The Croquet Revival
By W. E. Hill

The young intellectuals take their croquet sets into parks and vacant lots and hold tournaments, being very scientific about each and every play.

"She used to answer the doorbell in just any little thing at all, I'm afraid, and one day the elevator man said to her, 'Lady, I've got some modesty even if you haven't, and my dress pin was simply beside herself with rage and drove a freighted arrow to the renting agent, and—goodness! is it my turn? What wicket am I to face?' (Just two lovely girls who have been enlisted against their better nature for a croquet game and are not much interested.)"

Here's the family with a few chosen friends out on the side lawn with the croquet set all up and ready for a good stiff game. Sister Mildred is trying to make Esther, the Airhead, pop, see reason, with no success, because Esther dearly loves to chase the croquet ball in its flight. To Mildred's left are a couple of goys who wish they were home. The cute girl to the right of the boy about to make a trick play is screaming and gurgling and telling Walter he's positively the limit, being such an old matron and knocking her ball away down the line! The large girl on the extreme right is Aunt Nettie, who is a perfect fountain of questionable advice. "Now, Walter, listen," she's saying, "why don't you take your stick and then hit Genevieve's ball, and take her away from the post, and then come back and knock Howard's ball away from Dorothy's!" The lawn is very bumpy, which is to be expected of all croquet grounds.

A young mother is a great trial as a partner. Can't seem to keep her mind on the ball, but it is forever exclaiming, "Listen—was that the baby? Didn't you hear something?"

Harriet's ball has gone out of bounds, over in the piney bed, and so, seeing that no one is paying much attention, Harriet is going to put it back on the croquet ground, a yard or so to the good.

The younger set, or the bright young people, as they prefer to be known, like to get all huffy with goys and-bitch before starting the game. Because this seems to relieve that tension attendant on who will win and all that. (Joe and Sally have paused at the second wicket to give a rendition of the song hits from the latest show.)

The suspicious husband. "I'm not saying you moved the ball. All I said was that it seemed funny; I had got where it is before you had a chance to play!"

Croquet has not been revived for everybody! Because the Victorians have been playing right along through the Gay Nineties and the roaring nineteen hundreds. Mrs. Retwell Fuffer is complaining of her late opponent, Mrs. Cleveland Crinewell. "I don't mind Geo's winning the game," she is saying to her paid companion and yeo-girl, Miss Mona Toodden, "but I will not have her telling me I was 'shanked.' It's unladylke and vulgar!"