

KEEPING THE OFFICE FOR PAPA

A Humorous Monolog

by
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Good morning. Won't you come in? No, the doctor isn't in. He's my papa but mama says for me to always speak of him as "the doctor" to others. She says it sounds more as if he was somebody. Then mama says it has a certain "advertising value," whatever that is. I asked mama what it meant and she said it was worth a lot more to have it announced from the stage or platform that "Doctor Eddson was wanted at the telephone" than it would to just have 'em say that "Mister Eddson" was wanted. Yes, and once when papa had it all planned with a man to call him out from the theater the man got papa's name mixed up with that of Dr. Edwards and called Dr. Edwards out instead of papa, and no one wanted Dr. Edwards nor any other doctor and when Doctor Edwards went up to the man who had called him out, the man said, "Aw you ain't the doctor that promised me a dollar if I would call him out. It was Doctor Eddson, I didn't mean to say Edwards." Good joke on papa.

Yes, it's his office hours but he had to go 'way out into the country this morning and said he might be a little late getting to his office and for me to let folks in and tell them to wait if they could. Mama had to go to her woman's club to read a paper on "Modern Poets" that my Aunt Hattie, who is a schoolteacher, wrote for her. Papa said he bet a cookie that mama didn't know the difference between a modern poet and one that had been a mummy for a thousand years. Papa's always teasing mama about her club--oh, come in. The doctor will be a little late keeping his office hours today and I am working for him until he comes. Are you the lady whose twin babies have the measles and you was to call for some medicine for them? If you are I know just where the medicine is with your name on and---you are Miss Sharpe? Oh! Then I guess the medicine for the twins must belong to someone else. You ought to be glad of it, those twins would get first prize for being the ugliest babies among--

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