

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

FRILLY LILLY

The Adventures of a Frivolous Girl in the Fashionable Whirl,



"I'm in a dilemma! I want the judgment of a man of the world!"

Written by
Carolyn Wells
Drawing by
Penrhyn Stanlaw

No. 3. A Quiet Afternoon

"O H, how do you do, Mr. Willing? I'm so glad to see you! I was just saying to myself it's such a dull afternoon I'd be glad to see anybody."

"Even me?"
"Now, you're just fishing for a compliment, but you won't get it. Sit down in that big easy chair and we'll have a nice, quiet, comfy afternoon, and you can talk to me."

"I can do what?"
"Oh, well, I'll talk to you then. I want to ask your advice about something. I'm in a—well, a sort of a dilemma—and I want the judgment of a man of the world—an all-round knowing man—if you know what I mean. Oh, there's the telephone—pardon me, Mr. Willing—I'll just see who it is—no, you needn't leave the room—it's probably Tottie, or some of the girls. Hello! Oh, hello! Is that you, Jack? Why, you dear boy, I'm so glad to see you—hear you, I mean."

"What? Not really? Oh, the idea! Now, don't you flatter me like that—oh, no, no—I couldn't possibly—well, maybe—if you'll promise to be good."

"What now? Oh, no, Jack, you can't come up here now. I'm—just going out! No—you didn't hear a man's voice exclaiming! That was Fido! Yes, he has a human sort of a bark. Well, yes, it is a little like Willy Willing's voice—he's a perfect puppy! What! No! Of course, I mean Fido. No, Jack, you can't come now; I tell you I'm going out. I have on my hat and coat already—yes, that was Fido again—be always makes that queer sound when anybody telephones. (Puts hand over transmitter.) Mr. Willing, you must keep still, or I won't tell all these fits for your benefit! But I don't want our nice quiet afternoon intruded upon—Yes, Jack, come to-morrow. I have something I want to consult you about. I really need the advice of a (covers transmitter again)—Mr. Willing, please step into the library for a moment. Look at the new books on the table—Yes, Jack, truly, I need the experienced advice of an all-round man of the world—like you—oh, yes, you are—you're awfully well-balanced and all that—don't talk when I am talking—wait till I ring off—oh, Jane is just bringing me a card—wait a minute, Jack—why, it's Mr. Strong—I like that man awfully well—show him in, Jane Good-by, Jack—no, I can't listen now—good-by."

"How do you do, Mr. Strong? Do sit down. Take this easy chair. I'm so glad to see you—yes, isn't it dull weather? So good of you to come and brighten up an otherwise lonely afternoon. Excuse me, just a moment; there's a new book in the library I want to show you. (Goes into next room.)
"Now, Mr. Willing, you must stay here till Mr.

Strong goes. Because, if you show yourself, you'll have to leave here before he does!"

"I won't!"
"Hush, he'll hear you—now, I won't be a bit entertaining to him, and he'll soon go—and then we can have our nice, quiet afternoon. Now, will you be good-boy and stay here and not make a sound?"

"Yes, but I'll eavesdrop everything you say."
"I don't care. I shan't mean a word of it!"
"And if you don't fire him pretty swift I'll come in there and stir up a hurrah's nest!"

"There! there! there! little one. Rest tranquil! Read a nice, pretty book or something. But don't smoke, or he'll know somebody's in here."

(Lilly returns to drawing room.) "Yes, I'm so glad you came, Mr. Strong—what book?—Oh, yes, I was going to show you a book, but I—it wasn't there. Never mind, let's just chat—I want to ask you something, something serious, you know. May I?"

"Oh—I don't know—you see, it's Leap Year!"
"Now, Mr. Strong, don't frivo! It doesn't suit your iron-bound countenance. And truly, I'm in earnest! You know, we women like to get the ideas of a man's brain! A man of judgment and experience—well, what they call a man of the world—oh, yes, you are. I often quote your opinions—they're so profound. Now, what I want to ask you about is—oh, there's the telephone—excuse me—just a tiny minute—no, don't go. Oh, Hello! Is that you, Flossy? Darling girl, do come over, can't you?—yes, now—right away—oh, I wish you could—I want to hear all about it!—only last night?—a ruby and diamond!—oh, heavenly!—well, come to-morrow morning, then—yes—yes, indeed, dearest—good-by—good-by—yes, I think so, too—perfectly horrid, but, oh, of course, yes—good-by—no, nothing of the sort—yes, I'll come right over—good-by!"

"Oh, must you go, Mr. Strong?"
"Well, yes, I did tell Miss Fay I'd go over to see her, but I meant after your call was over—please don't go yet—you must? Well, come again, do—I always enjoy a talk with you—you're so—so profound—if you know what I mean. Good afternoon, Mr. Strong."

"Now, come back, Mr. Willing! Didn't I tell you I'd get rid of him in short order? But he's such an everlasting talker it's hard to make him go. Now, we can have our nice, quiet afternoon. Excuse me just a minute first—I want to telephone just the latest word to Tottie May!"

"Oh, hello! Is this you, darling? What do you think?—oh, you know already? Did Flossy tell you?—oh, no, not really! Well, for gracious goodness' sake!—yes, coral-pink chiffon, in one of those new smudge designs—oh, yes—a black chip Gainsborough, with practically all the feathers in the world piled on it—no, Thursday afternoon—why, about five—violet? Well, really! Oh, Tottie—and, yes, Mr. Willing is here, but he can't hear what you say—no, he doesn't mind wait-



"Is this you, darling?"



"Oh, Tottie, what do you think? Mr. Willing has gone!"

ing—oh, Tottie! I can't believe it! Yes, she did! And she said that Billy said if she ever did such a thing again—Oh, Tottie, what do you think? Mr. Willing has gone!"

Next Week—
Taking Care of Uncle