

Ten Minutes Intermission

By W. E. Hill

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Bebe's gentleman friend has stepped out for a smoke, and Bebe, left alone for the first time since the cocktail hour, is taking a good mental rest. It's hard work for a girl to evoke charm for hours at a stretch without any relaxation.



A ten-minute intermission between acts is a terrible time for a lot of stout people who are sitting in the same row. Because some of them are bound to get restive and want to go outside for a breath of air, and that means a lot of crowding past, and stumbling over feet and fur neckpieces and bags. Naturally there are bound to be murderous glances and saucy remarks bandied back and forth, and the evening is ruined.



"Hello, is that you, Elsie? Well, tell Frank not to get seats for mamma and papa and Aunt Dorothy. It's a terrible show!" (Just a sweet girl phoning home to the folks between the acts.)



Backstage, Miss Fay Schnell is being interviewed by a great, big newspaper man at the behest of the Sunday editor. "You've got to promise," says Fay, "you won't write anything I couldn't show my daddy."



Belva and Aunt Rhoda are attending a matinee, and during the intermission Belva is being sent out to change the seats. Aunt Rhoda is very particular and won't sit too far front, where you can hear too well, or too far back, where you can't hear well at all, or too far on the side, where an upper box might break off and fall on one.



Overture. Nearly time for the curtain to rise on the last act of "Hey, Hey, Babe," and Mr. Bernie Blatt, rising from his chair in the orchestra pit, renders a solo on his muted cornet. It's the hit number, "Let's All Get Cuddlesome."



The crowd in the lobby between the acts is tense with excitement when this month's favorite picture stars, Miss Totsy O'Dare and Mr. Don de Casanova, are discovered in person. Totsy and Don are being seen around a lot these days, it being considered good box office by the press department. Their new release, "Happiness Preferred," is showing next week.



Mrs. Ward Strangle and her darling offspring, Carolyn Strangle, have removed to the outer lobby for a couple of puffs before the next act. Strangers seeing Carolyn and her ma for the first time won't believe they are mother and daughter. Indeed, when they wrangle and come to blows, which happens now and again, you'd swear they were twins, and not parent and child.