



WINNING PLAYS AND DIALOGUES

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

WINNING PLAYS *and* DIALOGUES

By

NOEL FLAURIER, ORPHA V. ROE, GLADYS HENDER-
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BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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Winning Plays and Dialogues

THE BEST STUDY

FOR THREE BOYS AND ONE GIRL

BOY. Of all the studies in the school
I like the best Arithmetic;
For everything is done by rule;
It makes a fellow think so quick.

TALL GIRL. Oh, Grammar is quite essential,
For you should learn to speak quite
right;
Then in the world you're influential,
Can bow, and smile and be polite.

BOY. Geography's the book for me;
It tells of countries far away,
With much about the earth and sea,
And the many states in the U. S. A.

BOY. Oh, History's the best of all;
It tells about men who did great things;
How nations rise, how nations fall,
And also about some wicked kings.

TALL GIRL. I think I'll learn to sew and cook,
And tidy up a house so neat.
We can live without a dry old book,
But can't live long unless we eat.

—Orpha V. Roe

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS AND THE BIRDS?

FOR ONE GIRL AND ONE BOY

GIRL. Where do the flowers stay,
All through the winter long,
When snow is on the ground,
And cold winds blow so strong?

BOY. They sleep in seeds and buds,
All covered up so tight;
They wait for warm spring sun,
Then show their faces bright.

GIRL. Where do the birdies stay,
When trees of leaves are bare?
What do they find to eat?
How do they live, and where?

BOY. Through storm and winter cold
The snowbird brown is here;
He sweetly chirps to us,
And never has a fear.

He hides in haybarns warm,
Or in the roadside weeds;
So we throw out some crumbs
To satisfy his needs.

Sometimes in chicken yards
This little bird is found,
Just picking up the food
That's scattered on the ground.

GIRL. But where's the robin red,
The bluebird and the jay?
The wren and meadow lark?
They're gone, all gone away.

BOY. Those pretty songsters fly
To warmer southern climes;
But when shines April's sun,
We'll see them here betimes.

BOTH. So glad we'll be when spring shall come,
For them we'll see the flowers.
The birds will build their nests and sing
All through the summer hours.

—*Orpha V. Roe*

WILLIE'S SUCCESS

FOR FIVE BOYS

Small boy comes in on one side, goes off at other. The next boy enters from side at which first passes off, and so on. The idea is to represent different stages of the same boy's life.

SMALLEST BOY Little Willie, dimpled pet,
[*in rompers*]. Rosy as can be,
Never left his mother yet,
Two years old is he.

BOY OF SIX. Willie plays around so mild,
Heart so light and gay,
Mother's precious angel child,
Six years old today.

BOY OF TEN. Billie—the kid on mischief bent,
Terror of the town,
Courting trouble or not content!
Freckled Billie Brown.

LARGE BOY. Will has now seen fourteen springs—
Regular full-fledged scout.
Swims and shoots, does lots of things,
Marches all about.

TALL BOY. William's now 'most six feet tall—
Gone away to college.
Joined a frat, and plays football,
Head chock-full of knowledge.

TALL BOY

[*made up to
look middle
aged*].

Honorable William Brown is he,
Dignified and great;
Congressman at our D. C.
Represents his state.

—*Orpha V. Roe*

THE HOLLANDERS

FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

A march and song for children, dressed in Dutch costumes. Wooden shoes can be made of paper, and to make the "clatter," each child can have small pieces of wood concealed in hands to clap together at suitable times. They march on stage by twos to piano music, taking places across stage. When chorus is sung, they march around and return to places, marching off during last chorus.

Tune: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

From away across the sea,
From old Holland dear come we,
Where the tulips in the spring bloom bright
and gay.

Where they dress in pretty blues,
And they wear such funny shoes,
That they clatter, clatter, clatter all the day.

Chorus

Tramp, tramp, tramp the shoes do clatter,
As to market they all go;
And the Hans's and Gretchens meet,
All go marching down the street,
With their eyes so bright and faces all aglow.

Far away across the sea,
By old stormy Zuider Zee,
Where the ships are ever rocking to and fro,
Where the old Dutch windmills wheeze,
Churning butter, making cheese,
Oh, it's back to dear old Holland we will go.

Chorus

Far away across the sea,
Homeward bound again are we.
So we simply bow [*all bow*] and say farewell
to you.
We have far to sail, you know,
So we think we'd better go
Back to Holland, o'er the sea so deep and blue.

Chorus

—*Orpha V. Roe*

THEIR CHOICE

FOR THREE BOYS AND TWO GIRLS

CHARACTERS

NORTH, *a boy in Eskimo costume*

SOUTH, *a girl in thin white, with flowers*

WEST, *a boy in cowboy suit*

EAST, *a girl in oriental costume*

AMERICAN CITIZEN, *in ordinary dress*

NORTH. I come from the North, the land of ice,
Where snows are deep, and coasting's nice,
Where the polar bears and seals can play
At tag around icebergs all the day.
The North for me! To school we go
On reindeer sleds, both to and fro.

SOUTH. From the sunny South I come to you,
From zephyrs soft and skies of blue,
Where sunbeams chase the clouds away,
And lightly dance 'mid flowers gay.
The southern land is to me the choice,
Where happy birds all day rejoice.

WEST. Oh, you may think me rather strange,
But I'm just off the western range.
I can ride a broncho without fear,
Have lassoed many a western steer;
Shot buffaloes and Indians—Gee!
The wild, wild West's the land for me.

EAST. I come from the land of the far-away East;
On rice and tea we love to feast,
Where spices grow, and perfumes rare
With sweetest fragrance fill the air.
And clothes we wear of the brightest hue.
I like the East the best. Don't you?

AMERICAN CITIZEN [*carrying U. S. flag*].
I'm glad that I'm just who I am:
A citizen of Uncle Sam;
You can ride your reindeer over the snow
And live where southern breezes blow,
Or lazily sip your eastern tea,
But the U. S. A. is the place for me.

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST [*circle around AMERICAN
CITIZEN and together speak*].
We rather like the looks of you,
So think we'll stay and live here, too.

AMERICAN CITIZEN [*raises flag, others raise right
hands in salute to the flag*].
And the stars and stripes we'll rally round,
The flag that never touched the ground.

—Orpha V. Roe .

HUNTING FOR SPRING

FOR FIVE GIRLS

Enter five girls, three from one side of stage, two from the other, in street dress.

CARRIE. Morning, girls! Where have you been?

MARY. We've been looking for spring. The sun is so bright and the snow so nearly gone, we thought she must be somewhere near.

CARRIE. Did you find her?

MARY. I found:

A violet blue, half hid by sheltering leaves;
A bit of snow among the scattered pines;
A bed of green moss-cups the rocks amid;
A flock of geese on high in trailing lines.

ANNIE. And I heard:

A snowbird brown who fears not cold,
A welcome give to robin red.
They chirped and sang like friends of old,
Home hunting in the trees o'erhead.

SARAH. I live in the woods, you know, and I saw where—

Close by the side of a clear-running brook,
At the foot of an old cedar tree is spread,
For the feet of the fairies who dance there at
night,
A mossy-green carpet, all dotted with red.

CARRIE. That's all very nice and pretty, but I have

something a lot nicer and more *springy* than any of those things.

MARY. I don't see what in the world it can be.

CARRIE. Well, it's a little red-and-white spotted calf, just the cutest thing you ever saw. It isn't the least bit afraid; it comes running every time I call it. Besides, I have a whole dozen banty chicks. So there, now, you can't beat that.

ALICE. Indeed I can! I have something livelier even than those little things—something that I think always comes in the early spring.

CARRIE. There can't be anything nicer than my calf and chickens!

ALICE. Well now, listen. Twelve teeny-weeny little pink pigs, with the funniest wiggly tails. You ought to see that Mother Pig with all that family of piggies—it's too funny. They're so soft and little and grunty—nothing anywhere to beat that family for signs of spring! Come on, girls, I'll just show you!
[*Exit, girl fashion.*]

—Orpha V. Roe

LITTLE GIRL CONFESSIONS

FOR SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS

- FIRST GIRL. Just seven little girls are we,
Who find it very hard
Always to do as we are told;
But every day we learn
That when we disobey,
Our troubles greatly multiply.
- SECOND GIRL. I don't like to mind, not one single bit,
But that it is best, I'm forced to admit.
- THIRD GIRL. There was a little girl
Who wouldn't mind her mother,
And now my story's begun;
She had to go to bed
For being cross to her brother,
And now my story's done.
- FOURTH GIRL. Sometimes I find it's hard to mind,
But harder still, when I'm not ill,
To go to bed and eat dry bread.
- FIFTH GIRL. My mama says that the way of the
girl who doesn't mind her mother is
very hard, and I rather think she's
right.
- SIXTH GIRL. Papa says, "Spare the rod, and the
child's no good."
[imitates
Papa's voice].

SEVENTH GIRL. I see there is now no way of escaping
[*should be* Telling my terrible tale of woe.
largest]. To rise when I'm called I cannot re-
 member.
 And at eight o'clock to bed I must
 go.

To me it is surely a bit of a wonder
That always asleep I'm expected to
be,
When they dance and they play, and
they sing, and they laugh,
In the parlor below with the great-
est of glee.

One night I decided I'd see what was
doing;
So I stood at the top of the long,
winding stair,
I gazed at the ladies in dresses so
lovely,
And oh, the ice cream they were hav-
ing down there!

I slipped, then I rolled, and down I
went screaming;
And Mother—so like her—she looked
very cool;
But Pa picked me up and, while mount-
ing the stairway,
I heard him say words that are not
taught in school.

If that had been all it wouldn't have
hurt me;

But pats not of love with the words
came along.

He put me to bed with pats and more
patter,

Till now I can feel them when I go
to do wrong.

We seven little girls desire for the
future

To mind whatever our parents may
say.

For the pats and the bed and some
other troubles,

We don't need at all, for they're
much in our way.

—*Orpha V. Roe*

FAIR PLAY

FOR TWELVE BOYS

CHARACTERS

UNCLE SAM *in costume*

ELEVEN BOYS *in football outfits*

SETTING. Background of outdoors, arranged either with scenery or with boughs, and a floor covering of brown cloth or broken branches, to simulate ground. Outdoor features may be added, such as trees, bench, etc.

Curtain rises on eleven boys seated in a group on the ground, at center. They are dressed in football suits, and have a big football in front. If the school has a team, use the suits that are the team property. On each side of the group stick a pennant in the ground. This should be a school pennant, or it should display the school colors. Have the group as carelessly placed as possible, some of the boys half lying down, others sitting tailor fashion, etc. Dialogue is given by numbers, but should be so assigned that the boys do not talk in succession, as they are grouped, but in such order as will make the talk seem natural and spontaneous. All are plainly impatient at the delay of the opposing team and at rising of curtain are looking in direction of their approach.

NUMBER ONE. That bunch is always late!

NUMBER TWO. What do you suppose keeps them?

NUMBER THREE. It's a shame to lose time on an extra holiday like this! I was mighty glad it came on history day. I hate history!

NUMBER FOUR. I don't! I'd rather have it than that

awful old common factor! My dad says we're *makin'* hist'ry now!

NUMBER THREE. Well, I don't want to make any for other boys to learn! Do you, Shorty?

NUMBER FIVE. 'Deed I don't! But I like the part that tells about the great men!

NUMBER SIX. Yes, it's all right to read about Lincoln and Washington, but it's the "Causes and Results" I can't warm up to!

NUMBER TWO. I don't believe that team is coming at all!

[Stands up and shades his eyes to look.]

Not a sign of them!

NUMBER ONE. Say, I think it's fierce! Come on home, boys!

[Picks up ball, as if to go.]

NUMBER SEVEN. Oh, that's no way to do! "Don't give up the ship," boys!

NUMBER SIX. Say, some guy in history said that! Who was it?

NUMBER FOUR. Ask Shark there. He knows all about the heroes!

NUMBER EIGHT. Oh, that was Captain Lawrence! Don't you remember how he was wounded on the Chesapeake, and said that when they were carrying him off?

NUMBER FIVE. Oh yes, but I haven't an idea *when* it was! Have you?

NUMBER NINE. War of 1812. I know, 'cause I had to write it ten times yesterday!

NUMBER THREE. Are they coming yet? [*All look.*]

NUMBER ONE. No such luck!

NUMBER TEN. Well, if you're talking of famous men and what they said, I bet you don't know *who* said what *we'll* say when this game is over!

CHORUS. Aw, we all know that!

NUMBER TEN. Who, then, and what did he say?

NUMBER ELEVEN. Who cares? We're goin' to beat 'em!

NUMBER TWO. Tell us what we'll say?

NUMBER SEVEN. And who said it? Quick! The team'll be here soon!

NUMBER EIGHT. I know what he means, boys!

NUMBER NINE. I bet Sharkey knows. Well, out with it!

NUMBER EIGHT. It's what Perry said at the Battle of Lake Erie. "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" Right?

NUMBER TEN. Right you are! History's some good, after all!

NUMBER FOUR. But it's all so far away! It doesn't seem real!

NUMBER SIX. Isn't Pershing real? Say, boys, don't you wish we could do something for America?

NUMBER SEVEN. My father says we're doing all we can by just being boys and learning to "play fair." I asked him last night what a boy could *do*!

[*In the distance is heard a cry of "Ki-yi! Ki-yi!" or any well known call.*]

NUMBER TWO. There they are! Come on, boys! [*All get up and rush out, still talking.*]

NUMBER ONE. "Don't give up the ship!" boys! Remember that chap, Lawrence!

NUMBER FIVE. And don't forget they're going to be ours, like that other fellow—

NUMBER FOUR. Perry!

NUMBER ELEVEN. Come on! Come on!

[Stands at some prominent point of stage, and holds both pennants high.]

"Give me Victory, or give me death!"

[All disappear.] [Enter at opposite side of stage UNCLE SAM, in usual costume, deep in thought, and when in center of stage stands in attitude of thought, and speaks as if to himself.]

UNCLE SAM. I was wondering if all the great heroes lived in the past! I've been thinking of the many great men I've called my sons, and I had an idea this next generation wouldn't care about deeds of glory. But how foolish I was! Just because they'd rather play than learn history! Why, they're making that history come to life today! I guess they're growing heroes in America today, as well as they did yesterday, and if they do prefer football to history dates, I guess I can trust them. They're learning one thing they'll always need—to play fair!

CURTAIN

—M. Josephine Moroney

“JUST AS I PLEASE”

FOR TWO GIRLS AND ONE BOY

CHARACTERS

MOTHER *of* SAMMY

SAMMY, *a little lad*

CARRIE, *a young girl, niece of* MOTHER (*Auntie Lou*)

MOTHER *seated sewing by table, CARRIE rushes in.*

MOTHER *rises and greets her.*

CARRIE. Auntie Lou, where's Sammy?

MOTHER. I don't know, Carrie.

CARRIE. Don't know! That's queer. [*Both sit.*]

MOTHER. Yes, it is.

CARRIE. But I thought he always asked you where he could go.

MOTHER. He has begged for a long time to do just as he pleased for just one day.

CARRIE. And this is the day?

MOTHER. Yes.

CARRIE. Well, I'm sorry, for Mother is coming to take you and Sammy out to Loon Lake with us; she thought it would be nice to come home by moonlight, and I know Sammy likes best of all things to ride with us.

MOTHER. Of course I cannot go, not knowing when Sammy will be home. Last night he didn't *want* to cut kindling, didn't *want* to feed chickens, carry wood nor take up ashes, wanted to do just as he

pleased for one whole day. So I told him he could do so today, and he put on his best clothes this morning and went away early.

CARRIE. Serves him right, to miss this ride. There's Mother. Sorry you can't go. [*Exit.*]

[SAMMY *rushes in hatless and much disheveled as to hair and clothes.*]

SAMMY. Oh, Mama, I saw Carrie and Aunt Madge drive away. Did they come after us?

MOTHER. Yes, they wanted you and me to go to Loon Lake and drive home by moonlight, but I told Carrie that my little son was doing as he pleased today, and I did not know where to find him.

[*Very much downcast, SAMMY goes to a window and looks out, but shortly sits on a low stool near MOTHER, uneasily digging his toes into the carpet.*]

SAMMY. Say, Mama, Don and I went fishing today.

MAMA. Is that so? Where did you go?

SAMMY. Down to Hewitt's pond. [*Looks at MOTHER, expecting comments; receiving none, proceeds.*] I cut my finger, too. Don tore up my best handkerchief to tie it up with.

MOTHER [*quietly*]. That's too bad.

SAMMY. Yes, it is, and say, Mama, do you s'pose my good suit's spoiled?

MOTHER. Why, what is the matter with it?

SAMMY [*slowly*]. I . . . I fell into the pond.

MOTHER. How did you get out?

SAMMY. Don pulled me out, and his fishhook caught in my jacket, and he cut it out with his knife. I lost mine when I fell into the pond.

MOTHER. That nice knife your uncle gave you at Christmas?

SAMMY. Y-e-s, Mama; and we chased Farmer Fasset's geese, and—and he set his dog on us, and we climbed through a barbed wire fence, and I tore my jacket, and we rolled down the bank.

MOTHER. That's why you're so muddy?

SAMMY. Yes, Mama. [*After a pause.*] I climbed that apple tree back of Johnny Samp's house, and Johnny's father came out and turned the garden hose on us, and I fell trying to get down, and I tore that hole in my stocking, and got this bump on my forehead, and we had to hurry, so I think that's where I lost my hat.

MOTHER. Did you take any apples?

SAMMY. No, we didn't have time. But say, Mama, Don says the worst words—the *worst* words!

MOTHER. Then I think I wouldn't play with him any more.

SAMMY. I'm not going to. Do you think, Mama, you could mend my jacket?

MOTHER. Well, perhaps.

SAMMY [*fidgeting*]. Think I'll go feed the chickens and cut some kindling for morning. [*Rising, puts his arms around MOTHER'S neck, kisses her.*] Say, Mama, it's not a bit fun doing just as I please.

—Orpha V. Roe

RATS!

FOR THIRTEEN GIRLS AND BOYS

CHARACTERS

The Letters all wear ordinary school suits and may be played by either little girls or boys. Each wears a pennant with the letters he or she represents suspended from the neck.

THE LADY is a little girl dressed to represent a grown woman.

R	K	D
A	I	O
T	T	G
S	T	
	Y	

THE LADY

SCENE: *Immaterial. A well stuffed burlap bag is on the floor.*

Enter R

R [*looks about for his companions*].

Oh dear! Where, oh where can they be?

Those letters that spell the rest of me?

Enter A

A [*taking his place next to R*]. Here's A.

Enter T

T [*taking place next to A*]. And T.

R [*discontented*]. That makes but one,
And one poor rat can have no fun!

S approaches.

R [*delighted*].

Ah! Here comes our friend, good old S!

[*S takes his place after T*]

T. Now we'll have some fun, I guess!

[*The letters are now in a row: R-A-T-S*]

R [*spying the meal*].

Here's a bag of barley meal.

Let's get at it!

[*R, A, T, and S squeal "equee-hee-ee" with delight.*]

T. Sh-h-h! Don't squeal!

A. Or the Lady that owns the barley meal

Will come and crush us 'neath her heel.

R [*laughing*]. Squee-hee! Squee-hee! You make me
laugh,

Every lady is a scaredy-calf

And jumps on a chair when she sees a mouse!

T. Squee-hee! We *rats* will run her out of the house!

[*Enter the LADY. She sees the RATS now lying across the barley meal. She screams and jumps on a chair, whereupon the RATS wink at each other and laugh: "Squee-hee! Squee-hee!"*]

THE LADY [*looking all around*].

Oo-oh! Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo! What an awful pity:

I do not see a single kitty!

And I'm so afraid! [*Calls.*] Come K and I!

Enter K and I

K and I. Here we are!

Enter T, T and Y

T, T and Y [*in concert*]. And T, T and Y!

[*The letters are now in a row to spell KITTY.*

The RATS squeak and try to make their escape, but K, I, T, T, and Y clasp hands and form a circle about them. There is a struggle in which "meows" and "squeaks" are heard. The RATS are about to be captured when three small boys, one wearing a D, one an O and one a G enter together.]

D, O and G [*in concert*].

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

[*THE RATS escape; K, I, T, T and Y scamper off in alarm, giving a chorus of "meows."* When "RATS" and "KITTY" are out of sight, D, O and G come to the LADY and stand before her.]

THE LADY [*climbing down from her chair and shaking her finger at D, O and G*]. You naughty little dog! You've made my kitty lose her supper now!

—Gladys Henderson

THE "MIND YOUR MOTHER" CLUB

FOR SEVEN GIRLS

CHARACTERS

ANNABEL, *President of the "Mind Your Mother" Club*

KATIE, CARRIE, JENNIE, ALICE, *Members of the Club*

LOLA, JOSIE, *Visitors*

SETTING, *Ordinary sitting room*

Enter ANNABEL, arranges chairs and table, puts flowers in vase. A knock is heard. ANNABEL opens door and two girls enter as she says, "Come in."

LOLA. Is this the place where a girls' club meets today?

ANNABEL. Yes, the "Mind Your Mother" Club meets here today; will you come in?

[Before they are fairly seated, CARRIE and KATIE come rushing in.]

KATIE. O Annabel, I asked two girls to come. *[Looks round and sees LOLA and JOSIE.]* Why, here they are, got here before I did! *[Greets the visitors.]* Annabel, this is Lola Christy and Josie French. *[Girls shake hands.]*

ANNABEL. I'm very glad to have you come to our club. *[While girls are removing wraps JENNIE and ALICE enter and are greeted school-girl fashion.]* [ANNA-

BEL *takes seat behind table.*] Time to begin, girls.
[*They stop talking and sit.*]

ANNABEL [*addressing visitors*]. One day not long ago, I heard my grandma say that children didn't mind their mothers as well now as when she was a little girl, so we girls thought we'd have a club as ladies do and talk about it, to see if it wouldn't help us to do better, and we thought, too, that some other girls would like to join us, so I'm pleased to have you here. Today we're going to talk about animals—how much better they mind what is said to them than we sometimes do; perhaps we can learn something from them. Carrie, have you anything to say?

CARRIE [*rising and beginning with great animation*]. Oh, yes, I want to tell you about some little chickens—how they minded their mother. My brother and the hired men found a nest out in a field with a little hawk in it that couldn't fly. They brought it home and put it in a barrel, and whenever they raised that hawk up out of the barrel so the hens could see it, every hen that had chickens called, "Cut-cut! Cut-cut!" And in a second there wasn't a chicken anywhere—they went so fast you couldn't see *where* they went. Mother said it meant, "Run, hide!" and the little chicks didn't say, "I don't see anything to be afraid of," nor did they ask, "Where shall I hide?" nor "What will happen if I don't run?" as perhaps I might do; they just *went*. When the hawk was out of sight down in the barrel the Mother Hen said, "Cut-c-u-t! Cut-cut!" and *then* the chicks came from under the house, out of the

weeds, from *everywhere*, and went right on hunting grasshoppers. [*All laugh.*]

ANNABEL. I don't think I'll ask "Why?" any more after hearing that story. Your turn next, Alice.

ALICE [*rising*]. I want to tell you how our dog Rex minds without being told, because he has been trained and doesn't forget as I do sometimes. You know my father is a minister, and Rex understands when Sunday comes and also knows that he must stay at home. He lies on the porch, and when we go to church and say, "Good-by, Rex," he never moves, not even rapping a good-by with his tail; but other days when we say "good-by," he comes to the gate and waggles all over because he wants to go.

ANNABEL. Rex is a fine dog and has a lot of good dog sense. Jennie, I know you have a story.

JENNIE [*rises*]. I'm tired of hearing about such good people, I'll tell you about some little ducks that *didn't* mind. They lost their mother, so they did, but they weren't so much to blame, for their mother was a hen instead of a duck, and they didn't understand her language very well. They followed her around until they were old enough to go into the water, and the first time they saw that little pond back of our house, they sailed right out on the water, while the poor Mother Hen stood on the bank and called and scolded the best she knew how. I suppose she was scared because she didn't know how to swim. The little ducks had a grand time and didn't know what she was talking about anyway. They had found what they wanted, and kept on going there, so, if they wouldn't mind her, she

wouldn't feed them. Mother put them in a pen on the grass with a big pan for a pond, and I called myself their stepmother and I took care of them.

ANNABEL. Poor little ducks! They traded a Hen Mother for a stepmother. Katie, what have you to tell us?

KATIE. I want to tell you about another dog. His name is Prince. His master had quite a hard time teaching him to mind, but now that he knows what he is to do, he's all right. When they are out walking his master puts his arm out over the dog's head, Prince rises on his hind legs, puts his paws on his master's arm, and they walk along side by side, the dog being the taller of the two.

ANNABEL. That's a good dog story. Mother says almost any dog can be taught to mind better than some children. Lola, wouldn't you like to join us?

LOLA. Indeed I would; what must I do to become a member?

ANNABEL. Oh, nothing very hard, just tell us something like what we have been talking about.

LOLA [*rises*]. I've been thinking about what I saw in the park the other day. Some little quail—such a lot of them, running along in the path ahead of me. I couldn't see the mother but I could hear her in the bushes, and as I drew nearer she called and in an instant there wasn't a quail anywhere, like the chickens Carrie told about. I don't know what she said, but the little ones knew and they lost no time, but minded at once. Then I saw some ducks swimming in the stream that runs through the park. They never swim ahead of their mother—just up to where

her wing comes from her body, but never a stroke farther, and she doesn't seem to say anything about it either. She has probably drilled them before they were on exhibition.

ANNABEL. That's very interesting, I never knew that ducks did so; you certainly have earned your membership. Josie, do you want to come in, too?

JOSIE [*rises*]. Yes, to be sure I do. I can't tell you any true stories as the others have done, but I can give you some verses my sister has written about what might happen to a little chicken that didn't mind her mother.

[*Recites*].

There was a little chick, not long from out its
shell,
Who thought she knew it all, like others I've
heard tell;
Far from the coop she strayed, away from oth-
ers ten,
And didn't mind the "cluckety-cluck!" that
came from Mother Hen.

A great big cat came round the corner of the
barn;
"Oh, my, what shall I do?" cried chicken in
alarm.
There was no time to run—that cat, she made
one jump!
She thought she had that chick to eat all in one
lump.

But Jack was right close by, that wicked cat
he chased,
And fluffy yellow ball he picked up in great
haste.

Jack ran to that old coop—"Cut-cut!" said
Mother Hen.

"Peep, peep!" cried baby chick, "I'll stay with
others ten."

ANNABEL. Well, I think it's best for us to *mind our
mothers*, isn't it? What shall we do at our next
meeting?

JENNIE [*rises*]. Annabel, may I suggest?

ANNABEL. Certainly, Jennie.

JENNIE. Wouldn't it be a good plan to watch our-
selves, and then next time tell how well we obeyed,
and what happened when we didn't?

ALL. Oh, yes, yes, that's a fine plan.

[CURTAIN]

—Orpha V. Roe

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

FOR FIVE GIRLS

CHARACTERS

LOTTIE ANNIE ALLIE LULU SALLIE

SETTING: *Sitting room in ALLIE'S home. Curtain rises on ALLIE dressing doll. A knock is heard; she opens door.*

ALLIE. Girls, I'm so glad you've come!

Enter LULU and SALLIE.

LULU [*looking around*]. Why, haven't Lottie and Annie come? They said they'd be here.

ALLIE. Not yet.

SALLIE. I'll just run over and see what's keeping them. I won't be a minute.

[*ALLIE takes wraps, LULU produces a doll.*]

LULU. See my new doll Papa bought for me at the Fair?

ALLIE [*takes doll and looks it over*]. My, isn't it pretty? See its shoes! And its cute little cap; and the clothes all come off, don't they?

LULU. Yes, I undress her every night. Oh, here are the girls.

Enter LOTTIE, ANNIE and SALLIE with their dolls.

ALLIE. Well, girls, I think you'll be glad you came,

when you see Lulu's new doll. What do you think of that?

ANNIE. We'll have to hide ours.

LOTTIE. Let me take her a minute, Annie. She's a beauty, isn't she?

ALLIE. What do you want to play, girls, *dolls*?

LOTTIE. No, don't let's play *dolls*; we'll set the dolls in the easy chair, and play *school*, and I'll be *teacher*.

ANNIE [*fretfully*]. Oh, you're always *teacher*, and—

LOTTIE. Well, I'm the oldest; why shouldn't I be *teacher*?

ALLIE. Yes, Annie, let Lottie be *teacher*; but I'd like to play *Friday Afternoon*. I get enough reading and spelling in real school. It's lots more fun to sing and speak pieces.

ALL. Oh, yes, that's the thing to do.

SALLIE. How did you think of that, Allie?

ALLIE. I think because I have a new piece that none of you know.

SALLIE. I've learned a new one, too; Mama says it's silly, but I don't think so.

LOTTIE [*seats herself behind table; girls arrange chairs in front*]. Allie, where's your little bell? [*ALLIE brings bell.*] Now, girls, take your places and see how quiet you can be. [*Girls giggle behind their hands at LOTTIE'S imitation of teacher.*]

ALLIE [*raises her hand*]. Teacher?

LOTTIE [*with much dignity*]. What is it, Allie?

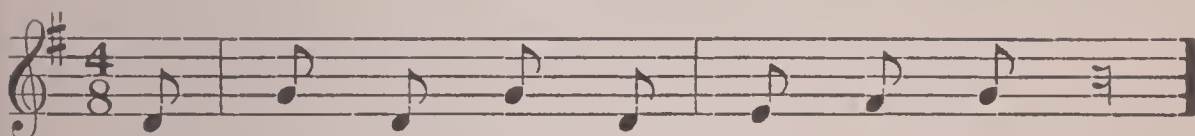
ALLIE. May I keep my doll, or must I put her in the chair with the rest?

LOTTIE. You must put her in the chair; she might talk out loud and disturb our speaking. [*Girls gig-*

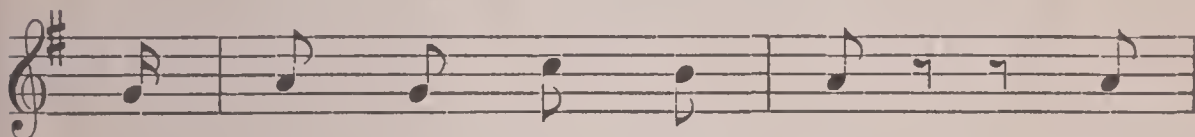
gle; ALLIE puts doll in chair, after kissing her.]
 Girls, you must not giggle and whisper. We will
 wait until you can be quiet. [Girls sober down, sit
 up straight and fold their hands.] We'll now sing
 about "The Kitty Who Went to School." [Taps bell.
 They rise and sing.]

GIRLS [*sing*].

THE KITTY WHO WENT TO SCHOOL



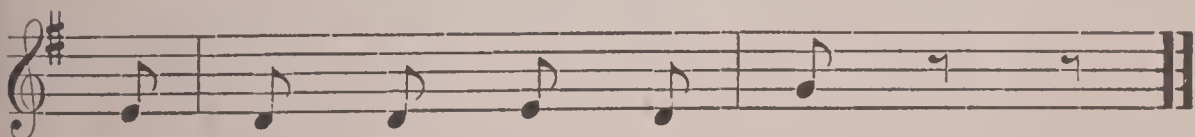
1. I have a lit - tle kit - ty gray.
2. So then I took her in my arms,
3. She jumped right out up - on the floor.



One	day	she	went	to	school;	She
To	put	her	in	my	desk.	But
Oh,	dear,	what	should	I	do?	She



made	the	chil - dren	laugh	and	play,
school—	for	her	it	had	no charms
ran	right	through	the	o - pen	door,



And	teach - er—	she	said,	"Scat!"
And	teach - er	still	said,	"Scat!"
And	teach - er—	she	said,	"Scat! SCAT! SCAT!"

LOTTIE [*taps bell and girls seat themselves*]. You may speak first, Sallie.

SALLIE [*rises and bows*]. My piece is about *Johnny and the Bees*. It's new and very hard to learn.

Hi diddle diddle and hi diddle dee,
Johnny was stung by a bumble bee.
His nose swelled up,
His eyes swelled down.
He could not see,
He could only frown.

Hi diddle diddle and hi diddle di,
Johnny was hurt so he had to cry.
And on his knees
Beside those bees
He sadly vowed
He'd never tease.

[*Sits after a sweeping bow.*]

ALLIE [*as all laugh*]. I don't think that's very hard to learn.

[*All laugh again.*]

LOTTIE [*taps bell*]. You mustn't laugh; this is *school*.
[*They sit straight, put fingers on lips.*] Allie, you didn't tell us if it was the bees Johnny teased?

ALLIE. Yes, teacher, the story said Johnny poked a stick into the hive and the bees came out and stung him.

LOTTIE. Served him right. Lulu, have you a piece?

LULU [*rises*]. I haven't anything but that story about

The Sad End of Sir Jimmie Sam. You've all heard that, but maybe you can hear it again. [*Bows.*]

"How do you do, Sir Jimmie Sam?
Will you not have some bread and jam?"

"I thank you ma'am," Sir Jimmie said,
"I'm very fond of jam and bread."

So down he sat right on a mat
Upon the kitchen floor so flat.
And he did eat and eat some more;
There never was the like before.

They kept on bringing bread and jam
Until at last poor Jimmie Sam,
Upon the floor he did lie dead
From eating so much jam and bread.

Now on his tombstone you may read
The story of his awful greed.

"Here is the last of Jimmie Sam,
He died of too much bread and jam."

[*Girls clap vigorously*]

LOTTIE. Allie, you said you had a new recitation.

[*Girls laugh at the big word.*] You may give it now.

ALLIE [*gets her doll, bows and makes doll bow*]. Yes, it's new; I made it nearly all myself, only my sister *fixed* it for me. This is about *My Dollie Dear*.

[*Handles her doll appropriately with the words.*]

Fe, fum, fi fo, [*very slowly*]

My dollie dear has lost her toe.

I am so glad it's not her head,
For then my dollie would be dead.

Fi, fo, fum, fee,
My dollie dear's invited to tea.
A pretty blue dress she's going to wear,
A bonnie blue ribbon tied into her hair.

Fo, fe, fi, fum,
The coach has now for dollie come;
The prancing horses and driver gay
Safely will take her all the long way.

ALL [*laugh and clap*]. Good for you, Allie! [LOTTIE
taps bell.]

LOTTIE. I'm ashamed of you, girls, to be so unruly.
That's very good, Allie. Now, Annie, you may give
us your new one.

ANNIE [*rises and bows with dignity*]. It's about *The
Bogie Man*.

Higglety, pigglety, flimmety flam,
I'm not scared of the Bogie Man.
If in the night to my room he'd come,
I'd say, "Boo-hoo!" and then I'd *run*.

Higglety, pigglety, flimmety flam,
If the old Bogie Man should talk to me,
I'd say, "Hello, such lots of fun
We're going to have!" And then *I'd run*.

SALLIE. Where'd you get that? I never heard it be-
fore.

ANNIE. My brother spoke it in his room last Friday.
I learned it hearing him say it.

LOTTIE [*taps bell vigorously*]. Girls, girls, I told you
not to talk. Miss Brown doesn't allow you to talk.
How can I teach you anything, if you don't behave
better?

ALLIE. Please, Teacher! [*Raises hand.*] I forgot to
raise my hand first. Please may we sing about what
the animals say?

LOTTIE. Yes, and then it will be time to dismiss school.

[*LOTTIE taps bell three times, they rise.*]

THE ANIMAL FOLK

Tune: YANKEE DOODLE

There was a little froggie green
Lived in a shallow pool;
Among the weeds he was not seen,
But he always said,
"Podunk, podunk!"
[*Spoken in guttural tone.*]

There was a little piggie white
That rambled round the yard.
He gobbled everything in sight,
And then he said:
"Oi-oi! oi-oi!"

There was a little doggie black—
A terror he to cats.
And when he started on their track,
He always cried,
"Ki-yi! ki-yi!"

A rooster red sat on a fence
He flapped his wings and crowed.
And well we knew he had no sense,
For oh, he said:
“Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-oo!”

• LOTTIE. One, [*girls turn*] two, [*one step from chairs*]
three! [*All march. LOTTIE follows, patting her hands*
and counting, one, two, one, two!]

[*Exeunt all*]

—Orpha V. Roe and A. R. G.

NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORS

FOR THIRTEEN GIRLS AND ONE BOY

CHARACTERS

MRS. HAWKINS, *fat woman*

HULDA, *her daughter*

WIDOW WILLIAMS, *her neighbor*

MRS. SIMPSON, JULIA TINKER, MRS. HUBBARD, SAMANTHA SYMONDS, MRS. DUNN, BETTY BROWN, HENRIETTA SPRIGGS, *members of the Sewing Circle*

MRS. LAMBETH, *President of the Sewing Circle*

PARSON ROBERTS

TWO PERKINS GIRLS, *little girls*

SCENE I

Farmhouse kitchen, MRS. HAWKINS ironing. Telephone rings. MRS. HAWKINS waddles to telephone, soliloquizing meantime.

MRS. HAWKINS. That's Jo Jenkins's ring. I wonder who's callin' him. 'Tain't no use payin' out that two dollars and a half and never gettin' no news. Mebbe somebody's house's afire, or p'raps Mis' Tabitha Perkins's dead—bin ailin' all spring, liable to drop off any time.

[Takes down receiver, seems shocked as she listens.]

Enter HULDA, a look of disgust on her face.

HULDA *[slams books on table]*. Gee, but that old teach-

er was cross today! [*Glances at her mother, who is just hanging up receiver.*] Why, what's the matter, Mother?

MRS. HAWKINS. Why Hulda, Hi Perkins was a-talkin' to Jo Jenkins, and I hearn him say, "Well, Tabby's dead, and these youngsters is a-takin' on like they'd lost their best friend." Ain't that awful?

HULDA. Guess that's why the Perkins kids wasn't to school today.

MRS. HAWKINS. He never showed her much respect while she was a-livin', but he might show some feelin' now she's gone—jest as if she warn't her children's best friend; and Tabitha Perkins was one of the most honored members on our church book. Say, Hulda, you run over to the Widow Williams's and borrow a pint of soft soap, and you might ask her if she's hearn the dreadful news. [*Exit HULDA.*] I'll give him jest a year to stay a widower; but they do say most widowers are like babies, the first six months they cry a lot, the next six months they begin to sit up and take notice, and at the end of the third six months they want everything they see. [*Folds up her ironing, about which she has been busy while she talked.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Old-fashioned sitting room, the WIDOW WILLIAMS seated in rocking-chair humming a tune while sewing carpet-rags.

Enter HULDA breathlessly.

HULDA. Say, Mis' Williams, have you heard the news?

WIDOW WILLIAMS. No child, what news? Be Samantha Symonds married, air they goin' to raise the preacher's salary, or—

HULDA. No, wait a minute! Mis' Hi Perkins is dead!

WIDOW WILLIAMS. Why, you don't say, child! It must 'a' bin suddent, fer I seen 'er down to Hadley's store a-Tuesday!

HULDA. Yes, it was sudden. Some one jest telephoned Ma. She was found dead this morning, and—and they think maybe she was murdered!

WIDOW WILLIAMS. Oh, oh, that's awful! What will become of them poor chicks?

[*Exit HULDA. WIDOW WILLIAMS takes down the telephone receiver.*]

WIDOW WILLIAMS. Hello, central, hello! Give me 751. Yes. Mis' Simpson, be the Sewing Circle a-meetin' with you today? Well, I have some turrible news fer ye all. Yes, Mis' Tabitha Perkins was found murdered this mornin'. Yes, Mis' Hi Perkins, and I guess they's some pretty dark hints as to who the guilty one is. Me too. I allus had my s'picious 'bout 'im—allus looked like she didn't have 'noug to eat. Uh—huh.

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Sewing Circle busy with patchwork, the hostess, MRS. SIMPSON, enters, raises her hands in horror.

MRS. SIMPSON. Land's sakes, folks, Widow Williams

jest telephoned me that Tabitha Perkins was found murdered this morning, and she jest as good as said that Hi had ben arrested fer the crime! [*All exclaim.*]

JULIA TINKER. I'm not much surprised, fer I remember 'way last March when I was assistant in the Post Office, of handin' Hi a long, thick envelope marked "Mutual Life Insurance Co." Don't take much to tempt some men. You don't ketch me a-takin' out no life insurance payable to no man.

MRS. HUBBARD. The dressmaker what made my black-and-white polka-dot last spring come straight from the Perkinses to me, and I 'low from what she said they didn't git 'long any too well, but I never mentioned it to a soul afore.

SAMANTHA SYMONDS. I reckon the funeral 'll hev to be tomorrow. I hearn the minister's wife's sister say as how the parson was goin' to Thompsonville the next day to marry that young milliner to Jake Smith, and him old enough to be her father. Goodness gracious! She's welcome to 'im, I don't envy 'er. I prefer single blessedness to double cussedness any day.

[*Others look significantly at each other.*]

MRS. DUNN. I'll stop on my way home and borrow the Widow Johnson's black bonnet to wear to the funeral tomorrow. I turned my black alpaca this spring fer the third time so it's 'most as good as new.

BETTY BROWN. My black merino's middlin' good, and by clippin' the red roses off my turban it'll answer the purpose very well.

HENRIETTA SPRIGGS. I'll have to sit up tonight and rip that brocaded vest out of my new suit. 'Twould never do to wear anything so gay as that to a funeral.

MRS. LAMBETH [*President of the Sewing Circle*]. For my part, ladies, I always keep my funeral clothes in perfect order, for you never can tell when they will be wanted. After Israel Moore's decease, I brushed them and laid them away in the chest. [*She rises.*] And I consider it our Christian duty now to disband this meeting and go at once to the Perkins home to look after the funeral arrangements.

BETTY BROWN. I wonder if anybody has the gumption to notify Parson Roberts.

MRS. SIMPSON. I expect Parson Roberts will be here pretty soon to have tea with us. [*Picks up work, rises, getting ready to leave.*]

MRS. LAMBETH. We will not wait for sandwiches and tea, but when the parson arrives, we will ask him to go with us to the home of Hi Perkins. By the way, Miss Tinker, you might as well take that \$3.37 we made at the sociable last week and buy some pink carnations, they were poor Tabby's favorite flowers.

Enter PARSON ROBERTS. [*He shakes hands all round.*]

MRS. LAMBETH. Parson Roberts, death has stalked into our midst and the All Wise has seen fit to remove Sister Tabitha Perkins.

PARSON ROBERTS. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. We know not the hour when He cometh.

MRS. LAMBETH. And Parson Roberts, we consider it our duty to sacrifice our own interests and go at once to aid the stricken family.

PARSON ROBERTS. I will go with you to comfort Brother Perkins in his great sorrow.

[MRS. SIMPSON *advances.*]

MRS. SIMPSON. O Parson Roberts, I blush to tell you, but I 'low Hi murdered her in a fit of jealousy. 'Twixt you and me, I hearn 'bout her being sweet on that young feller down at Hadley's store, but, so long's she's gone, 'tain't fer me to say no bad 'bout 'er now.

PARSON ROBERTS. All the more need, sisters, that we should go and find out about it.

MRS. LAMBETH. Just to think of it, those poor motherless and worse than fatherless children thrown out on the world without a guiding hand! And while I think about it, parson, you might as well announce Sunday morning that there will be a special meeting of the Circle Thursday at my house for the purpose of sewing for those poor orphans, and I will write to the Children's Home to secure a place for them.
[*All start toward the door.*]

BETTY BROWN. Any of you who see the members of the choir that ain't here, just tell 'em to meet at my house tonight to practice the funeral hymns.
[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE IV

Two little girls seated on a porch crying bitterly. Sewing Circle approaches led by MRS. LAMBETH and PARSON ROBERTS.

MRS. LAMBETH [*with arms extended*]. Don't take it so hard, you poor lambs! I had to lose mine when I was a little girl.

ELDER GIRL [*between sobs*]. Pa says he'll get us another one, a pretty, fluffy one. He says she was getting old and cross, anyway. Oh, boo-hoo!

YOUNGER GIRL. But we don't want another one, we just want her. [*Sobs.*]

ALL. How shocking!

BETTY BROWN. I thought as much!

MRS. LAMBETH. Oh, to think such a bold scandal should be going on in a Christian community, right under the sound of the church bell!

PARSON ROBERTS [*sitting down beside the elder girl, patting her shoulder*]. Tell us all about it, little girl.

ELDER GIRL. Well, Collie, the naughty — [*sobs*] the naughty dog . . . just took right hold of her back . . . and shook her real hard . . . and she died, she did.

ALL. Who died?

YOUNGER GIRL [*looking up astonished*]. Why, didn't you know our poor old Tabby cat's dead? [*All exhibit astonishment.*]

CURTAIN

—Orpha V. Roe

THE WISEST WISH

FOR FOUR GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

THE WISHING FAIRY, *a slight girl, wears the usual fairy outfit, including wings and silver wand.*

WEALTH, *a girl, in plain dress, carrying an empty purse.*

GLUTTONY, *a boy, wears fancy clothes and carries a basket filled with food.*

VANITY, *a girl, has a becoming, fluffy gown, and carries a parasol, a powder puff and vanity case.*

POWER, *a boy, carries a crown in left hand and a rich robe over right arm.*

CHARITY, *a girl, is in a white gown, with hymn book in her hand.*

LOVE, *a boy, is in vestry robe, carrying the Bible.*

Place in center of stage a large, decorated chair. Arrange the chair so it will appear high and thronelike.

THE WISHING FAIRY, *with a long, slender wand in her right hand, mounts the platform from the Right. Swinging swiftly and lightly about the stage, she examines the chair; then, waving her wand joyously, she climbs up and takes her seat therein. Again she joyfully waves the wand.*

WISHING FAIRY. I am the Wishing Fairy
That everybody knows.
I'm tossed about from day to day
On very wind that blows!

Yet here, within my throbbing heart

[brings right hand across heart]

I hold the magic key
To grant or not to grant the things
That people wish of me.

Oh my! *[Bows head in palm of left hand]* it takes a lot of thought,
A lot of courage, too,
To figure out, from all I get,
The wish that should come true.

Just for example, if you please,
With every passing day,
This is a sample of the things
That wishes brings my way.

Enter WEALTH. She bows before FAIRY QUEEN.

WEALTH. I wish, O fairy kind and true,
That wealth untold were mine;
Then, with my jewels and my clothes,
I'd every one outshine.

With a quick movement of her wand, the WISHING FAIRY motions WEALTH away.

WEALTH places the empty purse at the WISHING FAIRY'S feet, then takes her place to right of the fairy's chair.

Enter GLUTTONY

GLUTTONY. Of all the good things in the world,
The thing I wish for most

Is luscious cake and frosted pie,
Delicious steak and roast.

WISHING FAIRY *waves GLUTTONY away impatiently.*

GLUTTONY *sets the basket of food down beside the empty purse and takes his place at the left of WEALTH.*

Enter VANITY. She prances around the stage, eyes herself in her mirror and powders her face; then, approaching the WISHING FAIRY, bows.

VANITY. If but one wish in all the world
 You'd grant, fair one, to me
 I'd ask for beauty, youth and grace,
 That I should envied be.

The WISHING FAIRY presses her hands to her eyes as if utterly disgusted, then motions VANITY aside.

VANITY lays her beauty accessories at the fairy's feet, and takes her place to the left of GLUTTONY.

Enter POWER. He steps briskly about the stage, faces WISHING FAIRY and bows.

POWER. Of everything you have in store,
 I wish for Power alone!
 I want the king's crown on my head,
 A sceptre of my own;
 I want to wear a kingly robe,
 Within a palace grand;
 I wish for jewels rich and rare
 To wear upon my hand.

 I wish"

WISHING FAIRY *raises her wand and pointing it directly into the face of POWER, waves him aside.*

POWER, *humiliated, lays the robe and crown at the fairy's feet and steps slowly to the left of VANITY.*

Enter CHARITY. She walks, with head erect, to the fairy and bows.

CHARITY. O Wishing Fairy, gentle, kind,
 To you I humbly come
 And ask that I may have a place
 In everybody's home.

The WISHING FAIRY lifts her wand above CHARITY'S head, then, taking her hand, places CHARITY directly at the left of her chair.

Enter LOVE, who walks directly to the fairy's chair and bows.

LOVE. I've heard the wishes, Fairy Queen,
 Of first one and another,
 And yet the thing on life's great way
 That I wish for, day after day—
 For it indeed I often pray—
 Is just to be like Mother.

The WISHING FAIRY rises to her feet and, placing the wand over LOVE'S head, motions him to kneel; then she beckons those to the left of her chair to gather about her.

The Wishers circle about the WISHING FAIRY. Lifting her wand upward, the fairy speaks.

WISHING FAIRY. The wishes that have come today
 Are very strange indeed!
 To answer them, may I be given
 strength
 Sufficient for my need.

Wealth, Greed and Power are selfish
 thoughts
 And so is Vanity.
 But what is sweeter in the world,
 Than Love and Charity?

Beginning with WEALTH, who clearly and distinctly pronounces the letter N, let each performer in turn pronounce the next letter forming the word NOTHING, the fairy pronouncing the last letter and the word nothing and waving her wand quickly.

The performers bow their heads.

WISHING FAIRY. So be it, when foolish things
 Are wished for day or night!
 May I, the Wishing Fairy, grant
 That which alone is right . . . Amen!

CURTAIN

—Alice W. Norton

A BASKET OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS

FOR NINE GIRLS

COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES

All wear white dresses, with colored sashes.

FIRST SPEAKER *carries a large basket.*

SECOND SPEAKER *carries flowers.*

THIRD SPEAKER *carries a pair of bright wings. These can be fashioned easily by using wire and cheesecloth or tarlatan.*

FOURTH SPEAKER *carries a bird.*

FIFTH SPEAKER *brings artificial snowflakes.*

SIXTH SPEAKER, *has a spider web.*

SEVENTH SPEAKER, *has a star.*

EIGHTH SPEAKER, *carries jewels.*

NINTH SPEAKER, *brings nothing.*

This dialogue does not require any special stage arrangements.

To the sound of soft music behind the curtain, THE FIRST SPEAKER enters, carrying her basket; she places it in the center of the stage and sits down beside it, half facing the audience.

FIRST SPEAKER. If I could fill this basket up
[*Raises basket for inspection.*]
With life's most beautiful things,
I think perhaps I'd put in first
A little bird that sings.

Enter SECOND SPEAKER, carrying flowers. She bows to the FIRST SPEAKER.

SECOND SPEAKER. I would put in the basket of beautiful things
 These flowers fresh and fine
 [*Extends bouquet toward FIRST SPEAKER.*]
 In shades of pink and rose and blue,
 [*Points out colors.*]
 Heliotrope and yellow, too,
 And blades of green grass mingled through—
 [*Strokes the grass.*]
 No gift could equal mine!

FIRST SPEAKER *accepts the gift, and laying the flowers near the basket, motions SECOND SPEAKER to have a seat at her left.*

Enter THIRD SPEAKER bearing a huge pair of bright wings. She crosses the floor and bows to FIRST SPEAKER.

THIRD SPEAKER. I would put in the basket of beautiful things
 The wings of a butterfly
 [*Displays them.*]
 They're quite as beautiful to me
 As the rainbow in the sky.

FIRST SPEAKER, *smiling, accepts the gift and, laying it beside the basket, motions THIRD SPEAKER to a seat at left of SECOND SPEAKER.*

Enter FOURTH SPEAKER, bearing on a slender rod a bird, preferably a cardinal. She crosses the floor and bows to FIRST SPEAKER.

FOURTH SPEAKER. I would add to your basket of beautiful things
God's messenger of song.
[Lifts the bird for inspection.]
Quite often in a cherry tree
He'll sing the whole day long.

FIRST SPEAKER *accepts the bird and, gently placing it near the wings, she waves FOURTH SPEAKER to left of THIRD SPEAKER.*

Enter FIFTH SPEAKER, bearing on her arm a small basket of artificial snowflakes. She crosses the floor and bows to FIRST SPEAKER.

FIFTH SPEAKER. I would add to your basket of beautiful things,
The fairies from the skies
[Lifting a handful of snowflakes from the basket, she tosses them into the air above the group on the floor and continues this motion until she finishes speaking.]
Whose magic touch transforms the earth
Into a paradise.

FIRST SPEAKER *reaches for the basket of snowflakes and, placing it beside the other articles, motions*

FIFTH SPEAKER *to a seat to left of* FOURTH SPEAKER.

Enter SIXTH SPEAKER, *bearing a huge spider web; crossing the floor, she bows to* FIRST SPEAKER.

SIXTH SPEAKER. *I would add to your basket of beautiful things,
This delicate piece of lace—
A spider's web so fragile and fair
That it's tossed about by a breath
of air,
Yet strong enough, 'most any-
where
To form a prison place.*

FIRST SPEAKER *reaches for the web, inspects it carefully; then placing it among the other articles, she motions* SIXTH SPEAKER *to left of* FIFTH SPEAKER.

Enter SEVENTH SPEAKER, *bearing in her hand a silver wand tipped with a golden star. Crossing the floor, she bows to* FIRST SPEAKER.

SEVENTH SPEAKER. *I would add to your basket of beautiful things
The wonderful Evening Star.
[Waves her wand above her head.]
For by its light was Jesus found,
By wise men from afar.*

FIRST SPEAKER *reaches eagerly for the star, examines it and, placing it among the other articles,*

waves SEVENTH SPEAKER to a seat at left of SIXTH SPEAKER.

Enter EIGHTH SPEAKER, bearing a tray of bright colored beads. She crosses the floor and bows to FIRST SPEAKER.

EIGHTH SPEAKER. I would add to your basket of beautiful things
These fairy stones of light
[Holds the beads up for inspection.]
That flash like sunbeams in the day,
And moonbeams in the night.

FIRST SPEAKER reaches for the beads and examines them; then, placing them among the other articles, she waves EIGHTH SPEAKER to a seat to left of SEVENTH SPEAKER.

Enter NINTH SPEAKER. She moves slowly across the room, stops before FIRST SPEAKER and eyes the various articles on the floor; then bows to FIRST SPEAKER.

NINTH SPEAKER. I would add to your basket of beautiful things,
The thing that makes life well worth while—
I couldn't so much as bring it along,
Yet it's sweeter by far than any bird's song.
And when I have told you,

You can't say I'm wrong,
 For I add but my dear
 Mother's smile.

Clapping their hands joyously the group, with the exception of FIRST SPEAKER, spring to their feet, and catching hands, trip around FIRST SPEAKER.

Slowly FIRST SPEAKER rises, motions the group to stop, then, turning all the way around till facing audience, as though searching the heart of the contributors, she picks up the basket, lifts it to her breast and looks into it.

FIRST SPEAKER. Through heart, that loves the beautiful,
 And eyes that see as mine,
 You're full to overflowing now,
 With beauty most divine:
 Jewels fair and flowers bright,
 Snowflakes and butterflies,
 A silver web, a brilliant bird,
 A star within the skies—
 And last of all and best of all
 Along life's weary mile,
 The lamp of love that lights the
 way—
 It's always Mother's smile.

FIRST SPEAKER *lifts her head upward; the others drop to their knees with heads lifted.*

CURTAIN

NOTE. This last pose makes a very pretty tableau when one is desired. Use yellow light.

—Alice W. Norton

THE WORKERS

FOR FOUR BOYS AND ONE GIRL

CHARACTERS

GARDENER, DOCTOR, MILKMAN, STOREKEEPER, *boys of ten or twelve years*

HOUSEWIFE, *girl of ten or twelve years*

Workers stand in semicircle. The GARDENER is in overalls and wields a hoe. The DOCTOR has on a white cap and apron such as surgeons wear. He stands before a small table upon which are piled packages of bandages, as he measures medicine into a spoon. The MILKMAN carries a bracket of milk bottles. The STOREKEEPER stands behind a counter [dry goods box] wearing a large apron, and weighing sugar.

GARDENER. To plant a garden the right way
Is not an easy thing.
But very careful, thoughtful work
The best results will bring.

DOCTOR. The only time that people like
To see me at their door
Is when the pain gets very bad,
And hurts them more and more.

MILKMAN. Of all the workers, I have found
That I'm the early bird.
My bottles clinking in the morn
Are first sounds to be heard.

STOREKEEPER. My scales must be exactly right
The full amount to measure;

A name for being accurate
Is something that I treasure.

DOCTOR [*with important air*]. Of course you're all worth while, but you'll have to admit my work is the most important of all.

OTHERS. Oh, no!

DOCTOR. Saving people's lives is certainly a work that leads all the rest.

Enter HOUSEWIFE with basket on arm

HOUSEWIFE. What have you, Mr. Gardener,
To make my children grow?
For rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
They are such dears, you know.

GARDENER. My partner wears the name of Health;
For garden products all—
There's nothing else will help so much
To make one strong and tall.

HOUSEWIFE [*to MILKMAN*].
And you, I feel, are my best friend.
Good milk has never failed
To be a perfect, wholesome food,
With virtues unassailed.

MILKMAN. There never lurks a harmful germ
In milk I bring to you,
My vow to sell the purest milk
Is one to which I'm true.

HOUSEWIFE [*to STOREKEEPER*].
Can I depend upon the brands
Of food you sell to me?

To know my children get the best
Means very much to me.

STOREKEEPER. To keep the faith of customers,
My stock is of the best.
My shining shelves and spotless floor
Speak loudly of the rest.

HOUSEWIFE [to GARDENER, MILKMAN and STORE-
KEEPER].

You have my fullest gratitude
For the kind words you have said.
My children's health is in your hands,
And with the best they shall be fed.
Good afternoon.

THE THREE. Good afternoon, Madam.

STOREKEEPER. You see, it takes more than one wheel
To make the world go round,
And pride is bound to have a fall,
Is what I've always found.

DOCTOR. I must confess that I was wrong;
I really spoke too quick.
Keeping folks well is even better
Than curing them when sick.

CURTAIN

—Noel Flaurier

A FALL DAY

FOR ELEVEN CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

TEN CHILDREN, *six or seven years old*
A FARMER BOY

COSTUMES

Boys dressed in outing clothes. Girls in gingham gowns, with hats hanging down backs. Each carries a small basket with handle in left hand.

FIRST CHILD. Cheerio! Cheerio!
 We're all aglow
 [*All fan faces with right hand.*]
 From chasing o'er the hills.

SECOND CHILD. And as we go,
 We're pleased to know
 The world is full of thrills.

THIRD CHILD. Upon yon hill
 We ate our fill
 [*All pretend to eat nuts.*]
 Of nuts that tumbled down.

FOURTH CHILD. Our baskets brim
 To the very rim
 Heaped with chestnuts brown.
 [*Hold baskets high.*]

FIFTH CHILD. We climbed so high

[*All measure distance with up-raised hand.*]

We touched the sky,
And all the world we saw.

[*Screen eyes with hand as if gazing at distant object.*]

SIXTH CHILD. From the field of corn,
Now bare and shorn,
We heard the lone crow's caw.
[*ALL imitate call of crow.*]

SEVENTH CHILD. Across the brook
Our way we took
To the orchard in the valley.
[*Step carefully as if on stepping stones, GIRLS lifting skirts with right hand.*]

EIGHTH CHILD. To our favorite tree,
As straight as a bee,
We soon made haste to rally.

NINTH CHILD. We ate and ate
[*Stoops as if to pick up fruit.*]
At rapid rate
And then we filled our baskets.
[*Hold up baskets.*]

TENTH CHILD. Did we eat some more
Of the trees' good store?
How strange that you should ask it!

ALL. Now home we go.
The way we know

Will lead us by the brook.
 We'll all wade in
 Where the small fish swim,
 Afraid of no man's hook.

FIRST CHILD. I'm all filled up with nuts and apples,
 but I think I could find room, if it were something
 new we had to eat.

*Enter FARMER BOY dressed in overalls and straw
 hat.*

FARMER BOY. If you only knew what I know!

ALL. What? Tell us! Tell us!

FARMER BOY [*looks around cautiously and lowers
 voice*]. Strawberries!

ALL [*joyfully*]. Oh! But [*shaking heads sadly*] the
 season's been over for months.

FARMER BOY. Not for me. I know a place where
 they're thicker than blackberries. Ever-bearing—
 that's the kind they are. Would you like some?

ALL. *Would* we? Just show us where they grow.

FARMER BOY. Then step softly, for though there are
 millions and millions of them, it's a secret place.
 And if anyone has had too many nuts and apples,
 I'm not urging him to come.

ALL. Cheerio! Cheerio!
 It's now we know
 We're going to have a treat.
 When we have fed
 On berries red,
 We'll call the day complete.

—Noel Flaurier

THE A B C FAIRIES

FOR TWENTY-NINE SMALL CHILDREN AND ONE OLDER
GIRL

CHARACTERS

TED, *a little boy who does not believe in fairies*

GRANDMA, *who does*

BETTY, *a little friend*

QUEEN OF FAIRIES

ALPHABET FAIRIES, *twenty-six little boys and girls*

COSTUMES

TED and BETTY: *according to taste.*

GRANDMA: *this part should be played by an older girl.
Old-fashioned dress. Powdered hair.*

QUEEN: *fluffy tarlatan dress with winglike sleeves.
Silver crown.*

ALPHABET FAIRIES: *fluffy dresses of any light color.
Each fairy wears a pennant suspended from her
neck. On the pennant is printed a letter of the al-
phabet.*

SCENE: *immaterial.*

*Discovered: TED sitting in a chair, book in hand,
trying to learn the alphabet.*

TED [*reciting to himself*]. A, B, C, D, F, G, H, I,
J, K, L, M—uh—

Enter BETTY

BETTY. 'Lo, Ted. My mamma said I might come over to play with you. What you doing?

TED [*rather discouraged*]. I'm trying to learn this old alphabet.

BETTY. Why, what do you want to learn *that*, for? Miss Blake says that no one learns the alphabet now.

TED. I don't blame 'em. It's awful!

BETTY. What you doing it for, then?

TED. Grandma.

BETTY. Grandma?

TED. Uh huh. She's old-fashioned, and she thinks it's awful 'cause I can't say all the letters as they come. I mix up 'em up, you know.

BETTY. 'Course you do. So do I. I don't see why one place isn't as good as another for a letter, if it isn't scooped up inside of a word.

TED. I don't either. And it's so hard to remember where to put 'em.

BETTY. I hope *my* grandma won't go to getting foolish notions in *her* head!

TED. It's hard on a fellow.

BETTY. Does she make you study every day?

TED. She doesn't make me study at all, Betty. She just said that she would give me a bull pup if I would learn the alphabet.

BETTY [*clapping her hands*]. Oh, goody, Ted! May I play with him?

TED [*in great disgust*]. That's just like a girl! How do you know I'll ever get him? Looks like I can't learn this stuff.

BETTY. 'Course you can learn it. And I'm going right back home, so you can study. Good-by. [*Looks*

back and calls.] Let's name him Marmaduke!
[*Exit.*]

TED [*studying*]. I'll write them. [*Writes letters, saying them as he writes.*] A, b, c, d, e, f, h, i, l, p, q, r, s, t, u, w, x, z. I wish I could say them all as easily as I can x, y, z. Let's see if I've written them all. [*Counts letters.*] 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19—only 19. That's not right. What did I skip? [*Compares what he has written with the letters in the book.*] Oh, yes, g, k, m, n, o, v. I'll say it again. g, k, m, n, o, v, g, k, m, n, o, v, g-k-m-n-o-v. Now then, I think I can say them all. A-b-c-d-e-f-g-k-m-n-o-v-w-x-y-z. [*In despair.*] Gee! Th—that doesn't sound right, either. [*Puts hand to head.*] My head aches. [*Enter GRANDMA.*] 'Lo, Grandma. I've studied and studied until my head hurts and I don't know the silly things yet!

GRANDMA. I shouldn't study any more now if I were you. You don't have to learn it all at once, you know.

TED. But I want that pup, Grandma.

GRANDMA. You won't get it any sooner by studying too much than you will by not studying enough. Go out and play for ten or fifteen minutes, then come back and go at it again.

TED. I'm too tired to play.

GRANDMA. Then lie down for a few minutes and go to sleep. Sometimes the fairies come and help us learn in our dreams.

TED. Aw, I don't believe in fairies.

GRANDMA. Oh yes, you do! Don't you remember that time your number work was so hard, and you went to sleep—

TED [*interrupting*]. And dreamed it? Yes, I do. I wish I could dream this old alphabet into my brain.

GRANDMA. Sleep a while and try it! Perhaps the Fairy Queen will search her dream-closet and send a few fairies to help you.

TED. I'm not so tired now. I think I'll study just a little bit more.

GRANDMA. All right. I came out to see if a certain little boy named Ted knew where my big scissors are.

TED [*remorsefully*]. Grandma! I took 'em and left 'em in the hall. I'll get them.

GRANDMA. You needn't. I'll pick them up as I go to my room. Good-by. Don't study too hard. [*Exit.*]

TED. I believe I'll go to sleep for a few minutes before I study. [*Cuddles down in his chair. As he closes his eyes, the QUEEN OF FAIRIES slips behind him and waves her wand over him. The ALPHABET FAIRIES come trooping in, in great disorder. The QUEEN OF FAIRIES claps her hands.*]

QUEEN OF FAIRIES. Fairies! Get in line! What kind of a dream are you trying to give this boy who has studied so hard? You must sing your song for him. [*ALPHABET FAIRIES get in order, A, B, C, D, etc. X, Y, and Z try to run off.*] X, Y, Z! Come back here and do your parts!

X. Aw, your Majesty, he knows *us*.

Y. He's known us all his life!

Z. Come on, let's play!

QUEEN OF FAIRIES [*firmly*]. Fairies! You're acting like children. It makes no difference how well he knows you, you must sing your part in the song.

[X, Y, and Z resign themselves to their fate and prepare to take part.]

[A comes to the front and sings.]

A. I am A—

B [following immediately]. And I am B.

C, D, E, F, and G [come forward together and sing in concert]. We are C, D, E, F, and G.

H and I [come forward and sing in concert]. H and I.

J and K [follow immediately]. And J and K.

[While J and K are singing, L, M, N and O whisper and giggle, whereupon the QUEEN OF FAIRIES sings one-line solo.]

QUEEN OF FAIRIES [sings]. L, M, N, O, don't get gay!
[L, M, N, and O get in line.]

P, Q, R, S, T, U and V [move forward in a line as they sing in concert]. P, Q, R, S, T, U, V.

W [comes to front by himself and sings]. Double u—
X, Y, and Z [dance to place in line and sing very fast].
And X, Y, Z.

QUEEN OF FAIRIES. Very good! Now, let us try it once more!

ALPHABET FAIRIES [singing in concert while the QUEEN OF FAIRIES beats time, using her wand as a baton]. A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V, W.

[Bending over the sleeping TED.] You have learned your A-B-C!

THE A B C FAIRIES

*(A)**(B)**(C, D, E, F, G together)*

I am A, and I am B, We are C, D,

(H and I together) (J and K together)

E, F, G, H and I, and J and K,

*(Queen of Fairies)**(P, Q, R, S, T, U, V together)*

L, M, N, O, Don't get gay. P, Q, R, S,

*(W)**(X, Y, Z together)*

T, U, V, Dou - ble U, and X, Y, Z.

THE A B C FAIRIES

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THE A B C FAIRIES

(All together)

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,

H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,

Q, R, S, T, U, V, W (Dou-ble - u),

rit.
You have learned the "A, B, C."

[*The QUEEN OF FAIRIES waves her wand, motioning the ALPHABET FAIRIES to leave.*]

[*They sing the A-B-C song, the voices growing fainter and fainter as they make their exit, ceasing altogether when they are off stage. As the ALPHABET FAIRIES cease their humming, TED takes it up, stretching lazily as he sings the A-B-C song. When he has finished, he jumps up wide awake.*]

TED [*calling off stage with enthusiasm*]. Grandma!
Grandma! I know them all!

END

—Gladys Henderson

THE STREET FAIR

FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

PAGE, GYPSIES, BOY AT BOOTH, *boys and girls of eight to twelve years*

PARADE, *children of five to seven years*

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

The PAGE is dressed in a bright red uniform, with red cap and sash trimmed with gold. The uniform may consist only of the cap and sash if desired. He carries a horn.

The gypsy costume may consist of bright kerchief and cap and beads for the girls. The boys may wear a headdress and bright sash. All carry tambourines.

BOY AT BOOTH wears a dunce cap and a wide white collar. The booth may be easily made from dry goods boxes, or a small table may be utilized. The booth should be gaily decorated with flags and bunting.

For the parade small wagons can be made to look like cages on wheels by the use of construction paper. Inside each cage is a toy animal of some kind. The animals should be supported so that they will not tumble over. The BAND MEMBERS wear cocked hats of red, white and blue, made of construction paper with cockatoos. BAND MEMBERS carry drums, horns, etc., upon which they play as they progress around stage. CLOWNS wear conventional clown suits. Every second CLOWN carries a hoop through which his partner jumps at intervals. Any number of children may take part in the parade.

Enter PAGE

PAGE. We're going to have a street fair,
 With revelry and fun.
 We'll toss confetti in the air
 Until the day is done.

All gaily dressed in masquerade,
 We'll dance the hours away,
 And never run to cover
 Till we see the moon's white ray.

Now, with my silver trumpet,
 I'll call the children out.
 In colors gay, with spirits high,
 They'll come with laugh and shout.

[PAGE blows trumpet three times. Singing is heard at once. GYPSIES come onto stage singing and shaking tambourines in time to music.]

GYPSIES [*sing "The Street Fair," words and music on opposite page*].

[Repeat melody, singing tra-la-la instead of words; or piano may be played, GYPSIES shaking tambourines from left to right, etc., turning head and body gracefully as they do so.]

BOY AT BOOTH. Who has a penny to spare for fun?
 Just kindly step this way.
 You'll get more for your penny's worth
 Than I can truly say.
 Give me your coin,
 Then pull the string!
 And what comes popping out
 Will cause you all to laugh aloud,
 I haven't any doubt.

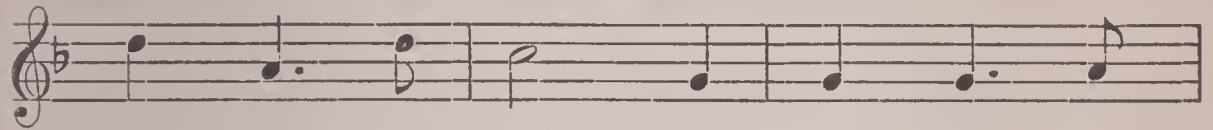
THE STREET FAIR

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THE STREET FAIR



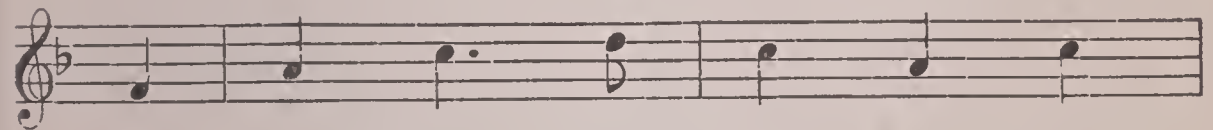
The street fair, the street fair Has



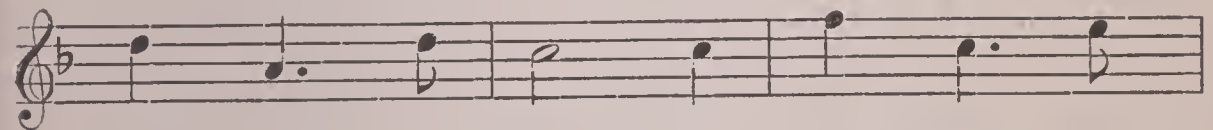
come to our town, And that's why we're



smil - ing With nev - er a frown.



The air's full of mu - sic, And



we're full of joy! Come dance with us



gai - ly, Each girl and each boy.

FIRST GYPSY GIRL. Here! I have a penny. [*Pays BOY AT BOOTH.*] I'll risk it for a prize. But first I'll make a wish. [*Closes eyes.*]

Hickory, dickory, one, two, three,
Good Fortune, give my wish to me.

[*Pulls string and draws out toy of humorous nature*]

ALL [*laughing*]. Oh! Look! Look! Let me pull! Let me pull!

SECOND GYPSY [*girl*]. I hope I get something to wear. I don't like toys. I'm far too serious for them.

THIRD GYPSY [*boy*]. Something noisy for me! A bass drum, a whistle, or a horn. Just so there's noise and lots of it.

FOURTH GYPSY [*boy*]. Anything will satisfy me. I'm not expecting a mountain for a penny.

FIFTH GYPSY [*girl*]. Oh! I'm going to save my penny for the merry-go-round. I have only one, and I might get a prize I wouldn't care for.

SIXTH GYPSY [*boy*]. Yes, but after your ride is over, what do you have to show for your money?

SEVENTH GYPSY [*girl*]. Let's make a merry-go-round of our own, and it won't cost us a cent.

EIGHTH GYPSY [*boy*]. Oh, yes! And I'll be the man that runs the thing. All aboard! All aboard! A trip to Dizzy Town! It's worth the money. Come one, come all!

FIRST GYPSY. I'll be the red horses.

SECOND GYPSY. Oh, I want to be the revolving tub.

THIRD GYPSY. I'm the music box. Hear me squeak!

GYPSIES [*sing*].

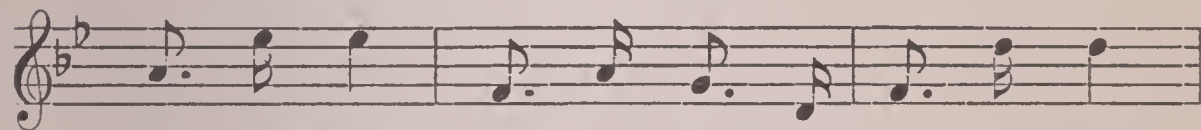
MERRY-GO-ROUND



Mer - ry, mer - ry, turns the wheel!



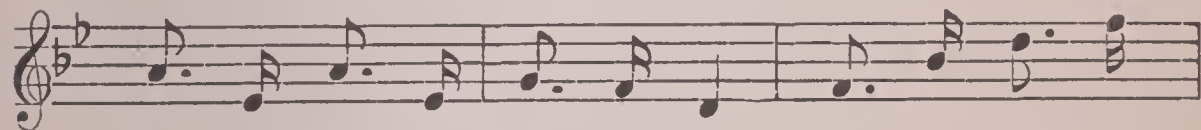
Oh, how gay it makes us feel! See the bound - ing



hors - es rise, Tak - ing us by fair sur - prise.



Loud - ly plays Cal - li - o - pe,



As we ride so gay and free. More the joy the



mo - ments bring, While with mer - ry hearts we sing.

[They place tambourines on floor and form into two circles, one circle facing out and the other circle facing in. This arranges the children in couples. Couples clasp hands. With sidewise stride they move around in time to song. At the word "feel," they reverse the wheel and turn the other way. Then they reverse at the end of every two lines. At the end of song they repeat, humming the melody, and using these steps. The children stand with hands on hips, still facing each other in two circles. In time to song they place left foot forward, then right forward, left, right, etc., for first two lines. For next two lines they stamp with feet, left, right, etc. Repeat former step and change to stamp until end of the song is reached.]

[At the end of the second singing of the song, all break out into exclamations and look toward right.]

ALL *[clapping hands]*. The parade! The parade!

[Group on stage steps toward center back]

Reënter PAGE

PAGE. And now, behold, our great parade!
 It's worth the money that you've paid.
 Roaring animals you will see—
 They're not so fierce that you need flee;
 Just hear the tunes our band can play!
 They make you feel so light and gay.
 In marvelous stunts our clowns excel.
 This isn't half that I could tell.
 But here they come! Yourself you'll see
 Them marching past most gorgeously!

THE STREET FAIR

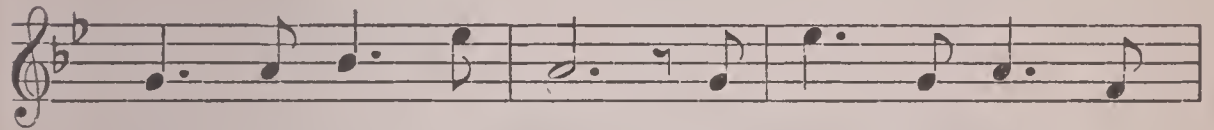
81

GYPSIES [*sing, as indicated on page 82*].

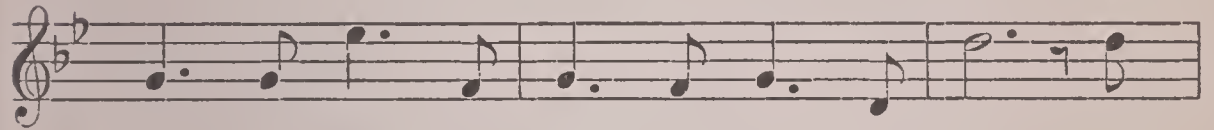
THE END OF THE FAIR



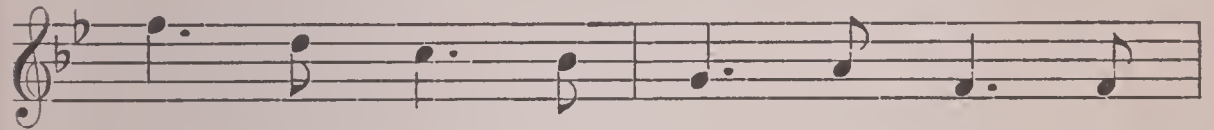
The car - ni - val is at an end, The



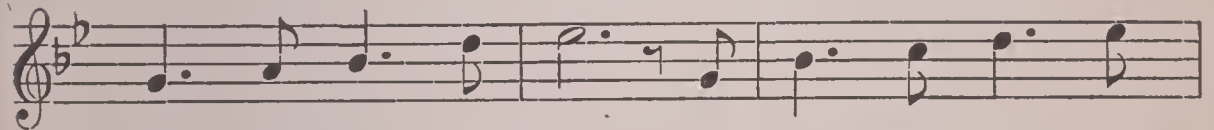
sun has gone to rest, And joy - ous - ly to



en - ter - tain, We all have done our best. A-



bove the hill a - peep - ing out, We



see the moon's white ray. That means that to our



fire - side bright, Each one must hie a - way.

Blows trumpet three times and withdraws.

Piano may play lively march music if desired.

CHILDREN IN PARADE *march around stage twice and off, but quickly return, leaving all equipment off stage.*

All form into circle, or if stage is small, into several lines, facing audience.

Steps: Two steps to right. Count: 1-2-3-4

Two steps to left. Count: 1-2-3-4

Turn completely around. Count: 1-2-3-4

Stamp in time to music, standing in original position. Count: 1-2-3-4.

Repeat above to end of song.

GYPSIES [*sing "The End of the Fair," page 81*].

[GYPSIES *toss confetti and streamers into the air while dancing and singing.*]

CURTAIN

—Noel Flaurier

THE ROYAL GIFT

A HEALTH PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

KING MILK	NINE HOURS OF SLEEP
QUEEN SUNSHINE	BOBBY
THE BREAD PRINCE	VEGETABLES
THE HEALTH CLOWN	SOAP
TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE	

COSTUMES

KING MILK is dressed in a straight, one-piece costume of white, wired at bottom and shoulder to suggest the shape of a milk bottle. He wears a white crown labeled "King Milk."

QUEEN SUNSHINE is in bright yellow with costume cut to resemble sun rays at bottom, on sleeves, etc. She wears a crown also cut to look like rays of sun and labeled "Queen Sunshine."

THE BREAD PRINCE wears a pasteboard costume, two pieces of pasteboard, one in front and one in back. They are tied together at the shoulders, and are cut to represent two slices of bread with well browned crust. The rounded, crust part is to be worn at the shoulders. Use white and golden brown construction paper. THE HEALTH CLOWN wears any appropriate costume. THE HOURS are represented by nine small boys and girls dressed in any uniform costume, with faces inserted through openings cut in circles of cardboard. The circles are representations of the dial of a clock, figures, hands, etc. LETTUCE wears a bright green, frilly costume. POTATO is in brown, with circles of lighter material for the eyes. The dress is drawn in at neck and knees, with the arms of the wearer inside. BEAN is the same as POTATO, except that dark green material is used. SOAP wears a pink costume. THE TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE carry toothbrushes and the members are dressed in khaki suits, if possible. All characters belonging to the Court should wear labels

on the head or some part of the costume. BOBBY wears any appropriate suit.

SCENE. *The Court of Health.* KING MILK and QUEEN SUNSHINE are seated on their thrones. These may be chairs on a raised platform, covered with rugs and robes to make a colorful background. Behind the thrones is a large poster reading, "The Court of Health." All the court is in attendance, variously grouped according to dimensions of stage. A noise is heard outside and the sound of voices.

VOICES. Stop him! Stop him! *Halt!* You can't go through this door. King Milk is sitting on his throne in there.

A SMALL VOICE. But he's the very one I want to see. I've traveled *miles* to see him. I can get in and I will.

[*Sounds of more scuffling, shrieks and then a small boy comes bouncing into the room. He stops short before the throne of the KING. They exchange glances.*]

KING MILK [*smiling*]. Well, my fine fellow, you certainly get your own way when you want it. There aren't many persons who can get past my sturdy guards at the door. How did it happen that you succeeded in doing so?

BOBBY. The guards got to hitting each other in the mix-up and I slipped between their legs, your Majesty.

[*ALL burst into hearty laughter.*]

KING MILK [*laughing*]. I admire your grit. I wish I could have seen the scuffle. Ha—ha! Well, now that you're here, suppose we get acquainted. Would you mind telling me your name, my boy?

BOBBY. Bobby, your Majesty.

KING MILK [*turning to QUEEN SUNSHINE*]. He seems to be a very bright little boy, doesn't he? But a trifle pale. I wonder what makes him so pale. Have you been sick, Bobby?

BOBBY [*shaking his head*]. No-o, I haven't been sick, but I—I don't sleep well at night.

[*At his words the NINE HOURS OF SLEEP burst out into a long wailing "Oh!" of dismay.*]

BOBBY [*looking at them in surprise*]. Who are they and what is the matter with them?

KING MILK. They are nine of the best friends you will ever have, Bobby. And they are friends you should always try to keep. They are the Nine Hours of Sleep that every growing boy should have every night all the year round without fail.

BOBBY. I must say that they are friends that I'm not so very well acquainted with.

NINE HOURS OF SLEEP. Oh, the poor child! To think he doesn't sleep well! Terrible! Terrible!

KING MILK [*in alarmed tone*]. But why is this, Bobby? Small boys should *always* sleep well. Do you know of any reason why you shouldn't sleep well?

BOBBY. I—I guess it's my food.

COURT OF HEALTH [*tensely*]. Ah-h-h!

KING MILK. Well, now we're getting down to business. Your food, you say? That's very important;

for food can cause so much trouble. Would you mind telling us just how food is keeping you from sleeping?

BOBBY. Well, I don't like vegetables, you see. Nor milk. Nor bread. I like cake and cookies and pies and candy. You ought to taste the frosting my mother puts on her cakes. Oh, boy! It just melts in your mouth.

KING MILK. But your proteids and your carbohydrates and your iron! Bobby! Think of them! You must have them in order to be healthy and happy. Pie! Cake! Candy! No wonder you look so sort of fat and pasty.

BOBBY. Would you mind repeating those big words?

KING MILK [*slowly and distinctly*]. Proteids—carbohydrates—iron. They are all necessary to build up your body, to repair the worn places, to make strong muscles and bones.

BOBBY. But where will I find them?

CHORUS OF VEGETABLES. Out in the garden! We grow from the rich, dark earth. We drink in the cool, summer rains. We bask under the smile of Queen Sunshine. We are wholesome and good to eat. And every little girl and boy must learn to like us. We not only taste good, we also perform a service that nothing else can take the place of.

KING MILK. Let's hear what each of you have to say for yourself.

LETTUCE [*stepping out*]. I am rich in iron.

POTATO [*stepping out*]. Eat me for carbohydrates.

BEANS [*stepping out*]. My body is made up principally of proteids.

BOBBY. I never dreamed you were so important.

KING MILK. And you even said that you didn't like me! If you only knew what I had to go through in order to be of the most service to you.

BOBBY. What's that?

KING MILK. I'm boiled!

BOBBY. Boiled!!!

KING MILK [*nodding*]. Boiled—within an inch of my life. People who know say that I'm *Pasteurized*. I'm not boiled too much, for that isn't good for my elements. But just enough to kill the disease germs in me. I'm the most perfect of all foods, Bobby. You could easily live on me alone.

PRINCE BREAD. I'm as much of a three-ring circus as the King himself. Edison can't do what I do. I make boy bones, build tissues, and give your body energy and strength. I supply lime, iron and salts.

QUEEN SUNSHINE. There is no one in the world so much feared by the ugly, deadly Germ Armies as I am. If you will let me into your rooms, hang your clothes out on the line for me to freshen and sweeten every day, and live with me from morning to night, you will be a bright, happy boy.

KING MILK. You see there are some important people in my court. We are really a royal company.

HEALTH CLOWN. I drink milk three times a day, and eat bread and vegetables. I sleep like a top at night with windows wide open. I take a bath every day, brush my teeth morning, noon and night. I always take daily exercises. Watch me.

[*Performs numerous stunts or calisthenics.*]

BOBBY [*delighted*]. Will I be able to do all he does, too, if I obey his rules?

KING MILK. I haven't any doubt about it. You will be the strongest, liveliest, happiest boy in town. By the way, would you like to see the tactics of the Toothbrush Brigade? Toothbrush Brigade: At attention! Stand! Ready. One, two, three. *Go!*

[*SOLDIERS repeat words in unison, making brushing motions outside of mouth to conform with directions given in poem.*]

TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE.

With a brush that's stiff and clean
We make a raid on germs that teem,
Around the corners of our teeth,
Beneath our vim they'll meet defeat.

First to left, then round and round,
Until a germ cannot be found,
Or single spot that does not shine
Bright and white each brushing time.

Then round and round and to the right,
Our molars scrub with all our might.
A few soft rubs will never do,
To keep them ever good as new.

And last the front teeth get their polish,
With firm strong hand the germs demolish,
As round and round we rotate fast;
For we are bound our teeth shall last.

BOBBY [*pleased*]. Oh, I'll always clean my teeth after this.

KING MILK. That's fine. That's the way to talk. The Royal Gift is perfect health, Bobby, but it takes hard work to keep it in your possession.

BOBBY. But I must be going. I've kept you long enough. Good-by, your Majesty. I've enjoyed my visit very much, and learned more than I ever knew before.

KING MILK. Good-by, Bobby. Remember to drink milk!

SOAP. Wash hands and face!

TOOTHBRUSH BRIGADE. Clean your teeth!

BREAD. And have me on your table!

CHORUS. Three times a day!

[*Exit* BOBBY]

CURTAIN

—Noel Flaurier

LUCY CHOOSES

FOR FIVE GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

CHARACTERS

LUCY, *a little girl*

LENA, *her chum*

I'LL TRY *and* DO IT NOW, *fairies*

I CAN'T, WAIT-A-MINUTE *and* AFTER-WHILE, *imps*

QUEEN OF FAIRIES, *an older girl*

COSTUMES

LUCY and LENA: according to taste.

FAIRIES: fluffy dresses with winglike sleeves. Each wears her name printed in large letters.

QUEEN: fluffy dress. Wand. Silver crown.

IMPS: slovenly dressed in black pajamas with a black cap on head. Each wears his name printed in large letters.

SCENE: *May be an indoor or an outdoor setting.*

Discovered: LUCY seated on a chair or bench with a book in her hand. She is crying.

Enter LENA

LENA. Why, what's the matter, Lucy? Why are you crying?

LUCY. Teacher said I wouldn't pass. [*Dries her eyes.*]

LENA. She did?

LUCY. I had to stay two years in the third grade, and now I'll have to stay two years in the fourth.

LENA. That's too bad. But why don't you study harder?

LUCY. I can't.

LENA. Of course you can! Mother says *anyone* can that wants to.

LUCY. Well, your mother is wrong. No matter how hard I study, I can't learn!

LENA. I'm sure you can.

LUCY [*shaking head*]. No, I can't.

LENA. I know what the matter is. You choose the wrong kind of playmates.

LUCY [*indignantly*]. I play with the same girls you play with.

LENA. I don't mean the playmates we can see. I mean the ones we play with when we're alone. The fairies and imps.

LUCY. I don't play with fairies, or imps either. I play with children.

LENA. Mother says that all children play with the fairies or with the imps, and that they influence us more than the playmates we can see.

LUCY. I don't believe in fairies and imps. I've never seen one, and I don't believe in anything that I can't see.

LENA. That's foolish! Did you ever see the wind?

LUCY [*hesitating*]. No—o.

LENA. But you believe there is a wind.

LUCY. That's different.

LENA. Not so very. And listen, Lucy, if a girl keeps on saying "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," the Queen of Fairies will come sometime when the girl is asleep, sprinkle the fairy star-dust powder over her, and let her see the fairies for a short time.

LUCY. Pooh! Lena Reynolds, you think that, just 'cause you make the highest grades in school, you

can tell me any old thing and make me believe it!

LENA. I failed one year. Don't you remember? And that summer I met the *I'll Try* fairy, and I made up my back'work and have been getting good grades ever since. I must go now. Mother told me not to stay long. Good-by. [*Exit. Calls back.*] You'd better hunt *I'll Try*.

LUCY [*yawning and stretching*]. Lena is so silly! Oh, I'm so sleepy! [*QUEEN OF FAIRIES enters and slips behind LUCY'S chair.*] I believe I'll go to sleep a while. I never can learn this old stuff anyway. [*LUCY cuddles down in chair and closes her eyes.* *QUEEN OF FAIRIES sprinkles fairy powder over the sleeping girl's head.*

Enter I CAN'T, WAIT-A-MINUTE *and* AFTER-WHILE
and dance around the chair.

Exit QUEEN OF FAIRIES.

LUCY [*opens eyes and sees the imps*]. Well, who are you?

I CAN'T. Who? Me? Why, I'm your little playmate, I CAN'T.

LUCY. Then Lena told me the truth! I don't think I'll play with you any more. I'll try, I'll try, *I'll try* to get my lessons.

I CAN'T [*alarmed*]. Don't do that! You'll never have real fun any more if you give *me* up.

I'LL TRY [*skipping to LUCY'S side*]. Lucy, dear, don't listen to *I Can't*. Please let me stay with you for a while each day.

LUCY. Lena told me about you and I didn't believe

her! You're such a lovely little thing that I ought to be willing for you to stay always.

I CAN'T [*bristling angrily*]. Look here, you old *I'll Try*, you get away from here! This is *my* playmate. She's been mine ever since she started to school, and you're not wanted. [*Pushes I'LL TRY back.*]

LUCY [*sighing as she opens her book and looks at it*]. It looks hard, *I'll Try*. I'm afraid *I Can't* is right. I don't believe I can ever learn it. I just can't learn.

I CAN'T [*jeering at I'LL TRY*]. See? She doesn't want you. Go away!

LUCY. I hate to have you go, *I'll Try*, but I'm afraid I can't learn it anyway.

I'LL TRY [*bends over LUCY and speaks reproachfully*]. Lucy! Of course you can! You've played with *I Can't* so long that he thinks he owns you. Come with me. [*I'LL TRY takes LUCY'S hand and starts to lead her away. I CAN'T takes her other hand and pulls her back.*]

I CAN'T. Let go! You're stealing my playmate.

I'LL TRY. I'm not stealing her; I'm saving her.

I CAN'T. Bah! I've got her and I'll keep her. If a child keeps on saying she can't, she can't, she can't, why, of course, she *can't*. So, old *I'll Try*, you might as well go off and play with that Lena girl.

I'LL TRY [*shoving I CAN'T aside*]. You hear what *I Can't* says? Well, it's just like that with us *I'll Try* fairies, too. If a child keeps saying "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," why the next thing you know, she has done the thing she tried to do.

LUCY [*interested*]. Really and truly?

I'LL TRY. Really and truly.

LUCY. All right. I'll try.

I CAN'T [*jumping up and down, shrieks angrily*]. You can't, you can't, you can't, *you can't!*

LUCY [*turning her back on I CAN'T*]. You keep still, *I Can't*. It has never done me a bit of good to play with you, and I'm not going to any more, so there!

[*I CAN'T faints and falls to the floor.*]

I'LL TRY. Come, let's get your books. We'll begin to study right away.

LUCY. I c-c—ca—can—[*I CAN'T rises on one elbow and eyes LUCY hopefully.*] I'll try! [*I CAN'T falls back as if dead. Exeunt LUCY and I'LL TRY.*]

Enter WAIT-A-MINUTE. Sees I CAN'T. Goes to the fallen I CAN'T and bends over him.

WAIT-A-MINUTE. Well, bless my buttons, if here isn't *I Can't!* I've been looking everywhere for you. Might have known you were at Lucy's. But what's the matter with you? You look seedy.

I CAN'T. I'm dying. Lucy has gone off with *I'll Try*.

WAIT-A-MINUTE. Don't mind a little thing like that! [*Blusters a bit.*] I can get her back to you. Come, lean on my arm and we'll follow them. [*I CAN'T staggers forward, leaning on WAIT-A-MINUTE. Noise is heard off stage.*] Ah, there they come with a lot of foolish books. Let's hide until they sit down. [*The two imps hide behind the bench.*]

LUCY. Why, I learned that so easily. It didn't seem a bit hard when you were with me, *I'll Try*.

I'LL TRY. Dear me! Those imps are hard to kill! *I Can't* has walked off. Be on the watch for him,

Lucy. He will try to get you back in his power. Suppose we study arithmetic now.

LUCY [*sighing*]. Oh, dear! That is the hardest of all. WAIT-A-MINUTE [*rising behind LUCY, whispers in her ear*]. Wait a minute!

LUCY. Let's wait a minute, *I'll Try*. We've got all afternoon to do it in.

I'LL TRY. No, no. We must begin right now. *Wait-a-Minute* is a friend of *I Can't*. You must not heed what he says.

[WAIT-A-MINUTE *blows a tiny, shrill whistle, and AFTER-WHILE slips in from the back and bends over LUCY.*]

LUCY. I'll do it after while, *I'll Try*. Honestly!

I'LL TRY [*sadly*]. Lucy, Lucy! I thought you wanted me for your playmate. I'd like to stay, but there are three against me. If you will drive those imps away, I can yet help you.

LUCY. I will—after while.

I'LL TRY. *After-While* ought to be in jail. He steals your time with promises made only to be broken. I'll fight for you, Lucy; I want you to win. [*Stamps her foot at the imps.*] Leave, you rascals! You ruin every man, woman, and child that has anything to do with you. What have you or *Wait-a-Minute* ever done for the world? Nothing. You're worse than *I Can't*, because you deceive people into thinking they will do something *after while*, when you know very well they'll never do anything as long as you are near them.

WAIT-A-MINUTE [*to I CAN'T*]. Say! Are we going

to stand here and let this little mite of an *I'll Try* talk like that to us?

I CAN'T. I'll say we're not! She'd run us out of the world if she could, and have all the children making good grades. Let's down her!

[*The three imps attack I'LL TRY. She fights valiantly until LUCY speaks.*]

LUCY [*frowning at her open book*]. Oh, I can't learn this stuff.

[*I'LL TRY faints.*]

I CAN'T. Throw away the old book. Come on and play!

LUCY [*wavering*]. I suppose I really ought to study.

WAIT-A-MINUTE. Aw, wait a minute!

AFTER-WHILE. And do it after while.

LUCY [*throwing down the book*]. All right! We'll have some fun! I'll come back and study after while.

[*The three imps wink and grin significantly at each other behind LUCY'S back.*]

I'LL TRY [*regaining consciousness*]. Poor, foolish Lucy! I did not think she would leave me. If I had known, I might have called Do-It-Now to help me. [*Whistles.*]

Enter DO-IT-NOW.

DO-IT-NOW. Did you call me, *I'll Try*? Why, what's wrong? Let me help you to your feet!

I'LL TRY. No, no! Go at once and find Lucy. I had already saved her from *I Can't*, but *Wait-a-Minute* and *After-While* took her from me. Bring her back! Let us save her if we can.

[*Exit DO-IT-NOW, but immediately reappears with the imps and LUCY in front of him.*]

LUCY. I suppose I really ought to be studying.

WAIT-A-MINUTE. Plenty of time. Wait a minute!

AFTER-WHILE. Sure! You can do it after while.

LUCY. Yes, I can. And maybe it won't be so hard, then.

DO-IT-NOW [*stepping forward firmly*]. It will be harder! Look at your *I'll Try* fairy! You've made her ill. Let us help her to her feet!

[*LUCY and DO-IT-NOW assist I'LLTRY.*]

I CAN'T. Aw, let her alone, Lucy! You'll be *liking* to study, if you fool with her.

LUCY. I'd *like* to like to study. Can't we be friends again, *I'll Try*?

I CAN'T. Here, this won't do!

[*A battle ensues between the fairies and the imps. The imps are about to conquer when LUCY separates them.*]

LUCY. Stop your fussing! I am not going to play with you imps any more, so you may as well go!

[*Imps look alarmed as LUCY takes up book and opens it. DO-IT-NOW stands at her right, I'LL TRY at her left. WAIT-A-MINUTE gets behind her.*]

WAIT-A-MINUTE. Aw, Lucy, wait a minute!

LUCY. I won't! [*Keeps eyes on book.*] I'll do it now!

[*Works a second on a problem, then looks up and laughs.*] Why, that problem isn't hard at all! I wonder why I thought it was. I do believe I'll pass after all!

[I CAN'T and the other two imps begin to limp away.]

I CAN'T. We've lost her!

WAIT-A-MINUTE. I'll bet she even gets a prize next year!

[*Exeunt imps.*]

[*The fairies gradually slip behind LUCY as she slowly seats herself on the bench. The fairies stoop lower and lower; just before I'LL TRY'S head disappears behind the bench, she leans over LUCY.*]

I'LL TRY. Do not think we are gone, Lucy dear, just because you can no longer see us. We are always at your side and will stay with you as long as you will let us.

[LUCY, now alone, is asleep on the bench.]

LUCY [*rubbing her eyes*]. I can't see you, *I'll Try* and *Do-It-Now*, but I'll remember what you said, and I am going to keep you with me always.

[*Picks up her book and begins to study.*]

CURTAIN

—Gladys Henderson

THE THREE WISHES

A HEALTH PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

PETER.....	<i>an eight-year-old boy</i>
ELVES.....	<i>six small boys</i>
DIONYSIUS } DAMOCLES } COURTIERS }	<i>older boys</i>
SLAVES	<i>several</i>
DIOGENES FATHER OF DIOGENES ALEXANDER THE GREAT AN OFFICER TWO SERVANTS A FRIEND	<i>older boys</i>
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE [<i>twins</i>] } SPORT }	<i>small boys</i>
SCIENCE } SUCCESSS }	<i>bright lads</i>
PAGE	<i>small boy</i>

DIRECTIONS: TRAVEL and ADVENTURE should be as nearly of a size as possible. They should be dressed in Chinese costumes with some symbol of travel, such as a boat, etc., about their persons, or they may carry toy boats.

SPORT should appear on skates, and may carry a hockey stick, or wear a costume decorated with sport appurtenances.

ACT I

SCENE: *Evening, a clearing in the forest. Six little ELVES dressed in green come in and, joining hands, dance around in a circle.*

ELVES [*sing*]. We are merry little elves,
We take good care of ourselves.
From worries and troubles free,
We help the old world along,
And with jolly, cheerful song,
Bring happiness to humanity.

FIRST ELF. Greetings, brothers! Are we all here?

THE OTHERS. Yes, we are all here.

FIRST ELF. Of course you know why you have been summoned. This is the day of all days in the year when we may grant a mortal his wish. Here is our precious wishing stone. To whom shall we lend it this year? We must decide quickly. The wishing hour draws nigh.

SECOND ELF. Oh, I know! There is a poor little boy named Peter. His father is a woodcutter, and little Peter has to work very hard to help him. Let us lend the wishing stone to Peter.

THE OTHERS. That is a great idea! Let us lend it to Peter. He is a fine lad.

THIRD ELF. Where can we put it so that he will be sure to find it?

FOURTH ELF. If we put it right in the middle of this path he will be sure to stumble over it when he carries his wood home tonight.

FIFTH ELF. Then let us put it there right now. Quick!
I hear him coming.

[ELVES *hide behind the trees.*]

Enter PETER, stooping under a huge load of wood.

PETER. My, but I am tired, carrying this wood! That is all I do every day. I carry wood and more wood and, if it isn't wood, it is coal. Oh, I am so tired!
[*He puts down the sack of wood and wearily seats himself on a stump, resting his chin on his hands.*]

PETER. How wonderful it must be to be rich, and not to have to work and worry about money and food and rent. How I wish my father was rich, or a great king with a wonderful palace. [*He sits up suddenly.*] Tonight is the night when elves are about and they say that if anyone finds their wishing stone and makes a wish with it, the wish will come true. Well [*he picks up his sack of wood*], I'm afraid I won't find it. I never have any luck anyhow. [*He walks a few steps and stumbles on the stone.*]

PETER. Oh, what an odd-looking stone! [*He puts down his pack to examine it.*] Why, there is something written on it!

[*Reads.*] On this day of days alone,
He who finds this wishing stone
His great desire may achieve.
As this charm comes not again,
Think you, then, with might and main,
And choose just what you would
receive.

Oh, it *is* the wishing stone! the wishing stone! How lucky I am at last! [*He jumps up and down excitedly.*] A wish! I must make a wish. [*He sits down on the stump again and concentrates.*] What shall I wish for? I want pie—candy—no, *no!* [*Reads again.*] “His great desire may achieve.” My great desire is to be a *king*. I want to have *power*—to be *mighty*—to sit on a throne all day long in peace and safety, with nothing to worry about. Yes, that is what I wish. Oh, I feel so sleepy—so very sleepy! [*He falls asleep, clutching the stone.*]

[*The ELVES come out one by one and look at him sorrowfully.*]

FIRST ELF. What a silly wish that was!

SECOND ELF. Wouldn't he be unhappy if it should ever come true?

SIXTH ELF. I have an idea. Let us send him a dream and show him how foolish his wish is.

THE OTHERS. That is a good idea. Let us send him a dream.

THIRD ELF. Let us send him a dream about Dionysius and Damocles. That will show him whether a king sits on a throne in peace and safety.

THE OTHERS. So we will, so we will!

[*ELVES run off.*]

ACT II

DISCOVERED: *Dionysius in royal ermine and wearing a crown, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his*

courtiers. A sword hangs suspended by a hair above the throne.

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE. O most royal Dionysius, the courtier, Damocles, is without and awaits your Majesty's pleasure.

DIONYSIUS. Bid him enter.

PAGE *withdraws backward, bowing.*

Enter DAMOCLES

DAMOCLES. You sent for me, most gracious Majesty?

DIONYSIUS. Yes, Damocles. Yesterday you envied me my high estate. You praised the perfect happiness that seemed to be my lot. In your eyes the life of a king is free from all worry, free from the faintest shadow of fear.

Damocles, not so many years ago, I was a humble clerk in a public office. I was less than you are now. There are charms about that lowly position that a kingship lacks. I am disposed to go back to that lowly state, that carefree life. Will you change places with me?

DAMOCLES. Why, your Majesty, you do but jest.

DIONYSIUS. No, Damocles, I am in earnest. [*He claps his hands. SLAVES appear. He takes off his crown and royal cloak and hands them to the SLAVES.*]

DIONYSIUS. Here! Robe Damocles in these majestic garments and lead him to the throne, while I sit in his humble place.

As DAMOCLES, robed in the kingly garments, protesting, mounts the throne, DIONYSIUS walks to

the seat at the end of the table. As he seats himself the COURTIERS rise to bow to him.

DIONYSIUS. Nay, keep your ceremonies to greet your new king.

ALL. Damocles, we salute your Majesty. [*All bow.*]

The SLAVES commence serving food. All of a sudden a piercing shriek is heard and DAMOCLES springs from the throne.

DAMOCLES. Oh, what is that? Why is that sword hanging there suspended above my head by a hair? [*All look up.*]

DIONYSIUS. You see, Damocles, a king's life is not free from worry after all. There is always a sword suspended by a hair above the heads of monarchs. Fearful danger, even death, hover over a king every moment of his life.

DAMOCLES [*taking off the crown and robe*]. Take back your crown, Dionysius, take back your throne. I would far rather be the meanest of your subjects than live in constant fear of my life.

DIONYSIUS. It takes a real king to keep his seat when his head is in danger. [*He walks out with his arm around DAMOCLES'S shoulder followed by the courtiers.*]

[*PETER, who has been asleep on the stump at the extreme left, in the foreground, now wakes up, and rubs his neck.*]

PETER. Oh, what a narrow escape! I thought I was going to lose my head. I am so glad that it was only a dream. I don't want power, I don't want a throne

[*shakes his head violently*]. No, I want—I want money! I want gold! Then I can have everything. [*He falls asleep.*]

The ELVES run out.

FIRST ELF. Oh, how foolish he is! This wish is even worse than the other.

SECOND ELF. If the gods were to grant half the wishes that foolish mortals make, how unhappy they would be!

FIFTH ELF. What shall we do about it? Shall we send him another dream?

FOURTH ELF. Let us send him a dream about Diogenes.

ALL. All right. We will send him another dream.

ACT III

SCENE I. *The father of DIOGENES and an OFFICER are standing at the left. A FRIEND of DIOGENES stands at the extreme right, looking off stage.*

THE FRIEND OF DIOGENES [*calls*]. Diogenes, Diogenes, quick! Run! They are arresting your father.

[*Enter DIOGENES, running*]

DIOGENES. What is this, sir? Why do you arrest this guileless old man?

OFFICER. Guileless? Huh! [*laughs*]. Ha-ha! ha-ha! Ho-ho! ho-ho-ho! My, but that is a good one! Do you call it guileless to make thousands of counterfeit coins and pass them off as real money? Do you call it guileless to deceive your countrymen and to

swindle your king and your country? Guileless, indeed!

DIOGENES. That is not true. It can't be true. My father would do no such thing. You have the wrong man. Let him go, I say. [*He starts to pull his father away.*]

OFFICER. See here, not so fast, not so fast. What *do* you mean by saying it can't be true? Why, the old party has confessed and we found the money and the machinery in his room.

DIOGENES. Father, tell him it is not so! Tell him it is not true. [*His father hangs his head.*]

DIOGENES. O father! But why—why? [*His father makes no reply.*]

OFFICER. Come, now, come along. To prison with you. Be on your way.

DIOGENES. Just one moment! Please, officer, let me speak to him. Let me bid him farewell, I beg of you.

OFFICER. Well, only for one moment. [*He goes to one side.*]

DIOGENES. O my father, can nothing be done?

FATHER OF DIOGENES. My son, you know the laws of this country. I cannot complain that they are not just. I have deserved this. Do not grieve. I am guilty.

DIOGENES. But father, did we not have enough? We were not poor. Why did you need more? Oh tell me, tell me. Have I failed you in aught?

FATHER OF DIOGENES. Dear son, you have been very good to me. No one could have been better. But I have always had a secret craving for gold and for

money. Carefully did I conceal it from you, I know. But I craved gold, much gold. Even the coffers of the conqueror, Alexander, would not have contented me. I loved money. I wanted thousands, millions! Not to spend—oh no! I loved each coin too much to give it away. To touch it, to hear the joyful music of gold coin clinking against gold coin, to feel the coins pouring between my fingers gave me bliss.

OFFICER. Well, well. I cannot wait all day. You must hurry. Haven't you said farewell yet?

DIOGENES. My father!

FATHER OF DIOGENES. My son, my son!

They clasp each other in their arms. The father is led away. DIOGENES stares after him, then turns sadly away. He stands a moment in deep thought, and then goes out. Enter two SERVANTS, laden with articles.

FIRST SERVANT. I can't make Diogenes out, can you? He is giving everything away—his house, his furniture, all his expensive raiment. I am afraid to accept all he has given me. There must be a catch to it.

SECOND SERVANT. I am for going to King Alexander and telling him. Let us ask his permission to accept. Then, if Diogenes is mad, we cannot be blamed.

Exeunt

[Enter DIOGENES with SLAVE carrying a tub.]

DIOGENES. Yes, put it right here. That is fine. Henceforth this will be my bedroom at night and my roof and shelter when it rains. Naught else does a man

need for happiness, but health; a roof for my head, plain food to eat and pure water to drink is enough. Even this drinking cup is a luxury that I can do without. The cupped hands were shaped by Nature for carrying water before dippers were invented. [*He seats himself before his tub. The SLAVE goes out.*]

[*Enter ALEXANDER.*]

ALEXANDER. Greetings, Diogenes.

DIOGENES. Greetings, Alexander, [*He remains seated.*]

ALEXANDER. What is this I hear, Diogenes? You have given away all your possessions, your house, your furniture, your money, and you are contented to live in this tub. What madness is this, Diogenes?

DIOGENES. Madness, King Alexander, to give away what is useless to one's happiness? What brings care and sorrow on one's head, what tempts one to crime? No, Alexander, I have given away nothing of value. The one thing a man needs for real happiness I have kept.

ALEXANDER. And what is that—the one thing that a man needs for happiness?

DIOGENES. Perhaps, your Majesty, you will not understand—you, who have wept because there were no worlds left for you to conquer. The only thing really necessary is *health*. And that I have safeguarded by throwing away all foolish things to cause worry. I have protection from inclement weather [*he points to the tub.*] I have bread enough to eat, I have water to drink.

ALEXANDER. Is there anything I can do for you?

DIOGENES. Yes, Alexander. If you will stand out of my way, I shall also have the sunshine. Then I shall have everything I want.

ALEXANDER. You are a wise man, Diogenes. Were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.
[*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II. THE FOREST

PETER *wakes up and looks around.*

PETER. Thank goodness that was only another dream. I almost wasted the precious wish. I see now how foolish I was. Money does not bring happiness, neither does power. Of what use are they if one's life is in danger? I see now that what one really needs most to enjoy life is health. That is what I want! O kindly elves, grant me this wish, I beg of you. [ELVES *come out one by one.*] I want health!

ALL. You have chosen wisely. You shall have your wish. You shall have your wish. [FIRST ELF *blows a whistle three times.*]

Enter SPORT on skates, carrying a banner; also the twins TRAVEL and ADVENTURE. SCIENCE and SUCCESS appear from different directions.

FIRST ELF. To him who wisely chooses the precious gift of health, five faithful servants are given.

Enter TRAVEL and ADVENTURE. They bow.

TRAVEL. We are the twins, Travel and Adventure. We place the world at the feet of him who holds

the gift of health. For him we tear the veil of mystery from the distant Orient. For him we disclose the treasures of the deepest seas. Land has no distance, water no breadth, the world no limit, that he who has the gift of health cannot span. We are at your service. [*Both bow.*]

SPORT. I am Sport. Most gladly do I serve the possessor of the gift of health. Without health, Babe Ruth could not have developed the mightiest arm that ever swung a bat. Without health, the English Channel would not have been conquered. I train thousands in baseball, football, in tennis, in dancing. The greatest athletes of the world from the time of Hercules are enrolled under the banner of health, which I proudly bear. [*He waves the banner.*]

SCIENCE. I am Science. I walk hand in hand with health. Children do not like me very much at first, but when they grow older, they wish to know me better. My greatest service to the world is what I have done to cure sickness and fight disease. Some of the greatest discoveries in my field were made in the bath. "Eureka! Eureka!" shouted one famous Greek philosopher, as he discovered a great scientific law while in the bath tub. This certainly proves that cleanliness stimulates the brain.

SUCCESS. My name is Success,
 And it's easy to guess
 Why I'm joyfully welcomed by all.
 But where health is not found
 I never come around,
 No matter how loudly you call.

ALL. Master, we are your humble servants. [*All bow.*]

PETER. I thank you, thank you all.

CURTAIN

—*Lucille Sissman*

THE VISIT OF THE RAINDROPS

FOR THIRTEEN CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

ONE GIRL

SIX RAIN GNOMES

SIX RAINDROPS

COSTUMES

A SMALL GIRL *is seated at a table reading a book. The table has a table-lamp and books piled at one end.*

GIRL [*in listening attitude*].

Just listen to that rain come down!
I simply cannot hide a frown.
Today I planned to rake our yard,
And clean the garden, equally hard.
Instead this rain has spoiled it all!
No longer does the outdoors call.
I sit here reading this dry book,
And sigh as through the pane I look.

[*She turns back to her book, but starts suddenly at the sound of strange voices singing. Singers off stage sound low do and high do of Key of E Flat, alternately with weird, singing tone. This is repeated several times.*]

GIRL. What can that curious singing be?
 It sounds like wind from off the sea.

It really makes my heart beat fast;
I hope it isn't going to last. [*Sighs.*]
[RAIN GNOMES *enter.*]

GIRL. Oh, dear! What selfish little Gnomes!
Go right back to your rainy homes!
Why, you should be ashamed to say
That you are glad to spoil the day.

FIRST GNOME. No one loves us, so why should we care?

SECOND GNOME. Children always make faces at us.

THIRD GNOME. We know people think us a bother
and so we're going to cause just as much trouble as
we can. People are such cranks.

GIRL. People do not like you, Gnomes,
Because you cause them grief.
You steal away their happy plans,
Just like a naughty thief.

And in return what do you do
To make up for your pranks?
It's really all your own sad fault,
That people act like cranks.

[*Singing sounds at once, and RAINDROPS enter im-
mediately. GNOMES run to back of stage.*]

GIRL. And are you like the Rain Gnomes, too,
Proud of the selfish things you do,
Glad to spoil a perfect day,
By acting in this dreadful way?

FIRST RAINDROP.

Oh, no! You've made a great mistake.
We're not that kind at all.

If you'll just think, our useful deeds
You surely will recall.

SECOND. We wouldn't want to have you think
 We're like the selfish Gnomes,
 Who laugh to know they've made
 folks hide
 All day within their homes.

THIRD. *We* call the apple blossoms out
 To greet the smiling spring.
 With April showers we bring May
 flowers,
 We make the woodland ring.

FOURTH. The tiny wheat-seeds softly stir
 In answer to our patter.
 And all the little buds puff out,
 A-growing fat and fatter.

FIFTH. The farmer smiles when he beholds,
 Our sails flung in the sky.
 To him we mean o'erflowing bins
 From good crops, by and by.

SIXTH. The whole world looks refreshed and
 sweet,
 After we've done our work.
 On hill and road, on street and roof,
 We ne'er a duty shirk.

GIRL. Oh, I am beginning to see that you are of the

greatest use. How could the farmer get along without you? Or the lovely flowers and trees? Without you, my lilac hedge would never bloom so richly, and I'd never know the delight of feeling and smelling silky, pink apple blossoms. The meadow on Grandfather's farm—it's you who keep it fresh and green, and sweet-smelling. You keep the brook from drying up, too. How useful you are, Raindrops!

[GNOMES *approach timidly*]

GNOMES. We want to change and be like you, Raindrops. We are tired of being Rain Gnomes, and feeling ill toward people. We want to be happy and useful. May we go with you?

RAINDROPS. Certainly you may, friends. We shall be glad to have you one of us.

GIRL. Raindrops, I'll not say a word if I never see the sun again.

RAINDROPS. Oh, but you will. We never stay after our work is finished. Back to our rain-cloud homes we flit, after we have freshened and cheered every tree and flower and child.

[RAINDROPS *sing to a sing-song melody these lines, and as they sing they snatch off their dark capes, hastily turn them inside out and put them on again with the bright yellow side out.*]

RAINDROPS [*sing*].

LET THE SUN SHINE OUT

Not always do we drip-drop, drip-drop, drip-drop,

As if we'd never drip-stop, drip-stop, drip-stop.
When we have done our work, you see,
We fly away in merry glee,
And let the summer sun shine out.

CURTAIN

—*Noel Flaurier*

THE PASSING OF MR. WORM

FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

This is a musical pantomime for children, with a chorus of any desirable number and three leading parts, namely: DOC HOP TOAD, SNAIL and MR. WORM. All are costumed, the members of the chorus being dressed to represent bugs, worms, or anything on that order which would be apt to be found in a garden. These costumes do not have to be elaborate to be effective. Crepe paper is suggested as the most economical and practical material.

The singing is done by the chorus, the three principal characters fitting suitable action to the words. The gist of the story is suggested in the text, and little additions will be thought of by those in charge. As a general thing, the action should take place *after* the descriptive line or lines have been sung, so that audience will better be able to understand what is taking place. Action is plainly indicated in some of the verses, and in others is left to judgment of director. There should be a perceptible pause between verses, which are to be sung to chorus of "Good-night, Ladies," or to the tune of: "Merrily we roll along; roll along, roll along. Merrily we roll along," etc. The tempo, however, should be slowed down to a considerable extent.

Concerning props: The squash vine may be made of green crepe paper supported by wire. The ambulance may be an ordinary cart covered with white

paper. Some experimenting may be found necessary with SNAIL to have him in the right place at the right time. Since he has to be in plain sight when MR. WORM is placed in the ambulance, it is better for his entrance to be made at a moderate pace; then, as soon as ambulance is well on stage, he can slow down and time the rest of his movement so as still to be on stage when curtain comes down.

The relative positions of different ones is not of great importance, as long as they do not obstruct action. Of course, at the last part where MR. WORM is placed on the bier, they form a line back of the bier, which is close to front of stage, with DOC HOP TOAD standing at one end of the bier, in front of the chorus. The better singers would be well placed toward front of stage.

*Verses to be sung off stage, with half of chorus grouped on either side; or with all lined up against back of stage in sight of audience.**

'Twas early in the month of June,
 Month of June, month of June;
 'Twas early in the month of June,
 That this poor tale is laid.

MR. WORM comes walking into garden, swaying from side to side, peering around.

A worm into the garden strolls,
 Garden strolls, garden strolls;

*DOC HOP TOAD is not on stage here in any event

A worm into the garden strolls,
To see what he can find.

MR. WORM *comes up in front of squash plant and admires closely.*

Says he, "These squash look good to me,
Good to me, good to me."

Says he, "These vines look good to me,
I'll tell the world they do."

MR. WORM *pretends to take huge mouthful.*

So up he comes and takes a bite,
Takes a bite, takes a bite;
So up he comes and takes a bite,
That fills his mouth chuck-full.

MR. WORM *puts hands to stomach and head, staggering as though poisoned.*

This worm knew not these vines were sprayed,
Vines were sprayed, vines were sprayed;
This worm knew not these vines were sprayed,
With nasty Paris green.

MR. WORM *falls down and writhes as though in pain.*

So down he falls, right in his tracks,
In his tracks, in his tracks;
So down he falls, right in his tracks,
And groans with might and main.

At last line, all stamp vigorously.

His friends, they hear him from afar,
 From afar, from afar;
 His friends, they hear him from afar,
 Come rushing to his aid.

CHORUS *make entrance, walking slowly, with DOC HOP TOAD in lead.*

Some of them walk, while others stride,
 Others stride, others stride;
 And up in front is Doc Hop Toad,
 His bag clutched in his hand.

DOC HOP TOAD *takes out watch and prepares to feel pulse.*

Now Doc takes out his new gold watch,
 New gold watch, new gold watch;
 Now Doc takes out his new gold watch,
 To feel the patient's pulse.

Tries to locate pulse of MR. WORM in all sorts of queer places.

Where in the deuce his heart can be,
 Heart can be, heart can be;
 Where in the deuce his heart can be,
 The Doc cannot surmise.

DOC HOP TOAD *scratches his head in perplexity; at end of verse has sudden inspiration and finds pulse in toe.*

"I vow," he said, "I do not know,
 Do not know, do not know."

Just now he finds it in the toe.
And so the day is saved.

DOC HOP TOAD *listens to pulse, registering great astonishment, perhaps by opening mouth, etc.*

The pulse he finds to skip and pound,
Skip and pound, skip and pound;
The pulse he finds to skip and pound,
Just like an old Ford car.

DOC HOP TOAD *puts up his watch and, bending over, shakes finger at MR. WORM, who at conclusion of verse sticks out tongue as far as possible.*

Now Frog, M. D., says, "Show your tongue,
Show your tongue, show your tongue."
Now Frog, M. D., says, "Show your tongue."
Our worm shoves out a yard.

DOC HOP TOAD *puts on specs and regards tongue closely, throwing up hands in horror at sight.*

The tongue he shows is green and blue,
Green and blue, green and blue;
The tongue he shows is green and blue,
And scares poor Doc to fits.

DOC HOP TOAD *is compelled to believe the worst and shakes head in despair at patient's plight.*

"Good-night," he says, "you've got it bad,
Got it bad, got it bad;
Good-night," he says, "you've got it bad,
I vow I'm 'fraid you'll croak."

MR. WORM *starts crying, while DOC HOP TOAD stands by with folded arms.*

But now poor worm breaks down and cries,
Down and cries, down and cries;
Salt tears stream forth from both his eyes,
In brooks they run away.

MR. WORM *raises hands in supplication for first two lines, holds head in hands during third and at end grasps hold of DOC HOP TOAD'S coat tails.*

"Oh, help me, Doc!" he begs and pleads,
Begs and pleads, begs and pleads.
"How can I live if I am dead?
Oh, try to save my life!"

While DOC HOP TOAD is considering, ambulance comes on.

The ambulance now heaves in sight,
Heaves in sight, heaves in sight;
From head to foot 'tis painted white,
All 'cept the snail ahead.

Four chosen ones now lift MR. WORM into ambulance, displaying great care. At end of verse MR. WORM makes convulsive movement when he feels the ice.

Quite tenderly they lift him in,
Lift him in, lift him in;
Quite tenderly they lift him in,
And rest his feet on ice.

Ambulance starts away at barely perceptible pace.

“Yards” should be accented in this verse.

They travel twenty yards a day,
Yards a day, yards a day;
They travel twenty yards a day,
Just adding: More or less.

Chorus shake head while singing words, “Eight miles,” at last line pointing up toward hill.

The hospital’s eight miles from here,
Miles from here, miles from here;
The hospital’s eight miles from here,
On top of a glass hill.

“Fourteen weeks” is sung in mournful tone, chorus pausing and sighing audibly each time.

A worm ne’er lives but fourteen weeks,
Fourteen weeks, fourteen weeks;
A worm ne’er lives but fourteen weeks,
So what show does he stand?

MR. WORM awakens to situation and shows resentment at pace set by snail, at end of verse giving up and falling back dead.

A while he raves and tears his hair,
Tears his hair, tears his hair;
Poor worm, he gives up in despair,
And curling up, he dies.

All stand around ambulance with heads bent over supported by one hand, at end wringing hands violently.

When he is dead his neighbors mourn,
 Neighbors mourn, neighbors mourn;
 When he is dead his neighbors mourn,
 And wring their hands in grief.

*Four chosen ones now place MR. WORM on bier,
 while flowers are placed on breast.*

They place him next upon a bier,
 'Pon a bier, 'pon a bier;
 They place him next upon a bier,
 With daisies on his breast.

*All stand beside bier, except DOC HOP TOAD, who
 stands slightly apart, with right hand pointing
 upward, at conclusion flapping hands to imitate
 wings.*

This worm's pure soul has gone above,
 Gone above, gone above;
 This worm's pure soul has gone above,
 To float on angel's wings.

*Shake fist when singing words "they vow," at last
 line encircling throat with fingers of right hand.*

Before they leave, his friends they vow,
 Friends they vow, friends they vow;
 Before they leave, his friends they vow,
 To have that farmer's life.

*All point directly with forefinger down at audience,
 for first three lines at curtain pointing down at
 MR. WORM with hands close together palms up-
 ward. This is held until curtain goes down.*

Oh, thoughtless men, pray hold your hand,
Hold your hand, hold your hand,
Oh, thoughtless men, pray hold your hand,
No more repeat this crime.

—*Robert F. Burnham*

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