Ten Minutes Intermission
By W. E. Hill

A ten-minute intermission between acts is a terrible time for a lot of smart people who are sitting in the same row. Because some of them are bound to get restless and want to go outside for a breath of air, and that means a lot of crowding, and, as we all know, even dart and fan makeovers and bags. Naturally there are bound to be numerous glances and gossip remarks hurried back and forth, and the evening is ruined.

"Hello, is that you, Boba? Well, tell Frank not to get near those mops and pans and Aunt Dorothy. It's a terrible show!" (Just a sweet girl phoning home to the folks between the acts.)

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

Boba and Aunt Rhoda are attending a matinee, and during the intermission Boba is being surreptitiously changed in the arms. 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, Babes," and Mr. Bernie Blain, rising from his chair in the orchestra pit, renders a solo on his mouth organ. It's the hit number. "Let's All Get Candiedome!"

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