. Give it up, child, take my advice and let it alone.

FLORELLA. Oh, I can't, I can't! I just got to try! Won't you help me try?

LOBELIA. You can take my card to the manager if you want to, but it won't help. Like as not he won't see you, but that's up to him. If you feel the way you do, you won't be happy till you learn your lesson. (*Gives card to FLORELLA*)

FLORELLA. Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times. If I could only do something to show you how grateful I am.

MAGGIE. You go tell Miss Thorn, Miss Love wants to see her, if you're so crazy to do something exciting.

FLORELLA. I'll go for Miss Love, but not for you, smarty. [EXIT D. L.]

JENNIE (*arranging her hair and trying to speak indifferently*). Oh, Miss Love, by the way, if you happen to have another card about you——

LOBELIA. Sure. Here's one. (*To MAGGIE*) You want one, too?

MAGGIE. If you don't mind. [EXIT JENNIE D. L.]

ENTER MISS THORN D. L.

MISS T. Why did you send for me, Miss Presby?

LOBELIA. Oh, Miss Thorn, I want a hat. Something retrouseé. You know, lalapalusa.

MISS T. Miss Love, you leave it to me. I have an idea. A breath, a butterfly, the sea-foam. Light—so.

LOBELIA. That's the idea. A sea-foam butterfly. You can do it.

MISS T. Ah, eet ees a delight to create for a soul so—so——

LOBELIA. I know what you mean. I feel that way myself when I jump over a precipice and the crowd sits breathless. It's art. That's what it is, art. And we've both got it. In a different way, of course.

MISS T. Oh, we, my art ees of the soul. Yours ees of the—the—personality. It ees wonderful! Wonderful!

LOBELIA. Isn't it? What do you do to keep yours down?

MISS T. (*puzzled*). What do you mean? Keep what down?

LOBELIA. The em-bong-pong. You know what I mean. Fat! It's fatal. Fatal.

MISS T. Yes, what do you do? Tell me, please. I'm on a diet. I don't eat potatoes, or soup, or candy, or desserts, or sugar, and last week I gained two pounds. It's outrageous.

DOROTHY. I roll and exercise. But the minute I stop, up go the scales.

JULIA. I use lemons—a dozen a day. They're terrible, but they do keep you down. What do you do, Miss Love? Do you mind telling us?

LOBELIA. Not a bit of it. We girls must help each other out. I eat raisins. That's all, nothing but raisins. Very simple and very tiresome, but one has to be a martyr. (*Looks at watch*) Oh, my dear, I'm forgetting all about my appointment. You will fix me up a hat, won't you, Miss Thorn?

MISS T. Yes, indeed. Avec playzeer. It will be ready, shall we say at five? Will you run in and see it?

LOBELIA. No, I shan't have time. My grandson has just cut a tooth and I've promised to run in and see the little rascal.

ALL (*starting*). Your grandson!

DOROTHY (*surprised*). Why, Miss Love, I didn't even know you were married!

JULIA. The papers say you are only nineteen.

LOBELIA. So I am, dear, in the papers and on the screen. Really, I didn't mean to let that slip. I promised the manager I wouldn't. But you won't give me away, will you, dear? Promise me you won't breathe it to a soul.

ALL. We promise.

LOBELIA. By, bye, if I can cut the rehearsal, I'll try to get in at five. Oh, reveer, Au reveer. [EXIT D. R.]

DOROTHY. Did you ever! A grandmother! Fan me, somebody, quick!

MISS M. A grandmother! And as thin as that! I don't believe that raisin story.

MAGGIE (*to JENNIE, who has just RE-ENTERED*). Jennie, what do you think, Miss Love's married and she has a grandson.

JENNIE. Aren't you skipping a generation?

MAGGIE. And I thought she was a daybutante.

ENTER ROSAMOND DREW, D. R.

ROSAMOND (*to MAGGIE*). Have you any mourning bonnets? I don't mean deep mourning. He was only my second husband, you know, and he has been dead four months, so I must begin to brighten up a bit for the sake of my friends. (*To MISS MOORE*) Oh, Miss Moore, I'm so glad to see you've left off mourning. (*Shakes hands with MISS MOORE*)

MISS M. No, Mrs. Drew, not at all. I've only left off black.

ROSAMOND. I see, but well, I suppose you are right, but I promised poor dear Fred that I'd mourn for him one year, no matter what happened, and I'm doing it. I shall do it if I have to wear black when next I am led a blushing bride to the altar.

MISS M. Then you do expect to marry again?

ROSAMOND. Oh, Miss Moore, how can you suggest such a thing and poor dear Fred only dead four months and it seems an eternity to me. (*Wipes her eyes*)

MISS MOORE (*putting an arm around ROSAMOND*). I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be heartless. The days must seem long to you now.

ROSAMOND. Oh, they do, they do. There are so few things one can do, without people talking. Not that I care what they say. One should be above such petty gossip. Oh, you should have seen me at the funeral. I had hysterics. It took four men to hold me. Such handsome men they were, too. Doctor Reid said he never saw such hysterics in all his life. (*Sits*)

FLORELLA. What's hysterics?

ROSAMOND. I don't know, child. Nobody knows exactly, but I had them all right. And I cried quarts. I ruined all the front of my new black voile. Oh, it was a wonderful funeral. Sixteen carriages and two autos full of flowers. Just think, he had four pillows of white roses with "Rest in Peace" in violets. Two of the wreaths had "Rest" on them, but I liked the "Rest in Peaces" better. (*Takes up hat*) Oh, my dear, what an adorable model. Do you suppose I could wear it? (*Tries on hat*)

MAGGIE. Certainly, Madam. It's—it's not exactly mourning, but still——

ROSAMOND (*holding hat at arm's length to admire it*). They were Fred's favorite flowers. That could be my excuse. (*To MAGGIE*) Fred is my husband. Was, I should say. Harry likes them too. Harry is my doctor. He's wonderful. Doctor Reid. Heart specialist. Ever hear of him?

MAGGIE. No, Madam, I think not.

ROSAMOND. He's wonderful. Simply wonderful. He holds your pulse differently from most doctors. They are always in such a hurry. He's so sympathetic, too. I just cry quarts when he comes. It's so lovely to have him cheer me up. He says I need diversion and he thinks of the loveliest things to distract my mind from my grief. Sometimes it's the theatre, sometimes the opera, sometimes it's a wonderful little supper. Last night he took me way out into the country in his car where we could enjoy the beauties of nature. I just

adcre nature. It's so—so natural. Of course we couldn't see much of it. It was too dark, but we knew it was there. And he talked to me so beautifully about the hereafter and the wisdom of Providence. It does seem wise of Providence to have taken Fred just when it did, now that Harry's come into his fortune. No one ever dreamed of his uncle's dying this year. He was ninety-seven and we thought he was going to live forever, like that Wandering Jew it tells about in the Bible.

MAGGIE (*sighing and extending hat*). Do you wish to try this hat on, Madam?

ROSAMOND. No, it's too settled. I like buds best. You should have seen the flowers Harry sent me last night. All buds. He has such wonderful taste. Such candy, my dear. You wouldn't believe me if I told you how many boxes he's sent this week. Really, it's simply wicked to spend so much on the perishable things of this life when the poor are complaining about the high cost of living. (*As MAGGIE picks up hat*) No, I don't like crêpe unless it's white. I'm so glad white's mourning as well as black. I'm going to wear nothing but white in the future. (*Looks off*) Oh, excuse me, there's Harry's car now. I must find out what he's doing in this neighborhood. Just put a pin in what I was saying. I'll be back in a minute. [EXIT D. R.]

MAGGIE. Whew! They don't need a talking machine in her house.

ENTER MRS. MIDDLETON *with* DORIS D. R.

MRS. MIDDLETON (*to* JENNIE). Have you a children's department?

JENNIE. Yes, Madam, on the second floor. The elevator's at your right.

DORIS (*carrying a large Teddy-bear*). I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. Doris, how many times do I have to tell you that I can't get you a bonnet for Teddy today? (*To* JENNIE) You haven't anything that would do for a Teddy-bear, have you?

JENNIE. No, Madam, we don't carry toys.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. Not today, Doris. Mother will buy you one to-morrow.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. I'll make you one when we get home.

DORIS. I want one now.

MRS. M. (*to JENNIE*). Do you suppose you have anything that would do? She has set her heart on this and she's just like her father. Once her mind's made up you can't budge her.

JENNIE. I'm sorry, Madam, but we have nothing in that line at all. (*To DORIS*) Listen, dear, we have some beautiful hats for little girls upstairs, with the sweetest little rosebuds. Just wait till you see them.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. What am I going to do with her?

JENNIE. I know what I'd do if she were mine.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. Doris, if you say that again I'll whip you.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. (*to JENNIE*). I should think in an establishment like this you'd have some bits of silk and straw that could be made into a little bonnet. Sales girls are so disobliging nowadays.

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. (*taking a box from her bag*). Look, Doris, a box of candy. Chocolates. Now be a good girl and mother will give you a great big piece. (*Gives candy to DORIS*) That's right. (*To JENNIE as DORIS eats candy*) You have no idea how smart she is. She can sing and dance and recite—that is, when she wants to. Will you speak a piece for the lady, darling? (*DORIS shakes her head, her mouth full of candy that she has been steadily eating from the box her mother holds*) No? Oh, Doris. (*To JENNIE*) I'll coax her. Just pretend you're not paying any attention and she'll do it. She's a little shy. (*To DORIS*) Now, dear, say that pretty piece the teacher taught you.

DORIS (*after swallowing hard a few times*). I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. All right, sweetheart. You say the piece and the lady will find you a bonnet for Teddy. (To JENNIE) Won't you? (To DORIS) She says yes.

JENNIE. But, Madam, we carry nothing in that line.

MRS. M. (*aside to JENNIE*). Shush! Never mind. Just say yes until she speaks the piece and then I'll explain to her afterwards. Now, darling, the lady says you shall have a hat for Teddy just as soon as you say the little verse.

DORIS. I want the hat first.

MRS. M. No, dear, afterwards. Now begin—"There were two little kittens——"

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. Mother's waiting, dear. You wouldn't keep mother waiting, would you?

DORIS. I want a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

MRS. M. You're a naughty, bad girl and I'm going to give you to the first policeman we meet. (*Catches DORIS'S hand and EXITS with her D. R.*)

DORIS (*off stage, heard all the way saying*). I want a bonnet for my Teddy. I want a bonnet for my Teddy. I want a bonnet for my Teddy.

JENNIE. Isn't that the limit? I don't know which deserves the spanking most, the mother or the child.

MAGGIE. The mother. But she won't get it and the child will, perhaps.

ENTER MILLICENT RAY and EVELYN RICHARDS, D. R.

EVELYN. Oh, Milly, do look. Won't that make an adorable going-away bonnet? Just what you've been looking for. (*Tries on hat*)

MILLICENT (*putting down hand-bag, gloves, hat, etc., and trying on hat*). It is pretty. Oh, Evelyn, do you suppose I shall be happy? Sometimes when I stop to think I get frightened. You know I have always wanted my own way. Peter says I can still want it after we're married. Don't you think Peter a beautiful name? I do. It's so self-reliant and manly. That's Peter. His mother says he has brains enough for two.

EVELYN. How fortunate. He'll need them after he's married, dear. Have you set the day yet?

MILLY. No, it all depends upon when Peter can be spared from the office. He says they ought to let him choose his own time. He has never asked for a vacation before and he's been there six weeks. It isn't as if he were asking for time just for pleasure or to enjoy himself. Tell me frankly, does this hat really suit my style?

EVELYN (*sits*). I think so. But is it the style of your suit?

MILLY. Just about. You see, it's a crossbar pattern.

EVELYN. That should please Peter. He always said "Crossing the Bar" was his favorite poem.

MILLY. Tell me, dear, weren't you engaged to him once? Edith said you told her he was the light of your life.

EVELYN. Yes, but that light went out too often. Besides, he had too many mothers for me.

MILLY. Why, Evelyn, he has only one.

EVELYN. Yes, I know, but she was one too many for me.

MILLY. Are we never to have anyone wait on us? We've been here at least half an hour. I never saw anything like the salesgirls nowadays. They do nothing but prink and gossip. (*To MARY*) I'll take this hat.

MARY. Then you'll be arrested.

MILLY. I mean I'd like to have it.

MARY. I suppose a good many other girls would too.

MILLY. I mean I want to buy it.

MARY. Then why don't you?

MILLY. Are you going to wait on me or aren't you?

MARY. I certainly am not.

MILLY. May I ask why not?

MARY. You may.

MILLY. I never heard of such impertinence. I shall report her at once. She should be discharged.

EVELYN. Wait a minute, Milly. (*To MARY*) Would you mind telling me why you refuse to wait on my friend?



MARY (*taking up her own hat*). Because I happen to be a customer—not a saleslady.

EVELYN (*to MILLY*). How terrible! How did you come to make such a mistake?

MILLY. How was I to know? She had taken off her hat and walked about as if she owned the shop.

ENTER MISS LOUISA LAWRENCE, D. R.

LOUISA (*to JENNIE, who comes forward*). Is this Camille's?

JENNIE. Yes, Madam, this is Camille's. What can I do for you?

LOUISA. Nothing. I wish to see Miss Camille herself.

JENNIE. But there is no one by that name here, Madam.

LOUISA. Do you mean to say you call this shop "Camille's" and there is no such person?

JENNIE. When Madam goes to the "Waldorf" she surely doesn't expect Mr. Waldorf to wait upon her.

LOUISA. Who is the head of this establishment?

JENNIE. Miss Thorn, Madam.

LOUISA (*seating herself*). Then I'll see Miss Thorn.

JENNIE. Miss Thorn is very busy, Madam. Isn't there anything I can do for you?

LOUISA. I shall see Miss Thorn and no one else.

MAGGIE. Do you wish to buy a hat, Madam? Perhaps you will let me wait on you.

LOUISA. I wish to leave an order, a very important order and I wish to place it in competent hands.

JENNIE. I usually take the orders, Madam. I am sure I can satisfy you. Miss Thorn is our designer.

LOUISA. Then she is just the person I wish to see. Will you tell her I am waiting?

JENNIE (*reluctantly*). Very well. I'll carry the message myself. [EXIT D. L.]

LOUISA (*to MAGGIE*). That's better. I am not used to discussing serious affairs with any one but the proprietor.

MILLY (*to EVELYN*). Do you know, I think orange

blossoms are terribly old-fashioned and hackneyed. I believe I'll wear forget-me-nots in my wreath.

EVELYN. But, Milly, I don't believe it would be legal without orange blossoms. Everybody always wears them.

MILLY. That's just why I don't want to. I hate doing what everybody else does. What flowers would you wear if you were I?

EVELYN. Daffydills.

ENTER MISS THORN *and* JENNIE, D. L.

MISS T. Did someone wish to see me?

MAGGIE. Yes, Miss Thorn, this lady would let no one else wait upon her.

LOUISA. I'm ever so sorry to disturb you, but I had no alternative. It isn't for myself, you see, and she is so fussy. She positively refuses to wear anything that isn't made especially for her so as to carry out her color scheme.

MISS T. And what, may I ask, is her color scheme?

LOUISA. You shall see, but will you promise me not to keep her long? She is very nervous and easily upset. I'll bring her in.

MISS T. Is that necessary? Can't you tell me what you want? I can have several models tried on for you if you wish.

LOUISA. Oh, no. I never buy anything for her without consulting her first. She is very, very sensitive. She probably won't eat a mouthful of lunch now because I have kept her waiting so long, poor baby.

MISS T. Baby! Surely, Madam, you have not sent for me to order a baby's bonnet?

LOUISA. No, indeed. My maid buys all my baby's clothes. I want you to make an automobile hood for my darling Fifi.

MAGGIE. Fifi. Her dog? My stars!

LOUISA. Will you kindly refrain from speaking of her as a dog in my presence? I have always taken particular pains never to use that word before her. She

is not aware that she is a dog and I wish to keep her ignorant of the fact.

MAGGIE. And what does she think she is, please?

LOUISA. My pet. My treasure. Would you mind coming out to the car to see her? I never take her in a shop if I can help it. I am so afraid of germs. That young woman looks as if she had a cold now and I wouldn't have Fifi near her for the world.

MAGGIE. You needn't worry, Madam. I wouldn't touch your Fifi with a pair of tongs.

MISS T. I'm sorry, Madam, but I do not design hats for dogs. Good afternoon. [EXIT D. L.]

ENTER FLORELLA *excitedly*, D. R.

FLORELLA (*to LOUISA*). I say, Madam, did you leave a little dog in an electric bus outside? Because, if you did, he's gone tearing up the street lickety-split after a cat. Gee, but he's some dog!

LOUISA (*horrified*). A cat! Oh, oh, my angel, my darling, you'll be killed! Wait, wait for mother! I'm coming! I'm coming! [EXIT *hastily*, D. R.]

FLORELLA (*looking after LOUISA*). You couldn't guess what that little cur had hanging about his neck. A vanity-case, if you please, with a little mirror and a powder puff. A powder puff for a dog. What do you know about that?

MAGGIE. Why on earth do you suppose a woman wants to make such a fool of herself? Do you believe she does it on purpose or is it that she can't help it?

ENTER BRIDGET O'BRYAN, D. R.

BRIDGET (*to MARY*). Plaze, mum, will you tell me how Oi kin foind veilin'?

MARY. By looking for it, I presume.

MILLY (*as BRIDGET picks up the hat MILLY has taken off*). I beg your pardon, but that's my hat.

BRIDGET (*clutching hat*). Ixcuse me, but I seen it first.

MILLY. I don't care where you saw it, it's mine.

BRIDGET (*her arms akimbo, still holding hat*). Ye

don't shay so. Will, Oi'll have ye know me noime's Bridget O'Bryan an' me husband's the biggest policeman on the foorce an' when Oi say a thing he manes it. An' whin Oi wants a thing he gits it or he knows why. Jist now Oi wants this hat. Oi got it, an' take it from me, Oi'm goin' ter kape it.

MILLY. But you can't keep it. It's mine. It's mine and I want it.

BRIDGET. That's all roight. Kape right on wantin' it. Nobody's stoppin' yer.

MILLY. But it's mine, I tell you. It's mine.

BRIDGET (*examining hat with interest*). Indade, Oi can't say Oi'm after a-seein' your name ornamintin' the inside.

EVELYN. This is perfectly outrageous. (*To BRIDGET*). Madam, if you do not return that hat immediately to my friend, I'll have you arrested.

BRIDGET (*looking EVELYN over from feet to head*). Yer will, will yer? You'll have me—me arrested. Well, you jist hold yer horses a minute and listen to me. If you an' yer frind here think because yer droive up Fit Avenoo in yer painted slimozeens that ye kin skid over me you jist try it. That's all. Jist try it. I like this hat an' Oi'm goin' to buy it if it costs all of \$2.98.

MILLY. Just wait till Peter hears of this. Will you call me a taxi, Evelyn?

BRIDGET. I'll call you something worse than that. I'll call you a Ford.

MILLY. I have never been talked to so in my life. Let me out of this.

MAGGIE (*coming forward*). What is it, Madam? What is the trouble? Can I be of any service?

BRIDGET. No, yer can't. This ain't none of your funeral, so you kape out of it.

MAGGIE. I'll speak to Miss Thorn. [EXIT D. L.]

MILLY. Come, Evelyn. (*Stops*) But how can I go without my hat?

BRIDGET. Go the same way yer came, an' the quicker the bitter, Oi'm after a-thinkin'.

ENTER MISS THORN, *followed by* MAGGIE, D. L. *They go right to* MILLY.

MISS T. Oh, Madam, I am so sorry. I apologize. I apologize most profusely. If you will tell me what has happened to annoy you I'll do anything in my power to set it right.

MILLY (*to* MISS THORN, *pointing to* BRIDGET). That woman has taken my hat——

BRIDGET (*interrupting* MILLY). I'll have you know I'm no woman. I'm a lady and I am as good as she is, and what's more I've got jist as much roight ter buy a hat as she has. I seen it furst an' it's mine.

MISS T. (*reaches out her hand for the hat*). Madam, if you will permit me——

BRIDGET (*putting the hat behind her*). No, sir. I give no permits. It's kape off the grass. Oi may bay Oirish, but Oi ain't green.

MISS T. Madam, did you buy that hat?

MILLY. She couldn't. It's mine.

MISS T. (*to* MILLY). Just a minute, if you please. (*To* BRIDGET) Did you buy that hat?

BRIDGET (*stubbornly*). Yis. Oi did.

MILLY. She didn't. She couldn't. How could she?

MISS T. (*to* BRIDGET). Who sold it to you?

BRIDGET. Nobody. I ain't paid for it yit, but (*Takes out her purse*) Oi'm goin' to if it takes me last nickel. (*To* FLORELLA, *holding out hat*) Here, girl, you have that put into a box for me, an' if you're out of boxes Oi'll take a bag, and if yer ain't got no bags Oi'll wear it home. (*To* MAGGIE) How much did yer say it wuz?

MISS T. (*taking hat from* FLORELLA). Madam, this hat is not for sale.

BRIDGET. Oh, indeed? An' you think you kin git round it that way, do yer? Well, jist wait till you want ter cross Fit Avenoo. I'll put Pat wise an' you'll foind yersilf tied up in a tangle thot will make Prisdint Wilson's job look like a cinch.

MISS T. (*returning hat to* MILLY). Is this yours, Madam?

MILLY. It is. It is. I took it off to try on that one and she pounced upon it and wouldn't give it back.

BRIDGET (*aghast, sinking into a chair*). The saints presarve us, do you mane it's yours? Begoorah, why didn't yer say so before? Oi thought yer wanted ter buy it the same as me. Sure, it's a daisy, an' it's you that's in luck to own sich a beautiful lid. (*To MISS THORN*) Can you bay after a-makin' me one jist loike it?

MISS T. No, Madam, we never duplicate. All our work is original.

BRIDGET. Well, thin, make me an original one jist loike that.

MISS T. I think if you will let this young lady wait upon you she will find something that will suit your physiognomy even better than this.

BRIDGET. My who?

MISS T. Your physiognomy.

BRIDGET. He's my husband, Pat is, an' the best wan that iver walked on two legs, an' Oi'll thank yer to call him no names.

MISS T. (*holding up hat*). Now I think this would please him tremendously. Ah, I see you are skeptical.

BRIDGET. Oi am not, Oi'm a Catholic. Oi ain't got no use for thim new-fangle religions. [EXIT D. R.]

ENTER VERA *in riding-habit, hatless and breathless*, D. R.

VERA (*rushing up to MISS THORN*). Oh, Madam, you must find me a hat. Mine I haf lost. The elastic he broke. Zee wind he blew heem so— Wheew! Right into a wagon, a taxi-wagon, and before I could to turn, eet was out of sight. Zee chauffeur he no see, an my hat he gone. Will you find me one, Madam? I am to meet my fiancé in five minutes. He, he likes not to wait. He will make very angry with Vera. See, I may have thees—or better thees? Yes? So. You are verry kind. My Nicholas will to be very glad. Merci, bowcoo.

MISS T. Merci, Madam, cet ees an hornoor.

VERA. Ah, you parlay Francsay. Bean. Oh,

Madam, vulay-vu mer donenay un verre dough? J'ai soif, a——

MISS T. (*flustered*). Pardon, Madam. I—I have what you call eet. A—A cold in ze head. (*Sneezes*) Achoo! You see eet ees bad, very bad. Eet makes me deaf. I do not hear what you would say. Will you speak to my assistant, Miss Fulton? [EXIT D. L.]

VERA (*to MAGGIE*). Vraymon. Mademoiselle, J'ai soif, voulay-vu——

MAGGIE. English, please. My French hasn't a cold. It's just plain dead. So if we are to understand each other it will have to be in little old United States.

VERA. A glass of water. I am choked. Zee dust. Zee wind. Zee race after mon chapeau.

MAGGIE (*turning away and calling*). Florella, Flor-ella! (*Goes to D. F.*) A glass of water, Florella, and hurry up. (*While MAGGIE'S back is turned VERA manages to appropriate a pair of gloves, a hand-bag and a fancy pin from the table near her. As MAGGIE returns, VERA catches up hand-glass and looks at hat*)

MAGGIE. It is very smart on madam. You will take it?

VERA. Yes, I like eet. Alexis will like eet. I shall wear eet so.

MAGGIE (*taking pad from pocket*). But first I shall make out a check. Twenty dollars, Madam.

VERA. So scheep? You are wonderful, you Americans.

MAGGIE. Yes, we are. Twenty dollars, please.

VERA. My purse! Ah! I forget. I was to ride. Marie, my maid, I tell her always to put zee purse in zee blouse. But Marie, she ees so stupid, I don't can make her to learn. You have zee telephone? Yes?

MAGGIE. Yes, we have a telephone. Just outside that door. (*Pointing D. L.*) You wish to use it?

VERA. Yes. I will to call Marie.

MAGGIE. Very well, I will take charge of the hat for you and see that no one else buys it while you are gone.

VERA (*surprised, then putting her hand to her head*).

Zee hat? Ah, yes, I have to forget that I had eet on. Eet ees one joke? Yes? [EXIT D. L.]

MAGGIE. Yes, eet ees one big joke, but I have to remember you have it on. Yes.

JENNIE. Maggie, I never heard you talk so to a customer before. Whatever's got into you?

MAGGIE. You just watch little Maggie and she'll show you a thing or two.

JENNIE. Isn't she a strange customer? I like to wait on foreigners. They're so interesting.

MAGGIE. Well, you hang around a few minutes and I'll show you some funny business.

FLORELLA. What is it? What is it? Tell me. Is she a female detective? How lovely! How exciting! I just knew something exciting was going to happen today. I felt it in my bones.

MAGGIE. Well, you keep your bones quiet and don't let on that there's anything up. Only when I cough three times this way— (*Coughs*) you slip into the telephone booth and call up Rector 5458. Tell them to send some one up here R.S.V.P.D.Q.

FLORELLA. Oh, goody, goody, goody! It is a detective story and I'm in it.

JENNIE. Why do you suspect her, Maggie? Have you ever seen her before?

MAGGIE. Once. She came into Altman's while I was working there and when she left, well a few things left with her. Believe me, she's *some* dame. Hush! here she comes. (ENTER VERA, D. L.) Did you get your maid?

VERA. Yes, she will be right over wiz ze money. (*Looks at wrist-watch*) What will Michael think? I must make ze haste. (*Gathers up possessions*)

MAGGIE. You wish to wear the hat so?

VERA. Eef you please. I must, you see. Zee wind took mine. Whew! Like that.

MAGGIE. And your maid? She has not come yet.

VERA. Ah, but she will. She eez very—what you say—all right.

MAGGIE. Is the hotel very far from here?



VERA. Oh, no, not at all. Just one leetle step.

MAGGIE. Good. I will send Florella over with the hat or the bill, as you wish, and she will be back while you are getting on your things. You see, of course we know it is all right—very all right—but well, I hardly know how to say it, but you are not a regular customer of ours.

VERA. Certainlee. Zat ees true. You send zee bill to my hotel. The clerk will to settle eef Marie should not be there.

MAGGIE (*making out bill; aside*). I thought you just phoned to her. (*Aloud*) Yes, I see, but I hardly think Florella will pass her. Florella may not be as quick as your Marie, but she is rather an observing young person and not much escapes her. What did you say was the name of your hotel?

VERA. Zee—zee Petrograd.

MAGGIE (*writing*). That's a new one on me. What street?

VERA. Zee street? You ask me zee street? Eet ees difficult to remember your streets. Zay are very—very confusing. All numbers.

MAGGIE. We find them wonderfully simple. Florella, look up Hotel Petrograd and find out the number. (*Gives three little coughs*)

FLORELLA. Sure. Shall I call them up?

MAGGIE. I think so. (FLORELLA EXITS D. L. *To* VERA, *slowly*) Of course, Madam, you understand we know you are perfectly all right. This is only a matter of form.

VERA. Certainlee. But really I don't think zis hat becomes me. And I don't can wait. My Alexis will be most—most troubled.

MAGGIE (*sharpening pencil*). It is too bad, too bad to worry him needlessly. But I thought you said his name was Nicholas.

VERA. Nicholas Michael Alexis Ivanovitch. We Russians have many, many names. Eet ees our custom.

MAGGIE. What a convenient custom.

ENTER FLORELLA, D. L., *with telephone book.*

FLORELLA. I cannot find Hotel Petrograd.

MAGGIE (*taking book from FLORELLA*). That's all right. You run along. I'll look up the hotel.

FLORELLA. There's Hotel Princeton and Preston and Pontiac, but I don't see no Petrograd. [EXIT D. L.]

MAGGIE (*running her finger down the page*). There doesn't seem to be any Petrograd in this book, Madam.

VERA (*laughing lightly*). How perfectly ridiculous. I have give you my Russian hotel. How very, very stupid of me!

MAGGIE. I see. Your hotel has several names also.

VERA. Vraiment. But your American names are so—so—what you call heem—so elusive.

MAGGIE. Do you think so? Why, I never found anything elusive about the place where I live. It's right there when I come home, every time, sitting up waiting for me.

MILLY. Why, how strange! I put my bag here on this table just a few minutes ago and—and—it's gone. (*Looks about desperately*)

EVELYN. It must have slipped under the table. No, it's not there. Look under your coat. (*Both search wildly*)

MILLY. I did. I took off my gloves so—and—why, they're gone, too. Really, this is too much.

EVELYN. And my hatpin is gone. It was the only real gold one I possess.

VERA (*sweetly to girls*). Did you to lose something? Let me help you look. I zink I see zee pin on zee table when I come in.

MAGGIE. I zink you did. And no one has come in since. Not even Marie. (*To MILLY*) Had you much in your bag, Madam?

MILLY (*wailing*). Yes. My watch and my pearl ring. I slipped that off, for my glove rubbed against it.

JENNIE. Any money?

MILLY. Only five dollars in change, but I had an endorsed check for fifty dollars. What will Peter say? Oh, what will Peter say?

JENNIE. Take my advice and don't tell him. What he don't know can't worry him.

MAGGIE (*off L.*). Florella, tell Miss Thorn I wish to see her.

VERA (*to MILLY*). I am very, very sorry you have meet wiz such a loss. Are you quite, quite sure you have ze bag when you came in? Sometimes one makes a meestake. I haf myself very, very often, ees it not? (*While all are busy searching for bag, VERA cleverly places it under a hat*)

MAGGIE. It certainly is, but she had her bag this time, for I saw it on her arm when she came in. Beaded, wasn't it?

MILLY (*wiping her eyes with her handkerchief*). Yes. Peter's mother made it for me. What shall I tell her? What shall I tell her?

JENNIE. Tell her nothing. My stars, do you have to tell everybody everything every time?

VERA. I have changed my mind about ze hat, I will to fly. Bon jour, thank you for your courtesy. When my Marie comes tell her she ees so slow I could not to wait.

MAGGIE. Just a minute. (*To MILLY*) Don't you think it would be well to call up your bank and stop payment on that check?

MILLY. Oh, yes, yes. I'm so glad you thought of it. Quick, Evelyn, come with me. I'm so nervous you will have to help me. [EXEUNT MILLY and EVELYN, D. L.]

MAGGIE (*to VERA*). Don't you think you had better hand over those things before they come back?

VERA (*drawing herself up proudly*). I do not know what you mean.

MAGGIE. I think you do.

VERA. Will you stand out of ze way and let me pass? I have no more zee time to waste here.

MAGGIE. Then why waste it? Jennie, will you close that door?

VERA. What do you mean, Madam? You would keep me—me here a prisoner? Do you know who I am?

MAGGIE. No, that's the trouble.

ENTER FLORELLA, D. L.

VERA. I am Vera Feodora Christiania Sophia Alexanderina.

FLORELLA. Ain't that just grand? Oh, won't you please write it all in my autograph book?

VERA. I am a princess. A royal princess travelling incognito.

FLORELLA. Oh, goody! Will you put that down, too? I've always wanted to see a princess, a real live one. Gee, but things are coming my way.

VERA. I refuse to be detained in zis vulgare fashion. I shall see my ambassador and he will demand an apology.

MAGGIE. That's all right. I'll apologize to your ambassador when I see him. In the meantime I should suggest your replacing that bag before the ladies return. This is merely a suggestion, if you prefer to hand it over to a policeman, it's all the same to me.

VERA. You—you dare to insinuate zat I have taken zat woman's bag?

MAGGIE. I insinuate nothing. I simply make a cold statement of plain facts. Replace that bag and you may go, refuse and—how long did they say it would be, Florella, before that detective would be here?

FLORELLA. I think he's here now, just outside the door.

ENTER BRIDGET, D. R.

BRIDGET. Pat says I must have a new picture hat.  
(*Tries on hats*)

ENTER MILLY, EVELYN, MISS THORN, D. L.

MISS THORN. Miss Presby, there's a woman here, a Miss Keen, from the detective agency. She says there was a call sent from here. Do you know anything about it?

BRIDGET (*pouncing upon a bag that VERA had slipped*

*under a hat*). Whose is this? Somebody has left their bag.

MILLY (*seizing bag*). It's mine. It's mine. Oh, where did you find it?

BRIDGET. Under this hat. Did you lose it?

MILLY. And I thought I looked everywhere.

EVELYN. Did you happen to see a hatpin, too? A gold one set with a topaz.

FLORELLA (*picking up pin from under table*). I have it. I have it. Is this the one?

Evelyn. Yes. And I looked under there a dozen times.

MILLY. My gloves, Evelyn, are in my bag.

MISS T. You haven't answered my question, Miss Presby. Did any one from here call up the police department?

JENNIE. Did they, Miss Fulton?

MAGGIE (*looking at VERA*). I think there was a mistake made in the number, Miss Thorn. I'm sorry. It shan't occur again, I hope.

MISS THORN. I hope not. You girls must be more careful. This might have proved very embarrassing.

MAGGIE. Yes, it might have, I'm very glad it didn't.

ENTER ROSAMOND, D. R.

MILLY. I'll take that hat. Will you send it?

ROSAMOND. I'm going out to lunch with Harry, so I'll leave off mourning just for to-day and wear this. (*Takes hat*)

MISS MOORE. This hat is marked seven-fifty. I'll take it.

MARY. I see nothing here that pleases me. I'll try next door. I may be able to get some attention there.

ENTER LOBELIA, D. R.

LOBELIA. I did manage to get back. Is it ready? He's just the darlinest boy. Two teeth and almost talks. I can understand every word he doesn't say.

BRIDGET. Pat says he don't care what color you make it so long as it's green.

ENTER MRS. MIDDLETON *and* DORIS, D. R. DORIS carries  
a small bonnet.

DORIS. I got a bonnet for my Teddy-bear.

VERA (*to* MAGGIE). Are you satisfied, Madam?

DOROTHY. Will you tell me the name of this shop?  
I want mother to see this hat.

JENNIE. This is Camille's. Camille's. (*To* MAGGIE) No, Maggie, I won't go unless you do, but if you'll come too, I'll get Frank and Jim and we'll have a swell time. I'll wear my rose-colored chiffon over orange and you doll up in your blue and silver and we'll be a pair of lookers. Will you?

MAGGIE. I won't promise, unless the boys hire a taxi.

JENNIE. If they won't we'll order one ourselves. I believe in doing things right every time. Even in trifles, such as fixing your hair and manicuring your nails. Do you know how I manage? I just pick out my favorite actress and copy her down to the ground. (*ALL CHARACTERS form a group UP STAGE as the girl who spoke the Prologue steps forward and recites the Epilogue*)

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## EPILOGUE

You see I was right, this is Vanity Fair—  
You will find the same scenes acted here, acted there,  
For my lady must dress in the fad of the day  
Though foolish the fashion, that reigns in full sway.  
The matron, the widow, the "Movies'" fair queen,  
The bride and the school-girl, you've one and all seen.  
The curtain must fall, but you lift it at will,  
In each shop that you pass it's enacted there still.  
The Fads and the Fancies, the Follies are there,  
So smile and be kind to our Vanity Fair.

CURTAIN

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
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CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours .....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
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## RURAL PLAYS

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AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

## ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

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## COMEDIES AND 25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

## WESTERN PLAYS

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GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
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MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
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CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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