

THE ELEVATOR: FARCE

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The Elevator: Farce by W. D. Howells

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W. D. HOWELLS

**THE ELEVATOR:
FARCE**

THE
ELEVATOR

Farce

By W. D. HOWELLS



BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY
1885

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THE ELEVATOR.

Farce.



THE ELEVATOR.

Farrar.

I.

THROUGH the curtained doorway of Mrs. Edward Roberts's pretty drawing-room, in Hotel Bellingham, shows the snowy and gleaming array of a table set for dinner, under the dim light of gas-burners turned low. An air of expectancy pervades the place, and the uneasiness of Mr. Roberts, in evening dress, expresses something more as he turns from a glance into the dining-

room, and still holding the *portière* with one hand, takes out his watch with the other.

Mr. Roberts, to *Mrs. Roberts* entering the drawing-room from regions beyond: "My dear, it's six o'clock. What can have become of your aunt?"

Mrs. Roberts, with a little anxiety: "That was just what I was going to ask. She's never late; and the children are quite heart-broken. They had counted upon seeing her, and talking Christmas a little before they were put to bed."

Roberts: "Very singular her not coming! Is she going to begin standing upon ceremony with us, and not come till the hour?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Nonsense, Edward! She's been detained. Of course she'll

be here in a moment. How impatient you are!"

Roberts: "You must profit by me as an awful example."

Mrs. Roberts, going about the room, and bestowing little touches here and there on its ornaments: "If you'd had that new cook to battle with over this dinner, you'd have learned patience by this time without any awful example."

Roberts, dropping nervously into the nearest chair: "I hope she isn't behind time."

Mrs. Roberts, drifting upon the sofa, and disposing her train effectively on the carpet around her: "She's before time. The dinner is in the last moment of ripe perfection now, when we must still give people fifteen minutes' grace." She stud-