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**For Home, Church and
Native Land.**

BY
A. D. ELDRIDGE.



PRICE 15 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio

Denver, Colo.

GET THIS NEW PATRIOTIC MONOLOG

"THE STARS AND STRIPES



IN FLANDERS"



BY SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS

HERE is a ten minute dramatic reading with a climax that will cause a thrill. Suitable for a male or female reader and a number that will strengthen any program.

We recommend it for any patriotic celebration, commencement, alumni or civic banquet.

The story deals with the manner in which the news of America's entrance into the war was received in a dugout in Belgium. A colonel of artillery, a priest and an Irish-American are the leading characters. You will like it.

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THE ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO DENVER, COLO.

FOR HOME, CHURCH AND NATIVE LAND

A Patriotic Exercise.

By **ARTHUR D. ELDRIDGE.**

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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,

FRANKLIN, OHIO

DENVER, COLO.

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CHARACTERS

HOME, a young or middle-aged lady.

CHURCH, an older boy or man.

NATIVE LAND, a girl of sixteen.

UNCLE SAM, a boy of ten.

MRS. UNCLE SAM, a girl of ten.

TWELVE GIRLS, for the Flag Drill.

Speakers for Home, Church and Native Land should be older and the very best obtainable—

Home by an older girl and Native Land by a young girl of sixteen.

Church should be represented by older boy or man—Native Land should be dressed as "Liberty"—Uncle Sam and Mrs. Uncle Sam should be ten to twelve years old or younger—Mrs. Uncle Sam should be held as a surprise and spoken of in announcement as a side-partner of Uncle Sam, very little known and seldom mentioned.


The words, "Home," "Church," and "Native Land," should be arranged at back of stage so as to be most effective—White letters on Red and Blue paper—letters large enough to be easily seen.

DEC 12 1918

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For Home, Church and Native Land.

HOME

Recite first verse of "Home, Sweet Home," while organ is softly playing the tune.

I speak today for the Home, that spot toward which many tearful eyes are turning and that spot from which many prayers are ascending that God will protect the soldier boy who has left its sacred precincts and give him courage to fight for Home and right.

I want you to realize today, you whom each night finds surrounded by loved ones and the comforts of home, you boys and girls who are basking in the sunshine of a mother's love and sharing the comforts produced by a father's anxious toiling. I want you to realize that one of the big things we are fighting for is the Home. An army of subservient soldiers, officered by wild beasts, drunk with power and lust of conquest, has destroyed a million homes or more—has invaded the sanctity of those homes and murdered, or worse than murdered, a million mothers, wives and daughters. *Your* home is no more sacred in their eyes than that of bleeding France, Belgium, Serbia or Armenia.

Our American lads are turning their backs on home and loved ones and their faces to the battle front to offer their lives to redeem the world from such savagery. Mothers who have sent their boys should feel proud that God has given them sons with vision and courage enough to meet the supreme test of life—the willingness to lay it down for others. And woman, the queen of the home, what of her?

From the home to the trenches she has been and will be a ministering angel, leaving a trail of loving unselfish service wherever she goes. Her divine right to assist and comfort man is never better shown than

in a crisis and in this, the greatest catastrophe the world has ever seen, she has written on the page of history a glorious record of service which can never be erased because it is written with the pen of love dipped in her own heart's blood.

The war will teach us many lessons. It seems like a tremendous price to pay but God in His infinite mercy will bring out of this hell of hatred and injustice a new respect for Home and Woman. Thousands of wounded and sick boys whose pain has been and will be soothed by the tender hands of our heroic girls, and whose letters to mother and sweetheart will be penned by her sympathetic hand and heart, will have new ideals of woman. Woman is not only the binder of society, the conservator of beauty, the inspiration of religion, but she is the "Maker of Home and its very soul."

Home is indeed,

"A spot of earth supremely blest,

A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

And we must keep the home fires burning till the boys come back.

(Male quartette sings, "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

HOME

The following address to be delivered by Home after the war.

Upon entering recite "Home, Sweet Home," to music, as before.

I speak today for the Home—that spot now rendered doubly sacred to millions of boys returning from a foreign shore—the Home where thousands of mothers prayed that God would give back their boys to them, but if not, to give them courage to lay down their lives that Home might be safe and sacred the world around.

May you realize today—you whom each night finds surrounded by loved ones and the comforts of home—you who are basking in the sunshine of a mother's love and sharing the comforts produced by a father's anx-

ious toiling—may you realize that one of the big things fought for was your home and mine. An army of subservient soldiers—officered by wild beasts—drunk with power and lust of conquest—had invaded the sanctity of a million homes and had murdered or worse than murdered as many mothers, wives and daughters. Your home was no more sacred in their eyes than that of bleeding France, Belgium, Serbia or Armenia. Our American boys turned their backs on home and loved ones and their faces to the battle front to offer their lives to redeem the world from such savagery—Mothers who sent their sons should feel proud that God gave them sons with vision and courage enough to meet the supreme test of life—the courage to lay it down for others. The wife of a fighting soldier at the front, wrote to one who had lost her gallant boy: “I write these few lines—not of condolence, for who would dare to pity you? But of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthly side of those clouds of glory in which your son’s life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life had been entrusted. I hope my two sons may live as worthily and die as greatly as yours.” (*Letter to Mrs. Roosevelt on death of her son in France.*)

And Woman, queen of the home, what of her?

From the home to the trenches she was a ministering angel, leaving a trail of loving unselfish service, wherever she went. Her divine right to comfort and assist man is never better shown than in a crisis—and in the last and greatest catastrophe the world ever saw, she wrote on the pages of history a glorious record of service which can never be erased because it was written with the pen of love dipped in her own heart’s blood. It was an awful price to pay but God brought out of the hell of hatred and injustice a new love and respect for Home and Woman.

Thousands of wounded and sick boys, whose pain was soothed by the tender hand of our heroic girls, and whose letters to mother and sweetheart were penned

by her sympathetic hand and heart will have new ideals of Woman. Before the war home life—the real old-fashioned kind—was gradually disintegrating under the influence of modern methods of selfish and materialistic living.

Woman is not only the binder of Society—the conserver of beauty and the inspiration of religion, but “she is the maker of home and its very soul.”

Now that the war is over we must still keep the home fires burning for only by emphasizing the home can we avoid another world crisis—and we must make it,

“A spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

As Church comes upon the platform let the organist play “Coronation,” or some other well known hymn, the music fading away as Church begins to speak.

CHURCH

The words in parenthesis to be used after the war.

I speak today for the Church—not a church but *the* Church. There are 168 religious denominations in the United States, but there is only one religious need and aspiration—the desire to bring ourselves into harmony with God’s plans. The Church is only Christian in so far as its members interpret Christ in their lives. A nation is only Christian in so far as its scheme of life socially, physically and morally reaches out toward God’s perfect system of laws. Wars and all unrest are caused by man’s desire to run God’s world according to man’s laws.

Our present (last) war was caused by a total lack of Christianity in the hearts of a single body of Prussianized men, who have forever proved the truth of God’s word and law, by deliberately breaking it and bringing upon themselves and the world the result of that violation.

By her own mouth Germany proves (proved) she is (was) not a Christian nation.

Listen first to the Emperor in an address to his subjects:

"Remember you are the chosen people—the spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Almighty. I am his sword and his agent. Let them perish, all the enemies of the German people—God demands their destruction—God, who by *my mouth* bids you do his will."

After such an utterance, I can see Christ looking in pity at the Emperor and saying: "God so loved the world that he sent me to redeem it—not the Germans only, but the whole world, you are (were) trying to usurp the very throne and power of God Himself. You have not read aright the lessons of history and you and your kingdom shall fall as have all those who forgot God."

Listen again to so-called ministers of the Gospel:

"It is the duty of the Germans to crucify humanity, to kill, burn, destroy, if by so doing our superior culture can be imposed upon those who oppose us. There is no God but a German God." Is there much of Christ in that interpretation of the Gospel?

Listen to the Philosophers:

"War is necessary. We grow physically, morally and spiritually through war. Killing and all evils attendant upon war are justifiable because we as supermen ought to conquer and rule the world for their good."

And so Germany, substituting her own law for God's law, changed a comparative heaven into a raging hell and has become (became) a majority stockholder with the Devil as a side partner, in the hell of his own creating. God does nothing for man that he can do for himself. Man caused the war—men—Christian men—will stop (stopped) it, and carry (carried) it to a righteous and just conclusion. Our American boys are fighting (fought) not for the sake of war, but for the sake of peace. That is (was) Christianity. They are fighting (fought) not to destroy life but to bring the hope of unbroken life to "countless generations un-

born." That is (was) Christianity. Their sacrifice is (was) to rebuild an entire new order of life that shall be just and righteous. God is Love—yes—but he is also just and His son was sacrificed for both love and justice. Christ is the Prince of Peace but he is also the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Our Shield and Defender, and neither His life or words furnish any excuse for those who refuse to defend the helpless or fight for the weak and oppressed.

The Psalmist said: "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help," and to the spiritual hills we must go, and climbing high, above selfish motives and aspirations, get a proper perspective of our relation to God and man, and the puzzling questions of Christianity and the war will be solved. Then we can sing with Julia Ward Howe:

"Mine eyes have seen the Glory, etc.

1st and 3rd verses of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

As Native Land comes on platform, organist should play softly a few measures of America.

NATIVE LAND

"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who ne'er to himself hath said—this is my own, my Native Land." I have listened to you—who represent Home and Church and it makes me truly thankful that MY Native Land is one in which Home and Church are free to develop the best that is in them. I am proud of the fact that my Native Land is giving of its best in men and money to insure continued freedom for you. And not only for you but for all the oppressed peoples of the world. Our native land is one not only flowing with milk and honey but rich with ideals that shall put ourselves and the whole world on a higher plane of living. Our treatment of Cuba and Porto Rico after the Spanish War, our promise of independence to the Filipinos, our treatment of China after the Boxer Rebellion, our statement of terms of peace to Germany—all furnish a guarantee that my Native Land and yours is free from any taint of selfish aggrandizement.

“Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish and the world will become one huge sty of materialism.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain heights
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robes of night
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its glorious dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

*Native Land takes her position at the center
of the stage and 12 girls give the following:*

FLAG DRILL

For twelve girls and Native Land.

COSTUMES: White dresses and caps, shoulder sashes of red, white and blue bunting, tied loosely below the hip. Carry flags at right shoulder. Native Land carries very large flag.

Led by N. L. who marches straight down the stage to the front, the twelve enter at the center back of stage, separate, march right and left across the back, down the sides, and across the front as in Fig. 1.

*In the diagrams x indicates beginning of figures, * the close, X Native Land.*

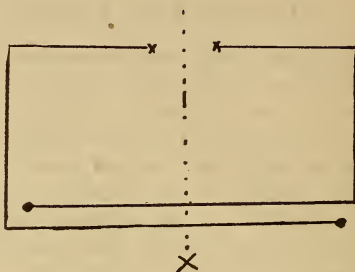


Fig. 1.

From the front, up the sides, and across the back of stage to center. This brings the twelve in single file across the back. Face front. Cross flags. March twelve abreast (or if the stage be small, in groups of two) to the center of the stage, then each alternate one halt, marking time, shoulder flags, and fall into line behind his partner, forming two lines, of six each; march to front of stage.

Native Land steps to center of the two lines, between them, and the rear line faces left, while the front line faces right. March, turning square corners, across front, up right side, across the back and down to front, forming an oblong. (Fig. 2.) Repeat. Reverse. Repeat. Halt.

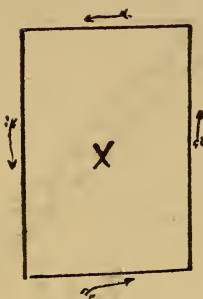


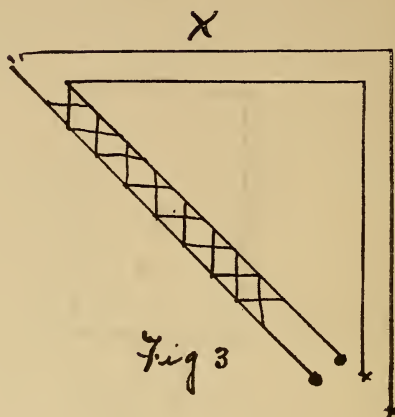
Fig 2.

The six to the left of stage face right. The six to the right of stage face left.

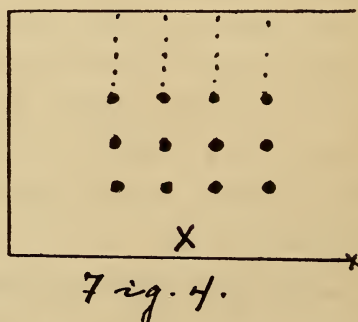
N. L. marches to center front of stage.

Each six march to sides. Halt. About face. March to middle of stage, crossing the lines of the opposite side, entirely across to opposite side. Native Land marches backward up center to back, ready to lead down. Then single file up the sides to the back, and across the back to center.

Down to the front, flags crossed, then turn, Native Land leading, march two abreast up the left side, to back (N. L. halts at center), across the back to right corner, and diagonally across the stage to left front.



(Fig. 3.) Forming an arch with crossed flags. Led by N. L., march from the back, at right, through arch, the rear couple taking down flags, march through, followed by the next two, etc., and after passing full length up arch, follow N. L., across the front, two abreast, up the side, across the back, and N. L. at center, down to the front, four abreast. (Fig. 4.)



Rear line step one pace to the right; center line mark time, front line step one pace to left, Native Land to left front. This gives the formation as in (Fig. 5.)

At conclusion of drill, Uncle Sam and Mrs. Uncle Sam come on. For a novelty Uncle Sam may be brought on stage in a cloth or paper-covered globe, representing the world. Uncle Sam steps out at opening at back and Mrs. Uncle Sam follows after Uncle Sam has delivered his speech. If the globe is impracticable have them enter together and go to center of stage. Uncle Sam should wear the conventional Sam suit and Mrs. Uncle Sam should wear a skirt made of the flag with a white waist and a blue bonnet.

UNCLE SAM

I guess you all know who I am;
I represent your Uncle Sam.
I may not be so much for size,
But some small things are a surprise.

I'm big enough for home and hearth,
For peoples all around the earth;
Their lives and property I'll protect,
When to my laws they give respect.

But when they take the best I've got,
Then turn me down, it makes me hot;
I say to them, "Hiraus mit you,
Go back from whence you come—Skiddoo."

The last job they put up to me,
Was the biggest one there'll ever be;
The Nations said, "it must be done,
And Uncle Sam, you're just the one."

I must confess it kept me squirming,
To knock the "Germ" right out of German;
To put the "I" right out of Kaiser,
And make conceited Willie wiser.

And while he thought we still were sleeping,
 O'er the top we soon were leaping;
 And though, of course, it was no fun,
 We knocked the "H" right out of Hun.

The Kaiser said his million men
 Would break our Western front again;
 When our Western front he did attack,
 He soon was showing his Eastern back.

The Prussian Emperor we had to teach,
 There were other pebbles on the beach;
 And now he's back to his ancient line,
 Winding up daily time to the Watch on the
 Rhine.

I much prefer to stay at home,
 And from it I don't care to roam;
 But when there's wrong to be made right,
 Your Uncle Sam is there to fight.

MRS. UNCLE SAM

Well, now, you'll have another guess,
 Who am I in all this dress?
 You couldn't guess to save your life,
 For no one knows he's got a wife.

From morn till night you hear of Sam,
 But about his wife—mum as a clam;
 Of course he has a lot to do,
 But so have all us women too.

There's some things I can't understand,
 Going on around this land;
 But I just say if Sam can do it,
 Us women folks will sure hop to it.

We sure were willing to do our bit,
 For when Sam fought—why I just knit:
 But every sweater told a lie,
 'Twas just plumb full of yarns—that's why.

And something queer about those sox
We sent our Sammies in a box;
They soon found nails in every one—
Five nails in each dear sock—catch on?

And now I'll tell you something new,
About some eyes not grey or blue.
They won the war 'cause men were wise;
The eyes, kind friend, were Hoover-ize.

After all—you know it pays
To have some wheatless—meatless days;
You know, that's where we ought to shine—
In saving scraps and bacon rind.

And now the beastly war is through,
And men have found what we can do.
Now listen, please, and all take note—
We women soon will have a vote.

Then, Sam, mind what you're about;
Do what's right or we'll put you out.
But I'm quite sure we'll have no trouble;
In good team work we'll pull just double.

Home, Church and Native Land step to center of platform. Uncle Sam and Wife take opposite ends of large flag, encircle *Home, Church and Native Land*, and repeat together:

Home, Church and Native Land,
All as one united stand;
God has put us in the fight
To show that might's not always right.

He who rules in Heaven above,
Wants the world chuck full of love;
Wants wars, on all the earth to cease,
But must have justice with that peace.

All rise and sing "America."

THE BIG SUCCESS OF LAST SEASON



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