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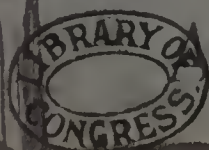
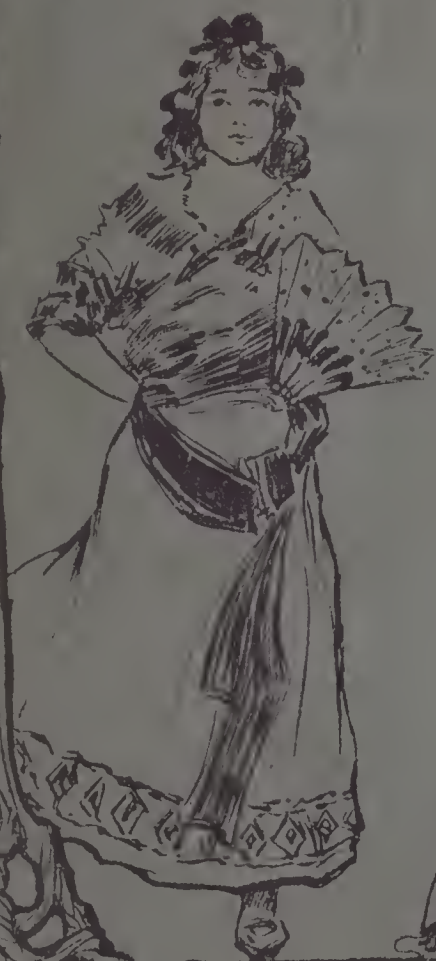
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A4I7

# PLAYS & COMEDIES

*for Little Folks*

*By*  
MARIE IRISH



FLANAGAN COMPANY  
CHICAGO



Class PNG120

Book: A4I7

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# PLAYS AND COMEDIES

FOR

## LITTLE FOLKS

BY

### MARIE IRISH

AUTHOR OF PRACTICAL DIALOGUES, DRILLS AND MARCHES; FAVORITE  
SONG PANTOMIMES; ETC.

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A. FLANAGAN COMPANY  
CHICAGO



## INTRODUCTION

IN THIS book of little plays for little people, we have grouped some of the old favorites with new material. The dramatizations of familiar stories are from those that never become too old to be interesting, either to the children or the public.

The lines and sentiments have been made sufficiently simple to be mastered by children of from six to nine years of age. Little folks are usually good imitators. They love to "dress up" and have a natural instinct for "acting out," which makes it easy to successfully carry out little plays. There is no form of entertainment more pleasing to the general public than where children play the parts of grown-ups.

The stage effects called for by these little plays are all simple, while the costumes are such as can be easily provided. But proper attention must be given to costumes, as very often they have as much part in "making" a play as the sentiment or acting.

With children, as with adults, care must be exercised in giving parts to those who are suited to them, for all have not the same gifts of personation and imitation. A piece can be more easily "killed" by an unwise selection of the characters than in any other way.

Thorough drilling will be required, that everything may go off like clock-work and the children feel perfectly at ease in their parts; otherwise some one may become "rattled" and perhaps cause general disaster. The characters should practice several times with their costumes, that they may become

accustomed to them and not forget their lines because it seems so "funny" to be dressed up.

A good prompter should always be at hand to keep the lines moving, as this not only prevents a break-down but gives the children confidence, and the same prompter should drill with the children as takes the place in the final rendition.

PLAYS AND COMEDIES FOR  
LITTLE FOLKS

PART I

DRAMATIZATIONS OF FAMILIAR STORIES





# RED RIDING HOOD

FOR THREE GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

## CHARACTERS

RED RIDING HOOD	WOLF
MOTHER	HUNTER
GRANDMOTHER	WOODMAN

## COSTUMES

RED RIDING HOOD: Ordinary dress, long red cape and attached hood.

MOTHER: Old style long dress, white apron, hair done up.

GRANDMOTHER: Does not appear on scene.

WOLF: A wolf's head,\* suit of gray or brown cloth, cut loose, with sleeves tapering off at hands so as to look like mittens, hiding the hands completely; the legs are cut with feet to them. Stuff suit wherever needed.

HUNTER: Leggins over trousers; hat or cap; big shoes; gun over shoulder.

WOODMAN: Dresses as above, except that he wears straw or felt hat, and carries an axe (made of wood or pasteboard, covered with silver paper).

## Scene I—Red Riding Hood's Home

PLAIN room, with only a chair and small table, the basket for Red Riding Hood resting on the latter.

*Discovered, MOTHER, sitting by the table and looking up from her sewing as RED RIDING HOOD enters.*

\* MAY be secured from publishers of this book, price, 50 cents, postpaid.

MOTHER. Little Red Riding Hood, should you like to visit grandmother this morning?

RED RIDING HOOD. Yes, mother dear, I shall be glad to go.

MOTHER. I knew you would. Here are some cakes and butter in the basket. Your grandmother is ill. You may go to see her and take them with you.

RED RIDING HOOD. And may I wear my new cloak, mother? And my red hood—the one that grandmother gave me?

MOTHER. [*Helping RED RIDING HOOD on with her cloak and hood.*] Yes, here they are, my dear. And here's the basket. [*Puts basket on her arm.*] Now, do not stop to play on the way and do not talk to anybody. Give my love to grandma and say I hope she is feeling better.

RED RIDING HOOD. I will remember. Goodby, dear mother.

MOTHER. [*Kissing her.*] Goodby, little Red Riding Hood. Be sure to come back before dark. [*Exit RED RIDING HOOD.*]

#### CURTAIN

### Scene II—In the Woods

A WOOD. A painted curtain, or a few green plants and flowers placed about the stage will answer.

*Discovered, RED RIDING HOOD, at one side of stage.*

RED RIDING HOOD. What pretty flowers are growing here! I will pick some to take to grandmother. [*Sets basket down and picks flowers.*]

[*The WOLF comes on stage from opposite side and walks toward RED RIDING HOOD. She is busily engaged picking flowers and does not see him until he has walked around her. As she looks up and finds him there, she gives a startled cry.*]

WOLF. Do not be afraid, little Red Riding Hood. I was just waiting to see you. How are you to-day, and where are you going?

[RED RIDING HOOD *appears so surprised that she cannot answer. She stands looking at WOLF.*]

WOLF. [*Again.*] Where are you going this fine day, I say?

RED RIDING HOOD. I am going to my grandmother's. She is ill, and I am taking her these cakes and butter.

WOLF. Your grandmother must be very proud of such a lovely little granddaughter. And where does your grandma live, Red Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD. In the yellow cottage on the other side of the wood.

WOLF. I am going to your grandmother's, too. You go the short way, and I will go the long way, and we will see who gets there first.

[*They pass off stage on opposite sides, RED RIDING HOOD stooping to pick a flower here and there as she slowly walks off.*]

CURTAIN

### Scene III—At Her Grandmother's

PLAIN room—half of stage—the same as in Scene I, with couch with pillows and white coverlet added. The other half of stage (the two may be separated by a curtain) represents the outside of the Grandmother's cottage, where the Wolf can come onto stage and knock. (The inside of the room is not exposed to view until after Red Riding Hood enters, as indicated elsewhere.)

WOLF. [*Enters.*] I have had nothing to eat for two days and I am very hungry. I guess I got here first. [*Looks around and laughs. Knocks on the door.*]

GRANDMOTHER. [*Calls from within.*] Who is it?

WOLF. [*In a soft voice.*] It is your little Red Riding Hood.

GRANDMOTHER. [*Calls.*] Pull the string and the latch will fly up. [*WOLF enters room back of curtain. The GRANDMOTHER gives several screams, then all is still. WOLF puts on a white ruffled nightcap and spectacles and gets into bed on the couch.*]

*Enter RED RIDING HOOD at end of stage and knocks.*

WOLF. Who is there?

RED RIDING HOOD. Little Red Riding Hood.

WOLF. Pull the string and the latch will fly up.

RED RIDING HOOD. How gruff dear grandmother's voice is! I suppose it is because she is ill. [*Enters the room and as she does so the curtain is drawn, revealing the WOLF in bed.*] Good morning, dear grandmother. I hope you are better. I have brought you a pat of butter and a fresh loaf.

WOLF. Set your basket on the table. Take off your hood and sit beside the bed.

[*RED RIDING HOOD does as she is bid. She sits looking at the WOLF as though afraid, seeming to understand that something is the matter with her GRANDMOTHER, although she recognizes the cap and spectacles.*]

RED RIDING HOOD. [*After the pause.*] Why, grandmother, what big ears you have!

WOLF. The better to hear what you say, my dear.

RED RIDING HOOD. And, grandmother, what big eyes you have!

WOLF. The better to see you, my dear.

RED RIDING HOOD. But, what long arms you have, grandmother.

WOLF. The better to hug you, my dear.

RED RIDING HOOD. But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!

WOLF. The better to eat you up!

[WOLF sits up in bed and grabs for RED RIDING HOOD. She gives a loud scream and at that instant the WOODMAN and HUNTER rush in. RED RIDING HOOD drops upon the floor in a faint.]

WOODMAN. [Picks up RED RIDING HOOD and holds her in his arms.] Little Red Riding Hood is not hurt, she is only frightened. Do not let the wolf get away.

HUNTER. I will take him out and cut his head off. [He has a tussle with the wolf and drags him out of bed.] Come on, sir, you are going to be killed before you can play any more of your terrible pranks. [He drags the WOLF from the room.]

WOODMAN. [Lays RED RIDING HOOD on the bed.] There, there, little Red Riding Hood, you will be all right in a few minutes. I guess we got here just in time to save your life.

*Re-enter* HUNTER.

RED RIDING HOOD. [Sits up.] Oh, is he killed—the wolf?

WOODMAN. Yes, Red Riding Hood. He will never do any more mischief. Now we will take you home lest your mother be frightened. [They pass from stage, one on either side of RED RIDING HOOD.]

CURTAIN

# THE THREE BEARS

FOR FOUR BOYS AND THREE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

PAPA BEAR, *a large boy*  
MAMA BEAR, *smaller than Father Bear*  
BABY BEAR, *a small boy*  
GOLDIE LOCKS, *a small girl*  
GOLDIE'S MOTHER, *a larger girl*  
GOLDIE'S FATHER, *a large boy*  
GOLDIE'S BROTHER, *a middle-sized boy*

## COSTUMES

THE Three Bears wear bear masks if possible. If these cannot be obtained, then make masks of stiff paper with long, pointed noses and cover with brown canton flannel. Over the back of head wear a hood of brown canton flannel and wear gloves made of the same material. Baby Bear also wears long stockings, made of the same material, and no shoes. Father Bear wears wide trousers of bright colored calico, a dark shirt, and a sack coat of bright calico. He must be padded to make him look large and fat; wears large shoes, a big necktie and a stiff hat, tied to keep it in place, and which he keeps on all the time.

Mother Bear wears a large bright-colored wrapper, floor length, a big apron, and a full ruffled cap of bright color. Baby Bear wears short, tight little trousers, a ruffled waist of some bright color and a little cap. Mother Bear must also be padded to make her look very fat, but Baby Bear is to be made to look as tiny as possible.

Goldie Locks wears a short, bright-colored dress, hair hanging and tied with bright ribbons. Her mother has hair done up, and wears long dress and an apron. The father and brother wear leggins, belted jackets, felt hats, and each carries a gun. The father should be a taller boy than the brother.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

HANG a curtain on wire across the stage a few feet back from front, leaving space in front of curtain for an out-of-doors scene, and space behind the curtain for the Bears' home. Use a screen, or hang a small curtain to divide the space back of curtain into two rooms. The larger room has a small table with three bowls upon it, and three chairs, two large straight ones, and a little rocking chair at the other end of room from the table. The smaller room has three beds made of quilts down upon the floor.

## Scene I—Out-of-Doors at Goldie Locks' Home

*Discovered, GOLDIE LOCKS, sitting on ground, playing with a doll.*

GOLDIE LOCKS. [*Talks to her dolly.*] Now, Annabel, let's play go down town and buy some candy.

*Enter GOLDIE LOCKS' MOTHER.*

MOTHER. Little Goldie Locks, can you go and bring the cows home from the woods? Your father and the boys are so busy felling trees in the forest that I am sure they will be glad to have you bring the cows home for them.

GOLDIE LOCKS. [*Rising.*] Yes, mother dear, I will bring them home.

MOTHER. But do not stray away from the path or wander far into the woods, because you might get lost or meet with some wild animals.

GOLDIE LOCKS. All right, mother.

MOTHER. And come back as soon as you can, so I shall not worry about you, my dear.

GOLDIE LOCKS. I will, mother. You take my dolly into the house for me. [*Gives doll to her MOTHER.*] Good-by. [*Waves her hand and throws a kiss to her MOTHER as she goes off stage.*]

MOTHER. Good-by, Goldie Locks. [*Waves her hand. GOLDIE LOCKS goes off at one side of stage and her MOTHER goes off at the other.*]

CURTAIN

### Scene II—At the Bears' Home

THE curtain is drawn, revealing the three Bears standing about the table.

PAPA BEAR. Ugh! woof, woof, wow. This porridge is so hot that it burnt my mouth! Shame on you, Mama Bear, to give me porridge that cooks my throat!

BABY BEAR. Oh, I burned my mouth clear down to my tummy!

MAMA BEAR. I am very sorry. We will have to let it cool.

PAPA BEAR. We will go out for a little walk in the woods while the porridge cools.

BABY BEAR. [*Dances around.*] I want to go for a walk.

MAMA BEAR. All right, that will be nice. Let us go at once.

BABY BEAR. Take hold of my hands. [*PAPA BEAR takes one of his hands, MAMA BEAR the other, and they pass from stage.*]

### Scene III—The Same

*Enter GOLDIE LOCKS*

GOLDIE LOCKS. I wonder who lives here. I am lost and perhaps they can tell me the way home. [*Looks around, finds porridge.*] Oh, how good this porridge smells! I am very hungry. I'll just taste a little bit. [*She tastes of PAPA BEAR'S porridge and makes a face.*] Oh, this is too strong!



[*Tastes of MAMA BEAR'S porridge.*] This is better, but it is a bit too salty. [*Tastes of BABY BEAR'S porridge.*] Oh, this is just right! [*Eats it all up.*] Now I am not hungry. [*Looks around and goes over to the chairs.*] These chairs look comfortable. I'll just rest a few minutes. [*Sits down in PAPA BEAR'S chair for a moment, then gets up.*] Oh, this one is too big, and stiff, and hard. [*Sits in MAMA BEAR'S chair and then gets up again.*] This one is better, but it is too straight. [*Sits in BABY BEAR'S chair.*] Oh, this one is just as soft and easy as it can be. [*She rocks back and forth for a few moments, then slides out of chair, down onto the floor, tipping chair over as she does so.*] Oh, it broke! That is too bad. [*Looks around.*] I wonder where that door goes to. [*She passes back of screen and goes into the smaller room.*] My, how nice these beds look! I am very tired. I guess I must have walked 'bout a hundred miles, trying to find the cows. I'll lie down just a few minutes. [*Lies down on PAPA BEAR'S bed.*] Oh, this bed is just as hard as it can be! [*Lies on MAMA BEAR'S bed.*] This one is better, but it is hard, too. [*Lies on BABY BEAR'S bed.*] Oh, this is just as soft and cozy as a feather bed! [*Shuts eyes and goes to sleep.*]

*Enter the THREE BEARS into larger room*

MAMA BEAR. Now we must eat our porridge or it will soon be too cold.

BABY BEAR. Oh, I'm hungry! [*Feels of his stomach.*]

PAPA BEAR. [*Tastes of his porridge.*] Somebody has been tasting my porridge.

MAMA BEAR. [*Tastes of her porridge.*] Somebody has been tasting my porridge.

BABY BEAR. [*Cries.*] Oh, somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has eaten it all up!

MAMA BEAR. Never mind, you shall have some more. Don't cry. [*She gets more porridge and puts it in his dish.*]

PAPA BEAR. This is good.

MAMA BEAR. Mine is good, too.

BABY BEAR. Mine is, too. [*They all eat, standing at the table, and smacking lips audibly.*]

PAPA BEAR. Now let us sit down and rest.

MAMA BEAR. I am tired.

BABY BEAR. I am tired, too. [*They go over to where the chairs are.*]

PAPA BEAR. [*Sits in his chair.*] Somebody has been sitting in my chair.

MAMA BEAR. [*Sits in her chair.*] Somebody has been sitting in my chair.

BABY BEAR. [*Cries loudly.*] Oh, boo-hoo-hoo, somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it, too. Boo-hoo-hoo!

PAPA BEAR. [*Rises.*] Never mind, I'll fix it for you. [*He picks up chair, gives it a few whacks, pretending to fix it, then sets it down.*] Now it is mended. [*They all sit and rest, BABY BEAR rocking himself back and forth rapidly.*]

MAMA BEAR. [*After a pause, yawning.*] I think it is time to go to bed. I feel sleepy.

PAPA BEAR. Yes, I feel sleepy, too.

BABY BEAR. And so do I. [*They pass back of the screen into the other room.*]

PAPA BEAR. Somebody has been lying in my bed and has mussed it all up.

MAMA BEAR. Somebody has been lying on my bed, too, and has mussed it up.

BABY BEAR. [*Clapping hands.*] Somebody has been lying in my bed, too, and here she is.

MAMA BEAR. [*Looks at GOLDIE LOCKS.*] Isn't she sweet? She looks like a little angel, with hair of gold.

PAPA BEAR. [*Smacks his lips.*] She will make good porridge.

BABY BEAR. Oh, I want her to play with.

GOLDIE LOCKS. [*Sits up quickly.*] Oh, oh, oh, don't kill me! [*She jumps up and runs quickly off the stage.*]

PAPA BEAR. I wanted her for porridge.

BABY BEAR. Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! I wanted her to play with.

*Enter FATHER and BROTHER in other room*

FATHER. [*Calls.*] Hello! Hello! Is there any one at home? [*BEARS run out into other room.*] What! Bears! [*Points his gun at them.*]

PAPA BEAR. Don't shoot! We won't hurt you. [*BABY BEAR hides behind his mother.*]

FATHER. Have you seen anything of my little girl, Goldie Locks? She went after the cows and must have lost her way in the woods.

BROTHER. [*Raises his gun.*] If you ate her up I am going to kill all of you.

PAPA BEAR. We didn't eat her. She went to sleep on our bed.

FATHER. [*Raises his gun.*] Are you sure you did no harm to her?

MAMA BEAR. No, no, we didn't hurt her. She left about two minutes ago. You will find her running down the road.

BABY BEAR. She *sleeped* on my little bed.

FATHER. All right, we'll go and find her. Thank you.

[*FATHER and BROTHER hurry out.*]

CURTAIN

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

FOR FOUR GIRLS AND TWO BOYS

## CHARACTERS

BEAUTY	} <i>the Merchant's</i> <i>daughters</i>	MERCHANT
ALMIRA		THE FAIRY
ELVIRA		THE BEAST

## COSTUMES

THE two sisters wear hair done up in stylish manner and have fancy dresses of light color, floor length. In the first scene Beauty wears a plain white dress, floor length; in Scene II she wears a colored work dress; in the last scenes she wears a very fancy dress of pretty color. Beauty must be a very pretty child who will dress to look quite charming. The merchant wears business suit in first scene. In the other scenes he wears a cape and a turned-up felt hat. The Beast has a suit made of dark canton flannel that covers body, hands, and feet, with a hood over back of head, and wears a beast's false face. In the last scene, as the prince, he dresses in short trousers of light color, long stockings, slippers, a ruffled shirt-front and a fancy coat of some bright-colored sateen or cambric.

## Scene I—The Merchant's Failure—On the Lawn

STAGE may be arranged to represent out-of-doors or it may merely be bare.

*Discovered, BEAUTY and her SISTERS*

ALMIRA. I wish father would come. I need some money.

ELVIRA. Do not get all he has. I must have some for a new dress.

BEAUTY. Father is coming now. [*She goes forward to meet him.*]

*Enter the MERCHANT*

ALMIRA. What is the matter, father? Why do you look so downcast?

ELVIRA. I hope you haven't bad news. I hate troubles.

MERCHANT. Oh, my children, I have just received word that my fortune has been swept away. We are ruined. [*Covers face with hands and groans.*]

ALMIRA. How dreadful! You might have been more careful.

ELVIRA. I should say so! What will we do for fine clothes now?

BEAUTY. [*Puts hand on FATHER'S shoulder.*] Do not grieve, dear father. We shall manage somehow.

MERCHANT. We must move into a small cottage in the country, where I can work.

ALMIRA. I will not move into the stupid country!

ELVIRA. I will not work and wear poor clothes!

BEAUTY. I will work for you, father dear. I am sure we can get along.

ALMIRA. What a poor-spirited girl you are, Beauty, to be content to take up such a dreadful life.

ELVIRA. You might at least consider my feelings.

BEAUTY. Dear sisters, all the crying in the world will not bring our fortune back. We may as well make the best of things and help father.

MERCHANT. [*Sadly.*] Alas, alas! that I have brought such trouble upon my family. [*Weeps.* BEAUTY comforts him. *The Two SISTERS look very angry.*]

CURTAIN

## Scene II—A Year Later

STAGE is meagerly furnished as a living-room.

*Discovered, the MERCHANT and the TWO SISTERS*

MERCHANT. I wonder where Beauty is. I want her to read to me.

*Enter BEAUTY with a letter*

BEAUTY. My work is all done. I arose early and made the fires, cleaned up the house, got breakfast, did the baking, and mended my sisters' clothes.

MERCHANT. My poor child, you work too hard. I wish your sisters would help you.

ALMIRA. Indeed, I'll not work! It is bad enough to live in this place without working.

ELVIRA. Those who are suited to such labor can do it, but not I.

BEAUTY. Father, I have brought you a letter.

MERCHANT. [*Takes letter from her hand and reads it.*] Oh, daughters, one of my ships I supposed was lost is found. We may have some money after all. I must go to the city at once to see about it. [*Rises. BEAUTY brings his cape and hat, which he puts on.*]

ALMIRA. Oh, now we can move back to town!

ELVIRA. And have lots of fine clothes.

MERCHANT. I hope so, my daughters.

ALMIRA. Father, bring me some new silk dresses and a string of fine pearls.

ELVIRA. And bring me some diamonds, a satin gown and a velvet coat.

MERCHANT. And what shall I bring you, Beauty?

BEAUTY. Why, since you ask me, dear father, I should like you to bring me a rose, for no roses grow here.

MERCHANT. Now I must start on my journey. [*The girls stand around him.*]

CURTAIN

### Scene III—At the Beast's Home

THE back of stage is arranged as a fine room, with a small table, on which are dishes and food. There are books, an easy chair, etc. At one corner, near front, are fastened some rose twigs with artificial roses on them.

*Discovered, the MERCHANT*

MERCHANT. Alas! my bad luck! Some men went to law about my ship and I am as poor now as when I left home. I was lost in the forest and nearly died of cold and hunger before I found my way here. I have seen no one since I came last night, but as supper was on the table, after I had warmed me I ate a good meal. Then I found a bed and had a fine rest. Now I must go home. [*Goes by circuitous way down to rose bush.*] Oh, I must pick one of these roses to take to Beauty! [*Picks a rose. A great roar is heard off stage.*]

*Enter the BEAST*

BEAST. Ungrateful man! Is this the way you reward me? I saved your life by letting you eat and sleep in my house, and now you steal the roses that I love more than anything else. You shall pay for this with your life.

MERCHANT. [*Kneels.*] Forgive me, my lord. I did not think that you would care if I picked a few roses. I wanted to take them to my daughter, who asked me to bring her a rose.

BEAST. I am not a lord. I am a beast. Do not flatter me. But I will forgive you if one of your daughters will come here and die in your stead. Should she refuse, you must return in three months.

MERCHANT. [*Sorrowfully.*] Thank you, kind Beast. I will return. [*Exit, very sadly.*]

CURTAIN

### Scene IV—The Merchant's Return

IF POSSIBLE, leave back of stage arranged as for Beast's home. Have a curtain in front of it, and in front of the curtain have a plain table and some chairs.

*Discovered, BEAUTY and her SISTERS*

ALMIRA. I wish father would come with my fine dresses.

ELVIRA. I can scarcely wait till we go back to the city and can attend the balls again.

*Enter MERCHANT*

BEAUTY. Oh, dear father, how glad I am to see you. [*Puts arms around him.*]

ALMIRA. Did you buy all my fine things?

ELVIRA. Can we move to town right away?

MERCHANT. [*Weeps.*] Oh, my poor children, my poor children!

ALMIRA. I don't believe he brought us a thing!

ELVIRA. Oh, how terrible!

BEAUTY. What is the trouble, dear father? Tell us about it.

MERCHANT. Alas! I spent the night in the palace of a Beast, and because I plucked a rose to bring to Beauty he is going to put me to death in three months. [*Weeps.*]

BEAUTY. Oh, no, no! Is there no way of escape?

MERCHANT. Not unless I send one of my daughters to die for me.

ALMIRA. Die for you? Oh, not I!



ELVIRA. Indeed, nor will I! If Beauty had not asked for the rose, our poor father would not have to die.

BEAUTY. Do not weep, father. I will die for you. I am not afraid. I will go to the Beast and you shall be saved.

MERCHANT. No, no! I cannot let you. I'll die when the time comes.

BEAUTY. He may as well kill me as have me die of grief for you. I will go, so say no more.

## CURTAIN

## Scene V—Beauty Meets the Beast

SCENE, at the Beast's home, as before.

*Enter MERCHANT and BEAUTY*

MERCHANT. Here we are, Beauty. [*A roar is heard.*] The Beast is coming.

*Enter the BEAST*

BEAST. So you have come back to die?

MERCHANT. Yes, I am ready.

BEAUTY. He is not to die. I am going to die in his place.

BEAST. Did you come of your own free will?

BEAUTY. Yes, Beast.

BEAST. Then I am obliged to you for your kindness. [*Turning to the FATHER.*] As for you, go home to-morrow and never let me see you here again.

MERCHANT. Oh, I cannot leave my Beauty here!

BEAUTY. Yes, father dear, you must do as Beast says. Come. [*She leads him from stage, weeping. BEAST follows them off.*]

*BEAUTY re-enters*

BEAUTY. [*Looks about.*] This is a beautiful place. Per-

haps the Beast will not kill me right away. [*Picks up a book.*] Oh, what a pretty book! I wonder what is written here. [*Reads aloud*]

“Beauteous lady, dry your tears,  
Here’s no cause for sighs or fears;  
Command as freely as you may,  
For you command and I obey.”

I think the Beast means to be kind to me. I shall try to be happy.

*Enter the BEAST*

BEAST. Do you mind if I visit with you while you eat, Beauty?

BEAUTY. [*Rather uneasily and in a trembling voice.*] No-o, —not if you wish to do so. [*She sits at table and eats.*] BEAST sits in easy chair.]

BEAST. [*After a pause.*] Do you think me very ugly, Beauty?

BEAUTY. [*Speaking slowly and with hesitation.*] Yes, but I think you are very good.

BEAST. I am very stupid, too. I am but a beast.

BEAUTY. No, you are not stupid, for stupid people never know they are stupid.

BEAST. Thank you, Beauty.

BEAUTY. You are so good that I almost forget you are ugly-looking.

BEAST. Beauty, will you marry me?

BEAUTY. [*Sadly.*] No, Beast, I cannot.

BEAST. [*Sadly.*] Good-night, Beauty. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

## Scene VI—Three Months Later

ROOM as in previous scene.

*Discovered, BEAUTY*

BEAUTY. I have been here three months, and the weeks have been quite happy ones. The Beast is very kind to me.

*Enter the BEAST*

BEAST. Have you spent a pleasant day, Beauty?

BEAUTY. Very pleasant, thank you, Beast.

BEAST. Will you marry me, Beauty?

BEAUTY. No, Beast. You have asked me that every day since I came. It makes me sad to refuse you, but I cannot marry you. Please do not ask me again. I will always be your friend.

BEAST. [*Sadly.*] Oh, if I were not so ugly-looking! But, promise me you will never leave me.

BEAUTY. Alas, if I could but see my father first! I fear he is dying of sorrow for me. Let me visit him, I pray you.

BEAST. If I let you go home for a week's visit will you come back again, Beauty?

BEAUTY. I promise you that I will come back in a week.

BEAST. Very well, you may go. But if you do not come back your poor Beast will die of grief.

CURTAIN

## Scene VII—Beauty's Return

BEAST'S home, as before.

*Discovered, BEAUTY*

BEAUTY. I have just returned from my visit. I stayed more than a week, because my sisters begged me to remain with

them. I wonder where Beast is. I hope he does not care because I broke my promise to him. [*Calls.*] Beast! Beast! I wonder where he can be. [*Comes down to front of stage by a circuitous route. At one corner of front have a couple of chairs covered with green cloth and branches of trees fastened to them, in imitation of a clump of bushes. Behind this bush the BEAST lies concealed, wearing his costume as the PRINCE.*] Oh, there is Beast upon the ground. He looks as if he were dying. [*Hurries over to the bush, standing beside it.*] Why, Beast, what is the matter? Are you sick?

BEAST. You did not keep your promise, Beauty. I was so sad to think that I had lost you that I could not eat. Now that you have come, I can die in peace.

BEAUTY. No, dear Beast, you shall not die. I have come back.

BEAST. But you do not love me. I wish to die.

BEAUTY. [*Kneeling beside the bush.*] Yes, I love you. You shall live to be my husband. [*Rises.*]

BEAST. [*Rises and comes from behind bush as the PRINCE.*] Oh, dear Beauty, how can I thank you?

BEAUTY. [*Astonished.*] But where is my poor Beast?

PRINCE. You see him before you. A bad fairy said that I should keep the form of a beast until some fair maiden was found who would love me in spite of my ugliness and ignorance. You alone, dear Beauty, judged me neither by my looks nor my talents, but by my heart. Take it then, and all that I have besides, for it is yours. [*He offers her his arm and they walk to back of stage.*]

*Enter the FAIRY, dressed in white, and the TWO SISTERS*

FAIRY. Beauty, you have chosen well, and yours is the reward, for a true heart is better than either good looks or clever brains. You shall be happy and honored all your life and

never want for any desire of your heart. The Prince and your father will ever be with you. [*To the SISTERS.*] As for you, ladies, I know of your ill deeds, your unkind words, and your years of selfishness. You shall be punished for it all by having to look continually upon the happiness of your sister, Beauty. You shall stand as statues at the door of her palace until you have amended your faults, when you may resume your natural state. Yet I fear for you—you may remain statues forever. Farewell, Beauty, the Prince and his palace are yours. You need no greater fortune.

CURTAIN

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

FOR ELEVEN GIRLS AND FOUR BOYS

## CHARACTERS

THE KING

THE QUEEN

PRINCESS ROSE, } *their daughter,*  
                  } *the Sleeping Beauty*

THE OLD WOMAN

THE PRINCE

THE SEVEN GOOD FAIRIES

THE BAD FAIRY

THE PAGE

A WORKINGMAN

## Act I—The King's Palace

THE King and Queen are seated upon their throne. Let back of the throne be hung with a dark curtain, behind which the Seventh Good Fairy can hide. At the center of stage is a small crib, fancifully trimmed, in which is a large doll. The seven Good Fairies should be dressed in white, hair flowing and fastened with white ribbon bands, and wear white paper or thin cloth wings. The Bad Fairy is dressed in black with a tall, peaked hat and face marked with black lines. For the golden plates use paper plates that have been covered with gilt paper. The page is a small boy, wearing short trousers, long stockings, slippers, a belted jacket and large white collar.

*Discovered,* KING AND QUEEN.

KING. Good Queen, we should be very happy to-day. For years our hearts were grieved because we had no child. Our royal home was desolate, and we envied our poor subjects their happy children. But now Fate has been kind to us and we rejoice over a beautiful baby daughter, the fairest little princess in the land.

QUEEN. Yes, dear King, we are greatly blessed and our happiness is complete. Ah, here come our visitors.

*Enter* SEVEN GOOD FAIRIES.

KING. Welcome, Fairies. Come with thy charms to the

palace of the King, but we pray thee only happy enchantment to bring.

QUEEN. Welcome, dear Fairies. We have invited you to the feast in honor of our dear little princess. We know you will love her. [FAIRIES *all bow low.*]

KING. Come, look at her as she lies asleep in her little crib. We have named her Rose. She is so like a little flower. [FAIRIES *gather around crib.*]

FIRST FAIRY. Oh, how sweet.

SECOND FAIRY. Isn't she cunning?

THIRD FAIRY. What a dear little mouth!

FOURTH FAIRY. The little precious thing!

FAIRIES. [*March around crib and sing:*]

Tune: *May.\**

The Fairies come with footsteps light,  
The Princess Rose to greet;  
Good wishes bring and omens bright,  
To make her life complete.

*Chorus:*

We come, we come, we come with merry greeting;  
We come, we come, the Princess fair to meet.

QUEEN. Thank you, kind Fairies. And now let us sit down and enjoy our feast. I have a little surprise for each of you—a solid gold plate, beautifully engraved, in honor of the occasion.

[*The FAIRIES sit, part on each side of KING and QUEEN. Enter PAGE with gold plates. He gives one to each FAIRY.*]

FAIRIES. Oh, how beautiful! [*Exit PAGE.*]

\* IN GEMS OF SONG, price, 35 cents, postpaid.

KING. You must keep them to remember our little Rose by.

FAIRIES. Thank you, good King and Queen.

*Re-enter PAGE with cake, which he passes to FAIRIES.*

QUEEN. You must eat in honor of our fair Rose's christening. [*Exit PAGE.*]

*Enter BAD FAIRY.*

BAD FAIRY. What does this mean? Why was not I, the oldest fairy in the kingdom, invited to this feast? Why am I slighted?

KING. Indeed, Fairy, no slight was intended. It is so many years since we have heard of you that we supposed you were dead or no longer in the kingdom.

QUEEN. We certainly should have invited you if we had known you were here.

BAD FAIRY. Where is my gold plate? You must give me one.

QUEEN. I am very sorry, but there is none for you. I ordered only seven made, as I supposed there were but seven fairies in the kingdom. Do not be angry, because it is all a mistake.

BAD FAIRY. Never in my life have I been so ill-used or insulted. I shall bring sorrow upon your royal household to pay for this. [*She sits down by herself, muttering and shaking her head. ONE OF THE GOOD FAIRIES rises and softly hides behind the throne.*]

FIRST FAIRY. Come, let us each give the dear little Princess Rose a gift in honor of her christening. [*SIX GOOD FAIRIES stand around the crib.*]

FIRST FAIRY. [*Waves her wand.*] You shall be as beautiful as a flower.



SECOND FAIRY. [*Waves her wand.*] You shall be kind and gracious to every one.

THIRD FAIRY. You shall be very wise and talented.

FOURTH FAIRY. Every one shall admire and love you.

FIFTH FAIRY. You shall never be sick or in want.

SIXTH FAIRY. You shall sing as sweetly as a bird.

BAD FAIRY. [*Comes forward and shakes her head wickedly.*] I, too, have a gift to bestow upon this child. I shall teach kings and queens to slight as noted a fairy as I am. My gift is this: On the day the princess is sixteen years old, she will pierce her finger upon a spindle and die of the wound. She shall die—die—die! Ha, ha, ha! [*Vanishes from stage.*]

QUEEN. Oh, oh, my darling little Rose! Oh, King, what shall we do?

KING. Alas, alas! I do not know. Kind Fairies, can you not help us? Can you not remove this curse?

SEVENTH FAIRY. [*Steps from behind the throne.*] Be of good cheer, King and Queen. Your daughter shall not so die. I feared the old fairy meant to work you ill, so I hid behind the throne. While I have not the power to entirely undo what my elder has done, I can change the bad fairy's gift. You dear child shall not die when she is sixteen and pierces her finger upon the spindle, but she, and all with her in the palace, shall fall into a deep sleep. The sleep shall last a hundred years. At the end of that time a king's son will come to wake the princess, and with her all will awake. Be comforted and do not grieve. [*The FAIRIES pass out.*]

QUEEN. Ah me, ah, what sorrow! [*Weeps.*]

KING. Take heart, dear Queen. No harm shall come to our child, nor shall we have to sleep a hundred years, for I shall see that every spindle in the kingdom is destroyed and none is left to pierce the Princess Rose.

QUEEN. A happy thought! See that it is carried out,  
King. [*Exeunt.*]

## CURTAIN

## Act II—Sixteen Years Later

## SCENE I

DIVIDE the back of stage into two rooms by hanging a curtain or placing a screen between them. The larger room is arranged as a parlor with easy chairs, etc., the other as a plain room where an old woman sits sewing. The King and Queen sit in the parlor reading.

*Enter the PRINCESS ROSE, charmingly dressed.*

QUEEN. [*Rising.*] Good morning, my darling. How are you upon your birthday?

ROSE. Very well, dear mother, and very happy.

KING. [*Rising.*] Many happy returns of the day, dear daughter. Here is a little present for you. [*Gives her a small box.*]

ROSE. [*Opening the box.*] Oh, a beautiful watch, set with diamonds! What a lovely gift, and just what I wished. I cannot thank you enough, dear father and mother. I am so pleased I must go and show it to my friends. [*Exit.*]

QUEEN. [*Sadly.*] Oh, King, she is sixteen to-day. Do you remember? What if anything should happen!

KING. Nothing can happen, my dear. Every spindle was destroyed. Do not worry.

QUEEN. [*Sighing.*] I cannot help feeling very anxious.

## SCENE II

*The BAD FAIRY enters the room of the OLD WOMAN.*

BAD FAIRY. Good dame, where is your spinning wheel? Do you never use it?

OLD WOMAN. I have not used it for years—not since the king had all the spindles in the kingdom destroyed. It is put away in another room. But I have not forgotten how to spin, I assure you.

BAD FAIRY. Well, I have brought you a spindle and I want you to get out your wheel and do some spinning for me. Make haste, for I am in a hurry and will soon return. [*Hurries out.*]

OLD WOMAN. [*Looks at the spindle.*] I do not think the king would want me to use this, but I suppose I must obey the fairy.

*Enter ROSE with her box.*

ROSE. Oh, good Huldianna, I have come to show you my beautiful birthday gift. You know I am sixteen to-day. Is this not lovely? [*Exhibits the watch.*]

OLD WOMAN. It is very pretty, dear Princess, and it is a bonnie Rose who is to wear it. I trust you may have many happy returns of this day.

ROSE. Thank you, Huldianna. But what are you doing?

OLD WOMAN. I am about to do some spinning, my pretty child.

ROSE. But what have you in your hand?

OLD WOMAN. It is a spindle, Princess. Do not touch it. [*Tries to put it behind her.*]

ROSE. [*Seizes it.*] I want to see it. Oh, see, I pierced my finger upon it. [*Runs into next room where KING and QUEEN sit reading.*] Oh, mother, I pierced my finger on a spindle and—oh, how sleepy I am! [*Drops upon a couch at one side of room and falls asleep.*]

*Enter BAD FAIRY and dances about.*

BAD FAIRY. Ha, ha, ha! Sleep, my pretty Rose. Sleep,

King and Queen. Thus am I revenged for the slight shown me years ago. Ha, ha! [*Goes from room. KING and QUEEN fall asleep.*]

*Enter the GOOD FAIRIES.*

GOOD FAIRIES. [*Stand around the PRINCESS, wave their wands and sing, to the same tune as before.*]

1. Oh, slumber on in calm repose,  
Let naught disturb thy rest,  
For thou shalt wake as fresh, dear Rose,  
As flowers on thy breast.

*Chorus:*

Sleep on, sleep on, until the Prince shall wake thee;  
Sleep on, sleep on, to waken with a kiss.

2. About the palace there shall grow  
A hedge of roses tall;  
That none thy resting place may know,  
Nor harm may thee befall.

*Chorus, as before.*

[*As the FAIRIES finish the song, they pass slowly from room with heads bowed in sorrow.*]

### Act III—One Hundred Years Later

THE back of the stage should be left as in the last scene, with the Old Woman asleep in one room and the King, Queen and Princess asleep in the other room. In front of these have a curtain with room in front of it to allow of a street scene. At the close of street scene the curtain is drawn and the rooms are revealed.

*Enter the PRINCE.*

PRINCE. [*Looks around him.*] I am in a strange country and know not which way to go. What a queer-looking hedge

yonder. I wonder what it can be or what it hides. Perhaps this stranger can tell me.

*Enter a WORKINGMAN at opposite side of stage.*

PRINCE. My good man, can you tell me what that queer-looking hedge is over there? Methinks it is different from anything I have yet seen. Is it a fairy castle or does some great monster live there?

MAN. Prince, more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that there was in that castle, hidden by the thicket, the most beautiful princess ever seen, that she was to sleep for a hundred years, and to be waked at last by a king's son, who was to marry her. Whether this be true or not I cannot say for none dares try to go through the hedge. [*Exit.*]

PRINCE. Ah! I believe my trusty sword will take me through the thicket. Who knows but that I may be the one who is to awaken the fair princess. [*He passes from stage and curtain is drawn.*]

*Enter PRINCE in room of OLD WOMAN.*

PRINCE. Pardon me, madam, but can you tell me where—why, she is fast asleep! [*He passes into room where KING is.*] Ah, I beg your pardon but can you tell me—why he is asleep, also. [*Looks around and sees PRINCESS on couch.*] Oh, what a wonderful sight!—a maiden so fair that she would seem not to belong to this world. [*Goes to her side, gazes at her, then kisses her. PRINCESS sits up, rubs her eyes and smiles at him.*] Oh, beautiful Princess, I love you. I cannot tell you how I love you.

PRINCESS. [*Shyly.*] Have you come, my Prince? I have waited long for you.

PRINCE. [*Takes her hand, helps her up and leads her over to the KING, who wakes up and rubs his eyes, then stares*

*at the PRINCE.*] Your Highness, I have awakened the Sleeping Beauty. Now, I pray you, give her to me. [*Putts his arm around the PRINCESS.*] Tell me that I may make her my wife.

QUEEN. [*Wakes and comes forward.*] I think we may trust our sweet Rose to him, King. He looks as good as he is handsome.

*Enter the GOOD FAIRIES.*

GOOD FAIRIES. [*Dancing gaily about the PRINCE and PRINCESS as they sing, to the tune as before:*]

O, vanish thicket from the wall,  
The hundred years have passed;  
Awaken all within the hall,  
The Prince has come at last.

*Chorus:*

He came, he saw, and loved the charming Princess;  
He came, he saw, and woke her with a kiss.

KING. [*To QUEEN.*] My dear, I am very hungry after my long nap. Let us go and see if dinner is almost ready.

QUEEN. Yes, we will all go. We must have a feast in honor of the good Prince. [*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

# MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FLOCK

FOR TEN BOYS AND TEN GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

SIMPLE SIMON	BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN
BOY BLUE	MOTHER GOOSE
KNAVE OF HEARTS	CROSS PATCH
JACK AND JILL	QUEEN OF HEARTS
HUMPTY DUMPTY	MISTRESS MARY
JACK HORNER	MOTHER HUBBARD
KING COLE	MISS MUFFET
BACHELOR AND HIS WIFE	BO-PEEP
TOMMY TUCKER	RED RIDING HOOD

## COSTUMES

MOTHER GOOSE: High pointed hat, tied under chin with wide strings; tight waist with ruffles; short skirt with a bright overskirt; slippers with large bows; white kerchief about neck.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: White dress, decorated with paper hearts.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Dark suit, decorated with bright hearts.

SIMPLE SIMON: Bright sash about waist and a bright cap or hat.

BO-PEEP: White dress, with pink or blue sash; large hat, trimmed with same color as sash; carries a crook.

HUMPTY DUMPTY: White cap, shaped like top of an egg; high white collar; white shirt front; dark suit; wide white belt.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Long, loose wrapper; large bonnet, shawl, carries cane.

BOY BLUE: Blue collar and large blue tie; blue cap, blue stockings, slippers, light suit.

RED RIDING HOOD: Long red cape with red hood.

MISTRESS MARY: Hair done up on head, fancy gown of bright flowered cloth, floor length.

CROSS PATCH: Black dress or mantle arranged from black shawl, and a black bonnet.

MISS MUFFET: Short, dark dress, over-trimmed with bright yellow.

JILL: Short dress and a large apron.

BACHELOR: Stiff hat, dark suit, large white tie.

BACHELOR'S WIFE: Very stylish outfit, long skirt, etc.

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN: Very ragged suit, hair all tousled.

JACK HORNER: Red cap, red tie, and red sash tied at the side.

KING COLE: Stiff paper crown, covered with gilt paper; large purple cap, trimmed with bands of white on which are sewed splashes of black to represent ermine.

TOMMY TUCKER and JACK: Ordinary suits.

### STAGE ARRANGEMENT

AT CENTER of back have a large chair draped for Mother Goose. On either side of this one have chairs for the others, the number depending upon size of the stage. Have a small box in one corner for Jack Horner to sit on, and other chairs placed along the sides of the stage. If platform is small, some of characters may sit upon the floor on rugs.

*Discovered, MOTHER GOOSE, sitting in her chair.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

Good evening, my friends. I am glad to see you to-day. But I've such a toothache I scarcely know what to say. I've sent for some of my children, thinking that they may, By some good luck or other, help drive the pain away. I'll entertain you somehow till some of them get here. Tho' what I'll say, my tooth aches so, isn't very clear. Perhaps you'd like to have me, to pass away the time, If my tooth will let me, recite a Mother Goose rhyme.

*[She rubs her cheek with handkerchief, then comes forward to near front of stage and recites:]*

Hey diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall;  
While Old Mother Hubbard has gone to the cupboard,



And Bo-Peep can't find her sheep at all.

Simple Simon met a pieman selling pumpkin pies,  
He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his  
eyes.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to get some curds and whey,  
But Mistress Mary is so contrary she frightened Miss Muffet  
away.

[*She stops, makes a face, rubs her cheek, and says:*]

Somehow it seems as if I am not saying this just right, but  
my tooth aches so I can't remember very well.

Once there was a bachelor who lived by himself,  
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts and put them  
on a shelf.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, Cross Patch has  
jumped over the moon;

The Knave of Hearts has stole the tarts,  
And King Cole has run off with the spoon.

Little Timmy Tucker—little Tommy Tucker—

Oh, dear, I just can't remember my piece at all. It is not  
because I have stage fright—it is because my tooth aches so  
bad. I'll start again and maybe I can remember it.

Little Tommy Tucker. [*In loud tone.*] Little Tommy  
Tucker—

[*TOMMY sits down at one side of stage.*]

TOMMY. Were you calling me, Mother Goose? What do  
you wish?

MOTHER GOOSE. I wish you to sing for your supper.

TOMMY. What shall I sing about? Jack and Jill?

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Crossly.*] No, I don't want to hear that.  
Jack and Jill have been going up the hill ever since I can  
remember and I am tired of it.

TOMMY. Shall I sing about Cross Patch?

MOTHER GOOSE. No, I am cross enough myself with this awful toothache.

TOMMY. Shall I sing about Boy Blue?

MOTHER GOOSE. Yes, I guess so. [*She returns to her chair.*]

TOMMY. [*Sings in loud voice.*] Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.

*Enter* BOY BLUE.

BOY BLUE. Who was calling me? Are the cows in the corn again?

TOMMY. [*Crossly.*] Now you have spoiled my song.

BOY BLUE. Well, you spoiled my nap. I was under the haystack fast asleep, and your yelling woke me up.

[*TOMMY sits down at one side of stage.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, my poor tooth! [*Groans.*]

BOY BLUE. I am sorry for you, Mother Goose. [*He runs up and blows his horn very loud in her ear.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Jumps up and slaps him.*] Why did you do that?

BOY BLUE. I wanted to make you forget your toothache.

*Enter* JACK and JILL. [*JACK carries a pail.*]

JILL. What was that terrible noise? Jack and I were just going up the hill to get a pail of water, but that noise frightened us so that Jack fell down and broke his crown—

JACK. And Jill came tumbling after.

BOY BLUE. [*Laughs.*] What became of the water?

JACK. [*Looks in pail.*] Why, it is all gone! Say, Jill, where do you suppose that water went?

JILL. Well, I came tumbling down after you and I sup-

pose the water came tumbling down after me, but I didn't wait to see. [JACK and JILL sit at side of stage.]

*Enter Bo-PEEP, crying.*

BOY BLUE. What is the matter, Bo-Peep? Why do you cry?

MOTHER GOOSE. Have you got the toothache, too? I feel like crying, because *mine* aches so. [Groans.]

Bo-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And don't know where to find them.

JACK AND JILL.

Leave them alone and they'll come home,  
Wagging their tails behind them.

Bo-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamed she heard them bleating;  
But when she awoke it was all a joke—  
Only a dream so fleeting.

[Cries again.]

BOY BLUE. Don't cry, Bo-Peep. The cows are in the corn, too, but I am not worrying over it.

TOMMY TUCKER.

If little Bo-Peep took up her crook,  
Determined she would find them,  
She'd see them standing beside the brook,  
Wagging their tails behind them.

Bo-PEEP. Oh, then, I won't worry about them. [Sits beside TOMMY TUCKER.]

BOY BLUE. Your Baa-baas are all right. [Sits by JACK and JILL.]

*Enter SIMPLE SIMON, with a small pie.*

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, dear, oh dear *me!* [*Puts hands over face.*]

SIMPLE SIMON. What is the matter, Mother Goose? Are you crying for some of my pie?

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Groans.*] Oh, my terrible toothache!

SIMPLE SIMON. Oh, say, eat a piece of my pie. Maybe it will cure your tooth.

OTHERS [*except MOTHER GOOSE*]. Oh, you Simple Simon. How silly!

SIMPLE SIMON. Say, Mother Goose, there is a certain root that if you hold it in your hand it will cure the toothache.

MOTHER GOOSE. What root is that?

SIMPLE SIMON. Why, the root of the tooth that aches.

OTHERS [*except MOTHER GOOSE*]. Oh, you mean Simple Simon, to tease poor Mother Goose.

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Groans.*] It aches just terrible!

BOY BLUE. I'll make you forget it again. [*He runs up and toots again several times in MOTHER GOOSE'S ear. She jumps up and chases him around the stage, boxing his ears, then both sit. SIMPLE SIMON sits up a few seats from MOTHER GOOSE.*]

*Enter MISS MUFFET, with a bowl in her hand.*

SIMPLE SIMON. Hello, Miss Muffet. If you have something good in that dish, I'll trade you some of my pie for it. [*He eats his pie.*]

MISS MUFFET. I came over here to eat my dish of curds and whey, because there came a big spider and sat down beside 'er, and frightened Miss Muffet away.

SIMPLE SIMON. Oh, it is still after you! Here it comes. [*A large spider made of black cloth with long legs of wire is*

*fastened by a rubber cord to a metal ring. Stretch a wire across the stage about six feet above the floor, slipping the ring onto it before it is fastened. Tie a thread to the ring and some one behind the scenes at opposite side of stage can slowly pull the spider onto stage in a very natural way. It must be fixed so it moves toward MISS MUFFET.]*

MISS MUFFET. Oh, oh, oh, please don't let it get me!  
[Screams.]

SIMPLE SIMON. I'll drive it off. [*He and TOMMY TUCKER and BOY BLUE get near it, waving their hands and crying, "Go 'way! Go 'way! Go 'way!" The spider moves slowly back to side from which it came and disappears behind scenes, another thread, tied to ring, being pulled by some one at that side behind the scenes.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. [Groans.] Oh, my, my, my!

MISS MUFFET. Don't be scared now, Mother Goose. It has gone.

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, I wasn't groaning about the spider. It is my tooth.

OTHERS. [*Together.*] *Poor Mother Goose!*

MISS MUFFET. Can't I do something for you, Mother Goose? Have you tried arnica on it? [*She sits close to MOTHER GOOSE, one or two chairs being between them.*]

BOY BLUE. Have you tried oil of cloves?

SIMPLE SIMON. Have you tried laudanum?

JILL. Have you tried hot flannels on your face?

BO-PEEP. Have you tried Pain Killer?

TOMMY TUCKER. Or Radway's Ready Relief?

JACK. Have you put red pepper on it?

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, I've tried seven different things, but nothing helps any. [Groans.]

*Enter HUMPTY DUMPTY.*

HUMPTY DUMPTY. What is the matter, Mother Goose? Why are you groaning? Did you fall off the wall, too? I had such a great fall that all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

JACK. No, poor Mother Goose has the toothache. Can't you help her, Humpty Dumpty?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Well, if she would fall off the wall as hard as I did I think it would make her forget her toothache.

*Enter* CROSS PATCH.

TOMMY TUCKER. Hello, Cross Patch.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Why are you here, Cross Patch? We do not like cross people.

MISS MUFFET. Go 'way, Cross Patch. Go sit by yourself and spin. Take a cup and drink it up and call the neighbors in.

CROSS PATCH. I'll be as cross as I please. I don't like any of you. [*Stamps her foot angrily.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. Here, Cross Patch, you come sit by me. I am as cross as I can be, because my tooth aches so bad, and I am glad you are cross, too. [*CROSS PATCH sits beside MOTHER GOOSE.*]

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Then I'll sit beside you. I, too, am very cross, because I tumbled off the wall and had a great fall. [*He sits on other side of MOTHER GOOSE.*]

*Enter* JACK HORNER.

MISS MUFFET. Why, Jack Horner! I thought you were sitting in the corner. Why did you leave it?

JACK HORNER. I wanted to show you the big plum I found in my Christmas pie.

MISS MUFFET. Well, where is it?

JACK HORNER. Why, it looked so good that I ate it up before I got here.

ALL. Oh, you greedy Jack Horner! Go back to your corner. [JACK goes and sits in the corner.]

*Enter* MISTRESS MARY.

JACK HORNER. Hello, Mistress Mary, quite contrary; how does your garden grow?

JILL. Why are you contrary, Mistress Mary?

MISTRESS MARY. I am not going to tell.

JILL. Well, be contrary, then.

JACK HORNER. How does your garden grow, Mistress Mary?

MISTRESS MARY. I am not going to tell you.

JACK HORNER. All right. Be contrary if you want to.

MOTHER GOOSE. Maybe her tooth aches. Mine makes me feel real contrary, too, it aches so bad. [MISTRESS MARY sits.]

*Enter* MOTHER HUBBARD *with her dog.*

MISTRESS MARY. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.

JACK HORNER. Did she get it?

MISTRESS MARY. I am not going to tell you.

JACK HORNER. Well, be contrary, then.

BO-PEEP. No, when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none. [MOTHER HUBBARD *wipes her eyes.*]

CROSS PATCH. What's the matter, Mother Hubbard? Are you crying because your dog is hungry?

MOTHER HUBBARD. No, but because I am hungry myself. The dog is not the only one who wanted a bone. [She sits.]

SIMPLE SIMON. Here, take some of my pie. [Gives her the plate with what is left of his pie.]

MOTHER HUBBARD. Thank you, Simple Simon. You are not so simple as you look. [*She takes plate and eats pie.*]

*Enter the* BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN.

CROSS PATCH. Well, who in the world are you?

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. I am the man in our town who was so wondrous wise he jumped into the bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes.

MOTHER GOOSE. Mercy! that must have hurt as bad as the toothache.

BO-PEEP. Why, your eyes are not scratched out. You have them all right.

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. Yes, because after I scratched them out, I turned around and then I jumped back in the bramble-bush, and scratched them in again. See?

MISS MUFFET. We see your ragged clothes. Do you think you are going to stay here looking like that?

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. The bramble-bush tore them.

MISS MUFFET. I should think so. You look just horrid.

JACK HORNER. Come over here and sit in the corner with me, and folks won't see you.

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. All right, thank you. [*He sits beside* JACK HORNER.]

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, my terrible toothache! [*Groans.*]

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. Why don't you jump into the bramble-bush and scratch it out?

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, no, that would hurt worse than the ache!

*Enter the* QUEEN *and the* KNAVE OF HEARTS, *the* QUEEN *carrying a small plate with a few tarts on it.*

ALL. Hail to the Queen of Hearts.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Thank you. [*Bows.*] The Queen of



Hearts she made some tarts all on a summer's day. [KNAVE takes plate from her.]

ALL. But the Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts and carried them away. [KNAVE eats the tarts.]

QUEEN. Oh, you wicked Knave! Bring back my tarts.

GIRLS. Shame, you wicked Knave!

BOYS. Give me one, Knave.

KNAVE. [*Comes forward and kneels in front of the QUEEN.*] Oh, Queen, I will give you my heart in exchange for your tarts.

QUEEN. [*Slaps him.*] No, indeed! You are a Knave. Now I shall have to make some more tarts. I brought those to give to Mother Goose.

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Groans.*] Never mind. I could not eat them, my tooth aches so bad.

MOTHER HUBBARD. My dog and I could eat them. He likes tarts as well as he does bones.

*Enter RED RIDING HOOD.*

KNAVE. Well, who is this?

RED RIDING HOOD. I am little Red Riding Hood.

KNAVE. Why, you are not one of Mother Goose's children! Why do you come here?

RED RIDING HOOD. I thought as I was going by I would stop to see if Mother Goose is well.

KNAVE. No, she is not well. She has the toothache. [MOTHER GOOSE groans.]

KNAVE. Are you going to see your grandmother?

RED RIDING HOOD. Why, don't you remember the wolf ate her up? [*Cries.*]

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Don't cry. Tell us about the bad wolf.

RED RIDING HOOD. First he ate grandma up, and then he got in bed with her gown on. [*Cries.*]

CROSS PATCH. And you said, "Why, grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

TOMMY TUCKER. And the wolf said, "The better to see you, my dear."

JILL. And you said, "And, grandmother, what big ears you have!"

JACK. And the wolf said, "The better to hear what you say, my dear."

JACK HORNER. And you said, "Oh, grandmother, what a big nose you have!"

MISS MUFFET. And the wolf said, "The better to smell you, my dear."

BO-PEEP. Then you said, "But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

ALL THE BOYS. And the wolf said, "The better to eat you up!" [*They all growl in a frightful manner.*]

RED RIDING HOOD. [*Putting hands over ears.*] Oh, don't! You make me think the wolf is after me now.

SIMPLE SIMON. And didn't the wolf eat you up?

KNAVE OF HEARTS. No, the wood-chopper rescued her and killed the wolf. [*He and the QUEEN OF HEARTS sit.*]

QUEEN OF HEARTS. It was a very narrow escape. [*RED RIDING HOOD sits.*]

*Enter the BACHELOR and his WIFE, he wheeling her in a barrow.*

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. Here comes a newly wedded couple in their handsome automobile.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. How many miles an hour do you travel?

BACHELOR.

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf;

The rats and the mice they led me such a life,  
I thought I'd go to the city and find me a wife.

BACHELOR'S WIFE. Oh, my sakes! I'm scared to death of rats and mice. I'm going back home to my mother. [*Jumps from wheel-barrow and starts for the side of stage.*]

BACHELOR. [*Catching her and bringing her back to center of stage.*] Well, I guess not, after I bought your ticket out here and have fed you on chocolate creams ever since we first met. I'll furnish you plenty of clubs to kill the rats and mice with.

BACHELOR'S WIFE. Oh, oh, I *won't* kill one! I'm afraid of them.

BOY BLUE. I'll lend you my horn to scare them away with. [*Runs up and blows the horn loudly in her ear.*]

BACHELOR'S WIFE. [*Slapping him.*] You saucy boy!

MOTHER GOOSE. Boy Blue, if you don't behave I'll send you to drive the cows out of the corn. Oh, my poor tooth! [*Groans. The BACHELOR and his WIFE sit.*]

*Enter KING COLE.*

QUEEN OF HEARTS. [*Bowing and smiling.*] How do you do, King Cole? [*Shaking hands with him.*] I'm very glad to see you.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. [*Stepping up to her angrily.*] Here, don't be so nice to him. He isn't the only pebble.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. [*Crossly.*] Go away, you bad tart-stealer. [*They sit.*]

KING COLE. [*Sing-song.*]

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.

[*Dances across the stage and back again.*]  
Won't you have a little dance with me, Mother Goose?

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Groaning.*] Oh, I can't, because of this miserable toothache. You must excuse me, King Cole.

BACHELOR. Say, King Cole, when you call for your pipe, please call for one for me, too. I haven't had a smoke for two days.

BACHELOR'S WIFE. Why, you bad man, I didn't know you smoked. I'm not going to allow you to do any such thing. It's wrong to smoke.

BACHELOR. Oh, pshaw—now, that won't hurt me.

BACHELOR'S WIFE. If you smoke I'll go right home to mother.

BACHELOR. Maybe I can give it up. [*Aside.*] I'll bet I was foolish to get married.

BRAMBLE-BUSH MAN. Any man is. *I'm* never going to get married.

CROSS PATCH. Humph, who would want such a ragged fellow as you?

KING COLE. Mother Goose, I am very sorry about your toothache. I wish you would let me cure it for you. I have some medicine here that will stop the pain, I am sure. It is called Scatibus Quickibus, which is Latin for "Cure it instantly." Won't you try it?

ALL THE OTHERS. Please try it, Mother Goose.

MOTHER GOOSE. All right. [*KING COLE gives her a little bottle and she rubs some medicine on her face and puts some on her tooth.*] Why, it feels better right away.

KING COLE. It's good stuff. [*Looks around the company.*] Really, Mother Goose, it's so long since I've seen your family together that I don't know all of them. [*He stands at center of stage and each one in turn comes to center and bows to him, then takes place in a ring until they are all standing in a circle around him. Each gives an introduction thus: I'm*

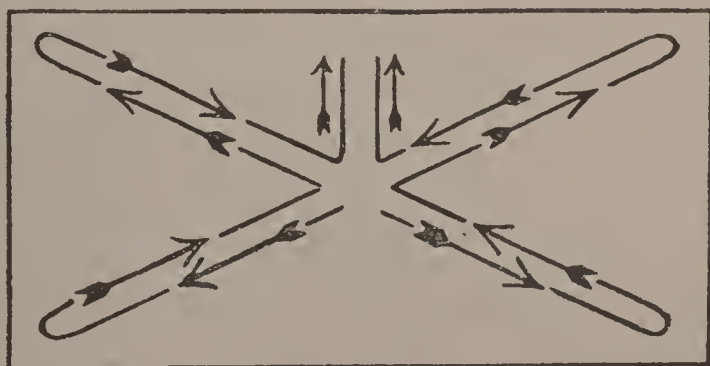
Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard. I am Simple Simon who met the pieman. I am Cross Patch who sits by myself to spin. I am Boy Blue who blows the horn. We are Jack and Jill who went up the hill. I am Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet. I am Humpty Dumpty who sat on the wall, etc. MOTHER GOOSE comes last and says, I am Mother Goose, who has to keep an eye on all these goslings. *She stands in the center, next KING COLE, then he leaves her there alone and takes his place in the circle with the others.*]

ALL. [*Join hands and dance around in a circle and sing:*]

Tune: *Flag of the Free.\**

Good old King Cole, the merry soul,  
 Comes here to dance at our party to-day;  
 Bold young Boy Blue, and Cross Patch, too,  
 With many other fond goslings so gay.  
 Hail to our Mother, good Mother Goose,  
 We'd sing her praise, but what is the use?  
 For her dear name is writ in fame,  
 All the world over, our good Mother Goose.

At the close of the song all stop in a circle, Mother Goose still in the center. Then those at the front open the circle so that Mother Goose can step out, and she leads one line while King Cole leads the other, all the girls following Mother Goose and the boys following King Cole, thus:



FRONT

\* IN GEMS OF SONG, price, 35 cents, postpaid.

As Mother Goose and King Cole meet at the center of the stage, they turn and march together up to the back of stage, the others following in couples. At the back of the stage they arrange quickly in tableau position. The Knave of Hearts, Mother Goose, King Cole and the Queen of Hearts sit in chairs at the back of stage; Mother Hubbard, Simple Simon, Mistress Mary, Bramble-Bush Man, Cross Patch and Tommy Tucker stand in a line behind those who sit; Humpty Dumpty, Miss Muffet, Jack and Jill and Boy Blue kneel in front of those who sit; Bo-Peep, Jack Horner and Red Riding Hood sit on the floor in front of those who kneel; the Bachelor's wife sits in the wheel-barrow at one corner of stage, near the front, and the Bachelor stands beside her. When all are in position, they sing again the song they sang while marching. If desired, bright light\* can be thrown upon scene for a tableau.

#### CURTAIN

\*KNOWN as Tableau Light. May be procured from the publishers of this book. Is put up six candles of one color to a box, and may be had in Red, Green, White, Blue, Gold. Each candle burns long enough for one tableau. Price, per box, 30 cents, prepaid.

# HIAWATHA

FOR EIGHT BOYS AND TWO GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

NOKOMIS	ARROW-MAKER
IAGOO	MINNEHAHA
HIAWATHA*	FAMINE } <i>two guests</i>
MONDAMIN	FEVER }

## Scene I—Hiawatha's Childhood

CHARACTERS: Nokomis, Iagoo, and Hiawatha. The part of Hiawatha in this scene should be taken by as small a boy as can learn the lines.

COSTUMES: Nokomis has black hair, done up in two braids and hanging to the front; face made up a yellowish-brown, with grease paint, and marked with black streaks to make it look wrinkled; moccasins, and a bright blanket. Iagoo, a blanket and a band around his forehead, with some feathers in it. Hiawatha, a suit of tan cambric, the jacket trimmed with fringe cut from the cloth, and fringe down the outside seams of the trousers; a band of red cloth around his forehead.

STAGE SETTING: Wood scene in background. A little back of center of stage have a small wigwam of poles and blankets. In front of the wigwam are spread fur rugs.

*Discovered, NOKOMIS and HIAWATHA sitting on rugs.*

NOKOMIS.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stands our wigwam, Hiawatha.  
Dark behind it is the forest,  
With its black and gloomy pine-trees;  
Bright before it beats the water,

\*THREE or four boys of various sizes are required for this part.

Beats the clear and sunny water,  
Beats the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Here have I, the old Nokomis,  
Nursed you, little Hiawatha,  
Rocked you in your linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes;  
Stilled your fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"  
Lulled thee into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this that lights the wigwam?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

HIAWATHA.

Many wise things thou hast taught me,  
Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed me Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits;  
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows.  
I have heard the whispering pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Seen the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.

NOKOMIS.

Canst thou sing the song of children,  
Sing the little song I taught thee?

HIAWATHA. [*Chanting in a sing-song.*]

"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,



Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
 Light me with your little candle,  
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

NOKOMIS.

Many things the woods have taught thee,  
 Of the birds and all their secrets,  
 How the beavers build their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hide their acorns,  
 How the reindeer run so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit is so timid.

*Enter IAGOO, carrying a bow and some arrows.*

NOKOMIS.

Welcome, Iagoo, story-teller.

HIAWATHA.

Welcome, friend of old Nokomis.

IAGOO.

I bring a bow for Hiawatha.  
 From a branch of ash I made it,  
 From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,  
 And the cord I made of deer-skin.

*[Gives bow to HIAWATHA.]*

Go, my son, into the forest,  
 Where the red deer herd together,  
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!

*[HIAWATHA looks the bow over proudly, then walks slowly off, going by a circuitous path to the farthest corner of the stage, looking at the floor as if searching for tracks. He sits down upon the floor and gazes into the distance.]*

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
 Sing the blue-bird and the robin;  
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
 Laughs the red squirrel from the oak-tree;  
 While the rabbit from his pathway,  
 Says unto the little hunter,  
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"  
 But he neither heeds nor hears them,  
 For his thoughts are with the red deer,  
 And as one in slumber walks he.

HIAWATHA.

Here I'll wait until the deer comes.

[*Excitedly.*]

Now I see two antlers lifted,  
 See two eyes look from the thicket,  
 See two nostrils point to windward.  
 Ah, my heart within me flutters,  
 Like the trembling leaves above me.

[*He rises upon one knee, takes steady aim and shoots an arrow. He looks and listens for an instant, then jumps up excitedly.*]

Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

[*He runs back to NOKOMIS and IAGOO.*]

Dead he lies out in the forest,  
 Beats his timid heart no longer.  
 From the ford across the river,  
 I will bring the red deer homeward.

NOKOMIS.

From the red deer's hide, oh, brave one,  
 I will make a warm cloak for you.

IAGOO.

From the red deer's flesh, oh, hunter,  
 We will hold a banquet for thee;  
 All the village shall be feasted,  
 And call you Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!

CURTAIN

## Scene II—Hiawatha's Fasting

CHARACTERS: Hiawatha, Nokomis, and Mondamin.

COSTUMES: Nokomis, as before. Hiawatha must be a larger boy than the one who took the part in first scene. Quite a tall boy should be chosen for this part. He wears a tan jacket with no sleeves, and has his arms bared to the shoulders; has a blanket about him, but takes it off before his wrestling; tan trousers, trimmed with cloth fringe; wears no feathers, but has a wig (made by sewing very narrow strings of black cloth onto a small circular foundation, which can be made to fit the head by the use of a rubber cord around the edge, and making two braids of hair of the strands of cloth); face made up. Mondamin wears a long, narrow robe of yellow cloth, a ruffle of green about the neck, and a green cap fastened on with rubber cord, the cap having plumes of green paper standing up at one side.

*Discovered, HIAWATHA slowly and solemnly moving about stage.*

HIAWATHA.

See the deer start from the thicket,  
 See the rabbit in his burrow,  
 Hear the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
 Hear the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
 See the pigeon, the Omeme,  
 Building nests among the pine-trees,  
 And in flocks the wild geese, Wawa,  
 Flying to the fen-lands northward.

[*Stretching himself out upon robes, despondingly.*]

Master of Life, Master of Life!

Must our lives depend on these things?

[*HIAWATHA half rises, and looks long and carefully about.*]

Must we depend upon the wild rice,

Upon the berries of the vines?

Must we depend upon the fish

To give us health and strength and life?

*Enter MONDAMIN and looks at HIAWATHA.*

MONDAMIN. [*Slowly and with emotion.*]

O, my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in heaven,

For you pray not like the others;

Not for greater skill in hunting,

Not for greater craft in fishing,

Not for triumph in the battle,

But for profit of the people,

For advantage of the nations.

From the Master of Life descending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,

Come to warn you and instruct you,

How to struggle and by labor

You shall gain what you have prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,

Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!

[*HIAWATHA rises and they wrestle, slowly and deliberately, seemingly using a lot of strength, but neither able to down the other. This play occupies several minutes.*]

'Tis enough, O Hiawatha!

[*They cease wrestling.*]

But to-morrow when the sun sets,

I will come again to try you.

[*He passes out and HIAWATHA lies down again.*]

*Enter NOKOMIS with basket of food.*

NOKOMIS.

Take some food, O Hiawatha!  
Lest thy hunger shall o'ercome thee;  
Lest thy fasting shall be fatal.  
Seven days thou now hast fasted,  
Rise and eat, O Hiawatha!

HIAWATHA.

Not so, Nokomis. I must wait  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron from the marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended.

[*NOKOMIS goes out, weeping.*]

*Enter MONDAMIN.*

MONDAMIN.

Rise again, O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
And the Master of Life who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph.  
'Tis the last day of your conflict,  
'Tis the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me;  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.  
Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me.

Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine.

[*They wrestle as before, then suddenly MONDAMIN falls as if dead and HIAWATHA lays him straight and covers him with a black cloth.*]

*Enter NOKOMIS.*

HIAWATHA.

In this grave I've placed Mondamin,  
And before the summer's ended,  
Here shall rise and grow the corn,  
Grow the maize in all its beauty.  
And, still later, when the Autumn  
Change the long green leaves to yellow,  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grow like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears we'll gather,  
Give the first feast of Mondamin,  
And make known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

CURTAIN

### Scene III—Hiawatha's Wooing

CHARACTERS: Hiawatha, Nokomis, the Arrow-maker, and Minnehaha.

STAGE SETTING: At one side of stage have the wigwam of the Arrow-maker, concealed by a curtain. At the other end of the stage Nokomis and Hiawatha sit on rugs. Hiawatha wears a head-dress of feathers.

*Discovered, HIAWATHA and NOKOMIS.*

HIAWATHA.

As unto the bow the cord is,

So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other.

NOKOMIS.

Wed a maiden of your people,  
Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!  
Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!

HIAWATHA.

In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people!

NOKOMIS.

Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us.

HIAWATHA.

For that reason, if no other,  
I would wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
And old wounds be healed forever.

[HIAWATHA and NOKOMIS pass from the stage, she shaking her head sadly. The curtain is drawn from the other part of stage, revealing the ARROW-MAKER and his DAUGHTER.]

ARROW-MAKER.

I am thinking as I sit here,  
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
 Of the days when with such arrows,  
 I did strike the deer and bison,  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
 Thinking of the great war-parties,  
 How they came to buy my arrows,  
 Could not fight without my arrows.  
 Ah, no more such noble warriors  
 Can be found on earth as they were!  
 Now the men are all like women,  
 Only use their tongues for weapons!

*Enter HIAWATHA at farther end of stage and comes forward.*

MINNEHAHA.

In the woods I hear a footstep,  
 Hear a rustling in the branches,  
 And it tells me that a stranger  
 Comes to tarry at our wigwam.

[HIAWATHA stands beside them.]

ARROW-MAKER. [*Rising and pointing to a seat on a rug.*]

Hiawatha, you are welcome!

[*They both sit.*]

MINNEHAHA.

You are welcome, Hiawatha!

[*She rises and brings from the wigwam a bowl of food and sets it before them. They eat while she sits and works.*]



HIAWATHA.

After many years of warfare,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.  
That this peace may last forever,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!

ARROW-MAKER. [*After a pause.*]

Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!

MINNEHAHA. [*Seating herself beside HIAWATHA.*]

I will follow you, my husband!

[*They rise and walk slowly away, hand in hand, the ARROW-MAKER looking after them.*]

ARROW-MAKER.

Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us!  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!

CURTAIN

### Scene IV—The Famine

CHARACTERS: Nokomis, Hiawatha, Minnehaha, and the two guests, Famine and Fever.

STAGE SETTING: At center of back of stage have the wigwam with the front fastened back so the interior is revealed. All the floor of

the wigwam is covered with rugs and furs. Another boy costumed for an older Hiawatha can take part in this scene.

*Discovered, MINNEHAHA and HIAWATHA sitting by the door,  
and NOKOMIS sitting at back of wigwam.*

HIAWATHA.

O, the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,  
Freezes ice on lake and river;  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,  
Falls the snow o'er all the landscape.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Can the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Cannot travel through the forest.

O the famine and the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!

*Enter two GUESTS, dressed in black. They stop by MINNE-  
HAHA.*

FIRST GUEST.

Behold me, Minnehaha!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!

SECOND GUEST.

Behold me, Minnehaha!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!

*[They pass into wigwam and sit. MINNEHAHA lies down  
and covers her face with her hands, shivering.]*

HIAWATHA. *[Wrapping a blanket about him.]*

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food or we must perish!

Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!  
[*He hurries from stage.*]

MINNEHAHA.

Hark! I think I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance.

NOKOMIS.

No, my child, the sound you hear is  
Just the night-wind in the pine-trees!

MINNEHAHA.

Look! I think I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!  
[*Half rises and points.*]

NOKOMIS.

No, my child, thou art mistaken!  
'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!

MINNEHAHA. [*Sitting up.*]

Ah! the hollow eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness;  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!

[*Falls back upon rugs.*]

NOKOMIS. [*Rocking back and forth.*]

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

*[Enter HIAWATHA, in haste. He sits down with a loud cry and covers his face with his hands.]*

NOKOMIS.

Wrapped within her richest garments,  
We will bury Minnehaha;  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
In the snow a grave we'll make her,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks.

HIAWATHA.

Farewell, O my Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart has perished with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!

CURTAIN

## PART II

ORIGINAL PLAYS AND COMEDIES



# LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS

FOR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

MRS. JONES      MRS. WHITE  
MRS. SMITH     MRS. WEST

## COSTUME

EACH girl wears a long dress, floor length, a large apron, and has hair done up high on head.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

HAVE a small table on which Mrs. Jones irons, a couple of chairs, and at one side of stage a large doll in a little bed or cradle.

*Discovered, MRS. JONES, ironing*

MRS. JONES. Dear me, the children have tracked dirt onto my clean floor. I must sweep it up. [*Gets broom and tin and sweeps up floor.*] Now I must hurry with my ironing. [*Begins to iron again.*] It is quite shocking how many clothes it takes to keep my children neat. Oh, here comes Mrs. Smith. [*A knock is heard.*] I am glad my house is cleaned up. [*Goes to door.*] Come in, Mrs. Smith. Take this chair. [*Gives her a chair.*]

MRS. SMITH. [*Sitting.*] I just ran over to see if I may borrow the pattern of Nellie's dress. I want to make one for my Flora. I have so much sewing it sets me 'most crazy. With cooking and washing and ironing and tending babies it seems as if I do not get much time to sew.

MRS. JONES. Of course you may take the pattern. I will get it for you. [*Gets pattern out of a box.*] I am trying to get my ironing done before baby wakes up. [*Irons.*]

MRS. SMITH. My children wear out clothes so fast that as soon as I finish one thing I must begin on another. Oh, here comes Mrs. White. [*A knock is heard. MRS. JONES goes to door.*]

MRS. JONES. Come in, Mrs. White. How do you do! Take this chair. [*Gives her a chair, then resumes her ironing.*]

MRS. WHITE. Good morning, Mrs. Smith. [*Sits.*] I can only stay a minute. I ran over to see if I may borrow your cake tin. I want to make a nice cake for supper because it is my husband's birthday.

MRS. JONES. Of course you may take it. I'll get it for you. [*Gets the tin and gives it to her.*] I baked a cake yesterday and I had just lovely luck. It was as light as a feather.

MRS. SMITH. Half of the time my cakes fall, but I can make lovely bread. [*A knock is heard. MRS. JONES goes to door.*] Come in, Mrs. West. I am glad to see you. Won't you be seated? [*Brings chair.*]

MRS. WEST. Good morning, Mrs. Smith. Good morning, Mrs. White. I must not sit down. I came over to see if you will let me have your recipe for making cough syrup. Poor little Tommy has such a cough I want to make some for him. He kept me awake half the night.

MRS. JONES. Of course you may take it. I will get it for you. [*Gets a paper with some writing on it and gives it to MRS. WEST.*]

MRS. SMITH. What a lot of work women have to do. It is always wash and iron—

MRS. WHITE. Or else cook and bake.

MRS. WEST. Or else tend the children.

MRS. JONES. Or else mend and sew.



ALL. [*Standing in a line.*]

Oh, busy housekeepers are we, are we!

We wash and iron, and sew, and sweep, and bake;

But though we are busy from morn until night,

We love to do it for our children's sake.

MRS. JONES. Oh, my dear baby has waked up! [*Goes to crib and takes up doll.*]

MRS. SMITH. Let me kiss the little dear. [*Takes doll and kisses it.*]

MRS. WHITE. I must have one, too. [*Takes doll and kisses it.*]

MRS. WEST. Come, see me a minute, pet. [*Takes doll and kisses it.*]

MRS. SMITH. Oh, I must go.

MRS. WHITE. And so must I.

MRS. WEST. And I, too.

THE THREE. [*Together.*] Goodby, Mrs. Jones.

MRS. JONES. Goodby. Come again. [*Exeunt, the callers.*]  
Now baby must sit in the chair while mamma irons. [*Puts doll on chair and begins to iron.*]

CURTAIN

# THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

GRANDMA WILSON

GRANDMA DEAN

GRANDMA MILLER

## COSTUME

EACH little girl dresses as a grandmother: black gown of floor length, white kerchief about the neck, hair powdered, spectacles, and a black lace cap.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

THERE should be several chairs, a small table with three cups and saucers, a tea-pot, and a plate of small cakes.

*Discovered,* GRANDMA WILSON

GRANDMA WILSON.

My children often say to me,  
"One should not work at seventy-three;"  
But I'm not going to be laid by,  
Though seventy-three I still am spry.

*[She gets a dusting cloth from a bag on the wall, straightens all the chairs, makes the room neat, and dusts things, working with quick, bustling movements.]*

Now everything is neat and clean,  
Not a speck of dust can be seen;  
I'll sit me down and sew awhile—  
You know hem-stitching is quite the style.

*[She gets cloth from a workbasket on the table, sits and pretends to hemstitch.]*

I'm lonely. How I do wish that  
Some friends would drop in for a chat;

I still enjoy a visit, you see,  
 Even though I am seventy-three.

[*She drops work and looks off side of stage as if gazing out of a window. Then she smiles and rises.*]

Some friends are coming up the walk—  
 Now won't we have a lovely talk?

[*A knock is heard and she goes to the door.*]

Come in, my dears. How do you do?  
 Very glad am I to see you.

*Enter GRANDMA DEAN and GRANDMA MILLER*

[*GRANDMA WILSON shakes hands with each and the three sit down.*]

GRANDMA DEAN.

Sue's gone off in the automobile;  
 Mary's out on her motor wheel;  
 And as we were feeling somewhat blue  
 We thought we would come for a chat with you.

GRANDMA WILSON.

I'm glad you did. I lonely grow  
 For the days of fifty years ago,  
 When girls could spin and weave and bake,  
 And pounds of golden butter make.

GRANDMA MILLER.

Women were happy then as queens,  
 Without all these new-fangled machines;  
 But when I say we did so-and-so,  
 My grandchildren say, "My, you were slow!"

[*Sighs.*]

GRANDMA DEAN.

Sue'll likely buy a big airship,  
 And in the heavens take a trip;

But give me the happy by-gone days  
When we traveled in our one-horse shays.

GRANDMA MILLER.

Have you heard Sam Walker's baby's ill?  
It first had fever and then a chill;  
It needs some good, old-fashioned tea—  
These new-fangled medicines don't suit me.

Now I could cure that child, I know,  
Like I did mine fifty years ago;  
But if my views to Sam I'd state  
He'd laugh and say, "You are out of date."

GRANDMA WILSON.

I'm sure you are thirsty. Please join me  
In drinking a nice fresh cup of tea,  
As we did in days so long since gone,  
When Polly put the kettle on.

*[She goes to table, pours cups of tea and serves.]*

These cakes I made from a recipe  
That my grandmother gave to me  
When I was but a little girl,  
With dresses short and hair in curl.

*[She passes small cakes.]*

GRANDMA DEAN.

This is very good, indeed.  
A cup of cheer is what we need  
To make grandmas feel young once more,  
As in the happy days of yore.

*[They all drink tea and eat cake.]*

GRANDMA MILLER.

I'm not as young as I used to be,  
So the rheumatism will trouble me

Unless I homeward take my way,  
So I shall have to say, "Good day."

ALL. [*Each one holding her cup and saucer in the left hand, they stand up and sing "Auld Lang Syne."*]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?

The days of fifty years ago,  
The days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

[*Each lifts her cup with the right hand and takes a sip.*]

For auld lang syne;

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,

[*Each takes another sip, smiling at the others.*]

For auld lang syne.

[*All bow and pass from stage, placing cups and saucers on the table as they go out.*]

CURTAIN

# A TRAINED MENAGERIE

FOR SEVEN BOYS

## CHARACTERS

CLOWN	RAT	RABBIT	BEAR
DOG	CAT	LAMB	

## COSTUMES

**THE CLOWN:** Wears a clown suit of bright-colored calico, a close-fitting cap, has face powdered very white and a bright red spot on each cheek.

**THE SIX ANIMALS:** Wear tight-fitting waists, with sleeves that come over the hands like a mitten; trousers sewed to the waist, having feet attached; and close-fitting hoods that come down around the face, leaving only the mouth, eyes and nose exposed. They all have ears sewed to the hoods. The dog and cat have moderately long tails made of cloth, while the rat has a very long one. The rat has a gray suit, the dog a black one, the bear a brown one, the rabbit and lamb, white suits, the cat a yellow one with black spots on it.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

AT ONE side of stage have large boxes for cages for the animals. There should be a stool and a chair.

*Discovered, the CLOWN.*

CLOWN. [*Making several bows.*] Ladies and gentlemen: I have a company of trained animals that I wish to show to you. They are wonderful. They not only perform, but they can sing and speak as well. I will first introduce my rat. [*Calls.*] Come Konko, come Konko.

*Enter, the RAT*

[*He comes running in on all fours, runs across stage and*

*back, then comes to the center, sits up on hind legs and makes a bow.]*

RAT. I am the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. [*Stops and looks around cautiously.*]

CLOWN. What's the matter?

RAT. I'm afraid the cat will get after me.

CLOWN. No, it won't. Sing us a song.

RAT. [*Jumps up on the stool, sits up straight with hands folded and sings in a squeaky voice:*]

Tune: *Down in Old Virginia\**

A happy little rat am I,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;  
 I like to nibble on the sly,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.  
 I like a bit of yellow cheese,  
 A little cracker, if you please;  
 I hope that you will give me these,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

CLOWN. That was pretty good. Come, show the folks how you can jump over a stick, then you may have some cracker and cheese. [*RAT jumps down from the stool, the CLOWN holds up a stick, the RAT jumps over it, then the CLOWN gives him a cracker and a piece of cheese.*]

RAT. [*Bowing.*] Thank you. [*Goes to back of stage and eats cracker and cheese.*]

*Enter, the CAT*

RAT. E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e. [*Starts to run from stage.*]

CLOWN. Come back here, Konko. The cat won't hurt

\*IN THE PRIMARY SONG BOOK, price, paper, 20 cents; boards, 30 cents.

you. [RAT comes back.] Come here. [RAT goes up to CLOWN.] Now I want you to say this, "I like nice pussy,"—

RAT. [In squeaky voice.] I like nice pussy.

CLOWN. "His coat is so warm";—

RAT. His coat is so warm.

CLOWN. "And if I don't hurt him,"

RAT. And if I don't hurt him.

CLOWN. "He'll do me no harm."

RAT. He'll eat me up anyway. [Returns quickly to back of stage and eats.]

CAT. I can sing a song. [Makes a bow and sings.]

A nice old pussy cat am I,

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;

Close by the fire I like to lie,

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

A dish of milk will keep me fat,

But I'm a famous hunter cat,

And well I love a juicy rat,

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

[Looks back at RAT.]

RAT. [In great fright.] E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e! [Runs from stage.]

CLOWN. That was a good song, Mr. Cat.

CAT. Now if you don't mind I'll take a nap.

CLOWN. All right. [CAT curls up on floor at back of stage.] Now we will call the Rabbit in. [Whistles and RABBIT comes hopping onto stage.] Show these folks how fast you can hop. [RABBIT hops around the stage as fast as possible, comes to center, and makes a bow.]

RABBIT. I can sing a song but my voice is not very sweet. [Sits down in the chair, puts one foot up over his knee and sings in a monotonous voice:]



A nice, polite rabbit am I,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;  
 Out on the clover lawns I lie,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.  
 A cabbage patch fills me with glee,  
 And carrots make good company—  
 Why folks object I do not see,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

CLOWN. That was fine. [RABBIT moves chair to back of stage, sits down and remains. Well, here comes our Lamb.

*Enter, the LAMB*

LAMB. [Comes to front and bows.] I am Mary's little lamb.

Mary had a little Ba-ba,  
 With wool all the same white like snow,  
 And every place that Mary wented,  
 The lamb he all same hop along, too.

[Puts foot up to eye and begins to cry, "Ba! ba! ba! ba!"]

CLOWN. What are you crying about?

LAMB. I'm crying because Mary has gone off to school and left me. Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.

CLOWN. Oh, never mind Mary. Sing us a song.

LAMB. I'm such a mutton-head I can't sing much, but I'll try. [Sings:]

Miss Mary's little lamb am I,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;  
 To go to school with her I cry,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.  
 I'll pull the wool all off my back,  
 Take it to Mary in a pack,  
 To make for her a nice warm sacque,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

CLOWN. That was good. You'll make quite a singer some day.

LAMB. May I go outside where I can watch for Mary?

CLOWN. Yes, run along. [LAMB runs from stage crying, "Ba! ba! ba!"]

*Enter, the DOG*

DOG. [In loud tone.] Bow-wow! wow, wow, wow, wow!

CLOWN. What are you barking at, Rover?

DOG. Oh, I just want to wake up the cat.

CAT. [Rousing up and arching back.] Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow, ps-st!

CLOWN. See here, you two, behave yourselves. We don't want a fight. [CAT lies down.]

DOG. [Jumps up on the stool and sings:]

A trusty old watch-dog am I,

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;

I let no robbers bold come nigh,

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

Oh, I'm a fleet one in a race,

I keep the cattle in their place,

Don't you admire my honest face?

Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.

CLOWN. Now I want you to show folks how you can jump through a hoop. [He brings a large hoop, covered with thin paper, and holds it up. The DOG runs and jumps through it in an awkward manner, aiming to make it humorous rather than skillful. As he goes through the hoop onto the floor, he turns a somersault and then sits up and says, "Bow-wow-wow!"] Oh, I know what you are teasing for now—a piece of candy. [He gives him a piece of candy and the dog goes and lies down at back of stage.]

*Enter, the BEAR*

BEAR. I think it is time that I got a chance to sing my song. I have a fine bass voice.

CLOWN. All right, let us hear you sing, Mr. Bear.

RABBIT. If you'll excuse me I think I'll have to go. I never was fond of being near bears.

DOG. Stay where you are. I'll protect you. Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!

BEAR. [*To* DOG.] What are you making all that noise for?

DOG. That means I'm anxious to hear you sing.

BEAR. You keep still or I'll eat you up. [*Sings, very gruff voice:*]

A great big, old brown Bear am I,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li;  
 When I get mad the fur doth fly,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.  
 I am not scared of anything,  
 The hunters brave just make me grin,  
 If you want trouble just pitch in,  
 Ta, ra, lo, ra, le, li.  
 Ur-r-r-r-r-r-h-h-h-h-h-h!

[*Looks around as he growls.*]

DOG. I don't want to fight you, dear Mr. Bear.

CLOWN. Now, Mr. Bear, you better dance on the stool for folks. [*The BEAR gets up on the stool and dances, lifting feet up high each time and turning round and round as he dances.*] That is very good.

BEAR. Now I'd like to have each one of you join me in a dance. Let's all join hands and circle to the left. [*The LAMB reënters.*]

RAT. [*Running onto the stage.*] No, I'm afraid of the cat.

CAT. [*To RAT.*] I'll let you alone if the dog lets me alone.

DOG. [*To CAT.*] I'll let you alone if the Bear lets me alone.

BEAR. Yes, we will all be friends. Come on. [*The CLOWN steps in the center and the others all join hands and dance around in a circle in a humorous manner, some taking long, slow steps, others short, quick ones; some stepping high, and all nodding their heads in time. Then the CLOWN stands at side of stage and each one in passing off runs and jumps over a stick he holds up, except the BEAR, who is last. He lies down and rolls under it.*]

CLOWN. [*To audience:*] I am sure you have enjoyed my trained animals. Now I must go and feed them as a reward for their fine performance. [*Bows and passes off.*]

CURTAIN.

# PLAYING SCHOOL

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

NELLIE	NORA	HARRY
SUSIE	FRED	TOM
LAURA	JACK	JAMES
BESSIE		

*Discovered, ALL standing in group*

NELLIE. Oh, let's play school.

SUSIE. Yes, I will be the teacher.

JACK. I will be superintendent.

SUSIE. All right. Children, take your seats. [*JACK goes from the stage. The CHILDREN sit down in chairs.*] You must be very good, little children, for the superintendent is coming to visit the school.

FRED. What is the superintendent? Is it an animal that eats up children?

SUSIE. No, the superintendent likes children when they are good.

HARRY. And when children are bad, does he make them into soup? Is that why they call him the *soup-in-tendent*?

LAURA. I don't want to be made into soup. I don't!

SUSIE. Well, be good then.

TOM. [*Waving hand and snapping fingers.*] Teacher, may I get a drink?

SUSIE. No, not in school time.

BESSIE. Teacher, may we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"?

SUSIE. Yes, you may. [*They all sing, some fast and some*

*slow, some high and some low. JAMES sings in gruff voice as if he had a cold.]* James, don't sing that way.

JAMES. I've caught cold and got a frog in my throat, so it makes me croak. [*Pupils laugh.*]

SUSIE. Children, be good. [*A knock is heard. SUSIE goes to door and admits JACK, who has put on a stiff hat, a long coat and a pair of glasses.*] Come in, Mr. Superintendent. Will you have a chair?

JACK. No, I have come to see if your pupils know anything. I will examine them in arithmetic first. [*To NORA:*] If there are three hundred peas in a gill, how many peas are there in a pint?

NORA. I—I guess about a million.

FRED. About a thousand.

JACK. No, only one. P-i-n-t. Don't you see there is only one p?

TOM. [*Waving hand and snapping fingers.*] Teacher, may I get a drink?

SUSIE. I told you *No*.

JACK. [*To HARRY:*] What is the difference between a dollar bill and a silver quarter?

HARRY. One is paper and the other is silver.

NELLIE. One is round and the other is oblong.

JACK. The difference between a dollar and a quarter is seventy-five cents. You are not very good in arithmetic. [*To TOM:*] If a shovel and a pair of tongs come to three dollars, what will a ton of coal come to?

TOM. Eight dollars.

JACK. No, my boy. A ton of coal will come to ashes. [*To BESSIE:*] On which side of a schoolhouse should a maple tree be planted?

BESSIE. On the east.

LAURA. No, on the west side.

FRED. On the south side.

JACK. Wrong, all of you! It should be planted on the outside.

TOM. [*Waving hand and snapping fingers.*] Teacher, may I get a drink?

SUSIE. I told you *No!* Why do you keep asking?

TOM. Because "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." [*Pupils all laugh.*]

JACK. [*To SUSIE:*] Madam, I fear your pupils do not know much. I will try them in spelling. [*To JAMES:*] You may spell *Italian*.

JAMES. D-a-g-o, dago.

JACK. I did not say *dago*—I said *Italian*.

JAMES. Well, it means the same, and dago is easier.

JACK. [*To LAURA:*] You may spell *ogre*.

LAURA. I don't dare.

JACK. Why not?

LAURA. Because it begins with *o-g* and my mama does not allow me to say "Oh, gee!"

JACK. I will examine you in physiology. [*To FRED:*] Why is the ankle placed between the knee and the foot?

FRED. Why, why, I guess—because—I don't know why!

JACK. Who can tell? What? No one knows! [*To SUSIE:*] Do you know why it is?

SUSIE. I—I—no, I don't know.

JACK. You are a great teacher! The ankle is between the knee and the foot so the calf can't get at the corn. Well, I think I have found out, madam, that your pupils are very dull. I bid you good afternoon. [*Bows and passes off.*]

FRED. I don't like that superintendent a bit.

NELLIE. Neither do I. Let's go and play tag.

OTHERS. All right. [*All hurry from stage.*]

# THE LOST POCKETBOOK

FOR THREE BOYS AND TWO GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

GRANDMA BROWN	SAM
MISS WILLIAMS	WILL
TED	

## COSTUMES

GRANDMA BROWN is dressed as a poor old woman: calico dress, plain bonnet and old shawl. MISS WILLIAMS is dressed as a stylish young lady: pretty gown, floor length, nice wrap, and a large hat. The three boys wear ordinary suits.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

AT RIGHT corner of back of stage have a bench, made by placing three chairs side by side. Some branches may be used if desired, to give an out-of-doors effect.

### *Enter GRANDMA BROWN*

GRANDMA BROWN. [*Entering at the left corner of front.*] I feel real tired after my walk. I'll just sit down here in the park and rest awhile. [*She drops her pocketbook at corner of front, then walks slowly over to the seat at back of stage and sits.*] I'll see what the paper says. [*She takes spectacles out of her pocket, puts them on and begins to read a newspaper which she carried in her hand.*]

### *Enter WILL, TED, and SAM*

SAM. [*As they enter at left of front.*] Oh, here is a pocketbook some one has lost.

TED. I wonder whose it may be.



WILL. There is an old lady over there. [*Points to GRANDMA BROWN.*] Maybe it is hers.

SAM. I wonder if there is anything in it. [*Opens pocketbook.*] Here is a fifty-cent piece.

TED. Oh, goody! Now we can have some candy and peanuts and lots of good things.

WILL. Why, the money isn't ours. We can't spend it.

SAM. Well, we found it and I guess we can keep it. No one will know about it.

TED. Sure! We don't know whose it is.

WILL. We know it is not ours and we must try to find the owner. I'd rather be honest than to have a bushel of candy and peanuts.

SAM. Oh, pshaw!

TED. You're silly! Come on to the store and have a treat.

WILL. No, boys. Let's do what is right. That old woman looks poor. Maybe it is hers and is all the money she has. Let's go and ask her.

SAM. Maybe we better.

TED. I say, let's spend it. I'm hungry for candy.

WILL. We do not want to steal. Come, and we'll ask the old lady about it. [*They go over to where GRANDMA BROWN sits reading. TED follows behind, looking very cross.*]

SAM. Good afternoon, ma'am.

GRANDMA BROWN. [*Looking up quickly from her paper.*] What? My, you scared me! How d'ye do?

SAM. We found this pocketbook and we thought it might be yours.

GRANDMA BROWN. [*Taking pocketbook and looking at it.*] Why, yes, it is mine. [*Feels in her pocket.*] Yes, mine is gone. I didn't know I lost it. [*Opens pocketbook.*] Yes, here is my fifty-cent piece.

SAM. I am glad we found it for you.

GRANDMA BROWN. My, you don't know how thankful I am to get it back. I live in the next town and this fifty cents is all I have to buy my ticket home. I can't thank you enough for bringing it back to me.

WILL. We don't want any thanks, ma'am.

GRANDMA BROWN. Now, some boys would not have tried to find the owner, but would have spent the fifty cents for candy or something like that. I'm glad you boys are so honest. I'm sure you'll grow up into good men.

*Enter MISS WILLIAMS*

MISS WILLIAMS. [*Entering at right side of stage and stopping by GRANDMA BROWN.*] Why, I declare, if this isn't Mrs. Brown. I have not seen you for over three years. [*Shakes hands with GRANDMA.*] I should not expect to find you in our town. I am glad to see you. Are you well?

GRANDMA BROWN. Yes, real well, Miss Ethel. My *rheumatiz* bothers me some, but I get along splendid for an old woman. I was coming over to see you, but I was so tired I sat down to rest a few minutes. And, what do you think? I lost my pocketbook with all my money in it and these boys found it for me. Weren't they good to bring it to me?

MISS WILLIAMS. [*Smiling at the boys.*] Yes, indeed! I call that honest. I am glad they did not go and spend it for something.

WILL. And so are we. We are glad that Mrs. Brown has it again.

TED. At first I wanted to buy candy with it, but now I am awful glad we didn't.

MISS WILLIAMS. You will find out that it always pays to be honest and do what is right. [*To GRANDMA BROWN:*]

Come, now, with me and we will go home. Mother will be glad to see you.

GRANDMA BROWN. I do wish I had some of our nice apples, or some of my good cookies to give these boys for their kindness.

MISS WILLIAMS. Oh, I'll tell you. I made some ice cream and a dish of candy this morning, just for fun. I was wondering who would help eat it. We will take the boys along and give them a treat.

WILL. Oh, no! We don't want anything. We only did what we ought to have done.

MISS WILLIAMS. Yes, indeed! You just come right along with us. Mrs. Brown is an old friend of mine and I want to treat you for being nice to her. Come on.

SAM. Thank you. We will come.

TED. Say, I call this splendid! [MISS WILLIAMS *takes GRANDMA'S arm and they go off, followed by the boys.*]

CURTAIN

# OLD UNCLE RAT GIVES HIS CONSENT

FOR TWO BOYS AND A GIRL

## CHARACTERS

MR. MOUSE

MISS MOUSIE

UNCLE RAT

## COSTUMES

EACH one wears long stockings, made of gray canton flannel, mittens with long wrists of the same material, and close-fitting hood that comes onto face, leaving only eyes, nose and mouth exposed. Onto the hood are sewed ears.

UNCLE RAT wears a dark coat and large, long trousers with a long tail made of dark cloth sewed to the back of them.

MR. MOUSE wears a high collar of stiff white paper, a large bright necktie, light coat and trousers with a long cloth tail fastened to the back, and a little stiff hat set jauntily on between his ears. The hat can be made of stiff paper, covered with black cloth, and should be kept in place by a rubber cord. He carries a cane.

MISS MOUSIE wears a bright colored dress that comes to within a foot of the floor. A long dark cloth tail hangs from below her skirt in the back. She should have a sash and bright collar. None of them wears anything on feet except the canton flannel stockings.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

ARRANGE as for a sitting room, with small table, a rocking chair, two chairs, etc. Miss Mousie sits in the rocker, sewing on a coat.

*Discovered,* MISS MOUSIE

MR. MOUSE. [*Entering.*]

Fair Miss Mousie, are you in, are you in?

By your leave I'll sit awhile and watch you spin.

MISS MOUSIE. [*Rising and bowing.*]

My spinning is all done, my wheel is put away,

But you are quite welcome, Mr. Mouse, to stay.

[*She motions him to a chair and both sit.*]

MR. MOUSE.

And what are you a-making, Miss Mousie, my dear?

You will prick your pretty fingers if you sew so fast, I fear.

MISS MOUSIE.

I'm sewing on a coat for good old Uncle Rat;

I'll go call him in, so you can have a chat.

MR. MOUSE.

Not so, Miss Mousie. I do not wish you to,

Because I have called to have a talk with *you*.

MISS MOUSIE. [*Shyly.*]

You're very kind. This is a pleasant day—

I mean, it looks like rain, so the neighbors say.

MR. MOUSE.

Your teeth are white, your eyes are bright, your fur very neat;

I love you, dear Miss Mousie, because you are so sweet.

MISS MOUSIE. [*In confusion.*]

Oh, no! I mean, thank you. I scarce know what to say,

Because I'm so surprised to have you talk this way.

MR. MOUSE. [*Kneeling in front of her.*]

So I have called to-day, Miss Shining Eyes, to see

If I cannot persuade you, my dear, to marry me.

MISS MOUSIE. [*Bashfully.*]

Although you're very kind, I cannot promise that,

Unless you get permission from my Uncle Rat.

MR. MOUSE. [*Rising.*]

“Faint heart wins not fair lady,” so the poets say;

Call him and I'll proceed to ask him right away.

[*MISS MOUSIE leaves stage and returns with UNCLE RAT.*]

MR. MOUSE.

How do you do, Sir Rat? [*Bows low.*]

UNCLE RAT. [*Gruffly.*]

How-do-do. [*Curt bow.*]

MISS MOUSIE.

Sit down, good Uncle Rat. [*They all sit.*]

MR. MOUSE. [*With much embarrassment.*]

I called to see, to tell—to ask you, if I may—  
Don't you think, Sir Rat, this is a lovely day?

UNCLE RAT.

Nice day? Fiddlesticks! To me it's very plain,  
Foolish Mr. Mouse, that it is going to rain.

MR. MOUSE.

Yes, I think so, too,—I mean, I called to see  
If you will consent to let Miss Mousie marry me.

UNCLE RAT. [*Crossly.*]

Marry *you!* How foolish! [*To MISS MOUSIE:.*] Young  
lady, do you wish

To be tied for life to a foolish dude like this?

[*Points scornfully to MR. MOUSE.*]

MISS MOUSIE. [*Angrily.*]

Shame on you, Uncle Rat! I think he's very nice;  
I'm sure he is the finest of all the brave young Mice.

UNCLE RAT.

Oh, if you feel like that, then wed him right away;  
If it's a case of love, I've nothing more to say.

We'll have a splendid wedding, with ev'rything complete;  
A hundred pounds of crackers and lots of cheese to eat.  
We'll go make arrangements and tell the folks right away;  
If you two *will* be foolish, I've nothing more to say.

[*Marches from stage in stately manner. MR. MOUSE gives his  
arm to MISS MOUSIE and they follow, smiling at each  
other.*]

# WHEN WE ARE WOMEN

FOR NINE LITTLE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

NELL	MARY	FOUR OTHER GIRLS
BESSIE	DOROTHY	FAIRY

*Discovered, FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, each with a book, studying.*

NELL. Isn't it lovely to be a grown-up lady? I wish I were one now—with long dresses and my hair all done up in puffs. How happy I would be!

BESSIE. And I, too. I am just tired of being a little girl and having to help with the dishes and go to school.

MARY. How I'd love to have a dress with a long train and go to parties like big sister, Evelyn. I can't wait till I'm grown up.

DOROTHY. When I'm a lady I am going to earn money and have lots of nice things, and travel, like Aunt Stella. I don't like to study.

NELL. Oh, let's each one tell what we are going to do when we grow up.

OTHERS. Oh, yes, let's tell! [*They put down their books, come forward and stand at the center of the stage. As they take their places FOUR MORE GIRLS enter at back of stage and come down to center. Two pass to each end of the line of four, and all stand eight abreast. They then sing:*]

Tune: *Life Is What We Make It\**

Come, let us tell what we shall do  
When we are grown-up ladies;

\*IN GEMS OF SONG, price, 35 cents.

What work we'll do when childhood's through,  
 And we are grown-up ladies.  
 Oh, we are tired of being small,  
 We wish the years would hurry;  
 We want to grow up smart and tall,—  
 We wish the years would hurry.

FIRST GIRL. [*Speaks.*]

A clever dressmaker I shall be,  
 And all the ladies will come to me  
 When they find out I can make them look  
 Like the pictures in a fashion book,  
 When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

SECOND GIRL.

When I am a woman it is my plan  
 To be a milliner, if I can;  
 And folks will come for many a mile  
 To see my hats of wonderful style,  
 When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

THIRD GIRL.

I think that a teacher I shall be,  
 And all the children must mind me;  
 If I find that scolding does not do,  
 Why, then, I shall have to whip them, too,  
 When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

FOURTH GIRL.

Well, a noted artist I shall be,



Painting pictures of the land and sea ;  
Such artistic skill I shall acquire  
That the world my pictures will admire,  
When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

FIFTH GIRL.

I am going to be an actress fine,  
And behind the footlights I shall shine ;  
The world will loudly applaud, I know,  
When I play Juliet with Romeo,  
When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

SIXTH GIRL.

When I'm a woman, 'twill be my delight  
Thrilling novels and stories to write ;  
I am sure you'll all be proud of me  
As a noted author I rise to be,  
When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

SEVENTH GIRL.

I shall be a musician and play  
So sweetly I'll drive your cares away ;  
My fingers shall dance as fast as light  
Over the keys of black and white,  
When I am a woman.

[*To the next girl:*]

What are you going to do?

EIGHTH GIRL.

When I am big I think 'twill suit me

A scientific housekeeper to be;  
 I'll sweep and dust, and iron, and bake  
 Bread, cookies, and pies, and chocolate cake,  
 When I am a woman.

ALL. [*Sing, tune as before:*]

We want to go out in the world,  
 And fill our station in it;  
 Oh, there is fame awaiting us,  
 And we shall surely win it.  
 When we dream of the work we'll do,  
 It sets us in a flurry;  
 We're very anxious to grow up—  
 We wish the years would hurry.

FIRST GIRL. I wish we were not little girls,

SECOND GIRL. But were grown-up ladies now;

THIRD GIRL. And each of us could go to work,

FOURTH GIRL. Instead of having to learn how.

FIFTH GIRL. I wish that we were through with school,

SIXTH GIRL. And all its tiresome study;

SEVENTH GIRL. When we are grown-up ladies, then,

EIGHTH GIRL. Oh, then, we'll be *somebody!*

*Enter the FAIRY*

[*A girl dressed in long, white gown, hair flowing, a gilt crown and a gilt wand. She comes forward and looks at girls as they finish speaking.*]

FAIRY. Oh, you foolish children! You do not know what you are saying. Childhood is the happiest and best time of life and you ought to be glad that you *are* little girls, with nothing to trouble you.

Oh, the happy, sunny days of childhood,  
 Enjoy their pleasures while you may;

For the years will bring you trials and sorrows,  
And burdens come when youth slips away.

[*To* FIRST GIRL:]

What did you say you wish to be?

FIRST GIRL. I wish to be a dressmaker.

FAIRY. And how the ladies will scold you when their dresses do not fit just to suit them! [*To* SECOND GIRL:]  
What do you wish to be?

SECOND GIRL. I wish to be a milliner.

FAIRY. And how you will worry when all your hats do not sell! [*To* THIRD GIRL:] What do you wish to be?

THIRD GIRL. I wish to be a teacher.

FAIRY. Dear me, how tired you'll get when the children are cross, and naughty, and won't learn their lessons! No matter what work you do in life you will find that there are many troubles and much to worry you. Often you will dream of the happy days of childhood when you could live the long hours through with nothing at all to bother you. You will wish you were little girls once more, playing with your dolls and learning your simple lessons. Shall I touch you each with my wand and change you into grown-up ladies? Do you *really* wish me to? [*Pause.*]

FOURTH GIRL. No, dear fairy, I believe I would rather stay young as long as I can. I am not in a hurry to grow up.

OTHER GIRLS. Neither am I. We wish to be happy children.

FAIRY. You have chosen wisely. Enjoy the hours as they pass, but never wish them away, nor long to grow up faster than you must.

“Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy play in grassy places—

That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.”

ALL GIRLS. [*Sing.*]

Tune: As before

We're glad that we are little girls,  
Instead of grown-up ladies;  
We will not sigh for time to fly,  
So we can be big ladies.  
We'll be as happy as we can,  
And wish not for to-morrow;  
For troubles come when we grow up,  
And life has much of sorrow.

CURTAIN

# WHEN WE ARE GROWN UP

FOR TWELVE BOYS

ELEVEN of the boys enter in single file, march around the stage and then form in a semicircle across center of stage and speak.

BOY AT ONE END OF THE LINE. Oh, how I do long to grow up! Scarcely can I wait for the dragging years to pass, until I shall be a man, prepared to do my part in the world's great field of action.

BOY AT THE OTHER END OF LINE. Nor I! How splendid it will be to have passed the years of learning and be able to fill a man's place as a skilled worker.

ALL OF THE BOYS.

Ah, me, the years of childhood pass so slow!  
Why can they not a little faster go?  
Impatiently we're waiting till we grow!  
When we are men, strong men, we're going to show  
The world what we can do and what we know.  
When we are men, ah then, ah then,  
We'll prove to you what we can do,  
When we are men!

FIRST BOY.

When I'm a man I think 'twill be fine  
To be a farmer and feed the swine;  
To milk the cows, to plant and sow,  
To husk golden corn, to reap and mow.

*[To the next boy:]*

Don't you think so?

## SECOND BOY.

No, a business life will best suit me,  
So a hustling merchant I shall be;  
I'll weigh out sugar, and measure lace,  
And wait on ladies with charming grace.

[*To the next boy:*]

Won't you, too?

## THIRD BOY.

No. When I'm a man I'm planning to be  
A navigator and sail the sea;  
I shall visit ev'ry distant shore,  
Searching for unknown lands to explore.

[*To the next boy:*]

Won't you, too?

## FOURTH BOY.

No. My mind's made up from A to Z,  
An architect and builder to be;  
I'll put up anything from a home  
To a grand cathedral with arching dome.

[*To the next boy:*]

Won't you, too?

## FIFTH BOY.

No, sir! It looks inviting to me  
A clever astronomer to be;  
I'll study the skies, discover new stars,  
And find if folks are living on Mars.

[*To the next boy:*]

Won't you, too?

## SIXTH BOY.

No, I have made up my mind for sure  
To be a doctor, your ills to cure;  
If you've fever, broken heart, or gout,

Send for me and I'll straighten you out.

*[To the next boy:]*

Won't you, too?

SEVENTH BOY.

No. If my heart's desire can rule  
I'll be a professor in some fine school;  
I'll deal out knowledge with lavish hand  
Unto aspiring youths of our land.

*[To the next boy:]*

Won't you, too?

EIGHTH BOY.

No. I shall be a prospector bold,  
Go to the mountains and hunt for gold;  
And then in some gulch or rocky ditch  
Perhaps some day I'll strike it rich.

*[To the next boy:]*

Will you go, too?

NINTH BOY.

No. The work that most appeals to me  
Is that I a minister may be;  
I shall devoutly exhort and pray,  
And point bad folks to the better way.

*[To the next boy:]*

Won't you, too?

TENTH BOY.

No, sir, because to me it is clear  
I must be a civil engineer;  
I'll build great railroads and bridges fine  
That will cause my name with fame to shine.

*[To the next boy:]*

Won't you, too?

## ELEVENTH BOY.

No, sir, for I shall be, if you please,  
 A noted lawyer and make fine pleas;  
 Am I'm sure that no one will blame me  
 If I sometimes ask a generous fee.

## ALL THE BOYS.

The years drag by. 'Tis hard, so hard to wait  
 Until we shall have grown to man's estate.  
 We long to be at work and play our part  
 With a man's strong will and a man's brave heart.  
 When we are men, ah then, ah then,  
 We will prove to you what we can do,  
 When we are men!

*Enter the SAGE*

[*A boy dressed in black mantle and cap and having long white hair. He walks with the aid of a cane.*]

FIRST BOY. [*To the SAGE:*]

Sir, canst thou not with guiding hand  
 Point the way to Manhood, in Grown-up Land?  
 I want to get there soon as I can,  
 For I'm very anxious to be a man.

SAGE. Oh, eager youth, do not hurry away the years of life. Enjoy the hours of childhood while you may. The only road to Manhood is by the path of "To-day" and every day brings with it its lessons and its duties. I suppose each one of you is looking forward to doing some important work in life.

FIRST BOY. I shall be a farmer.

SECOND BOY. I shall be a hustling merchant.

THIRD BOY. I shall be a navigator.

FOURTH BOY. I shall be an architect.



FIFTH BOY. I shall be an astronomer.

SIXTH BOY. I shall be a doctor.

SEVENTH BOY. I shall be a professor.

EIGHTH BOY. I am going to be a miner.

NINTH BOY. I shall be a minister.

TENTH BOY. And I shall be a civil engineer.

ELEVENTH BOY. While I shall be a lawyer.

SAGE. Good! I am glad you are all planning to take up some noble work. But remember this: During the years of youth, while you are preparing for manhood, you must grow in character as well as in mind and body. A man should be good, and true, and upright, as well as a skillful worker. As you pass along the years that lead to manhood, seek to develop the following traits of character: Be faithful to all thy duties.

ALL THE BOYS. We will be faithful.

SAGE. Be diligent in study and at thy work.

BOYS. We will be diligent.

SAGE. Have courage to do what is right.

BOYS. We will be courageous.

SAGE. Be patient and do not fret.

BOYS. We will be patient.

SAGE. Be thoughtful of others.

BOYS. We will be thoughtful.

SAGE. Persevere and do not give up in the face of difficulties.

BOYS. We will persevere.

SAGE. Be cheerful, for a cheerful heart is like medicine.

BOYS. We will be cheerful.

SAGE. Be honest, for honesty is the best policy.

BOYS. We will be honest.

SAGE. Be truthful, for lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.

BOYS. We will be truthful.

SAGE. Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do unto you.

BOYS. We will keep the Golden Rule.

SAGE. Good! Now remember that it takes years and years of training to develop these traits and fit you for life's work. Therefore, do not sigh for the future, but improve each day so that it shall bring you nearer the coveted goal of well-developed manhood. Keep your mind upon your work and study, and, lo, before you realize it, you shall have reached Grown-up Land and be ready for the duties of life.

BOYS.

We will not wish the hours away,  
 But we will strive to learn each day  
 Our lessons; and the duties do  
 That make us skilled, and wise, and true,  
 Ready at last to play our part  
 With man's strong will, and man's brave heart,  
 When we are men!

SAGE. [*Clapping his hands together.*] Good, Good!

BOYS. [*All sing.*]

Tune: *Do It Right Away*.\*

We'll not wish the hours away,  
 But our work will do;  
 Playing well our part each day,  
 Living right and true.

*Chorus:*

Living, living, well our part;  
 Doing right and shunning wrong,  
 So when we are grown to men  
 We'll be wise and strong.

\*IN GEMS OF SONG, price, 35 cents.

The Sage leads and the line passes in single file to the center of front, where the Sage turns to the right, the next boy to the left, third boy to the right, fourth to the left, etc. Pass to corners of front, up sides and meet at center of back. Form couples and march down the center of the stage in couples, then once around the stage and off. If desired boys may repeat the verse and chorus as they are marching.

CURTAIN

# THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PROGRAM

FOR SIX BOYS AND SIX GIRLS

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

ONE girl dresses as teacher, with hair done high on head, long skirt of floor length, glasses, etc. The other children dress in odd, old-fashioned clothes to look as funny as possible. The pupils sit in a row at back of stage, while the teacher has a desk or table at one side.

TEACHER. Children, we are now to give our monthly entertainment. All sit up and be good. [*They all sit very prim, with hands folded.*] John Jones, your face is dirty. Go and wash it at once. You can't speak pieces with a dirty face.

JOHN. Please, teacher, this isn't dirt, it is ink. Sister Sally was writing a letter to her fellow and when I tried to see it she put ink on me. It won't come off.

TEACHER. Oh, all right! We will now have an address of welcome by William Watkins.

WILLIAM. [*Holds a corner of his coat in each hand and twists it as he speaks very rapidly.*]

We welcome you, my friends, to-day,  
And hope you'll like the things we say;  
'Tis hard for children of our size  
To stand up here before your eyes,  
But that task we will undertake  
If you'll excuse the mistakes we make.

We welcome you, my friends, to-day;  
You're welcome as the flowers in May,

But children of our tender age  
 Cannot do much upon the stage,  
 So you must each one lenient be  
 And excuse the mistakes you see.

[*Makes an awkward bow and sits.*]

TEACHER. You spoke that too fast.

WILLIAM. I was in a hurry to get through.

TEACHER. We will now sing our Welcome song. [*The pupils stand up in a row to sing. Each makes a bow at different time, some bowing low and others slightly.*]

PUPILS. [*Sing.*]

Tune: *Yankee Doodle*

We welcome you unto our school,  
 We're going to speak and sing some;  
 Although we'll try to do our best  
 We're scared 'most stiff and dumb, dumb.

*Chorus:*

Welcome, welcome, one and all.  
 We're bashful, so excuse us;  
 And if we make a few mistakes  
 Please do not abuse us.

[*Each one bows and sits.*]

TEACHER. Joseph Barton, you may read your composition.

JOSEPH. [*Reading in a sing-song tone.*]

GIRLS.

There are many kinds of girls. Some are fat and some are pretty, and some are cross and some have red hair, but most all kinds of them are horrid.

EMMA. [*Pointing finger at him.*] Shame on you to write that!

MARY. I am not horrid!

ROSE. Neither am I horrid.

TEACHER. Girls, be still. Joseph, you ought not to write what is not true.

JOSEPH. Well, I think it is true. [*Reads.*] Girls have two feet, but they cannot run fast like boys can. Girls have two hands, but they cannot play ball like boys can. Girls are not good for much. Most of them do not like to wash dishes and that is bad of them.

ROSE. Well, boys do not like to wash their faces and that is worse.

JOSEPH. [*Reading.*] Girls are very fond of bows. When they are young they like the big bows they wear on their hair and when they get bigger they like the kind of beaux that are called "fellows." When I get big I shall not be any girl's beau.

MARY. Humph, smarty, no girl will want you!

JOSEPH. [*Reading.*] Girls that are your sister are not so nice as other girls are. There has to be girls in the world so there can be women to keep house and cook for the men. I think the nicest kind of girls are those that are grown to be grandmas. When girls are little they have freckles on their faces, but when they get big they put powder on and cover them up. I do not like girls and that is all for this time. [*Bows and takes his seat.*]

JENNIE. Teacher, that wasn't a nice composition at all.

SARAH. Girls are better than boys. [*She makes a face at JOSEPH.*]

TEACHER. [*Rapping.*] Be still. We will now have a piece by Henry Jenkins.

HENRY. [*Comes forward, bows stiffly, wipes nose, coughs, moves lips as if whispering his piece, then speaks.*]

Woodman, spare that tree!

[*Points with right hand.*]

Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
[*Right hand upon heart.*]
 And I'll protect it now.

[*Points upward with both hands.*]  
 'Twas my forefather's hand—  
[*Pause.*]

'Twas my forefather's—my forefather's——

JOHN. Ho, you never had four fathers! You've only got one father like other folks.

HENRY.

'Twas my forefather's—my forefather's——

JOHN. Teacher, he hasn't got four fathers. [*CHILDREN all giggle. General confusion, TEACHER rapping for order.*]

FRANK. [*Jumping up.*] I am going to say my piece. We can't wait all day for him and his four fathers. [*Comes up beside HENRY and begins to speak in loud voice.*]

If you cannot on the ocean  
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,—

HENRY. Go and sit down. I want to finish my piece.  
 "Woodman, spare that tree—"

FRANK. Oh, you spare our feelings. [*Speaks.*]

Rocking on the highest billows,  
 Laughing at the storms you meet—

HENRY. [*Speaking rapidly.*]

Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now.

FRANK. Say, you go and sit down. I'm speaking.

HENRY. Go sit down yourself. I'm going to speak. [*Each shakes his fist at the other and then both speak at the same time in a loud voice.*]

HENRY.

'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

FRANK. [*At the same time.*]

You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.

TEACHER. [*As the other pupils all laugh.*] Boys, take your seats. I am ashamed of you. You may both stay after school. [*They take their seats, shaking fists at each other.*] We will next have a song by Jennie and Sarah and Mary. [*The three girls come forward, bow, then begin to laugh.*]

JENNIE. [*To MARY.*] You start it.

MARY. No, I can't. You start it. [*JENNIE starts singing "America." She and MARY sing a stanza of it while at the same time SARAH sings "John Brown's Body."*]

TEACHER. [*Rapping for them to stop.*] Mercy, that is terrible. Sarah, why don't you sing the same song the other girls are singing?

SARAH. Well, I don't know that one very well, and I like mine better. Why can't they sing "John Brown?"

JENNIE AND MARY. We don't want to sing that.

TEACHER. You may all take your seats! [*The girls sit.*] Rose, you may speak your piece for us.

[*ROSE comes forward, turns her back to audience and makes a bow.*]

TEACHER. Rose, turn around and face people.

ROSE. I don't want to.

TEACHER. But you must. Turn around. [*ROSE turns*



*around and faces audience, then begins to speak "The Village Blacksmith" in such a low tone that no one can hear her.]*  
 Rose, we can't hear you. Begin again and talk louder. [*She starts over but does not speak any louder.*] Rose, you must speak louder. No one can hear you. [*ROSE begins over and speaks in same tone.*] That will do. We can't hear anything you say. [*ROSE begins to cry and takes her seat.*] Peter Shaw, you may speak next.

PETER. [*Coming forward very solemnly.*]

I am getting to be a big boy,  
 Some day I'll be a big man;  
 I can put on my own clothes,  
 And wipe my own nose,  
 And wipe my own nose, so I can.

[*Pulls a large handkerchief, made by sewing two colored ones together, from his pocket, blows his nose and wipes it by rubbing it straight up several times, then solemnly takes his seat.*]

TEACHER. We will close our program with a song, "Do You Know the Candy Man?" by Emma, Mary, Jennie, Peter, William and John. [*They come forward, stand in a row, bow and sing.*]

Tune: *Marching Through Georgia.*

EMMA. [*Sings to JOHN.*]

Do you know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane?  
 Do you know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane?

JOHN. [*Sings to EMMA.*]

Yes, I know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane.  
 Yes, I know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane.

EMMA AND JOHN. [*Sing.*]

We two know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane.  
 We two know the candy man who lives in Sugar Lane.

JOHN. [*Sings to MARY.*] Do you know, etc. Mary sings, Yes, I know, etc.

EMMA, JOHN AND MARY. [*Sing.*] We three know, etc. [*Then MARY sings to WILLIAM.*] Do you know the candy man, etc. [*WILLIAM sings.*] Yes, I know, etc. [*Then EMMA, JOHN, MARY and WILLIAM sing.*] We four know the candy man, etc. [*They continue until all six have sung, the last refrain being:*] We six know the candy man, etc. [*They begin to sing quite slowly and each one sings a little faster until when they finish they are singing quite rapidly. As they finish singing We six know, etc., EMMA pulls a stick of candy out of her pocket, takes a bite off it, passes it to JOHN, who takes a bite and passes it on. In this way it goes down the line, the last one putting what is left in his mouth. All bow and pass to seats.*]

CURTAIN

# BRAVE FORESTERS

FOR SIX BOYS

CHARACTERS

FRANK	DAN	LYNN
ED	JOE	TOM

FRANK. Say, boys, do you know what I'm going to do when I grow up?

ED. No, what is it?

FRANK. I'm going to be a Supervisor in a National Forest.

DAN. What in the world is that? I never heard of it.

FRANK. I have been reading about a bad forest fire that destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of timber and I made up my mind I'd be a Supervisor, because they are to prevent forest fires.

JOE. What caused the fire?

FRANK. Carelessness. It started from a fire left by some campers. It is a shame, because forests grow slowly and often a forest that has been a hundred years in the growing is destroyed in a single day.

LYNN. Oh, well, it doesn't matter, because there is lots of timber in the United States. We can spare some.

TOM. Oh, but it does matter. With the great increase in our population and the rapid settlement of our country, in a few years our forests will be ruined if they are not looked after.

JOE. Yes, that is why Congress has set aside the forest reserves. There are now about 145,000,000 acres of National Forests in the United States that are protected by the gov-

ernment. A wise country will always look ahead and provide for the future and not let its resources be wasted. So our government is trying to take care of our forests and make them last.

LYNN. Why are the forests so important? We can burn coal and use brick, stone, and cement blocks for building material.

DAN. That is as foolish as the man who was going on a journey and each day wasted part of his lunch. He threw away good slices of bread and wasted so much that before his journey was over he was without food and what he bought cost him so much that he only had half what he wanted to eat. We should take care of our trees and make the supply last, for in some localities other fuel and building material will always be high.

ED. The forests do a lot of good besides furnishing wood. They are used for cattle ranges and grazed by cattle, horses, and sheep. I read that at present there are about 1,500,000 cattle and horses, and 6,000,000 sheep grazing in the National Forests. The government sees that each ranger has his own part of the land and prevents overcrowding and misuse of the trees.

FRANK. One of the most important helps is that the forests increase the water supply in many parts of the country.

LYNN. I don't see why. Trees don't give water.

FRANK. No, but in the arid states where the land must be irrigated, if there were no forests the water in the spring would rush down in floods and be wasted. But the trees, brush, grass, and weeds soak up the water, hold it in the spongy surface and produce an even flow of water during the whole season. The forests thus largely increase the value of agricultural lands.

LYNN. Well, what is the use of saving all the trees? I think they might use some of them each year.

TOM. Why, they do. Millions of feet of timber are sold each year from the National Forests. But the cutting is done so carefully that the trees are left in first class condition for the next crop, and in this way crop after crop of timber is sold from the same forest. Fire is kept out to give the young timber a good chance, and by wise use a better growth of the most useful kinds of trees is secured.

DAN. What was it you said you are going to be, Frank?

FRANK. A Supervisor in a National Forest. He has charge of his forest and looks after the Rangers and Guards who work under him. He must see that fires are kept out, the lumbering properly carried on, that all the forest laws are lived up to, and the best possible care taken of his reserve. It is a splendid work, because the care of the National Forests is of great help in making our country rich in resources.

LYNN. My mother always says, "Waste not, want not," and I suppose that applies to a government as well as to a family. I am glad to know about the care that is being taken of our forests. I believe I'd like to be a Supervisor myself.

FRANK. That is a long way off, but we can take an interest in not being wasteful even while we are young. I saw a boy injure a little tree the other day so that it is sure to die. He did it without thinking, but that might have made a fine tree some day.

ED. It pays to look ahead, doesn't it? That boy didn't think what the small sapling might be some future day. Let's be a band of brave foresters and protect the trees whenever we get a chance.

OTHERS. All right! Foresters brave we'll be!

CURTAIN

# WE AND OUR FRIENDS

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

FRANK	EVA	DAISY
TOM	NED	BEN
JENNIE	ANNA	LESTER

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

AT ONE side of stage have a small table or stand. Around the stage have chairs so all the children can sit. All of the children enter at same time. The leader, Frank, steps to the table and raps for order.

FRANK. The meeting will please come to order. [*All sit.*]

TOM. What is this meeting for?

FRANK. We wish to organize a Band of Mercy.

JENNIE. What kind of a band is that?

FRANK. It teaches us to be kind and merciful to all dumb animals.

EVA. I think boys and girls should learn this, for the Bible says, "Blessed are the merciful."

NED. The dumb animals are our friends and we should protect them. I don't like children who are mean to cats and dogs, or who rob birds' nests and kill birds just for fun.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

ANNA. I think every one would love the birds if they understood how much they do for us. Besides the songs they

sing, they destroy many insects, such as weevils, chinch bugs, worms, bugs and caterpillars. The boy who robs a bird's nest is robbing the farmer of part of his crops. Scientists say that if all the birds died not a person could live upon the earth, for the insects upon which the birds live would increase so as to completely destroy vegetation.

DAISY. I think it is shameful to kill birds to trim hats with. I read that one man on Long Island supplied fifty thousand birds in one year to New York milliners. One Paris milliner sent an order to this country that took seventy-five thousand birds to fill it. The birds are usually taken at the hatching season, and the young birds are left to die. Good Queen Victoria ordered that no woman should appear at Court wearing birds as decorations.

BEN. I wish every one in the world had to be kind to horses. The finest ones are found in Arabia. The Arabians never whip their horses, but they treat them like they would members of their family. A horse is very intelligent and is one of man's best friends, so he should be well used. It does not do any good to whip, kick, beat or swear at a horse. And, besides, it never pays.

LESTER. Men are often cruel to horses in order to have them appear stylish. They have them clipped in cold weather when they need their hair to keep them warm; they dock their tails, so that they suffer from flies and mosquitoes; and in order to keep their heads up they check them so high that the horses can not pull well and suffer through the unnatural strain.

TOM. Lots of men check their work-horses too high. I guess if a man had to carry a heavy load with his head fastened back, especially when going up hill, he would find out what a check-rein is like. We find it easier to drop the head forward and so does a horse.

JENNIE. I have read that there are about twelve millions of horses in the United States. Isn't it sad to think how many of them are not well used? A horse requires much the same things a man does, to keep him well and contented: good food, pure water, fresh air, sunshine, exercise and kind treatment.

FRANK. I think cattle ought to be well cared for, too. Often they are left unprotected on western ranges so that thousands of them die from cold and hunger. Many times they are packed so closely when being shipped to market that some are killed in the cars. One reason cattle should be properly cared for is that their flesh is used for food and ill treatment may cause disease.

EVA. A good dairyman always treats his cows kindly, never worries or frightens them, will not let them be chased, gives them a comfortable stable and keeps it clean and well ventilated. I just wish everyone had to be good to cows. Daniel Webster was very fond of his cows and just before he died he asked to have them driven past his window so that he might see them. As they went past he called each one by name.

TOM. Well, now, I want to say a good word for the dogs, too. The dog is man's affectionate friend, stands by him through thick and thin, and is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth. Just think of the splendid work the St. Bernard dogs do. They live on the summit of Mt. St. Bernard, a high mountain in Switzerland. People crossing this mountain are often caught in a storm and would die if it were not for the help of the dogs. They go out and find the lost travellers, often digging them out of the snow. Then if the person cannot walk, the dogs go back and get monks to come and help save him. Do they not deserve kind treatment in return?



DAISY. Yes, I read about one St. Bernard named Barry, who saved forty persons from death during the years he was with the monks. Once he rescued a boy whose mother had been carried away by an avalanche, and took him home to the monks on his back. When the brave old fellow died his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum at Berne, Switzerland, where it may still be seen.

LESTER. Well, just think how many Newfoundland dogs have saved people from drowning! They are always ready to plunge in and save a person. And think how dogs work for man and guard his property! The work of the shepherd dogs is wonderful. And what would they do without the Eskimo dogs in the far north? I tell you we ought to treat dogs kindly.

ANNA. If we organize a Band of Mercy what will we do?

FRANK. We have to promise to be kind to all dumb animals and to try to get others to do so. We will study about animals and do all we can to protect them.

JENNIE. Let's organize. I want to belong.

OTHERS. [*Together.*] So do I.

FRANK. The animals are our friends and we should stand by them as they stand by us.

“The same force fashioned the sparrow  
That fashioned the man, the king.  
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul  
To furred and feathered thing;  
And I am my brother's keeper,  
And I will fight his fight,  
And speak the word for beast and bird  
Till the world shall set things right.”

ALL. [*Stand and repeat together.*]

To our useful friends, the animals dumb,  
We pledge to be gentle and kind;

We'll speak a good word for them everywhere,  
And protect them with diligent care.

ALL. [*Sing.*]

Tune: *America*

For these friends we will speak,  
Protect the dumb and weak,  
    Their rights maintain;  
Never will we misuse,  
Or these kind friends abuse,  
Oh, let us never choose  
    To give them pain!

CURTAIN

# KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE WHITE QUEEN'S COURT

FOR FOUR BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

THE WHITE QUEEN		SIR ETHELBERT	} <i>Knights</i>
LADY BEATRICE	} <i>Ladies of the Court</i>	SIR ROLAND	
LADY MARGARET		SIR PERCIVAL	
POOR OLD WOMAN		BEGGAR	

## COSTUMES

THE WHITE QUEEN wears an elaborate white gown with train (a lace curtain can be utilized in fashioning it), and a gilt crown. The two LADIES wear fancy, light-colored gowns, floor length. The OLD WOMAN is poorly dressed, hair powdered white, and face marked with black lines for wrinkles. The three KNIGHTS wear long stockings, knee trousers, slippers, fancy waists, capes made of cambric, one red, one blue and one green, and felt hats, each trimmed with a long paper plume of same color as cane. The OLD BEGGAR is very poorly dressed.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

AT CENTER of back of stage arrange a box with a large chair upon it, covered with a rich-looking shawl or blanket, for a throne. Across center of stage have wire with a curtain that can be easily drawn, leaving room in front of the curtain for a highway scene.

## Scene I—At the White Queen's Court

*Discovered, the QUEEN seated upon the throne, the TWO LADIES and the THREE KNIGHTS standing near.*

QUEEN. Brave Knights and fair Ladies, I have called you together to make known my latest plan. I have decided to bestow special honor upon the Knight and the Lady who prove themselves most worthy. I would that each of you take

a journey and after twenty days return again to my court. To the Knight who does the noblest deed, and to the Lady who shows herself most worthy shall be given these honors. Go now, and may good fortune journey with you, and luck attend your way. [*The LADIES bow low and pass out, then the KNIGHTS bow low and follow the LADIES.*]

## CURTAIN

## Scene II—On the Highway

*Discovered, at one side of stage, the BEGGAR sitting upon the floor, head bowed. SIR ETHELBERT enters at other side of stage, and looks about.*

ETHELBERT. Ah, here comes Sir Roland. I will wait for him.

*Enter ROLAND from same side as did ETHELBERT.*

ROLAND. Good day, Sir Ethelbert. Hope I find you well.

ETHELBERT. Quite well, thank you, Sir Roland. How fared you upon your journey?

ROLAND. Fortune did indeed smile upon me. I feel sure I shall win the fair Queen's prize.

ETHELBERT. Tell me of your trip and what happened.

ROLAND. No, not so! To the Queen alone will I relate my adventures.

ETHELBERT. Very well. I shall hear it in due time. Let us be on our way. [*They pass on to other side of the stage.*]

BEGGAR. Oh, kind sirs, please give aid to a needy man who has met with great misfortune. [*ROLAND and ETHELBERT stop and look at him.*]

ROLAND. I do not feel inclined to help him. He is nothing to me.

ETHELBERT. He must look out for himself. I have troubles of my own.

BEGGAR. Please, kind sirs, listen to my story and I am sure you will help me.

ROLAND. Let us hasten on. We have no time to loiter here.

ETHELBERT. No, we must be on our way to the Court of the Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

BEGGAR. Alas, alas, will no one help me in my trouble? [*Bows head.*]

*Enter SIR PERCIVAL from same side as did the others.*

PERCIVAL. Ah me, how unfortunate I am! Not one chance have I had during my journey to show my courage, my skill, or my honor. Not a chance have I had to prove my worth or that I deserve the Queen's prize. I am sure when she hears my story the Queen will look upon me with scorn. Of a truth I have a notion not to go near her. No! That would be cowardly. I will go and tell her the truth. [*Walks across stage and sees BEGGAR.*] Ah, who is this? Some one in distress. [*To BEGGAR.*] What is the matter, my poor man? Can I help you?

BEGGAR. Bless you, kind sir, for your offer. I am in great trouble. I have been very ill and my wife is so now. We have no money and no food. I went out to try and find help, but I fell and hurt my foot. I can't even get back home again. I do not know what to do.

PERCIVAL. Oh, come! Cheer up! Things are not so dark as you imagine. It is not much I can do to help you, but I'll not see any fellow man in distress. Take this. [*Gives him money. BEGGAR thanks him.*] Don't thank me. Where do you live?

BEGGAR. Yonder, near the edge of the forest.

PERCIVAL. Let me see your foot. [*Kneels down and looks at it.*] This is pretty bad. [*Pulls out white handkerchief and winds it around the foot.*] I'll help you home. [*Helps him to rise and assists him off stage, passing off at the side from which PERCIVAL entered. PERCIVAL comes back onto stage in a few minutes.*] Perhaps I was foolish to help the old fellow, but it was only doing as I would wish to be done by. Now I must hurry to the Queen's Court. [*Exit at opposite side.*]

CURTAIN

Scene III—The Queen's Decision.

AT THE Queen's Court, as in Scene I, twenty days later.

*Discovered,* LADY BEATRICE and LADY MARGARET.

BEATRICE. The Queen is late.

MARGARET. She will be here very soon.

BEATRICE. I am anxious to tell her what honors I won while on my journey. I am sure she will give me the prize. Have you, too, something worthy to report?

MARGARET. [*Sadly.*] No, nothing the Queen will care to hear, I fear. I shall not win the prize.

*Enter* OLD WOMAN, carrying a battered basket on her arm.

OLD WOMAN. [*To* BEATRICE.] Are you the Queen?

BEATRICE. [*Haughtily.*] No, I am not. What are you doing here? This is no place for a wretched old woman like you. Begone!

OLD WOMAN. I wish to see the Queen. I want to sell her some of my lace.

BEATRICE. Horrors! What impudence! Do you think

the Queen would look at your lace? Get out of here quickly or I'll have you put out.

OLD WOMAN. [*To MARGARET.*] Please, please buy some of my laces. I need the money.

MARGARET. Lady Beatrice, do not be unkind to the poor woman. She needs help. [*To the OLD WOMAN, who is now weeping.*] Do not weep. I will buy some of your laces. [*Going toward her.*]

BEATRICE. Lady Margaret, do not be foolish. Do not waste time or money on such a creature. She must be put out before the Queen comes.

MARGARET. No, I am sure she deserves help. I am sorry for her.

BEATRICE. Do not bother with her. She is nothing to us. [*To WOMAN.*] Go away or I'll call the servants.

MARGARET. Come with me. I'll buy some of your laces.

OLD WOMAN. [*Following LADY MARGARET from stage.*] Bless you, dear kind lady, for helping a poor old woman. [*Exeunt.*]

BEATRICE. How dreadful of Lady Margaret. The idea!

*Enter the QUEEN.*

QUEEN. [*Seating herself upon the throne.*] And are not the others here yet? 'Tis time.

BEATRICE. I hear them coming now, dear Queen. [*Goes to side of stage and ushers in Knights ROLAND, ETHELBERT and PERCIVAL.*]

*Enter the THREE KNIGHTS.*

BEATRICE. Here are Sir Roland, Sir Ethelbert, and Sir Percival, your Highness. [*The KNIGHTS bow low to the QUEEN.*]

QUEEN. [*Smiling graciously.*] Welcome, brave Knights.

I trust you had a safe return from a successful journey. Where is Lady Margaret?

*Enter* MARGARET.

MARGARET. Here I am, dear Queen. [*Bows.*]

QUEEN. Now let me hear from you, in what way each one distinguished himself or proved himself worthy of the honors to be bestowed.

ETHELBERT. Most excellent Queen, as I journeyed I came to a village where a number of brave knights were having a contest. They asked me to join them and I did so. I took part in a number of contests and at last in the final one no man could stand against me and I was declared the winner of the day.

QUEEN. Very good, very good, Sir Ethelbert. Now, Sir Roland?

ROLAND. And I, good Queen, as I traveled, came upon a village where several people had been carried away and devoured by a terrible beast more dreadful than the dragons of old. The village was in distress and all the people lived in fear. I organized a company of brave men, and we sallied forth into the hills, and I, Queen, killed the monster which had been the terror of the village.

QUEEN. Well done, brave Sir Roland! Nothing could be braver. And you, Sir Percival, what have you to tell?

PERCIVAL. Nothing, Queen. I am sorry to say I had no adventures or did no brave deeds. I did nothing to distinguish myself. I am very sorry.

QUEEN. What? Did you do nothing worthy of mention?

PERCIVAL. No, Queen.

QUEEN. Not even a kind deed?

PERCIVAL. No—that is—nothing worth telling.

QUEEN. What was it? Tell me.



PERCIVAL. No, no! It was nothing.

QUEEN. I command you to tell me.

PERCIVAL. I helped a man who had been ill and lay by the roadside wounded and unable to get home. It was nothing.

QUEEN. What did you do for him?

PERCIVAL. I merely gave him a little money, bound up his foot, helped him home and made him comfortable. The poor fellow was in bad shape.

QUEEN. And what did you do, Lady Beatrice? Let us hear what you have to tell.

BEATRICE. Oh, Queen, I won great honor! At a large company of Lords and Ladies, I was asked to sing. Though a number of others sang also, it was said they did not compare with me. I was declared the finest singer of the evening and I won great praise.

QUEEN. That was indeed great honor. And what have you to tell, Lady Margaret?

MARGARET. [*Sadly.*] Nothing, dear Queen. I am not talented, you know, and I did nothing to win praise or distinction.

QUEEN. Not even a good deed?

MARGARET. No, not even that.

QUEEN. Ah, I do not agree with you. I think you distinguished yourself in a most worthy way.

MARGARET. [*In surprise.*] What can you mean?

QUEEN. I was at the door when the old woman came to sell her lace. I saw your courtesy and heard your kind words to her. I think that gracious words, a gentle manner, and a kind heart are more to be praised than a fine voice. [*To PERCIVAL.*] Sir Percival, he who helps needy men, doing humble deeds without a thought of reward or fame, does most noble service. It is well to be brave! it is well to be strong

and skillful! but it is better to be kind, sympathetic, and ready to lend a helping hand to one in distress. To you I give this medal for performing the most worthy act. [*Hands him a small box.*] Lady Margaret, I give to you this necklace because to comfort one sad heart was nobler than to win the praise of a hundred Lords and Ladies. May the precious jewels these gifts contain ever remind you both of the still more precious jewels of kindness, sympathy, and courtesy. [*Hands box to LADY MARGARET. She and PERCIVAL bow low before the QUEEN as the curtain is drawn.*]

CURTAIN

# THE LITTLEMAN-TINYTOT WEDDING

FOR TWELVE OR MORE GIRLS AND BOYS

## CHARACTERS

MINISTER	MAID-OF-HONOR
GROOM	TWO (or more) BRIDESMAIDS
GROOMSMAN	THE BRIDE
TWO (or more) USHERS	FLOWER GIRL
FATHER OF BRIDE	GUESTS (as many as may be desired)
MOTHER OF BRIDE	

THERE should be the same number of ushers as there are bridesmaids. The guests may be omitted entirely if desired. Use, as small children as can take the parts well.

Have as many children take part as possible, the larger the number the better the effect will be. With exception of the three principal characters, very tiny folks can take the parts easily.

## COSTUMES

THESE should be similar to real wedding costumes and must be quite elaborate, as the charm of their effect when worn by the little folks is scarcely imaginable. They may be made of cheap material. The minister should wear a robe of white, reaching to the floor, with large flowing sleeves, and a broad band of black around the neck and extending to the feet. His hair should be powdered. The other men wear black suits, swallow-tail coats, low vests, white shirts, collars and ties. The ushers wear white gloves and button-hole bouquets. The bride should be dressed in white, long sleeves and high neck, a long train and white veil. The maid-of-honor and bridesmaids should wear evening gowns of light colors, short sleeves, low neck, dresses to the floor (but without trains). If there are lady guests they also wear full evening dress. Ladies all wear hair done up in elaborate style. Gloves can be made, and slippers covered, to match the gowns. The bridesmaids carry flowers. The flower girl should be a little tot, very prettily dressed in short dress of dainty color. She carries flowers tied with ribbons.

## THE WEDDING PROCESSION

When the little folks have been arranged in position to enter, the wedding-march begins. If there are guests they are conducted in with slow ceremony by the ushers. They enter in couples, the lady upon the arm of the usher and her companion following him. The guests are conducted to seats along each side of the platform. The ushers make low bows as they seat guests. If there are no guests the father and mother are brought in and seated. Then the minister comes in and takes his position near center of back of stage. Next the ushers come in and take places at the side of the stage, at left of minister, and the bridesmaids follow, one after another, and take places in line on the right of the minister, facing the ushers. The little flower girl comes next and stands in front of the minister, facing him. The bride and maid-of-honor follow, and as they come forward the groom and groomsman come from the opposite direction and join them, all standing face to the minister, the bride and bridesmaid on the left of the groom.

## THE CEREMONY

When with solemn precision all have taken their places, the ceremony proceeds as follows:

MINISTER. Dearly Beloved, upon this propitious and picturesque occasion we stand before this inquisitive and neck-stretching audience that we may assist two daring spirits to move into the largest state in the union—the state of matrimony. The aspiring groom desires to take unto himself a better half, not knowing that instead of being better'n half she will be the whole thing. The sweet and coy bride was once man's superior, but now that she has become a new woman she is only his equal. We now, therefore, lead them

forth to the marriage halter to join them in the bonds of padlock.

If, now, any member of this august and awe-inspiring audience can show any reason, wise or otherwise, why these two venturesome souls shall not be made one—the wife, of course, to be the one—let him now speak out, or else hereafter for ever'n ever more hold not only a piece of his peace but the whole of it.

[*To the man.*] Leander Lijah Littleman, wilt thou take this woman to be thy lawful boss in all the affairs of life, to live together in the inseparable bonds of padlock, agreeing to disagree if thou canst not agree? Wilt thou clothe her in the latest styles, set her at the head of thine household, submit gracefully unto her rule, place thy pocketbook at her disposal, and always praise her cooking?

GROOM. [*In a very trembling voice.*] I-I- w-w-will.

MINISTER. [*To the BRIDE.*] Theodora Tabitha Tinytot, wilt thou take this lordly specimen of the sterner sex into thy capable hands to mold him as thou wilt, and impress him with the proper views of wedded life?

Wilt thou correct his faults, stretch out his shortcomings, teach him to keep still when you wish to talk, allow him to run the washing machine, permit him to get up in the morning and build the fires, and not be afraid to spend his money?

BRIDE. [*In impressive tone.*] I will.

MINISTER. Who giveth away this shy and blushing bride into the padlock custody of the bravely aspiring husband?

FATHER. [*Rising.*] I do. Unto his generous pocketbook do I now consign her unlimited expenses. [*Sits.*]

GROOM. [*Repeating after the MINISTER, as the BRIDE and GROOM join right hands.*]

“I, Leander Lijah Littleman, take thee, Theodora Tabitha

Tinytot, to have and to hold—once in awhile unless you get too heavy—for better until you get worse, for richer but not any poorer, in health until you get sick, to love if you keep good-looking, until the divorce courts us do part.”

BRIDE. [*Repeats after the MINISTER.*]

“I, Theodora Tabitha Tinytot, take thee, Leander Lijah Littleman, to have but never to hold, for better until you get worse, for richer but not any poorer, in health until you get sick, to love until I fancy some handsomer man, and to obey—”

BRIDE. [*In firm voice.*] I shall not obey him! He will do the obeying or I'll send him home to his mother.

MINISTER. [*In shocked tone.*] But, my dear young lady—

BRIDE. *I shall not obey.* Proceed with the ceremony.

BRIDE'S FATHER. [*Rising.*] Your Reverence, she is just like her mother. You may as well proceed without the obeying.

BRIDE. [*Resuming and repeating after the MINISTER.*] “And not obey, until the divorce courts us do part.”

MINISTER. Forasmuch as Leander Lijah Littleman and Theodora Tabitha Tinytot have consented to be tied with the marriage halter, and bound with the easily-broken bands of padlock, I do pronounce them a good-looking pair, with the ability to make things interesting for each other. What has thus been joined together let naught but divorce courts put asunder. Pro bono publico.

### CONCLUSION

At the close of the ceremony the bride and groom turn to the audience and bow. The march is played and all pass from the stage, the little flower girl going first, bride and

groom next, then the maid-of-honor and groomsman, followed by the bridesmaids and ushers, the father and mother next, then other guests if there are any, the minister last. All couples walk arm in arm.

The ceremony must be rehearsed with costumes several times to accustom the children to them. The minister must have his part typewritten on small sheets so he can carry them in a black book. He should memorize some of the lines, especially those he says at the beginning of the ceremony to make the service more impressive.

CURTAIN

# THE BABY SHOW

FOR TWELVE OR MORE LITTLE GIRLS AND ONE BOY

## COSTUMES

EACH girl should wear a long gown that just clears the floor, a little white cap, white cuffs and a white neckerchief. Each carries a doll and all dolls should have on long white dresses, such as are worn by babies. The boy should be as small a one as can learn the part well and should wear long trousers, a white vest and tie, and a coat with long tails. He should wear his hair parted in the middle and have glasses.

JUDGE. [*Coming to center of stage, clearing his throat and rubbing his hands together in a nervous manner.*] Er, ah, ladies and gentlemen, we are to have a very interesting time here soon—at least I expect it will be interesting for me. Twelve women can usually make things interesting for one man, especially if eleven of them are angry at him. I tried every way to get out of this fix, but the association compelled me to act as judge at this Baby Show. It is going to be a great show, for babies are the greatest living things in the world, especially when they want their own way. But *how* am I to decide which is the handsomest child—all babies look alike to me! I wish I had a ticket to Alaska and that my train left in about a half minute. I am scared to death to face the music. I trust the audience will be quiet and not scare the babies for if they get to crying I don't know what I shall do. [*Mops face with handkerchief.*] Oh, dear, here they come!

*Enter the MOTHERS with their BABIES.*

[They enter in single file at right corner of front, pass



across the front of stage, up left side, across back of stage, down to center of right side, then across to center of stage. Thence the first mother goes in diagonal line to left corner of back, second one goes to right corner of back, third to left, etc., all passing in diagonal lines to corners of back where they turn and meet at center of back. Here they form couples and march down the center of stage. The judge during this march has stood near center of stage and as couples come down he steps to the head of the line and marches there, leading down to center of front, across to right corner of front, up right side, across to center of back, where he halts. The mothers pass down center of stage in couples until within three feet of the front, then halt. When they have stopped the judge marches down between the lines and halts at center of the front. The mothers then pass down to center of front, where those on left side turn to left and others turn to right, pass to right and left corners of front and from there the leaders lead the files so as to form a semicircle across the stage, the two leaders standing together at the center. As they halt the judge passes to near the right corner of stage, where he stands, partly facing the mothers and partly the audience. During this march the mothers carry the babies upon the left arm.]

MOTHERS. [*Sing.*]

Tune: *There's Music in the Air*\*

1. The mothers now are coming  
To the famous Baby Show;  
We're bringing Kate and Mary,  
Nellie, John and little Joe.

\*IN GEMS OF SONG, price, 35 cents.

## CHORUS\* :

Oh, they're darlings, one and all,

[*Cuddle dolls up close and love them.*]

Light and dark and fat and small;

Mine will take a prize, I know,

[*Each mother holds her baby forward proudly.*]

At the famous Baby Show.

2. We've dressed them up so neatly,

[*Sit baby up on the left arm and smooth its clothes.*]

Trimmed them up with bows and lace;

Each one can smile so sweetly,

And bow with such pretty grace!

[*Take hold of baby with the right hand and tip it forward to bow.*]

CHORUS: as before

JUDGE. They certainly are a fine lot of babies. Each one ought to have a prize, I am sure. [MOTHERS *all smile and bow and nod head, "Yes."*] Why, I didn't know babies were so pretty and—er—so smart looking. [*Steps up to a MOTHER and looks at her baby.*] This is a nice little fellow. How old is he?

MOTHER. [*Stiffly.*] Sir, this is not a *he!* I should think you could tell by her sweet little face that she is a girl.

JUDGE. Oh, certainly, certainly, a little girl of course! Very sweet, indeed! [*To another MOTHER.*] And how old is your dear little girl, madam?

MOTHER. [*Coldly.*] If you please, this is not a *girl.* *He* is a splendid *boy.* You had better not let his papa hear you call him a girl—no, indeed!

JUDGE. [*With confusion.*] Pardon me, madam, I—er—

\*OMIT the "Repeat" as found in GEMS OF SONG.

meant a boy. [*To the audience.*] I think there ought to be some way to mark them. This is terrible on me. Why couldn't they put pink ribbons on the boys and blue on the girls? [*Goes to another baby and pokes it with his finger.*] Kitchie, kitchie, I'll get you! What is your name? [*Pause.*] Well, can't you tell me what your name is?

MOTHER. [*In surprise.*] Why, judge, he is only four months old! You wouldn't expect a baby of that age to talk, would you?

JUDGE. [*Embarrassed.*] Oh, no, no, of course not. [*Looks up and down the line.*] Ladies, these certainly are lovely babies. I believe I'd like to buy one or two of them. Who will sell a baby for a good price?

ALL THE MOTHERS. [*Stepping back in horror.*] Not I, not I!

ONE MOTHER. I guess you'll not have my dear, sweet little Joe for all the money in the state.

ALL THE OTHER MOTHERS. Nor my precious little honey love!

JUDGE. [*Walking along the line.*] These babies are precious, but do they not make you a lot of work and worry?

ALL THE MOTHERS. [*Recite.*]

Oh, yes, indeed! They must be fed,  
And bathed and dressed and put to bed;  
They must be tended and kept warm,  
And closely sheltered from the storm.

They often throw us in a fright  
By having colic in the night;  
But though they're cross with cough or colds,  
Their loving mother never scolds.

[*Pat babies and smile at them lovingly.*]

JUDGE. I suppose sometimes when they are naughty you have to spank them, don't you?

MOTHERS. [*Each throwing up her free hand in horror.*]

What? Spank the tiny little pet,

Who's nothing but a baby yet?

Shame on you, sir. [*All point finger at JUDGE.*] It is a sin

To even mention such a thing.

[*Cuddle babies up close and pat them lovingly.*]

No, mother will not spank you, pet,

Not for a long, long, long time yet.

JUDGE. Do you ever sing to them?

MOTHERS. [*Sing, to same tune as before.*]

1. Oh, close your eyes, my baby,

[*Hold doll flat on left arm and shake finger at it.*]

You must go to By-Low-By;

Sleep and naught shall harm thee,

[*Caress doll lovingly.*]

For your mother watches nigh.

CHORUS:

[*Sway dolls back and forth with both hands, singing softly.*]

Lullaby, my baby dear,

Gently rest and know no fear;

For from out the skies of blue,

Angels shall keep watch o'er you.

2. Now wake, my precious baby,

No, you must not sleep all day;

[*Give dolls a playful shake.*]

Wake up and smile for mother,

We will have a little play.

## CHORUS:

Way up high, up high you'll go,

[*Raise dolls up high with both hands.*]

Up so high and then down low;

[*Bring dolls down low.*]

Have a dance and then you'll rest

[*Hold dolls by both hands under their arms and dance them up and down.*]

On your loving mother's breast.

[*Hold dolls up close and pat them lovingly.*]

ONE OF THE MOTHERS. I think it is time now to give the prize. I am getting anxious to know which baby is to have it.

OTHER MOTHERS. So are we all anxious.

ONE MOTHER. [*Proudly.*] I am sure my baby should have the prize.

ANOTHER MOTHER. [*Scornfully.*] Why, your baby is not nearly as handsome as mine.

ANOTHER MOTHER. Well, all my relations say my baby should take the prize, so there!

ANOTHER MOTHER. [*Holding her baby out.*] Now, judge, could a baby be prettier and sweeter than mine?

JUDGE. He—er—she—I mean *it* is a peach all right. [*He walks along the line, looking at the babies, rubbing hands together nervously, then mopping face with handkerchief.*] They are all beautiful, beautiful!

ONE MOTHER. It wouldn't take me this long to decide which one to give the prize to.

JUDGE. [*Taking ONE OF THE MOTHERS by the hand and leading her forward.*] Madam, I think I shall award the prize to your baby. [*All the OTHER MOTHERS step back with a long "Oh," and one says, "The idea!"*] This is certainly a beautiful child.

ALL THE OTHER MOTHERS. It is not as pretty as *mine!*  
[*Each one hugs her baby up lovingly.*]

MOTHER OF THE PRIZE BABY. Oh, I knew my Evangeline would win the prize! [JUDGE *puts a chain around the doll's neck.*]

ONE OF THE MOTHERS. Sir, have you any children of your own?

JUDGE. No, madam, I am an old bachelor.

THE MOTHER. [*Scornfully.*] No wonder you don't know how to judge babies, if you've had no experience with them.

[*The MOTHER OF THE PRIZE BABY bows to audience and then to JUDGE and marches proudly from stage, swinging her skirts. As she goes off the OTHER MOTHERS march off, passing around stage in a circle, singing as they go, to same tune as before.*]

We'll never go again, sir,  
To a horrid Baby Show;  
No, never, never, *never*,  
To a Baby Show we'll go

CHORUS:

My child was the prettiest,  
Nicest, sweetest, and the best;  
I am sure I do not know  
Why he'd slight *my* baby so.

[*They sing quite fast and in an angry manner, bringing feet down with force as they march. As they pass from stage each shakes fist at the JUDGE.*]

JUDGE. [*Sadly.*] I wish I were dead! [*Passes off in a dejected manner.*]

CURTAIN

# A NORTH-POLE EXPEDITION

FOR SEVEN BOYS

## CHARACTERS

PARRY  
HENSON

BARTLEY  
WARDELL

SCOTT  
BOWMAN

MELVILLE

## COSTUMES

EACH man wears a warm cap, a sweater and a coat over it, warm trousers and leggins.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

HAVE a lot of packing boxes about the stage, a pile of rope, blankets, etc., representing part of the deck of a ship.

*Discovered, the SEVEN MEN sitting on boxes.*

PARRY. Boys, I am glad to be on my way to the Pole again. Several times I have gone home from the North tired out, thinking never to try it again. But after awhile I begin to long for the great white lonely North, with its desolation, the mountains of ice, the bitter gales, the long Arctic night, the long Arctic day, the silence, the vastness, and the faithful Eskimos. I am glad we are going back and I hope this time we may reach the Pole.

HENSON. We are well equipped. Our ship cost \$100,000 when it was new and we have spent \$75,000 more for new boilers and other improvements. This is an American expedition, too. The ship is built of American timber, by American firms, and our supplies are of American manufacture. We want America to have the honor of reaching the Pole.

BARTLEY. Yes, and we surely took on coal enough at

Sydney to last us a long time. We are having a fine trip. The nights have been growing shorter and lighter, until now since we have crossed the Arctic Circle we are in perpetual daylight. And since we took on our Eskimos at Cape York our ship has not been a lonesome place.

WARDELL. The Eskimos are a queer people. They live so far north that they have no commercial enterprise, they have no culture, but they are trustworthy and hardy and it will never be possible to discover the Pole without their help.

SCOTT. They are very willing to go with us. It took but a few hours for them to have their wives and children, their tents, dogs, sledges, skins and cooking dishes down at the shore ready to come upon the ship. As Wardell says, we can't reach the Pole without them, for the men must help with the sledge work, the women must make our fur clothing, and the strong Eskimo dogs must pull our sledges.

MELVILLE. Do the Eskimos live all winter in the skin tents we saw at Cape York?

BOWMAN. No, in the winter they live in igloos built of stone and earth. These igloos are about six feet high, eight to ten feet wide, and ten to twelve feet long. The floor is of earth, the walls of stone chinked with moss; long, flat stones form the top. These are covered with earth and the whole hut is banked with snow. There is no door in the side, but a hole at the floor leads to a tunnel, sometimes twenty feet long, through which one must crawl into the igloo. There is always a small window in front, covered with a thin skin. When they are traveling they build snow igloos, which three good Eskimos can build in an hour.

MELVILLE. What gives them heat and light?

BOWMAN. Oil is the only fuel for heat, light, or cooking. They cut small pieces of blubber, which they lay on moss and



light. The heat from the moss fries out the oil and makes a very hot flame. The Eskimo women are so skillful with these lamps that they scarcely ever smoke.

PARRY. The Eskimos are kind and affectionate. They are very childish in disposition and can usually be managed much as children are. They believe in Tornarsuk, the great evil spirit, and are always making offerings to him to keep him good natured. Any sudden howling among the dogs always denotes that Tornarsuk is near and the men run out, cracking their whips or firing rifles to scare him away. They soon forget their griefs and if a man or woman loses a mate another one is secured and they are happy again. Their strength and powers of endurance are remarkable, while some of the implements they use prove that they have considerable intelligence.

HENSON. Say, the Eskimo dogs are splendid creatures. They are sturdy, magnificent fellows. Other dogs may work as well or travel as far when fully fed, but there is no dog in the world that can work so long in the intense cold with almost nothing to eat as the Eskimo dog. They have very heavy coats, underlaid with thick, soft fur, powerful legs and a bushy tail similar to that of a fox. Some scientists think they are descendants of the Arctic wolf, but they are affectionate and obedient to their masters. The dogs are never housed and a puppy three months old is so hardy he can stand the severest cold.

BARTLEY. We shall get our meat for the dogs by killing walrus. Walrus hunting is great sport. It is pretty exciting when you tackle a herd of fifty, weighing between one and two tons each, that go for you, trying to punch holes through the boat or climb into it, bellowing, and sending up water till you think a geyser has been turned loose. When a walrus is

killed he will go to the bottom, so he must be harpooned before that takes place. It takes nerve and quick action to come out of a walrus encounter without getting the worst of it.

WARDELL. How many Eskimos have we on board now?

PARRY. Forty-nine—twenty-two men, seventeen women and ten children. And we have two hundred and forty-six dogs. We must take plenty of dogs because some will die, others become worthless, and we must have enough to do our work. While we are making the trip from Etah to Cape Sheridan through the ice, the women will mend the old fur garments and make new ones. When they sew they take off their footgear, put up one foot and hold one end of the work between their toes, gripping it between the great toe and the second one.

SCOTT. Do you suppose our ship will fight the ice all right?

MELVILLE. No one can tell that. Our ship is as strong as can be built, but we must encounter all shapes and sizes of ice and we may be caught in the jaws of some of the heavier masses and crushed to death. If we can push through the lighter pieces and steer clear of the huge floating mountains we shall be all right. Sometimes we shall be able to use dynamite to help break the ice. It is exciting work, this fighting the ice and trying to push a boat through it. We shall have only three hundred and fifty miles of it to go through. When we reach Cape Sheridan, there we shall go into winter quarters.

HENSON. Yes, there we shall unload. We'll turn the dogs loose, get down our twenty-three sledges and unload the supplies. The boxes of tinned goods will be used to build houses. Our coal, oil and whale meat will be stored on shore in case

anything should happen to the ship. There we will begin the fall hunting, securing musk-oxen and reindeer, hares and foxes, with perhaps a polar bear once in a while. We must get a good kill so we shall have plenty of meat through the winter. One might wonder what the musk-ox and deer live on through the winter, but the strong winds always keep patches of grass blown clean where they can feed.

MELVILLE. And then I suppose we'll put on our Eskimo clothes.

SCOTT. Yes, a shirt of fawn skin, with the hair inside; a jacket of fox or deerskin to which is fastened a hood with a thick roll of fox-tails around the face; shaggy fur trousers made from the skins of the polar bear; stockings of hareskin; boots of sealskin, and warm fur mittens. Such an outfit will enable us to endure the cold.

BARTLEY. From Cape Sheridan the sledge parties will move our supplies ninety miles farther north, to have them ready for the spring journey to the Pole. Eight or ten dogs will be hitched to a sledge, and guided by the voice and the long whips they will do splendid work even when the going is rough. We are going up during the Arctic noon. We will hunt and do our sledging through the twilight, then when the sun leaves us we will wait during the long Arctic night for spring daylight and the dash to the Pole.

WARDELL. For four months we shall be in constant darkness. Only he who has lived through this long night of darkness can realize how glad we shall be to see the sun once more. During the moonlight days of each month we will go out hunting, which will help pass the time. We shall be cozy and warm in our winter quarters and shall not mind the storms and the shrieking winds. The dangerous and hard part of our work will begin in March when the daylight once more

has returned and we make our dash for the Pole. The way will be so rough and the ice ridges so hard to get over that it will take great endurance to make headway against the wind. Sometimes we shall have to march all day in a snow-storm, the temperature sometimes sixty degrees below zero. At night there will be no warm fire, only a hut of snow to crawl into. But the most dangerous part of the going is the crossing of the streams of water formed by the breaking of the ice. One of these streams may suddenly open before us at any time. We can only hope none of them will swallow us up.

PARRY. We will hope for the best. When we leave winter quarters we will travel ninety miles to Cape Columbia, where we shall find the supplies we sent up in the autumn. From there we have a trip of four hundred and thirteen miles to make over the ice to the Pole. We shall divide into parties, each party going a certain distance to help carry supplies and break the road, and then returning to the camp, leaving the last party to reach the Pole.

BARTLEY. I am to have charge of the pioneer or first party that starts. We will pioneer the road, break the trail, build the igloos which the others who follow us shall use, and set the pace for them. I shall have with me three of the best Eskimos and the best dogs of the pack.

HENSON. Each sledge, I suppose, carries the same things—dog meat, meat for the men, biscuits, tea, condensed milk and alcohol for the alcohol stoves. Shall we be able to keep strong on a diet of meat, biscuits and tea?

PARRY. Yes, I think no other food is needed. We will carry extra pairs of boots, for the rough travel will be hard on them.

WARDELL. We will also carry a skin to sleep on, snow-

shoes, a pickax and ice saw, and an alcohol stove. At times it will be necessary to have a pickax brigade to break the trail.

SCOTT. If all goes well, how long will it take to make the trip from Cape Columbia, the most northern point of land, to the Pole?

BOWMAN. We shall have to allow for some delays. We may have to wait several days at a time for a crack in the ice to close over before we can cross. Some days we may not be able to go far because of the rough ice over which we must climb and haul the sledges. But the journey over a little more than four hundred miles should be made within about a month.

MELVILLE. Then, if good fortune smiles upon us and the Pole is reached, and the United States flag planted there, about when shall we start for the home land and back to those we have left behind us?

PARRY. In June, when the summer sun shall have opened the path for us and we can make our way through the ice with our ship, we will turn our boat and our faces homeward. It will be a hard, bitter trip, but it is worth while if the United States can realize this dream, and win in a contest that has been carried on now for over a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the New England shore.

ALL THE MEN. [*Rising.*] Here's to the success of our desire to plant the Stars and Stripes at the long-coveted goal, the North Pole. [*All march from stage, or curtain may be drawn.*]

# WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

FOR SEVEN BOYS AND SEVEN GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

TICKET AGENT	GRANDMA
FARMER	NELLIE, <i>her grandchild</i>
NEGRO	DEAF WOMAN
BAD BOY	MARIE, <i>a little girl</i>
FAT MAN	YOUNG MOTHER WITH A BABY
PEDDLER	OLD MAID
BOOK AGENT	AUNTIE DOLEFUL

## COSTUMES

ALL must be dressed as grown-ups to represent their various parts, except the bad boy, Nellie the grandchild, and Marie the little girl, who may wear traveling clothes. Grandma carries a satchel and some bundles; the old maid has a bandbox, a bird cage and a lot of packages; the book agent has a book for which he is canvassing; the young mother carries a large doll, fixed up as a baby. The peddler has a pack that he carries on his back.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

THE waiting-room of a railway depot. In one corner have a narrow table or a wide board, behind which the ticket agent has his office. Around the sides of stage have chairs placed for travelers to sit.

*Discovered, the TICKET AGENT. Enter GRANDMA and NELLIE, the grandchild.*

GRANDMA. I guess we are in time.

NELLIE. [*Looking around.*] What is this?

GRANDMA. This is the waiting-room.

NELLIE. What is it waiting for?

GRANDMA. It is where folks wait for the train. You sit

down while I buy my ticket. [NELLIE sits; GRANDMA goes to AGENT.] I want a ticket, please.

AGENT. Where are you going?

GRANDMA. I'm going to visit my sister, Sarah. I've not seen her for five years. She's been real bad with rheumatiz and—

AGENT. Where do you want to go?

GRANDMA. Why, I just told you I want to go to sister Sarah's.

AGENT. Madam, I can't sell you a ticket unless you will tell me where she lives.

GRANDMA. Oh, is that so? She lives in Hookerville, Ill. The train ain't gone, is it?

AGENT. No, madam. [*He gives her a ticket, she pays, then sits.*]

*Enter the FARMER.*

FARMER. Say, did the train go to Merton?

AGENT. Yes, sir, it did.

FARMER. Wal, I snum! Maria told me I was goin' to miss it, but I thought mebbe it'd wait for me. It took me so long to feed the pigs and milk the cows and do up the chores that time got ahead of me. When did the train go?

AGENT. It went yesterday.

FARMER. Has it gone to-day?

AGENT. Not yet.

FARMER. Say, you young smarty, for two cents I'd take you out and lick you.

AGENT. You better not touch me or Uncle Sam will get after you.

FARMER. Say, I ain't afraid of your uncle Sam. I can lick 'most anybody. [*Shakes fist.*] Who is your uncle Sam, anyway?

AGENT. Why, the government I work for, of course. Don't you know Uncle Sam?

FARMER. Young man, don't you give me any more sass. Give me a ticket.

AGENT. I can't.

FARMER. Can't? Why not?

AGENT. Why, we don't give away tickets. We sell them.

FARMER. [*Pulling out pocketbook.*] Wal, I've got the money. I sold my brindle cow yesterday for thirty-seven dollars. [*Gets ticket and sits.*]

NELLIE. Grandma, I want to go on the cars.

GRANDMA. You can't till the train comes.

NELLIE. Well, I'm hungry.

GRANDMA. No, you aren't.

NELLIE. Then I'm thirsty. I want a drink.

GRANDMA. No, you can't have anything. You must be quiet.

*Enter the OLD MAID with her bundles.*

FARMER. Howdy, ma'am. I s'pose you're moving.

OLD MAID. Oh, no, I'm just going on a visit to brother Jedediah's.

FARMER. You don't say! Where does he live?

OLD MAID. In Florida—Kissimmee.

FARMER. [*In surprise.*] What?

OLD MAID. Kissimmee.

FARMER. [*Jumping up.*] Wal, I snum! I guess I'll wait outside. What would Maria say if she heard that woman ask me to kiss her? [*He goes out.*]

OLD MAID. [*After getting all her bundles piled on seat.*] I must get my ticket. [*To AGENT.*] Kissimmee, please.

AGENT. Wh-at?

OLD MAID. Kissimmee, please.



AGENT. I guess not, ma'am. This road don't pay me to do such things as that. And my girl wouldn't like it.

OLD MAID. Sir, what do you mean?

AGENT. I mean you can say things like that to your fellow.

OLD MAID. My fellow! What has he to do with it? But I want you to understand, young man, that I do not lack for fellows. Deacon Jones has been smiling on me ever since his wife died. But I want my ticket.

AGENT. Oh, all right! Where to?

OLD MAID. Kissimmee.

AGENT. There you go again! Didn't I tell you I wasn't going to kiss you?

OLD MAID. Kiss me? Who wants you to? I want a ticket to Kissimmee, Florida.

AGENT. Oh, that's different. Why didn't you say so?  
[Gives ticket, etc.]

NELLIE. Grandma, I'm awful hungry. May I have a cookie?

GRANDMA. Yes, if you won't drop crumbs. [Gives cookie.  
OLD MAID sits.]

*Enter the FAT MAN.*

NELLIE. Oh, grandma, see that fat man! Is he as big as an elephant?

GRANDMA. Sh-sh-sh-sh! he'll hear you.

NELLIE. What makes him so fat? Does he eat lots?

GRANDMA. I guess so. Keep still.

FAT MAN. [To AGENT.] Do you charge anything extra for taking fat folks?

AGENT. [Laughing.] No, nothing extra, but they may make you pay damages if you break the train down.

NELLIE. I won't ride on the cars if he's going to break them.

GRANDMA. Sh-sh-sh-sh! be still.

AGENT. Where do you want to go?

FAT MAN. North.

AGENT. Whereabouts north?

FAT MAN. Oh, just to North.

AGENT. Do you want to go to the North Pole?

FAT MAN. [*Laughing.*] No, sir, but I want to go west and go to North.

AGENT. Say, stop your fooling and tell me where you want to go.

FAT MAN. I told you, North.

AGENT. Where to? What town?

FAT MAN. Well, I want to go to North, a little town out in Utah.

AGENT. Oh, I see. [*Fixes ticket, etc.*]

OLD MAID. Mercy, I wonder if he is a Mormon, seeing he's going to Utah!

GRANDMA. Mebbe what makes him so fat is because he has several wives to cook for him. [*FAT MAN takes his ticket and sits.*]

*Enter AUNTY DOLEFUL.*

AUNTY DOLEFUL. [*To GRANDMA.*] How-d'ye-do. I s'pose they'll be an accident on the cars. 'Most always is when I travel. Last time I went there was three folks killed.

GRANDMA. La, me, you don't say! I'm real scared of accidents.

AUNTIE DOLEFUL. [*To OLD MAID.*] Lack-a-me, ain't you scared to travel with a band-box? I've heard that brought bad luck. We'll sure have an accident.

OLD MAID. Mercy me, I didn't know it was bad luck. I can't go without my best bonnet. What shall I do?

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Some of us'll be killed I s'pose. [*To*

GRANDMA.] My, ain't you afraid to take this little girl on the cars? Children are terrible apt to catch diseases on the cars. Just a little while ago a little girl caught scarlet fever on the train and died.

NELLIE. I don't want to go on the cars and die. Boo-hoo-hoo. [*Cries.*]

GRANDMA. La, me, you won't die. You're too naughty.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. [*To AGENT.*] I want a ticket to St. Paul. Say, young man, are you consumptive? You look like it. My, there's an awful lot of folks die of consumption now'days. It takes some of 'em awful quick, too.

AGENT. [*Fixing ticket.*] I'm not consumptive that I know of.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Well, some folks has it that don't know it till they're 'most dead. [*Takes ticket and sits.*]

*Enter the NEGRO.*

NELLIE. Oh, grandma, see the nigger.

GRANDMA. Sh-sh-sh-sh! he'll hear you.

NELLIE. Will he be black in heaven, too?

GRANDMA. I don't know. Keep still.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. I don't s'pose he'll ever get to heaven—most niggers are wicked.

NEGRO. [*To AGENT.*] Blackfoot.

AGENT. What?

NEGRO. Blackfoot.

AGENT. [*Looking him over.*] Yes, I suppose your foot is black—your face surely is.

NEGRO. Heah, what you givin' me? I don't want none o' your smart talk. I want a ticket to Blackfoot, Idaho.

AGENT. Oh, all right! [*Fixes ticket, etc.*]

AUNTY DOLEFUL. [*To FAT MAN.*] Mister, ain't you

afraid you'll drop dead some time, being so fat? Fat folks are liable to die dreadful sudden.

OLD MAID. I wouldn't worry about it, for lots of fat people live to grow old.

FAT MAN. Thank you, ma'am. I wish I could worry about it, for then I might grow thin, but to save me I can't worry about anything.

NELLIE. I don't want that nigger to sit by me. I'm afraid of him.

GRANDMA. I want you to keep still. [*The NEGRO goes over and sits near the OLD MAID.*]

OLD MAID. Oh, oh, oh, mercy sakes! [*Jumps up excitedly.*]

FAT MAN. What in the world is the matter, ma'am?

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Have you got a sudden pain?

OLD MAID. [*To NEGRO.*] Get up, get up. You dreadful man!

NEGRO. [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter? I ain't doin' nothin'.

OLD MAID. Oh, you sat down on my bag of gingersnaps I was taking for a lunch. [*She picks up a smashed bag from where NEGRO sat.*]

NEGRO. Why, why, ain't that too bad? I nevah knowed they was there, I hope to die, I didn't, ma'am. You'll have to 'xcuse me.

OLD MAID. I guess I'll have to, but that won't keep me from getting hungry.

*Enter YOUNG WOMAN WITH BABY.*

YOUNG MOTHER. There, now, mamma's baby, we are going to have a nice ride on the choo-choo cars. Does you want a nice ridey-ride? [*Goes to AGENT.*] I want a ticket to

Marysville—doesn't we, ducky-darling? Mamma's baby is going to go see grandma. Does her want to see grandma?

AGENT. Here is your ticket, madam.

YOUNG MOTHER. Now we must sit down and wait for the choo-choo cars to come. [*Takes ticket and sits by AUNTY DOLEFUL.*]

AUNTY DOLEFUL. My sakes, madam, ain't you scared to take that little baby on the cars? It will sure catch colic or the croup or something, and maybe die.

YOUNG MOTHER. [*Anxiously.*] Oh, you don't think so, do you? Muzzer's dear little honey love must not get sick, not for the world.

FAT MAN. No, it won't hurt her. Lots of little babies go on the train.

GRANDMA. Don't you worry. I have often taken babies on the cars. You have a real nice little baby.

YOUNG MOTHER. Oh, she is the sweetest in the world—aren't you, honey-sweetness?

NELLIE. I want to hold the baby.

YOUNG MOTHER. Oh, no, dear, you might drop the blessed little tootsey-wootsey love.

OLD MAID. Isn't it time for the train to come?

AGENT. It is late, madam.

*Enter the BOOK AGENT.*

BOOK AGENT. Well, there is quite a crowd here. I ought to be able to do some business. [*To AGENT.*] I want a ticket to Chicago.

AGENT. All right. [*Fixes ticket, etc.*]

NEGRO. [*Laughing.*] Ho, ho ho! Ha, ha, ha ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

FAT MAN. What are you laughing at?

NEGRO. I just thought how funny it was for me to sit down on those gingersnaps. Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

OLD MAID. Well, I can't see anything funny about it. You ought to be ashamed to laugh. [BOOK AGENT *takes ticket and comes over to AUNTY DOLEFUL.*]

BOOK AGENT. Madam, let me show you a very nice book I am selling.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. No, I won't look at it! I never buy books. Say, mister, you ain't got a cancer, have you?

BOOK AGENT. Cancer? Mercy! Not that I know of.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Well, you look an awful lot like a man I knew who died of cancer.

BOOK AGENT. [*To OLD MAID.*] Madam, can't I show you this nice book I am selling? It is bound in three-quarters morocco, with gilt edges, has numerous illustrations—

OLD MAID. Is it a love story?

BOOK AGENT. No, ma'am, it is history.

OLD MAID. Oh, I don't care for anything but stories. I love them and so does Deacon Jones.

BOOK AGENT. [*To GRANDMA.*] Madam, will you look at this book?

GRANDMA. No, I don't want to see it. I never did like book agents.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Neither did I. They don't amount to much.

FAT MAN. Why don't you go to work at something?

BOOK AGENT. Work? I think it is hard enough work to try to sell books.

*Reënter the FARMER.*

FARMER. Say, isn't that train going to Merton to-day?

AGENT. Yes, but all the trains are late.

*Enter MARIE, a little girl.*

MARIE. [*To AGENT.*] I want a ticket to Oregon.

AGENT. Why, you aren't going clear to Oregon alone are you?

MARIE. Yes, of course.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Why, little girl, someone will kidnap you.

GRANDMA. Haven't you any folks to go with you?

FAT MAN. Poor little thing, to have to go alone.

MARIE. I am not afraid. That isn't very far. I like to ride on the cars.

BOOK AGENT. The poor little thing.

MARIE. Huh, I'm not very little, and I'm not poor, either! You must be green. [*To AGENT.*] Why don't you give me a ticket?

AGENT. Where in Oregon do you want to go?

MARIE. Just to Oregon.

AGENT. But Oregon is a big state, way out west. Where do you want to stop?

MARIE. Oh, goosie, I'm not going out west. I want to go to Oregon, Illinois, where my aunt lives.

AGENT. Oh, all right. [*Gives ticket and she sits.*]

*Enter DEAF WOMAN.*

DEAF WOMAN. Has the train gone?

AGENT. No, ma'am, not yet.

DEAF WOMAN. Wet? Who's wet?

AGENT. [*Louder.*] Not yet. Hasn't gone *yet*.

DEAF WOMAN. I want a ticket for Five Miles.

AGENT. We don't sell a ticket for five miles. You have to go clear to a station.

DEAF WOMAN. What's that? What did you say about relations?

AGENT. We don't sell tickets for only five miles.

DEAF WOMAN. Yes, I want a ticket for Five Miles. I'm going to visit my sister Mary.

AGENT. [*Louder.*] But I can't sell for only five miles.

FAT MAN. [*Coming forward.*] Ma'am, the trains don't stop five miles down the track.

BOOK AGENT. [*Coming forward, and speaking in a loud voice.*] Ma'am, you can't stop anywhere you please.

DEAF WOMAN. Yes, I've got my valise. I didn't forget that.

FARMER. [*Coming forward and speaking in a very loud voice.*] Train don't stop till it gets to Mer-ton.

DEAF WOMAN. [*Greatly surprised.*] Why, of course I've got my skirt on.

AGENT. What shall I do?

BOOK AGENT. Let her walk the five miles. It will do her good.

DEAF WOMAN. What are you all making such a fuss about? Why don't you give me my ticket? I want to go to Five Miles, in West Virginia, where sister Mary lives.

AGENT. Gee, what a name for a town! [*Hunts in book and gets a ticket fixed for her.* FAT MAN, FARMER and BOOK AGENT sit.]

*Enter* BAD BOY.

BAD BOY. [*Looking at OLD MAID'S bundles.*] Say, you ought to have to ride in the baggage car. [*To FAT MAN.*] And I think you ought to have to ride in a stock car. [*DEAF WOMAN takes ticket and sits.*]

AUNTY DOLEFUL. Little boy, don't you know where naughty children go when they die? Shame on you to talk so bad!

OLD MAID. You are the worst boy I know.



BAD BOY. I'm not bad. I'm going to be a minister when I grow up. [*To AGENT.*] Say, I want to go to Cassville.

AGENT. [*Fixing ticket.*] The ticket is four-seventy. [*Pause.*] Well, aren't you going to pay for this ticket, boy?

BAD BOY. Why, I haven't any money.

AGENT. What are you asking for a ticket for then?

BAD BOY. I didn't ask for a ticket. I just said I wanted to go there. I want to go to New York City, too, but I'm not asking for a ticket.

AGENT. Say, you good-for-nothing rascal, I'll lick you!

BAD BOY. You'll have to catch me first. [*Runs from room, laughing.*]

NELLIE. I want to go on the cars. I'm tired of waiting.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. I'm sure it's a sign of bad luck to have the train late.

MOTHER WITH BABY. Is muzzer's little tootsey-wootsey getting anxious to go on the choo-choo cars?

MARIE. [*To NEGRO.*] Say, you don't have to wash your face when it gets dirty, do you? I wish I didn't have to.

*Enter PEDDLER with pack.*

PEDDLER. [*To AGENT.*] I wanta de ticket to Orlando. [*While AGENT is getting ticket, he opens his pack. Takes ticket, then goes to OLD MAID.*] Don't you wanta de buy something nica? Good hankcheef, nica de comb, a paper needles, somet'ing to buy?

OLD MAID. No, I don't want anything.

PEDDLER. [*To GRANDMA.*] Lady no wanta de buy some good stockings, some nica lace, many fine things? Buy little somet'ings.

GRANDMA. No, no, I don't want anything.

PEDDLER. [*To FAT MAN.*] Mister, doan you wanta de

buy some nica hankcheefs, some good socks, nica pocket knife? Many t'ings awful cheap.

AGENT. [*Calling.*] The train is coming.

OLD MAID. Dear me, how will I ever get all my bundles picked up? [*Begins to pick up packages.*]

MOTHER WITH BABY. Oh, now we'll go on the choo-choo cars, honey love!

DEAF WOMAN. Is the train coming? I didn't hear it whistle.

FARMER. I guess there's a good many things you don't hear.

DEAF WOMAN. Eh? What?

FARMER. It's a nice day.

FAT MAN. [*To OLD MAID.*] You better sit on one side of the car and I'll sit on the other and that will sort of balance it. Your bundles are pretty heavy, I reckon.

NEGRO. [*Laughing.*] Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

PEDDLER. [*Angrily to NEGRO.*] Are you laugha at a me because I carry de pack?

NEGRO. No, I'm just thinking how funny it was when I sat down on those gingersnaps.

OLD MAID. I can't see anything funny about it.

AUNTY DOLEFUL. I wonder which one of us will be killed in the accident.

NEGRO. I won't. I've never been killed yet.

AGENT. Everybody ready. All aboard! [*They all pass out, trying to hurry. The OLD MAID drops some bundles and FAT MAN has a hard time trying to pick them up.*]

CURTAIN

# THE SQUASHVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY

FOR SIX BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

## CHARACTERS

JIM JONES	PRISCILLA PORTER
JOHN JENSON	SALLIE SMALL
PETE PARSONS	MARY MEEK
HARRY HAWKS, <i>President</i>	JOSIE JESSUP
SAM SLICK, <i>Secretary</i>	MRS. GREEN
DEACON GADBY	

## COSTUMES

ALL are dressed as grown-ups, and in back-woods style. Priscilla Porter should be dressed as an old maid; Mrs. Green as a plain, solemn woman; the other girls as young ladies. Deacon Gadby should be quite "slicked up," with high white collar and conspicuous tie.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT

NEAR center of back have a small stand, behind which the president sits. At one side have a desk for the secretary; in one corner at back have three chairs for the judges; alongside have the seats for the others.

*Discovered, all the characters. They stand around in groups, laughing and talking in loud voices. The PRESIDENT goes to stand and raps with a gavel.*

HARRY. [*Rapping loudly.*] This meeting will come to order. Order, I say! [*Raps more vigorously.*] I want more noise and less order. [*Everyone laughs.*] I mean more order and less noise. [*Pounds with gavel.*]

SALLIE. You're making more noise than anybody else.

HARRY. Secretary, fine Miss Sallie Small five cents for being sassy.

SALLIE. [*Giggles.*] I can't pay it. I spent my last nickel for gum.

HARRY. [*Gives terrible whack and yells.*] Order! We must have order!

PRISCILLA. [*Jumps and screams.*] Oh, mercy! I thought that was a clap of thunder. [*All laugh.*]

HARRY. [*In loud voice.*] The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting. [*All sit down and come to order.*]

SAM. [*Rising.*] Squashville, Missouri.

HARRY. [*Raps.*] Here, address the chair.

SAM. [*Making awkward bow.*] Mr. Chair,— [*Loud laughter.*] I mean, Mr. President. [*Reads.*] Squashville, Missouri, May the 25th. The members of the Progressive Debatin' Seeciety met for a meeting. The president wore a new shirt and a clean collar. [*Laughter from the ladies and clapping from some of the men.*]

HARRY. [*Angrily.*] That wasn't the first clean one I've had on this year.

SAM. [*Reads.*] The minutes of the previous meeting was read and improved.

PETE. It's easy to improve the minutes Sam writes.

HARRY. [*Impressively.*] You mean the minutes were approved.

SAM. [*Sulkily.*] How do you know what I meant? [*Reads.*] The question for which to debate on was, "*Resolved, That vegetables is more healthier to eat than meat is.*" There was an awful lot of talkin' done but not much said. The judges decided in favor of the addfirmative side because they had some augerments took out of doctor books, but most ev'rybody seemed in favor of eatin' meat.

JOHN. I'd like to see anybody argify me out of eatin' a good hunk of fresh meat.

SAM. [*To JOHN.*] Keep still, you duffer! [*Reads.*] The pleasure of the meetin' was added to by eatin' a package of pep'mint louseanges furnished by Jim Jones.

JIM. [*Proudly.*] You bet there ain't nothing small about me.

JOSIE. No, not even your louse-anges. [*Laughter.*]

SAM. [*Reads.*] Pete Parsons was fined five cents for putting a pin on the seat of one the judges, who set down on it and said—

MARY. Oh, massy! I hope you ain't got the swear word he said wrote down on your minutes. I raise a point of order.

PETE. It was a point that raised the judge, too. [*Laughter.*]

HARRY. [*Rapping.*] Silence! [*To SAM.*] Go on or it'll be time to go home 'fore you get through reading. Minutes should be read in jest a few minutes—that's why they call 'em minutes. Hurry up.

SAM. [*Reads.*] Pete Parsons was fined five cents for putting a pin on the seat of one of the judges, who set down on it and said words that sounded bad and would look a lot worse on paper. When the meetin' was done everybody went home.—Samuel Slick, Sec. [*Sits.*]

HARRY. Are there any connections to be made to the minutes? [*Looks around the room.*] If not, they stand reprov'd.

MARY. What did you reprove them for?

HARRY. For being too long. We will now begin our debate. The secretary will read the subject.

SAM. [*Rising.*] "*Resolved, That the giraffe is of more value to mankind than a front porch is.*" [*Sits.*]

HARRY. I will appoint as judges Deacon Gadby, Mrs. Green, and Miss Priscilla Porter. [*The JUDGES rise and*

*take seats near the PRESIDENT. MISS PORTER sits beside the DEACON and smiles at him in a romantic way.]* Who is the first speaker?

SAM. Mr. Peter Parsons.

PETE. [*Rising and going forward.*] Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen: I am to prove to you that a giraffe is of more value to mankind than a front porch is, and it won't take me very long, either. Why, giraffes are awful valuable and everybody knows it. Of course they are! I am in favor of the giraffe all right. Now jest s'pose I owned a giraffe. Wouldn't it be more valuable to me than a front porch? Why, I wouldn't need a step-ladder. I could jest climb up its neck to pick the apples out the tops of the trees and wash the upstairs windows. Why, front porches are only for looks. They ain't useful. And as for looks, who would think of looking at my front porch if I had a giraffe out in the back yard? Why, the front porch wouldn't be in it with the giraffe. No, sir! I am for the giraffe all right. Why, I wouldn't give five cents for a front porch, but I'd like mighty well to own a giraffe. Yes, sir! [*Bows and sits.*]

HARRY. The first speaker on the front porch will now o-rate.

SAM. It's Sallie Small. [*She rises and comes forward.*]

SALLIE. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: My smart oppornent has been trying to run down the front porch in favor of the giraffe. Now what's a giraffe, I want to know? [*Looks around at audience.*] I say what is a giraffe? Nothing but a great tall, lank, gimber-go-shiftless animal that the Lord wouldn't a made only so's to make a curiosity of. Pete Parsons—I mean my oppornent, said front porches is only for looks. That's a great big porverykation.

JOHN. What is a porverykation? Is it a kind of a porch?

SALLIE. No, it ain't! It's a kind of a—a whopper. A front porch *is* useful. When your work is done up at night, and you are tired and want to rest, how nice it is to have a piazzy to set out on and enjoy yourself and watch the scenery and the folks go by and maybe visit with someone that comes to set a spell. And when women get their work done up in the afternoon, what is nicer than to set on the piazzy to sew or darn stockings or such? You couldn't get no such pleasure out of a giraffe. You can't even set on a giraffe to go out riding, because they are built so slanting there's no stopping place from the ears down to the ground. And front porches is a great help as ornaments to a house. If the Lord hadn't meant for us to go in for good-looking things he would not o' put so much beauty in the world. [*Looks admiringly at herself.*] A front porch adds as much to the looks of a house as a nose does to a man's face. I am sure our honorable judges will be able to decide between a lank giraffe and a front porch. [*Bows to JUDGES and takes seat.*]

HARRY. The debate will be continued by Miss Josie Jessup of the affirmative. [*She comes forward smiling.*]

JOSIE. Mr. Hawks—I mean, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I don't think it was very smart for the last speaker to make fun of the giraffe. I think giraffes are just as cute as they can be. I'd lots rather have one than a front porch. I wouldn't give a cent to look at a front porch, but I could look at a giraffe all day. Now what are we here for? To prove something. To prove the giraffe's more valuable than a front porch. Just think how useful the giraffe is to the people of eastern countries. Over there

the trees grow way up high, just awful high, and the cocoanuts and such things grow way, way up so high that it's dreadful hard to get at them, but when the giraffe comes along he can knock down the cocoanuts and shake off the bananas and be just lots of help. What use would a front porch be at a time like that? Not a bit. Like my worthy cowleague I'm for the giraffe and I am sure our noble judges this evening have sense enough to appreciate such a nice animal. I leave the giraffe in their hands. [*Sits.*]

DEACON GADBY. [*Rising.*] Mr. President, I object.

HARRY. Object to what?

DEACON GADBY. I object to anything so cumbersome and so tall as a giraffe being left in my hands. [*All laugh.*]

HARRY. Well, you can lay it on the table then, like we do motions and such things as we don't know what else to do with.

MRS. GREEN. [*In a perplexed voice to MISS PORTER.*] What in the world is he talking about? What does he mean?

PRISCILLA. Oh, it is just some of the Deacon's wit. You know he is very humorous. [*DEACON sits.*]

MRS. GREEN. Well, I can't see where it's funny. Maybe I could if I'd brought my glasses with me.

HARRY. We will now hear from Jim Jones. [*JIM comes forward.*]

JIM. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: In debating upon this important subject we should ask ourselves what use the giraffe is to us and what use the front porch is. Now, the giraffe ain't a bit of use to none of us. The first speaker made a big fuss over how much value a giraffe would be to him, but I guess if he had one he'd find out. In the first place the only way he could keep it in the barn would be to



let it stand with its head up in the cupylow and I don't see how he'd manage that, seein' the cupylow's in the middle of the barn, unless he taught it to double up like a Jack-in-the-box and not pop up till he got it in the barn under the cupylow. But we all know how useful a front porch is. We all like to look at 'em when we go by a house and we all like to set out on 'em. Now s'pose on a nice summer night our honorable judge, Deacon Gadby, should drop in to see fair Miss Priscilla Porter—[PRISCILLA giggles and smiles at the DEACON, who rubs his hands and smiles in a happy way.]

PETE. [*Jumping up.*] Mr. President, I object.

HARRY. What're you objecting to? To the Deacon's going to see Priscilla Porter? I guess it ain't none of your business. [*Laughter.*]

PETE. I object to my eloquent opponent trying to get on the good side of the judges by helping the Deacon with his courtin'!

PRISCILLA. [*Simpering.*] Don't you fret about the Deacon needing any help with his courting. He isn't as bashful as some other folks.

JIM. Say, who's doing this talking? I thought I had the floor. Now, I say, if the Deacon should drop in to see Miss Porter and they should set out on the front porch and listen to the sighin' of the breeze, and the hummin' of the insects, and watch the fireflies, and the twinklin' stars, and smell the posies on the lawn and get sort of sentimental—who knows how much help that front porch might be to 'em, even if the Deacon *ain't* bashful. [*Bows and takes seat.*]

PRISCILLA. [*Simpering.*] He's just a splendid speaker. Splendid!

DEACON GADBY. [*Nodding and smiling.*] He is that!

MRS. GREEN. To my notion a front porch ain't no place for courtin'.

PRISCILLA. To my notion folks should court wherever they get a chance.

HARRY. The next speaker for the giraffe is John Jenson.

JOHN. [*Coming forward.*] Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I am here to speak for that noble animal, the giraffe. There is lots to be said about this splendid beast, because there is so much of him. Why, I could take a long time and not talk as long as the giraffe is. And he is a beauty, too, with his long, graceful neck, his beautiful spots, and his stately manner. One of our speakers this evening said we all enjoyed looking at front porches, but just think how the folks in the countries across the sea must enjoy watching the beautiful giraffe. And as was said before, who of us would look at a front porch if we could look at a giraffe? And when they are tamed they are very gentle and make awful nice pets. Now jest think how fine it would be to have a giraffe for a pet. You couldn't make a pet of a front porch in a thousand years. If our honorable judges don't believe a giraffe is more valuable than a front porch, they jest better get one and find out. And this is all I have to say, because we've already said more than enough to make our side win. You'll see the giraffe come out ahead of the porch all right. And this is all I have to say. [*Takes seat.*]

HARRY. The next speaker for the negative is—is—

SAM. [*Rising.*] Mr. President, the next speaker is Miss Mary Meek.

HARRY. Oh, yes, Miss Meek. [*She comes forward.*]

MISS MEEK. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: The last speaker for my side drew a beautiful picture of the front

porch as an aid to courtship. Now everybody knows that courtship is one of the most important things in the world, even if there are so many men who neglect it. [*Looks scornfully at the PRESIDENT, who looks at the floor.*] Now I want to say, who would ever suggest the giraffe as a means of courting? Once I saw a picture of a lot of little children sliding down hill on a giraffe's back, and though it is a long ways from the ears down to the ground, yet who would think of carrying on a courtship under such circumstances? No, no, the porch is the place, either to sit out and rest, to visit, to enjoy the scenery or to court. And then a porch is awful useful, too, to catch the dirt and mud that would be tracked into the house. And it is a fine place for the vines to run up, too, and an awful nice place to hang up a hammock. Now who would think of fastening a hammock on a giraffe? Why, [*bows to judges*] honorable judges, we've got the giraffe put way out of sight. [*Takes her seat.*]

MRS. GREEN. It ain't been in sight anywhere as I've noticed.

HARRY. Well, everybody has had a chance to speak, so I guess we'll let the judges decide who's won.

PETE. Why, I have another chance to speak. That ain't fair. I say, rule out the argument on the porch bein' used for courtin'. I think that the question ought to be tied down somewheres, else——

HARRY. Oh, there's been enough said. What's the use of talking all night? Besides, we'll let someone else attend to the tying. Our charter doesn't permit of doing any tying. [*PETE sits, grumbling to himself. Others laugh.*]

DEACON GADBY. Yes, we can just as well decide now. [*He and MISS PORTER and MRS. GREEN begin to whisper. JOHN JENSON passes round a little sack of candy and each*

*one except the JUDGES takes a piece and eats it. PETE PARSONS looks very angry and sullen.]*

HARRY. Are the judges ready to report?

DEACON GADBY. [*Rising.*] Ahem! Mr. President, we are ready to render our decision. After due consideration and careful thought we have decided in favor of the front porch—that is, the negative. The front porch is very useful—in fact I never realized until to-night how useful it might be. But in deciding in favor of the porch we do not intend any slight to the noble giraffe or the eloquent speakers who defended it. [*Sits.*]

PRISCILLA. I think this was the best debate I ever heard.

DEACON GADBY. It was certainly fine.

HARRY. Is there anything to come before the society before we adjourn? If not, we are adjourned and will eat up this candy.

CURTAIN





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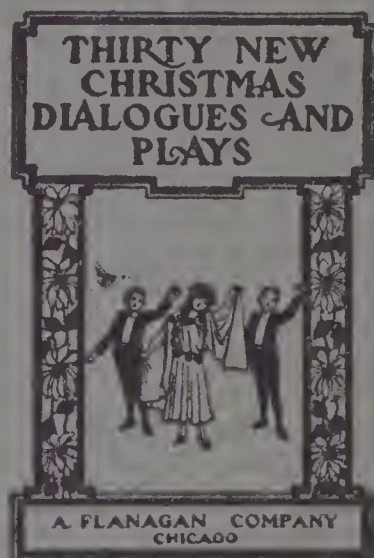
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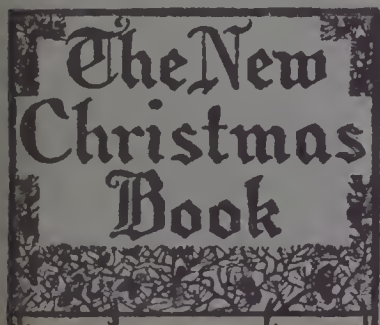
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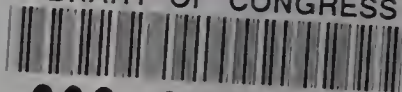
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