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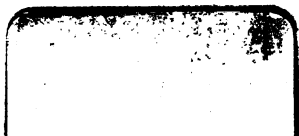
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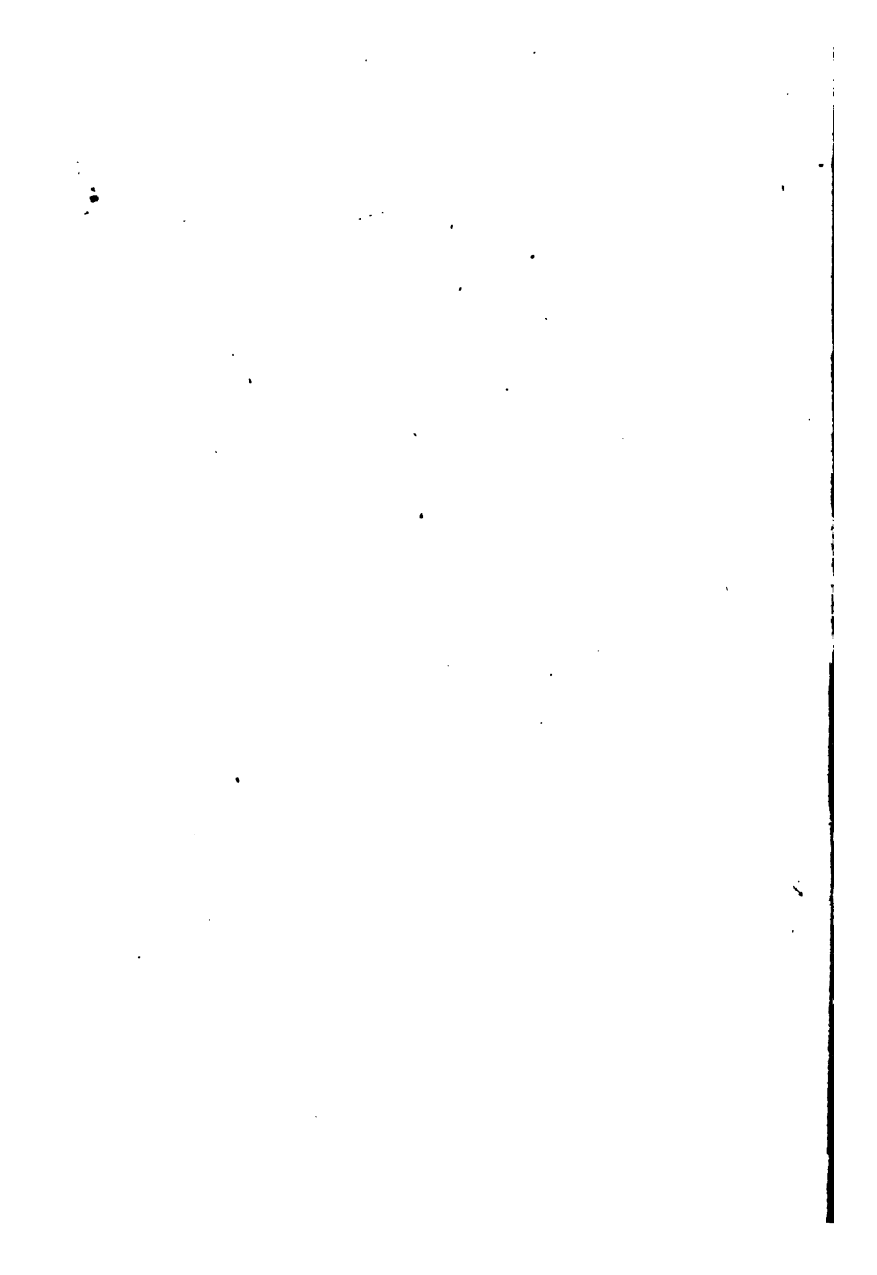


**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

• •
1918



Henry Arthur
Mallon



35



A
BOOK OF PLAYS

FOR LITTLE ACTORS

BY

EMMA L. JOHNSTON

PRINCIPAL OF THE BROOKLYN TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR TEACHERS, CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

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SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS



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BOOK OF PLAYS.

W. P. 6

PREFACE

THESE plays are intended to give little school children a great deal of pleasure as well as to train them in expressive oral reading and in intelligent silent reading. They have been read and acted with ease by many children in second-year classes who had had no special preparatory lessons on the words used in the plays.

The plays are to be *read at sight and acted at the same time*. In Part I there are no directions for actions, but every necessary action is suggested to the children by the words of the characters. In Part II the expressions in italics, which are directions to the actors, should be read silently by the children. It will be noticed that in Part II much acting is suggested in order that the children may get considerable practice in silent reading.

Most of the plots for the plays have been borrowed from nursery classics. It will be found that these rhymes and stories, though subjected to some fanciful interpretations, have been treated with all the consideration that a real classic should receive.

Special attention should be given to the plays provided for Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Thanksgiving Day, Arbor Day, and the Fourth of July. As these plays are intended to furnish appropriate matter for schoolroom celebrations, the players may be allowed to memorize their parts for these occasions.

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PART FIRST

HOW TO TREAT THE PLAYS IN PART I

1. The teacher assigns the parts.
2. The children decide what part of the school-room shall be "the little girl's house," or whatever the *place* of the act is.
3. The teacher calls forward the actors who are supposed to be on the stage when the play begins, but the other actors must discover for themselves when to take part.
4. The players read and act at the same time.
5. The audience should be allowed to suggest appropriate actions when these are omitted by the players.
6. If "stage properties" are needed, they should be provided by the actors themselves as the needs arise. Often the children will be better satisfied with imaginary properties than with real objects. For instance, in "Pussy-cat" the Queen will probably "make believe" to tie a ribbon around the cat's neck, and in "Santa Claus" the children will pretend to hang up their stockings.

PUSSY-CAT

ACT I

PLACE: *A little girl's house*



Nurse. I am going upstairs now. Do not open the front door while I am gone.

Little Girl. All right, nurse. —
Nice Pussy! Nice Pussy!
Go to sleep, Pussy.

Pussy-cat. Purr! Purr!

Little Girl. Oh, I hear a hand
organ in the street. I'll run out
just for a minute.

Pussy-cat. Where is that little
girl gone? Oh, see! The front
door is open. Now is my
chance. I will go to London.
Maybe I shall visit the Queen.
Hurrah! I'm off to see the
world!

Little Girl. Here I come back
again. Dear me! I left the front

door open. I'll shut it at once.
Now where is my pussy?
Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! Oh,
what shall I do! My pussy has
run away.

ACT II

PLACE: *A room in the Queen's palace in
London*

Queen. Here I sit on my throne
with nothing to amuse me!
Heigh-ho!

Lady. Scat! Scat!

Queen. Who is there?

Lady. There is a strange cat
trying to come in.

Queen. Oh, let him in. I like

cats. — Pretty Pussy! Pretty
Pussy! Do not be afraid. I am
only the Queen.

Pussy-cat. Purr! Purr!



Lady. Oh, Queen! There is
a mouse under your throne.

Queen. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
I am afraid!

Pussy-cat. What! A mouse?
Let me chase him!

Queen. Is the mouse gone?
Oh, you pretty Pussy-cat! You
shall live here always and be my
pretty pet.

Pussy-cat. No, Queen, I cannot
stay with you. I belong to a
little girl. I must go home now.

Queen. Well, good-by, Pussy.
Before you go, let me tie a rib-
bon on your neck.

Pussy-cat. Purr! Purr! Thank
you, Queen.

Queen. Good-by, Pussy.

ACT III

PLACE: *The little girl's house*

Nurse. Don't cry so. Maybe the cat will come back.

Little Girl. Maybe he is lost. I fear I shall never see my Pussy again.

Pussy-cat. Miow! Miow!
Miow!

Nurse. Hark! What was that?

Pussy-cat. Miow! Miow!
Miow!

Little Girl. It sounds like my pussy. Please open the door.—
Pussy! Oh, dear Pussy, you have

come back! What a pretty ribbon you have on your neck!

Pussy-cat. Purr! Purr!

Little Girl. Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?

Pussy-cat. I've been to London to visit the Queen.

Little Girl. Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?

Pussy-cat. I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

Little Girl. Nurse! Nurse! My pussy says he has been to London to visit the Queen!

Nurse. Nonsense! The idea!

Little Girl. And he says he fright-

ened a little mouse under her chair.

Nurse. Well, I don't believe a word of it.

Pussy-cat. Little girl, it is all true.

Little Girl. I believe you, Pussy.

Pussy-cat. Purr! Purr! Purr!

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

PLACE: *A wood*



Lion. I'm so sleepy. I have been roaring all night. I think I'll take a nap right here.

Mouse. Here I come looking for something to eat. Oh, see

that nice little seed! Um! It tastes good! What else can I find? Oh, here's an acorn!

They say there are lions in this wood, but I'm not afraid. I never go near them.

What is this big hummock lying in my path? It never was here before. I'll have to creep over it. Oh! It moves!

{ *Lion.* R—r—r—r!

{ *Mouse.* E—e—e—e!

Lion. Now I've got you! How dare you creep over me and wake me up?

Mouse. I didn't mean to wake

you. Please, Mr. Lion, let me go. Do not kill me.

Lion. R-r-r-r! I'm going to eat you up.

Mouse. Oh, spare my life, and some day I'll do something for you when you need help.

Lion. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You! How can a mouse help a lion?

Mouse. No one can tell. But oh, Lion! Let me go, and maybe you will be glad some day.

Lion. R-r-r-r! The idea! It is ridiculous! But I think I will let you go. You are really too little

for me to eat. Go! R-r-r-r! I'll look somewhere else for my dinner. R-r-r-r!

Man. I'm sure I heard something roar. But I don't see any lion here now. I know what I'll do. I'll put my net right here among these bushes. Perhaps the lion will come this way again. If he does, he'll never leave the spot alive. I'll tie the ropes to the trunks of the trees. There! That'll hold him. Now I'll go away, and I'll come back early in the morning. I'll have my hunting knife ready in my hand.

Lion. Here I am again. I couldn't find anything for my dinner. What's this? I smell a man! A man has been here! I'll run after him and eat him up. R-r-r-r! What is this around my feet? I'll kick it off! Oh, now I am all tangled up in it. It is a net!

Oh, I am caught! I am caught! R-r-r-r! The man will come in the morning and kill me! R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! I cannot get away! Alas! I must die!

Mouse. Have no fear, Lion. The little mouse will save you. Just

keep still, and I will bite the ropes.
There! you are free!

Do you remember me? I am
the mouse whose life you spared.

Lion. I am so glad I did. Thank
you, little mouse.



THE ECHO

PLACE: *By a mountain. A house stands near.
The mother sits at the window. The echo
is hiding in the mountain. The boy comes
out to play*



Jack. My work is all done. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Echo. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Jack. Why, some one answered!
Who's there?

Echo. Who's there?

Jack. It comes from the mountain.
Who are you?

Echo. Who are you?

Jack. I'm Jack Green.

Echo. I'm Jack Green.

Jack. No, I'm Jack Green.

Echo. No, I'm Jack Green.

Jack. You're not Jack Green.

Echo. You're not Jack Green.

Jack. I am so.

Echo. I am so.

Jack. How dare you say that?

Echo. Dare you say that?

Jack. Stop mocking me!

Echo. Stop mocking me!

Jack. Keep still!

Echo. Keep still!

Jack. Don't answer me again!

Echo. Answer me again!

Jack. You're a bad boy.

Echo. You're a bad boy.

Jack. Go away from here!

Echo. Away from here!

Mother. Jack! What makes you shout so?

Jack. Oh, Mother! There is a boy hiding in the mountain. He mocks me and calls me names.

Mother. What have you said to him ?

Jack. I told him he was a bad boy. I told him to keep still and get away from here.

Mother. Try speaking gently to him. See how he will answer then.

Jack. Hello, there!

Echo. Hello, there!

Jack. I'm sorry I was cross.

Echo. Sorry I was cross.

Jack. Let's be friends.

Echo. Let's be friends.

Jack. Good!

Echo. Good!

Jack. Come over and play with me now.

Echo. Play with me now.

Jack. I can't. I have to stay here.

Echo. Have to stay here.

Jack. That's too bad.

Echo. That's too bad.

Jack. Still we can call to each other.

Echo. Call to each other.

Jack. Will you always answer when I call?

Echo. Answer when I call?

Jack. To be sure I will.

Echo. Sure I will.

Mother. Jack, come in to your dinner now.

Jack. I have to go now.

Echo. Have to go now.

Jack. Good-by! You're a good fellow.

Echo. You're a good fellow.

Jack. Mother, I did what you told me to do. I spoke kindly to him, and now we are good friends.

Mother. As you speak to him, so he will always speak to you.

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

PLACE: *A wood*



Little Cock Sparrow. I like this
tree. I will rest here awhile.

Boy. It is a fine day for hunting. What can I find to shoot?

Little Cock Sparrow. I am as happy as happy can be! Look at that boy down there. I'll chirp good morning to him. Good morning! Good morning!

Boy. Oh, there is a cock sparrow in that tree! Just what I want. Here is my bow. Is my arrow all ready? Let me see.

Little Cock Sparrow. How I have been flying around this morning! My wife and I are building a nest.

Boy. The string on my bow is

loose. Well, it won't take a minute to tighten it. Then I'll have him!

Little Cock Sparrow. I wonder what that boy is doing with that string. I wish I could get a piece of it for our nest.

Boy. This string is too long. I must cut off some.

Little Cock Sparrow. Oh, good! he has thrown down a nice piece of string!

Boy. How fat he is! His body will make me a nice little stew.

Little Cock Sparrow. I'll get that string as soon as he goes away.

Boy. His giblets will make me a little pie, too.

Little Cock Sparrow. What can he be doing all this time? I'll fly a little nearer and see. Why! He is stringing a bow. What for, I wonder? I don't see any thing for him to shoot at.

Boy. Ha! He has come nearer! Now I'll shoot that little cock sparrow.

Little Cock Sparrow. What's that? What's that? Little cock sparrow! Why, he must mean me!

Boy. All ready now. Steady! I'll take good aim.

Little Cock Sparrow. I shall be shot if I stay! I'll flap my wings and fly far away!



Boy. Twang! Where is the little cock sparrow? Oh, dear!

The bird has flown! I must go home empty-handed. No pie! No stew!

Little Cock Sparrow. Peep! Has he gone yet? Then I'll come back. Where is that string? Oh! I see it. I'll take it right home. My wife will be delighted. Here I go! I am as happy as happy can be.

SANTA CLAUS

ACT I

PLACE: *The mother's room. Santa Claus at the window*



Sister. What have you there,
Brother?

Brother. Some candy.

Sister. How nice it looks!
Will you give me a bite?

Brother. No. I am going to
eat it all myself.

Santa Claus. He little knows I
am outside listening.

Brother. What are you doing,
Sister?

Sister. I am doing my home
work. Didn't your teacher give
you any home work to-day?

Brother. Yes, she did; but I'm
not going to do it. I'm going out
to play. Good-by.

Santa Claus. Aha! I shall not
forget that.

Sister. Now my home work is done. I wonder what I can do to help Mother. I know. I can pick up the snips here, where she has been sewing.

Here's a thread and here's a shred,
Here's a snip beneath the bed,
Here's some more behind the door.
Every scrap must leave the floor;
Nip them with the finger tips,
That's the way to pick up snips.

Santa Claus. Ha! Ha! That's a good little girl. I'll ask her mother what she wants for Christmas. I have some pretty things for girls who help their mothers.

ACT II

PLACE: *The children's room*

Mother. Come, my children. You must go to bed early. It is Christmas Eve.

Sister. I'll go at once. Good night, Mother.

Brother. I don't want to go to bed. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

Mother. Here! Here! Do as I tell you! Don't forget to hang up your stockings, children.

Brother. I've got one of grand-ma's stockings for Santa Claus to fill for me.

Sister. I shall be satisfied if I get one of my own full.

Brother. I'll hang mine on this side of the fireplace. You pin up yours on that side.

Mother. Now are you ready, children? I'll tuck you in. Go to sleep at once, like good children. Good night.

Sister. I'll shut my eyes tight and go to sleep as soon as I can.

Brother. I'm going to stay awake and see Santa Claus. Oh-ho-hum! I'm getting sleepy. I will stay awake! I will. Oh, I can't help it, I'm going to sleep.

Santa Claus. Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Whoa, Prancer! Whoa, Dancer! This is where that brother and sister live. Let me get my pack upon my back.

Now, here I go down the chimney. Where is the little girl's stocking? I'll put a gold ring in the toe. Then some candy, and oranges, a ball, a book, a box of paints, and a lovely doll in the top. There!

Where is the boy's stocking? Ha! Ha! Ha! Look at the size of it! All the more room for the coal and the stick.



Now I'm done. Away I go.
Up again to the housetop, into
my sleigh! Now, Prancer!
Now, Dancer! Get up, there!
Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! Jin-
gle! Jingle!

Sister. Wake up, Brother. It's
morning. Merry Christmas!

Brother. Merry Christmas,
Sister! Let us run and see our
stockings.

Sister. Oh! Oh! A lovely
doll! Toys! Goodies! Oh! Oh!

Brother. What! Nothing but
coal and a stick to whip me with!
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

Sister. Don't cry, Brother! I'll
give you some of my things.
See, here is a pretty ball.

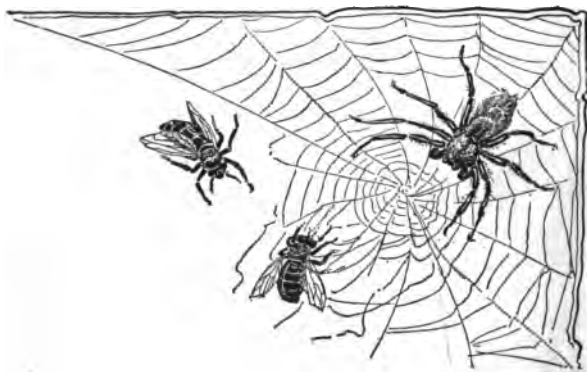
Brother. Oh, thank you, Sister!

Thank you, little sister, for the ball.
That is better than nothing at all,
Nothing at all but coal and a whip!
And I wanted a wagon, a sled, and a ship,

Roller skates, and skates for ice,
And trains of cars! Oh dear! Oh dear!
But this shan't happen to me twice!
I'll be a good boy all next year.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

PLACE: *A dining room*



Flies. Buzz-z-z! Buzz-z-z-z!

Frisky. At last I am a full-grown fly. I can fly all around and see the world.

Buzzfuzz. Don't let the spider get you!

Frisky. Spider? What is a spider?

Buzzfuzz. Don't you know? A spider is a big monster. He catches flies. He has eight eyes to spy you, eight legs to chase you, and eight jaws to bite you and gobble you up.

Frisky. Horrible! Horrible! I'll keep away from him.

Buzzfuzz. I hope so. Where are you going?

Frisky. To and fro, up and down, round and round, till I have

seen the whole world. Good-by, Buzzfuzz.

Buzzfuzz. Good-by. I am going under the table. Some nice crumbs have fallen there. Now is my chance to eat them, before the housemaid comes in and sweeps them up.

Spider. Ha! Hum! I feel like having a fly or two. Here is a good corner for a cobweb. I'll set right to work and spin. First, I'll put a thread across from here to here. Now another from here to here. That makes a strong cross to begin with. Now some

more through the same center.
Criss! Cross! Criss! Cross! So!
Now I'm ready to wind around.

Here I go, around, and around,
and around, and around, and
around!

My web is now all done, and I
take my stand behind. Now for
the flies! Ha! Here comes a
fat one.

Frisky. Buzz-z-z-z-z-z!

Spider. He is flying by. I'll
call to him. Little Fly! Little
Fly!

Frisky. Who's calling me?

Spider. Will you walk into my

parlor? It's the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.

Frisky. No, thank you, sir. (I think this is a spider!)

Spider. Oh, do come! The way is up this winding stair. This way, if you please. Just step on the stair, and I'll come at once to meet you.

Frisky. No, thank you, sir. (If I go up that stair, I fear I shall never come down again.)

Spider. Fly, dear! Aren't you tired of flying all around? Come in and rest a while on my bed. I'll tuck you in.

Frisky. No, thank you, sir. (If I sleep on his bed, I fear I shall never wake again.)

Spider. I wish you would come in. It's nearly dinner-time. I want you so much. I am waiting dinner for you. Come in and see what nice things I shall have for dinner.

Frisky. You are very kind, sir, but I do not know who you are. I cannot see you through that web. (I wonder if he is a spider!)

Spider. Step up close and you will see me. I'd like to see you

closer, too, with your bright eyes and pretty wings.

Frisky. (He speaks very politely.) I will step up just a little closer.

Buzzfuzz. Buzz-z-z-z! Look at Frisky, close to a spider's web. I'll go and call to him. Frisky! Keep away! Keep away!

Housemaid. Here I come with my broom to sweep up the crumbs under the table. Oh, look at the flies in here! Shoo!

Frisky. Oh! I am in the web!

Spider. Ha! I have you now! Frisky, you must die!

Frisky. Buzz! Help! Buzz!
Help! Help! Buzz-z-z-z-z-z!

Housemaid. Is that a cobweb I see? I'll sweep it down.

Spider. The housemaid! The housemaid! Oh, let me hide!

Buzzfuzz. Frisky! Speak! Are you still alive?

Frisky. I still live.

Buzzfuzz. Let us buzz for joy!

Both. Buzz-z-z-z-z-z-z!

Housemaid. What! Those flies here again? Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!

THE LITTLE BIRDS

PLACE: *A nest in a tree with three little birds
in the nest*



Flappy. Wee, wee!

Floppy. Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. I'm coming, children.

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!
Wee, wee! Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. Open your mouths.
So. Here is something for you,
and something for you, and some-
thing for you. Does it taste good?
Now say, "Thank you."

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. Now I'll fly away
again.

Flappy. Wee, wee!

Floppy. Wee, wee!

Father Bird. I'm coming, children.

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!
Wee, wee! Wee, wee!

Father Bird. Open your mouths.
So. Here is something for you,
and something for you, and some-

thing for you. Eat it up. Now say, "Thank you."

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!

Father Bird. Now I'll fly and get you some more.

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. Here I come again.

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. No, do not open your mouths. You have had enough to eat just now. Listen to me.

My little ones, 'tis time for you to learn to fly.

All the Little Birds. I'll try. I'll try. I'll try.

Mother Bird. That's my good little birds. Come, Flappy. You may try first. Stand up in the nest. Now watch me. I'm going to fly from here down to the ground.

There! Did you see me do it? Now you fly down to me. Open your wings. Now jump into the air and fly. Good! Well done, Flappy.

Flappy. Wee, wee! I flew! I flew!

Mother Bird. Come, Flippy. You try next. Stand up in the nest. Open your wings. Jump out and

fly. That's the way! Good!
Well done, Flippy!

Flippy. Wee, wee! I flew! I
flew!

Mother Bird. Come, Floppy. It
is your turn. Stand up and try.

Floppy. No, no! No, no! No,
no!

Mother Bird. Why, Floppy! What
ails you?

Floppy. I'm afraid.

Father Bird. Here I come with
something nice to eat. Where
are you all?

Mother Bird. Look down here on
the ground.

Flappy and Flippy. We flew, Father!
We flew!

Father Bird. You good little birds!
I am proud of you. Open your
mouths. I will give you some-
thing nice.

Floppy. Wee, wee! I want some.

Father Bird. Fly down here, and
I will give you some, too.

Floppy. No, no! I'm afraid!

Father Bird. Then you can't have
any. Come, Flappy! Come,
Flippy! You shall have it all.

Floppy. Wee, wee! Wee, wee!
Wee, wee! Wee, wee! Wee, wee!
Wee, wee! Wee, wee! Wee, wee!

Mother Bird. Don't cry so, Floppy!
What do you want?

Floppy. I want something nice
to eat.

Father Bird. Here it is for you,
Floppy. Right here, see! Fly
down and get it.

Floppy. Oh, I want to go, but
I'm afraid.

Mother Bird. I'll come and help
you start. Stand up, now, and
open your wings. That's it. Now
fly.

Father Bird. Fly to me. Come!

Floppy. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

Mother Bird. I'll give you a push.

Floppy. Wee-ee-ee! Oh, I'm falling! No! I'm flying! Oh, see me fly!



Mother Bird. Well done, Floppy!

Flappy and Flippy. Wee, wee! Well done! Well done!

Father Bird. Open your mouth, Floppy. Here!

Floppy. Wee, wee! Thank you.
How fine it feels to fly! I shall
not be afraid again.

Father Bird. Now you are all
good birds, and down here in the
grass you can find plenty to eat.

All the Little Birds. Wee, wee!
Wee, wee! Wee, wee!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE BIRD

PLACE: *In Illinois ; a road from one town to
another*

Lawyer Smith. Good morning,
Lawyers. Are you going to
court ?

Lawyer Jones. Oh, yes.

Lawyer White. Where is the court
held to-day ?

Lawyer Jones. It is in the next
town, over the prairie and through

the woods. We shall have to go on horseback.

Lawyer Smith. Will you go with us, Lawyer Lincoln?

Abraham Lincoln. With pleasure, sir.

Lawyer White. Are you ready, gentlemen? Then let us mount our horses.

All. Get-ap! Get-ap! Get-ap! Get-ap!

Lawyer Jones. The sun is very hot here on the prairie.

Lawyer White. It will be cooler when we get to the woods.

Lawyer Smith. Let us ride fast.

Lawyer Jones. Ah! Here we are in the woods.

Lawyer Smith. How cool and shady it is!

Lawyer White. Hear how the birds sing!

Lawyer Jones. There is a little bird. It has fallen out of its nest.

Abraham Lincoln. Where?

Lawyer Jones. There! Down by the roadside.

Lawyer White. I see the nest it fell out of.

Abraham Lincoln. Where?

Lawyer White. There! Up on the limb of the tree.

Lawyer Smith. The bird will soon die down there. Get-ap!

Lawyer Jones and Lawyer White. Get-ap! Get-ap!



Abraham Lincoln. Whoa! Wait for me a moment.

Lawyer Smith. Look at Lincoln getting down from his horse!

Lawyer Jones. He is picking up something.

Lawyer White. It is the little bird. He is putting it back in the nest.

Abraham Lincoln. Here I come again.

Lawyer Smith. Why did you take so much trouble just for that little bird?

Abraham Lincoln. My friend, I could not have slept to-night if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground.

MARY AND HER LAMB

ACT I

PLACE: *A meadow*



Little Lamb. Baa! Baa!

Mary. What do you want, Little

Lamb? Are you hungry? Follow me and I'll take you where the grass is soft and green. Here it is. Now feed. That's it.

Little Lamb. Baa! Baa!

Mary. What now, Little Lamb? Are you thirsty? I'll dip up a pail of water from the spring. Here it is. Drink, pretty creature, drink.

Now it is getting late. Follow me, Little Lamb, and I'll lead you home again.

John. Good evening, Mary. What a pretty lamb! Is it yours?

Mary. Yes, John.

John. Its fleece is white as snow.

Mary. It follows me everywhere I go. It has been my playmate all summer.

John. Well, summer is over now. School begins to-morrow, you know, Mary.

Mary. Yes, I know.

John. Good-by, Mary.

Mary. Good-by, John.

Little Lamb. Baa! Baa!

Mary. What ails you, dear Little Lamb?

Are you tired? I'll carry you home in my arms.

ACT II

TIME: *The next day*

PLACE: *School*



Teacher. Spell *dog*.

John. D-o-g, *dog*.

Teacher. *Cat*.

Mary. C-a-t, *cat*.

Teacher. Ox.

Frank. O-q-s, *ox*.

Teacher. Wrong. I am surprised at you, Frank. Jennie, spell *ox*.

Jennie. O-z, *ox*.

Teacher. What? What? What? Why, Jennie, have you forgotten *ox*? John, spell it.

John. O-x, *ox*.

Teacher. Right. John, write it on the blackboard. Class, study it. Now spell it.

Class. O-x, *ox*, o-x, *ox*.

Teacher. Now I'll teach you some new words. All sit up straight.

I will write a word on the board. See if you can tell what it is. It is the name of an animal. It has horns. It gives milk. It says — who knows what it says?

Jennie. It says, "Moo!"

Teacher. Good. Now you all know what animal it is. Class, spell its name.

Class. Cow, c-o-w, cow.

Teacher. Now I'll write the next word in the lesson. It is the name of a young animal. It has fleece as white as snow. Who knows what it says?

Little Lamb (outside). Baa! Baa!

Teacher. Who did that? Was it you, John?

John. No, it was not I.

Teacher. Was it you, Mary?

Mary. No, it was not I.

Teacher. Was it you, Frank?

Frank. It was not I.

Teacher. Was it you, Jennie?

Jennie. I think it was some one outside.

Teacher. Open the door and see.

Jennie. Oh, look! A lamb in school!

Class. A lamb! Ha! Ha! Ha!
A lamb in school!

Teacher. A real lamb! I can

hardly believe my eyes. Who ever saw a lamb in school?

What do you want, Little Lamb? You seem to be looking for some one.

Mary, why do you raise your hand?

Mary. I think the lamb wants me.

Little Lamb. Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa!

Teacher. He seems to know you, Mary. Is he yours?

Mary. Yes, Miss Jones.

Teacher. Well, Little Lamb, Mary cannot play with you now.

She has to study her lessons. Put your lamb out, Mary.

Mary. Here, Little Lamb! Go through the door! Go away! Go home! Go on! Go home, Little Lamb! He's gone.

Teacher. All sit up straight. Class spell *lamb*.

Class. *Lamb*, l-a-m-b, *lamb*.

Teacher. Spell *cow*.

Class. *Cow*, c-o-w, *cow*.

Teacher. Now it is time to go home. Take your books and hats. John, open the door.

Little Lamb. Baa!

Teacher. Well! Well! The lamb

is there yet. He is waiting for Mary to appear. You may go to him, Mary. Here she is, Little Lamb. See, children, how he runs to meet her!

Class. What makes the lamb love Mary so?

Teacher. Mary loves the lamb, you know. Good afternoon, boys and girls.

Class. Good afternoon, Miss Jones.

Teacher. Good afternoon, Little Lamb.

Little Lamb. Baa! Baa!

LADYBIRD

PLACE: *Nellie's back yard and Nellie's front yard*



Ladybird. Be good children while
I am gone.

Waggle and Wiggle. Yes, Mother.

Ladybird. I hate to leave you
alone in the house. You are so

little. You are only just out of the egg. But this rosebush is a safe home. And before I go I'll put you on a good strong leaf. Here! Come, Waggle. Now, Wiggle, you sit by Waggle. So! Stay right on that leaf till I come back.

Waggle. Are you going far, Mother?

Ladybird. No. Just around to the front yard. I want to smell the flowers there. Hold on tight when the wind blows. Good-by.

Waggle. The wind is rocking our leaf. Isn't this fun, Wiggle?

Wiggle. It is like being in a swing.

Waggle. Let's sing a song about it.

Waggle and Wiggle:

Together we sing in our little green swing,
In the midst of a leafy bush.
And the least little puff of wind is enough
To give our swing a push.
To and fro our little swing goes,
As in and out each little wind blows.
And we waggle and wiggle,
We laugh and we giggle,
And hold on tight with our toes.

Nellie. I guess I'll go out into the front yard to pick a bunch of flowers. I'll take some pinks and

some roses. How pretty they look !
Now what else shall I pick ? Let
me see what there is in the flower
bed. Oh, here is a little ladybird !
Well ! Well ! What is it doing
there ?

Oh, I know a verse about lady-
birds. I'll say it :

Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away home !
Your house is on fire, your children will burn !

Ladybird. What ? What ? What ?
My house on fire ? My children
burning ? Oh, let me fly to them !
Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Wiggle. Look, Waggle, here
comes Mother.

Waggle. How fast she is flying!

Ladybird. My children! My children! Where are you?

Wiggle. Here we are, Mother.

Ladybird. Are you burnt?

Waggle. No, Mother!

Ladybird. Aren't you burnt anywhere?

Wiggle. No, Mother!

Ladybird. Aren't you even scorched?

Waggle. Why, no, Mother!

Ladybird. Oh, I am so thankful. Who put the fire out?

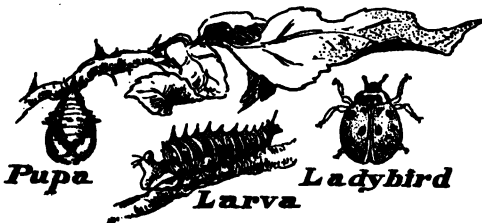
Waggle and Wiggle. What fire?

Ladybird. A little girl said my

house was on fire, my children would burn.

Waggle. There has been no fire here. Maybe it was in the next yard.

Ladybird. Yes, that must be it. It must have been in the next yard. I am so glad it was not here. Oh, what a fright I had!



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE

PLACE: *A garden with a cherry tree in it*

Mr. Washington. This is a fine cherry tree.

Gardener. Yes, sir. It is a little tree now, but it is growing fast.

Mr. Washington. Of all my trees, I like this tree the best. Take good care of it, Gardener.

Gardener. I will, sir.

Mr. Washington. Here comes my

little boy, George. George, I have something in my pocket for



you. Here is a little hatchet for your birthday.

George. Thank you, Father.

Mr. Washington. Gardener, where have you planted my other trees?

Gardener. I'll show you. This way, sir.

George. What a nice little hatchet! What shall I chop with it? Here is a little cherry tree. I wonder if I could chop it down. I'll just try it.

Chop! Chop! Chop! Chop!
Chop! Chop! It falls! What fun! Oh, here comes the gardener! What will he say?

Gardener. Oh, see the cherry tree! Some one has cut it down. What a shame! Who could have been so bad? I must go and tell Mr. Washington right away.

George. I wish I had not done it. Here comes my father now. What shall I say if he asks me who did it? If I tell the truth he will punish me. Oh, what shall I do?

Mr. Washington. Where is it? Oh, who has done this? Who has dared to cut down my favorite cherry tree! George, come here! Do you know who cut down this tree?

George. Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.

Mr. Washington. My boy, you did wrong to cut down the cherry tree.

But I forgive you because you told the truth so bravely. I would rather lose a thousand cherry trees than have you tell a lie.

PART SECOND

TO THE TEACHER

EXPLAIN to the children that the words printed in italics tell them what to do, and that after reading these words *silently* they should act in the way suggested.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

PLACE: *A tree*



The crow flies into the tree.

Crow. Caw! Caw! Caw!

She looks down.

Crow. What do I see under this tree? Scraps and crumbs in the grass! There must have been a picnic here.

She flies down and pecks in the grass.

Crow. Um! Um! How good! Oh, see! a fine piece of cheese! That I'll save to take home with me. Now I'll eat all I can before I go.

The fox comes running up.

Fox. Here is where the picnic was. I hope I can find some good scraps. Oh, see that cheese!

The fox runs toward the cheese.

*The crow takes it in her beak quickly.
She flies into the tree with it.*

Fox. Here, here! Stop it!
Drop that cheese!

The crow shakes her head, no.

Fox. Please, Mrs. Crow! Be so kind as to give me some cheese.

The crow shakes her head, no.

Fox. Well, never mind. Keep the cheese. But one thing you might do for me. Sing me a song before you go.

The crow shakes her head, no.

Fox. Every one says you sing so well. You have a beautiful voice.

I love music. Please, please sing
for me, Mrs. Crow!

Crow. Caw! Caw!

*The cheese drops down. The fox picks it
up and runs away.*

Crow (looking upward). Caw! Caw!
Caw! Caw! Caw!

Crow (looking down). How do you
like that song, Mr. Fox? Why,
where is he? Where is my
cheese? It is gone! Oh! Oh!
That sly fox! It was all a trick.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

ACT I

PLACE: *The road in front of the Piper's house*

Tom comes out with his father's pipe.

Tom. I wonder if I could play a tune, like father.

The boys and girls come along the road.

Dick. Look! Here is Tom, the Piper's son.

Mary. Can you play us a tune, Tom?

Tom. I don't know. I never tried.

Dick. Play "Over the hills and far away." That's a pretty tune.

Tom. I'll try it. Maybe I can play it for you.

He blows on the pipe.

Tom. Tweedle! tweedle!
tweedle! tweedle!

All the Boys and Girls. Ha! Ha!
Ha! You can't play, Tom.

Tom keeps on trying. The boys and girls put their hands over their ears and run away. Tom begins to cry. In comes a fairy.

Fairy. What's the matter, Tom?

Tom. They all say I can't play.

Fairy. Don't cry, Tom. Maybe

I can help you. Do you wish to be able to play magic music ?



Tom. Yes, indeed.

Fairy. Will you do as I say ?

Tom. Oh, yes.

Fairy. Then listen. Every day for a whole year you must go by yourself and practice that tune.

Do that, and a year from to-day you will play magic music. All who hear you will dance to the tune.

The fairy vanishes. Tom stands up and waves his hat.

Tom. Hurrah! I'll do it.

ACT II

PLACE: *The same.* TIME: *A year later*

Tom comes out with his pipe.

Tom. It is just a year ago to-day that the fairy spoke to me. I did what she said. I have practiced every day. Now I wonder if her promise will come true.

I wonder if any one will dance to my tune.

In comes Dame Trot, limping. She carries a basket of eggs.

Dame Trot. Oh, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear! My rheumatism is so bad. I can hardly walk.

Tom begins to play.

Dame Trot. What a pretty tune! How lively! Why, I can hardly keep still.

She gives a little hop. She dances stiffly. She throws away her basket, and dances gayly. The music stops and she stops. She is panting. In comes a cross man, driving his donkey. The donkey has a heavy load on his back.



Cross Man. Go on, there.

He whips his donkey. Tom begins to play.

Cross Man. What's that? What's this? Here! Why! What?

He dances crossly. Tom plays louder. The cross man throws away his whip, and dances gayly. Dame Trot dances, too. Tom stops and they stop, panting. In come the boys and girls.

Mary. Where was that lovely music? It sounded like "Over the hills and far away."



Tom plays again.

Boys and girls. Oh, how beautiful!

They dance together. Dame Trot dances with the cross man. The donkey begins to stamp. He rears up and his load falls off. Then he dances, too. Tom stops and they all stop.

Dick. Oh! Dame Trot, look at your basket. Your eggs are all broken.

Dame Trot. Never mind the eggs. Tom, your music did me good. My rheumatism is all gone.

Mary. Oh! Mr. Cross Man, you dropped your whip.

Cross Man. I don't want it. I am not going to whip the donkey any more. Tom, your music did me good. I feel young again.

Tom. See! The donkey's load has fallen off.

Cross Man. Let's have another dance before I put it on again.

All. Yes, yes.

The fairy appears.

Fairy. Play, Tom, and I will dance, too.

Tom plays, and they all dance off in a procession.

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG

SCENE I. *At Old Mother Hubbard's house*



Old Mother Hubbard. It is time to
go to market. Let me see how

much I have in my pocketbook. Only a penny! Dear, dear! This is my last cent, and there is hardly anything in the house for my dog and me to eat. We have had very little for a long time. I don't know what will become of us.

Dame Tucker knocks.

Old Mother Hubbard. Come in!

Dame Tucker. Good day, Old Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard. Good day, Neighbor.

Dame Tucker. I came to ask you for something to eat. Can you

spare something? I cannot get work, and my children are almost starved.

Old Mother Hubbard. My poor friend! Let me see what I have in my cupboard.

She goes to the cupboard.

Old Mother Hubbard. There is nothing here but some bones. But bones will make good soup. I'll give them to you.

Dame Tucker. Thank you, Mother Hubbard, thank you!

Dame Tucker goes away. The dog barks outside.

Old Mother Hubbard. Oh, there's

my dog at the door. I'll let him in.

The dog comes in. She pats him.

Old Mother Hubbard. Good dog!
Good dog!

The dog sits up and begs.

Old Mother Hubbard. Do you want a bone, doggie? Let me get you one from my cupboard.

She goes to the cupboard.

Old Mother Hubbard. Oh, dear! I forgot! I gave the bones away. The cupboard is bare. And so my poor dog can have none.

The dog moans.

Old Mother Hubbard. Oh, poor dog!

You are almost starved. What shall I do? I know. I have a penny. I'll go to the baker's and buy you some bread.

She goes out. The dog lies down and dies. She comes back.

Old Mother Hubbard. Here, doggie! Here is some bread. Why don't you eat it? Oh! Oh! My poor dog is dead.

She cries.

Old Mother Hubbard. My poor, poor dog! Well, I'll go to the joiner's and ask him to make you a coffin.

She goes out. In comes a fairy.

Fairy. Here is where Old

Mother Hubbard lives. As I was flying by the window, I saw her give away all she had to a poor neighbor. Her good deed pleased me so that I am going to grant her a wish. The first wish she makes when she gets back shall come true! Here she is now. I'll hide.

Old Mother Hubbard comes in with the joiner.

Old Mother Hubbard. Here, Joiner. Here he lies. \

Joiner. What a pretty dog he was!

Old Mother Hubbard. Yes, and he was a smart dog, too. You

should have seen him sit up and beg.

Joiner. I'll measure him for the coffin.

Old Mother Hubbard. He could do everything but speak. Now see how still he lies! Poor dog, I wish you could do everything but speak now.

The fairy comes out and waves her wand. The dog gets up and jumps about.

Old Mother Hubbard. The dog is alive!

The dog barks at the joiner. The joiner runs away.

The Dog. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha!

Old Mother Hubbard. The dog is
laughing!



Fairy. That is what you wished,
Old Mother Hubbard. I am a
fairy, and I have given you your
wish. You wished that your dog

could do everything but speak. You will find that the wish has come true.

Besides that, as you did not wish for any money, I will give you a present of a bag of gold. Here it is. Good-by now, good Old Mother Hubbard. Enjoy your gold and your wonderful dog.

The fairy vanishes.

Old Mother Hubbard. Dear doggie, how glad I am you are alive! Now what shall I buy for you with my gold? First, I'll get some meat at the butcher's. I'll

take along a clean dish to bring it home in.

She goes out.

SCENE II. *At the butcher's*

Old Mother Hubbard. Good morning, Butcher. How much is this nice tripe? I'd like a dishful for my dog. Have you heard about my dog? He is a wonder. He can do everything but speak.

Butcher. Yes, the joiner has been telling me about him. I'd like to see him.

Old Mother Hubbard. Come home with me and you shall see him.

Butcher. I will. And I'll carry
the tripe for you.

*They go to Old Mother Hubbard's house. The
dog is smoking a pipe.*



Old Mother Hubbard. Look! The
dog is smoking a pipe!

The Dog. Puff! Puff!

Butcher. Wonderful! Wonderful!

You should dress him up like a man, Old Mother Hubbard. How cunning he would look!

Old Mother Hubbard. So he would. I'll do it. I'll go to the tailor's and get him a coat.

Good-by, Butcher.

Butcher. Good-by.

The butcher goes away. Old Mother Hubbard goes to the tailor's.

SCENE III. *At the tailor's*

Old Mother Hubbard. Good day, Tailor. Have you any little coats?

Tailor. Here is one for a very small boy.

Old Mother Hubbard. I'll take it for my dog!

Tailor. For your dog!

Old Mother Hubbard. Yes. I have a wonderful dog. He can do everything but speak. He would surprise you. Come home with me and see him.

Tailor. Thank you, I will. And I'll carry the coat for you.

They start for home.

Old Mother Hubbard. What is this coming to meet us?

Tailor. It looks like a man on horseback, only it is too small.

Old Mother Hubbard. It is my dog!
He is riding a goat!

The dog rides up to them.

Tailor. Wonderful! Wonderful!

The dog gets off.

Old Mother Hubbard. Put on this
coat, doggie.

The dog puts it on.

Old Mother Hubbard. Now, go home
and wait for me.

The dog runs home.

Old Mother Hubbard. Good-by,
Tailor; I am going to the cobbler's.

She goes to the cobbler's.

SCENE IV. *At the cobbler's*

Old Mother Hubbard. I'd like a pair of little shoes.

Cobbler. Are they for a baby ?

Old Mother Hubbard. No, they are for my wonderful dog. He can do everything but speak. Would you like to see him ?

Cobbler. Yes, I would.

Old Mother Hubbard. Well, I should be pleased to have you come home with me.

Cobbler. Thank you, I will. And I'll carry the shoes for you.

They go out together.

SCENE V. *At Mother Hubbard's house*

The dog is reading a newspaper. Mother Hubbard and the cobbler come in.

Old Mother Hubbard. Look! The dog is reading the news!

The dog turns over the page and reads more.

Cobbler. Wonderful! Wonderful!

Old Mother Hubbard. Here, doggie. Hold up your feet and let me put on your shoes.

The dog holds up first one foot then the other, and Old Mother Hubbard puts on his shoes.

Old Mother Hubbard. There he is, in coat and shoes. Doesn't he look cunning!

Cobbler. Shall I call the neighbors in to see him?

Old Mother Hubbard. Yes, do.

The cobbler goes out and brings in the joiner, the butcher, and the tailor.

All. How cunning he looks!

Dame Tucker knocks outside.

Dame Tucker. May I come in? I saw so many people calling here, I came to find out why it was.

Old Mother Hubbard. It is to see my wonderful dog. He can do everything but speak. Come in, Dame Tucker, and let us tell you about him.

I went to the cupboard
 To get my poor dog a bone.
But when I got there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.
I went to the baker's
 To get him some bread,
And when I got back
 The poor dog was dead.

Joiner. She went to the joiner
 To get him a coffin,
But before he could make it,
 The poor dog was laughing.

Butcher. She took a clean dish,
 To get him some tripe,
But when she came back,
 He was smoking a pipe.

Tailor. She went to the tailor's
 To buy him a coat,

But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

Cobbler. She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back,
He was reading the news!



Dame Tucker. Well, well! I wonder if he'll do any tricks for me. I'll make him a courtesy.

She makes a courtesy. The dog makes a bow.

All. Wonderful!

Dame Tucker. I wonder whether he will answer if I speak to him.
Doggie, your servant.

The Dog. Bow-wow!

Old Mother Hubbard. He cannot speak, you see. He can do everything but that.

Joiner. Well, we must go now.
Good-by, Old Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard. Good-by.
Come again.

All the neighbors. Good-by, wonderful doggie!

The dog waves his paw good-by, and throws them a kiss.

THE FIRST THANKS- GIVING DAY

ACT I

PLACE: *Plymouth*

Elder Brewster goes to Governor Bradford's house. He knocks.

Governor Bradford. Good morning,
Elder Brewster. Come in and
sit down.

Elder Brewster. Thank you, I will.

They sit down.

Governor Bradford. How well the
crops have turned out. All that

we planted has grown finely. Everybody has plenty of corn and wheat now, for the winter.



Elder Brewster. Yes, I have come to see you about having a Thanksgiving Day. We ought to thank God. It is He who made the corn and wheat to grow. Don't

you think we ought to set apart a day for Thanksgiving ?

Governor Bradford. Yes, I do. It is hardly a year since we came over in the Mayflower. What hard times we had at first! We were cold and hungry, and afraid of the Indians. How much better off we are now! Our houses are built. The Indians are friendly. And our storehouses are full of corn. We ought, indeed, to thank God.

Elder Brewster. Let us have a Thanksgiving feast!

Governor Bradford. And let us invite the Indians to it!

Elder Brewster. Yes, do. I will tell everybody in Plymouth to get ready. And you send the invitation to the Indians. We'll have a great Thanksgiving feast.

ACT II

TIME: *Thanksgiving Day*

Stephen comes running into Plymouth. All the other Pilgrims gather around him.

The Pilgrims. What's the news?

Stephen. I took the invitation to the Indians, and they are coming.

John. How shall we talk to them? They all talk the Indian language.

Priscilla. That's so. What shall

we do? We cannot understand Indian language.

Stephen. Oh! That will be all right. One of the Indians is named Squanto. He can talk English, and he will talk for the rest.

Mrs. White. Come now, let us get the dinner ready. Who will help?

Stephen. I will. I'll go to the beach and dig clams.

He takes a pail and shovel and goes to the beach.

John. I'll go fishing.

He takes a fishing rod and goes fishing in the bay.

Captain Standish. I'll go to the woods and shoot wild turkeys.

He takes his gun and goes to the woods.

Priscilla. I'll make a corn-meal pudding.

She goes into the house and stirs up a pudding.

Mary. I'll go and pick some wild grapes.

She goes.

Governor Bradford. I'll stand the tables and chairs in their places. We'll eat out here under the trees.

Mrs. White. I'll set the table.

Captain Standish in the woods. Bang!
Bang!

Stephen comes back.

Stephen. Here, Mary. I have dug a pail of clams.

Mary. Good! I'll put them in to bake.

Captain Standish in the woods. Bang!
Bang!

John comes back.

John. Here, Priscilla. I have caught some fish.

Priscilla. That's good. I'll broil them.

Captain Standish comes back.

Captain Standish. See here, Mrs. White. I have shot some turkeys.

Mrs. White. Oh, what big ones!

I'll dress them and roast them right away.

The Indians. Ki yi! Ki yi! Ki yi! Ki yi!

Captain Standish. Hark! Here come the Indians.

In march the Indians.

Elder Brewster. Welcome, Massasoit. Welcome, Samoset. Welcome, Squanto.

He shakes hands with them.

Governor Bradford. You are all welcome to our Thanksgiving dinner.

He shakes hands with them.

Massasoit. Chooka anita acka
dumdum.

Samoset. Lala bickee opum
oochee.

Governor Bradford. What do they
say, Squanto?

Squanto. They say they are glad
to be here. They are your good
friends.

Governor Bradford. Glad to hear it.

They all sit down.

Elder Brewster. The dinner is
cooking, but it is not ready.
How shall we enjoy ourselves
till dinner time?

Squanto. Would you like to see us dance a war dance?

All the Pilgrims. Yes, yes!

The Indians march in a ring. They jump up and down. They yell "Ki yi!"



Mrs. White. Oh, oh! They frighten my baby!

She gets her baby and hushes it.

Captain Standish. That was a good dance, Indians. Now would you like to see what we white men can do?

All the Indians. Ki yi!

Squanto. They mean — yes, yes.

Captain Standish. Forward, march!

The white men march up to a cannon.

Captain Standish. Halt! Load the cannon!

They load it.

Captain Standish. Fire!

The White Men. Bang!

The Indians all jump. They run and hide behind the trees.

Elder Brewster. Do not be afraid. We will not shoot you. Tell them, Squanto.

Squanto tells them. They come out.

Squanto. What wonderful men you are! You can make it thunder.

Elder Brewster. That was not thunder. That was our cannon.

Mrs. White. Dinner is ready now. Won't you sit down?

The men all sit down. The women wait on the table. Governor Bradford carves a turkey.

Governor Bradford. What part of the turkey do you like, Massasoit, white meat or dark? Tell him what I say, Squanto.

Squanto. Skeetum mucha tootee?

Massasoit. Opee dumtee.

Squanto. He says any kind,
thank you.

Mary. Have some more dress-
ing, Elder Brewster?

Elder Brewster. Thank you, I
will.

John. This is a fine pudding
you made, Priscilla.

Samoset. Willa tacka gogo.

Squanto. He means he would
like some grapes.

Priscilla. I'll pass him some.

*They eat everything up. Massasoit takes out a
long pipe. He says something in Indian.*

Elder Brewster. What does he say, Squanto?

Squanto. He wants you to smoke the pipe of peace with us. Every man must smoke it to show that we are all friends together. The Indians always do this when they make peace.

Elder Brewster. If it means peace, we shall be glad to smoke it.

He takes a puff at the pipe, and passes it to the next man. Each man smokes in turn till all have smoked.

Squanto. Now we have smoked the pipe of peace. It is time to go home.

Governor Bradford. Before you go, we want to give you some presents to take home with you. Here is a string of beads for each one.

He gives each Indian a string of beads. The Indians put them on. They all say something in Indian.

Squanto. They say they like them very much, and now they bid you good-by.

All the Pilgrims. Good-by, Indians.

They shake hands. The Indians go away, yelling "Ki yi! Ki yi!"

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

ACT I

PLACE: *The palace*

The King and Queen sit on their throne. The twelve good fairies come in.

King. Welcome, Fairies.

Queen. Good evening, dear Fairies.

The fairies all make a bow.

King. We have invited you to the feast in honor of our baby girl. We have just named her Princess Rose. Here she is.

He points to a cradle with a baby in it.

Oh, look!
Isn't she sweet!
The Princess Rose!
All the Fairies. Isn't she cunning!
What a dear little
baby!
How tiny she is!

First Fairy. Let us all give her
fairy gifts.

She waves her wand over the cradle.

First Fairy. You shall be as
beautiful as a rose.

Second Fairy (waving her wand). You
shall be as sweet as a rose.

Third Fairy (waving her wand). You
shall have dimples in your cheeks.

Fourth Fairy (waving her wand). You shall have long curly hair.

Fifth Fairy (waving her wand). You shall be kind to every one.

Sixth Fairy (waving her wand). Every one will love you.

Seventh Fairy (waving her wand). You shall be wise and good.

Eighth Fairy (waving her wand). You shall never be sick.

Ninth Fairy (waving her wand). You shall never be poor.

Tenth Fairy (waving her wand). You shall marry a prince.

Eleventh Fairy (waving her wand). You shall always be happy.

Twelfth Fairy. I cannot at this moment think of anything else. I'll give my gift by and by.

King and Queen. We thank you, kind Fairies.

Queen. Now for the feast. All sit down and I will pass the golden plates.

King. I will pass the goodies.

The fairies eat. The King and Queen wait on them.

First Fairy. What nice cake!

Second Fairy. Isn't this ice cream good!

Third Fairy (to Fourth Fairy). Here is a motto for you.

In rushes the Bad Fairy.

Bad Fairy. How dare you have a feast and not invite me?

Queen. I would have asked you, but you see I have only twelve golden plates.

Bad Fairy. I will never forgive you. I am too angry. I'll punish you for this.

She goes to the cradle and waves her wand.

Bad Fairy. When the Princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger on a spindle, and fall dead!

The Queen and all the fairies scream. The King rushes at the Bad Fairy.

King. Take it back!

The Bad Fairy vanishes.

King. Where has she gone?



Queen. You good Fairies, can't you do something?

Eleven fairies shake their heads.

Twelfth Fairy. I have not given my gift yet. I cannot take the

bad wish away, but I can change it.

She waves her wand.

Twelfth Fairy. When the Princess is fifteen years old, she will prick her finger on a spindle, but she shall not die. She shall only fall asleep for a hundred years. And all in the palace shall sleep with her until she wakes. Good-by, now.

All the Fairies. Good-by, King and Queen.

They all go out.

Queen. Oh, dear! We shall all have to sleep for a hundred years!

King. Not so. I'll give a command that all spindles must be burned up. There shall not be a spindle in the land. Then, you see, those words cannot come true.

Queen. Well said! Yes, do that,
King.

ACT II

TIME: Fifteen years later

PLACE: The palace. In one part is the kitchen, in another the parlor, and in another the attic. In the kitchen the cook is stirring batter. The kitchen boy is plucking a fowl.

Kitchen Boy. Cook, what are you making?

Cook. The Princess's birthday cake.

Kitchen Boy. How old is the Princess?

Cook. She is fifteen to-day.

Kitchen Boy. Say, cook, is it true that if the Princess should prick herself on a spindle to-day, we'd all fall asleep for a hundred years?

Cook. So the fairy said. But it cannot come true. All the spindles were burned up, you know. There is not a spindle in the land.

The Bad Fairy comes in with a spindle in her hand. She goes through the kitchen behind

the cook and the boy. She holds her cloak before her, and they do not see her.

Kitchen Boy (yawning). Oh, I'm sleepy.

Cook. You lazy boy! Work faster! If you go to sleep, I'll box your ears.

In the parlor, the King and Queen sit on their throne. The Princess Rose comes in.

Princess Rose. Good morning, (dear Father and Mother.

Queen. Good morning, darling Rose.

King. Many happy returns of the day! Here is a birthday present for you. A nice story-book.

Princess Rose. Oh, thank you. I love stories.

She sits down and looks at the pictures.

Queen (to the King). She is just fifteen. Do you remember?

King (putting his finger on his lips). Sh! It cannot come true. The spindles are all burned up.

The Bad Fairy passes behind them. They do not see her. She goes up to the attic.

Queen (fanning herself). I feel very anxious.

King. Pooh! Pooh!

The Princess looks up and puts her hand to her ear.

Princess Rose. Mother, I think I

heard some one going upstairs to the attic.

Queen. I did not hear anything.

King. Maybe it was the cat.

Princess Rose. Maybe it was. I'll go and see. Please keep my place in the book for me, Father. I'll be right back.

She goes to the attic.

Princess Rose. Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty.

She sees the Bad Fairy.

Princess Rose. Oh! Who are you?

Bad Fairy. I am a fairy. See

what I have for you—a nice birthday present.

She holds out the spindle.



Princess Rose. What is it?

She puts out her hand and pricks her finger.

Princess Rose. Oh!

She falls down on a sofa. She is fast asleep.

The King lets the book fall and goes to sleep. The Queen stops fanning and goes to

sleep. The cook stops stirring and goes to sleep. The kitchen boy stops plucking the fowl and goes to sleep. The Bad Fairy waves her wand over them all.

Bad Fairy. Sleep for a hundred years!

She vanishes.



In come the twelve good fairies. They hang their heads and walk in a procession around the palace.

The Good Fairies (singing).

Where our fairy feet now fall,
 Grow thou hedge of roses tall.
 Hide from all beneath the skies,
 Where the (Sleeping Beauty lies.
 Boughs grow high, and roots grow deep;
 Briers, twine ye close and fast.
 Let no one disturb her sleep,
 Till a hundred years are past!

ACT III

TIME: One hundred years later

PLACE: The palace. It is at first hidden from sight by a great hedge of roses.

The Prince comes in and looks up.

Prince. Oh, look! How wonderful! Who ever saw roses as high as a house? What terrible

thorns! They are big enough to kill a man. I wonder what is on the other side. I'll see if I can get through.



*He draws out his sword and cuts a big hole.
He passes through.*

Prince. What a beautiful palace!
I'd like to stay here for the night.
He knocks.

Prince. No answer. Maybe nobody lives here.

He goes into the kitchen.

Prince (to the cook). Good day, ma'am. I'm a Prince on my travels. May I stay here for the night?

The cook makes no answer.

Prince. Why! She is sound asleep.

He goes into the parlor. He makes a bow to the King and Queen.

Prince. Your Majesties, I'm a Prince on my travels. May I stay here for the night?

They make no answer.

Prince. Why! They are sound asleep, too.

He goes to the attic. He sees the Princess.

Prince, Oh! Ah! Oh!

He kisses her. The Princess opens her eyes and sits up. The Prince kneels before her. The King awakes and picks up the book. The Queen awakes and fans herself. The cook awakes and boxes the ears of the kitchen boy.

Kitchen Boy. Ouch! What do you box my ears for?

Cook. You lazy boy, you've been asleep.

Kitchen Boy. Why, I've been hard at work all the time!

The Prince and Princess take hold of hands and go to the parlor. The King and Queen rise and take the Prince by the hand. The



twelve good fairies come and dance in a ring about the palace.

The Good Fairies (singing).

Vanish, hedge of roses high,
 Disappear into the sky;
 Melt away, ye flowers fair,
 Thorns and briars, change
 to air.

Ended is the evil spell,

The Sleeping Beauty wakes to-day,
 The Prince is come, and all is well,
 The hundred years have passed away.

ARBOR DAY

ACT I

PLACE: *The woods*

TIME: *The day before Arbor Day*

The big trees stand close around the little maple.

Little Maple. Make room for me!
Make room for me! I want to
grow!

Oak. Oh, stop, Little Maple!
you are crowding me!

Pine. Oh, stop, Little Maple!
you are pushing me!

Elm. Oh, stop, Little Maple!
you are sticking into me!

Little Maple. What shall I do!
I have no room to grow.

The wind passes by.



The Wind. Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo!

The trees bow down.

Oak. Oh, Wind! Tell us what you have seen to-day.

The wind moves in and out among the trees.

The Wind. I saw a farmer coming this way. Hoo-oo! He is coming to get a tree. Hoo-oo!

All the Trees. A tree! What for?

The Wind. For the children to plant near their school. Don't you know what day to-morrow is? Hoo-oo!

The trees shake their heads, no.

The Wind. Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo!
To-morrow is Arbor Day!

The wind passes out.

Elm. I wonder which tree he will take.

Oak. I hope he won't take me. I am too old to move.

Pine. I hope he won't take me. I am too big to dig up.

Little Maple. Oh, how I wish he would take me!

The farmer comes in.

The Farmer. Ah! here are some nice trees. Let me see! Will this oak do? No. It is too old. Will this pine do? No. It is too big. So is this elm. But what is this in the middle? A little maple!

Just the thing! I'll dig it up and send it to the school for Arbor Day.

He digs it up.

Little Maple. Oh! Oh! He's digging me up! I'm going to move! I'm going to live near a school! Good-by, Elm! Good-by, Oak! Good-by, Pine! I shall not crowd you any more.

All the Big Trees. Good-by, Little Maple!

The farmer carries off the little maple. The wind comes back.

The Wind. Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo!

The trees bow down.

Elm. Oh, Wind! The farmer has carried off the little maple.

Wind. I'll blow that way and see what happens to her. Hoo-oo! Here I go! Hoo-oo!

The wind passes out.

ACT II

PLACE: *A school yard* TIME: *Arbor Day*

A big boy is digging a hole.

The Big Boy. There must be plenty of room for the roots. There! I think the hole is deep enough.

He brings in the little maple and sets it in the hole.

The Big Boy. Now I'll go and tell the teacher that everything is ready.

He goes out.

Little Maple. What a nice place! Plenty of room for me here! I wonder what the children will say to me? I hope they will like me.

The children come marching in.

The Children (singing).

Hail, young tree!

Long may you stand!

We children come with song and cheer,

On Arbor Day to plant you here,

To live and grow for many a year,

And bless our land.

The big boy puts some soil on the roots.

The Big Boy.

Now the soil we spread
On the roots below.
In their earthy bed,
Deeply may they grow,
And reaching far and clinging fast
Uphold the tree in every blast!

A little boy puts some soil on the roots.

The Little Boy.

Blessings on you, little tree!
You are little now, like me.
I'll grow maybe six feet high,
You will reach up towards the sky,
And still be growing when I die,
And other children passing by
Your pretty leaves will see!

A big girl puts some soil on the root.

The Big Girl.

May the tree we plant to-day
Be large and straight and strong!

May its branches shade the way
For all who come along;
And where the leaves grow thick and green,
May the birds fly in between
And perch and sing their song!

A very little girl puts some soil on the roots.

The Very Little Girl.

I hope you will be
A beautiful tree.

*Several other children put on the rest of the
soil.*

All the Children. Here we plant a maple
tree. We promise to watch over it and take
care of it. God bless our tree.

All the children sing "America."

The Wind comes in.

The Wind. Are you happy now,
Little Maple?

Little Maple. Yes, yes. Tell the other trees how happy I am, and give them my love.

The Wind. I will. Now watch me blow these children as I go.

The wind goes about among the children.

The Wind. Hoo-oo-oo-oo!

The children shiver.

The Teacher. Why, how windy it is getting! Come, children, we must go in.

All go away but the Little Maple Tree.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

TIME: *July 4, 1776*

PLACE: *Philadelphia*

*The old Bell Ringer and the Boy come walking
along the street.*

Boy. What house is this, Grandfather?

Old Bell Ringer. This is the State House of Philadelphia. Look up at the high steeple. Up there is the Liberty Bell. That is the bell I ring.

Boy. Are you going to ring it to-day, Grandfather?

Old Bell Ringer. I don't know. If

the Declaration of Independence is signed, I shall ring it. Look! Here come the Congressmen. It is time for Congress to meet.

All the Congressmen go walking into the State House. The doorkeeper opens the door for them. Then one Congressman comes out and calls the bell ringer.

The Congressman. Here! Are you the bell ringer?

Old Bell Ringer. Yes, sir.

The Congressman. Congress is going to sign the Declaration of Independence.

Old Bell Ringer. Oh, I'm so glad.

The Congressman. All good Ameri-

cans will be glad. As soon as it is signed, you are to ring the Liberty Bell to let the people know.



Old Bell Ringer. How they'll cheer and shout to hear it! They'll fire guns and ring bells everywhere.

The Congressman. Indeed they will.
Be ready to ring.

The Congressman goes into the State House.

Old Bell Ringer. I'll go up in the steeple now and stand with the rope in my hand, all ready to ring. Boy, you stay here by the door, and bring me word when it is time.

The old bell ringer goes up in the steeple.

Boy. How shall I know when the Declaration of Independence is signed?

Doorkeeper. I'll tell you. Stand here by me.

Boy. I wish I could see the Declaration of Independence!

Doorkeeper. I'll open the door a little crack and let you look in.

He opens the door a little. The boy looks through the crack.

Doorkeeper. Do you see it?

Boy. I see a big piece of paper on a table in the middle of the room. Is that it?

Doorkeeper. That is it. That is the Declaration of Independence.

Boy. What does it say on it?

Doorkeeper. It says that this is a free country and no longer belongs to England.

Boy. Look! One by one the men are going up and writing on the paper.

Doorkeeper. They are signing it! They are signing it!

Boy. Now I see a Congressman coming out.

Doorkeeper. Let me open the door for him.

A Congressman comes out.

The Congressman. The Declaration of Independence is signed. Ring the Liberty Bell!

Doorkeeper. Run, Boy, and tell your Grandfather.

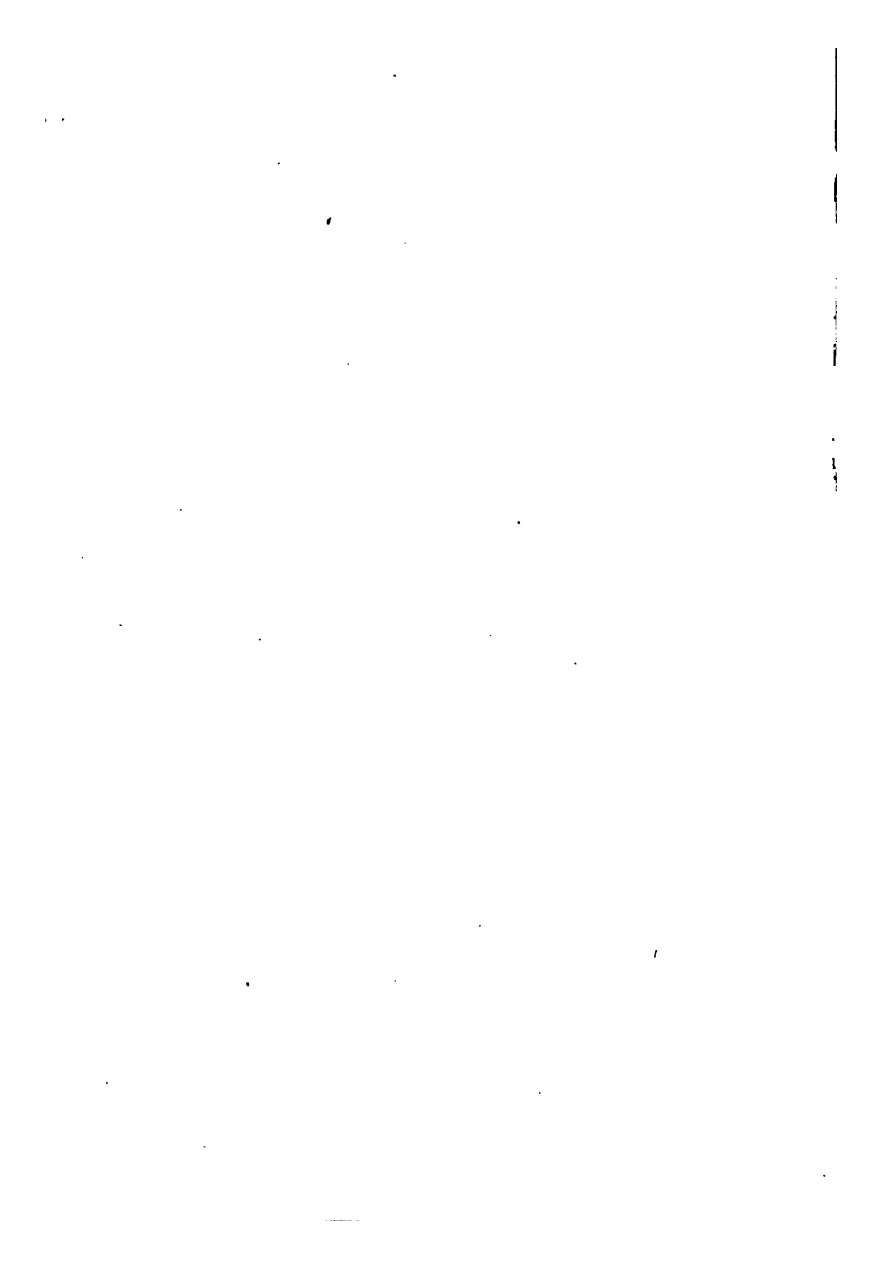
*The boy runs out into the street. He calls up
to the steeple.*

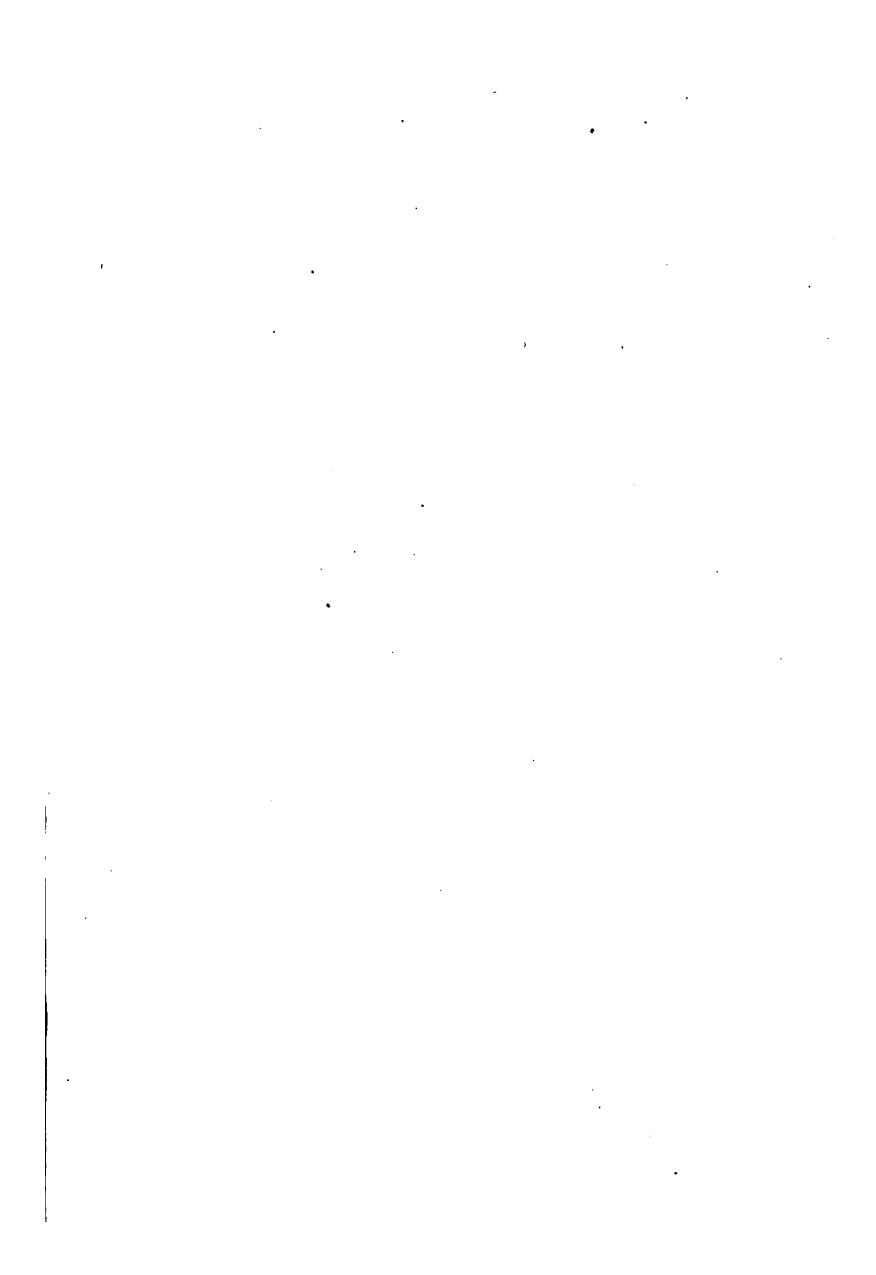
Boy. Ring, Grandfather, ring!
Ring! Ring!

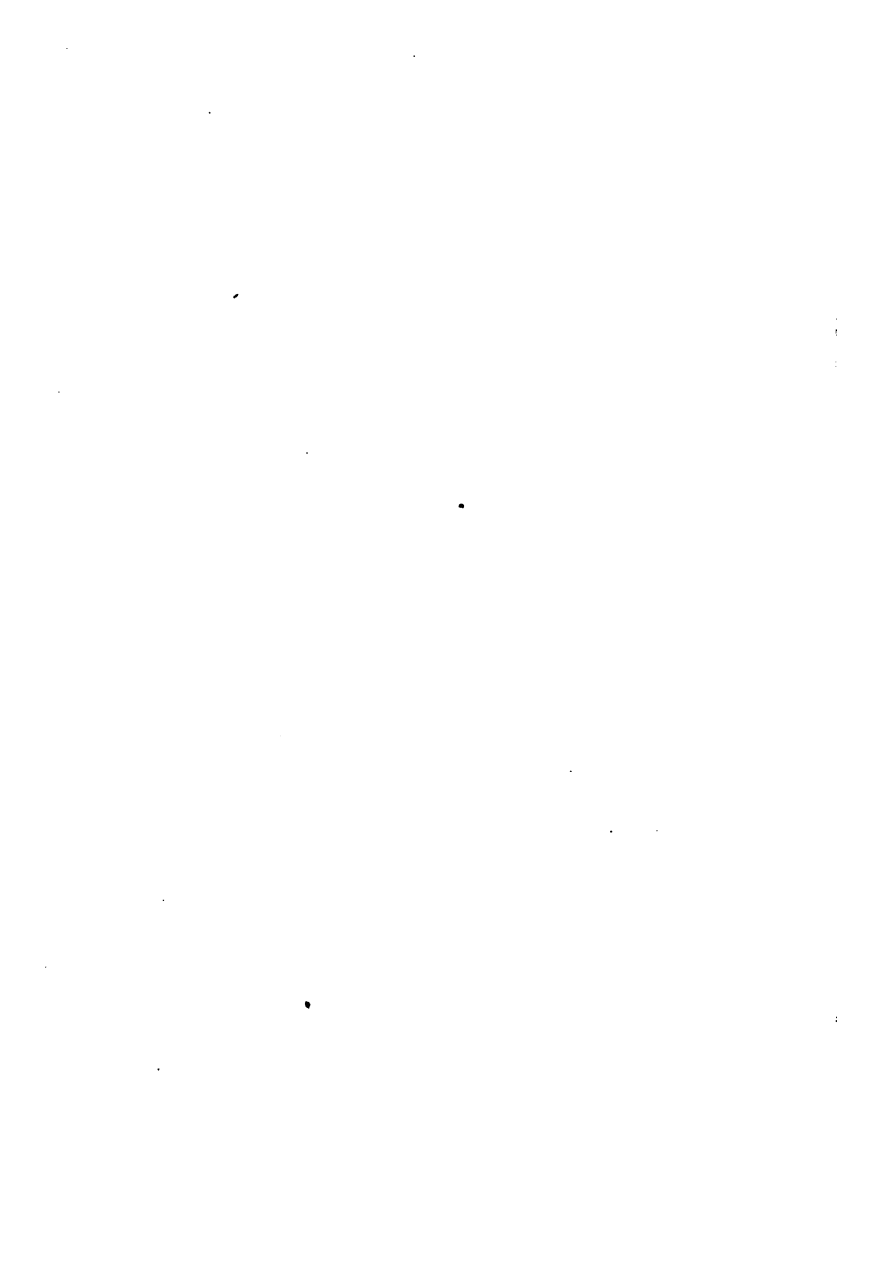
Old Bell Ringer. Ding! Dong!
Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

All the People. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the United States!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

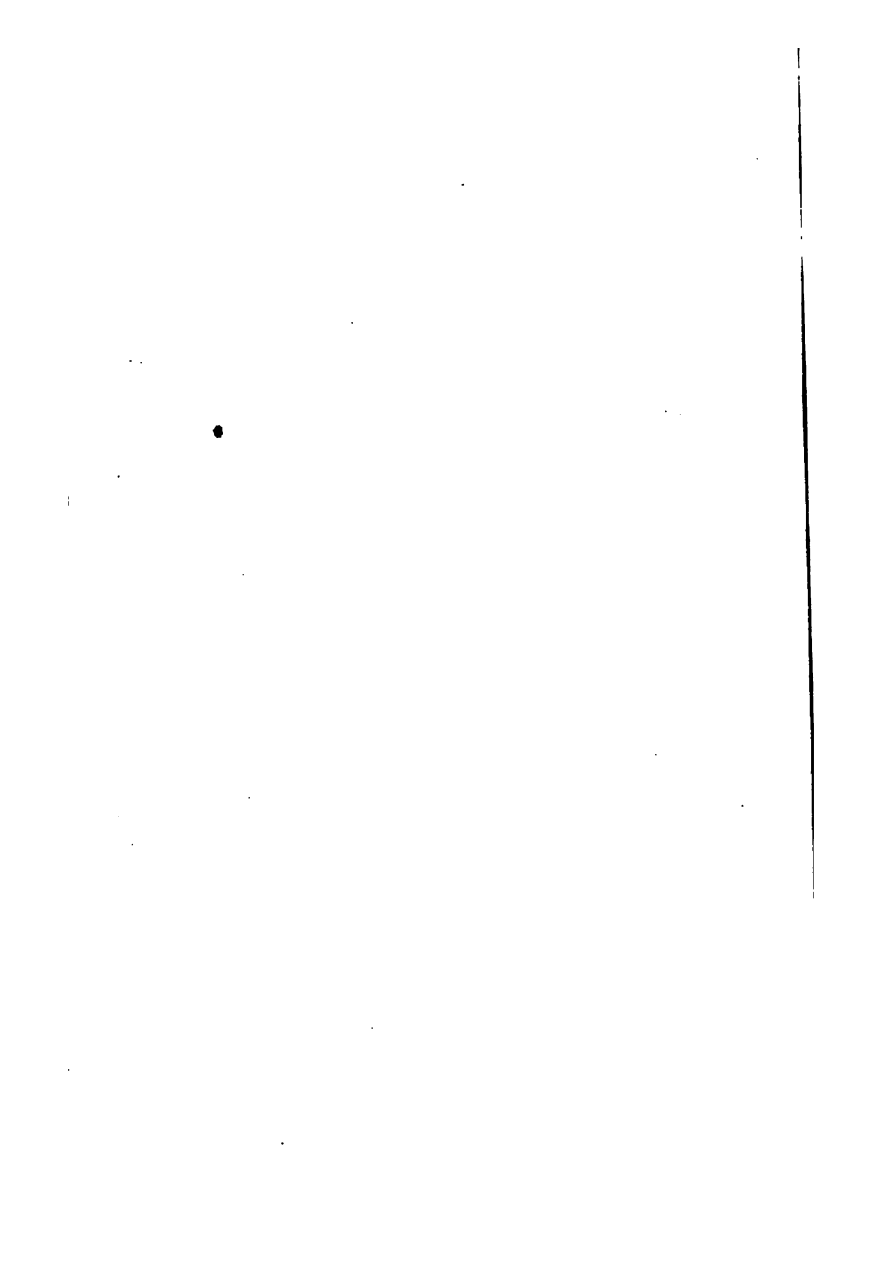


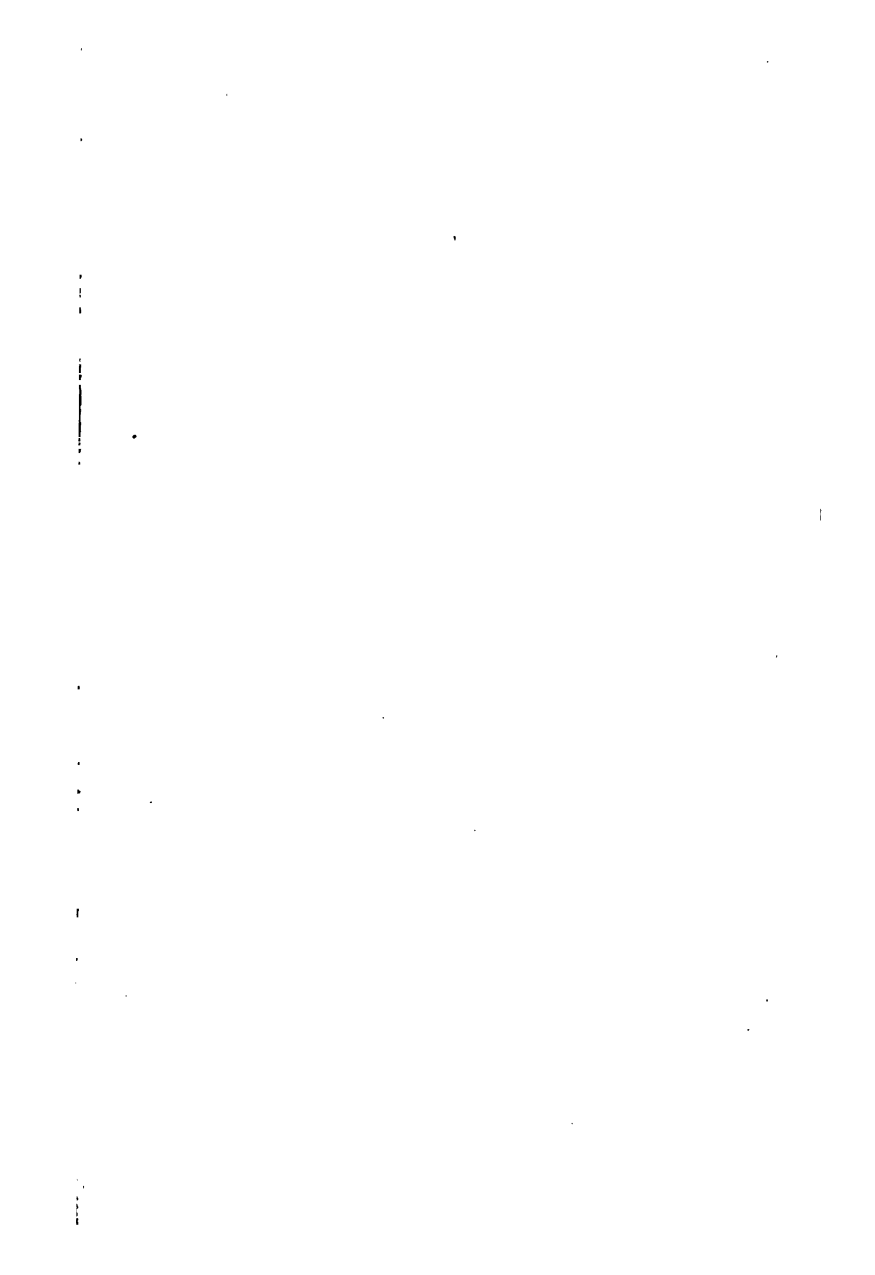






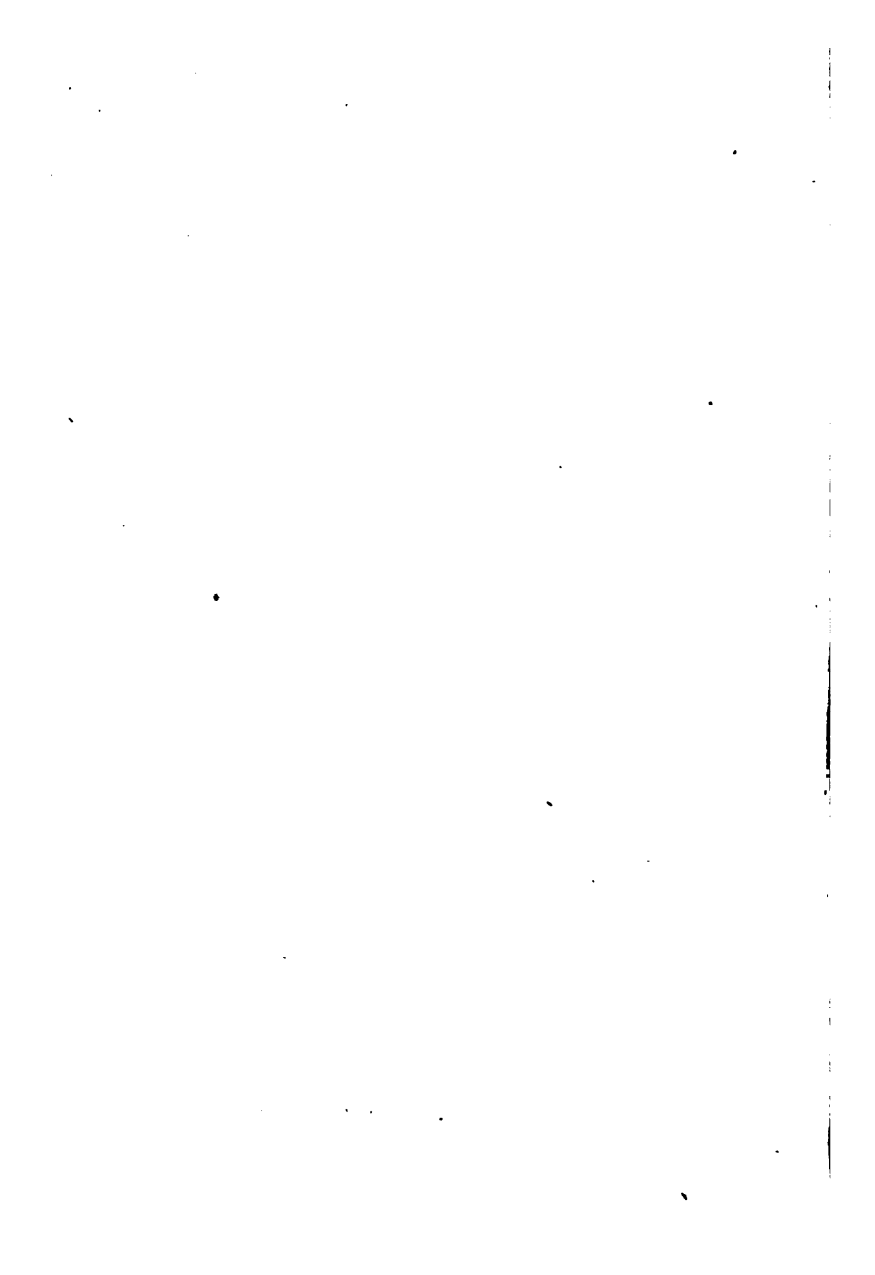
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