

To do this in the clearest manner I beg your long-suffering attention to a small picture of that mother before the up-to-date snippy, snappy play-ground has been brought into the town.

SCENE ONE AND ONLY

ACT DITTO

MAPLE TREE AVENUE No. 7

Characters:—

Plump lady with a servant left and a husband coming home for dinner.

Plump child with a dirty face, six years of age (the face. The dirt looks older than it is).

Plump lady (at 10.30 a.m.)—"Carlyle, you annoy me, run and play on the lawn but remember not to step on the flowers or the street."

Exit Carlyle.

Plump lady (while dusting the bedrooms at 10.40): "I wonder what Carlyle is doing, he's so quiet?" Exit P. L. to the garden. C. alright.

Plump lady (at 10.50, while making a bed): "I wonder how Carlyle is—I do hope he's not got into trouble or anything. Exit P. L. to the garden. Carlyle alright.

Plump lady (at 11 a.m., while mixing a pudding): "Gracious, I forgot all about Carlyle!" Exit P. L. with haste. Carlyle alright.

Now you have read my tragedy—and it IS a tragedy, isn't it?—you may have the melodious tear dried away by my literary handkerchief if you care to use it.

Behold Mrs. Plump Lady (but alas, not now so plump as heretofore—and she didn't get thin to music either, but to the worry, worry, worry, and the exit, exit, exit, when Carlyle was supposed to be playing in the garden, when the maid had left, and the hubby was coming home for dinner). Behold Mrs. Plump Lady, now the snappy new play-ground has come into her town.

She dresses Carlyle "smartly but sensibly," and calls up the officers of the play-ground. A cultured, modified, musical voice comes lightly over the line. Mrs. P. L. requests that a car and a nurse be sent as soon as possible to No. 7 Maple Tree Ave. "Assuredly," says the voice. In ten minutes the vehicle and the nurse arrive and Carlyle is transported as on the wind to that paradise—that real, up-to-date snippy, snappy, play-ground. Let us trespass within the glorious precincts! Here are artificial oceans—not as large as the real things, of course—but blue and briny and bouncing as the best of them. Here is sand like pepper without the sneeze in it—silky stuff! Here